“Fate’s a Bitch But i’m A Stubborn Ass”

**Date:** September 28, 2013  
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**Series:**  Supernatural   
**Pairing(s):**  Dean/Castiel  
**Spoilers:**  All the way up the the Season 8 finale so… All of it.   
**Length:**  662 words  
  
**Rating:***14a*  
  
**Summary:**  “Old nightmarish memories find leverage in current events so that they might haunt Dean once more.”  
  
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**WARNING:**  
  
Opens with quotes from episode 5x05 (The End) which might be trigger to some readers.  
  
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**DISCLAIMER:**   
  
As stated in the above warning, quotes from episode 5x04 (The End) are used to open the story and one quote is used near the end. They’re all indicated by an asterisk.

*“Oh. Excuse me, ladies. I think I need to confer with our fearless leader for a minute. Why not go get washed up for the orgy?”\**

*“What, are you stoned?”\**

*“Uh… Generally, yeah.” \**

*“Amphetamines?”\**

*“It's the perfect antidote to that absinthe.”\**

*“…why the Hell not bury myself in women and decadence, right? It's the end, baby. That's what decadence is for. Why not bang a few gongs before the lights go out?”\**

*“Dean, I'm not an angel anymore.”\**

“***No!***”

Dean bolted upright in his bed breathing hard and fast as terror seized him. Taking deep breaths, he took stock of his surroundings to calm himself. He was a sweaty mess, sheets damp and tangled around him. He was in bed. *His* bed, so he was at the bunker.  
  
He couldn’t see anything else as it was dark. To dispel the lingering sense of panic he turned on a light. Familiar weaponry on the walls, desk was in order with a vintage typewriter and his beloved photograph, his meager classic rock record collection was intact…  
  
He let out a sigh of relief: it was 2013 not 2014.  
  
All was well.  
  
Yet it wasn’t.  
  
Dean pressed the heels of his palms into his eyes, trying to push back the tears threatening to fall. His breathing sped up again as anxiety gnawed at his chest.  
  
Since that dick with wings zapped his ass to that dystopian future, the memories of that nightmare never had a chance to haunt Dean. There was the apocalypse, his brother’s death, his brother soulless return, betrayal, Castiel’s death, leviathan, purgatory… His life was a blur of adrenaline. There was never time for memories to haunt him, not even now, not will fallout to deal with.  
  
But *those* memories had leverage now.  
  
“Cas…” he grumbled softly, half in an attempt to force out that cursed anxiety in that one word and half for the meager hope he nursed inside that believes the angel could still hear him.  
  
But Cas *can’t* because he wasn’t an angel anymore.  
  
He was fallen and *alone*.  
  
Alone to cope with his sudden new state of being.  
  
Alone to face a world he used to know but is now completely alien.  
  
Alone to face those who hunt him.  
  
All this was nuclear powered ammunition for those nightmarish memories because now those vile memories were viable. The context was a nixed but that hollow shell of a Castiel moving through the motions in that Hell on earth could actually be *his* Castiel’s future-  
  
“Damn it!” Dean whipped off the sheets and landed heavily on his feet.  
  
After grabbing his lamp and brutally hurling it against the far wall, he stood in place breathing heavily. As he tamed his storm of thoughts resolve swept away his rage and frustration.  
  
With one final deep breath he stalked to his closet to change.  
  
*“Don’t ever change.”\**  
  
Dean shook off the stray memory and proceeded to button up his jeans and pull on a black t-shirt. Once he finished dressing he rushed to pack a bag: weapons, first aid kit, his father’s journal, emergency m&ms, spare clothes…  
  
*I told Cas to never to change and I meant it, damn it. He was perfect- perfectly alright as he was.*  
  
Dean slung the bulky duffel over his shoulder and as quietly as he could he made his way out of the bunker and into the impala. He dumped the bag into the passenger seat and put the keys into the ignition. His baby purred to life.  
  
*Yes I meant it but I was wrong to say that to him. Change is inevitable; an unstoppable force.*  
*But he won’t become that Cas.*  
  
*I won't allow it.*  
  
*No. Cas was going to change under his own terms, for once. He deserves that at least.*  
  
After giving his vehicle a moment to warm up, he turned on the headlights and put it in drive.  
  
*And I’m going to help Cas become his own man.*  
  
  
**THE END**