

Worth Fighting For

Crowley/Dean

Von brandzess

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Ich wurde von dem Lied *Worth Fighting For* von *Jasmine McGuin* inspiriert. Sie ist einer der vielen Youtube-Künstler und wirklich begabt wie ich finde.

Deans Gebet ist sehr eng and die Lyrics angelegt deswegen ist die Story auch in Englisch, das passte einfach besser.

Viel Spaß.

Somewhere in the USA; some old fabric building.

If you could listen close you can hear the screaming and the begging.

Another scream. It finally dies and I step back. Before me is an angel. Honestly I have no idea who brought him or why, or even what his name was.

But right now I don't care.

Normally I don't torture random angels, I have people to do it for me, but I want to distract myself. Without something to do, anything, I would think about him and that would hurt. It was enough that every time I close my eyes for more than just a few seconds his bloody face showed up. Why couldn't I just forget him?

Who would have thought that the King of Hell could feel so empty? I've never before experienced this feeling. It is just horrible, nothing what I went through back when I was just a little demon was even close to this.

Back when it started it was just temporary bliss. Nothing more. Just sex and distraction... from everything and anything. But soon it became more, so much more. I sigh silently.

It wasn't supposed to be more than just sex. Damn heart. I never thought I had one, so how could I ever fall in love with a hunter? A Winchester on top of that? Of all hunters I had to fall for the Winchester guy.

When the war became more dangerous and the angels were pissed and I had to guide

the demons we both knew that our... relationship would not last. How could it? I was the King of Hell and he was a hunter. Yes, we may both hate the angels but he would have to fight against me. How can we be together if the only solution to end this mess is the death of our lover?

I wasn't good for him. Not in this war. We were each other's weakness and that could end deadly. I'd rather be not with him and know he's alive than be with him and he dies. I don't think I could stand his death.

Before it could hurt more than it already would, I broke up with him. I'll never forget his face. The pain and sadness and understanding and anger it showed. And I know back then I looked just like him. Just because I break up doesn't mean I like it.

'I'm sorry' that was what I had said to him. But just before I left the room something different slipped out. 'I love you' I said and then I left. That was the first and last time I said it. I still love him, but we just can't be together.

I am a demon and I will never be something else. It's who I am... The fucking King of the goddamn Hell. There is no happy ending for guys like me. The bad guy never gets his prince and lives happily ever after. I'm not sad about that, at least not because of me. No, I'm sad because of him. He deserves his happy ending more than anyone else I know.

He hates me for what I've done and he has every right to do so. I am still sorry for the way it went and I will never stop to be sorry. I just have to face eternity with the memories I have of him and sometimes allow myself to dream about him. But now enough sorrow. Back to the little play session I have with this holy chicken in front of me.

I am just about to turn off the guy's "angel-radio" when he starts talking. But somehow I am sure that it isn't him talking. It is a prayer from some human. And it seems that the prayer is strong enough reach "angel-radio" and so many angels. The human must be either very religious and has a strong believe in god or he was desperate and really hurt.

"I wonder if you remember the first time.
Just we beneath the stars
and we saw it in our eyes, this special twinkle.
I saw it in yours
and then it just happened"

Something keeps me listening I don't know what. I once had a situation with Dean. He had been on some empty road and leaned against his Impala when I'd showed up. We had talked about everything and anything and we'd teased the other and looked in the other's eyes and then kissed for the first time. We'd seen the love in our eyes.

"Each time that you did that,
that you disappeared over night
without telling me where or why...
It was an ache of my heart, more painful that I thought possible.

It pulled us apart,
bent the bond between us till it broke.
God, I miss you.
Fuck!"

The longer the prayer is the more familiar it gets. What the human says reminds me of Dean. I miss him. Even though I know he probably never wants me back if I would show up. Hell, I am so pathetic.

"I'm not the type who begs but... come home"

What would I do if Dean would say this words to me? I sigh as I sit on front of the angel, listening how he tells the human's prayer. Even if Dean would say the words, I could not come back. Too dangerous.

"I can't keep doing and living in this mess
when you're not here. Pathetic I know but still...
I can't help it. You don't need me and don't want to see me again
It doesn't mean the feeling has to be on both sides"

It feels like this human looked in my heart and now talks about it. I laugh sad, my time with Dean had made me soft. Bloody love.

"It's probably the most girly thing I'll ever say
but I don't care:
I keep dreaming, hoping that you had a damn good reason for this shit.
And sometimes when I can't stand it I...
I remember how I felt in your arms, how you held me close before...
When I was someone worth fighting for"

What I learned from Dean was that everyone is worth fighting for. Maybe everyone... but not me. Dean is worth fighting for but he deserves someone to fight for him who is not the king of all that is evil.

Thanks to Dean I became more human than I was when I actually was human. The guy changed me, I like to think he changed me for the better.

It sounds like this human has been hurt from someone important to him. Maybe like I've hurt Dean. That thought hurts. Damn, if anyone ever hears my thoughts they'd kill me. A sentimental demon, crying over a stupid human whom he used to fuck. Now if that's not pathetic.

I have to get my thoughts back to business. When this prayer is over I will forget Dean and go back to who I was before I started loving him.

"You know... I love your humor and sarcasm.
That you're gone doesn't change anything.
If we could return to where we were, I'd do it without hesitation.
Back to a time before your feelings faded.

But I love you no matter what. Then and now”

I have to forget him. But try to forget this amazing green eyes and how they sparkle when he laughs. I’m way too emotional about this. More than any demon should be. But then again a demon should also not fall in love with his enemy. A hunter. And I’m not just any demon.

“It’s like I have to hold on to you even though I know I shouldn’t
Shouldn’t do something you don’t want, but when did I ever listen to you?
I know you don’t see me in this special way but I still look at you with this twinkle in my eyes.
I hate to do it without you, this fight, but, Crowley, I’ll do it.
End this bloody mess and then kick you in your demonic ass for it”

What?! That was my name in the prayer. Why did the human say my name? Then my brain comes up with an idea. Maybe the human praying is Dean. My Dean and he prays to me. Now I just have to laugh. That’s so like Dean. So Winchester. Just praying even the chance that I hear it is near zero.

“I keep dreaming about our time, when it was just you and me.
Back in times when I was still worth it.
When you thought I was worth your energy and more important
back when you still thought that was worth fighting for.”
Then the prayer must have end because the angel keeps quiet after that.

Dean prayed. All the things he said. I can’t believe he really thinks that he is not worth fighting for. I’d fight everything and anyone for him. I love him more than my life and everyone knows that I am my top priority in everything.
God, what have I done? Then before I can think about it I start talking.

“You tell me where that prayer came from or I’ll skin you alive”, and that was no empty threat. If I have to do it to get to Dean then I would do it.

The angel was broken and blood caked. I know my business. Without hesitation he tells me the place. I turn off his “angel-radio” so he can’t get help and then I zap to the place he told me.

I’m standing in some run down motel room on one side of a shabby bed. On the other side, facing the wall, sits Dean. Elbows on his knees and head in his hands. My heart aches when I see that. He looks miserable and it’s all my fault.

“You’re still worth fighting for, darling”, I said to break the silence. Before I can say more he turns around and looks at me with shock wide eyes. Then he grabs under the blanked and before I could see what he is holding in his hands I feel a sharp pain in my chest and this time it’s no heart ache.

He bloody shot me! I can’t believe he really shot me.

“I liked this suit”, I tell him. Somehow I can understand his reaction but I can’t deal

with it. I'm not good with chick-flick moments. Fortunately neither is he.

Then I see what I missed for so long. His smile. Even though, he tries to hide it. Maybe he forgives me. To hell with this war, but only metaphorical: I don't want to deal with it more than I already have to. We'll just have to make this work.

THE END