Sight is a Gift [Destiel Highschool AU]

by weak4dwekes

Summary

Castiel is a new student to Kansas City high school. He was the weird kid, that everyone made fun of. Little did they know, that he had a disability. Castiel always had on sunglasses. He was always holding hands with teachers as he walked around the school. No one knew what was wrong with him. They didn't care to. The king of the school, Dean Winchester, was the first to question him. He never did part-take in the name calling and bullying, but he didn't do anything to stop it, that is until he found out.. and things took a turn.

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If you're offended by ableism... Don't worry. I had to add it for the context of the story. I am not ableist by any means. There is a good reason for it, in the context of this story anyways
"I'm sure you'll be fine Cassie! It's just school. You'll have teachers to help you. Maybe even some students to help you out. Maybe there will be a really nice and cute person who likes you?" Anna joked at the last point she made. Castiel knew she was joking, but was still uncomfortable.

"Anna, this is real school. Not school for people with disabilities. I won't be able to see if they are cute or not! Why do I have to go to this place anyways?" Castiel spoke softly, looking at the ground and listening to his sister, Anna, talk.

"Because. Michael is in college down here and there are no 'special' schools for people like you." There was sorrow in her voice. Her voice was delicate. It sounded like it would break if she were to speak any louder.

"Why couldn't we stay at home in New York? Why did we have to come back with him? He's been living down here for 3 years on his own but-" Castiel paused, and put a finger to his chin, remembering one detail that he had forgot about. "Is this about the dude you met online?"

Anna huffed and nodded her head. "Yes. And he is moving in with us later. Also, I couldn't leave you behind with Lucifer. If Gabriel had wanted to stay back there too, then maybe I'd have let you stay."

He was frustrated, he felt around him, trying to find some place to sit down. The area was foreign and would take some getting used to. "Anna... just because," He bumped into a table lamp, but Anna quickly caught it. "Just because I'm blind... doesn't mean I can't take care of myself!"

"I know you can Cassie, but we have to be extra careful. Are you ready for the first day?" Cas hung his head and didn't answer. He found his glasses, which were in one of his belt loops. He put the thick black frames over his eyes. Anna helped put his bookbag on his back. Inside there were textbooks. They were the same thing as every other student in the 10th grade at Kansas City High School. Only Castiel's books were thicker, because the letters were written in braille.

Castiel was born blind, so whenever someone tried to explain something to him he didn't understand. Anna tried to explain what the new school looked like, but he was so lost. He took in the strong smell of bleach and chemicals that he assumed were used to clean the floor. He heard the squeaking of sneakers as he held Anna's hand and cautiously followed her. "Your first period class is language arts. Each teacher has agreed to helping you get around the school. Mr. Cain even suggested that you get a student aid. Once you are 18 you can get a seeing-eye dog."

"Anna I don't want another student's help. I want to be treated like a normal person!"

"Well I'm sorry Cassie! You just aren't normal!" Anna snapped. He bit his lip to hold back tears. "I'll pick you up later." He felt his hand get cold. He knew for sure there was other people around him, staring at him. There was no hand for him to hold onto. He was alone, even though there were so many people around him. The only information he had was his first period teacher's name. Mr. Cain, but he had no idea where he was located. He started to think Anna was right. 'I can't take care of myself. I can't do anything right.' He thought to himself when someone layed a hand on his shoulder, making him snap out of his trance and staring him.

"Are you the new student? Mr. Novak?" The voice was a bit deeper than his own.

"It's C-Castiel. Who are you?"
"I'm Mr.Cain. Welcome to Kansas City High! You'll be staying with me all day today for orientation." Mr.Cain had a small smirk on his face an wrapped an arm around Castiel.

"Hello.. okay." Cas shimmied out of his grasp. "I can just sense the heat of your body. I'll follow you."

"Okay Castiel. Let's see. You have me first period for math. Ms.Bradbury for language arts. Art with Mr.Tran. Mr. Winchester for Social Studies. And Mrs. MacLeod for Science. Then there's P.E. Let's go." Castiel followed his teacher, who he really didn't like already, down the very frigid hallway. Castiel could feel other students staring at him, and his incredible hearing picked up on some of their whispers. "What's wrong with him?" "I don't know." "Why does he look like he's got a thing for my math teacher?" "What kind of douche wears sunglasses inside?" "Why does he walk funny?"

Castiel just followed his teacher around the classroom, trying to get a feel for the school. It wasn't easy, but he managed. The hardest part was lunch. The cold stares of others still cut through him, the whispers were becoming more unbearable. He didn't talk to anyone, and there was no one to help him as he stumbled to a table. He became visably frustrated, as he seemed to lose one of his books. "Why do I have to be like this?" He mumbled, hoping no one would hear him. What Castiel didn't know, would in fact hurt him. He made the foolish decision to sit at the jock table, but of course he wouldn't know that.

"What's your problem?" A man asked him. "You have been acting weird all day. Take those dumb glasses off and look at me when im talking to you! You're not gonna get any friends if you don't stop acting like a bitch, and are stuck up in the teachers ass! And you aren't suposed to be at this table, so why don't you get your stuff and leave." Castiel nodded and scrambled to find his books on the table and floor. "Hurry up. Are you dumb or something?"

"I- I'm sorry." He let a tear roll down his face.

"Why are you crying dude?"

"I need some help.. Uh... Please." Castiel begged and struggled to stand up, thinking he should just tell this bully what was going on, and what was wrong with him.

"Why should I help you? You need to leave!"

Thats when a new voice joined. "Hey Benny, leave him alone."

"Dean, stay out of this. I'm teaching the douche what he needs to do, in order to make it in this school."

Dean tried to whisper, "there could really be something mentally wrong with him Benny. Just stop." But of course Castiel heard it. He was blind, so his ears were trained. Castiel couldn't see the man talking, but he already sounded beautiful.

"I'm sorry guys." Castiel left his books and found a wall. He used his hands to feel to the edge of the cafeteria, only running into 3 or 4 people. He reached for the help of his walking stick, but turns out he had misplaced it.

"God damn he's dumb!" Benny cursed.

Castiel figured his way around with Ms.Bradbury's help. He was more comfortable with her, unlike Mr.Cain, she didn't give him the 'I'm going to rape you,' feeling. Throughout the rest of the day he was questioned as to why he was holding hands with the teachers. They all got fed up with the rumors and left him on his lonesome. Ms.Bradbury was the only one who tried to help, all of the
others did nothint but let him nervously pace, not having an idea of where he was going. His first day was horrible. The worst part was he lost his walking stick, or it was taken by someone.

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Castiel didn't really get much sleep that night, nor did he eat dinner. His sister was a bit worried but she didn't press him.

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As he arived at school the next day, he didn't even bother to try and go to class. Instead he found his way to the lawn out back. Castiel sensed that he was alone, so he didn't try to make the tears stop falling. He was in darkness, or so he thought. The ground under his butt and feet was soft, and the texture of the things sticking out of the ground kept him amused while he sobbed. Castiel knew he was worthless, he was pretty sure everyone thought he was.

It wasn't until the day was almost over that someone noticed him. Castiel heard sudden footsteps coming from behind him, and he got up from sitting on the lawn behind the school. "Who's there?"

Dean stopped in his tracks and cleared his throat awkwardly. "Uh... hi. I saw you struggling earlier and thought I-.. Could you turn around? It's weird talking to the back of your head. I would walk around but, i-" Dean shuffled on his feet. "Nevermind."

Castiel turned around with a slight smile on his face, but quickly turned into a faint laugh. "And who are you?"

Dean looked at him closely for a minute. "I'm Dean. You've probably heard my name around school a few times."

"A few..." His voice trailed, remembering hearing the deep voice at school earlier that day. But it was the nice one, not the one who made him upset in the first place. "Anyways, i was told you were a popular dick, I'm good without your help." Castiel really didn't believe that Dean was so mean, he helped him earlier, but it was probably pity.

Dean raised an eyebrow at the comment. "I'm not a dick. I mean there have been a few choice words I've said to people, but not a dick. Jerk maybe, a good bit of the time. Anyways. I saw you getting pushed into lockers or waiting against the wall as everybody was running through the halls. Figured I'd help you get from class to class."

"You're serious?" Castiel asked, his voice hushed. "Maybe I could use the help..." He scratched the back of his head nervously. "Thanks?"

"Not a big deal. At the same time I'd be saving people a few bruises at the same time. what's your name? I've heard it but it didn't sound a lot like a name. no offense." Dean moves a bit closer.

"It's Castiel..." Castiel sensed Dean move closer and flinched. He knew this boy was bigger and tougher than him, he was timid and scared around a lot of people, but even Dean at this point.

Dean noticed the flinch and backed up some, frowning. "I'm not going to hurt you, Castiel." He says before smiling. "Can I call you Cas instead? It's easier to say."

"Yeah.." He smiled, drawing closer to him. "You're not a selfish coward like some girls told me earlier. You're quite nice, Dean."

The jock nodded and huffed a laugh. "Where are you heading to next, Cas?"
"You tell me. I can't read my schedule... It was read to me earlier, but i don't remember. I'm new, so i don't know where they'd be either." Cas shrugged, feeling already like a burden on Dean. The slip of paper had his classes listed in order. First and second period math, Mr.Cain. first period for math. Ms.Bradbury for language arts. Art with Mr.Tran. Mr. Winchester for Social Studies. And P.E.

Dean took the paper from his hand and read over it. "It is after lunch so you will be with...My dad, for social studies. Let's go. Oh, how do I lead you? Hold hands, hook elbows, or...?"

Cas let out another small laugh. "I can feel your body heat if I walk behind you. Unless you want to hold hands or something?"

"Um, nah, I'll hold your sleeve. Come on, the bell will ring soon and we might as well miss all of the other children." Dean said as he grabs Cas' sleeve.

"O-okay..." Cas felt Dean's hand gently pull at his sleeve. "Do we have any of the same classes?"

"The next one, PE. My dad is the coach as well. Have PE plus afternoon football practice. Stupid but it works I guess. You'll probably hear him yell at me often." Dean said and smiled as he led Cas into the building and through the halls.

"That's not good, yelling anyways. You dont have to yell for someone to hear you..." Cas followed after Dean, carefully and cluelessly.

"No, I don't like to dress out for PE. I tend to keep talking rather than participating so I get in trouble." He said and slowed down and moving to his side taking his arm and hooking it with his. "This is easier."

Cas nodded, getting closer to Dean. "Oh, I don't- I've never really participated in P.E."

"You can sit on the bench with me and we both can get yelled at. Me more than considering the circumstances." Dean said and chuckled before coming to a stop in front of a classroom. "Here it is."

"Oh yeah. Okay," Cas had pretty bad trust issues, but he trusted Dean for some reason and stayed close to his body.

Dean turned to him and smiles at Cas even though he can't see before opening the door and leading him in. "Hey, Dad, this is Cas. He's new to school."

"Cool. Uh he's in one of my other classes too... Why are your hands all over him? Is there something going on that i don't know about?" Dean's father raised an eyebrow.

"Huh? No, he's blind and didn't know how to get here. I was helping him before he knocked around in the hallways again." Dean said as he unhooked their arms.

"Oh. Okay good! You better not be fooling around with a dude. And hes gonna have to sit out everyday anyways..." Mr.Winchester started tk pull Dean away. "But you're going to participate." Cas sighed and clutched the bottom of his shirt, feeling alone again, and that was overwhelming.

Dean groans. "Dad, why do I have to participate when I have football an hour later?" He rubbed his face. "I'm going to class. Bye Cas. I'll come get you."

Cas sat uncomfortable. "Okay." He scrunched up his face and held on to his own hands.

He frowned some. "Are you okay?" Dean spares a glance towards his dad before walking over to Cas.
"I'm fine." Cas adjusted his black glasses and just hung his head, since there was nothing to look at.

"C'MON DEAN!" His father called.

Dean huffs and pats his arm carefully before walking back to his dad. "What?"

"You're gonna fail! You dont need to be spending your time pitying the disabled."

"I'm not pitying Cas. What the hell went through your mind to think that? Huh? The one time I do something right and you get down on me for it." He threw his hands up, agrivated at his father. He always found something to yell at him about.

"I'm just saying you have more important things to focus on, son!"

"My grades are fine. I suck at football, I know! But helping Cas won't change that, dad." Dean sighed and shoved his hands in his pockets as they balled up into fists.

"You just need more practice. And okay, just dont be so.. handsy.."

Dean rolled his eyes annoyed. "I wasn't being handsy. I was helping. And I've been practicing since I was 12. I sucked then, I know can at least do ten pushups."

"Weakling,' he mumbled. "Okay fine, sit out then!"

Dean grinned at his dad. "Thanks coach! See you at home. Hope you don't mind that I'll skip out on practice and go home early too."

"No. You are staying after! I don't care what else you have to do. Thats final. Now go back to the blind kid." He shooed Dean away.

"His name is Cas." Dean said before he shoved passed his father and went back to Cas. "He's a douchebag."

"I can tell. I heard everything." Cas smiled, not sure where he was looking at, so he stared at the ground so Dean wouldn't get uncomfortable.

I'm gonna ditch this place... I'm not gonna leave you behind though. I know it's your first day and all but you wanna skip out on class? Use your super hearing to tell me if the cheerleaders are talking about? They have practice this hour?" Dean nudged him playfully.

"I'd rather do that than sit through a boring lecture, or be here alone." Cas chuckled under his breath Dean snickered and hooked their arms again. "Let's go then."

"Alright. Just gotta tell me witch ones you think are hot and describe it. I want the feels too!" He sounded like an idiot, trying to hide his gay-ness, with seemingly hot cheerleaders.

Dean shook his head and lead him out laughing. "Will do, man. Will do. I'll also tell you the ones to stay away from. I know this from experience."

"Oh my. Dean Winchester! A ladies man, ay?"

"Some would say. Are you? How many relationships did you have at your old school? Or wherever you where before moved here." Dean bit his lip, checking Cas out. Knowing he wouldn't get caught in the act was a good feeling.
"Uhm. None. Most girls don't want a blind kid..." That wasn't the only reason, but he didn't want to confess that. Dean hooked their arms and lead them to the bleachers. The sun beat down on them both. Dean looked out onto the field and back at Cas, whilst Cas just starwd down at his shoes.

"Aw man, just try. It could be awesome using your disability as a way to snuggle up to you. The right girl would adapt."

"I'm just not interested." Cas whispered this next part. "In girls..."

"That's okay," Dean smiled. "I'm interested in both, though I've never been with a guy... What are the girls saying? Do you know?"

"One with an accent is talking shit. She asked you to homecoming but you turned her down? Wow you must be popular. Everywhere i went today, they were talking about you."

"That girl is mean. I dont even know her name. I dont like her at all. I'm not sure who I'll ask yet..." Dean already knew who he wanted to ask, but didn't know how or when. "And yeah im popular, but I'd rather be with you, than associate with people who don't even know the real me. You know more about me than most of the people here. They always say fake things about me, and I bet those girls are already spreading rumors about me and you."

Cas looked worried. "Is that bad?"

"Not neccisarily, we could play sround with the rumors." Dean held Castiel's hand, and interlaced their fingers to make it seem more real.

"Oh." Cas blushed without realizing. "This should be fun!"

"It's gonna be very fun." Dean laughed and lifted Cas's chin. "Why do you look down all of the time?"

"Because i dont know where to look. When you can't see, you might be staring at someone by accident. I just dont want to make anyone uncomfortable." Cas whispered, letting Dean move his face.

"Then look at me. You know from which direction my voice is coming from yeah? I would mind you staring at me. Especially in Pe. Piss of my dad and Mr. M."

"Okay, I'll stare at you, but i won't take my glasses off. And i quite like your voice, I'm not sure why, but i do!" Cas smiled at Dean. He was the only person besides his sister that he was comfortable looking at on purpose.

"Can I try on your glasses? They make look like a Hollywood celebrity. And I'm glad you like my voice, I could be the ugliest son of a b**ch, but an ugly son of a b**ch with a good voice. It's a perfect deal."

Cas laughed a bit. "You probably are really sexy. What a damn shame i can't see." Cas took off his glasses, revealing his bright blue eyes. "Here you are." He held his dark glasses in his hands, waiting for Dean to take them.

Dean smiled and reached out to take them but froze when they connected eyes. "Thanks." He says when he finally looks away and takes the glasses. He puts them on. "These things are so dark! It looks like night time right now!"

"Litterally all day every day," Cas laughed and instinctively looked away again.
"Look at me, Cas." Dean smiled and nudged him while taking the glasses off.

"Sorry. It's a habit." Cas reached for his glasses, accidentally poking Dean's stomach and laughing. "Oops."

"Trying snag a feel? Oh, Cas, all you had to was ask." Dean said as he but the glasses in Cas' hand.

"Thanks." Cas put them back on his face. "And maybe i was! Nice abs by the way."

"I'd hope they're nice. I have to do like 500 sit ups a day because I eat so much pie and other types of junk food." Dean chuckled. "I like your eyes. But I'm sure you get that a lot."

"No one outside of my family has ever seen my eyes, thank you." He smiled widely. "Oh and i love pie as well."

"We should go get some."

"Like now?" Cas looked confused. "School is almost over. Anna might worry if i don't come home on the bus."

"Then tomorrow? Ask if you can come with me? We'll leave around this time tomorrow I guess, since you can't participate, and i just don't want to."

"Sounds good!"

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Anna walked up onto the bus and took the hand of her little brother. "How was your day?"

Cas couldn't get Dean off his mind. "Can i stay after school tomorrow? I have a thing for studying.."

Cas used the excuse because he told her the truth, he knew she would say no.

"Yeah sure. Just be careful. I'll pick you up. What time?"

"I'll get someone to take me home."

Anna nodded, "okay Cassie." She continued cooking dinner as Cas went up to his room.

Dean greeted him by the main entrance of the school. "How'd you manage to get here?"

"I followed the sound of people."

Dean held his hand. "What did your mom say about going out for pie with me later?"

"My parents died when i was little. My sister although, said yes."

"Oh I'm sorry Cas."

"It's alright."

They walked in mostly silence until they arrived at Cas's first class. "Have a good day."

"Thanks. You too."

They parted ways and wouldn't get back together until lunch time. And lunch was right before social studies and their last class, p.e.
Dean figured it was easier to leave now, than sneak out during class. "Wanna go get what we talked about yesterday?" Dean asked him, grinning.

"Yeah! The best pie in the universe?" Cas was standing on the top step that lead to the exit of the cafeteria. He tried to step down, but tripped and fell into Dean's arms.

Dean caught him and chuckled. "Should I just carry you down like a princess?"

"Maybe."

"Don't tempt me." Dean said as they descended the last step and started leading him towards the parking lot.

"I can tempt if i want!" Cas whined and stomped his feet, but followed Dean.

Dean snickered and grabbed his hand again purposefully walking in front of John on the way to my car. His father shot him a glance and yelled, realizing what they were doing, and cursed. Cas held Dean's hand proudly. "What kind of car do you drive?"

"My dad's car from the 60s. He gave it to me when I turned 16 and got my license. It's a 1967 Chevy Impala. Not matter who I date, the first thing I say, usually, is that my car is my baby and no sex is allowed in the backseat unless there is absolutely nowhere else to go. No one has been back there yet." Dean said then pulled out his keys unlocking the door then glanced back at his dad.

"Sound awesome." Cas took shotgun and fumbled with the seat belt and eventually buckled himself.

Dean got in and buckled as well and started the car but immediately turned the radio on seeing how it was really loud and he started driving. "You'll love this place I hope."

"Hopefully... Thanks for turning it down." Cas chuckled.

"Mhm. I usually listen to it loud to keep me awake. Do you listen to music much?"

"I love music."

"What do you listen to? I mostly listen to rock." Dean made a proud impression of Gene Simmons, but forgot that Cas couldn't see him and felt like an idiot.

"I tend to mix it up. I'll go from AC/DC to Elvis. If i'm feisty I'll throw in some My Chemical Romance. Yes i'm weird. I know."


"Led Zeppelin is cool. So are The Beatles!!! I can't pick my favorite though!"

"You're like perfect!"

"No no. I'm far from it."

"What are your faults then? And don't say blind."

"Well that is one of my faults. And then there's the fact that i always screw up whatever i do."
"Examples?"

"Walking, writing, playing sports, uhh, doing most things alone..."

"Cas, that it completely understandable. At least you try them or have tried them."

"I can't ever do anything right though. Ever! Nothing!"

"You haven't tried everything though..."

"Yeah everything... Dean just drop the topic please..."

Dean looked over at him noticing how upset he is. "Sorry. We are here anyways." He says as he pulled into the driveway. He only lived about 5 minutes from the school.

"Excellent." Cas turned to where he heard Dean's voice coming from. "Don't be sorry." Dean parked the car and reached over, patting his leg. He got out and walked around to help Cas out of the car. Castiel smiled and got out of the car, holding one of Dean's gentle hands.

Dean smiled as he took Cas inside. "Hey Mom? You home?"

"We are at your house?" Cas got nervous again.

"Nobody makes better pie than my mother." He lead Cas to the kitchen and smiles widely, seeing the apple pie already made. "Hey, mom."

Mary turned around from what she was doing and walked over, kissing Dean's cheek before looking at Cas. "Oh, hello. You one of Dean's friends?"

"I'm Cas. Yeah, he's my only friend," he laughed. "Nice to meet you."

She smiled at him. "It's nice to meet you too. I'm glad my Dean has decided to make better friends. You're way more polite than the others. Would you like something to eat, Cas?"

"I could, but i don't want to be a bother." Cas fumbled in the darkness, looking for something to hold on to. He had always hated being alone. Even with people there, if he wasn't holding something he felt anxious and scared. Dean reached over and moved to a stool so he could sit down and kept his hand on Cas' upper back.

"You are no bother. You want some pie before he eats it all? Hell, he might try to steal your piece. If it wasn't for football my baby would be so fat. " Mary says as she gets plates and forks out and serves Cas a plate. She even went as far as putting the fork in his hand for him.

"His abs are wow though! And I don't judge, pie is fabulous!" Cas was comforted by Dean's hand. Cas took a bite of the delicacy that was placed in front of him.

Mary left out a soft laugh. "Yeah, my other son, is probably gonna be the chunky monkey. He's fourteen and only 5'3 but eats like a pig." She says though has an adoring tone to her voice showing that she didn't mean it as mean in any way. Dean rubbed his back softly and shared a look with Mary before sitting next to him. "How is it?"

"Amazing! Just exquisite! Dean wasn't lying when he said it was the best.

"Oh stop it boys!" Mary laughed and Dean let out a small giggle.

"Dean, we've been fake together for a day and I'm already meeting your parents," he let out a cackle
as he took another bite with a smile. But he could barely eat he was laughing so hard. "Rumors say we are pretty serious."

Mary looked confused but just rolled with it, even though he had no idea what they were talking about.

"Who said it was fake?" Dean smiled at him and moved to hold his hand again. "I know I said we should play with the rumor but I never mentioned our rumored relationship was fake."

Cas couldn't decide whether his mind was playing tricks or he was actually hearing Dean say those things. "So it's not fake, and we- we are a thing?"

"If you want to be. Might as well since news that we are is circling around school this minute..."

"Yeah... But you don't want me. You can do so much better than me."

Dean sighed softly and stood up. "Come with me a minute? I need to show you something."

"Okay..." Cas was lead by Dean, he had no idea where they were going. The air still smelled like apples and cinnamon.

Dean brought him outside and sat him down in some grass under a tree then sat next to him. "I really like you Cas. It's weird how quick it happened but it did."

"I understand. Same here..." His stomach dropped as he scooted closer to Dean.

Dean looked over at him. "Why would I have even suggested a relationship, fake or not, if I didn't want you at least a little?"

"Because a lot of people are fake around me. I wasn't sure what to say about it. Because like... I have a crush on you already. And i can't fall for your looks, even though you are probably 'sexy.' But just you, you are amazing!"

"Even though people say I am a jerk?" Dean asked as he nudged Castiel to face him.

"I had to figure it out for myself that you aren't. And you're really just... I can't explain it. My only concern is my disability. I can't do some things other couples can do."

"That doesn't matter. I told you people would adapt. I can do my best."

Cas scratched the back of his head. "O-okay." He smiled and leaned on Dean.

Dean smiled as well. "Hey, Cas? Look at me?"

"Hm?" Cas lifted his face and looked somewhat in Dean's direction.

Dean turned his head the rest of the way for him then pulled his glasses off. He ran his tongue of his own lip as he cupped both of Cas' cheeks in his hands. "What are y-" Cas was cut off by a shocking sensation. Dean's lips. Cas kissed him back carefully, not wanting to mess up. Dean smiled to himself as well as into the kiss. After a while he broke away slowly.

All Cas could think of is that he wanted that feeling again, but couldn't have it because he knew he'd miss if he tried on his own. "Wasn't too much of a surprise?" Dean asked with pride in his voice. He pet Cas' cheek softly before letting him go and setting a hand innocently on his thigh.

"I don't know what to say other than wow..." Cas laughed and put his hand on Dean's.
"Willing do it again?" He leaned forward again pressing his forehead against Cas' almost if giving Cas an invite to initiate it this time. He smiled at the thought of being the first everything for Cas.

"Yeah." Cas nervously grabbed Dean's face and slowly directed himself to Dean's lips, careful not to miss and make a fool out of himself. He laughed softly and kisses him back. Dean moved his hand to rest against Cas' waist and tugged him to move a bit closer. Cas, now somewhat aware of what to do, kissed Dean more passionately and lovingly. He cupped the back of Cas' head. As soon as he did, Dean started to play with the other's dark hair, running his fingers through it. This caused Cas' hair to stick up more than it already was. He opened his mouth slightly, letting Dean in. Deepening the kiss.

Dean took the opportunity and started to explore his mouth. He even let out a soft noise when tasting the apple pie still lingering on Cas' own tongue. Castiel blushed as their tongues danced, for the first time he didn't feel worthless. He carefully explored Dean's mouth and savored his his taste. It got to the point of needing to come up for air, so Dean pulled away, licking his lips as he went. "You have a natural talent, Cas."

"I think you do too. Damn." Cas licked his lips and didn't bother fixing his hair. He pulled away for air, but didn't realize his hands were still on Dean's thighs.

"I like your hair like that," Dean chuckled. He took a momentary glance down at Cas' hands, but he didn't bother moving them.

"Thanks. So- you're my b-boyfriend?" He asked, his breaths were still uneven from being so nervous.

"Boyfriend, friend with benefits, partner in crime, sex on legs, you name it." Dean squeezed his waist reassuringly.

Cas giggled and smirked. "Hey, that tickles!"

"I will use that as ammo later," He smiled and moved his hand.

"Oh my goodness!" Cas leaned on Dean again, he felt safe around him. He even pinched himself, convincing himself that this wasn't just a dream.

Dean held him close, and leaned his head back against the tree behind them. "You seem very happy."

"You make me happy," He shrugged. "I almost never get treated like I'm normal."

"Is this getting treated like normal? To your standards anyways?"

"Yeah... But then i feel special around you. Like you could have anyone, yet I'm here right now."

"Hm. I hadn't had anyone for a good three months when you came along. And I've got to say, I much prefer you than any of them. They were even worse dicks than they say I am."

"That's horrible. I'm sorry to hear that... I will try and not be a 'dick.'" The feeling of Dean's lips were still lingering on his own.

"I honestly don't think you ever could be." Dean smiled and kissed his cheek.

"Really? I've been called an arrogant a$$ hat before. But really i feel like everyone is better than i. It doesn't matter." Cas smiled. "Oh, and I like you a lot by the way." His face got hot and a blush crept up on his cheeks.
"I sure as hell hope so. Hey, Cas? I know you are a classy lady but do you wanna make out again?"

"Is that even a valid question? Of course i want to."

Dean let out a laugh and leaned forward kissing him passionately. Cas was a bit taken my surprise, even though he knew what was coming. He felt sort of complete with him. He kissed Dean, lovingly, and carefully. Dean set his hand on Cas' thigh and rubbed affectionately. In the kiss Dean lightly licked Cas' lip asking for entrance. Cas let him, opening his mouth slightly. Dean started to explore Cas' mouth. After a moment he even started to play with and rub against Cas' tongue. Cas playfully kissed, more now in make-out mode. He licked against Dean's tongue, letting his mouth see what he couldn't on his own. After a while, he bit Dean's lip gently as he pulled away. Dean let out a soft noise at the bite. He found it as a slight turn on. Dean looked into Cas' eyes before letting his forehead rest against Cas' shoulder.

"You're a good kisser!" Cas said in a hushed tone. "Well I've never kissed anyone else, but damn!"

Dean started laughing against him. "You're not so bad yourself, Cas."

"I don't know." Cas laughed, and wrapped an arm around Dean.

"I'm serious. You've got serious skill." He leaned a bit more against his boyfriend.

"Stopp." Cas blushed and reached for Dean's free hand.

Dean took the hand and laced their fingers together. "Why should I?"

"Because I'm embarrassed!"

"Don't be embarrassed around me, Cas. Around my family yes, but not me. My family has a way of making anyone feel embarrassed."

"Your mom is cool though boo." Cas laughed.

"She embarrasses me a lot. She has nicknames." 

"Oh my gosh. I wanna hear now." Cas laughed even harder. "You're so cute omg."

"Hear my nicknames? Well I'm not gonna say, but if you stick around I'm sure you'll hear them." Dean laughed and pulled the boy closer.

"Fine fine!!" Cas let Dean pull him closer. "What time is it?"

"Um," Dean check his watch. "Almost 3:30."

"Okay. I have to go home soon. But I'm not sure where exactly that is. I haven't been here long... But i don't want to leave. I just don't want my family to worry. Anna thinks i'm just staying after school, witch ended an hour ago.."

"I will drive you home. What's your address?"

"Apartment 57. The apartment building a block or so away from the school."

"Alright. You want to go now?"

"I don't really want to leave you."
"You'll be with me tomorrow."

"Yeah. I know, but still..." Cas squeezed him tightly.

"I'll pick you up for school tomorrow?"

"You don't have to. If it's too much trouble, no. Its fine boo."

"I will see you at 7:30?"

"Well... Yeah. But i wont see you." Cas chuckled. "But thank you."

"Of course. Come on then." Dean said and stood up then helped Cas up. Dean led him back through the house. "I'm taking Cas home." He announced to whoever was inside.

"Okay! Be careful!" His mother called back. "And hurry. Your father is coming home soon."

"Yeah, yeah." Dran said and brought Cas out to the car and helped him inside.

"Thanks." Cas buckled himself in the car again. He breathed in Dean's scent again.

Dean got in and started to drive to Cas' apartment. "How was your first day?"

"Bad, then good, then really good!"

"Was I the bad part?" He asked jokingly?

"Noooo!"

Dean started laughing and reached over patting his knee. "I was joking."

"Okay good." Cas had relaxed and got a bit startled.

"Do you like it here? I mean i know you just moved, and that can be tough, but do you like it?"

"I do. But I didn't like it... People are so mean. But that's wherever i go... I only like it because of you..."

"Well, I hope to continue making it good. Hey, will you go to homecoming with me?"

"Why, yes of course!" Cas smiled widely and held Dean's hand.

"Yeah!!"

"What was your apartment number again?"

"57, i believe."

"Okay. We are here. Want me to walk you up?"

"Please do?" Cas asked pleadingly.

Dean nodded and got out then helped Cas out. He wrapped his arm around Cas' waist and led him towards apartment 57. When they came to a halt Cas asked, "we here?"

"Yes? Do I knock or do you have a key?"
Cas fumbled in his pocket for the key that Anna had given him. He pulled out his phone and then his key. "Here you are."

"Thank you. Are any of your siblings home around this time?" Dean asked as he unlocked the door.

"Anna probably. That's it."

"Okay. Well, the door is open. I'll see you tomorrow." He said thinking he needed to leave now.

"You don't have to go. Unless you have to."

"Do you need help getting inside?"

"Maybe.. I don't know. I'll probably just go listen to music once i go inside. I don't do much."

"I'll come in for a few? Then I need to head home like my mom said." Dean nudged Castiel forward into the apartment. "Show me your music?"

"Of course." Cas walked slowly inside and made his way to his bedroom. "I have a few records here... And the piano of course. But i don't play much."

"Can I hear?"

"I'm not very good, but yeah." Cas sat down on the bench and let his fingers find the keys. He played up a C scale, missing a few notes, but tried again and got it right. "Is that enough? My brother, Gabriel, taught me a few songs but I'm no good at it."

Dean smiled as he listened. "You know, I honestly expected it to be horrible but you actually aren't that bad."

"I'm pretty terrible though." Cas laughed.

He heard footsteps and then his bedroom door open again, it was his sister. "Oh. Did you make a new friend Cassie?"

Dean looked over at the red head and smiled. "I'm Dean. Cassie was playing the piano for me."

"Oh. Nice to meet you Dean!" Anna held her hand out to shake his hand. "I can't believe he already made a friend!"

"Um, yeah, friend" he shook her hand back not wanting to out Cas in case he wasn't already.

"Boyfriend!" Cas corrected them both and smiled.

"Awe!" She thought Dean was a good kid, for actually giving her brother a chance.

"Yes, I wasn't sure if he was out yet, so I didn't want to surprise anyone. He's going to homecoming with me too." Dean smiled and reached over to grab Cas' hand. Cas held his hand and leaned into him a bit.

"This is so cute! You go guys!"

"So, you're Anna? How many siblings do you two have?"

"Another 3. All boys." Anna sighed. "But im the cool one! Lucifer lives back in Colorado at our old
house. Michael and Gabriel live here though."

Dean nods and smiles. "I can meet them eventually I'm sure?"

"Around them you're just his friend though. All except Gabriel he's cool, the other too aren't." As Anna talked, Cas started playing with the piano keys again.

Dean reached back and set his hand on his shoulder. "What do you mean?"

"Mike and Luci don't really like the fact Cassie is gay.."

Dean frowned. "I understand that. My dad doesn't either and he only thinks I was joking when walking around holding his hand."

"That's horrible. I'm sorry, but you two are cute!"

"Thanks, I guess. I should probably go. My mom wants me home for dinner."

"Alright, nice meeting you!"

"See you tomorrow Dean." Cas smiled and looked at him. He hummed as he played.

"Nice job Cas. See you tomorrow. Remember I am picking you up." Dean said and smiled leaning down to kiss him very softly before straightening up. "It was nice to meet you Anna." He smiled at her and squeezed Cas' shoulder before walking out of the apartment.

Cas kissed him gently. "Bye." He went back to practicing what he remembered of 'welcome to the black parade,' and his sister sat beside him.

~•~

Dean drove home and walked into the house looking around. "I'm home."

Dean's father approached him as he walked in the door. "Hey son, where'd you go? Why'd you leave early?" He crossed his arms and scowled.

"I brought Cas here to have some of mom's pie. Then I brought him to the backyard and proceeded to make out with him." Dean said with a smile.

"The f**k is wrong with you? I told you you're not allowed to pity him Dean! Let alone be with him!" John clenched his fists and stood tall over his son.

"I'm not pitying him! I really like him. I asked him to be my boyfriend and go to homecoming with me." Dean said defiantly. "He said yes Dad! And I couldn't be happier!"

"You're disgusting. I don't want a fag on MY football team either."

Dean clenched his jaw at the name. "Fine I never wanted to be on your f**ing football team anyways." John pushed Dean away and sat down at the table.

Dean stared at his father, disgusted, before going to the backyard and into the hiding spot he'd had since he was 3. He sat there and thought over the conversation. The only other person to know this hiding spot was his little brother Sam. Sam saw how upset Dean looked and went out to talk to him.

Dean looked up when he heard Sam come and scooted over some so he could fit in. "What's up, B**ch?" Dean asked affectionately despite the nickname.
"Are you okay, jerk?" Sam sat on the ground beside his big bro. Dean sighed and rubbed his face. "Yeah, I'm fine. Dad's a dick."

"What'd he do this time?" Sam sighed.

"Being a f**king homophobe. I have a boyfriend by the way... I guess I could have mentioned it a bit gentler to him, but I just like to push his buttons."

"Aw, that's cool. He shouldn't be so mean about it. Does mom care?"

"She didn't seem to. I mean, I basically asked him to go out with me right in front of her. And we weren't exactly hiding when we made out under a tree."

"Awee. What's his name?"

"He's got a weird name. Castiel. I just call him Cas though. He's blind too.. and today was only his like third day."

"He's blind? Whoa! Look at you being a bigger person! Good job."

Dean shoved Sam with a chuckle. "Mom called you fat. A fat monkey, to be exact." He said and started to poke at his little brother's stomach.

Sam gasped, "that hoe!" He swatted Dean's hands away, because it tickled.

"Don't call mom a hoe, dweeb! You are getting a little chubby. It's all those beers you've been drinking!" Dean snickered.

"Hey, that's our little secret Mrs.Castiel!"

"Hah. Yeah right. All your little friends know you drink with the best of them!" Dean said smiling.

"Shut up!" Sam laughed. "I'll see you later. I have homework to do."

"Nerdy, brother. You are pretending to do your homework. I know you play DnD online."

"N-no!" Sam got really defensive and left.

Dean smiled before looking over to the tree from earlier. He eventually got up and went to look for his dad. John spotted him, "what do you want?"

Dean sat at the table with him and sighed. "Dad... I'm sorry for the way I came out."

"Don't call me your father. I don't care that you came out anyways."

Dean gave his father a really hurt look. "Clearly, you do care."

"I honestly don't want to talk about this right now."

"Dad.." Dean tried again hoping his father won't basically disown him again.

"What?" John snapped.

Dean's eyes widen and stared at John before he looked down and stood up. He was now really upset and went to go find his mom.

Mary sat in the living room with a book in her hands. She couldn't help but look up to see her eldest
son, who looked really upset. "What's wrong Dean?"

Dean walked over and sat next to her. He even went as far as curling up with her and sighed shakily. "Dad doesn't like that I am dating a boy. He even said he didn't want me calling him Dad any more."

His mother wrapped her arm around him. "He'll just have to deal with it, because that doesn't make you any different. I don't care, as long as you are happy Dean. I love you either way." She kissed the top of his head and cuddled him. "It will be okay." Dean nodded and snuggled against her. He laid his head on her chest and let out another sigh. "I promise. And I can help you if you need any dating tips." Mary tried to make light of the situation.

"I think I know how to date, mom." He said with a slight smile.

"Alright alright! I'm just letting you know I'm here if you need me. And I'm happy for you, Cas seems nice."

"He is really nice. Never had a boyfriend before either. I'm glad to be his first one."

"Awe. Good, just be patient with him, okay?"

"I plan on it. I'm not gonna be like I was with all of those cheerleaders. Those were just to make dad happy."

"You're such a good man Dean!"

"Thanks mom. I love you."

"I love you too!"

~•~

Anna looked at Cas. "How did you meet?"

"I was struggling and no one wanted to help me. I almost started crying and he just helped me... I was shocked. But he's really amazing!"

Anna nodded. "Is he a good guy? Not just using you? He looks like a jock."

"No Anna, he's a good guy. Trust me." Cas believed Dean was amazing, but he didn't know if he was faking it or not.

Anna smiled. "I do. Just be careful okay? Not many people get asked out on their first day of school"

"I know Anna, but we spent almost all day together and i really like him. I'll take it slow and be careful, i promise."

"Don't let him pressure you into sex either, got it?" Anna said and ruffled his hair.

Cas sighed, and hung his head. "We've already talked about it. I told him some things, like how i can't do some things as easy as other couples. He said he will just have to adapt. And sex is something else. I'll just have to wait and see."

Anna nodded. "Okay, good. Love you, Cassie. I don't want to see you hurt."

"Love you too Anna." Cas sat, thinking about everything that had happened to him today, and how happy Dean made him.
"You have his number? So, you can talk to him whenever you want? Right?"

"I didn't get his number today.. I totally forgot. I only know how to answer calls or say the number to sirri anyways. Dean probably would want to text instead, but i can't unless you help me or something."

"I'm sure for you he would call you instead."

"I hope so." Cas sighed.

"He will. Wanna go look for suits?"

"Yeah." Cas smiled. "You're gonna have to tell me witch one looks best on me."

Anna smiled widely. "I will I promise. Let's go before the others get home?"

"Okay." Cas stood up and tugged his shirt down have feeling it riding up.

Anna watched him. "When did that happen?"

"Dean's hug," Cas shrugged

Anna raised a brow. "Mhmm." She takes his hand and leads him to the car so they can go shopping.

"What?" Cas asked a bit annoyed by Anna's tone

"I didn't say anything, Cassie!" Cas groaned but got in the car.

"Want some food for on our way?"

"No. But you can get some thing. Ill be okay for a while."

Anna started off towards town. "I'll just wait until you are ready to eat."

"No. Anna it's okay. Get something, I'm fine."

"Sh, Cassie, I'm waiting."

"Fine fine!" Cas followed her closely. Anna pulled up to a store and got out then helped her brother out of the car as well. "I'm so excited!! Thanks Anna!!" Cas giggled.

"Anything for my baby brother." Castiel smiled and hugged her. Anna hugged him back. "Don't tell the others. They'll be jealous."

"I won't!" Cas was extatic, he still couldn't believe that Dean actually liked him. Anna laughed and slung her arm over his shoulders despite him being taller.

She led him into the store. "Do you want a full suit or just the shirt and pants?"

"Does the tux i have at home look presentable? If not I'll just get another full suit."

"Then let's look just in case." Anna said and started to look through the racks.

"Alright!"

"Here try this one!" Anna said and held a suit out in front of him. Cas took the suit and had Anna escort him to the dressing room. Cas wasn't dumb, he knew what was what. But he got dressed at his
own pace. Anna smiled and leant against the wall across from the dressing room patiently. "That suit is blue. Blue is a color that looks really good on you, Cassie."

"I've been told blue is the color of my eyes. Correct?"

"Yes, but the suit is a dark blue where yours are the color of ocean water." Anna smiled. "Come out and let me see it."

Cas stepped out and adjusted his glasses. "I still don't understand colors."

Anna clapped her hands together and grinned. "You look so good!"

"You really think so?" Cas smiled.

"I can't believe he even asked me Anna! I still can't believe it!!! Oh my god. Wait...i can't dance." Anna smiled widely "I will show you."

"Thank you again!" Cas squealed.

She laughed and hugged him tightly. "Okay, go change so we can buy it." Cas changed out of the suit quickly and put his clothes back on. Anna knocked on the door softly. "You ready?"

"Yeah." Cas opened the door and handed the suit to Anna.

"Okay! Now we need new shoes!"

"Okay. Isn't that a lot of money though?"

"How often do you go on dates or get asked out?" Anna crosses her arms.

"Never..." Cas looked at the ground. "Dean's my first."

"Then let's spoil you this time. Okay?"

"You sure?" Cas asked worriedly, he didn't want to be a bother.

"Yes, of course!" Anna said and pulled him to the shoes.

"AGHAAHG!" Cas yelled as Anna dragged him along. Anna laughed loudly and started looking over the shoes.

Cas sensed that it was getting late, they had been shopping for a while, and he was anxious to go to bed. Just so he could see Dean sooner. "CMON ANAAAA! HURRRYYYY MRS.FASHION EXPERT!"

"I found some." She smiled and brought him to the cashier desk and bought the shoes and suit

"I'll pay you back sissy."

"Nah. Don't worry about it Cas." She swiped her credit card.

"You sure?"

"I am very sure." Anna hugged him back. "Let's go home?" Cas beamed with joy as she lead him back to the car.
Anna poked him to wake him. Anticipated Cas had fallen asleep on the way home. "We're home!"

Cas unbuckled quickly and got out of the car carefully. "Hey Anna, my walking stick got misplaced earlier, I'm gonna need another one for when Dean isn't around, or when you aren't."

"What do mean, misplaced? Where did you last use it?"  

"This morning when Mr.Cain was showing me around... Then it was gone after i fell. Ms.Bradbury helped me. But i skippd the rest of the day."  

"Until Dean found you right?"  

"I got upset and sat out by the bleachers. I was lost anyways. Dean asked if I was okay and thats where it started."  

"That's sweet. What happened afterwards?"

"We talked and stuff."

"Stuff?"

Cas changed the subject. "I quickly learned that his dad is a dick."

"Oh, well... as long as you had a good time with your boyfriend?"

"I had a good time. He cheered me up. I'm gonna go to bed if that okay." He yawned.

"Need help to your room?"

"I gots it!!!" Cas left, and remembered how he and Dean had walked there earlier. And he flopped on his bed and set his glasses on the night stand. Anna smiled after him. She then turned to go see if her other brothers were home. Michael sat, reclining on the couch. Castiel fell asleep shortly after laying down.

"Hey, Michael. Was school okay today?"

"Is school ever okay?" He sunk on the couch and pouted. "How was your day?"

"Fun. Oh, Cassie has a homecoming date. She's really pretty and nice."

"Really? That kid's got some skills." He laughed. "What's her name?"

"Um.. Deanna."

"Awesome. I hope I get to meet her soon. Anyways I gotta get up super early. Nite."

"Mhmm. See you in the morning Mikey."
Chapter 2

Dean got up earlier than usual to start getting ready. He wanted to look presentable even though Cas couldn't actually see him. He showered, spiked his short hair, and got dressed. As it hit around 6:20 he headed downstairs for some breakfast. "Morning, mom."

"Hey Dean. You're up early!" She had eggs and bacon set out at the table.

"I'm picking up Cas and bringing him to school." Dean smiled big as he started to fixing his plate. He leaned over kissing her cheek in thanks for cooking before sitting down and digging in.

~•~

Castiel woke up and found a shirt and some pants. He got dressed and went out to where Anna was watching the news. He slipped on his trenchcoat and Anna helped him put on his tie. "Why do you always choose to dress so fancy?" She asked as she finished tying it and straightening his shirt out.

"I always have to look my best!" He smiled and heard a knock at the door.

"That's probably your boyfriend. I'll go let him in." Anna said and rushed to the door.

Dean had finished his breakfast slowly. He waited until exactly 7 since he told Cas 7:30. Now he found himself at Cas' apparment knocking and waiting at the door.

Castiel blushed as Anna called Dean his boyfriend. Anna opened the door. "Hey Dean!"

Dean smiled at her. "Someone is a morning person. Hey Anna. Is Cas ready?"

"Yup!!! Cassie c'mon. You got a hot one waiting at the door." She laughed and Cas made his way to the door with his books in hand.

Dean reached out and took his hand. "Hey, Cas."

"Morning, Dean."

He smiled and pulled him close then carefully leaned up and kisses him quickly. "Let's get going?"

"Alright! Let's go!"

Anna squealed, watching them be all cute.

Dean nodded and wrapped an arm around Cas's waist and started to walk with him.

"Hey, how are you 'hot stuff'?"

Dean laughed softly at the name. "A bit sleepy. I normally am late to school but I wanted to see you this morning."

"Aw thank you!" Cas sat in the car again and played with his own fingers.

Dean checked the time and notice how they plenty of time before school. He turned to Cas with a smile. Dean took one of Cas' hands in his own. "Was your afternoon okay?"

"Me and Anna went suit shopping." Cas laughed.
"Oh? For the dance? I bet she found you a sexy suit."

"I dont know. She said it looked 'stunning' in it. But shes my sis, she's allowed to lie about that stuff."

"I guess I'll have see for myself huh?" Dean smiled big.

"I guess so Deanie!"

"Deanie? That's a new one, Cassie."

Cas laughed. "I'm not good at pet names boo."

"Me neither." He squeezed Cas' hand then started the car.

"Is it bad that i am scared to go to school? Everyone else except you makes me nervous."

"No, it's not bad. You'll be fine. During PE we can go make out behind a tree if you want."

"Yayyyyyyyy!!! The highlight of my day." Cas wanted to make small talk for a bit. "So what did you do yesterday once you went back home? Did you get in trouble for being gone too long?"

"Nope, but my dad gave me a talking to... He isn't a fan of me at the moment. What about you? Just went shopping?"

"Oh, why? And yeah. Me and Anna just talked and shopped."

"Because I skipped practice." Dean didn't want to upset Cas so he only told part of the truth.

"That's my fault.. I'm sorry.."

"I was the one that wanted to skip. It wasn't your fault, Cas. I promise."

"Are you sure?" Cas could sense something else was off.

"Yes. I am sure." He leaned over and kissed his cheek reassuringly

"Okay." Cas smiled and rested his hand on Dean's thigh. Dean slid a hand over his and this time kissed his lips passionately. Castiel kissed him with a smile on his face, he put his hands on either side of Dean's face, holding him in the kiss. He traced his fingers over Dean's cheeks and jaw, still kissing him. Dean slightly leaned into Cas's touch. He leaned over more, deepening the kiss. Hes set his closest hand on Cas' hip gently. Cas leaned back a bit in the seat, letting Dean take control of him in the kiss.

Dean followed him back. Dean smiled and bit his lip gently. Cas moaned quietly into his mouth and used the bite to slide his tongue in to Dean's mouth. Dean tilted his head some, letting Cas in. He happily played with Cas' tongue. He brought a hand up and like yesterday, stared to run his fingers through Cas' dark hair. Cas got brave and did the same as Dean. He let his hands travel up Deans neck and into his surprisingly soft hair. Dean gently started suck on Cas' tongue teasingly. He started press closer to the other having started to want more. After this realization Dean broke the kiss, panting softly. He didn't to force Cas into anything uncomfortable. Cas breathed heavily when Dean pulled away. He loved all of the feeling. It overcame him and he couldn't think about anything else. He wouldn't have stopped Dean if they got too far. Cas just let his face look at Dean.

Dean pet Cas' cheek softly. "We need to get to school. Maybe behind that tree we could do this the whole class hour." He smiled and rubbed his thumb over Cas' hip before sitting up completely.
"Yeah." Cas smiled, feeling Dean's touch was absolutely magical.

Dean nodded happily and started to drive towards the school. "I will be there to help you after every class okay?"

"I'll try to get to different places by myself, but thank you hun."

"I'll still be there until you can manage okay?"

"Okay." Cas smiled.

Dean looked over. "I still like your hair like, but I don't know if I want everyone seeing your make-out-hair."

"Does it look bad?"

"No, it looks hot."

Cas shook his head laughing. "You're too much Dean!"

"How so, babe?"

Cas blushed and covered his face. "Gaaaah! Stop!"

"I meant it when i said hot!" Dean laughed softly.

"I bet you're hot too!" Cas smiled, sadly, but was still happy at the same time.

"I am. Hey, can't blind people get a slight visual, in a way, by feeling someone's face?"

"Sorta. Thats what i was trying earlier. Since i was born this way, i don't have any concept of how anything looks, sadly. It doesn't matter because i can still feel. You for instance, felt amazing!"

Dean grinned proudly. "Which part?"

"Everything!!!!!!!!"

"You flatter me so."

"Is that so?" Cas tilted his head. "You're freaking perfect Dean!! That's saying something since i don't know what you look like!"

Dean smiled and pulled into the school's parkinglot. "Thank you, Castiel."

"Don't thank me. Thank you for actually giving me a chance." Dean smiled over at him and reached out petting his cheek softly. He didn't really know how to reapond to the thanks. Cas smiled at the sudden touch. He was too afraid to say those 3 words that he knew he was already feeling with Dean. So he just let himself out of the car.

Dean turned the car off and followed him out. "Let's get you to class. Wouldn't want you to be late."

"Okay Deanie! I'm happy Anna forced me to go back to school. So i met you." Cas laughed and grabbed his hand.

Dean smiled and laced there fingers and started to walk. Cas followed his lead to his math class for first period. "You'll be okay from here?"
"Yeah." Cas wrapped his free arm around Dean for a hug. "I'll talk to you later boo!" Cas left to his seat.

As Dean stood in the hallway, his best friend Benny approached him."What are you doing with the weird kid, fam?"

"He's my boyfriend. That's what I am doing with him. And he isn't weird."

"Jesus f**king christ!"

"What?" Dean asked and shrugged. He smiled happily to himself.

"What do you think?" Benny crossed his arms. He just happened to be one of Castiel's bullies, but Dean didn't know that.

"That you are my best friend and you are happy for me."

"Yeah. Thats the exact opposite. But its cool.." Benny snickered.

"What do you mean? You know I don't just for girls. Or is it because it's him?"

"It's not that your bi, it's that its him."

"What about him?"

"You can do better than that Dean! Get someone who will actually be able to please you on their own."

"He's doing that just fine, thank you. I'm not changing my mind."

"Alright alright. Don't come crying to me because he wont suck your dick." Benny laughed and walked away.

Dean scowled after him. "It's not like that with Cas." He said to himself and walked to his first period. Later on in the day, Cas was scared to go to Social Studies, remebering Dean's father was also the teacher, since they didn't have enough teachers.

"Hey, babe. " Dean said as he made his way behind Cas. He gently grabbed his hand.

"Hola, Deanie!" Cas stepped closer to him as he walked into Mr.Winchester's class.

Dean smiled and kissed his cheek as they passed his dad. "How was your day so far?"

"It was okay. I missed you."

"Me too. I can't wait until next hour. And after school. I'm bringing you home, right? I want more time with you."

"Yeah. Anna trusts you, so we can go wherever as long as I'm with you. I can't wait either." Cas blushed darkly.

Dean smiled happily and brought him to a desk and leaned against it. "You're great."

"Hey you aren't too bad yourself." Cas smiled and put his books down, before wrapping his arms around Dean's waist. Dean smiled big and pulled him close kissing him softly.
Cas leaned into the kiss a bit but didn't get too far before Mr. Winchester started yelling. "None of that shit in my class!"

Dean broke the kiss and grumbled. He then kissed his cheek. "Later, babe. I'll treat you to a real one."

Cas whined when Dean pulled away. "Oo. Can't wait!" Cas smirked and pulled away and sat in his seat.

"I'll see you later babe." He announced loud enough for everyone to hear before walking with a smug smile.

"Bye Dean." Cas called back to him. Most of the class didn't respond but a few looked disgusted. Dean was smiling all the way to his class period. He was ready to see Cas again already. The hour with Mr. Winchester was pure torture. Cas wasn't focused but he kept getting picked on by his teacher. Dean was at the class early since his last one let out early. He knocked on the door really wanting to interrupt.

His father opened the door. "Excuse me? You're interrupting my class."

"I know." Dean smiled. "There's only two minutes left of class, I'd like to escort my boyfriend to PE."

"I'm your father. You're not allowed to have a boyfriend."

"Too late, dad."

"I'm gonna get you expelled if you don't leave my class right this second."

Dean frowned some. "Dad..." He started to shut the door when Cas yelled from the back of the class for him to stop. Dean peaked his head and looked into the classroom. "What is it, boo?"

"Your father doesn't have a right to keep us apart." He started to get up and follow the sound of Dean's voice.

Dean smiled big and looked at his dad. "Is that true, Cas?"

"Yeah!" He crossed his arms and stood, not knowing where to go next. Dean walked passed his dad and went over to help Cas.

John growled under his breath as Cas grabbed Dean's hand. "You leave now or else. You'll get it later."

Cas got scared for his boyfriend. "I'm not worth it Dean. Leave. Please."

"It's an empty threat, Cas. He won't do anything, but I will. The bell is about to ring anyways."

"Okay." Cas said, and he finally picked up the nerve to say it. "I love you," he whispered.

Dean froze in his spot and stared at Cas. "Really?" Cas nodded his head and sighed, thinking that he messed up. Dean took a moment before doing anything. But after that moment he smiled and just kissed Castiel. Cas didn't care what anyone said, or the threats they got from Dean's dad. He just kissed him all that he could. He held Cas close and started to lead him out of room, though, never breaking the kiss to look where he was going. Cas followed Dean's lead, breathing the same air as him and had his hands in Dean's hair, holding him close. Dean smiled bigger into the kiss. Once they
were in the hallway he carefully pressed Cas into the wall of lockers and deepened their kiss. John shook his head and cursed as he heard a slam of the lockers. Cas slipped his tongue into Dean's mouth and kissed him roughly. Dean slid his hand that was resting on Cas' hip, all the way up. He cupped the back of his neck, pulling his head closer. Cas moaned softly into his mouth and slid their tongues together.

Dean softly nibbled on Cas' tongue. He smiled and tilted his head some in order to get closer as well. They were as close as they could ever get. Cas bit Dean's tongue gently and smirked. He let out a soft moan like Cas did. Dean furrowed his brow some almost like he was concentrating on something while kissing Cas. In reality he was actually enjoying it too much and losing his control. Cas took over the kiss and spun them around and pushed Dean to the lockers. Cas licked around Dean's mouth, still kissing him hard. Dean all but melted into the kiss. He reached out and gripped the back of Cas' shirt. He pulled until they were completely flush together. Cas shivered and let his hands travel by accident. Dean leaned into Cas' touch. He pushed his tongue passed Cas' and started to roam and explore the other's mouth. Castiel couldn't control himself as he gently sucked at Dean's lip and let his hands brush over Dean's a$$$. Dean blushed dark at the touch but didn't oppose. He opened his eyes to look at Cas and gage his reaction as he moved Cas' hand to rest on his a$$ again.

Cas pushed away ever so slightly to breathe but quickly went back to kissing Dean. A bit softer and not as rough this time. He played with the hair at the nape of Cas' hair and let the kiss go on for another few seconds before fully pulling away. He leaned his head back resting his head against the lockers. "Hot damn, Cas."

Cas just smiled and pulled his hands away. "I love you," he said again, louder this time.

"I'm glad you do, Cas." Dean pet his cheek before hugging his waist.

Cas smiled and leaned into him again. "Are we off to that tree now or something else?" Cas smiled and rubbed over his lips.

"Hmm. I dunno. I find these lockers quite comfy. But I'd like to try out a few more locations before I make up my mind." Dean kisses his nose. "But let's actually attend PE today? I promise you that once it is over we can continue this little bit. I just need to calm down before then. I enjoyed this a lot."

"I will never get enough of this, and okay." Cas chuckled and hooked their arms.

Dean smiled big and lead him to the gym. "Oh, and Cas? You can touch my butt anytime."

Cas blushed and looked down. "That was an accident. I didn't mean to, if you didn't like it."

"Trust me, I did." Dean reached over and tilted his head up.

"Okay." Cas giggled and walked with Dean to p.e. But he sat out because he couldn't do anything anyways.

Dean frowned and kissed the top of his head before running off to change for class. Cas sat alone and listened to the slamming lockers.

Benny approached his best friend as he was changing. "Hey you."

Dean looked up as he pulled on his shorts. "Hey, Benny. What's up?"

Benny couldn't help but notice Dean was somewhat turned on. "How are you and, i forgot his name."
"Cas. We're very good." Dean smiled. "My dad will probably never look me in the eye again, but we are very good." Dean snickered to himself.

"Oh man. Looks like y'all had some fun... Uh, mr.turned-on. And I'm sorry about being so mean about it earlier. And I'll apologize for hurting him later."

"Hurting him? What the hell do you mean?"

"Bullying and pushing him around on the first day. I thought he was just retarded and weird... Sorry... But that's why he was crying outside when you found him."

"I don't know whether to beat the shit out of you or thank you for helping me meet him."

"Both maybe?"

"Maybe one day. But now we have to get to class."

"Yeah okay okay." Benny jogged away and walked around the field like they were instructed. Dean sighed and rubbed his face before walking out and looked around before following the lead of the other students.

John had to take a double take when he saw Dean actually participating. "Dean?"

"Yeah, dad?" Dean looked over and stopped near his dad thinking he wanted to talk.

"Are you okay?" John furrowed his eyebrows. "You're not just sitting out. I mean, good for you, but thats unlike you."

"I'm fine. You kicked me off of the football team, dad. I need someway to stay in shape. I also feel like I've pissed you off enough these past two days and that if I don't want you to disown me, I should somewhat stop defying almost everything you say."

"Good job son. But none of that's gonna make up for what you did... And you're a decent player that i actually need on the team."

"What did I do?"

"Almost f**king the blind kid in the hallway! You two are absolutely disgusting! That's the truth but don't get your panties in a twist."

Dean rolled his eyes at the first statement before he looked down with the eyebrows furrowed. He cleared his throat. "I hope your football team doesn't even come close to make it to state. Despite you needing me on the team, dad, you said you didn't want a fag on your team. Have a f**king great practice. I won't be home when you get there today. Or tomorrow. And more than likely the next day. Tell mom and Sammy I said hey when you get home." Dean said before starting to walk to the locker room swiping a hand down hos face to hide the fact that he may have started to tear up a little bit.

"WHERE ARE YOU GONNA GO THEN?" John yelled and even laughed.

"I DONT F**KING KNOW! PARK BENCH MAYBE. BECAUSE THAT'S WHERE TRASH LIKE ME BELONGS ACCORDING TO YOU!!" Dean yelled back angrily. "I hope you have a damn good life now that you finally have the one son you've ever wanted."

"You need to calm down and not yell at me! I swear to god when i get home you're done for. I kne
you'll go crawling back to your mother Dean."

Cas heard the angry yelling and was frightened. Once he realized it was Dean yelling, he got really upset.

"I'm not going home." Dean narrowed his eyes at John. "And you won't do shit to me and you know it!" Dean chanced a glance Cas' way and saw the he looked upset. All the anger in his body drained away and he practically ran to Cas' side and sat next to him carefully. "Cas, baby, I'm sorry." He pulled the other into a hug and kissed his forehead.

"I'm sorry... This is all my fault. Isn't it? Like i said before, i never do anything right.. It's my fault hes being so mean."

"Hey, it's not your fault okay? Things were like this way before you were apart of my life. He never agrees with the stuff I choose to do or who I date, other than cheerleaders. Please don't blame yourself for his pugheadedness. Do you want to go somewhere else, hm?"

Cas tried to smile weakly. "Y-yeah..."

Dean nodded and stood up, helping Cas up at the same time. "Ride with my to my house? I need to go get some things I guess."

"Are you okay Dean?"

"No.. but I will be, Cas. Don't worry about it, okay?"

"O-okay.. You can most likely stay with me if you don't want to go home." Cas rested his head on Dean's shoulder.

"Thank you, Cas, but then I'd be a burden. I can't do that to another family."

"How would you be a burden, hun?" Cas furrowed his brows.

"You're in an appartment with 3 other people? And id have to hide us from one of them. Where would I sleep? I'm sorry, but I think it's a bit too soon. I like the idea of spending more time with you but still."

"That's true. I competely understand. But i just put the offer out there to be nice. I don't want you getting hurt or being 'homeless."

"Thank you. And I'll think about it more, but for now I just need to get some stuff." Dean kissed Cas' temple and they got to his car.

They drove to Dean's house. Cas waited in the car while Dean went inside. Mary stopped him. "You're home early again. Are you okay?"

Dean walked up to her and hugged her tight. "I'm fine, mama." He pressed his face against her to take in her scent. "I just wanted to see you."

"Why are you rushing around? Got somewhere to be?"

"Nowhere.. I love you, mom." Dean said and gave her the best smile he could even though it didn't reach his eyes. "I forgot some books that I needed to being to a teacher after school so dad let me come home to get them. There in my room. I'll be going back to school in a minute..."

"Alright. Be careful." She hugged him and kissed his cheek.
He nodded and ran up to his room and packed a bag of some clothes and some items he will need.
Once done he hurried back to his car before Mary could see his bag and ask. When he got into the
car he had to take a breath and reach over to take Cas' hand in his shakey one.

"You got everything you need boo?"

"Yeah. Wanna go to the park? I know a nice spot where we can be alone."

"Sure! I love smelling the flowers."

Dean nodded and started driving again. He sang along with the classic rock song playing in the
background.
Once they got there he parked and went to help Cas out. "I hope you don't mind a little walking.
This is the closest I can get without driving through the woods."

"I don't mind walking." Cas smiled. "Nice singing boo."

Dean smiled softly. "Thank you." He hooked there arms and started to lead him, being very careful
to make sure he doesn't trip.
After about five minutes they made it to a secluded opening the trees. There were wildflowers
growing in clusters here or there. "We're here."

Cas perked up a bit and took a wiff of the fresh air. "Smells beautiful. Just like you," he chuckled
softly.

Dean smiled big and nudged him. "Thank you, Mr. Supersenses." He brought him to where there
was a log to one side of the field and sat them down.

Cas sat down and wrapped an arm around him. "Did your dad do anything to you?" Cas asked,
genuinely concerned because he felt Dean still lightly shaking.

"No. He never does. Always threatens too, but never goes through with it..." Dean sighed and
leaned into Cas' touch.

"You shouldn't let his threats get to you. He's insignificant and wrong. You're amazing." Cas pulled
away a bit and put his hand on Dean's thigh and squeezed lightly. "I'll try and not to let people get to
me either."

Dean nodded. "Benny told me what he did to you yesterday. I'm sorry."

"It's fine. It doesn't matter anymore."

"Okay..." Dean said and set his hand over Cas'. "I didn't say it earlier but I do too..." Dean looked
down at there hands and cleared his throat. "I... love you too, Castiel."

Cas smiled and bit his lip. Never had he had feelings for someone, like he liked Dean. Dean smiled
softly and leaned forward kissing his jaw softly. "You're amazing Dean." Cas reached up and
followed where his body heat was corning from, to thumb over his face.

Dean nuzzled against his hand. "You are too, Cas." Cas took his glasses off so he could get closer to
Dean, he was the only person who truly made him feel safe. Dean looked up into his eyes and
smiled big. He rubbed Cas' knee softly and leaned in to kiss him softly. Cas's hand wrapped around
the back of Dean's neck and kissed him gently. Dean relaxed into it and leaned closer. He needed the
distraction after everything that has happened today. Cas smiled on his lips and licked them. Dean
nipped at Cas' lip before gladly opening his mouth to let Cas in.
As soon as Cas was granted access he took advantage. Dean moaned and teasingly started to suck on his tongue. Cas couldn't take control once Dean got him. He moaned back quietly. Dean wrapped his around Cas’ waist and deepened the kiss. He ran his hand gently along Cas’ spine. He scooted closer on the log until their legs were touching. Dean's hands on his body made him melt in his arms. They got impossibly closer. Anyone who saw them would have thought they were trying to eat each other. Dean put a hand on Cas' thigh again, but this time he slid it up to his upper thigh. The hand still on his back came around to touch and feel his chest and stomach softly, but never too low. Cas's breathing picked up with Dean's touches, but he still kissed him lovingly. He followed Dean's lead and felt at his abs again, this time on purpose. Dean smirked softly and flexed his muscles under Cas’ fingers. He broke the kiss so he could nip and lick at the skin on his jaw line this time. He didn't want to hold back anymore until absolutely necessary. Cas moaned under his breath and wasn't going to stop him until he got too far, but only because they were in public. Cas held onto Dean's hip tightly as he felt his lips on his jaw.

The hand Dean had on Cas’ chest reached up to loosen his tie. He hand start to kiss down his neck bit by bit. "Mmm.. Oh my god." Cas clenched his jaw. Dean smirked against Cas' skin. He started to bite softly at a certain patch of skin wanting to live a light hickey. As he did this, he worked the top two buttons on Cas' shirt. Getting them undone. Cas had never felt like this before. And he thought he'd never even get a chance to. Dean continued on his way down. He lightly traced his fingers over the slightly exposed chest and collarbone. "D-dean..." Cas said softly, moaning under his breath.

"Can I go lower?" Dean ask permission though already unbuttoning more

"Yeah..." Cas gulped, a bit nervous. But he trusted Dean, so it was okay. Dean smiled and continued his journey down until he was stopped by Cas' pants.

"Don't go any further in public please..."

"Oh. I'm sorry, Cas..." Dean sat up and rubbed the back of his head awkwardly.

"Don't be sorry. It's not that I don't want this. I do, just not here." Cas felt bad for making things so awkward. But he yanked Dean forward by his shirt and ended up kissing his neck. Dean smiled and tilted his head back to let Cas despite knowing that he was actually aiming for his mouth. Cas sucked lightly on his neck, playing off that he missed. Dean let out a moan and reached up to tangle his fingers in Cas' hair. He closed his eyes and sunk into the feeling. Dean's skin was surprisingly sweet, he pulled away after a few seconds with a smile on his face.

Dean looked at Cas. "You're downright, sexy, Cas."

"Well i doubt that, but thank you!" He smiled and looked at him.

"I'm being serious." Dean said as he slipped his hands into Cas' open shirt and felt over his front. "I would mind seeing this everyday."

"I'm self-conscious though, because i don't know. But thank you.." Cas shuddered with the touch of Dean's warm hands.

"I wish we were somewhere more private. I'd like to show you what I mean, if that was okay with you of course. I will not force you into anything okay?" Dean said seriously and pulled him closer. "I can't afford to treat you to real dates right now and I'm sorry."

"Dean that's completely fine. You're not forcing me into anything, I'll just have to adjust and figure it out as we go. We can go back to my place?"
Dean smiled softly. "If you want to..?"

"Y-yeah." Dean nodded and rebuttoned Cas' shirt before pulling him to his feet. Cas felt around on the ground and picked up a few flowers before he stood up. He chewed the inside of his cheeks as he stood up and linked arms with his boyfriend. Cas laced their fingers and handed the dandelion to Dean with his other hand. "This is for you."

"Aw thank you babe."

Dean lead him out of the field and back to his car helping Cas to get in.

Once they got to Cas' appartment he helped Cas out and up to his home. Cas handed Dean the key. "Anna said she was going to hang out with her friends. I don't think anyone else is home right now. But Lucifer is coming down here, from Boston. Just to make sure we got settled in okay."

"Okay." Dean unlocked the door for Cas and stepped inside with him. As they stepped in Dean closed and locked the door. Cas set his stuff down in the living room and felt his way back to his bedroom, using the walls. Dean followed closely. "Where is your stick?"

"It's gone. I don't know where it is. I'll hopefully get a new one soon..."

Dean nodded and hugged his boyfriend from behind once they got in his room. Dean kissed the back of his neck softly. "I hope so too. That thing seems to help you a lot."

"It does." Cas turned around to hug Dean, and squeezed him tightly against his chest. He pulled away and whispered, "sorry if my room is a mess."

"It's no worse than mine is." Dean said back softly and kissed him lovingly. Cas smiled on his lips and reached around and grabbed his butt. This time on purpose. Dean laughed softly. He kissed Cas a bit more passionately and pushed the door shut with his foot. Cas opened his mouth and begged for more as the door shut. Dean turned them to push Cas against the door and played with his tongue. He once again pressed his body flush against Cas'. Cas smirked into his mouth and sucked his tongue a bit teasingly. Dean groaned into the kiss and reached up to start opening up Cas's shirt again having wanted to see him with it fully off.

As Dean opened his shirt and slipped his arms out and let it fall to the ground. But he did not dare break the kiss. Dean started to feel him up appreciatively. He bit Cas' lip and pulled it some before letting it go and going back to kissing him wantingly. Cas desperately felt at Dean's chest and his hands come to the bottom of his shirt. He tugged at the ends, signaling for him to take his shirt off as well.

Dean broke the kiss to pull it off and started to kiss Cas' neck again as he did in the field. He reached his hands back grope at Cas' bottom through his pants. "Oh my god." Cas moaned into Dean's hair and bit his own lip. Dean smirked and nipped at the skin on his collarbone. He lightly pressed his hips against Cas' wanting to see his reaction. Dean started to grind gently against him and continued to grope him. Cas didn't know how to react, but he was getting too turned on by whatever Dean was doing, so he grabbed him tighter and held their hips together.

Dean rested his forehead against Cas' shoulder for a minute to take a breath. "Are you doing okay still?"

"Perfect.. You?"

"Yeah." Dean looked up and smiled. He pulled Cas close wanting to still be pressed against him, and started to walk back towards Cas' bed. "Is going over here okay?"
"Yeah," Cas breathed and stayed as close to Dean as he could get. Dean nodded and sat back on the edge of the bed and pulled Cas to sit in his lap. Cash wrapped his legs around Dean and cuddled him a bit. He smiled and nosed at his shoulder a bit. He kept his arms wrapped around Cas and rubbed his back softly. Cas breathed heavily onto Dean's skin and he ran his fingers over his chest. Cas was too caught up in the moment to hear footsteps approaching his door. Dean let out a soft coo at the light touches and moved his hands to grab Cas' hip.

Luci listened for a moment and didn't hear anything so he figured his little brother was asleep. He didn't bother knocking and just opened the door quietly and walked in. He looked around then saw his brother and froze on the spot. "...Castiel?"

Cas scurried up, and ended up tripping and falling on the floor. "L-luci..."

Dean went to help Cas up the saw the guy at the door and swallowed. "Hi."

He looked at Dean and snapped back a greeting before gazing back at Cas. "Castiel.. what the hell are you doing?"

"I don't know what im doing." Cas tensed up and curled into Dean's arms. "This is my b-boyfriend, Dean."

Dean held him close.

"Boyfriend? You're gay? I f**king knew it. Wait until Micheal hears."

"Is that a bad thing?" Cas whimpered, knowing Mike wouldn't take the news well.

"To him maybe. I don't care despite what Anna says. I find it funny. She said you had a girlfriend named Deanna... you know how he is, Cassie."

"Yeah, well this is Dean..." Cas stood up somewhat and pressed against Dean's warm body.

"I see that... He might as well be a girl with a face like that. Maybe you could dress him up to try and fool Mikey."

"Is that an insult? From what I've heard and felt he's a sexy man." Cas giggled at the last comment he said.

"He's a pretty man. Got big doe eyes like a woman, a woman's mouth shape. He's got a girl's face with a beard. It's not an insult... it's funny."

Dean huffed and held Cas closer.

"Okay luci. You can leave now."

"Yeah, yeah. Get back to your hook up." Lucifer left and closed the door while laughing loudly.

"I really can't stand him!" Cas huffed.

Dean kisses his cheek. "I'm sorry I forgot to lock the door."

"It's okay Dean." Cas kisses him wherever his lips fell.

Dean pet his head and pulled him close. "You're great."

"I try to be the best i can for you." Cas nuzzled him.
Dean smiled big and layed back on the floor, pulling Cas with him. Cas giggled as he fell on Dean's muscled body. He held him close and snuggled against him. "You know, under all of those layers, I thought you were going to be a skinny fellow. But without some of them, I see I was wrong. You have quite a bit of muscle too."

"I'm not sure about that. But i most likely got it from struggling when i was younger." Cas laughed shyly.

"It doesn't matter how you got it. You just have it." Dean said and kissed Cas' forehead. Cas felt around Dean's torso a bit more and kissed his chest. "Like what you feel?" Dean asked while laughing to himself.

"Mhmmm!"

He smiled and rolled them so Cas was on his back under Dean. Cas smiled under Dean and bit his lip. Dean reached back and ran his hand across the outside of Cas' thigh. "I still think that what I said earlier is true. You're sexy, Cas."

Cas blushed darkly. "Thank you.. I'm sure you are as well hun."

"Mh, thanks." Dean muttered before moving down to kiss the top of Cas' stomach.

Cas moaned quietly, not loud enough for Dean to hear. "If you want to, you can go further. I'm not stopping you, I'm just a bit nervous."

"Nervous about what, babe?" Dean asked while smiling up at him.

"Never done anything quite like this before." Cas shrugged.

"But you want to? I don't want to force you into anything. You're worth more than that."

"I would like to try." Cas smiled sweetly.

Dean nodded. "Just tell me if you get uncomfortable."

"Alright." Cas bit his lip. Dean smiled and started kiss lower. Cas's breathing picked up and he tried to relax, despite his nerves. But he wanted this, because Dean was amazing. Dean rubbed his sides to help him relax before starting to undo Cas' fancy pants. Cas hummed at his touch. Dean smiled lovingly at him and started to pull down Cas' pants and underwear. As the cool hair hit his legs, Dean planted soft kisses along his hips while bringing his hand around his hard on.

Cas moaned under his breath, and shivered slightly as Dean licked at him. "W-what are you doing?"

Dean pulled off a moment. "I can't talk right now." He smiled before going back down taking him deeper into his mouth.

Dean started suck softly not wanting to overwhelm Cas quite yet. Cas already couldn't control himself as he moanes louder than he had before. Dean's simple movements were going to send him over the edge. He clenched his jaw at the sudden pleasure, Dean smirked and took him deeper, running his tongue along the underside. "Oh- my god.." Cas moaned softly, his stomach dropped, and it was like it was completely gone. Dean started to suck more, and stroking what he couldn't quite fit in his mouth. He enjoyed listening to Castiel.

Cas didn't know what was happening as he started to drip pre-cum. Dean pulled up some to lick it up happily. After a moment he started bob his head. He smirked around Cas, as he surprisingly came in
his mouth.

Dean choked a moment before pulling off and swallowing. He wiped his mouth as he sat up.

"What was that?" Cas asked breathless.

"A blowjob, baby."

"Oh. Did I do it right?" Cas furrowed his eyebrows and was confused.

Dean laughed softly. "Yes, you did it right. You're supposed to lay there and let me do it. Or the reverse if you were to do it to me."

"Ooh!"

"I'm glad I could be your first one."

"I'm glad you were mine." Cas smiled. Dean smiled as well and leaned up to kiss him softly.

Dean was still over top of him and Cas opened his eyes again. He could feel them making eye contact and desperately wanted to see him. Dean smiles big and pressed his forehead against Cas'. "You are great. And I love every aspect of you."

"You're amazing!" Cas giggled and wrapped his arms around him.

Dean laughed softly then relaxed against Cas. "Should I go home and face my dad?"

"I don't want him to hurt you..." Cas said wearily.

"He wouldn't."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive."

"Okay... Just, can you put your number in my phone and call me if something happens.."

"Oh sure, yes. Is it in your pants?"

"Yeah," Cas giggled.

Dean smiled and got the phone and exchanged numbers. "Okay, it's done."

"Thanks. And I'm sorry that I can't text you."

"That's no problem at all. Really. I don't like texting much anyways.."

"Okay cool. Uhhm. Can you help me, where's my pants?" Cas laughed.

"Yeah, sure." Dean grinned and and handed them to Cas not sure if he needed help getting them on or not.

"Thanks." Cas slipped into them and got up. Dean stood up as well and pulled his shirt back on then helped Cas into his shirt.

Dean smiled and kissed him sweetly. "Of course. I'll pick you up again tomorrow?"
"Yeah." Cas breathed. "Be careful."

"I will I promise. Let's do this again some other time." Dean said happily before petting his cheek. After a moment he pulled away and went to the door unlocking it and walked out. Cas nodded and loved his touch. He sat back on his bed and layed down after Dean left.

Dean sighed as he headed home. Once he got there he saw his dad's truck. He got out and headed up to the door and slowly headed inside. He kept his bag of clothes in his car just in case.

"Oh, i knew you'd come crawling back!" John snickered when he saw his son." Dean pursed his lips and looked at his dad before going to where Sam was and sat next to him. "So you're not gonna talk to me?"

"We did plenty of talking in class."

"Why'd you come back home? You're not welcome here anymore. I own this place. You don't."

Mary heard him raise his voice and ran into the room. "What's wrong?"

Dean looked up at his mom. "Nothing, mom. Dad was just saying how proud he is of Sammy make good grades this year. He was just excited."

"Don't lie to your mother Dean!" He interrupted and corssed his arms. "Mary, did you know he's a fag?" Dean looked down frowning.

Mary stared at her husband. "What did you just call our son, John Winchester?!"

"A fag. It's not an insult. It's a statement. Did you know?"

"I know that he has an adorable boyfriend named Castiel. He is no fag. You appologize to our son, John. Now!" Dean looked up surprised his mom was sticking up for him. John's eyes widened. He didn't say anything, he just stormed up to his room and locked the door. Mary ran over to his son, noticing he had let a few tears fall. Dean looked at her before just falling forward resting his head softly against her shoulder and let himself cry which is something he doesn't do often.

"I'm sorry sweetie." She stroked his hair.

"It's okay, m-mom." Dean clung to her tightly.

"It's not okay...

"I'm sorry for making him mad." Dean said quietly. "I'm gonna go to my room."

"I love you Dean." Mary sighed.

"I love you too, mom." Dean stood up and wiped his face. He ruffled Sam's hair before making his way to his room quietly as not to disturb John again.

Sam stood up and walked over to Mary. "Can I help, mama?"

Mary hugged Sam. "No it's okay cutie."

Sam nodded and hugged her back. "Is Dean gonna be okay?"

"I'm sure he'll be fine Sammy."
"What about dad?"

Mary's smile faded. "I don't know..."

Sam frowned. "Can you get him to apologize?"

"I hope he does."

Dean sat on his bed and rubbed his face before pulling out his phone and called Cas. Cas heard it ring and fumbled to grab it. He used to voice activation to answer it.

"Hey, Cas." Dean said his voice sounding scratchy.

"You okay, Dean?" Cas heard Dean's voice and it was shaky and scared. He knew something was wrong.

"Yeah. I just wanted to talk to you... how are you?"

"Oh. Well I'm laying on my bed alone. What about you?"

"About the same. What are you wearing while in your bed all alone?"

"Same clothes as earlier. Did you talk to your dad?"

"I can try, Sam. But I don't think he will."

"I did yes. I don't want to talk about it. Distract me?"

"Oh okay. I'm gonna put you on speaker for a second. I just remembered the last few lines of Welcome to the Black Parade!!! If you want to hear anyways."

"Great. Let me hear it when you are ready."

"Really??" Cas got up carefully and walked over to the bench.

"Yes, please, Cas." Cas turned the phone on speaker after a few tries with the buttons and sat it beside him. He played his fingers over the keys for about 22 measures, till the end of the song. He even sung a little. Dean smiled to himself. He listened carefully to Cas playing.

Cas stopped after a while. "I tried," he laughed.

"It sounded really good, Cas. I'm serious."

"Thanks. Maybe I'll be able to do the whole song one day." Cas got up and sat back on his bed again.

"Maybe. You're so great."

"I'm not. But thanks, love." Cas giggled and smiled.

Dean smiled as well. "Can I come back over? I don't want to be home right now..."

"Of course you can, Dean. What's wrong? I know you said nothing, but I'm not convinced."

"I'll talk to you when I get there."

"Okay. See you then."
"See ya." Dean hung up and stood up with his keys. He walked out and started heading downstairs.

Sam stopped Dean as he reached the bottom of the steps. "Where are you going?"

"Cas'. i don't want to be home right now."

"Understandable... Be careful please..."

"I will. I'll probably end up staying over. Tell mom for me?"

"Of course. She won't care?"

"She probably will, but I can't be around dad."

"Okay. Call me later or if something happens. Just, I'm worried."

"I know Sammy. I will call if I need anything. Just stay on his good side, okay?"

"I'll try..." Sam let him go. Dean patted his brothers shoulder and squeezed softly before heading to Cas' house.

Dean got there and changed into some sweats in his car before going up and knocking on the door. Dean sighed impatiently. He had been crying almost the whole ride and was still trying to get himself together.

Gabriel ended up getting up to open it. "Uhm. Hi?"

Dean nodded in greeting. "Hey, Cas invited me over. I'm Dean. Can I come in?" He wiped his eyes and sniffled again.

"Yeah c'mon!" Gabriel nodded. "Are you okay?"

"Thanks. I'm fine. Which brother are you?" Dean asked as he stepped in.

"I'm Gabriel."

"So, you're the cool one?"

"Oh yeah I am!" Gabriel clicked his fingers. "Cassie's in his room."

"Thanks." Dean said and headed towards Castiel's room.

~•~

Cas shifted and waited for Dean as he layes on his bed. Anna had came home. She stood inside the door and stared at her brother. Anna smiled at Cas. "How was your day Cassie?"

"It has been amazing sissy!!! You should go get the door."

"Gabe can get off his lazy ass and get it. Hey, I got a call from the principal today telling me that you have been skipping PE."

Cas bit his lip, trying to think of what to say. "Why can't i skip if i can't do anything anyways?"

Anna sighed. "You aren't supposed to leave school, Cas. Not until it is completely over."

"Ugh. Sorry. It won't happen again." Cas lied through his teeth.

Anna nodded. "Is it because of Dean?"
Cas groaned. "No." Anna crossed her arms; she wasn't convinced. "Anna it's not his fault. I just don't wanna be there longer than i have to."

"I get it, Cas. I just worry"

"I know.. I'm sorry." Cas huffed and rolled over to hide his face.

Just then, Dean walked into Cas' room and saw Anna. "Am I interrupting?"

"No i was just leaving. We'll finish this conversation later Cassie." Anna didn't look really look at Dean and walked out of the room.

Dean frowned some and watched her leave before going over and laying next to Cas kissing his shoulder softly. "Hey..."

"Hey hey!" Cas rolled back over and let his arm drape around Dean. He of course couldn't see Dean was crying, but he heard his voice breaking. Dean wrapped his arms around Cas' waist and pulled him close. He layed his head on Castiel' chest and sighed softly. He nuzzled before reaching up to rub his eyes.

"Are you tired?" Cas ran his fingers through Dean's short hair.

"No.. my dad called me a fag in front of my mother. She is so mad at him. I don't want to be the cause of a ruined marriage." Dean's voice cracked.

"I can feel that you were crying. He held him tighter to his chest. "It's okay, you're not going to the the reason. He just need's to adapt. We all do. But thats no excuse to call you those names..." Cas let his fingers fall to rub over Dean's cheekbones.

Dean leaned into Cas' touch. "I shouldn't have even gone home... I should've stayed and showed you more things, but my dad got to me and I went home."

"That's okay. Just know I'm here for you. Right now anyways."

"Thank you." Dean said softly and pressed his face against his chest. He reached over and took Cas' hand in his own and kissed his knuckles.

"Mhm." Cas felt all warm and fuzzy inside and almost fell asleep cuddling his boyfriend.

"Can I stay the night?"

"Yes, of course." Dean nodded and pulled the blanket over them and snuggled closer. Cas smiled with his arms around Dean, he thought to himself that he was lucky. Lucky to have such an amazing person in his arms. He shortly fell asleep curled up with Dean.

Dean stayed awake thinking over everything until late into the night. At about 3 in the morning he fell into a restless sleep.

Gabriel banged on the door around 6:30am, to wake them up. "GO AWAYY!" Cas groaned, his hair was a hot mess.

Dean flinched at the banging on the door and pulled the blankets over his head. "Cas.. shut him up." He whined quietly.

"Gabriel go away. I'm up!" The banging stopped, but he didn't get up. He almost rolled off the bed, but still acted like a limp noodle. Dean caught him by his waist and pulled him back to him.
"Hey Cas, i don't want to go to school today..."

"Don't go then. You can stay here if you want, but I have to go. Anna has already yelled at me for skipping p.e."

"I'm sorry."

"Not your fault. I'll let you stay here. I'll catch the bus. I can manage one day on my own, right?"

"I don't want to stay in your house without you here. I'll go with you. I'll just skip any class with my dad."

"Dean, you don't have to go at all."

"I don't want to leave you alone."

"I'll be fine. Ms. Bradbury will help me if I need it." Cas let his lips fall on Dean's cheek.

Dean nodded and smiled some. "Alright."
"I'm gonna get ready then hun." Cas sat up and ran a hand through his messy hair. He went to his closet and grabbed the first shirt he could find. It was an old AC/DC shirt that Gabriel had put in there. He turned out to put on some blue skinny jeans, and grabbed his glasses off the table. "Do i look presentable?"

Dean smiled from where he was watching Cas get dressed. "Seeing you in those jeans really makes me wish you'd stay home. You look good."

"Thank you kind sir. A little help with the hair?"

"Yeah sure." Dean nodded and got up. He walked over and started fix his hair. When he was done he kissed him lovingly.

"Thanks darling." Cas smiled and grabbed his books. "See ya later."

"I might go to my mom... she stays at home. I'll pick you up from school though. Okay?"

"Okay. Be careful. Love you." Cas walked out the door and down to the bus.

"Love you too..." Dean said even though Cas had already walked out. He sighed and just layed back in Cas' bed planning on sleeping for a bit longer. Cas made his way to the bus, even through the door he heard Dean say he loves him back, and he smiled. Once they got to school, he figured his way to first period.

~•~

Dean woke up again a bit later and got up slowly. He decided to make his way to his house and walked out of Cas' room, running a hand through his hair.

~•~

Ms. Bradbury helped him, like he said. But it was trouble by the time he got to social studies...

"Where's Dean?" Mr. Winchester asked Cas in a stern and harsh tone.

"I dont know," Cas lied to save him.
John glared at Cas. "I want you to stay away from him."

"Why, sir?" Cas sat his stuff down and Mr.Winchester followed him.

"Because you are making him think he likes boys. He doesn't never has. You're a bad influence."

"Yes sir. I'm sorry..." Cas hung his head and rested in his hands. His self-confidence was already gone again.

"Break up with him. Next time you see him, and we won't have anymore problems." John said before going to the front of his classroom. Cas didn't answer, but he sure as hell wasn't going to break up with Dean. Unless Dean wanted him to... The rest of class was horrible.

Dean walked into the gym, he was here to pick up Cas. He smiled when he saw Castiel and walked over. He sat next to the boy and leaned over kissing him gently. "Hey, babe."

Cas jumped, he was in his mind thinking about what happened. "Oh.. Hey Dean.."

"I'm sorry, did I surprise you?" He took Cas' hand in his own. Cas nodded, squeezed his hand and pulled away from Dean. He thought maybe he could make Dean's life better, by making his father happy. Dean frowned some when he took his hand away. "Cas? What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I'm just thinking about some things."

"Can I help with anything?"

"Someone told me that I'm a bad influence on you. I'm trying to decide if they were right or not." Cas chose his words carefully, not wanting to upset Dean.

"My dad told you that... I knew he'd try something..." Dean huffed and layed his head on Cas' shoulder. "You're not a bad influence... you aren't making me do anything I don't already want to do."

Cas sighed and leaned into his touch. "You can tell me the truth if he's right."

"He's not. I love you, Cas. I mean it. I've said that to anyone but my family before. I don't just through those words around as if they mean nothing."

"I love you too Dean. A lot. I'm so lucky to have you." He stopped himself from tearing up by breathing heavier.

Dean lifted his head and looked at him before pulling him into a tight hug. He nosed at his temple softly and smiled. "Don't listen to my dad okay?"

"I won't. I just don't appreciate how he acts toward us. And oh god, when Mike finds out, it won't be pretty..."

Dean nods. "We both have douchebags in the family. It'll be okay."

"Hopefully. How did it go with your mom?" Cas leaned into him and rubbed his back.

Dean smiled. "She was happy I was home. I didn't exactly tell her that I went to your house last night... she nearly gave me the safe sex talk."

Cas chuckled softly against him. "Safe sex is best boo."
"True, but at least we don't have to worry about getting pregnant." Dean grinned and held him close.

"Yeah yeah." Cas smiled against his arm. "Should we go, or is there something else you have to do?"

"No, we can go." Dean kissed the top of his head then stood up and helped him up.

"Okay." Cas stood up and took his hands. "Where are we going?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"It doesn't matter Dean. But i got a wallet full of money if you wanna go anywhere."

"Somewhere to eat then? I'll split the bill with you."

"It's on me babe." Cas smiled.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. This is my treat to you."

Dean smiled. "Thank you Cas."

"I owe you for what you did yesterday. That was.. Wow!"

"Anytime babe. I mean it."

"Alright," Cas smirked. "If you want, I'll return the favor. I'll try anyway."

Dean laughed softly and nodded and helped him into the car. "Okay.. what do you want to eat?"

"What's around here?" Cas folded his arms in his lap.

"Um the normal fast food, fancy chinese place. Great burger joints."

"Burgers sound good?"

"That sounds perfect." Dean smiled and drove to one of his favorite places. As they arrived, Cas had become familiar with the car ans got out by himself. Dean followed his lead and took Cas' hand and lead him inside.

"Can you just order me a cheeseburger? I don't like a lot of human interaction."

"Anything specific you want on it or can I just order two of mine?"

"Same as you." Cas handed him his wallet. Dean took it and put it in his pocket for now then orders their food. Cas stood behind him, and waited.

Dean smiled and wrapped his arm around Cas' waist. "Thank you."

"Anytime snookems!" Cas laughed, still trying to figure out the right pet name.

"Hmm.." Dean smiled and paid for their food then handed Cas back his wallet before grabbing the food. "Wanna sot by a window or in a booth?"

"Booth?"
"Sure thing." Dean led him to an empty booth and started laying out the food. Cas smiled at him and picked at his food before taking a few bites.

"How is it?"

"Amazing. I see why you like this place!"

"I come here so often that I know the owners."

"That's cool boo!" Cas finished his food. "That was really good!"

Dean smiled and was still munching on his burger. "Thanks for paying."

"Don't thank me. I gotchu! My treat, like i said."

"Okay, babe." Dean chuckled. "You're great.

Cas giggled. "Stop." He licked his lips and wiped his mouth before standing up to stretch his arms.

"There is a waiter coming from behind you, don't swing your arm down too fast." Dean said not wanting Cas hurt or to hurt someone else. Cas stood awkwardly still as one of the waiters passed. Dean smiled and stood up to throw their trash away. Dean reached over and took Castiel's hand. "Wanna go back to your house? ..Again?"

"Yeah. Sure. If you don't mind me playing records in the background while we hang."

"Not at all."

"Then let's goooo babee!!" Dean laughed and brought them back to the car. Cas hummed in his head and rested his hand on Dean's thigh the whole ride. Dean drove silently, just listening to Cas hum. He was happy despite the events from yesterday. As they got back to Cas's place, Mike was sitting outside smoking a cigarette. Lucifer was beside him. Dean got out of the car and waited for Cas before hooking their arms not yet having seen the brothers. He started walking with Cas and smiled happily.

Cas smiled and stayed close to him. "You're so freaking amazing. How'd i get so damn lucky, hmm? Mr.perfect datin' a nobody."

"You're not a nobody, and I am far from Mr.Perfect. We just happened to meet on the right day."

"Well if people took the time to meet you, they'd know you're not a soulless dickface, like they say you are. And when we get upstairs you get to pick what we listen to."

"Alright! Oh.. who is that with your brother Luci? He's smoking."

"It's Michael...oh god..."

"Oh.. the douchebag brother.. I see."

"Yeah. Should i say something to him?"

"Just high. Introduce me as your friend I guess."

"I don't wanna hide though!" Cas wanted to stick up for the both of them in the situation. He wasn't ashamed of who he was.
"Then tell him. You have three siblings and me to back you up. Right?"

"I guess so." Cas was still arm in arm with Dean and he followed the scent of cigarettes to Michael.

Michael looked up. He looked at their linked arms. "Hello, Castiel. Who's this?"

"This is Dean. My only friend from school. And my boyfriend." Cas smiled and spoke proudly, not caring what he thought.

Mike slowly raised an eyebrow. "Did you say boyfriend?"

"Oh yeah i did!" Cas smiled and Dean and pecked his cheek.

Michael's eyes widen. "Don't you do that again."

"Why not?" Cas moved his hand to around Dean's waist.

"Quit touching that boy like that, Castiel."

"I don't want to. He's not stopping me is he?" Cas smiled proudly and stood up on his tiptoes. He whispered, 'kiss me,' to Dean.

"Fyi Michael, i like Cas touching me." Dean laughed. He shot Michael a smug look and leaned forward kissing Cas deeply and lovingly with a smile. Cas kissed him passionately and held him close to his body.

"What the f**k?" Michael yelled and put his cigarette out.

Dean broke the kiss and turned to look at Michael. "That was called a kiss. I suggest you get that stick out of your a$$ and try it sometime..." Cas fell against Dean's chest and laughed.

"Castiel get off of him right now! Go inside and go to bed. Your friend has to leave. He's not going to be on my property."

"Actually it's not yours. It's an apartment Mike!" Cas smirked and laughed some more.

Dean held him close. "It's 5 in the afternoon and you're trying to make him go to bed? Really? You should go meet my dad. You two would get along just fine."

"You fags need to leave." Michael started but was cut off by Anna pushing him away.

Anna moved to stand in front of him. "Michael! You need to shut up and get over yourself! Cas can make his own decisions. And Dean is a nice guy. You need to leave them alone."

"Preach, Anna!!" Cas half yelled.

Anna turned to glare at her baby brother. "You shut up too, Cas. Now, I told you not to tell Michael because he'd lose his Shit."

"Sorry." Cas hid in Dean's chest because he was embarrassed. Dean stroked his hair.

Anna huffed and turned back to Michael. "Do you understand me, Michael?"

"I'm trying to understand you. Rainbow boy is too weak to stand up to me. So once he does, I'll leave them alone."
"He stood up to your preachy, homophobic a$$ by coming out to you. And I wouldn't get on Dean's bad side. He's a sweet boy but I don't think he minds fighting..."

"Alright alright! Jesus, you little firey $hit ball!" Mike walked away.

Anna grumbled under her breath and looked to Luci. "Anything to add?"

"You're a bad person." That's all Lucifer added before sitting on the step again.

"How am I a bad person?"

"All of y'all are."

"How?"

"Because you just yell and argue about things that shouldn't even matter."

"I was sticking up for our little brother. Michael started the fight. Complain to him." Anna huffed again and went back inside.

Dean let out a breath. "She's scary."

"She can be at times. Lets go inside yeah? I'm cold."

"Okay, babe." Dean nodded and lead him inside then to his room. Cas flopped on his bed snd curled up. Dean closed and locked the door just incase and went to sit next to him.

"Hey hot stuff! Good job out there. Though it could have gone worse..."

"How much worse?"

"Him maybe getting physical."

Dean's eyes go a bit wide. "He's hit before?"

"Uh..in the past maybe."

They got to Cas' room and sat down on the bed. "For what?"

"I don't exactly remember. He was upset."

Dean nodded some and rubbed Castiel's thigh. "I'm sorry."

"It was a long time ago. It's okay." Cas put his hand on Dean's.

Dean kissed Cas' head and nuzzled. "At least today is Friday. And tomorrow is Saturday. We'll have all day to spand together without anyone interrupting." Dean smiled. "And next weekend is the dance." Dean rubbed his back. "I can't wait. I don't dance often but I'm willing to make an exception."

"I don't know how! I got some time to practice." Cas laughed softly.

Dean nodded and kissed his temple. "How was school before My dad's class?"

"It was okay until that class. I was was anyways. A few people asked me if you were okay though."

"I guess that was nice... I'm glad everything was good."
"Yeah it was. Untill i was told to break up with you and leave you alone forever..."

Dean frowned and pulled him closer. "Just to let you know, I wouldn't have let you break up with me... Unless there was a good reason. I figured it would have been my fathers fault."

"Good. I wouldn't want to either. I'm serious. But i was only thinking about it because he's intimidating."

A faint knock was heard on the door and Dean got up to answer it. "Hey." Michael spoke softly.

"Hey." Dean said back and opened the door wider. Before going back to Cas.

"I should say I'm sorry, but I don't want to."

"Then why are you here?" Dean asked curiously with a raised eyebrow.

"Anna sent me to apologize."

"Then do that."

"I dont want to," he laughed. "I just came up because she's watching. Bye bye again." Dean flipped him off. He was starting to get irritated with both Micheal and his dad, with the more he heard from them. "Not a nice finger!" Michael yelled back at him.

Dean rolled his eyes. "You sound like a freaking kidergartener, dude."

"I'm more mentally mature than you.." Mike stopped himself from the nasty comment that was about to escape his mouth.

"Then say the word I see you holding back.."

"Then say the word I see you holding back.."

"Nah. I'm gonna be the bigger person! But my opinions from earlier still stand!"

"Hm. Whatever you say. Please leave." Dean pulled Castiel closer to him.

"See ya cocksuckers!!" Mike laughed evilly as he went down the stairs.

Dean grumbled under his breath and fell back on the bed. "He's not wrong with that one...."

Cas laughed softly. "Yeah true... And to the fag comment earlier, it's not physically possible for me to be a pile of sticks!" Cas felt around for Dean on his bed and snuggled up to him.

"Yes." Dean laughed as well and pulled Castiel close. He kept his arms wrapped tight around him. "Don't let him get to you."

"I try not to. You do the same for your dad? Okay?"

"I'll do my best."

"Good. You're strong Dean. We can both do it." Cas halfway kissed his nose.

"Thanks, Cas." Dean smiled and rolled onto his side to face Cas. He pulled his glasses off wanting to see his eyes. Dean pet his boyfriend's cheek.

"Anytime." Cas nuzzled him, blushing and almost fell asleep. Dean sighed softly and shifted them so
Cas was laying his head on his chest. Cas felt Dean's warmth and was comforted. After all that happened today, Cas was exhausted.

Dean softly ran his fingers through Cas' hair. "You can take a nap."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'll be fine. I might take a nap with you."

"Okay." Cas closed his eyes and relaxed on Dean's chest. Cas shortly fell asleep for an hour or so as Dean rubbed his back. Dean stayed awake just listening to the other people talk in the other room. Mostly Anna and Mike bickering. Dean sighed and traced his fingers across the planes of Cas' face.

Mike rolled his eyes and leaned back in his seat. He was ignoring her the best he could. "Listen to me Michael!" Anna stamped her feet. "You don't dare talk to out brother like that again. It shouldn't matter that Dean is a boy. It matters that he loves Cas!"

"He doesn't love Cas! He's using him for sex! Cas is an innocent virgin and knows nothing about the only thing that Dean wants!"

"You haven't seen how they act Mike. They actually like each other. I overheard them talking about that too. Dean said Cas was worth more than just a hookup and wouldn't pressure him into something because he actually likes him. You know, you could be a little more compassionate and stop being such a dick. Maybe you're jealous that Cas can get a date easier than you."

"It's a pity date. And I get dates. I don't like Dean."

"It's not a pity date. So what if you don't like him? Insult him on his own time if you must, not our brother!"

Micheal sighed. "I never insulted Cas. I insulted his choices."

"Love is not a choice. You insulted who he is as a person. Now i don't want to talk about this anymore. He gets this enough at school, he doesn't need people disliking him at home too."

"I don't dislike our baby brother. I love him enough to try and teach him what's wrong."

Anna gritted her teeth. "How is it wrong?"

"It's in the bible."

"That's not valid."

Micheal frowned and looked away only to notice Luci giving him a look. "What?"

"Nothing. You're just being ignorant."

"Trust me, I'm not being ignorant. People tell you all of the time that they'll conform and adapt to how you work or do things. They do for a short period of time then they completely break that and start asking if you'll change this or try that... It never works out. Dean's gonna give up on Cas. And then he'll be heartbroken."

"Will you just shut up?" Anna yelled over him. Micheal turned and glared at her before standing up and headed to his room/office and closed the door harder than really neccessary. The slam of the door woke Cas up suddenly.
Dean held him close and pet his head. "Micheal slammed the door to his room."

"Oh okay.. I got scared.. Sorry i jumped."

"It's okay. I'm surprised you didn't wake up sooner with all of their yelling."

"They were yelling?"

"Mostly Anna."

"Was it bad? I'm sorry you had to hear that."

"It's okay. Most of it was entertaining."

"Oh really?" Cas asked surprised. "What was it about?"

"It started out about us then for some reason it went to why Micheal eats so much cheese. Back to us then Anna's ponytail dependency, whatever that means... stuff like that."

"Oh my god." Cas laughed and it was muffled by Dean's shirt.

Dean smiled and looked down at Cas. "Was your nap good?"

"Yeah I'm not so tired anymore."

"Good." Dean kissed his forehead.

"What time is it Princess Deanie?"

"Hmm.." Dean huffs a laugh and looked at his phone. "Almost seven."

"I can get Anna to make dinner if you're hungry."

"I'm fine. Are you hungry?"

"Not really." Cas yawned again. "Turn the tv on pleasee babe!"

Dean nodded and looked around. "Where's the remote?"

"The table maybe?"

He looked over and pushed a book over and grabs the remote. Dean smiled and turned on th tv. "What channel?"

"Doesn't matter. I just listen to whatever's on. Turn on what you want."

"Okay." Dean took the oppurtunity to turn on his favorite soap opera. "This show is amazing! It's called Dr. Sexy M.D. My mom started me on the show back accident."

"Is it good? I've never heard of it."

"I love it. Especialy the main doctor."

"Doctor sexy, ay?"

"Mhmm. I like his cowboy boots and his swagger. He walks like he just had a go- nevermind. I was going too much into that detail." Deam said quickly and blushed embarrassed.
"Fanboy alert." Cas laughed. "Someone's got a crush!! This is cute."

"It's not cute. And yes, I'll admit that I have a crush on him and want to do things with him, but I am in love with you, and can do things with you, I'm sure."

"You can do those 'things' with me." Cas winked. "I'll try anyways." He laughed softly. "I can see it now, Dean and Dr.Sexy!! Goals!" Cas joked and held back the threesome joke he was going to make.

"You're awesome." Dean laughed with him and kissed him lovingly.

"Thanks darlin! You too!!" Cas kissed him softly. Cas smiled and listened to the t.v. as Dean was sitting beside him, squealing.

Dean blushed every time he made a noise. "Sorry, C-Cas."

"It's fine." Cas laughed. "You're an adorable little fanboy."

"I'm a fan of you too, angel."

"Oh stop." Cas nudged him and layed back, still listening to the tv. Dean smiled and rubbed Cas' side softly. He turned to the TV though never stopped the movement of his hand. Dean's hands relaxed him and Cas fell asleep shortly again. Dean chuckled when he noticed that Cas was asleep. After a moment he kisses Cas' head and went out to possibly get something to drink. Dean got a few drinks. It was about 9 before he started back to Cas's house, and his phone buzzed. He looked down at the caller ID, Sam.

Dean fished it out of his pocket and answered. "Hello?"

"Hey, just checking in on you.."

"I'm good Sammy. I'm going back to Cas'... Everything okay at home?"

"I guess. Mom and Dad have been talking for a while. No yelling though and the door is locked."

Dean frowned. "I know... i was with Mom all day."

"They're okay, it's just a lot of tension... Are things at Cas's place okay?"

"His eldest brother is a dickbag. Clearly still in the closet too."

"Damnnnnn." Sam laughed. "What about you and Cas?"

"We're good. Apparently dad targets him when I'm not there. Told him basically to f**k off and breakup with me."

"He's not gonna, right?"

"I sure as hell hope not. I don't wanna lose him."

"Awww!" Sam yelled. "You two are goals!!"

"Shut up, b**ch." Dean said with a light chuckle.

"Never, jerk. Okay, go have fun. Stay safe."
"I will, Sammy.. I'll call if I need anything." Dean hung up and sighed softly. Dean thought for a moment before going back to Cas and laying next to him. He kissed his lips softly despite him being asleep.

Anna walked in to say goodnight, but her brother was already asleep. "Oops." She laughed. "Nite Dean."

Dean looked over and nodded. "Goodnight, Anna..." Dean took his shirt off and snuggled up to Cas.
Chapter 3

Cas woke up earlier than normal because he fell asleep so early. Dean was still asleep. He was laying on his stomach which was making him snore softly. Cas rubbed his back softly before he got up and stumbled to the bathroom to brush his teeth. He got ready for his day and went back to his room.

Dean shifted in his spot and cracked his eyes open to look around.

"Morning sweetheart! It's early, you can go back to bed." Cas told him quietly.

"No, just c'mere. My arms are open for you. Come back to bed with me."

"Okay princess."

"Oh, I'll be your princess, Cas." Dean said smiling.

"Yayyy." Cas layed beside him on his stomach. Dean leaned down and kissed his cheek before laying down again. "Whatcha wanna do today? All day without your father or idiots."

"I don't know. What do you want to do? I mean, I could name a lot of things I usually do on Saturdays, but I don't want you to do them. They are bad." Dean shrugged.

"Oo my bad boy! What do you usually do then?"

"Go to parties and get drunk. Do things with my date at the time. I'm not very goody goody.."

"Awwwe. Bad boy. I've never gotten drunk. Haven't been allowed.." Cas frowned. By the way Dean described it, Cas hoped that he wasn't just one of the different weekes that Dean has with different people. "What you do sounds fun. I've never been to a party either."

"It can be fun. But most of the time you just wake up the next day with a hangover and a condom you forgot to take off. I don't want to experience that with you. I want something more with you, Cas. Maybe wine and a big dinner instead. Hmm. Will you go on a date with me?"

"Is that a valid question? Of course i will!!"

Dean nodded and pulled Cas close. "And what would you like to do until then?"

"It dosent matter. I usually play around with the piano or listen to audio books."

"Hm. Okay." Dean said thoughtfully while gently rubbing his side.

"Do you ever read?"

"It depends on the book."

"Ah. I like mostly fantasy and dystopia. Some realistic fiction."

"I'm comic book and Star wars kinda guy."

Cas made his voice a bit deeper. "I'M BATMAN!"

Dean stared a moment before starting to laugh loudly. "You do that too good!"

Cas smirked. "I tried." Dean nodded and buried his face against Cas' neck still laughing. Cas
stroked his hair. "I was that good?" He laughed softly.

"You make Batman sound like a child with how deep your voice is. It was hot."

"Oh god stopp." Cas blushed.

"Whyy, love?"

"B'cuz!!"

"Because why? Embarrassed?" Dean smiled and kissed him softly.

"Yeah! But I'm sooo gonna be blind batman for Halloween!"

"I don't do this often, but I will succumb and be your seeing-eye-Robin. I'll go tights and everything if you will."

Cas got really excited. "I'll go all out. Tights and a mask and boots and everythinggg!"

Dean laughed some and nodded. "Alright. Halloween is about a week after homecoming, so we better start getting costumes ready."

"Sounds fun sire! Let's get on it, shall we?"

"Do you want to do that before we go to dinner?"

"If you want to?"

"Sure thing." Dean smiled and kissed him. "We just need to run to my house so I can get dressed, okay?"

"Yeah."

"Let's go then, angel." Dean stood up and helped Cas up. Cas fixed his shirt and got up and followed Dean. Dean brought him to the car and they drove to his house. "Dad's home... of course he would be... If you want to stay in the car, Cas, I won't be long."

"Okay. I'll stay in the car if that'd be better."

"It might be. I'll be right back." Cas nodded. Dean leaned over and kissed his cheek before getting out and going inside. His mother greeted him with a hug when he went inside.

"Hey, mom." Dean hugged her back with a smile.

"So glad you're home. Are you staying this time?"

"I might tonight after my date... we are about to go costume shopping.... I have a favor to ask... do you know how to dye tights green?"

"You're gonna dress up this year? Wow. And yeah.."

"Cas and I are doing a couple thing kind of... Batman and Robin."

"Aww that's so cute."

"Thanks I guess. He's waiting in the car so I need to go get changed really quick. I'll see you later though, okay?"
"Yeah. Your father is passed out, don't disturb him. And be careful."

Dean nodded and smiled before heading upstairs to change and brush his teeth. He finished and went back down to the car and got in. "You good, Cas?"

"Yeah."

"My mom thinks it's cute, what we are dressing up as. And i think you are too." Dean chuckled and started driving to the costume shop.

"Babes staph!!" Cas still wasn't used to getting compliments, and didn't really want to accept them.

"No, I refuse. I you won't let me call you sexy so at least let me call you cute."

"Fine fine.."

"Thank you." Dean reached over and squeezed his thigh, causing Cas to giggle. "Did that tickle or something?"

"A bit this time." As the car came to a stop Cas opened the door and walked to the front of the car. Dean smiled and followed him out then took his hand and lead him inside. "Oh, Jesus, there are only kids here."

"So? We're both big kids. I don't even wanna go trick-or-treating. I just wanna dress up." Cas laughed.

"We gotta trick or treat, Cas. We just do."

"Okay okay princess."

"Thank baby. Now let's find ourselves a costume."

"Okaay!" Cas laced their fingers and followed his lead.

Dean smiled and started to lead them through the aisles looking around until he found them. "Ah ha here we are."

"Found them?"

"Yes, baby." Dean chuckled. "They even come with the underwear and tights but I don't trust that so we'll each get an extra pair of tights yeah? My mom knows how to dye cloth so we can get white ones."

"Sweeeeeeet!!" Cas jumped up and down like an excited child.

Dean watched him and laughed. "I'm glad you are happy."

"Never got to dress up before!!! Im so excited. I always had to stay home before."

"Why? Just because you are blind? That's not fair."

"It's partially that. Plus everyone thought i was annoying when i was little and i didn't want to be a bother. Then it got to where i was 'too old' to do it. So i just never have."

"No one is too old to trick-or-treat. And we might be stuck with my own little brother, so you won't
be the annoying one this time love." Dean grinned and kissed his head before getting the costumes down. "What is your size?"

"My shirt size depends. Medium or small."

"Then you should try it on before we get it to make sure it fits." Dean smiled and brought him back to the fitting rooms. "Tell me if you need help, okay?"

"I most likely need help." Cas laughed.

"Okay, then I'll just go in with you if that is okay?"

"Of course boo!" Dean nodded and nudged him inside one of the rooms. Then walked in with him. He closed and locked the door as Cas quickly undressed himself.

Dean got the costume out and ready. He smiled and looked over Cas before handing him the first piece. "This is the shirt part."

"Thank you." Cas lifted it up and put it on with almost no trouble.

"Does it fit okay?"

"Yeah. Does it look okay?" Dean didn't answer. He was distracted by Castiel's perky little butt in the mirror of the dressing room. "Dean?"

"W-what? Oh. Yeah. You look awesome! He's the bottom half. Cas took the pants/tights and and put them on, they fit well. But Dean had to help him when they got bunched up. "I think you look great in that."

Cas tried at his batman voice again, "why, thank you!"

Dean blushed and smiled big. "Okay, Cas. Save it for halloween, babe."

"Yes sir," Cas laughed and got out of the costume and put his clothes back on. Dean kissed his temple then walked with him and the costumes then went to pay.

"I can pay if you want me to baby."

"I got it. You bought me dinner." Dean smiled and paid. "You wanna do anything after this? I can't get over how you looked in those tights."

Cas smirked with a blush covering his face. "We can do anything you want. We did what i wanted, it's your turn to decide."

Dean smiled. "Let's go get some pie then make out on my couch?"

"Yeah. And i wanna try something too."

"Try what?"

"What you did the other day, if thats okay?"

"It's more than okay, Cas. Trust me..." Dean laced their fingers as he drove. "We'll have to go to my room for that." Dean chuckled in response. Once they got there he siged in relief when he didn't see his dad's truck. Cas got out once the car stopped. He grabbed Dean's hand as they walked inside.
"Pie first, during, or later?"

"First?"

"Alrighty then." Dean took him to the kitchen and fixed their plates.

"Thanks!"

"No problem baby." Deans miles and handed Cas a plate and fork. Cas smiled and took a small bite and Mary ran down the stairs to hug her son. Dean tensed up in surprise then hugged his mom back. "Hey, you okay?"

"Yeah. Just missed you."

"I was gone for 30 minutes mama."

"I don't care!" She squeezed him."Your father got mad and left to go vent i guess."

"What did he get mad at?"

"Me sticking up for you and Sam asking him if he wanted something to drink because he was going downstairs."

"Just Sam asking him if he wanted a drink?"

"He was already angry."

"I'm sorry mama..."

"It's okay hun. Did y'all find your costumes?"

"Yes ma'am. I have those tights for you to dye if you will?"

"Of course!" Mary turned to see Cas sitting. "Oh hey, how are you Cas?"

"I'm alright. Thanks." Dean smiled and walked around and kissed the top of Cas's head while going to the bag to grab the clothing item.

"Aww. I'll let you two be." Mary kissed both of their cheeks and went back up to her room. "Bring the tights up to me when you're ready."

"Yes, ma'am..." Dean smiled and sat next to Cas and leaned over kissing his shoulder softly. Cas took a couple bites of his pie and savored the flavour.

"Iveeee finished!!" Cas cheered once he was done and wiped his mouth.

"Was it great?"

"Fabulouso!!"

Dean chuckled and finished his slice very quickly as well. "I love my mom's pie."

"The best I've ever had."

"I told you it would be a couple of days ago."

"Yeah. And it still is. Uhh, where's your bathroom?"
"I'll take you. My house is confusing to anyone that doesn't live here." Dean smiled and stood up and gelped Cas to the bathroom.

"Thanks Dean.." Cas said, embarrassed.

"Don't worry about it." Dean kissed his head. "Go on, I'll wait down the hall." Cas smiled and went to the bathroom, carefully washing his hands and going back out to Dean. Dean hooked their arms. "A beer and Zeppelin 4, angel?"

"That'd be lovely."

"Great." Dean led him up to his room and closed the door. He went to put on said album. "We're all out of beer, I apologize."

"Oh it's fine princess." Cas laughed. "I'm not supposed to have it anyways. Because of the medicine I'm on, for the migraines i always get."

"Hm, I'll have to remember that." Dean walked back to him and hugged him around the waist and held him lovingly. "Can I call you sexy now, my prince?"

"I'm not sure if you can. I don't like liars." Cas smirked and kissed his cheek softly.

"I wouldn't be lying." Dean rubbed his back and slid his hands under his shirt. Cas shuddered slightly and listened to the music as he let his hands find Dean's zipper. Dean bit his lip softly. He slid his hands higher, running his fingers over Cas' bare skin. He smiled and leaned forward kissing him lovingly. Cas kissed him softly and let his fingers fumble as he looked to take Dean's pants away. Dean took his hands away in order to reach between them, helping Cas. When done he let them drop and brought his arms back around Cas. Cas wrapped his arms around Dean's torso and grabbed at his butt.

Dean blushed and pulled him closer and deepened the kiss. He let out a soft moan into the kiss. Cas smirked and bit Deans lip softly and slid one of his hands down in Dean's underwear. Dean inhaled sharply before pushing his way into Cas' mouth to explore it. He gripped Cas' hip wantinglly. Cas felt around at him, touching him lightly and kissing him lovingly. Dean leaned into Cas' touch and broke the kiss to start nipping at his neck. Cas didn't know what to do next and he moaned softly, as he stroked Dean slowly. Dean let out a shakey breath against Cas' skin. He blushed and involuntarily started sway his hips in sync with Cas' hand. Cas laughed, loving the feeling of Dean entirely. He moved his hands to Dean's waist and pushed his underwear down. Dean looked at Cas while biting his lip. He stepped out of his underwear and pants before starting to strip Cas of his clothing. "I don't want to be the only one in the buff."

"Alright princess." Cas smirked and helped Dean undress him.

Once they were both completely undressed Dean back them up to the bed. He fell back so that he was layin down. "Come join me, babe." Cas climbed on top of Dean, slowly, accidentally letting their members brush together. Dean smiled and reached up to slide down Cas' torso. He moved his hands up they reached his hips. He pulled Cas down until they were pressed together from the waist down and started grinding against him. Cas moaned softly, careful not to be too loud, and rested against Dean. Cas breathed heavily and held onto Dean tightly. Dean rolled them over, pinning Cas down. He pressed his face against Cas' chest and groaned softly. Cas panted and reached between them carefully, and felt at Dean's body. Dean leaned into his touch and moved a hand to start groping at Castiel's £$$$. Dean's hands were almost too much for Cas. He touched him everywhere and cupped him gently before kissing his chest. Dean pressed his face against his hair and took in a scent. He inhaled shakily and muttered a soft "love you, Cas.", before sitting up. He slid his hands down the
inside of Cas' thighs and tried to think of other ways to make Cas come undone.

"I- i love you too." Cas shuddered, about to let himself go once again. Dean smirked seeing how close Cas was. He leaned down and bit the inside of his thigh softly while taking Cas into his hand. Dean touches sent him over the edge and he came onto Dean, while panting. He smiled and leaned down pecking his lips then moved to sit beside him. "You're amazing."

"I'm not that good." Dean shifted uncomfortably still having a hard on but not wanting Cas to worry about it.

"Well it's my turn. Lay down."

"You still want to?"

"Of course."

Dean nodded and laid down where he was. Cas got on top of him and felt down his body to where he wanted to be. Cas nervously lowered him mouth around Dean. Dean moaned softly and reached down to pet his head softly. "Y-you can go at your own pace, Cas." Cas nodded as he licked around Dean, remebering what to do. Dean covered his face with his arm and bit his lip as Cas took him deeper into his mouth. Dean lost control a moment and bucked his hips. Cas gaged a bit, but smiled and sucked softly. Dean furrowed his eyebrows and groaned through his teeth. He was getting close and slightly gripped Cas' hair in his hand. Cas took the hint to suck harder and he ran his tongue around him again. Dean tried to pull him off but didn't quite make it and came quickly. Cas swallowed and pulled off.

Dean was careful of Cas and rolled over onto his stomach and burried his face against his pillow. He was blushing darkly and didn't want Cas to see even though he knew he couldn't. Cas layed beside him and draped an arm over his back and kissed his shoulder. Dean slowly turned his head to face him and leaned forward to press his forehead against Cas'. He smiled feeling how hot his body was. "I love you." Cas whispered softly.

"I love you too." Dean whispered back and grinned pulling Cas closer.

"You're just... Wow.." Cas laughed against his skin. "That's all i can say."

"Is my prince short on words today?" Dean chuckled and rubbed his side.

"A bit." Cas sighed and rubbed his chest.

Dean smiled and kissed Cas' nose. "What was the sigh for?"

"How'd i get so lucky?"

"I'm asking the same thing.. but I don't know how..." Dean smiled and kissed him.

"Why can't i be just this perfect all the time?"

"You're asking the hard questions.... I don't know again.. people are self-centered douches?"

"Yeah, thats true. Ugh. Dean don't laugh at me when i say this with all honesty. You taste and smell amazing."

Dean turned red again but smirked some. "I am not laughing. Blushing like a girl, but not laughing... thanks Cas."
"Thats hot too, mmmmm!!"

"Me blushing like a girl?"

"Blushing part! I feel your face is hot. Litterally hot. But hot either way most likely."

"I love how blunt you are." Dean laughed. "What you did was really hot."

"I did it right tho, right??"

"Yes, you did it really good."

"Yayy!! It was amazing though. And you're a tease!"

"How am I tease?"

"Everything you do makes me turned on!!"

"Oh really? So you are non-stop sporting a chubby, Cas? Is it that bad?"

"Psht. I dont know." He blushed darkly. "Just don't touch me and we'll be good, okay." He joked and laughed.

"Now, I don't think I can do that. I can't keep my hands off of you." As an example he ran a hand from the middle of Cas' side all the down to where it rested on the back of his thigh right under the curve of his bottom.

Cas giggled because of Dean's warm hands. But he covered his still naked body the best he could with his hands, hiding the reaction his body gave before his mind. "I told you so!!"

Dean chuckled and just pulled him closer and rested his head on top of Cas'. "Sorry babe. You're just irresistible."

"You are as well cupcake!" Cas tickled and poked Dean's stomach.

Dean's muscles jerked under his touch as he tried to get away from his hands. He chuckled and smiled. "Stop that!"

"Hmm no, you're irresistible. I love you and i will until- always!" Cas didn't know if the words coming out of his mouth was a lie or not. But damn he hoped it was the truth.

Dean smiled big. "I hope so. If not always then at least along time."

"Hopefully so." Cas listened to the sound of the music along with Dean's heartbeat.

"I want you to meet my brother."

"Sam, right?"

"Yep. That little b**ch is around the house somewhere." Dean said affectionately.

Cas raised an eyebrow. "Okay. Let's find my clothes." Cas laughed softly.

"Oh babe I know where your clothes are. They're all over my floor." Dean stood up and grabbed all of Cas' clothes looked him over. "Can I take a picture of you before you get dressed?"

"Why?" Cas raised his eyebrows. "Is this for your porn stash, or whatever its called?"
"I don't know... this whole image is something I want to remember. You can cover your junk with the blanket..." Dean mumble and looked down some. "But you don't have to let me take a picture. I was just wondering..."

"You can take it. I was just wondering as well." Cas laughed and put his arm behind his head.

Dean looked back up at him and smiled. He dropped Cas' clothes and grabbed his phone. He snapped two quick pictures. Each from a different angle. He admired the photos on his phone and sighed happily. "Thank you Cas." Dean climbed back on the bed and kissed him softly. "I love you."

"You too Dean!!" Cas smiled and wrapped his arms around him quickly. Cas finally felt like he belonged somewhere, when he was with Dean.

Dean sits up pulling Cas with him. "I enjoy this so much."

Cas sat beside him, smiling. "Any time with you is amazing."

"Thanks, baby." Dean smiles back and kissed his nose. He got up and handed Cas his clothes. "Now we must go say hi to a little brother."

"Oki dokie!" Cas got dressed at his own pace and walked into the door by accident.

Dean turned to look. He was trying hide his laughter. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Cas rubbed his shoulder and laughed a bit. Dean smiled and got dressed quickly before going and kissing his cheek.

"You sure you're okay?"

"Yes sir!!"

"Awesome." He took his hand and walked out with him and went to Sam's room and opened the door. "Sam?"

"Hey Dean," Sam smiled and put his book down.

"Hey, I wanted you to meet Cas, finally."

"Oh, this is Cas!? The famous Castiel?" Sam got up and wrapped his arms around Cas.

"O- hey Sam!" Cas stuttered.

"I don't talk about him that much do I? Enough to make him famous?"

"You don't stop talking about him! What, you met him... 4 days ago? That's all I've heard the past 4 days!"

Cas blushed and Dean butted in. "Well, Cas, this is my annoying little brother..."

"He doesn't seem annoying." Cas tilted his head, somewhat confused.

"Oh but he is. And brutally honest." Dean said smiling. "He's a nerdy one that is.

"He's just really tall!"
"Yeah. It's not fair." Dean complained. "I'm getting out staged by my little brother."

Sam pouted at him. "Stop whining."

Cas laughed at them and wrapped an arm around Dean. "It's okay princess. You're still taller than me." Dean blushed since they were in front of Sam.

"Princess? I always knew my brother was a bottom."

"A bottom? Bottom what?"

"He meant during sex. I can tech you all about that." Dean smirked.

Same made a disgusted face. "Eww Dean!" Sam made a gagging noise.

"Good demonstration Samuel!!! And don't be soo jealous of my Angel."

"I'm not. You're gross. Go kiss somewhere else."

Dean smirked. "No thanks." He kissed Cas' cheek. That caused Sam to slap his forearm. "Hey! Leave me aloneeee." Dean whined. Dean took Cas' hand then ruffled Sam's hair. "Wait...Wanna go trick or treating with us?"

"Really? Yeah." Sam laughed.

"We are going as Batman and Robin so maybe you should be Superman."

"Pft.. Nerds. I'll think about it."

"Well then. Bye b**ch." Dean smiled at him then led Cas to the kitchen for something to drink.

~•~

Michael nervously called his best friend Kevin. He sat at the marble table and clutched the side of his chair.

Kevin looked at his phone and smiled. He answered quickly with an enthusiastic answer. "Hey, Mikey!"

Michael pictured a short-haired, scuffy, asain boy. That was hid best friend, but it had been a secret that he was really in love with Kevin. The only reason why he was mean to his brother, was because he was in the closet himself. "H-hey Kev. I was thinking earlier..."

"Thinking about what?"

"My sexuality..."

"Are you curious?"

"I kinda like you a lot. But i dont wanna ruin our friendship." Mike sighed nervously. "I just need to get it off my chest."

Kevin raised an eyebrow at that. "Really? I never thought you'd feel that way about me..." Kevin said with a slight smile.

"I'm sorry."
"Don't be, Mikey.. um.. do you want to try and go out on a date?"

"R-really?" Michael's heart thudded in his chest.

"Yeah... and if it doesn't go well we can go back to just friends?"

"Of course. Uhm. When and where?"

"Hmm. How far are you in the closet?"

"I'm a homophobic a$$ to my brother. I'm very far.. I'm almost to Narnia."

"Alright... Maybe we should go to a place for dinner or a movie the next town over?"

"Maybe. Sounds good.. Sweet. See you later Kev!" Mike hung up and squealed. He almost fell out of his chair and laughed at himself.

~•~

"Mama I'll be back, I'm taking Cas to diner." Dean called out to his mother. He got a muffled yell response. He took Casiel to a diner as they listened to Halsey.

~•~

Michael knocked softly on the door. Kevin got up from his computer and went to answer. He opened it and smiled big at Michael. "Hey."

Kevin got up from his computer and went to answer. He opened it and smiled big at Michael. "Hey."

"You ready?" Kevin asked and locked his door before walking out.

"As ready as I'll ever be." Mike sighed and twiddled his thumbs.

"Can we get Italian food?"

"Yeah. I love pasta and that kinda crap, y'know?"

"Yes, I know." Kevin chuckled and reached out to grab his hand, to test the waters. Mike's heart raced from the sudden touch, but he still took his hand. He let go once they got to the car. His hands got cold and his heart was still pouding as they drove. Kevin leaned back in his seat looking relaxed. In reality though he was very nervous and figity.

Kevin smiled over at him. "How long have you liked me?"

"Since i met you... I've just hid well" Mike shrugged and blushed.

"Yeah me too, but I was too scared to say anything."

"I've always tried to push the feelings away, but i cant."

Kevin sighed and interlaced their fingers again. Michael smiled at him and held his hand tight.

~•~

Kevin asked for a booth and they went to sit down. "Thanks for agreeing to date me. For a trial run at least."
"Well, you're amazing. Of course I'd date you."

Kevin blushed and looked at him shyly. "Thanks. You are too." Kevin reached over and took his hand again while looking over the menu.

"This lunch is on me by the way."

"Really? I figured we'd split it."

"I got it." He smiled and bit his lip as he stared into Kevin's eyes.

"Alright, thank you.." Kevin smiled big at him. "Which movie should we see later?" He slid his hand up just to rest on Micheal's forearm. "Just whatever is playing next once we get there? Or we could go back to my place for a movie without paying."

"Second option sounds fabulous!!" Kevin smiled and nodded. He looked over as the waiter came. He ordered himself some water and the Chicken Alfredo. Michael ordered some chicken flavoured pasta and a diet coke.

The waiter nodded and walked away with the order. Kevin looked back at Micheal as he traced shapes on Mike's arm with the tip of his finger. "I feel that we should have done this earlier."

"We should have done this a long time ago. My only obstacle was getting the courage to ask you. If you said no, I'd be devastated."

"Same here... I was really nervous for today.. How are in our relationship do you think we'd be if we had started dating when we first met?"

"Maybe the serious relationship stage? We've known each other how long?"

"A couple of years, so probably."

"I guess so. But Kev.. I-." Michael stopped and gulped. "I love you," he whispered almost too soft for him to hear.

Kevin tilted his head some. He had his suspicions of what Micheal said but wanted here him say it louder. "What was that?"

"It was nothing." He got extremely embarrassed. Kevin just smiled and took a deep breath before standing up. He looked into Micheal's eyes and bit his lip nervously, before waorking up the courage to lean forward over the table and kiss him softly. Mike's breathing hitched and he kissed Kevin gently. He pulled away after a few seconds.

Kevin's face was covered in a deep blush. He sat back down and was smiling giddily. Michael was at a loss for words. He just heaved a happy sigh and smiled at him. His cheeks were still dark red and he licked his lips. "I-Is it okay that I did that?"

"It's perfect, Kevin." He smiled an they talked till their food came. Kevin finished his as slow as possible but he was really happy and excited. Mike payed once they were done.

Kevin blushed and walked out to the car. He smiled and got in and buckled up. "You're awesome."

Michael made a gun with his hands and clicked hia tongue. "I know," he smirked. Kevin leaned and kissed the side of his mouth softly. Mike turned his face again and kissed Kevin's lips. Kevin blushed dark and kissed him back wantingly. Mike smiled on his lips and pulled away after a while. Kevin
moved as if to follow him but stopped and sat back in his seat again. Mike awkwardly sat back and drove quickly back to Kevin's place.

~•~

Kevin put in the longest movie he owned, one of the Harry Potter movies, and went to sit on the couch. He was biting at his lip softly as he thought about the kiss from earlier and how he'd like to kiss him more often. Mike didn't know which one it even was, he didn't care as he scooted closer to Kevin and wrapped an arm around him. Kevin blushed dark and leaned against him. He rested his head on Mike's shoulder. Kevin draped an arm over Mike's stomach and glanced up at him. His fingers started to play and at the bottom of Mike's shirt. Michael didn't notice for a second, but his breathing hitched when he looked down. He didn't stop him either. He ran a hand through Kevin's hair.

Kevin smiled and leaned into his hand. "Am I a puppy now or something?" He laughed softly and gripped his shirt.

"Woof woof." Michael just ended up taking his shirt off completely. Kevin's eyes widened and tried to discreetly look him over. "Oh c'mon Kevy! You've already seen me shirtless before." He smiled and kissed him softly. Kevin blushed and kissed him back. He wanted to tell him that they weren't dating before, but he succumbed to the kiss instead.

Michael's whole body heated up with Kevin's kiss. He opened his mouth ever so slightly, hinting that he wanted more. Kevin sat up some to deepen the kiss. He timidly poked his tongue out to brush against Michael's. Mike let him in, leading him to a gentle make out. Kevin rested his hand against Mike's chest and smiled into the kiss.

When they pulled away, Kevin opened his eyes and looked over his expression. He swallowed hard before smiling softly and pressing his face against his neck lightly. Mike rubbed his back softly and kissed the top of his head. "Would you be my boyfriend, if this works?"

"I don't see why not." Kevin laughed softly and wrapped his arms around him.

"Awesome." He laughed and watched the movie, cuddling him the whole time. Kevin shifted so he was watching it as well. He was once again, unconsiously, running his hand along Mike's side. He was smiling to himself thinking that today has been perfect.

After the movie, Michael just started rambling. "We've done so much together. Me beating you in paintball. And going and scaring kids at chuck-e-cheese. And lying to your mom when i drop you off past curfew. And talking about everything in the world." Saying these things out loud made Michael smile. Kevin was his best friend and oh god how he loved him. He always has.

Kevin laughed happily and kisses his cheek. "And staying out all night."

"I would stay tonight, but it would eat me up if I don't apologize to Cas.."

"I understand. Another day though, yes?"

"Of course!"

~•~

After Dean and Castiel's dinner, Dean had gone home having promised his mom that he'd stay the night.
Cas was sitting in his room laying on the bed reading a book translated to Braille and listening to music.

Michael nervously knocked on Cas's door as he tapped his foot. "Come in." Cas called and sat up, putting the book away.

Mike opened the door with a sigh. "Hey Cas," he scratched behind his ear. "Can i talk to you?"

Cas moved so he was facing where Michael's voice was coming from, "Are you here to make fun of me again?"

"No. I'm here to actually apologize. I only made fun of you because.." he cut himself off with a sigh.

"Because of what? Here, come sit?" Cas said as he noticed that his brother sounded upset.

Mike sat down beside him. "Because i was jealous, just like what Anna said. I was in the closet- I'm bi.. And me and Kevin are a thing now. It's been eating me up all day. I feel so bad..

Cas looked his way frowning some. "So it hurt you everytime you called Dean and I names? And you're really upset about it.. Hmm." Cas picked at the fabric of his pajama pants as he thought it over. "Are you going to tell the whole family?"

"No. I just wanted to tell you because i feel so bad about it!" Cas nodded and hugged him. "You're not mad?"

"No.. Dean even guessed that you were acting like this because you were in the closet..."

"Oh..."

"Yeah. I guess he could just tell."

"I still can barely accept myself and I'm still confused."

Cas sighed softly. "How's Kevin? He's your boyfriend now?"

"Yeah he is. And we kissed and cuddled."

"I don't need details, Mikey." Cas laughed. "So are you technically a cocksucker too now?"

"Yeah i guess."

"That's the first step to letting yourself be happy, accepting it."

"I guess. We cool now?"

"Yes, as long as you let me tell Dean so you too don't end up in that kind of arguement again."

"Kay.." Cas nodded and smiled at him. "See you later..

"You going to call Kevin?"

"No..."

"You should. Make it a habit for night time calls? Dean mentioned something about phone sex."

"Oh my god! Phone sex? You're too innocent!"
"I'm not that innocent Micheal!"

"What have yall done?"

"Oh... um... made out. And stuff."

"WHAT STUFF??" Michael jumped up, half excited, half disappointed. Cas blushed dark and looked down with a smile. "I think the name started with a B."

"GET IT CASSIE!!"

Cas blushed even darker and hid his face. "Wh-What?"

"Nothing. Gonna go call Kev.." Cas nodded and layed back down on his bed.

~•~

"You okay?" Kevin answered his phone immediately.

"Yep. Just wanted to call you."

"Perfectly fine, babe. I like hearing your voice."

He blushed intensely, hearing Kevin call him that. "You too cutie.. Can i just tell everyone? I'm not ashamed to be dating the best boy everrr!"

"I'm not the one in the closet. I'm not rushing you though, I promise. How'd Cas take it?"

"He was okay with it. I even dug into the sex life of the blind kid."

"Really? Is that a good or bad thing?"

"Well he can gets more then me!"

"That's silly Mikey. Maybe you just didn't want as much. Okay. Is there..anything else you wanna talk about?"

"No. I just wanted to hear you."

Kevin smiled and leaned back in his chair. "Oh, alright. I love you, Micheal."

"Love you too Kev. Goodnight."

"Hey, Mike before you go, I gotta say something important."

"Yeah?" Mike panicked, hoping something wasn't wrong.

"I bet you look hot in your underwear." Kev said, slightly stuttering and was about to hang up. He decided just to become silent in order to listen to Mike. Kevin didn't realize that would have been so hard to say without making a fool of himself.

"Oh you too!!!" Mike chuckled and hung up. Kevin giggled and slowly went back to his game.

~•~

Dean wanted to talk to Cas but right now he and his father were in the middle of a stare down at the
dining room table.

"So, you gonna say something? Or stare at me like a retard?"

Dean huffed and tilted his head. "Why are you so against me?"

"What do you mean? Don't i have a right to be?"

"For what reason?"

"What you do isn't natural." John made sure to calm his voice because he didn't want to startle his wife.

"What do I do that isn't natural?"

"Like boys!"

Dean rolled his eyes before looking down at it. "I was drunk when I realized I liked boys... but I'm completely sober now so I can't blame it on on anything, unless Cas' migrain meds can be shared through a make out session. I'll have to ask."

"I dont even wanna look at you right now." John gritted his teeth but relaxed and dropped the topic when his wonderful wife walked in. She heard them raising their voices and decided to check in.

Dean looked at Mary and smiled. "Did you finish dying my panty-hose, mama?" He asked her, using that name for the tights just to irritate his dad more.

"Yes i did hunny!! They're drying now."

"Can you atleast talk normal?" John threw his hands up.

"Thank you, Mama." Dean looked at John with a smug look. "I'm sorry, I can't right now. I have a big..." he cleared his throat, "a big amout of man in my mouth if you get my drift, Daddy. I can't talk with something so good in my mouth!"

"Dean!" Mary said sternly. "We don't need to know about what you do in your spare time!! But good for you."

John clenched his fists. "I actually ain't catching your drift." He really did, but Dean kept fueling him. He loved the rush and the anger. But also hated his son at the same time.

"I'm sorry, mom." Dean met John's eyes and scowled. "My drift is that I, Dean Winchester, had Cas', my boyfriend's, dick in mouth and I swallowed. Today he got some in my hair, by accident."

Mary honestly laughed. "Ah, crazy kids." She finished up the dishes and kissed John's cheek. "I'm going to bed. Come up soon."

John didn't respond to Dean for a long while until after he was sure Mary was upstairs. "You live in my house, my rules! Either get out or date Lisa again."

"You would do that to, Mom? Kick one of her son's out just so you can say you don't have a faggot for a child? You'd ruin your marriage. I refuse to date Lisa again. Cas is my one and only."

"Stop kissing him. The drugs that child is on, is effecting you! And you've changed. When he's around you're different. Like you're fake? Like you were a normal kid, untill Castiel came into your life, and you changed!"
"Yeah, for the better. I was a dick, i only ever used people for sex. Hence I said people. I've had sex with guys too. This isn't a new thing for me. Now I am nicer and less of a self-centered bastard."

"It would be better for all of us if you just went back to your 'casual sex with random chicks.'"

"And eventually get one pregnant? Plus, I'd still break the chain for a dude. There is one in particular on the team that loves it when I..... nevermind about that part. Its not like I'd ever do that again. I wouldn't cheat on my angel. But still, I enjoy the company of other men as much as women, if not more."

"Whoa! On the team? There's another fag on my team?"

"More like nine. Only three admit that they are gay but the others don't mind a little experimenting.." John covered his face in his hands angrily. "They aren't my son. I ain't thier father. But i am yours. And i can control what you do untill you move out."

"No you can't dad. You can't control everything I do!"

"But my rules apply in this house! Now you are NOT ALLOWED to be with any dude while you are here. Now shut up before I smack you."

"Then just hit me. I've seen that you've wanted to many times before now, so why haven't you?"

"You'd go run to mommy. Thats why. And I'm not letting some dumbass break up me and Mary. Sorry bout' it! Go to bed."

"No. I'm going to have something to eat."

"Hurry up." Dean shrugged and got up to fix a bowl if the soup Mary made earlier and sat down to eat slowly. "I said hurry and go to bed." John looked around for Dean's phone. "I'm taking your phone for tonight you can have back in the morning."

"Why?"

"So you're not talking to anyone."

"And so you can look through it."

"No. I won't snoop." John snatched his phone away and put it in his pocket.

"I hope not because you won't like what you'll find."

"Damn." John laughed. Did Dean want to be smacked? "Alright. Are you done yet?"

"Eating? No."

"Then eat faster" john honestly didn't want to be around his son anymore. And wanted to go through his phone once he left.

Dean rolled his eyes and stood up dumping his basically full bowl. "Happy?"

"Yeah. Nite." Dean scowled at his father and stormed upstairs. John snickered and pulled Deans phone out. He found nothing too bad in the text messages, but wasn't too pleased with the pictures that he found.
Dean's phone buzzed in John's pocket around 2am. Cas had called Dean, because he had a nightmare. Not a nightmare like regular people, but it was all sounds and screaming. John pulled it out about to hang up when he saw it was Cas and answered. "Hello, Cas."

Without thinking he started rambling. "You're sure you love me Dean? I had an awful nightmare and I'm scared and-" His voice broke when he realized it was Dean's father, after he had already said those things.

John smirked. "He doesn't love you, Cas. He only wants you for the sex. That's the only reason why he wanted those cheerleaders. Now that's all he wants from you. You know that too."

"He said I was worth more than that..."

"He lied. He tells that to everyone."

Dean walked in having heard part of the conversation on his way to the bathroom. "Dad! Give me my phone! Quit telling Cas that stuff." He hurried over to try and take the phone. "Cas please don't listen to him. Please." He said while trying to wrestle the phone from his Dad's hands.

"Goodnight." Cas hung up and desperately tried to go back to sleep. Dean finally got the phone and ran to his room locking himself in. He tried to call again, but Cas had already turned it off and threw it across the room.

Dean frowned and grabbed his keys planning on going to see him. "Where do you think you're going?" John raised his voice.

"To Cas, to explain what just happened."

"You're staying here. It's too late to go out."

"You probably just ruined the best thing that's ever happened to me. And if he leaves me because of you I will gladly hate you for the rest of mine and your life." Dean said seriously before making his way to the door.

"If you leave, don't come back. I'd rather live with you hating me, than see you with him. This is for your own good!"

"I can't f**king believe you, John." Dean glared at him then walked out. A few tears fell down his face as he heard him slam and lock the door. He dove to Cas' fast.

Dean sighed and got out then ran up to Cas' apartment and knocked frantically. An annoyed Michael opened the door. "What do you want, it's 2am!"

"I need to see Cas. He called me but my dad answered and my dad's a f**king douche and I think if I don't talk to Cas now he will leave me and I can't live without him plus I am kinda homeless now." Dean said frantically.

"Hold on, slow down. Cas is in his room I guess. Be quiet if you go up there." Dean nodded and hurried to Cas' room though quietly. He knocked before walking in and goes over to where Cas is laying down. "Cas, baby." He pet his hair. Cas groaned and rolled over, hiding that he had been crying. Dean frowned and rolled him back over. "Cas." He pet his cheek. "I'm so sorry that he did that." Cas thought to himself, 'maybe he was right. Does Dean even know me as a real person?' But he didn't answer. Dean looked down and sighed shakily. He took his hand and brought it to his face so Cas could feel that he was legitly crying. "Cas."
"It's not your fault Dean." Cas sniffled and pulled his hand away.

"What he was telling you were lies. I love you, Cas. I meant it."

"Okay... I know." Cas rolled back over, not wanting to be near him at this moment.

"Then why are you pulling away from me? You don't believe me..."

"I believe you. But do you love me, or the idea of me? You barely know me though. The things i aspire and what i want to do with my life. You know the basics. But not everything."

"Then tell me. I don't want to lose you. You don't know anything about me but you love me..."

"We can talk about it all tomorrow." Cas wiped his eyes. He refrained from telling Dean that he loves him once again, though it was true, he didn't want to say it again.

"Do you want me to leave?"

"No-no. Please don't leave."

"Good. Thank you. It's cold outside, and I have no money for gas. So I can't leave my heater running.... I didn't want to leave you either."

"You can't go home?"

"No..." Cas kept holding back his tears through the conversation, but he grabbed Dean and nuzzled his chest, and cried almost silently. Dean held him close and pet his head while burying his face in Cas' hair. Cas shook slightly and tried to fall back to sleep, and stayed pressed against Dean all night. Dean layed with him and nuzzled him. He sniffled and rubbed his back, before falling into a restless sleep.

Cas woke up and kissed his chest. Dean opened his eyes and looked down at Cas and softly ran his fingers through his hair. "Hey Cas. Sleep okay?"

"I guess..." Dispite the nightmares, he was fine. Well 'fine.'

Dean nodded and kissed his head.

"Is it Sunday?" Cas asked sleepily.

"Yes, angel."

"Damnit. Anna wants me to go to church.""

"I didn't know you were religious."

"I'm not. She is.. So were my parents. Hence we were all named after angels. I don't want to go, but i gotta go. Can we talk after?"

"Yes of course... ask Anna to drop you off in the park?"

"Ok."

"I will meet you at the entrance. Call me when church is over?"

"Ok." Cas nodded. He was being short with Dean since he was still upset.
Dean sighed and looked at him. "Best start getting ready."

"Ok." Cas sighed and put on some jeans after removing his pjs, and even changing his boxers. Dean used his advantage to look at him, Cas couldn't catch him looking. "Don't you dare look at me!"

Guilt did take over Dean, so he looked away, even though Cas couldn't tell if he was or not. "Now get me my black sweater, please."

Dean sighed and sat up. He grabbed Cas's sweater and handed it to him, and helped him put it on. Cas was reluctant to his touch. "Thanks."

"You're welcome, Cas. I love you."

"You too." Dean frowned because he didn't actually say the words back. Castiel left to go downstairs without saying another word to Dean. Dean sighed and rubbed his face he got dressed and went to the park to wait even though it'd be a couple of hours. Instead he called Sam.

"Hey, Dean!" Sam picked up.

"Hey Sammy, I need a favor from you... please. I need you to go to my room and get my duffel bag... Dean had to stop to clear his throat, he was starting to cry as he talked. "Get my duffel and pack me three pairs of jeans, a pair of sweats, three pairs of boxers, four shirts two long and two short sleeve. My jacket and some flannels... socks and my boots. A blanket and pillow then my toiletries... not including my razor or shaving cream... and get my saved money out of my Batman piggy bank. There is about $1000 dollars saved up from over the years. I need all of that. When you are done meet me at the park with it all please." Dean started to let tears fall silently.

"Dean- what's wrong? Why am i doing all this?"

"L-Last night was my last night at home. Dad kicked me out and I don't think he'll even consider letting me back... don't argue please. Just do it. Ask if mom will drive you? I want to see her..."

"Yeah, of course. Where are you gonna stay? What about Cas?"

"Cas is iffy right now. Dad did something last night that really made him upset with me... And I will stay in my car until I can get a job and find a place."

"Dammit Dean!"

"Sam, stop it." Dean was noticeably crying by this point.

"Fine. I'll be down there soon." Sam sighed and hung up. He quickly gathered his brother's things and knocked on his mother's bedroom door. He knew his father was in there too, so he didn't want to say too much. "Mom? I need you to drive me to the park."

Mary opened the door and smiled at her son. "Hey baby, what's at the park?"

Sam widened his eyes to show his mom that he couldn't talk about it around other people. "Something important..."

Mary nodded and looked back at John. "I'll be home soon." She walked out with the keys. "Ready?" Sam nodded and put the bag in the back of Mary's minivan. "Where's Dean?" She asked once they were driving.

"At the park..."
Mary sighed sadly. "Is that who the bag is for?"

"Yep..."

"He moving out or John kicked him out?" Sam shrugged. Mary frowned and pulled up to the park and paid to get in, then drove to where she saw Dean sitting on a bench with his head in his hands. She parked then got out and went to him and hugged him tightly.

"Hey Mama..."

"Dean." She sat next to him and held him close. "What is going on?" She held his head to her chest and pet his hair.

"A lot. I'll be okay. I just sm gonns live on my own for a while. To clear the air."

"Baby... Did your dad say to leave?" Mary asked sadly. "I'm so sorry. Please come home."

"I'm not welcome at his home.."

"It's not his damn house. I'll talk to him about it... just stay a few days at friends house okay? Until he calms down. I want you back home though."

"Who's house? I don't have friends.."

"Cas'?"

"No. I can't go over there."

"Why not? You two are like perfect!"

"Dad took my phone. Cas called upset because- i don't know why, and Dad told him some lies. But he believed those lies and now he's pissed and upset with me. I ended up going over there last night. Even with me there, he cried himself to sleep... We're gonna talk in a bit. He's gonna meet me here after church..."

Mary nodded some. "I'm sorry baby... Maybe stay with Benny?"

"Benny is a douche. He apologized for being so mean, but i dont care."

"Dean you need to stay with someone."

"Ill stay with myself." Mary frowned and started to tear up. She bit her lip as if to hold back. She pulled Dean closer and buried her face in his hair. "I'll be fine Mama." Dean's phone rang, and he threw it to Sammy, he didn't want to interrupt the conversation with his mom.

Sam answered, "hello?"

"Hey, Sam?" It was Cas. His voice was already breaking as he called Dean.

"Hey, Cas. Dean's here, he's just talking with mom this time. You coming? He'll still be here when you get here."

"Okay." Cas hung up. Mary cried against her son, who was also crying. Sam stood and looked at the ground, not knowing what to say or do.

"Hey, Cas. Dean's here, he's just talking with mom this time. You coming? He'll still be here when
you get here."

"I-I feel like a horrible mother, not letting you come home for a few days.."

"Its not your fault. You're an amazing mom." Dean kissed her cheek.

"I-It is my fault, baby."

Sam sighed and gave Dean back his phone. "Cas is coming."

"Okay Sam. No it's not mom. It's Dad's. And mine..."

Mary sighed shakily. "I love you, Deanie." she hugged him tight then reluctantly let him go. "Sam, we should let him talk to Cas."

"You don't have to leave mom. I miss you.. But yeah, i do need to talk to him."

"Then Sam and I will take a walk. Text me when you two are done okay?"

"Okay mom.. See ya.."

"Love you baby." Mary pet his cheek before standing and taking Sam's hand to drag him along.

Dean sighed and got up to watch for Cas, as Anna lead him over to Dean. "I'll be back in a few minutes Cassie."

Dean smiled at her then took his hand and brought him to the bench. "Hey."

"Lets talk.."

"Yes, okay. Where should we start?"

"I'll tell you more about myself and you decide if you still like me. I'll do the same for you."

"That sounds good." Dean nodded and took his hand. "Please let me have this Cas. Tell me everything, but I want to hold your hand until the end okay?"

Cas reluctantly held his hand. "Okay well. Im Castiel Novak. I'm 17. Blind. Gay. I wanted to be a doctor, but gave up on that dream. So instead i want to be a writer, and grow up and hopefully have a family... My parents died in a car accident when i was young. My birthday is October 18th. I think you know the rest."

Dean nodded some. "Alright.. well, I'm Dean Winchester, 18 next January. I wanted to take over my dad and uncle's mechanic shop, but not sure if that'll happen now. Never been one for kids but not opposed either with the right person. Bisexual. Um, probably not going to college except on scholarship because I don't live in the richest family.. um, yeah. Sorry that it isn't much."

"Okay, Dean. Well, good luck with that."

"Thank you?" Dean asked/said and looked at Cas. He held his hand tighter.

"So do you stil like me? Or am i a failure?"

"I love you."

"Good to know." Cas looked down. "I-love you too."
Dean smiled, ear to ear, and kissed his cheek. "Those words from you make me so happy."

"Im sorry for being an assbutt earlier..."

"It's not your fault. My dad made believe that I didn't even seem to like you."

"It doesn't matter anymore." Dean noded and moved to kiss him very softly, trying to showing how much he loved him through his actions, since Cas can't see it on his face.

"You're so beautiful," Dean caressed his face. Cas started to studer what sounded like a 'no.' But Dean cut him off. "Yes, Cas. To me you are the most handsome man I have ever seen."

"Get your eyes checked. I don't need you going blind too." Cas halfheartedly laughed.

"Cas, baby. I'm not." Dean said and reached up tracing over the curves of Cas' face and spoke about each place he touched. "I see a straight, cute little nose. I see a pretty mouth with slightly chapped lips but they look good on you. Worried or stern eyebrows that always show your emotions. I see bright blue eyes that are gorgeous. Chisled jaw and high cheek bones."

"And that looks good?"

"It looks perfect. When you are naked, I see a lean swimmers body. Strong arms and chest lead down to a slightly muscular but flat stomach. Then the most seductive hip bones I have ever seen in my life. You are a very sexy man, Castiel."

"Seductive hip bones?"

"Oh yes." Dean reached out and ran his fingers along Cas' hip.

"Damn. Your touch is seductive!"

Dean smiled and chuckled. "I'd like to see you the way you see me. By touch."

"Like this...?" Cas ran his hand up Dean's arm, slowly and carefully.

"I'd like to be blindfolded. I truly only want to see you with my hands for one night. I know it isn't the same because I already have an image of you in my head but still." Dean smiled and pulls him close and pet his cheek.

"We could try."

"I can introduce you to th back seat of my car? Sin on a Sunday night?"

"I though you said nothing in the precious car."

"I am making and exception for you. I'd like that, but I was thinking a little more than blow jobs? If you are willing of course."

"Oh. Like actual sex?" Cas had a moment of realization. "Oooh! That's what you meant by sin." He laughed. "And yeah, of course!"

"So you are willing?"

"Yes!!"

Dean smiled at his enthusiasm. "I love how excited you get."
"Oops." Cas laughed again. "I'm excited though!!! It would be like you don't know what you're doing either, so it's fair. You'll understand my struggle."

"Yes, exactly." Dean kissed Cas' temple. "Just gotta grab something before we can do that."

"Alright. We have to wait because of your mom and Anna and yeah.. I'm glad were cool again.."

"Me too. I was so scared that you were gonna leave me."

"I almost through about it. But i wouldn't let myself consider it. You mean too much to me."

Dean smiled, "can i tell my mom to come back."

"Yeah."

Dean nodded and texted his mom. Soon enough, Mary and Sam made their way back to the bench. Dean smiled up at them while holding Cas' hand tight. "We're better now."

"Oh goodie!!" Mary jumped.

Dean rubbed his thumb over Cas' knuckles. "Was there anything else you needed to say earlier mama?"

"No, i got it all out. Just please dont sleep in your car!"

"Yes, ma'am. Just tonight, please? Tomorrow I will find somewhere."

"You're gonna 'sleep' in the car..?" Mary winked.

"Mama, that's none of your business." Dean said with a smile.

"Yeah yeah. Love you hun." She smiled and kissed his cheek.

Dean smiled and hugged her then pulled Sam into one as well. "I'll see you two soon."

"Bye boys." Mary and Sam walked off. Soon after that Anna walked up to them, just to make sure her little brother was okay. After her convinced her that Cas and himself or okay again, she left.

"Bye.." Dean leaned back against the bench and pulled Cas closer. "My mom knows what we are gonna do in my car..

"Of course she does." He laughed. "She's cool."

"I know. She's where I get it from."

"Haha sike." Cas chuckled.

"What do you mean babe?" Dean asked and rubbed his thigh.

"Nevermind. You're almost as dorky, on the inside, as i am."

"Am not. You bring a whole new meaning to the word." Dean said and kissed his head. "Now or later love?"

"Later."

"Mm. Tonight. I wanna take you to a nice dinner first. Then take you somewhere we won't be
interrupted." Dean smiled and held his hand.

"Well its noon-ish.. What should we do, till then?"

"Go to a movie? By the time it's over we can have an early dinner then go to that nice place? I
dunno. Let's drive around a bit then go see. Maybe tell a bit more about ourselves?"

"Alright." Cas smiled and stood up. Dean did as well and grabbed the bag Sam left him then led Cas
to his car. Cas stopped to run a hand over Dean's face. "Why are you so upset? I could feel you
shaking."

"..My dad officially kicked me out last night. That's why I was at your place."

"Im so sorry Dean.."

"It'll be okay. I just want to think about us today okay?"

"Us. Okay." Cas smiled, but thought he was the reason Dean got kicked out.

"I brought my dad too the edge with how I was talking to him.. it wasn't your fault." Dean said and
unlocked his car and got in after throwing his bag into the trunk. "I need to stop at the drug store on
our way to the movies, okay?"

"How'd you know i thought it was my fault? Because you're right.. And okay.."

"The look on your face despite your smile. I could just tell."

"Oh. What are we getting from this store? And can we stop by my place real fast? I forgot to take my
meds and my head is killing me..."

"Yes, sure. It's on the way. Call Anna and tell her to meet me at the door with them?" Dean got in
the car and drove towards Cas' house. "We can't really have real sex with condoms and lube... and a
blindfold for me."

"Yeah sure." Cas blushed profusely and licked his lips.

~•~

Dean got to Cas' and hurried out to go get the medicine and a bottle of water from Anna. When done
he goes back to the car and gives them to Cas. "There you go baby."

"Oh, you're a life saver, Winchester!"

Dean chuckled and kissed his head. "You're welcome." Cas smiled as the pain slowly subsided.
"Better?"

"Yeah. A bit. It's gettin' there."

Dean nodded and started driving again. He stopped at the store and grabbed what he needed before
going to the movie theater. "The next one starts in twenty minutes? Go ahead and go in the make out
in the back?"

"You have the best plans." Cas took his hand and his wallet out again.

"You're paying?"
"Yeah."

Dean sighed but nodded some. "Okay." He took the wallet and bought their tickets, then handed him the wallet back and grabbed their tickets. Cas linked their arms and excitedly shuffled his feet.

~•~

After they sat down, Cas leaned against him and kissed his cheek. Dean ended up actually falling asleep from his lack of sleep from the night before.

Cas giggled and kissed his cheek. He woke Dean up some minutes after he was sure that the movie ended. Dean shot up groggily. "Hm?" He looked at Cas before rubbing his eyes.

"Hey sleeping beauty."

"Did I sleep through the whole movie?"

"Pretty much. You missed it. The Joker sounded hot. But not as hot as you."

"Well, damn." Dean nodded and stood up to stretch. "Let's go have that dinner baby?"

"Alright." Cas stood up and let his lips fall on his jaw. Dean smiled and took his hand. They walked to the car and once in he drove them to a nice Chinese restaurant. Cas had a smile on his face the whole ride. The fresh smell of noodles and chicken hit him once they walked inside.

"Is this okay?" Dean looked at Cas before getting a seat.

"Yeah. I love Chinese food!"

Dean smiled and they got a booth. "Want the buffet or risk ordering from the menu?"

"I'm feeling frisky!! Buffet??"

"Sure thing." Dean laughed softly. "I'll walk you through it okay?"

"Alrighty." Dean stood up and took Cas to the buffet area. He handed Cas a plate and walked him down telling him what each dish was and fixed his plate for him.

"Thank you love."

"It's no problem, I swear." Dean kisses his cheek then led him back to the table. Hand in hand, they walked back to the table and Cas sat across from him. Dean smiled and started eating. "I haven't had Chinese in a long time."

"Haven't had it in a long time. Its excellent." Dean smiled and ate his as slow as possible.

Dean chuckled. "This is the best joint in town."

"Maybe so!" Cas flicked his tongue over his teeth.

"You don't believe me?"

"I believe you.." Cas smirked. Dean chuckled and finished his plate. "Do you not believe that i dont believe you?"

"I do, babe."
"Okay good!" Cas took another bite and it fell off of his fork, he ended up stabbing himself in the face.

Dean's eyes widen some. "Are you okay, Cas?"

"Yeah," he laughed, feeling like an idiot.

"Does that happen often?"

"It happens a lot. Anna always makes a big deal put of it, but everyone else, including myself always laugh." Dean smiled big and leaned over to kiss where he hit himself. "All better!!! My princess saved me!!!"

Dean laughed and sat back in his seat. "Anytime for anything, baby."

"True true!!" Cas was usually very shy and timid around other people, but with Dean, he felt.. Different.

"My handsome Prince Castiel. I'd do most things for you."

"Id do the same for you!"

"Thank you baby. Do you want a second plate? I was thinking ice cream."

"I'm not much for ice cream. But ill make an exception."

"You don't have to Cas."

"I am sir!" Dean smiled and nodded they waved down a waiter to order the ice cream.

Their ice cream came after a few minutes. Cas really never ate it because he always made a mess. Dean happily ate his and looked up to Cas after a few bites. Cas had managed to actually eat it this time instead of getting it everywhere, though he did have some on his upper lip. Dean grinned and wiped his lip.

"Thanks." Cas laughed, wiped his mouth again, and finished his ice cream.

"Ready to go?"

"Yeah!!" Dean nodded and stood up taking Cas' hand. They walked to the counter and he paid the bill. Once they were in the car, Cas felt dumb. He had forgotten his glasses in Anna's car this morning. "Dean, are we going anywhere else public? I forgot that i don't have my glasses, and i hate being in public without them. I just remembered they weren't on my face and i feel stupid.

"I'm sorry. I didn't even notice that you didn't have them on. We aren't going anywhere else, public anyways. Where did you last have them?"

"I know I left them in Anna's car. It's okay though. I'm comfortable with you. Just still self conscious."

"It's okay, baby. Let's just go for a ride." Cas relaxed and sat down in the the car. He smiled sweetly and kissed Dean's hand that had been placed on his knee. Being there with Dean, was a seemingly perfect moment for Cas.

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Dean sighed happily as he noticed the sun go down. He pulled onto a dirt road that led to an old wheat farm that wasn’t in use anymore. He parked along the edge and looked over to Cas now admiring the view. "Where are we? Smells earthy." Cas laughed at how weird he sounded.

Dean smiled. "At an abandoned wheat farm. No one has been here in years. It's private."

"Ooh. Sounds romantic.." Cas leaned over to kiss Dean's cheek.

Dean turned his head to kiss him lovingly, but broke the kiss to unbuckle their seatbelts, and pull Cas closer. He climbed over the console to sit on his lap. Dean kissed and bit his lip softly. He reached down into the bag from the drug store wanting to put the blindfold now so he'd get the full experience. Cas sat back a bit and waited for Dean to fix the blindfold. He adjusted it until he could see at all. "Okay, I'm ready." Dean reached out and tapped at Cas' arm until he grabbed at it to pull him close again.

"Alright." Cas smiled and grabbed the sides of his face to kiss him. He slowly guided their lips together. Dean smiled and kissed him wantingly. He cupped the back of Cas' neck to hold him in the kiss not planning to pull back this time at all. Once their lips connected Cas let his hands fall to Dean's hips. He opened his mouth slightly, giving Dean access. Dean explored Cas' mouth and played with the other's tongue. His free hand started to push under the bottom of his shirt.

Dean halted in his movements for a moment. "Should we move to the back?"

"Yeah, probably." Cas smiled softly.

"Okay." Dean smiled and put the drug store bag in the back then made his way out of the car, hitting his head on the way out. He took a moment to rub at the spot before climbing into the back.

"You okay?" Cas asked, hearing the thud, as he climbed in the back.

"I'm fine, it wasn't that hard." Dean laughed at himself then reached over trying to feel for Cas' hand. Cas met him halfway and held it tightly. He scooted closer to him on the back seat and kissed the side of his mouth. Cas let Dean take his shirt away, Cas wasn't sure where to go next, without his guide.

Dean smiled. "Do you know how sex between two men work, love? I might have to explain some things before we continue much more, and I lose myself."

"I think so..."

He nodded. "Which part do you want to play?" Dean asked while running his hand up Cas' arm.

"What do you usually do? I wouldn't know what to do."

"Hm, I usually switch... either way. I just want what you are most comfortable with."

"Maybe we can try both ways?"

"We'll see huh?" Dean chuckled. He nodded and brought Cas over to sit on his lap. He softly kissed at his jaw. Cas maneuvered so his legs were wrapped around Dean's hips. Dean makes his way down his heck and he fumbled with Cas's buckle and zipper. Cas kissed him wantingly and started to fumble with the buttons on Dean's flannel. Dean shrugged it off while kissing him back. He worked Cas' pants down to his knees with a bit of struggle. He ran his hands over Cas' skin, smiling into the kiss as he deepened it, running his tongue over the other boy's lips.
Castiel scratched at his chest and turned his neck, opening his mouth. Dean moaned into it. He turned them and layed Cas on his back. He followed him down so they didn't break the kiss. "You're strong." Cas whispered into his mouth and licked his tongue.

Dean smiled and sucked on Cas' tongue and he finished removing all thier clothes, slowly. "It's a gift."

"Mhmm." Cas moved to kissing his neck. Dean tilted his head to let him and reached down to grope at Cas' a$$ with one hand while reaching for the bag with the other. Cas moaned into his mouth softly.

Dean bit his lip then opened the lube. "Ready?"

Castiel was still a bit nervous, but nevertheless he was ready. "Yeah." He whispered. Dean rubbed Cas' hip to calm his nerves a bit and kissed him lovingly before feeling around, starting to prepare him carefully. He gently proded at Cas's entrance. Cas let out a soft moan, feeling Dean start to go at him, and he reached up and grabbed his arm tightly.

"Am I hurting you?" Dean asked as he stretched Cas.

"No." Cas said shakily.

Dean nodded and rubbed Cas's side as he added a second finger and spread them apart. "Okay. Just tell me if I do."

"Okay." Cas breathed. It did hurt a bit but the pleasure overcame it. Dean smiled and kissed at the inside of his thigh as continued to prepare Cas slowly. Cas tried relaxing back on the seat and breathed heavily. He felt like a whimp.

"You're tense, love. Are you uncomfortable at what we are doing?"

"No. I'm not uncomfortable, Dean. Keep doing whatever you're doing."

"Yes, sir." Dean nodded and added the third finger just to make sure he is really ready. Cas moaned and squirmed a bit, adjusting. Dean felt he was ready and removed his hand. He grabbed a condom and clumsily put it on before pulling Cas closer by the hips and leaned down to kiss him lovingly. Cas kissed him back softly and put his hands over Dean's. Dean massaged his hip while bring his legs around his waist. "Relax." He whispered softly before starting to push into Cas with a moan.

"Oka-" Cas moaned loudly, feeling Dean in a new way.

Dean desperately wanted to see Cas' face but stayed true to what he said and kept the blindfold on. Once pushed all the way the bottom he stopped and panted softly. "Tell me when I can move." Cas breathed heavily and arched his back slightly as he adjusted to Dean. Dean sloppily kissed him being blissed out at the moment. Cas kissed him back, happily and lovingly, still overcome with pleasure. Dean slowly started to rock his hips. He groaned softly as he pulled almost all the way out then pushed back in. He set a rythm with that same motion. Cas bit his lip, hard, almost making himself bleed. Dean reached up and pet his cheek lovingly. "You can make noise, love. I wanna hear you." Dean said while speeding up his movements a little. "You're doing so good."

Cas whimpered and moaned at Deans request. He smiled and pulled him down, moaning onto his skin, getting turned on more every second. Dean kissed back and pushed a bit harder, enjoying the sounds he was making. "Oh my god Dean..." Cas whimpered and scratched at his chest. Dean smirked and bit softly at Cas' collarbone. He reached between them to start stroking Cas teasingly slow.
Castiel's breathing hitched and he moaned louder, about to cum. Dean sped up his hand as well as his thrusts. He was getting close as well but wanted Cas to go first so he bit his lip as if to hold back a bit more. Cas came over his stomach and his hand, whimpering and squeezing at his hips. Dean kissed his jaw as he continued his movements until he came into the condom with a strained moan. After a moment he basically collapsed over Cas, panting some. Cas felt Dean crumble onto him and he put lovebites all over his neck. Dean let out soft noises being really sensitive at the moment. "You're great Cas."

"You too." Cas smiled and nipped at his jaw again. "Oops. Don't we have school tomorrow?"

"I don't. I'm not going.." Dean said before sitting up and carefully slipped out of Cas with a hiss. "I can't go. Not with him there. But I will bring you to school and walk you to your first hour, showing off all of my pretty hickeys." Dean smiled.

Cas whimpered when Dean pulled away. "Gonna show off that I marked you?"

"Oh yes. I even wanna walk funny through the hallways so if you are willing for a second round I want a turn. Show your princess what you got?" Dean kissed the middle of his chest and just rested against him happily.

"Yeah I'll give it a try!"

Dean chuckled against his chest and nuzzled. "Just another few minutes okay?"

"Mhm. Okay princess." Cas smiled. "You can take the blindfold off if you want."

"Okay. It was a fun experience but I missed your orgasm face." Dean said as he pulled the blindfold off.

"You might see it again, soon enough. I wanna see yours..."

"I'm not opposed to you putting your hand over my face."

"You sure, it makes me seem weird.."

"Yes, you can feel my reaction."

"Yayy!!" Cas squirmed. He was a bit sore. Cas kissed Dean softly and sat up. A few minutes passed, they made out a bit and caught thier breath. "Ready for round two?" Cas asked, eager and excited.

"Oh yes, definately." Dean moved closer again. Cas kissed him heavier and pushed him back onto the seat. Dean layed back careful not to his head on the door. He wrapped his arms around Cas' neck and shoulders. Cas gripped at his hair and pulled away slightly. "Guide me please?" Cas opened Dean's legs and sat in front of him, on his knees.

"Sure thing." Dean shifted to where his legs were bent on either side of Cas. He grabbed the bottle of lube and handed it to him. "Put a little of this on your fingers."

"Okay." Cas carefully squirted the substance on his fingers.

Dean took his hand and guided it to where it was needed. "Now do here what I did to you at first." Cas nodded, understanding and slowly pushed two fingers into him. Dean grit his teeth at first before relaxing and leaned up to kiss Cas lovingly. Dean moaned into the kiss as Cas pumped and spread his fingers.
"You okay?" Cas asked softly, not wanting to hurt him.

"I'm perfect, Cas. Keep going, love." Cas nodded and stretched him a bit more. Dean made soft little noise as he leaned up to kiss Cas' chest. Dean looked up at him and squirmed. "I-I'm ready, Cas. You don't have to use a confom like I did."

Cas pulled his fingers out carefully. "Are you sure you don't want me to?"

"I'm sure." Dean nodded and pet Cas' cheek.

"Okay," Cas felt around at Dean, finding his way around Dean. He carefully aligned himself. Dean took a breath and relaxed himself. Cas pushed in a bit and moaned at he did so. In that moment, the stars aligned, Dean gasped and clung to him. He shifted, encouraging Cas. Cas slowly went deeper into him, and gritted his teeth. Dean cursed under his breath and arched up some in pleasure. Cas huffed and pushed as deep as he could, and stopped to let Dean breathe and adjust. "No, Cas. Don't stop." Cas sturdied himself by grabbing Dean's sides and rocking his hips, in a repeated movement, causing Dean to moan low in his throat.

Cas smiled, hearing him, and continued in the gentle motions, picking up speed. Dean gripped Cas' arm and started to rock his hips in sync with Cas' movements. Cas hit deeper, witch he didn't think was possible, and started to get a hard on as he thrusted. Dean's eyes shot open and he looked up at Cas as he let out a desperate moan. He'd never been with anyone that made him feel like Cas was making him feel at that moment.

As Cas became closer he rocked his hips faster, and admired the noises Dean was making. Dean arched up again, his eyebrows furrowed. He reached down to take one of Cas' hands. Cas took his hand and leaned down to kiss him softly. Dean kissed back then brought his hand up and nuzzled his face against it. Cas ran his fingers over Dean's face softly. And he used his other hand to stroke him softly. Dean groaned and pressed his face against his hand. He pushed into the hand stroking him and came hard with a gasp. Cas breathed heavily, and came into Dean, filling him, he scrunched up his face and moaned loudly.

Dean watched him close as he panted from his orgasm. He smiled lazily as he came down from his high. "I'm glad I took that blindfold off." Dean said as he kissed Cas' palm softly.

"Oh stop." Cas smiled and slowly pulled out. Dean winced some as he pulled out. He closed his legs and sat up to hug Cas and nuzzled his neck. "You're so good," Cas whispered and leaned against him.

"You're not so bad yourself." Dean smiled against him. Cas yawned a bit, becoming more sore as time passed, he rubbed the marks on his skin and smiled. "You're just as marked up as me... Do you want to go back to your place to sleep?"

"They might get curious why were are out so late. How am i going to hide these?"

"Do you really want to hide them?"

"Just from my sister and brothers."

"I don't have any make up so I dunno."

"Okie doke." Cas yawned again and kisses his cheek. "I love you."

"I love you too. We can just sleep in here.. it's not the most comfy but still."
"It smells like you.." Cas laughed.

"Or I smell like it."

"Either way." Cas smiled. "Can we just stay here tonight?" Cas nodded and scooted away from him. Dean got out stark naked despite being cold and quickly got the blanket then headed back into the car. Cas layed down, his back pressed against the side of the seat. Dean joined him and spread the warm light blue blanket, over them. Dean held him close and kissed his head. "Love you."

"I love you too.." Cas whispered and drifted to sleep. Cas absentmindedly rubbed Dean's side as he slept.

Dean smiled in his sleep but jolted awake as his phone rang. Cas got startled and woke up as well. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah my phone is just ringing." Dean grumbled and fished out his phone. "Hello?"

"Where are you at?" His mother asked frantically. She sounded like a scared rat, running from a cat.

"Um, in my car.. why, mom?"

"Just worried about you." She sighed. "Your dad left a few minutes ago to go get you and bring you home, so i don't know what's going to hapoen."

"Well, if he finds me the way I am now he might turn tail and run.. was he drunk?"

"Yeah, stoned. And why would he run away?"

"Did he hurt you mom?"

Mary let out a shaky no and repeated her question. "Why would he run away?"

"I'm naked right now anyways."

"Oh.. OH! Hope you had fun, but its 6am monday morning... You two need to get to school..."

"Do I have to go to school mom?"

"Uhh.. Well.. Kinda.. But you can skip today, if you want."

"Thank you. I'll make sure Cas gets there though."

"Good. Be careful."

"I will. Call and tell dad that I'll meet him at the park if he wants to talk."

"Alright, hun. Love you."

"Love you too." Dean hung up and sighed. "Up and at 'em Cas. You need to go to school."

"Urg." Cas groaned and sat up. "Fine!"

Dean laughed. "I'll let you wear my clothes!"

Cas found his underwear on the floor of the car and slipped them on. "Thank you babe!"
"Anything for you." Dean smiled and helped Cas get dressed. Cas smiled and stretched. He loved the way Dean's clothes fit him, and how comfortable he felt. Also the smell made him feel like Dean was always there beside him. Dean got dressed then got in the driver's side. Once Cas sat down, Dean grabbed his hand and kissed his knuckles before starting to drive to school.

Cas was anxious about school, he hated going to the hell of a place that was school. Back in New York, it was a school for people like him! Here, it was different. Very hostile. He absolutely despised the place, the only thing that kept him sane was Dean.

"You'll be okay, baby."

"Okay.." Cas faked a smile.

"Stop." Dean protested.

"What?" Cas asked nervously.

"Do you just want me to stay?"

"No. Dean, it's, I'm fine. I promise. I'm 102% sure. Just be careful when you talk to him."

"I will, I promise. But like I promised earlier, I will walk you to class showing of my marks. So I am in a v-neck t-shirt. No hiding in that." Dean pulled into the parking lot of the school.

Cas chuckled a bit. "Okay princess."

Dean smiled and leaned over kissing him lovingly. But he remembered they never got Cas's glasses, so Dean handed Cas his sunglasses. "These are my sunglasses, I forgot you don't have yours but it's too late to go back now. They are dark enough to hide your eyes. Even though I love seeing your eyes."

Cas took them and set them on his face. "Thanks. You like my eyes? They are wierd, so i hide them.."

"I love your eyes. They're beautiful." Dean said and chuckled and before getting out of the car. Cas got out of the car as well, good thing he left all of his stuff in his locker friday, he hasn't been home since yesterday morning. Cas hadn't really walked all that much either since what they did... He soonly found out the aftermath of it. Dean moved over to him walking just as weirdly and wrapped his arm around Cas' waist. "It always does that.. no matter how much you do it you always end up walking funny the next day... sorry, love."

"It's fine. Last night was perfect!" Cas smiled and rested against him for a few seconds. Dean nodded and rubbed his hip before leading him to his locker with a big smile on his face. He was so happy to be with Cas. Cas quickly got his things and they walked to first period.

Cas kissed him lovingly. "Have a good day baby!"

"You too. I'll come pick you up after school." Dean hugged him then brought him to his desk.

"Okay." Cas smiled. "See ya later!"

"Bye, babe." Dean kissed his head then walked out going to find one of his acquaintances to talk to before he has to leave.

One of the less popular, still straight, memebers of the football team got abruptly stopped. "Hey..
Dean.. You okay? Walkin funny.. Did your dad make you do extra practice or something?"

"No Jake. I was actually kicked off the team." Dean looked at him, his smile never faltering. "What's up though?" He still smiled through the glint of anger because of Cas.

"Nothing much. Gonna skip class. What about you?" He saw the marks that covered Dean, and realized why he was walking funny. "Looks like you had fun.."

"Hm? Oh yeah. He's wow..." Dean mumbled an inappropriate comment and looked back up at Jake. "I was just dropping Cas off, but I'm not staying."

"Oh... Okay.. I'm gonna either find a girl or go sit alone. I don't know yet."

"I'll sit with you unless you find a girl then I'll leave. Not my thing anymore."

"Not your thing anymore?" Jake couldn't believe what he was hearing. "But that's what the big name, Dean Winchester, is. The dick jock who gets a new chick every day. What happened to you?"

"I met the love of my life.. that's what happened to me."

"Damn. You sure that kid's the love of your life?"

"No doubt about it."

"Alright. Well... You do what you do... See ya round."

"Mhmm.." Dean said and walked out of the school and to his car. He drove off to the pond, like he told his mom, and went to sleep.

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Cas awkwardly sat in the back, pulling his shirt up when necessary, to hide the marks. He indeed loved them, but just wasn't as confident as Dean.

A random girl looked at Cas and noticed the marks. "Who's the lucky lady, weird kid?"

"Dean Winchester." Cas said proudly.

"Oh.. okay.. that's cool." The girl trailed off.

"No, its amazing." Cas laughed.

The girl nodded some and looked at her friends whispering. "I didn't know Dean was gay..."

Cas heard him, Mr.Supersenses of course. "He's bi, actually."

She turned to his. "So, what? He's still doing guys apparently."

"I'm just saying..." Cas shook his head, frustrated with the girls. The girls rolled thier eyes before talking more gossip. "Okay then.. You can't just blow off what his titsles are. Don't call him gay if he isn't. Show respect.."

"I thought we were done with that topic. Fine. He's not gay, but he is with a guy therefore makes him homo."

"Okay." Cas turned away. It was hard to focus on school with whispers all around him.
Mrs. Bradbury walked up to him after she was done teaching. There was about 5 minutes left, so she went up to him and smiled. "Hey, Cas!"

"Oh. Hey..." Cas looked down again, a bit startled.

"Are you alright? I overheard you with these girls and you sounded upset."

"I am okay i guess." Cas pulled at his shirt collar.

"Do you want some make up to cover those up?"

"Maybe... Sorry, I'm not school appropriate."

"It's not inappropriate. You just seem uncomfortable with showing them off."

"I just don't like the way they were talking about Dean." Cas shrugged. "I'm fine with showing off, just as long as my sister doesn't see. So maybe i will take the make up offer."

She nodded. "I'll write a note for your next teacher to explain why you are late and will help you cover the marks when the bell rings, okay?"

"You're a life saver!"

She laughed softly. "It's no trouble, Cas."

He smiled up at her. "Well still thank you. I can't see if they look bad, so i didn't know how to cover it. Never did it before, I'm clueless." Cas laughed.

"I understand. They aren't that bad but they are obvious." She pat his shoulder then walked back to the front of the room. Cas nodded and sat silently through the next few minutes.

When the bell rang she went to him and lead him to her desk so she could start covering them up. Cas let her work her makeup magic. "There you go." She scribbled him a note. "Do you think I can get there yourself or do I need to get someone to escort you?"

"I can get there. It'll take me a bit, but i can do it." Cas smiled. "Thanks. And at least Mr.Winchester didn't see them. Phew!!"

She nodded and chuckled. "I'll see you later."

"Bye Mrs.Bradbury!" Cas went back to get his stuff and went to his next class. Cas curses under his breath as he used the walls to get to get from class to class. But he still couldn't quite walk correctly.

It had slipped out of Mary's mouth that Dean was in the park. John ended up not teaching any of his classes and went to find his son. Dean had woken up and decided instead to sit on the hood and sip at a beer from the stash he keeps in the trunk.

"DEAN." John called him once he spotted him.

Dean jumped and nearly choked on his drink. He turned to face his dad and wiped his mouth. "Yeah?"

"I hate this, but your mom wants you home. And why aren't you in school?" He advanced closer to his son.

"Mom said I could skip, and I know mom wants me home but I'm not going home."
"You are gonna go home, because she's a mess. And that's risking our marriage!"

"I can't live in a house where my father doesn't accept me."

"But your mother needs you. Please come home." John falsely pleaded, but left out the part about not letting Castiel have anything to do with his son. He was determined to break them up, so matter what he had to do.

"I know... but no. It has to be YOU that wants me home."

"I want you home then." He lied. He just didn't want to lose his wife, even if he had to lie and deal with his son.

"No you don't. I can see it in your face that you don't want me home... How is it that you can love a woman and another son even though they accept me for who I am, but you can't even tolerate me enough to not threaten to kick me out every time I mention my boyfriend?"

"Because, they do what they are supposed to. The natural order. No son of mine is gonna be splitting his a$$ open with some other boy."

Dean let out a snort of laughter. "Too late for that. It's a good thing men can't get pregnant." John clenched his jaw. He was fed up, but wasn't gonna do anything until he saw the hickeys. Dean smirked at his dad to hide the fact that he was actually scared at what John might do. "Cas wasn't the first either, but goddamn, he was the best."

"You're not my son. I don't care what your mother thinks anymore." John snatched the beer from Dean's hand.

Dean flinched thinking he was about to get hit before relaxing some when it never happened. He swallowed the lump in his throat and looked his dad in the eyes. "I stopped being your son last week. Just hearing those words make it real. I hope you and mom work it out. Or that she kicks you out on your own like you did to me..."

"If your mom really loves me, she'll side with me. And I honestly just want the best for you, so stop being such a faggot. Maybe you can be my son again.."

"I can't stop liking boys! If anything you telling me to not like them makes me like them more! I honestly wish you'd beat me like you f**king want to then leave me alone, but instead you keep coming back!! You always seem liKE YOU ARE ABOUT TO APOLOGIZE THEN INSULT ME INSTEAD! I'm tired of it." Deans comments sent him over the edge. Before he knew it, his fist was colliding with Dean's face. Dean stumbled back holding where he was hit. After the initially shock left he straightened up and glared at John. "I f**king knew it." He said even as his cheek was starting to throb and swell up from the punch."

John smiled at his pain and huffed a laugh. "Maybe you'll learn not to disrespect me one day." He started to walk away. Dean scowled and huffed. He rubbed over his cheek before running after John. He crossed in front of him about to hit him back but at the last moment, chickened. Instead he hugged him not knowing what else to do but at least he won't get hit again being this close to him. "What the f**k are you doing Winchester?" John pushed him away.

Dean looked at him then shrugged. "Feeling like a kid for the last time. Hugging my dad, because I had a bad day, and I know he'll be there for me. But you know, he turned out to be a heartless dick." Dean said and moved to head back to his car.

John shook his head and walked away. Dean kicked himself mentally and grabbed another beer from
the ice chest. He took a few sips before pressing the bottle to his cheek.

Cas was relieved to have a substitute for Social Studies. And durring P.e. he sat by himself. Dean made his way to school to pick up Cas. After that first beer he didn't have anymore so he wasn't tipsy even though he really wanted to be black out drunk at the moment. He went to the gym and made his way inside to sit next to Cas and took his hand tightly.

"Hey. You okay?" Cas asked wearily.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm good."

"You- you don't sound okay..." Cas pressed him, and took his hand away.

"Just... My dad found me. But I'm okay." Cas took Dean's face in his hands. He gasped feeing how swollen his face was. Dean closed his eyes in slight pain at the touch but didn't pull away. "It's okay Cas."

"It's not okay." Cas kissed the bruise softly and sighed.

Dean pressed his forehead against Cas'. "He held back with this one..

"I'm gonna kick his butt one day." Cas sighed, knowing that he never actually could.

"I'll be your groupie." Dean smiled slightly, but that smile faded fast, because of how much his face hurt.

"We got this baby!" Cas laughed a bit. "I'll take care of you." Cas giggled and wrapped an arm around him. "So, when am i taking on your dad?"

"Um... next time he is black out drunk maybe?"

"Hehe yeah!! I'll definitely win!!"

"Just don't kill the air babe. I don't think it'll like you much after that." Dean smiled and leaned against him.

Cas laughed against him. "Oh, ill try not to hurt it." His deep voice mixed with his laughter was something that would send chills up your spine.

"Good. Are you ready to go?" Cas nodded and took his hand as they walked to the car. Dean mumbled an ow, as he rubbed his face.

"I'm sorry about him princess.. I feel, if I just left you like he told me to, this wouldn't have happened.."

Dean shook his head and opened the passenger door to his 67' Chevy Impala. "Cas it's not your fault."

"It doesn't matter. Let's get going.. I'll drive." Cas joked.

"Maybe I'll let you pull into the driveway." Dean said seriously, walking around and getting in his side of the car.

"Noooo." Cas took his hand, once they were both inside, and laughed. "I ain't hurtin' your precious car."
"Why not? I'll show you what to press and do, and then pull in, so all you have to do is go straight."

"Stop insulting me! You know I can't go straight!" Cas laughed. "It was a joke. I'd never drive."

~•~

"I promise I'll pitch in around the house, if im still allowed to stay."

"Of course you are! Don't worry about it. You're my guest."

"How long can i stay?"

"However long you want. Your clothes are confy by the way!" They were a bit big for Cas, but it was cute. Cas got up and went inside leaving all of his schoolwork in the car. Not bothering to get his homework.

Dean grabbed his duffel bag and followed Cas quickly. "Can I get some ice, babe?"

"Go lay down."

"Thanks babe.."

"I'll be up in a sec, okay?" Cas played with the bottom of Dean's shirt, well the one he was wearing.

"Okay." He nodded and grabbed Cas' butt as he passed. Dean did as Cas said and went to lay in his room. Cas jumped and got some ice from the fridge. Anna stopped him to give him a present. A new walking stick. He thanked her and hugged her before going upstairs with Dean.

Dean had his eyes closed and was humming the tune of Stairway to Heaven from Led Zeppilin. "I got you ice." Cas said, startling Dean. "Brace yourself, its really cold! And Anna got me a new walking stick."

Dean smiled and held his hand out and took it from him. "Im still gonna walk with you everywhere...Lay down with me?" He asked before putting the ice on his cheek. Cas layed down beside him and stroked his arm.

"I'm scared. I don't like this." Cas admitted, playing with Dean's short hair.

"Me too." Dean looked at him and took the sunglasses off of his face, to look at his eyes. But Cas had shut them on instinct. It was rare occasion that they were open, but Dean loved it.

"He's a dick and i want to kill that a-hole! Ugh!" Cas gritted his teeth and took the pillow that Dean wasn't using, and threw it across the room, almost knocking over his stack of records.

"Cas! Baby, calm down."

"I don't want to," he pouted.

"Please?" Dean begged, almost in tears from the pain again.

"Fine, fine." Cas growled.

Dean sighed and pulled him close. "How's your a$$?"

"A bit sore. What about you?"
"A little. Was I too rough?"

"No no. You weren't too rough baby. Was I?"

"No. I deeply enjoyed you. No one has been able to make me feel that before." Dean blushed.

Cas smiled. "Seriously?"

"You were so good. In both positions. Just wow!"

"You were amazing as well!"

Dean smiled. "Thank you for feeding my ego, love."

"Oh anytime." Cas smiled and held the ice on his face for him.

"I will take it anytime."

"Oooh!" Cas giggled. "I'll give it, anytime."

"I know you will." Dean chuckled. "Love it when you talk dirty to me."

Cas mocked one of Dean's moans from the night before. "I'll go rougher if you want next time."

"I'd love that. I don't want you holding back on me. And calling me princess kind of turns me on. Imagine of you called me that during sex." Dean said only half joking and laughing.

"Really princess?" Cas smiled and pulled the ice off his face and rubbed his fingers over it, not wanting him to get too cold.

"Hmm, yes. I love it when you call me that." Dean leaned into his hand the pain being numbed for now.

"I can tell, Mr.Always-excited-when-i-call-you-names. Don't think i didn't notice. I can't see, but oh, i can feel!" Cas chuckled. "Want something to drink? Or pain killers?"

"No, im alright." He smiled, "but I'd love something to drink."

"I can sneak a beer for you if you want?"

"That'd be lovely but I don't want to get you in trouble."

"Nah. I can get you one, i just cant have any. It's no trouble."

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He came back with a beer and a water. "Here you are."

"You know, I love you right?" Dean took the beer then moved so he could lean up and kiss him softly.

"Yeah i know boo." Cas licked his lips and sat down again. Dean tasted like alcohol already, just from a few sips. The smell burned, he didn't quite like it or the taste of it, but it wasn't too bad. "Alright. Just let me know if you need anything."

"I will, babe." Dean smiled to himself.
"Good." Cas reached over, sensing his body heat, and squeezed his thigh.

Dean placed his hand over Cas' for a second before taking it in his own. "Your siblings have a good taste."

"Haha Gabriel's the only one who drinks."

"Well, then he has great taste." Cas still didn't understand how Dean could like the drink. Yeah, he wasn't allowed to have it anyways, but it did not satisfy his tastebuds. "Cas, wanna sip?"

"I taste it on your lips. It's not the best thing in the world, but I'll do."

"That doesn't do it justice!" Dean handed him the bottle. "Try it."

"Only a sip. Drinking on these meds won't turn out well." Cas nodded and sipped it. He was going to make a corny joke about not drinking after people, but he'd already been all up in Dean's mouth. "Whoa! You're right."

He handed the bottle back to Dean. The drink somewhat burned his mouth, but eventually went down smoothly. Cas cracked open his water bottle and took a swig. "Beer is awesome! Why did it taste different on your lips then?"

"I don't know. Maybe mixing with somethint I ate? Oh and it is awesome, but there are consequences if you drink to much. I know you can't drink, but I'm gonna tell you anyways. 1) Hangover. 2) Bad breath."

"Ew!"

"Hangovers are just usually really bad migraines.. I know you get them. They aren't fun."

"I have one almost all of the time, to be honest." Cas bit his tongue. He always did to ignore he pain in his head.

Dean smiled and layed his head on Cas' shoulder after downing the rest of his beer. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine. I've delt."

"I love you, Cas." He took his hand and kissed his neck softly though wasn't planning to start anything. He pulled Cas close and kissed his cheek. "I love you and your sexy everything."

"Oh stop princess. My sexy nothing, don't you mean. Whoops autocorrect got your tongue!"

"We're not texting," Dean laughed, but got serioud again quickly. "But you are the sexiest figure I've ever layed eyes on. Also the nicest and most caring."

"You are too. Sooo many people think you're hot. You're the only person who had ever liked me. That's saying something."

"But probably not the only one to think you are cute. But I am the only one allowed to call you sexy okay?"

"I know, i know. Same goes to you, princess."

"Trust me, you're the only one allowed to call me that." Dean kissed his cheek.

"You'd probably kill any other $hithead that says that."

"Hahaha. You dont care that i do right? That nicknames already stuck."
"No, like I said earlier, I really like it when you call me princess." Dean smirked.

"Yaayy!" Cas laughed and pulled away from him, just to walk around.

"Play me some music?" Dean asked softly.

"What do you want to hear?"

"Whatever you wanna hear at our wedding five to ten years from now." Dean said with a smile. He honestly didn't know if he was joking or not.

Cas blushed a bit. "Ahhh. Hmmm. There's a lot I'd want to hear..."

"You told me before that you had Elvis albums. Play me those." Cas nodded and felt for the records on his somewhat dusty shelf. There was a few songs on the record that he wanted to play, that he knew on his piano. But he didn't trust himself, and probably would never play them for others people. He had his own little system. AC/DC was the first 3 records. Led Zeppelin was the next two. And then Elvis, etcetera.

"Found it!!" Cas set it on the turn table carefully, Dean sat on the edge of the bed preparing to listen. Cas let the machine play, he almost got lost in the voice of Elvis as soon as it came through to his ears. He paced by the door as he listened. Dean smiled and got up after a few moments and walked over to Cas.

The first song to come over the speakers was Blue Hawaii. Cas hummed along silently. Dean hugged him from behind. "I like your taste in music." Dean laced their fingers and rubbed over Castiel's knuckles with his finger.

Gabriel smirked as he peaked in and saw the beer bottle as well as them snuggling. "Police!! Hide your alcohol! No drunk sex! Cas ain't allowed to drink!"

Cas held his hands up in defense. "DO NOT FIRE! I WASN'T DRINKING SIRE!!"

Gabriel cackled and walked in. "Calm down, Cassie."

"Yeah yeah. Wazzup?" Cas went back to holding Dean's waist and listening to the record.

"Apparently you and your booty call." Gabriel wiggled his eyebrows, making Dean cackle.

"Oh yeah. Well. He's got a nice booty! And it sure was calling my name." Dean turned red, but still smirked.

Gabriel made a face. "Too many details, baby bro." Cas huffed a laugh. "How long have you two been here?"

"About 20 minutes."

"Is Dean staying over tonight?" Gabriel asked, tapping his foot.

"Can he stay for a few days?"

"Yeah.. Okay, so what do you want for dinner?"

"Up to Dean. It dosent matter to me." Gabriel looked at Dean.

"Umm.. spaghetti?"
"Oo i like spaghetti. We can lady in the tramp this shiz!" Cas licked his lips slowly.

Dean started laughing and leaned back against him. "Okay, Cas."

Gabriel smiled. "Spaghetti it is. I'll tell the others."

Cas cheered. "Thanks Gabe!"

"No prob. I'll call y'all down later." Gabriel left. By the time he was at the bottom of the stairs, Castiel's favorite song had begin to play through the speakers. The one he dreamt about dancing to at his wedding but was too scared to admit it. Without noticing, Cas started to hum the beginning of the tune. Dean turned to him in order to listen better, and loosely wrapped his arms around Cas' neck and played with his hair.

"Wise men say... Only fools rush in..." Cas only got through the first line before he stopped singing.

"No no, keep going. You sing really good." Dean whispered and pulled him closer.

"But i cant help falling in love with you.." Cas looked down at the ground, embarrassed. Dean smiled and tilted his chin up before leaning in and kissed him lovingly. Cas kissed him back and whispered the lyrics onto his lips. "Shall i stay? Would it be a sin, if i can't help falling in love with you?"

Dean pets his cheek and nudged their noses together. "Not if you mean it."

"I mean it!" Cas smiled. "Like a river flows, surely to the sea, Darling so it goes.. Some things are meant to be... Take my hand. Take my whole life too. For i can't help falling in love with you." Dean held him close and didn't let go even when the song ended. He was being clingy and he knew it, but after what happened the other day he was still scared to lose Cas. Castiel swayed his hips, childishly, not knowing how to dance.

Dean chuckled. 'Whatcha doin'?"

"I'm dancing. Is that a crime honeybee?"

"No, not at all. Is that how you are going to dance at the dance? It's great."

"No no. I can't dance."

"I will make you dance."

"Fine fine. I cant slow dance though. I have two left feet, babe."

"You can stand on my toes and be the girl." Dean chuckled and lifted Cas enough to stand on his toes like he said. Cas laughed and followed his lead. He wrapped his arms around Deans neck and hung his head slightly.

~•~

"You're a fine teacher, princess! I just don't want to embarrass you at the dance.. By making a fool out of us.."

"It won't bother me, baby. I can't dance either. We can embarrass each other, plus, I bet not many people there can dance. And as long as we have fun, who cares, right?"

"Maybe so." Cas laughed. He tightened his arms around Dean's neck so that they were as close as
they could get.

Dean smiled and rubbed his sides softly. "I really like you in my clothes. It makes you look more relaxed."

"They're too big! But comfy." Cas laughed. "I'm fabulous!!" He smiled.

"Yes, you are." Dean said and kissed him.

"Oh yus! And my princess is snazzy!"

"Snazzy. No one has ever called me snazzy!"

"Well i just did boi!" Cas bucked his hips on him.

"Oh god," Dean's eyes widened. "They've gotten to you too."

"The hipsters?"

"Yes."

"What if i was a hipster? Hmmm?" Cas laughed under his breath.

"I'd still f**k you, and that would explain why you call me princess."

"Yay yay yay. Maybe someone could do my eyeliner and i could be an emo instead." Cas had another comment to go with the 'yay' part, but he added it in a whisper once he was done. "Gay is yay." Dean burst out laughing and had to lean against Cas. Cas caught him in a hug. "You'd do my makeup right?"

"Sure. I don't think I'm good at it."

"F**k yeah- oops. I meant fudge."

After a while, Gabriel came back up. "Dinner's ready fellas."

Dean turned to him with a smile. "Thanks."

"Let's go!" Cas clicked his tongue.

"Are you Mario or something?"

"I don't know." Cas walked down the steps, way easier with his new stick, and was singing THE song, under his breath.

Dean had their fingers laced and sat him down at the table. "I'll make your plate."

Cas smiled and shifted in his seat.

"How was your day, Cas?" Anna spoke up. "Haven't seen you all day. You never came home yesterday..."

"I'm fine. Today was fine. I was with Dean."

"Oh.." Anna sounded worried. "What about you, Dean?"

Dean fixed both of them a plate and put Cas' down in front of him, then set his hand on the other's
thigh. "Um, I'm good, thanks for asking Anna." Cas smiled and grabbed Dean's hand; he started to eat as well.

"Mhm.." Anna started to eat, a bit annoyed. Dean also ate but was confused as to what made Anna seemingly upset.

Gabe looked at their sister. "What's up Chick-a-di?"

"Nothing.. I'm mad Cassie didn't come home." She whispered to Gabriel, so Dean wouldn't hear.

Gabriel looked towards the couple and looked over the hickeys, not covered, on Dean's neck; plus the make up that had become a bit patchy on Cas'. He turned back to his sister and whispered back. "I don't think you'd've wanted him home last night."

"Ugh. I accept them. But isn't it a little soon for them to be doing that?"

"They are both 17 and it doesn't seem like Dean is going anywhere anytime soon, so I think it's okay."

"Alright..." Anna rolled her eyes. Her only problem was she was over protective.

"It's okay, little sis. You'll meet your internet guy someday and maybe you won't be so salty anymore."

"His name is Gadreel!" Anna huffed. "And I'm not salty."

"You're very salty. And where did you meet a guy named that?"

"The internet, you doof!"

"What site, dummy?"

"Omegle..." Anna's voice trailed off.

"Oh, Jesus, Anna."

"Yes real! He's super cute and nice. Yep. Infact we kissed today! At the mall. Boom!! And im not bringing him to y'all."

"Come on, Anna! We aren't that bad. I mean yes, we have a brother named after the Devil himself, but still."

Anna raised an eyebrow. "We already have an extra guest. I'm not gonna make anyone uncomfortable by bringing somone else here."

"Who will be uncomfortable? Luci is working his way out of the house so he's not here, Micheal is off screwing his boyfriend.." Gabe said which made Micheal choke on his food and blush really dark. "Dean is here to be with Cas so I doubt he cares, and as long as Gadreel doesn't make a big deal over the fact that he is blind, I doubt Cas cares. I just wanna meet the poor bastard."

Michael spoke up before Anna could speak. "I am not screwing my boyfriend. I DIDN'T EVEN TELL YOU I WAS WITH KEVIN.. oh wait. Oops.. Now you know.."

Gave looked at him before chuckling and raised an eyebrow. "I knew you were with him even before you were actually with him." Michael huffed and poked at his food.
"No!"

Dean laughed awkwardly. "Anna, we gotta meet the son of a b**ch if you like him that much!"

"See Anna, Dean-o agrees!" Gabriel let out a giggle and smacked Dean's shoulder. "Thanks for backing me up."

"Yeah yeah. Ow." Dean laughed.

"Probably not as bad as the one on your face." Gabe said with a smile not knowing the story behind bruise thinking it was just a school fight or something.

"Nope. Not nearly as bad. Nothing's gonna beat.. that.." Dean looked down as his sentence came to an end, Cas squeezed his leg, letting him know he's still there.

"Fine I'll bring him over tomorrow.. Don't make it a big deal." Anna growled, interrupting Dean and Gabriel's awkwardness.

Gabe realized he said the wrong thing and frowned some. "Alright." He turned back to Dean, "sorry man."

Dean shook his head and waved him off. "It's fine." He turned to look at Cas and kissed his cheek while rubbing his thigh softly. "I'm going to go lay down. I'm beat." He stood up and took his plate to the kitchen. When he finished cleaning his plate he walked by the table again squeezing Cas' shoulder before making his way up to Cas' room.

"Alright princess.. I'll be up in a few.." Cas reassured him, ans was embarrassed by Gabriel's mistake.

"You call him princess? Are you the prince or the frog?" Gabriel raised an eyebrow at him.

"I don't know yet. Probably the frog. Wait.. I'd rather be a bee!"

"But a bee isn't apart of the story."

"We're making our own story!" Cas squeezed his own hands.

"Is Dean wearing a dress in your version? I'd like to see that. Tell him to wear one for your dance."

"Only if he wants to." Cas walked upstairs, on his own, with new-found ease. But he still didn't like walking alone. Dean was laying on Cas' bed and sighed as he hugged one of Cas' pillows. Cas sensed a tension, "you okay?"

"Hm? Yeah. Sorry about dinner..."

"Don't be sorry." Cas sat beside him and layed his hand on Dean's back. Dean rolled over and laid his head in Cas' lap. "I'm serious. It's fine."

Dean nodded. "I just needed a moment."

Cas pet his hair softly. "Need me to leave again?"

"No. I never want that." Dean leaned into his hand some. "What happened after I left?"

"Gabriel wants you to wear a dress to the dance..."
Dean let out a snort. "Only if he manages to go in a reindeer costume and you wear a crown." He said as a joke.

"Noted." Cas laughed and kissed his nose.

"If i ever do wear a dress, there better be a big reward for me in store!"

"What kinda reward?" Cas cocked his head and started thinking.

"I dunno, that's for you to come up with, and me to decide if it is worth killing my dignity or not."

"Something kinky probably." Cas shrugged.

"Maybe." Dean leaned up and kissed him. Dean grinned and took Cas' hand pressing it to his face. "Am I feverish or did I actually manage to get along with Micheal tonight?"

"You actually got along with him. Did i tell you he was just in the closet."

"No but what Gabe said, and his reaction was hilarious."

"That was pretty funny." Cas admitted. "I bet Mikie is just jealous that i got a better boy than him at this point!"

"Who's his boyfriend? I'd have to meet him first."

"Kevin.. They've been friends for a while. To be honest, I've never really met him.."

"Hm, well, then how do you know I am better?"

"Because you're just the bestest!!" Dean hugged him and kissed his cheek.

~•~

11pm came around the corner, too fast. The two boys got lost in the music, sitting around Cas's room, cuddling, or singing along. "Whoa, Cas. It's almost 11. We should hit the hay soon.. School tomorrow, babe."

"I got pjs in the bottom drawer if you want." Cas yawned and made his way over to get changed as well. The softest material in there was his kitten pjs, the second best was the batman ones. Dean got the batman ones. As Dean walks around, he got comfy in the bottoms, but the shirt was too tight around his arms. He layed back on Castiel's bed, shirtless. It was cold, but he let Cas lay down first. He was about to pull the covers over them, when Cas shifted and layed sort of diagonal, and rolled up in the blanket. He squirmed and rolled over. Dean was just about to slap his perky a$$, before noticing something was wrong.

"You okay, Cas?"

Cas nodded as pain seared through his brain. "Yeah. I'm okay." Cas sighed. Most of the time, the medicine he was on, didn't even help. Dean reached over and rubbed his arm softly, not knowing what to do, to help him. It sorta hurt Dean, hearing Castiel's voice break as he spoke, and hearing him whimper. Cas clung to the blanket, forgetting he pulled it off of Dean, but felt bad once he felt Dean shiver.

"I'm sorry, I don't know how to help... why do you get such bad migraines?" Cas honestly didn't want to talk, it just made it worse.
"They say it's cause' i use my brain too much. I cant see, so i overload everything else. But i don't know h-how to control that." Cas gritted his teeth.

"i see... maybe you should have a quiet day every once in a while." Dean suggested, hoping that we wasn't one of the reasons Cas was in pain.

"No, I'd go crazy. I hate the quiet. It's always dark, but hearing at least something is relaxing. "

"Did you get headaches when I'm around?"

"Well i get them all of the time. But they aren't so bad when you're around. In fact you make everything better. i don't know why its so bad right now though." Cas snuggled up to him. "Sorry if i scratch you. Here is the blanket back.. Usually when the pain becomes unbearable i scratch and claw at the sheets."

"It's fine, Cas." Dean held him close and kissed his forehead.

"Goodnight sexy princess," Cas giggled into his ear, trying to ignore the pain.

"Goodnight, gorgeous. I know you're gonna say, 'no, I'm not,' but you are. Don't argue." Cas growled and took his glasses off. He buried his face in Dean's side. Dean smiled and closed his eyes, starting to fall asleep. Dean shifted and tucked Cas' head against his neck and nuzzled his hair.

Cas started to fall asleep, but his head was pounding. So he layed there and whimpered silently as he clung to Dean. He finally did go to sleep, but it wasnt untill the late hours of the night. He was thankful. Usually he sat there alone, crying. But atleast Dean made it a bit better. Cas slept restlessly. Every now and then his arms tightened around Dean, absentmindedly.
Dean woke up early, around five, just naturally and sat there looking over Cas' face. He frowned and rubbed Cas's back softly, kneading the tensed muscles under his hand. He was hoping that it'd help Cas even though he knew it was his head that was hurting. Cas jerked awake suddenly and rolled away from Dean, holding his face in a pillow. "...Cas?"

"Mornin.."

"Morning I guess." Dean sat up and looked at Cas worriedly. "You want some coffee?"

"No. I'm good..." Cas shivered and squeezed the pillow harder. "My meds are in the kitchen if you don't mind getting them for me."

"Sure thing." Dean nodded and squeezed Cas' shoulder before standing up. He headed down to the kitchen to look for them as well as a glass of water. Meanwhile, the minute of being alone, gave Cas time to cry and let out his pain with tears. Cas felt like a wimp, for being in so much pain, and crying, over something so stupid.

Dean came back and handed him the bottle of gray/blue pills. "Thanks." Cas whispered and took four of them. "It's never been this bad." Cas bit his lip. Cas squeezed his hand, pretty tightly. Dean easily dealt with his throbbing face, but was more worried about his boyfriend.

"I'm worried about you Cas." Dean whispered back to him.

"Dean, I'm fine. This is normal. Seriously, don't worry about me. I can go to school and get your stuff too; if you don't want to go." Cas told himself that, but he wouldn't last an entire day like this.

"Want me to make you breakfast?" Dean asked curiously, just trying to be there for him.

"What color are your eyes?" Cas ignored him.

"Green. Same color as healthy grass, my mom says."

"Anna says, green is the sound of leaves rustling. I always associate sounds with colors."

"What does she say about blue?"

"Water crashing against the rocks."

"Very accurate. That's what your eyes are." Dean trailed. "Will you teach me how you see the colors?"

"Red is any loud/deep sound. Black is nothing. Uhm. White is like a Brendon Urie highnote. Orange is sparks, like a fire. Yellow is like chimes or birds."

"Then I have bird chirping hair I guess... It's not actually yellow yellow but a muted color mixed with brown. Brown is like anything that smells bad i guess. But my hair is still fabulous... yours is easier to describe. It's almost black."

"Whoa. Complex." Cas rubbed his chin, desperately trying to picture him. Dean sounded and felt beautiful already. There was no other way to describe it.

"It's confusing how it works. The human body isn't that colorful, except for eyes. Especially yours."
Cas blushed, "I'm gonna get ready, I guess."

"It's only 6. You have time, unless you want to start getting ready." Cas shrugged and got up. He threw his pjs on the floor. Dean couldn't help but stare. Cas put on some jeans and the nearest shirt he found in the closet. It just happened to be a Led Zeppelin shirt. Dean walked over to give him a hand, and he smoothed his shirt down.

"Could I borrow your shower?" Dean asked, politely.

"Yeah. Go take your time princess." Dean nodded and found the bathroom. He undressed and got in. He let the cold water slick down his back. Once the water hit his face, he gasped. The bruise was still tender and throbbing. He carefully washed himself with a cloth. Each family member had their own, he used Cas's. The red one, or the third one from the left, on the third shelf in the closet. The soft rag smelled like Cas, and it soothed him as he washed himself.

A few minutes later he rinsed off, and felt like an idiot because he forgot his clothes. He wrapped a towel around his waist, showing off the top of his v-line. He felt sexy, like he needed to feel like he looked it, even if Cas couldn't see it. He opened the door and spoke softly, as if to not startle Cas or make his head hurt worse. "I'm back, sweetcheeks."

"That's a new one."

Dean shuffled over and sat next to him, the towel falling down a bit. "I figured I'd try it out."

"I'm not going today." In the time Dean showered, Cas had halfway made his bed and put his glasses on. Hiding the pain in his eyes, and maybe even some tears. He ran his fingers through Dean's wet hair and flung the water on himself. On purpose. "Now I have two excuses!"

"You did it on purpose?" Dean chuckled. "Naughty boy, Cas!" Cas made a rawr noise and Dean kissed his nose. "I guess you'll have to change, and you're gonna run out of time!" Dean stood up and put on his jeans and a plain black t-shirt. "But I gotta go soon, babe." He walked over and pecked his lips.

"You go baby." Cas pulled back a bit. "Have fun."

"I'll try." Dean snorted and walked to the door. "You want your homework from my car?"

"Nope. They can't expect me to do it, if it's not in braille."

"That is true, but I wouldn't want you to get bad grades. I can read it out to you?"

"Later maybe." Cas layed back on his bed, his legs still over the edge.

"Okay. See you around 3. I'll call during lunch."

"See you then. Be careful."

"I will, Prince Cas." Dean grabbed his keys and was out the door. He headed to school with a wave from a sleepy Gabriel who was sipping on some coffee. Once at school he took a deep breath and checked his cheek in the mirror before climbing out of the car. He put his sunglasses on, to hide the worst of the bruise. The same guy from yesterday, Jake, was walking in the hallway and couldn't help but notice him. He wanted to spread the news that he did in fact find a girl. Dean waved at him some then adjusted his glasses. "Hey."

"How ya doin? I got a girl like I said!!"
"That's cool." Dean nodded some. "I'm good."

"Eh. You don't look so good."

"Just tired. Went to bed late last night."

"Cas ain't here. Something's goin on."

"He wasn't feeling good when we woke up this morning so he stayed home."

"Oh. Okay.." He noticed the bruise and furrowed his eyebrows. "What happened?"

"What?" Dean asked while adjusting his glasses again.

"Your face. What happened?"

"Someone kicked my car, and I told him to f**k off but he wouldn't."

"Oh.. Is the car okay?"

"Yeah, she's fine."

"Okay good. I ran into your dad. He's not in a good mood. Good luck. Just warning you."

"$hit, thanks."

"Welcome." Jake walked away. Dean sighed and headed to his first period.

Back at home, Cas had fallen asleep again, leaving his tv on. Micheal woke up late that morning it being his day off and he decided to call Kevin. It was already noon, Kevin was still half asleep, and was playing an Angry Birds Obby on Roblox, when he answered. "Hay."

"Hey, Kev. You wanna hang out today?"

"Where?" He rubbed his eyes and huffed because of the game.

"Wanna come here? I'll cook."

"Sure sure. I'll be over in an hour? I gotta get to atleast level 50 on this obby! I haven't gotten dressed either.."

"Perfect. Just come in your pajamas. It's gonna be a lazy day."

"I still look like crap. My hair and my teeth. I gotta at least brush my teeth!"

"Well, I hope you will."

"Yeah yeah. See ya later."

"Bye, babe." Mike smiled and hung up before standing to get a bit more presentable. He took a quick shower and changed back into his pjs. Just some plaid pants and a navy blue v-neck.

~•~

It was around lunch time at school, but John had given Dean lunch detention. Dean sat in his seat with his arms crossed and was glaring his dad. "What the hell is this detention for? I didn't do anything."
"Defying me." That's all he said and sat at his desk.

"In class? Like what?"

"You didn't make eye contact like I told you to."

Dean noticed his father looking through porn magazines behind his desk. "Do you want me to tell mom? I'm sure the principal wouldn't agree with what you're doing either."

"Did I say you could talk?"

Dean huffed and sat back in his chair. Castiel was extremely worried, since Dean didn't call, like he said he would.

~•~

Micheal was standing over the stove kind of messy because of the food he was making. There was a shy knock on the door and hurried to go open it. When the door was pulld back he saw a short black-haired boy. With chocolate brown eyes, and a 5 o'clock shadow. Kevin Tran. "Hey!"

"How is you, cutie!?" Kevin was excited and jumped in place a bit.

"Cooking. It's harder than it looks."

"Need some help?" Kevin smiled. He noticed Michael's blonde hair was out of place and his blue eyes looked frustrated.

"Please?"

"Of course." Kevin smiled giddily and walked inside. Mike led Kev to the kitchen, where it was kinda' a mess. Chopped chicken bits were scattered, along with spaghetti sauce dripping out of the pot on the stove. Kevin laughed. "You're doing amazing babe."

"You're a liar, Kevin." Micheal laughed with him.

"I don't lie. What are you trying to make..?"

"Chicken Alfredo..."

"Ah, well... I don't think you're doing it right, Mikie."

"It's supposed to be basically the same as spaghetti; but with cubes of chicken instead of ground meat, and alfredo sauce instead of spaghetti sauce."

"I'll fix this. You get points for trying." Kevin laughed and kissed his cheek.

"Thank you, I guess." Mike sighed. "Want some wine?"

"Sure!"

Mike nodded and poured two glasses as Kevin picked up th bits of chicken and washed them off in the sink. He took a break and stood up to sip hia drink. "Thanks. This is really good."

He set his glass down and smiled, swaying his hips and wrapping his arms around Mike.

"This is turning more into dancing than cooking." Mike said but swayed with him anyways.
"We're just taking a small break." Kevin pecked his lips lightly. He groped Mikie's butt for a second before pulling away and going back to cleaning up. Micheal blushed really dark and looked away for a moment. "Should i cook this time?"

"Please!"

"Alright. Step aside, while the master works his magic!"

"Alright alright" Mike laughed and sat on the counter. Kevin raised an eyebrow at him and started working on the food. Micheal smiled and just watched as he drank his wine.

~•~

"Babe! This is really good!" Michael exclaimed and got up for a second plate. Kevin, being a tiny boy, was getting up to put his plate in the sink. As he was getting up, Anna was running down the stairs and pushed Kevin into the table as she was running. Kevin dropped his plate on the table, and it made a loud clang. Kevin whimpered, have had his arm just jammed into the table. Michael walked/ran over to him. "You okay?"

"Yeah." Kevin rubbed his forearm.

"Sorry." Anna said, rushing to put her shoes on. "I'm gonna be late for my date!" She pushed the door open with her half-a$$ed makeup and left.

"Well then..." Michael realized they were alone, or so they thought and he kissed Kevin lightly. The taste of thier lunch was still on his lips. Kevin smiled against him and pulled away to go put his plate in the sink. "I'm not hungry anymore." Michael scraped the chicken mixed with sauce off his plate and into the pan.

"W-we're alone..." Kevin stated plainly. "Want to watch a movie or..something?" He had an idea. He wanted to so badly, but if Michael didn't want to, he wasn't going to force it. They had been friends for so long, they had already been practically dating back then too. They knew each other pretty well, so why not do it?

"Let's go up to my room.." Michael suggested, with a glint of hope in his eyes. He whispered it into Kevin's ear, turning him on, ever so slightly.

~•~

Kevin eventually looked over Michael's body once more, and collapsed beside him. He layed a hand over Michael's stomach and breathed against him. Meanwhile, Castiel was laughing his a$$ off. He was in the room beside them, and heard everything.

Dean went home legit 2 minutes before school ended. And not where his mother was, but where Cas was. Castiel's arms were his home. The only place, besides with his mom, that he actually felt safe.

"Hey, love." Dean opened the door with a smile. "School was horrible. We played shirts and skins in basketball. I was on the skins, and it's okay because I know I'm hot... But John put me on a team with all the fat and ugly guys. It was gross. Thier jiggles distracted me in the bad way. Not how you distract me but.. Gah! Anyways we lost because they all were about to have a heart attack."

Cas laughed. "You did the best with what you had." He thought about Dean didn't even call his father dad, but by his real name.

"Yeah i guess. How was your day?" Dean sat beside him.
"Well my head doesn't hurt as bad. But you missed the show. Michael was screwing his boyfriend, it was so funny. Sounded more girly than you. I didn't think that was possible."

Dean punched his arm playfully. "I'm glad your head doesn't hurt. And HEY! That's not nice!!" Dean chuckled. "I wish you were there today to cheer me on! Maybe you shirtless would have made me play better."

"Ain't that distracting?"

"Yes! But in the good way!!!"

Cas smiled and took his shirt off with one swift arm motion. Dean just stared at him. "Like this."

Cas cleared his throat. "GOO BABE! YOU CAN DO IT SEXY!"

"Exactly like that. And whoa. I'd like to see that again."

"Ooo!" Cas got an idea and reached to put his shirt back on. It was kind of backwards, Dean laughed but didn't tell him. Cas started to go over to his records and found an AC/DC one. Strip show time! As the record started to play, Cas stood in the 'middle' of his room. Dean was confused at what he was doing at first, but gasped when he figured it out.

She was a fast machine she kept her motor clean

Cas sung along as he slowly took his shirt off.

She was the best damn woman that I ever seen

Just the sight was enough to turn Dean on.

She had the sightless eyes telling me no lies

Dean stared at him, he honestly wanted to record it, but would much rather watch with his eyes, than through a screen.

Knocking me out with those American thighs

Cas was shirtless and he let his hands fall to his zipper, and pulled at it, teasingly slow.

Taking more than her share
Had me fighting for air
She told me to come but I was already there

His pants hit the floor next and he stepped out of them.

Cause the walls start shaking
The earth was quaking
My mind was aching
And we were making it
And you shook me all night long
Yeah you shook me all night long.

He walked closer to Dean and tripped, but played it off with a clever spin. Dean guided him to just sit on his lap and he held Cas close. "I love you. That was really something. First blind stripper!! Amazing!"

"Love you too." Cas cuddled into him and sat between his legs. He shivered slightly from the cool
air, but it was okay; Dean was warm. "I doubt it was any good. My awful singing killed it."

Dean rubbed his bare sides softly and kisses his shoulder. "You're sexy. You distracted me greatly."

"You've said that before. I've said it too, but i dont understand." Cas furrowed his eyebrows. "I only believe it is something amazing."

"Hmm.. sexy is what highly appeals to you. Mostly a term from human to human but I call my car sexy. It is attractive, but a step further. Um.. or if you have a type, almost anyone who fits your type, you are bound to find sexy. Your voice is sexy. To me anyways." Dean said hoping he made sense.

"Oh. Okay. My voice?" Cas tilted his head. "This one?" Cas paused for a few seconds and started talking in a really high pitched voice.

"No no. The deep-is one. But the batman one is hot too."

~•~

Kevin was sitting on the couch, Cas didn't care what he looked like and went downstairs, hand in hand with Dean, still half naked. "Heey!" Kevin called to him. He knew Mikie's family, just not too personally.

"Hey Kevin." Cas said before sitting in the chair. Dean stood behind the chair, even though Cas wanted Dean to sit with him. "Are you okay? You were moaning like you were getting murdered. It was almost as loud as Dean." Dean turned red but still chuckled. Kevin knew Cas was gay and blind, but he didn't know about Dean. I guess you learn something new everyday. Cas looked like he always had sex hair, the dark mess was always sticking up without gel. It defied gravity, and stumped scientists. At this point, the short Asian guy on Castiel's couch had worse 'sex hair' than he ever did.

Kevin gasped at him a moment before hiding his face in his hands. "That was Mike!"

"Yeah right."

Michael came down the steps, hal naked, not realizing Dean was there. "Hey babe." He yawned and sat next to Kevin. "Oh looks like Stevie Wonder and his boy are home!" Michael didn't even care that he was half naked. Cas still was too.

"Stop." Cas insisted, with a whine.

"Why, Ray Charles?"

"Because. I don't like it!" Cas grabbed Dean's arm, getting agitated.

"I ran out of blind musicians anyways..." Mike looked down and let his hand set on Kevin's thigh. Cas growled. "I'm sorry sir. You're now, Castiel, the angel of Thursday!"

"That's better!"

Dean looked confused. "There is an angel of a day of the week?"

"Every day of the week." Cas corrected him. "Yeah!! Like i said, my family consists of religious freaks."

"I could never forget that your brother is named after Satan. And that the other two brothers are Micheal named after the one who kicked out Satan, or Gabriel, the one that impregnated Mary just
by saying the words God and baby... never will forget it. Or completely understand it."

"Mine is the least interesting though." He shrugged.

"How so? Other than the Thursday part? At least yours sounds angely.. Anna just sounds like a white girl name."

"Yeah. That is true." His arms tightened around Dean. "There's an angel. I forgot their name. But it had 'Anna' in it." Dean smiled at him and noshed his jaw. Cas laughed and kissed him whenever his lips fell, causing Michael to gag.

Dean looked at Michael with an eyebrow raise. "Says the man who walked out in underwear with dry cum on his stomach." Dean shot at him, though the last part wasn't necessarily true. Michael rolled his eyes, embarrassed. Dean snickered then went back to basically snuggling against Cas.

"I'm going back to my room," Mike concluded and whispered in Kevin's ear. He didn't have a problem with Cas, but Dean was annoying him.

Kevin looked at him. "No stay, please. You started it to, so you can't run away."

Michael waves him off and went upstairs anyways. Kevin angrily followed him. "What's your deal, Mike?"

"Is it just me, or is Dean annoying?"

"Just you, babe. He's actually very nice. You made gagging noises at them, which made him react defensively."

"I've never liked him. He gives off bad vibes."

"How so?"

"The drinking. Badass car and attitude. I remember hearing stories when I first moved here. He was with a different girl each day."

"He must have changed a bit since then. He's been with Cas over a week. And your brother is blind, so if he was in it just for sex wouldn't he have left by now? He also told me that he was having trouble with his father that almost made Cas break up with him... he said that he couldn't have it; which shows that he really likes or loves Cas." Michael sighed, he hated knowing he was wrong. "He also could still be mad at you for calling them faggots..."

"That is true. I apologized though."

"Sometimes an apology isn't enough. Even coming out as dating a boy can't be seen as enough of an apology... And did you apology to his face or to Cas, and asked him to relay the message?" Kevin asked and pet Micheal's cheek lovingly.

"Cas. And told him to tell Dean." Mike leaned into his touch and sighed.

"Maybe next time, apologize to Dean, face to face, and he'll maybe stop giving you such a hard time." Kev smiled and wrapped his arms around him.

"Alright," Mike huffed.

"Alright."
Cas kissed Dean's neck softly as they cuddled. "Hey, can i eat? I've been in my room all day, I'm starving."

"Oh yeah, sure. What would you like, I'll go make it." Dean said and stood up.

"Just a sandwich or something please.. If that's not too much trouble."

"It's not, Cas." Dean smiled and ran a hand through Cas's hair. He want off the the kitchen to make a pp&j sandwich, he did it just like he mom taught him. Mixing the jelly into the peanut butter on both sides of the sandwich. He even said out loud what his mom told him. "Regular layers are for basic b**ches! Mix it together to be a funky hunky man, with the best sandwich ever in his hand!" Dean even laughed saying this out loud. It was one of the best memories from when he was a kid. He took it to Cas, after 7 painful minutes of trying to make it perfect.

"You're the besttt." Cas giggled. He took a bite out of it and made a stern face while he was chewing, like normal anyways. He was comprehending the new taste. It was weird to him since he always ate pb&j sandwiches.

"Is it bad?" Dean asked, because of his serious face.

"No, it's really good. I'm just a serious eater.. Feel free to get whatever you want as well." Cas ate in almost silence, he listened to Dean rambling on about different car parts. For some reason he had to be at his uncles shop after school. Cas didn't know what he was talking about, but just the fact that Dean was talking about something he loved, made Cas smile.

Minutes turned into hours of them sitting at the kitchen table. Mostly Dean talking, and Cas listening. Their legs intertwined under the table and Cas was just so engulfed in Dean. The gentle touch of his hands and his voice. It wasn't as deep as his own, but it was still soothing and somewhat gravelly. He was just.. sexy.. as Dean explained earlier. There was even a hint of southern accent recognized in his voice.

Cas almost jumped out of his skin when the door opened. Dean rubbed his arm to soothe him. "Hey!!" Anna exclaimed and pushed her long red hair behind her shoulders. A tall, very masculine man stood behind her, with his hands on her shoulders. "Everyone, this is Gadreel!"

"Hi." Cas whispered and drew circles around his empty plate, with his finger. Gadreel waved at him and looked to Anna, as if what to do next. Cas grumbled something about being ignorant, but Dean spoke up so no one heard him. Cas was just mad that Gadreel didn't respond to him, even though he technically did, but how would he know?

Dean smiled and stood up going to shake his hand. "I'm Dean."

"Nice to meet you. Are you part of the family? I've never heard your name before." Castiel even despised the guy's voice. He didn't recognize the accent, but already absolutely hated it.

"Ah, not really. I'm Cas' boyfriend."

"Oh." He nodded and let an awkward silence come over them. The worst part was they made eye contact for about 30 seconds. Dean licked his lips awkwardly before nodding and walking back to Cas.

Anna looked at Gadreel. "Yeah, I have two gay brothers and one I have no idea about."
"That's cool, I guess." Gadreel smiled and laughed.

"What's funny?"

"Who's the third one that you don't know about?"

"My brother Gabriel. He dates but never talks about them except saying, "oh I am dating someone." And that's all you hear about them until he mentions that they broke up or something. Lucifer is straight though..."

"Ah. That's cool. Your family seems nice."

"They are..., most of the time. Especially since it is just us." Anna smiled, and he kissed her hair.

"What's up Cas?" Dean looked at him curiously. He noticed Cas looked worried and uncomfortable. Cas didn't speak, just got up and went to the living room. Shortly after, Gadreel took his seat.

"I love the house." Gadreel smiled at her.

Anna smiled brighter and blushed more. "Thank you love."

He carefully shifted in his seat. "Hey babe.. I don't think Cas likes me. He just looks at me funny and has barely talked at all."

"He's blind. He probably doesn't realize he is even looking at you. Don't worry. They'll all love you!"

"Sweet. We should double date with your lil bro." He joked and laughed.

"They'd be the couple to make out during the movie. Hell, they've been dating for two weeks and Cassie has seen more action than I have in my whole life!"

"One day, I'll make up for that. It's gonna be perfect." Anna turned a really dark red and she hid her face.

On his own, Cas started upstairs. He heard everything that had gone down in the kitchen between Anna and her boyfriend. He was done with it and needed to calm down. Dean watched him go, sadly. When he went to help him, he was just pushed away. Dean didn't know why he was upset, and was somewhat scared to ask. Cas was just about to open the door, when smack.

Michael's bedroom door flew open and hit Cas, pushing him into the wall and hitting his head. "Sorry Cas. Mikie is hungry." Kevin spoke softly.

"It's fine."

"Are you okay?"

"Meh." Cas scrunched up his face. "Tell Dean I'm gonna go lay down."

Cas shook it off and went to the bathroom. He wasn't like sad upset, but more angry. Yet he still wanted to cry. His headache was back.

When Dean heard the news, he went upstairs wearily. He walked in and closed the door behind him. "Baby?" He sat on the edge of the bed, whilst Cas was laying on his stomach. Dean held in a laugh, seeing that Cas's joker undies were showing.

"Hey." Cas rolled over and almost fell off his bed.
"Careful babe." Dean layed next to him.

Cas groaned. "I was already in a bad mood. Then i ran into the door. More like the door ran into me, but ow."

"How?" Kevin only told him that his head hurt.

"I was being clumsy and I wasn't paying attention." Cas didn't want to tell him the full story. He didn't want him gettin mad.

"But are you okay?"

"Yeah. But my head is killing me again." Cas whimpered.

"I'm sorry." Dean kisses his forehead, hoping to make him feel better.

"It's fine." Cas faked a smile.

Dean sighed. "Cas..."

"Yeah?" Cas said with pain in his voice. His whole body trembled very slightly.

Dean rubbed his back and moved to get closer to him."I want you to see a doctor about this. I don't like you suffering."

"I'll be fine. Nothing they ever do, it never works."

"Could you at least go for me? Please? I'll pay somehow so your family doesn't have to."

"I hate the doctor. I'll pay. And I'll go. But I'll only go if you come with me."

"I will, love."

Cas groaned. He really didn't feel it was necessary for him to go. Nothing would work. Even the doctor was always booked and the office was an hour away. He knew he wouldn't be able to get his usual for atleast another two monthes.

Dean pulled him back against him and shut the lamp off, so they were in mostly darkness. He hugged him around the waist and kissed his shoulder. "Thank you for at least satisfying my want of you to go to the doctor."

"Yeah. No prob." He growled.

"Baby..." Dean nuzzled him. "Do you want anything to use as a distraction?"

"No."

Dean didn't know how he was feeling or what he could do to help. Cas was acting like a girl on her period, and Dean was utterly confused.

The hours of the night fastly came to an end. Castiel was woken up, too early, by Anna shaking him with a phone in her hand. She mumbled something about the doctor, and smiled at him when she saw he was up. "Morning Cas.. will you do me a favor and talk to this person when I get them on the phone? I was looking at stuff online late last night and there is something that could help you a lot if you are willing..." she said all of this quickly before asking the secretary on the phone to talk to a certain doctor. It was still to early for the poor boy ro get up, and he barely understood what was
going on.

Cas huffed, not wanting to do anything at this point. "Alright."

"Hello?" The doctor picked up after a while.

"Thank you, thank you." Anna grinned. "Oh yes, hello, my name is Anna Novak and I have a brother that could benefit in your services. Do you think you could talk to him and explain what you do?"

"As in.. Um... Castiel Novak? You are his sister, correct?"

"Yes yes!! I was lookin at a certain procedure online last night. Could you talk to him about it?"

"Oh course. Put him on!" Anna gave Cas her phone. He reluctantly took the phone, ge still worried about where Dean was. Cas had woken up alone, and had no idea where he was. He took the phone and waited. "Mr. Novak, are you on?" The doctor asked wanting to make sure before he started to speak.

"Yeah."

"Okay. I'm Doctor Stewart.. Your sister wanted me to explain to you this new procedure-study we have found. It has worked on most all patients we have tried it on, except two, who were too old for it to work properly. It is a procedure to operate on the optic nerve or the nerve of the eye and will help you regain your sight... "

Cas sat dumbfounded for a few seconds, processing what was being said. "It's probably too much money."

"It's not. Because it is on such a small area and it will not harm you, if we fail. And we have made it to accomodate the yearly earnings of the common man. Insurance will pay for most of the surgery as well. But we will go over that more if you decide to actually go through with it."

If it fails, nothing bad will happen right?"Nothing really could go wrong, I'm already blind!" He mentally kicked himself. Cas was just always paranoid about these things. When we was younger, he had doctor appointments ever week. Either for the headaches or seeing a therapist for depression. Dean didn't know about his depression, Cas never brought it up, nor did he ever want to.

"No, you just won't get your sight back and we will give back any money you paid for the surgery. We have operated on 50 people already ranging, from all ages, and have discovered the younger you are the better your chances are as well. Call me or you can visit my office for anymore questions okay?" Cas held the phone up. Wherever Anna was, she would take it. Castiel's dreaded fear of the hospital or being alone, both of those would happen at the same time if he went through with it.

Anna took it, smiled, and hung up. "Thank you, Cassie!"

"Yeah. Do you know where Dean is??" Cas interrupted her.

"He got up early. When I walked down he was cooking everyone breakfast. You know, for the "bad boy" act he puts up, he is very sweet."

"Yeah. In school, he's an a$$ to like everyone except me." Cas laughed. "He's a sweet little princess. I wanna tell him about it."
"Are you going to the procedure?"

"I don't know if I am or not."

Anna nodded. "Then wait until you decide. Wouldn't want him to get his hopes up."

"I want to talk to him about it first!"

"Just make the decision first, Cas. Don't let him make the decision for you."

"Alright." Cas huffed, being annoyed with her. He grabbed his stick off the nightstand and walked downstairs. Anna followed him down to make sure he made it okay. Dean was fixing plates in the kitchen. Cas took a seat silently.

Dean looked over and smiled as he saw him, bringing him a plate. He leaned down and kissed Cas' head. "Hey, love. I was about to come get you to eat. I made bacon, eggs and biscuits."

"I'll take a biscuit. I'm not that hungry." He was too stressed to even eat.

"You didn't eat last night. Cas, are you okay?"

"I did. I'm fine."

Dean nodded and put the biscuit in his hand. He rubbed his shoulders softly, still confused at why he was so stressed and tense. "I'm going to get ready for school."

"Alright." Cas was still frustrated and was thinking. Dean didn't do anything wrong. "Thanks."

"Come talk to me when you are done eating, yeah?" Cas nodded, being short with him, not on purpose though. He didn't even finish his small portion of food before he went upstairs with Dean. Dean was in the middle of putting his pants on when Cas walked in. Cas put his glasses on and walked into Dean accidentally, while he was trying to get a clean shirt.

"Sorry," he mumbled.

"Cas? What's wrong?" Dean asked quietly and his voice broke.

"Nothing's wrong Dean. I'm just thinking."

"About what? You seem upset..." Dean tried to get closer to him.

"Anna called the doctor. I have an option for surgery. But I don't know if I want to. Because even if insurance covers it, I hate hospitals. Like would it be worth it?"

"What's the operation for?"

"If they do it right, I'll be able to see."

"That's so great. I mean, I don't mind that you can't see but you'll be able to see how you are finally."

"I don't know if I should do it Dean."

"I don't know if I should do it Dean."

Dean took the hint and sat down on Cas's bed, to tie his shoes. "Take all the time you need with this decision. If you decide on a yes, I'll have to invest some money in a dress."

Cas chuckled at Dean,
and found a sweater. He desperately tried to get himself together.

Cas angrily mumbled something about the weather and tried to find his shoes. He was a mess. His hair was defying gravity. His shirt was on backwards. His zipper was stuck. He honestly wanted to cry, but held it in. Dean saw how frustrated he was getting and went over to him. "Baby, let me help, please." He asked and bit his lip while waiting for Cas to respond.

Cas let put a shaky sigh. "Okay," he said, in an whisper, and turned to him. Dean smiled at him being such a mess, but still really cute. Dean fixed his shirt and pants, but had no luck with his hair.

~•~

Dean was shoved in lunch detention once again, for absolutely no reason. He almost fell asleep, but before he did, John yelled. "Wake up, you ignorant f**k!"

Dean shifted in his chair and peaked at him from the corner of his eye. "Mh...."

"What was that? Sit up!" Dean huffed and looked away but sat up anyways. Only to stretched, and go back to 'sleep' while sitting up.

15 minutes of the detention passed , John huffed and starred at him. "Okay. Scat. Im sick of looking at you."

"Oh thank God. I can go see my prince now." Dean grinned and stood up, grabbing his stuff.

"You're not going to. I have strict orders for you to sit in the front corner of the cafeteria. By the principals office. If you go from that seat, you'll be punished."

"F**k you too." Dean sneered before quickly walking out, ignoring what John said. His shoe slightly squeaked as he walked down the hallway. The lunchroom was packed. Different people yelling at each other for dumb reasons. A strong scent of spoiled milk and school pizza. The gross cheese and sauce that made you sick for weeks on end. Then out of all the mess, there was Cas. Sitting alone in the back. Just listening to everything, and holding his hands over his ears. Dean made his way over to the beautiful person and put his hands on his shoulders. "Hey Cas."

The dark haired boy pretty much jumped out of his skin, but once he realized it was Dean he got up. He quickly got up and wraps his arms around Dean tightly. Dean smiled and hugged him back then whispered in his ear softly. "How was your day?" Cas still didn't speak, but instead clung to Dean. The taller and more muscular one frowned slightly and waited for his answer as he kissed Castiel's hair.

"It's been okay i guess. What about you?"

Before Dean could answer, he felt someones hands around his back and on the collar of his neck. They weren't the kind and gentle hands of Castiel Novak. And that frightened him. All Cas felt was nothing, as Dean was ripped out of his arms by someone. He didn't know who either. He stood there like a confused puppy, a lost cause.

The cop stationed at the school, a big and buff dark skinned guy grabbed Dean by his shirt and pulled him away. Dean pulled away from the cop and grabbed Cas's hand. "What the hell?" He turned to the person now seeing it was a cop. His eys widened and instead of holding Cas's hand tighter, he let go all together. "What did I do?"

"I came here to talk to you, in private."
"About what?" Dean's eyes shot down to read the officer's name tag. Officer Uriel.

"Your bullying habits against Castiel Novak."

Dean's eyes widened and his expression was stern. "This is Castiel Novak. My boyfriend!" He took Cas's hands and interlaced their fingers once again.

"For all i know, he could be faking to save you."

Dean growled. "Would my sweet, amazing, blind, boyfriend fake this?" Dean turned to Cas and started to kiss him softly. Cas pulled his hands away from Dean's and grabbed his face to kiss him back harder than Dean initially kisses him.

"Boys! That's enough!" The cop pulled Dean away from him. "I need to take this somewhere private."

"You can talk to US about it!" Dean spat at him.

"Rape and bullying is a serious matter!" Officer Uriel literally drug Dean away and to an office. A small room with white walls and a single desk. No one told Cas what was going on and he was left alone, wondering what happened.

~•~

"You know you can go to jail for raping that poor boy!" The officer told him calmly.

"Where did you GET THE IDEA THAT I WAS RAPEING HIM? THATS MY BOYFRIEND FOR GOD SAKE! WHO TOLD YOU THIS?" Dean was pissed. He knew Cas was clueless, and he was too.

"Mr.Winchester."

Dean snickered, hearing his father's same. "Well i didn't rape anyone. I would have never done anything without Cas's permission. And he would do the same for me! John is the one who f**king hit me and threw me out of the house. I've been living out of my car and Castiel's house! You can ask anyone from his family or my mom and brother! And would a rape victim cling to his rapist and share declarations of love? NOPE! He'd be traumatized and want me dead."

"I'm hearing two completely different stories. I'll have to call in a few people. Until then, you're staying here for the rest of the day. You're going to be put on house arrest. I don't care who goes in, but you can't go out. And tomorrow, we're having a group meeting with a few select people."

~•~

The school day ended. Dean stayed locked in the office, bored out of his mind. Meanwhile, the cop had been talking to Mr.Winchester. It was the same old story every time. Dean was forced to leave his car at school as the cop drove him home. Dean was home alone, minus the scary ass cop on his couch. Mary had taken Sam to soccer tryouts and they wouldn't be back for at least an hour or so. Dean plopped on his bed, feeling broken, but called Cas.

The Novak scrambled to find his phone in the mess of braille books on his desk. He sniffled and got himself together as he answered the phone. "Hello?" Cas was never entirely sure of who he was talking to, so he always spoke carefully.

"Hey, baby... Did you make it home okay?" Dean sounded really monotone, like he was upset.
"Dean! Oh my god i was so worried a-about you!" His voice cracked and he started to show that he had been crying. "But I'm okay. What about you?"

"I'm so stressed out... Im home but under house arrest. I can't come see you, but I'm sure it'd be okay for you to come see me. Unless of course you don't want to. I'm not forcing you or anything."

"Dean, baby of course I'd come see you. If Anna will let me. Its already 6. But wait, why are you under house arrest? You didn't do anything.." Cas sniffled a bit.

"They were told that i was raping you... But then i said how my dad threw me out and hit me. I think they are leaning more on my side. Because i only get house arrest, yet he has to spend tonight in jail! But they won't let anyone talk to them tonight. It has to be organized and done tomorrow. Hey Cas, are you okay?" Dean heard him breathing heavily over the phone.

"Yeah. I was just worried. I'll be over in a few minutes if Anna says yes.

~•~

Anna did say yes, and helped Cas for a surprise. Cas wore only his super skinny jeans, no underwear, and a tight tank top under his trenchcoat. Castiel had only remembered his address. So it took Anna a while to find it. But eventually he knocked on the door. The cop opened up a few moments later. "Hello." Cas recognized the voice and took a step back.

"Whoa, back up officer! Hey prince!" Dean years the knock and ran downstairs. He grabbed Castiel's hands and pulled him inside. "Thanks for bringing him Anna!" He spun Cas around, so he could see the cop over Cas's shoulder.

"Have fun, crazy kids!" She didn't even question why the cop was there. The cop wasn't top fond of the person Dean invited over, but he knew if he watched them, he could be able to see if Dean was hurting him.

"I'm so happy, you're here. Please save me from punching a cop." Dean smiled weak and fakely. "Let's go to my room, i need to talk to you."

"Alright princess."

The cop snickered, seeing his plan would fail. He didn't have a permit to be in his house, so he wouldn't take his chances. I something were to happen, he'd hear, right? Cas was shocked. Dean actually carried Cas upstairs like a baby and sat him down on the edge of his queen sizes bed. "Hey Cas, aren't you hot in that coat?" Dean's comment was off topic, but it was just what Cas wanted to hear.

"A bit. I think you should take it off for me!"

"Take off your jacket for you?" Dean chuckled. "If you say so. Are you hiding something under it?" Dean smiled and slipped it off his shoulders. His eyes widened as he saw what Cas was wearing or the lack there of.

"Suprise!" Cas laughed and played with the edges of the shirt that was clung tight to his chest and abdomen.

"Oh I'm so glad we're partially... alone in the house. Baby, you're very hot." Dean smiled seductively despite Cas not being able to see. "Wanna take the rest off for me, Prince Cas?"

Cas smiled and nodded. "Why do think i wore this if i didn't want to show off?"
"I don't know, wait.. Because you're a tease! And i wanna seee!" Cas laughed at him being so eager and wanting. He dressed like this because he knew Dean would love it, and his guilty pleasure was a strip show. "Don't laugh at me. You are offering."

"I know i am." Cas smirked and pulled the rest of hid clothes off. The situation caused Dean to blush as he saw him.

"Did you know, I've had the biggest crush on you, ever!" Dean smiled.

"I kinda knew." Cas laughed.

Dean was still sitting on the edge of the bed. He laughed softly and reached out to pull Cas on his lap. "Is there anything you wanted to show or do to me while you are here?"

"Maybe! I thought I'd cheer you up by doing some..things..." Cas smiled and let his hand travel up Dean's arm. Dean smiled and kissed Cas lovingly. He slipped his own jacket off so he could have more skin contact. Dean pet his cheek lovingly. He deepened the kiss some and just held him close. After removing his own shirt, he lightly ran his hands over Cas's body. Not frantic like usual, but loving and slow. Almost as if he craved the touch or the feeling of the smaller boy's skin.

Cas shivered feeling his hands. He opened his mouth to slide their tongues together gently, timidly for some reason. Getting hotter and more turned on, Cas pushed Dean back on the bed ans tugged his pants and underwear off of his waist; but around his thighs. "Oh, i love it when you take control," Dean shuddered. As Castiel crawled on top of him to kiss him again, Dean's own hard on touched against Cas's.

Castiel backed up from the kissand felt down Dean's body, to where he wanted to go.

Sam ran into the house excitedly. Mary didn't even question the cop who had fallen asleep on the couch. She already knew what was going on. She didn't pay attention to anything and went to the kitchen to sit down and read. Sam on the other hand was extremely eager to tell his big brother what happened at his soccer tryouts.

Castiel was so lucky, he had the whole world in his hands when he was with Dean. Cas found his way down to Dean's hard on and started to lick around him. Dean let out a strangled moan, not wanting to be too loud as Cas took him into his mouth. Dean was already very turned on, just from Cas's kiss and touch, that he wouldn't have to do much to send him over the edge. Cas continued and laughed as he flicked his tongue over the tip, making Dean buck his hips and squeal like a little girl. Cas smirked around him and continued doing what he was doing, enjoying every single second, sucking harder and harder. He tasted and smelled wonderful. Dean furrowed his brow and groaned. He gripped Cas' hair as if to tell him that he was close. He whined as he tried to push deeper into Cas' mouth.

Sam heard what sounded more like a yell, little did he know it was moan. It came from Dean's room, and he was kinda curious. He made his way up there anyways, to give Dean the good news. He heard a few other sounds and ran up the stairs, quickly opening his door. Sam's innocent little eyes widened as he stood there, looking at, god knows what...

Cas heard the door open but he didn't want to pull away, he had to finish this for Dean. To make him feel better. Dean didn't even hear Sam come in because he was so focused on Cas' mouth; and he bit his lip hard as he came, letting out a loud groan again. Cas swallowed him down and let out a shaky breath. Dean looked up at Cas smiling only to now notice his brother, because of a gasp that escaped the younger Winchester's mouth. "Oh $hit. Sam!!" He sat up fully and looked at him wide eyed. "Ummm..." Dean scrambled to cover himself and gave Cas his clothes. "Cas? Can you go
downstairs with mom? I gotta talk to Sam."

"Yeah." Cas scrambled to put his pants on, still no underwear. It took him a while, but he got downstairs. "Hello Mrs. Winchester."

Mary smiled at him, "oh hey Cas. I didn't know you were here." She put her book down, but it was a lie. She knew he was here as soon as she heard Deans noises when she walked in the door.

"Oh. Anna dropped me off to keep Dean some good company." Cas faked a believable smile.

Mary raised a brow. "Good company?"

Cas looked at the ground and smirked, his mouth still tasted like Dean. He blushed darkly, thinking about it.

Mary chuckled having seen the smirk. "I heard.."

"You did?" Cas knit his eyebrows.

"Well, I heard Dean. I figured something was happening. He's always been loud. Sometimes I heard girls shhing him." Mary said with a laugh.

"Oh..." Cas was embarrassed.

~•~

"I'm sorry Sammy. I'm sorry you walked in on that.." Dean said stayed covered on his bed. "I know you never learned this stuff and it's kinda scary for your 12 year old mind."

"I'm almost 13! And it's okay... I heard about it in school, i just think you scarred me! Nothing against you and Cas, but... Ew." Dean nodded. "Well, what Cas and I were doing is called oral sex." He said in a childish voice to make it seem less awkward.

Sam laughed. "Don't have this talk with me. I was just startled. Maybe lock the door the next time. So i don't see all ya'll's junk."

"You should have knocked, Sammy."

"I'm sorry i was excited!" Sam huffed and tried to get the images of his brother's boyfriend sucking his brothers dick.

"It's okay." Dean ruffled Sam's hair. "Don't tell mom. Now why were you so excited?"

"I won't." That was another lie on Sam's behalf. "And i made my soccer tryouts! I got on the team!!"

"Good job Sammy! Now leave so i can get dressed!" Sam laughed and left. Dean threw on some sweats and ran downstairs to hug Castiel from behind.

"Hey princess," Cas whispered embarrassed.

"Hey.." Dean leaned in, to kiss his ear and whisper. "I have to pay you back for earlier."

Mary chuckled at the nickname and the cop woke up. He decides to excuse himself from the 'family situation' and went out to his car. Mary sat in the kitchen, across from Sam. They were very caught
up in conversation. Sam still looked disgusted, despite having nothing against the couple.

Dean pulled Castiel back into his room and held his hips tightly. "Should we tell Anna about what happened?"

"She's gonna pick me up on her way back from the mall. We can tell her then."

"Then let's hurry with your payback, so we have enough time."

"Lock the door!" Cas yelled. Dean mocked him with a laugh and did just that. "Good." Cas laughed. "We don't need to be interrupted again."

"No we don't." Dean lifted him up and laid him on the bed; and leaned down to undo his jeans. He pulled them down painfully slow and stared at him, admiring everything about his body. He stroked him softly to get him hard again, and with the other hand, ran his thumb over his hipbone. He smirked, feeling him in his hand, and leaned down licking over the tip. He then took Cas in his mouth, causing the blind boy to suck his teeth and shudder as a moan escaped his mouth, all at the same time. Dean smirked and started to suck harder while holding his hips down. He started to make a bobbing motion with his head to enhance the feeling.

"F**k..." Cas moaned softly, and bucked his hips. Indicating he was already close. Dean glanced up at him before taking him in all the way to the base. Cas squirmed a bit and reached down to pull at Dean's fine hair as he came, and Dean swallowed every bit before pulling off, and kissing his hips.

"Damn. Your hipbones are so hot. I can't believe I'm so sexually attracted to them."

"Nothing special about them, princess." Cas panted.

"They're beautiful. Who knew that word could even be used for hipbones." Dean said with a smile rubbed his side gently.

Cas chuckled a bit. "Hey sexy. You're the only reason i want to see. I can deal with everything else. But I need to see you, I need to see how amazing you look.. I already know you are an amazing person, but I need to be able to see you. Feeling you isn't enough anymore, princess. I want to give you all of me. I try, but i don't know if it's enough."

Dean climbed up so he was lying face to face with Cas. "I love you" he smiled and kissed him lovingly. "But don't let me be the only reason you get the surgery."

"It's you and my need for you. Mixed in with mt family. I love you too."

Dean nodded and kissed again before standing up and stretching. "Thank you, my love. I don't want to pressure you into that.. That's a big decision."

"You're welcome, darlin!" Cas smiled. "I would do it on my own, because i want to. You're my motivation. Oh, and can you help me get dressed?" Cas giggled.

"You know I will. " Dean said and collected Cas' clothes for him.

"Thanks." Cas smiled and got dressed slowly.

~•~

There was a knock on the front door. Sam opened up and saw a somewhat short, long red-haired girl standing there. He didn't notice her. "Who are you?"
Anna smiled some at him. "Hi, I'm Anna, Castiel's sister... here to pick him up."

"Oh, well Cas is in Dean's room."

"Can you point his room out to me?" Sam nodded and leaded her up to Dean's room. Anna followed him closely, looking over the big house. "Here you are, Anna." Sam pointed to the door, that lead to Dean's room.

"Thanks Sam!" Anna tried to open it, but the door was locked, making Sam laugh. He knew what was going on. He walked away as Anna knocked on the door.

Dean unlocked the door after helping Cas finish getting dressed. Dean though, was still naked and covered himself when he opened the door.

"Hey- oh..." Anna was enthusiastic with a smile until she saw that Dean was still half dressed and his hair was a mess.

"Give us a moment." Dean grinned lazily and closed the door again. He slipped on his robe, not really up to getting dressed.

"I don't wanna leave." Cas complained."Kiss me princess." He pouted and stood up, getting closer to Dean.

"I was planning on it, your highness." Dean said and walked over kissing him lovingly.

Cas smiled on his lips and savored his taste."I'll see you tomorrow."

"You bet, baby. Want me to pick you up or are you getting another ride?"

"Anna will most likely take me. You should just worry about the cops hun!"

"Meh. They are gonna leave after I get to school. They have to drive me though cause I was forced to leave my car at school." Dean huffed. "I've never been this long without baby and I'm worried about her."

Cas laughed under his breath. "You get sexually attracted to weird things. First my hips, now your car!"

"Yeah." Dean whistled.

"Alright Dean. Now don't go piss off the cops please. You don't need anything else to make them think you're not innocent." Cas smiled, close to him, soaking in his warmth.

"Oh but I'm not. In the naughty bedroom sense. In being a rapist sense, apparently I'm not innocent in that either, unless you and your family could say anything different. But I honestly feel that one or more of your brothers would agree with my father. Specifically Micheal cause' he doesn't like me...“ Dean was rambling and he knew it but for some reason he couldn't stop himself.

Anna was growing impatient at the door.

"Babe, they'll all side with you, except maybe Michael. Don't you think this is one of your dad's tricks to break us up?" Casgrabes his shaky and gently, yet rough hands to calm him.

"I know it is, but this whole thing has turned into a serious thing. I will be charged for rape, go to jail, and be put into one of those sex offender lists... Or my father gets sent to jail with an account of child abuse. Which one sounds more serious to you? You are apparently my victim too... And if they were
to ask any of my past "relationships" they'll probably talk against me, because they are pissed off that I slept with them then I dumped them... I'm so sorry Cas...

Cas was speechless and a few tears slipped down his face. "I'd always defend you. I won't let them take you from me." Dean saw the tears and wiped them away before pulling him into a tight hug. He buried his face against Cas' neck. Cas held him close, not daring to cry again and rubbed his back. He was more angry than sad.

Dean closed his eyes and gripped the back of his shirt. "Wh-Why can't you spend the night?"

"I'd have to ask Anna. I don't know if she'll say yes or no." Cas almost broke, hearing his voice crack. But he knew she'd probably say no. He felt like a failure. Because he couldn't be there when Dean needed him most.

"I'll ask her. Stay here, love." Dean said and sniffled then went out to talk to Anna. "H-Hey, Anna..." He played with his hands and avoided eye contact.

"We gotta get home for dinner." Anna protested but then saw how upset Dean was. "What's wrong?"

"Cas didn't tell you about what's going on with my family huh?" Dean sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. "My dad called the police on me claiming I am forcing Cas to do stuff with me... I-I'm not. I never would or could.. B-But now there is the possibility that I could go to jail for a long time because my dad is a homophobic prick... Can Cas please stay? I need him right now..." Dean was starting to tear up so he wiped his eyes roughly. "And now I'm an emotional b**ch."

Anna paused to process everything before speaking again. "Don't you have your mom? Talk to her about it. I need to take Castiel home! I don't like how much time you two spend together."

"Anna.. If you had a heart you'd let him stay." Dean didn't even try to hold back his tears this time.

"God," Anna sighed. "I'll pick him up from school tomorrow."

"God," Anna sighed. "I'll pick him up from school tomorrow." She was pissed. Dean pulled her into a hug but she pushed him away. Dean closed the door and fell on his bed, grunting as he did so. Cas had started pacing and had no idea where he was.

"It'll be okay." Cas tried to reassure him.

"I don't know."

Cas took a few steps forward and ran into his nightstand but played it off and followed Dean's voice to the bed. He sat on the edge, next to Dean, and pet his hair. He stayed close to comfort him, but layed down beside him, thinking it would be easier. Dean took the opportunity to pull him closer and bury his face in Cas's chest. His cries became muffled, he knew he was safe with Cas. That he wouldn't get hurt by him, in the long run. He was his shoulder to cry on. Yeah, he had his mother, he always would. But nobody would amount to what Castiel Novak meant to him.

Cas sighed, feeling Dean shake and cry against him. He didn't know what to do to even make him happy. "I love you." He ended up whispering and stroking his hair more, trying to calm him down. "I'm sorry that any of this happened... It's my fault. It is. He told me to stay away from you. And the stunts he's pulling because i didnt.. It's too much."

"Cas. Don't worry about it. I don't blame you for any of this. It is all his fault. And all of his bullcrap that he is throwing on us. You are as much of a victim of this as I am. You could press charges for harrassment."
"Indeed I will. That f**king assbutt should get put away for the rest of his life." Cas was almost so angry that he was growling, but was still gentle as he comforted his princess.

Dean chuckled softly despite being upset. Cas looked cute when angry. His glasses were off so Dean noticed the way he squinted and clenched his jaw. And the way his mouth set different. It was all-different-, but still really cute. "Cas love, please calm down." Cas shook his head and wrapped his arm around Dean, but going under the robe to make contact with his skin. His grip on Dean tightened as well. "You wanna go punch a tree?"

"God. I don't know!"

"We can. I've done it many a time!"

"Let's go." Cas pulled Way and clenched his fists.

"Yes, sir." Dean nodded and got up then helped Cas up. He put some sweatpants back on but kept his shirt off. Cas jumped up and kept bouncing on his toes, angrily.

Dean smiled at him and lead him towards the back yard. "There is a tree right in front of you. Don't hit so hard that you break your hand, please." Cas nodded and screamed. He punched the tree as hard as he could, making a thud noise. It didn't even hurt but he was mad that he didn't have super strength, and that he didn't break the tree. Cas growled something and punched the tree with his other hand aswell. "I feel better." He laughed.

"Do you? You don't wanna do it one more time?"

"Nope!"

"You sure?" Dean laughed. It was the same tree they had made out under the first time Dean brought him home. The cool, early fall, wind was brisk against his torso. He breathed slow, still having the taste of Castiel in his mouth. The sun was going down fast, casting a yellow shaddow onto Cas's face. It was beautiful. "Id usually punch too, but you've already abused the tree enough."

"Yippie!" Cas kicked the ground playfully, causing Dean to laugh.

"I knew you weren't done yet."

"Well i am now!"

Dean laughed and pulled him into a hug. Over his shoulder he saw the cop go into his house. "Alright Mr.Muscles. Wanna go back inside? It's kinda cold."

"Yeah." Cas took his hand and walked inside, and he made his way over to the couch. Dean stopped walking, because his mother was blocking the doorway. She jumped in the door after Cas had entered. She stood there glaring at him with her arms crossed.

"Sam opened his big mouth about what he saw!" Dean blushed and looked at her, then to Cas who looked relaxed on the couch, and back to the ground. "I'm disappointed. Lock the door next time please. And Dean, I'm going to the jail. I have to talk to your father. I already spoke with the cop as well. I took your side by the way, Dean."

"Thanks mom. What are you guys going to talk about?"

"Just.. Adult stuff." She walked to her car. Dean frowned and went inside, from afar he listened to what was going down. Cas was trying to relax but was getting interrogated and tormented by the
"So he didn't touch you in a sexual way? Ever?"

"Leave me alone, please." Cas sighed and crossed his arms. "He didn't do anything without asking many times. And i said yes." Dean smiled some, knowing that as many times as they ask, Cas will never lie to appease them. "Now leave me alone," Cas spat. His sexy little attitude was showing.

The cop sat beside Cas, making him uncomfortable. "So you two did have sexual relations? Completely sober? And what about Dean's father abusing him?"

"John Winchester is a dick, and not the good kind." Cas huffed. "And yes. Too all of your questions. Our time together is none of your business. Did you see the bruise on Dean's face from John's hands? I felt it, and i can tell how bad it was!"

Dean looked at Cas, sad that he had to put Cas through this. The policeman shook his head. "John Winchester said Dean got in a fight at school when we asked about the bruise."

"That's not true." Cas was getting noticeably angry again. "He's a liar."

"What proof do you have that Dean isn't the one who lied?"

"My family, his mom, his brother. The fact that I'm with him all of the time at school. Even check the security cameras if you have to! I was with him at school that day. But i wasnt with him when his dad hit him. And if it was a school fight, i would have heard about it in the hallways. I didnt. He kept it hidden."

The policeman scowled at the story, he was being paid off by John to throw Dean in jail, but he needed legit evidence to be 'moral'. "How many weeks have you two been together?"

"Like two. But it's felt like forever."

"And you two had sex? Couldn't be possible that your were intimidated by his experience that you felt like you were forced?"

"Never! We aren't even together because of sex. It's because he means the world to me!" Dean smiled and saw how irritated Cas was, but still blushed because of what he said. He sat between the officer and Cas and pecked Castiel's lips. Just then the cop got up to go search Dean's room, for basically anything he could find. "Cas, i saw him and John talking. Hrs being paid to gank me."

"Seriously? That's not even okay, he should get fired. Hell, he could go to jail himself, for breaking laws!"

"But we have no orrof, besides my ears. And for the other thing, they could use even the hickeys as a charge against us."

"That's true. But we can fight and win this batte. I love y-" Cas was rudely interrupted by the officer yelling.

Though He didn't find any proof of rape or anything, he found a lot of empty beer bottles. "WINCHESTER, YOU'RE BUSTED." He walked down the steps proudly, with at least 4 empty bottles in his hand."You can be sent away for underage drinking! Not the case i thought i had, but as long as you're going away, it dosent matter!"
"Anyone under the legal age is allowed to drink with the parent's permission, as long as it is in said parent's home." Dean said, matter of factly. "And even if i didn't have permission, my parents would get in trouble, not me."

"And do you have permission?"

"Yes, my mom said as long as I didn't get blackout drunk or do drugs, I could drink if I was home. Ask her. I've had beer or a glass of wine for almost every meal. And if you are just doing this to put me in prison just know that anything sexual between me ans Castiel is consensual. I don't hold him down, he's the one that does me up the ass, and I don't leave him unsatisfied, ever. I help him with everything. I am gentle. You will not find a bruise on his body other than hickey's, and I have them too. This bruise is from my father on Monday." He pointed to the purple/brown mark on his face. "And if Cas wanted to break up with me right now, I'd let him.. i wouldn't be happy, but I'd let him. I don't ever want him to be unhappy.." Dean took a breath as his rant came to a stop.

"That's so moving. But honestly, i don't care. And i can do one thing. You cussed at me earlier. Both of you. So thats disrespecting authority, witch can we caused with a charge. Cancel your weekends boys. One week, house arrest, no school either."

It didn't seem that bad of a punishment at first, that was until Cas remembered that the dance was this weekend and his heart thudded. Also the fact that he'd be home all week. No school at all. Besides the next day anyways. They'd be carefully monitored and go in, just to get their work for the following week.

Dean held back a sob with his face in his hands. Once the cop leff, he looked back up at Cas. "I'm so sorry I dragged you into this, Castiel... Forgive me, please..."

Dean had never spoke directly to him, using his full name. He knew this was serious. "Dean, don't be sorry. It's fine." Dean sighed and layed across his lap and looked up at him.

"But i am sorry, my love."

"Don't be..." To keep himself from crying, he breathed heavily and bit his lip.

"Cas... What's wrong?"

"Nothing," he replied sternly. Cas rested on the back of the couch with his hand on Dean's chest, feeling the one heartbeat that he needed. "Hey Dean.." Cas had been thinking for a while about something that could make John happy, so he broke the silence that was filled with tension. "What if we break up? But like fake, like we fight in front of your dad or something? Just so that he thinks we broke up?"

"I don't like that idea. Everything I'd say would be a lie."

"I know, but if we stage the fight. Lets say you found a different girl and just dumped me. Maybe then he'll lay off your case!"

"I wouldn't want that though. And even if its a lie, I'd feel really bad."

"Dean, i won't take it to my heart. Only if you don't either."

"Alright."

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Cas didn't eat that morning, once again. And even the ride in the back of the cop car was quiet and awkward. But Cas finally spoke up when they got to Dean's locker. Ever since Cas's third day, Dean had been sharing a locker with him, since it was easier for Cas.

"Can we fight in pe? I don't wanna be away from you all day." Cas took his books from Dean and sighed.

"Yeah." Dean wrapped an arm around Cas's shoulders. "I'll see you at lunch."

"See you then."

They went their separate ways. Of course first period was awful because Cas hated math. But as Ms.Bradbury's class came to an end, she noticed he was upset. She layed her hand over his and looked down at him."Hey, Cas. Wanna talk? You seem upset."

"Maybe." Cas looked down and pulled his hand away.

"You can come talk to me in the hallway." Ms. Bradbury asked softly as if to keep it a secret between the two of them. Cas nodded and sniffled. "Okay. Come on." She helped Cas up slowly. "Everyone, turn to page 234 in the textbook and read over the paragraph for tomorrow's lesson. I'll be right back." She said and led Cas outside, then closed the door behind them.

"I'm scared." He spoke softly.

"Of what?"

"Life right now." Cas sighed. "Dean's father. He's a monster. He's payed a cop to take him to jail. He keeps trying to break us up. We will have a fake break up in front of him later, to convince him that me and Dean aren't together. But i feel like it's my fault. But the cop was told by Mr.Winchester that Dean was raping me. Witch isn't true. And now we are under house arrest. We weren't supposed to come to school but we needed to get our extra work. And we can't go to the dance Saturday.."

Cas took his glasses off to wipe his eyes. "I'm sorry I'm emotional. But i feel like this is all my fault."

"Oh Cas..." She said, pulling him into a hug to try and comfort him some. "Don't even pretend to break up. I'm going to help you two fix this okay? My girlfriend is detective and I can get her to help with this. Does that sound okay?"

Cas hugged her back and sighed. "Yeah. Thanks. For everything."

"I'll do my best to help you. In the meanwhile, why don't you and Dean enjoy your house arrest together? The dance is always boring anyways."

"Alright. But i don't know if my family wants me to stay there with him. I might be forced to go home. And i don't even want to go, it's the fact that he asked me and this is my first relationship. And it's special...Class is almost over. Can i just go sit in the bathroom or something? I don't want to go to his class."

"Yeah, that's fine, Cas. Be careful."

Cas went off to the bathroom once the bell rang. And he sat there all period, just like he said he would. And in the meantime, Charlie Bradbury kept her promise and her girlfriend talked to the cop throughout the day.

Lunch time came around. Cas dried his eyes and somewhat fixed his coat. Cas stumbled with his books in his hands, knowing it was time for lunch, but didn't want to eat. But he still went to the
Dean smiled, seeing him in the crowded room. "Cas! Hey!" He went over to him. "How has your day been so far?"

"Hello, Dean. It's been okay. I feel like a rebel for skipping class!"

"You skipped class?" Dean raised an eyebrow at him and noticed a few tears still staining his cheeks.

"Your dad's class. I didn't want to go. And I talked to Mrs. Bradbury." Cas paused, feeling insecure about himself for a moment and how he felt Dean staring at him. He looked down at the ground before speaking again. "I always talk with her. She's my bestie." Cas giggled. "Her girlfriend is a detective. She said not to even fake the breakup and her girlfriend would help us!"

"Really?! That's awesome?"

"Yeah!!" Cas smiled and beamed with happiness, despite being so scared and played with the edge of his coat. "The cop's been talking with her all day."

"That's good." Dean kissed him. "Let's go get something to eat."

"I'm not hungry."

"You didn't eat last night. Please eat a little." Cas couldn't see, but he could feel Dean begging him with his eyes.

"Okay, fine." Cas stayed close to him in the crowded room. He hated being around so many other people. Cas had bad social anxiety along with his depression, which he kept a secret. Dean held him against his side and kissed his temple. Dean knew about the anxiety, but not the depression. Even though he didn't know the whole story, he desired to make him feel safe.

"Thank you, my gorgeous angel." Dean says, with a smile. The smile that would make all of the girls swoon, but it was reserved for Cas. Soon after he heard a disgusted scoff. As Cas stayed close to his body and tried to ignore the person behind him he whispered I love you to Dean.

Dean smiled brightly at him. "I do too." He said then shot a glare at the ex-girlfriend who made the noise. She was an angry b**ch and she walked up to Dean, swaying her hips, thinking she was sexy. She kicked the back of his knee in, almost causing him to fall, but he let go of Cas so he wouldn't bring him down too. "What was that for, Lisa?"

"Breaking up with me! Cheating on me every day, after two years of us being together! Now you're with a dude, when you had me!?"

"Lisa, lets be honest. I loved you. Key word LOVED. But that was before you cheated on me first!" Dean chuckled. "And besides. Boys are better. Cas is a better f**k than you ever were. And he means the world to me. He is absolutely my one and only. And I love him, and I mean that. I wouldn't want anyone else if he was to leave me... I'd be a mess. I wouldn't move on." Dean looked back and took Cas in his arms again. "I meant every word."

"You're disgusting." Lisa snickered and left as Cas kissed Dean's nose.

~*~

Cas decided to just eat a few fries from Dean's tray. That would be enough for him anyways. In gym, Dean decided to dress. Shirtless. And with the help of Castiel, he did! "Good luck today!" Cas
said as they were walking out of the locker rooms and Cas was heading to his bench. But before he could get away, Dean noticed Mr. Winchester and kissed Cas, hard.

"Alright alright. Go out to the field Dean faggot Winchester. Now!"

Dean sneered at John. He pulled Cas closer and shoved passed him before heading to the outside. "Bye princess." Cas smiled at him and kissed his nose.

Dean smiled softly, still upset from his dad, though. "I love you."

"I love you too." Cas whispered, his voice almost melting Dean.

Cas sat down by himself and hummed as Dean ran onto the field. No matter what happened, Dean scowled even when John looked at him. Dean's team actually did win, despite the fat slobs, Dean worked hard because Cas was cheering, and he won!

"Nice job today, Dean. I can't wait to be on house arrest with you..." The voice growled at him.

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"Cas.. You can't come home with me. Dad's gonna be there and i don't want you to be around him."

"Okay." Cas sighed. Dean helped him call Anna, and shortly after, he left. Cas sat outside the school alone and waited for his sister. Dean leaving didn't help, he felt like a bother all day anyways.

"Thanks for staying," Cas whispered to himself sarcastically. He hated being alone. He felt alone all the time to be honest, just because of his condition. He was lonely and trapped in a dark and dangerous world. He was almost done with it all. If it wasn't for Dean, he would have ended it. But those feelings were coming back. Cas was silent on the ride home and sighed when he got inside and went to his room. He went up there and locked his door. He sat for hours, doing nothing.

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Dean smiled and headed home. As soon as he pulled up and saw that John and his motorcycle was already there. His smile turned to a scowl. He hesitated to get out, and shoved his phone into his underwear, to make sure John couldn't take it from him. He grabbed his backpack and headed inside trying to quickly get upstairs. Dean got to his room and closed and locked his door not knowing that someone was already waiting behind him.

"Hey Dean." A deep voice growled, sending chills of fear up his spine.

Dean rolled his eyes and opened the door again. "Leave."

"It's my house. I can do whatever i want!"

"Leave! Now! This isn't just your house."

"Okay okay whatever." John couldn't stop laughing, he loved how upset his 'son' was getting. Dean scowled and just stated at him unamused. John ended up walking back and sitting on Dean's bed, which was an unmade mess.

"We've had sex there and no one has cleaned it up. You can still see the evidence from when Cas f*cked me." Dean said, putting emphasis on 'f*cked,' even though all they traded was blow jobs on his bed. He just wanted to gross out his dad and make him leave.

John widened his eyes and stood up, about to slap him again. Dean flinched as if to prepare himself
for it. He quickly backed out of John's reach as he saw his hand come down, but it missed him. "I order you to clean this up, right now." John sneered. "Where's your phone?"

"In my bookbag, and I don't want to clean it up right this second."

"I swear to god. You wont see the light of day Dean Winchester."

"Still no."

"Are you tempting me?"

"To what?" Dean threw his hands up in defense.

"To hit you again!"

"Do it! More evidence to put you in jail for child abuse, so if you are gonna do it, make it count! Maybe you could beat the gay out of me, maybe mom won't leave you because you punished me, maybe I'll break up with Cas and be daddy's good little boy again. Say that you are a faggit's father and I won't fight you back. But honestly, I'd still be sucking dick if Cas wasn't around! Maybe another guy on the football team!"

"I heard you say earlier that you wouldn't move on. Maybe I'll tell Cas that you'd go just grab someone else once he leaves. You don't care about him."

"THAT'S NOT TRUE!" Dean yelled. "I WAS JUST MAKING A POINT. I F**KING LOVE HIM! AND WHAT I SAID EARLIER STILL STANDS. I WON'T WANT TO LOSE THE BEST THING THAT'S EVER HAPPENED TO ME, I WON'T MOVE ON FROM THAT!"

Dean clenched his fists and walked up, closer to him and spat in his face. "I swear. If he leaves me because of you, I will kill you. If he leaves me at all, i might just kill myself."

John didn't hit him with his hands, but did in fact kick him, where it counted, leaving him a speechless mess on the floor.

Tears formed in Dean's eyes but he fought them back and held his crotch. Yeah in football he'd been kicked before, but not like that. "I f**king hate you!" Dean whimpered.

"Atleast you won't be using what you need the most anymore. I bet that's the only reason Cas is with you." John left after spitting down at Dean.

Once he was sure he was gone, he let a few tears slip down his face. He even realized he never said goodbye to Cas earlier. He was so nervous about his father that he left Cas behind. Dean pulled his phone out of his pants to call him, hoping he wasn't angry. He took a deep breath as he called him.

Cas reluctantly answered. He wasn't popular. The only two people who called him were Dean and Anna, and Anna was home with him. As soon as Dean heard the connection pick up, he quickly stammered, hiding his pain with talking really fast. "OhmygodCas-imsosorryforearlier!
Iwassomadthat
iforgottosaygoodbye."

"Okay." Cas sighed, about to hang up on him again.

"And I got in another fight with John. This time its worse." Dean whimpered, making Cas stay on. He didn't talk but listened instead. "He's gonna tell you lies about how horrible i am. You should press charges for harassment."
"I will. What happened in the fight?" No matter how much Cas was mad at him, he couldn't stand hearing Dean's pain.

"Well im prettt sure my dick is bruised. It hurts.. God damn."

"Aww feel better, princess."

"I'll try. Thank you. Oh and Cas... I love you."

"I love you too, Dean." Cas said sincerely.

"Bye love. I'll talk to you in a bit." Dean hung up and went downstairs, limping and holding his junk not caring that he looked stupid. "Mama? Where are you?"

"Kitchen as normal!" She shouted back at him. She was washing the dishes with her husband standing behind her, watching her every move. With predatory eyes.

Dean walked in smiling, then saw John and scowled fiercely. "Get out so I talk to mom."

"Excuse me, son?" His voice was calmer, and caring, only because he was around Mary.


"You do not call me by my name. I am your father, you can talk to me too!"

"I will not call you father. Especially since you bruised my junk!!" He glared at him. "I need that more than you! Do you even know how much i hate you?"

Mary was sick of them. "John just leave, please.." He left silently, and Mary turned to Dean. "What's wrong?"

"I was hungry but now I've lost my appetite. And to ask something really embarrassing. He really did kick me and I'm afraid to look and see how badly bruised it is... I was wondering if you would look even though I am 17, and I'm grown....." Dean said awkwardly with his eyes downcast. "It even feels swollen and not in the sexy sense...." He said is if trying to joke despite it being towards his mother.

Mary held in a laugh, despite trying to be serious. "Why'd he hit you? And sure, I'll make sure you're alright and don't need medical help."

"Thank you.. And because he doesn't like that I am with Cas... he punched me in the face a couple of days ago and pushed my face into the floor after he kicked me...." Dean frowned and started to undo his jeans with a whimper.

Mary was about to cry hearing the news. "He's a goner, you know..

"He told me. He blames me."

"It's not all your fault Dean. We haven't been getting along for a while."

"I know... I'm sorry though... He wants me to go back to whoring around with the cheerleaders just so he'd call me son again. I'm not nor will I ever... He's even threatened Cas.." Dean looked up at Mary sadly.

"Don't listen to him." Mary tried to half smile. "You and Cas are cute. If he wasn't blind, id have him examine you instead."
"I would have too, but he can't... And I've already scared Sammy enough so you are my last resort.. Sorry for this." He said again but this time for what she will see as he pulls his pants and boxers down then hides his face in embarrassment.

"Aww Dean. Don't be embarrassed. You came out of my vagina." She laughed and refrained from touching him too much, but still inspected the damage.

"That's gross, mom. Is it bad, it really hurts?" Dean asked though it was muffled by his hands.

"Yeah its bad. But you should be fine, no sex until it gets better, understand?"

"I don't think I could handle that while like this.." He pulled his pants and boxers back up before painfully sitting down at the counter. "Cas is filing for harrassment... especially since John is paying a cop to snoop around us, to try to find anything that could qualify for proof that I raped Cas. Even though I didn't nor would I ever."

"I'm sorry Dean."

~•~

Samuel Winchester was playing Minecraft on his Xbox in the living room. He was so focused on killing a creeper that when Dean snuck up and whispered hi in his ear, he jumped out of his skin. And threw the controller across the room.

"Sorry Sammy!" Dean laughed at handrd him the controller back. 'Can i play?"

"Yeah. I'm building up this mansion out of obsidian and cobblestone. There's a generator over there, and some enchanted picks. We gotta get busy.

~•~

11:30pm

Dean carried his little brother, who fell asleep on the couch, upstairs and put him in bed. Every step hurt, but he kept pushing forward. There was a pounding on the door, Dean quickly opened it with a smirk once he saw that it was a cop.

"John Winchester. You are under the arrest for child abuse and harassment." Who was supposed to be Dean's father was slammed against the wall and put in handcuffs before he could even speak. "Is it true that you've been threatening Dean Winchester and Castiel Novak?"

"No. I've never heard of the other cocksucker."

"Oh really? Because on my records it says you're his history teacher. He said you went up to him in class and told him that if he didn't break up with Dean that he will regret it. And now you have a case out against your son raping Castiel. And as the 'victim' he denies that he was raped and that any and all sexual acts they have participated in were consentual on both sides." The cop was looking John the whole time he was talking, with confidence and anger.

"Do you have proof of anything?" He snickered.

"Security footage from your classroom and gym. Of you threatening them. Of the police officer you paid off going to Dean and accusing him of raping his boyfriend in the middle of the cafeteria. I don't know about you, but the fact that your son started to cry makes him look really sincere... Castiel also said you have hit your son multiple times, he even shows evidence of both still. That you kicked
your son out because he was dating a guy and made him sleep in his car until he took up shelter with Castiel? Is this all true?"

John was dumbfounded. He sat there just staring at the officer.

"Do you deny any of this?"

He didn't speak on the topic, just looked away. "I did this for a reason. The greater good. To help Dean!"

"Trying to get your son to deny his sexuality is not for the greater good. John Winchester, you have not denied any of these claims and you even agreed to them. So, you are under arrest until we can have a court trial to decide any further."

"In my defense, that boy is bad for him. He can do so much better."

"That's between them."
The cop held onto him strongly as he named off his rights seeing as it is mandatory for any arrest. Afterwards he pulled John to the door past a smiling Mary and shocked Dean. Mary just laughed and waved at him before closing the door.

"Cas actually did it." Dean whispered great fully.

Mary slept on the couch because she didn't want to be in her, soon to be, ex-husband's bed alone. She might have loved him once, but that doesn't make what he did right.

Dean called Cas, but who answered half asleep. They talked for 5 minutes before Dean kept rambling and then got no answer, but a light snore. "Goodnight darling," he whispered and chuckled before hanging up.

Dean found himself bed ridden, and over reacting for the next whole day. He didn't want to do anything, didn't even call Cas... At all. But he did find out that they were suspended until Friday, meaning they could still go to the dance which was four days away.

After school was supposed to end, Lisa Braeden had a bright idea and went to Dean's house. She didn't even knock, just opened the door and ran up to his room. Half asleep Dean didn't even notice the girl in skimpy clothes run into his room, until she pounced on him and kissed him.

"Hey hotness," she purred and roughly pawed at his still swollen dick, making him cry out in pain. "Oh, you're still hard for me aren't you! You still want me." Dean was still so caught off guard that he couldn't push her away. He was twice her size and he would never hurt a girl, but the pain distracted him from thinking and he shoved her away. He groaned and rolled over. She gasped and almost fell on the floor, that's when a noise startled her. Dean's phone ringing.

The caller ID read: Prince Cas

Before Dean could grab it, Lisa did. But she refrained from talking and listened to him.

"Hey, Can I come over today? I've missed you and i need to talk to you."

"Oh hey sweet heart!" Lisa's voice was cold. "I'm too busy screwing your boyfriend. He's so out of breath that he can't talk. Let's just say he was using you hun."
"What?" Castiel's voice broke.

"Sorry about it."

Dean opened his mouth to yell. "CA-" Lisa kicked him where he was holding. She didn't know the damage already done. But Dean cried out again, sounding like a strangled groan. That made Cas believe... And he threw his phone forcefully against the wall, breaking it into pieces. Nobody else was in the house, it was a cold Thursday, and his head was killing him, but he decided to try and numb everything.

~•~

"What the f**k is wrong with you, Lisa!? Get out." Dean cried louder, wanting help.

His mom heard him and went to go check out the situation. "Oh no.." She whispered and drug Lisa out of the house. Dean took his phone and called Castiel. Once. Twice. Sixteen times. No answer.

"Mom.." He begged. "I can't drive. You have to take me to Cas's place. Please! I'm afraid something bad happened!" Tears were forming in his eyes, but nit even the pain from the hit.

"I have to go get Sam.. I can't..." Mary couldn't stand to see him in so much pain. "After your brother comes home, I'll take you over there.

~•~

No worries were in his head anymore. All of the pain seemed to disappear. Cas weakly layed on his bed, on his back. He clutched his pillow, getting dizzy.

~•~

Dean raced to the front door. It had been an hour or so since Lisa had pretty much attacked him. The front door was unlocked, but no cars were home. Dean went upstairs to Cas's room. "Hey.. Cas!?" Dean called. "I'm sorry for earlier. But i didn't do anything. She attacked me. I heard you wanted to talk?"

The room was eerily quiet. "Cas?" Dean called louder and touched the door. He reached for the handle, but it was locked. "CAS?" Dean pounded the door softly. "OPEN UP PLEASE. I NEED TO TALK TO YOU." Dean's pounding could even be heard out in the car. Dean was getting impatient and hysterical. He didn't know if something was wrong, and there was, it would be his fault.

Dean ended up breaking the lock and sent the door flying open. "Cas-" he gasped snd covered his face, tears streaming down his face. At first he looked asleep, but after a few seconds, he looked dull and lifeless. "No.. No no no no." Dean rushed over and brushed the hair from Cas's face. He fiercely shook him, trying to wake him up. Nothing would work. Despite being in pain and emotionally unstable, he picked up Cas, who instantly went limp in his arms. Even more tears left his eyes and he almost collapsed, but he had to stay strong, for Cas. For his Cas.

Dean carried him down and out to the car. They both got in the back of the car, Dean layed Cas over his lap. Mary had no idea what was going on, she had never seen her son so upset. "What's going on?" She asked in a soft voice.

"H-hosp-ital...n...now..." Dean shook, barely being able to catch his breath.

"C'mon C-Cas..." Dean stroked his hair and kept his hand on his chest. He felt a slow and small
heartbeat, but it wasn't going to be there unless he got help, and Dean knew that. "Mom.. Pl..please hurry."

"I'm trying."

Dean clutched Cas and pressed his forehead to Castiel's. He wanted those blue eyes to open again, so bad. Cas's eyes weren't at all like blind people's eyes are supposed to be. They aren't deformed for discolored. They looked normal. Beautiful. The only problem was that they didn't work. Dean was almost desperate. He never got like this...

~•~

Dean, although a big part of Cas's life, he was not family. He was not allowed back to see him. Dean felt like a piece of his heart was ripped out. They wouldn't tell him anything about Cas, not even if he was dead or alive.

"Please!" Dean begged, trying to get himself together. "That's my baby, and you can't take him away from me!"

"We aren't taking him away. But you have to leave unless he wants to see you. You aren't in his family. So get out!"

Dean whimpered and looked over the nurses shoulder to see people hooking wires up to Cas. And the sight ripped at his heart even more. Mary begged him to go home, but he wouldn't. Dean sat there, all night. Dean left his phone at home and Cas's was broken, so they had no way to get ahold of Anna and the others. But since no one else was there, he wanted to stay, even if he couldn't go back there.

He found a pen and twiddled it between his fingers. That's when he got an idea, if he wasn't allowed back there, maybe he could write something for the doctor to read to him, even of he wasn't awake.

Dear Cas,

What happens earlier... It wasn't meant to happen. I love you, okay. Lisa, I don't know what happened. But she lied okay? Remember how I said my dad kicked me, she did the same thing, in the same spot. Cas, please wake up. I need you. Nobody is ever going to understand how much you mean to me... Please come back to me. I did not mean to hurt you. I wish I could just make things right and start this day over. Cas, I'm serious. I love you! These past weeks have been perfect, only because of you, and I'll never forget it. And I'll never move on...

Love, your Princess, Dean.

He carefully folded the note carefully and walked up to the front desk. The lady was about to open her mouth, but Dean interrupted her. "I know. I know I can't go back there. But... I know this sounds silly..." He handed her the note. "Can you have someone read this to him, whether he's awake or not... Please?"

"It depends on what it says..." She started to unfold it.

"Please don't open it, unless he's still asleep. Then read it to him..."

"No can do sweetheart." She started to tear at the note.

"Alright STOP!" Dean raised his voice. "Just please do what I ask. And if he doesn't respond or doesn't want me, I'll leave."

"Alright doucheweed..." The secretary rolled her eyes and handed the note to a nurse. "Read this
sappy Shit to Novak, if hes not dead." The nurse nodded and the other woman went back to Dean. "You do know what your fagboy tried to kill himself right? He overdosed on pain pills."

"It- it's my fault. Its my fault if he doenset wake up." Dean fell to his knees, clutching his face and crying into his hands.

Dean slept in a chair that night, half the night anyways. The nurse from earlier woke him up. The nice one anyways. The one who read Cas the note.

"It's Dean, right?" The girl woke him up. "I'm nurse Jamie."

"Oh yeah.. Thanks for taking my request. The secretary lady was erk-ing my nerves." Dean rubbed his eyes.

"Well if i loved someone like you do to Novak, I'd want to go see them. I'll sneak you back there for a few minutes, but we have to be quiet. He slipped into a light coma. He only took a few more pills than he should have. Enough to kill himself, but thankfully we pumped his stomach. Thank god you got him here, we were afraid he was too late. But i guess miracles do happen! We pumped his stomach. And it looks like he'd been starving himself as well. But we have tube fed him and have him fluids. He should wake up by the morning or the next few days. I promise. Unless something unexpected happenes. Though i can't quite figure out, the doctor can't either, the bruises on his collarbone. Maybe the lack of food made him bruise easily?"

Dean sighed, hearing the good news. He ess thankful for everything that nurse, Jamie, had said. But he blushed darkly when she mentioned the bruises. "Oh my god thank you!! Thank you so much!" He paused and jumped up to hug her. "Oh and the bruises... They were put there by me... Man he's a devil in the bedroom." Dean blushed and hid his face.

"Oh well, one less thing to worry about."

~•~

Dean pulled back the curtain and slowly walked over to him, watching the heart monitor. He reached for Cas's hand, which was cold and bony. He pulled a chair up beside him and held his hand, his eyes scanning his face. "Hey Cas," A single tear left his eye and he had to look away from Cas. He knew Cas was going to wake uo, but he couln't stand this. He squeezed his hand tightly and ran his thumb over Cas's finger. "I love you," he whispered and leaned over to kiss his forehead. "You're going to be alright Cas. Alright. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me. And i need you. I know you'll wake up soon, but keep fighting. Because I can't handle this. I know its my fault." Dean ran a hand through his hair before humming one of Cas's favorites.

"Love me tender, love me sweet, never let me go.
You have made my life complete, and I love you so.
Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfilled.
For my darlin' I love you, and I always will.
Love me tender, love me long, take me to your heart.
For it's there that I belong,  
and we'll never part.  
Love me tender,  
love me dear,  
tell me you are mine.  
I'll be yours through all the years,  
till the end of time.  
When at last my dreams come true  
Darling this I know  
Happiness will follow you  
Everywhere you go."

Friday morning

Dean hadn't realized, but he fell asleep in the chair next to Cas, once again. For the third night in a row. The light from the window shone through and woke him up. He looked over at Cas, and noticed he was squirming. Dean smiled and left the room, to go get something to eat. For once in his life, Dean's least favorite, waffles, actually looked better than the sausage. As he started to eat, a familiar face peaked in around the corner, "Novak is asking for you." She smiled and left. Dean let the words sink in and he almost dropped his tray with a shriek. He was so happy that he ran up to Cas's room, knocking into a few people. But he calmed down and smoothed down his shirt, since Cas had just woken up.

He walked in slowly, peaking around the corner and running a hand through his hair. "Hey honeybee..." Dean said, almost whispering.

"Come here please," Cas whispered, weakly. He reached up as he heard Dean's footsteps, shuffling toward him. Once he thought Dean was close enough, he reached up for Dean's face. He thumbed over his cheek and felt the dry tears. "I'm sorry."

"Cas... It's my fault. You didn't know Lisa was lying. She kicked my dick, which is still bruised and swollen by the way. I couldn't grab the phone in time... And I stayed here all night, even though they didn't want me to be in here with you.. But Cas, it would have been my fault if you died.. I'm so sorry I hurt you!" Dean leaned down to kiss his forehead.

"I'm so stupid..." Cas cried softly. "Thank you for saving me. I just felt like a burden to you. And then the thing with Lisa.. I was so done. I should have just talked to you."

Dean sat beside Cas on the hospital bed and Cas's hand fell on his thigh by accident, but he didn't know. Dean kissed him to make him be quiet. "I love you Cas, okay? I really do!" Cas kissed him again and his hand traveled up a bit, causing Dean to whimper.

"I'm sorry. Again.. God.. why am i such a f**k-up? I can't do anything right..."

"Cas, you're perfect." Dean, his touch always made Cas feel better, even just them holding hands set sparks off. Those sparks melded his broken and damaged heart back together.

"I know I've said this so many times to you, but i love you. And I don't throw those words around."

"I love you too!" Dean shifted in the bed, to make both of them more comfortable and his hand ended up slipping and slightly hitting himself. He moaned in slight pain and sighed, resting against the hospital bed, beside Cas.

"It's that bad?" Cas asked, worried about Dean, not caring that he just almost died.

"You wanna feel how swollen?"

"I don't wanna hurt you."

"Just be gentle." Dean said and took Cas's hand.

"Yes sir." Cas nodded and let himself loosen up from all the tension. His breathing slowed. Dean smiled then bit his lip to keep himself from letting out a pained noise, as he guided Cas's hand into
his pants but over his boxers. Cas barely moved his fingers but could already feel something was
wrong. He didn't feel like normal, but more like he was almost throbbing with the pain.

"You see?" Dean asked with a slightly pained tone while removing Cas' hand.

"I feel!" Cas replied, sassily. He still managed to be everything Dean loved, even in the darkest of
times. "But yeah. It hurts just feeling it."

Dean pulled Cas close. "It'll be okay. You will too. We should get better together!"

"I damn hope we can!"

"Me too. I need that piece of me. It's important. Its the best part of me! And you sir, you need to
know that you can trust and talk to me. And earlier someone mentioned to me that the onlt thing you
need to do is get rest. Thats what i need to. I see lots of cuddles in the future!"

"Yeah. But i have anothers correction. It's actually the third best part of you. One and two are your
personality and lips." Cas made a duck face, emphasizing 'lips.'

Dean laughed softly and leaned forward kissing him just so he'd stop with the face. Cas laughed
against him. "You dont like my faces?"

"It's cute on you, but reminds me of hoes. Make a face thats unique to you!"

"Like what?" Cas squinted his eyes and cocked his head like he always did when he was confused.

"That one. You get all squinty eyed and tilt your head like a puppy. It's so adorable!"

"I want a pet." Cas tried to sit up, but was still weak. Dean still held his somewhat fragile hands and
listened to his voice carefully. He was so close to losing it, and all for nothing.

"I'm allergic to cats. And i don't really do dogs."

"What about bees?" Cas laughed tiredly.

"We can get a whole hive if you want." Dean joked, whispering. A tinge of hope was in his voice.
"Let's get you some rest Cas. After you wake up, I'll get my mom to take you home." Dean patted
his leg and kissed his cheek. He got up and watched Cas drift to sleep. Dean didn't know why, but
jadt seeing him sleep made his stomach churn, just seeing how weak he still was...

Dean payed the douchy secretary lady, so he could use the phone. He carefully diales his mother's
number and sighed as he heard it connecting. "Hey, mama..."

"Oh my god. Dean! Is Cas okay?"

"He's alive. He went back to sleep. But can you come pick me up. Take him home maybe? I need to
talk to you later." His voice was shaky.

"I'll be over there shortly."

"Take your time. My angel went back to sleep..." Dean smiled. "Mom, what would you do if
someone you loved died because of you...."

"I'd.. I wouldn't be able to move on... I'd.. I'd want to die. Did something happen?"

"Cas- he tried to kill himself because of me, mom. I broke him... But it wasn't my fault. It's what Lisa
did. Cas called and she said some things... Right before you came in there and made her leave... How is he ever going to forgive me?" Dean sniffled.

"Dean. If he thought you'd do that to him, he's wrong."

"He said he believed me. But i still feel it... I feel horrible. He could have died because of her!"

"He's not dead. Make it up to him. I'm gonna get you all dolled up tomorrow. You should still go to the dance if you can."

"He's so weak. He looks too tired and fragile to do anything. I can barely walk still... How are we gonna do that? Get through?"

"I don't know... If he's up for it tomorrow, you two should go!"

~•~

"Co-pay of $100. The other bill will be sent out. He can't leave unless you pay."

Dean threw his credit card on the counter and held Cas up, with an arm around his waist. "Here!"

Cas whimpered. "No, Dean. Don't pay. I got it." He leaned into Dean, still gaining his strength back.

"It's my fault. I insist that i do this, angel." Dean kissed his temple and held him up. "If you feel better tomorrow... Still want to go the the dance?" He tried to smile, but his mouth wouldn't give.

"Dean. I don't want you to hurt yourself anymore than you already are. But I'll be okay in the morning. I'd love to go if you're up for it."

~•~

Dean carried his angel into his house. Mary waited in the car. Dean layed him in his bed, and kissed his forehead an stroked his hair. "I love you," he whispered and went downstairs. Anna was too busy making out with her boyfriend to notice that her blind bro was gone all night. Mikie was with Kevin. Gabriel wasn't home either. It broke his heart to see that they didn't care. He cleared his throat and Anna and Gadreel broke apart.

"Oh, hey Dean..." She trailed off and wiped her mouth. "I figured Cas was with you.. So i didnt bother."

Dean's blood boiled at her comment. "He tried to kill himself. We were in the hospital all night." He gritted his teeth and held the tears in.

"Oh. Uh. I'm sorry."

"Oh don't ask how he is or anything! That would be too much. But just to let you know, he's asleep upstairs. And he's totally okay. He didn't do enough to do damage. They just pumped his stomach and switched his prescription. He should be back to normal by the morning. And if he wants to, we are still going to the dance." Dean stormed out and slammed the door.

"Maybe i should leave..." Gadreel suggested and started to get up.

"Probably so... I'll call you later..." Anna sighed and got up. She felt horrible for not looking out for Cas. 'When did he have time to do that', she thought.

~•~
Dean missed him. His heart ached to hold him that night. His room was cold. He knew Cas was okay, but he wanted him. He flopped back on his bed, thinking to himself about things before falling asleep.

Cas slept from 8pm to noon the next day, but once he finally got up he was better. Dean woke up and went out on the town with Sam and his mom. Dean was getting a haircut for the dance and Sam wanted some more books. Meanwhile, Cas listened to Led Zeppelin in his room.

"Can i just get the sides buzzed and the top trimmed? If i go bald, i will hurt you!" The hairdresser lady laughed and nodded.

Mary laughed as well. "You said you were gonna grow out your hair for Sam."

"I lied. I gotta stay fresh for Cas!"

"You always look fabulous to him, i bet."

"I guess that is true but still. I can't be bald."

Anna busted into Cas' room, scaring the crap out of him. "Do you still wanna go to Homecoming with your princess???

"Of course." Cas smiled, his hands still looked fragile.

"Oh goodie! Ready for your spa day, Cassie?!!" Cas huffed and sat down again.

"Come on, Cassie! Get up. You gotta get your nails done, clear of course, just make them shiny. We need to shave your beard so your be smooth for Dean. Uhm. Gotta fix your hair!"

"Okay okay. Don't make me look like an idiot please. Oh and, i want my nails to match my eyes! Dean loves the color, he said that anyways. And i need to make it up to him, for what happened yesterday."

"I'll make you pretty. Don't worry!" Anna smiled and grabbed his hand gently. "Let's go shave and do a few other things, then I'll let you shower." Cas rolled his eyes as she took him to the bathroom and made him baby faced, shaving off his stubble. She even tried to pluck his eyebrows.

"Ow! Dude!" Cas pulled his face away from Anna, who had already tried to put makeup on him. "What are you doing?"

"Making your eyebrows pretty."

"They already are. I think..."

"Noooo they aren't. Beauty is pain. I do it everyday. But I'm uses to it."

"Then i don't want to be pretty. People should love you for what's on the inside."

"Yeah. And my eyebrows!"

Cas sighed, hearing that his point wasn't made. But she wouldn't give up and kept rubbing his eyebrows, trying to make the sting go away.

"Done." She stated happily and bit her lip. "They look good. I did a good job."

"I guess..." Cas kept a straight face and had his hands folded in his lap. "Anna, can you get me a
new phone?"

"Next time i get paid. Now go get in the shower. I'll lay out your suit and everything on the bed. Put them on the best you can and then I'll fix you up. And do your hair!"

"Nobody's never fixed my hair. Dean is prolly' gonna mess it up agsin. He likes my 'makeout/sex hair.'"

"I can deal with that."

"Okay good." Cas walked clumsily to the bathroom. And into the shower. He turns the knob and backed up until it was warm. He let it run from his hair, down his back. The heat from the water and his heavy breath created steam on the glass, much like the steam that was on the windows of the car last week. From when they did the do. Cas dried off with a soft towel and almost hit his head on the sink when he bent over to dry his legs. He felt around and grabbed his walking stick off the table. He would have a seeing eye dog, but Cas was more of a cat person. On his bed, his black and white tux was laid out. Piece by piece he tried to put it on.

After a few minutes he called Anna in there and she straightened out the buttons and his tie, along with pulling his pants up and tightening them. The reasoning was that Cas had surprisingly lost a lot of weight. Dean was once again the only one who noticed something was wrong. He had brought it up at the hospital, but they said he was fine.

The red haired girl smiled at her brother. "You look so handsome, Cas!"

"Oh god stop."

Anna smacked him, not too harshly. "Stop talking like that." Cas huffed and then growled under his breath. "Cutie," Anna laughed. "And I bet if you growl all dominantly like that, Dean would melt in between your fingers, especially if you wanna get down and dirty. You haven't in a while, have you?"

"Shut up!" Cas felt his cheeks heat up and he stared at the ground before walking over to get his glasses off his nightstand, where he had put them before he swallowed the pills. "And of course I haven't..."

"I'm serious!" Anna protested, with a laugh.

Cas couldn't think of a comeback. "That's gay!"

"You are gay."

Cas mocked her again. "Anyways... Since you asked about me, i get to ask about you. How is your sex life, sweetie?"

Anna blushed dark. "Uh um... oh.. good, I guess."

"Yay. Mine too.. Im not getting into detail.. But we've only actually did it once.. And whoa.."

"Hmmm. Maybe you'll get it again. I'm sure off it... not saying that I agree with how young you are, but you two love each other so have fun. Just don't get each other pregnant."

"Im almost 18!! And if Dean was a girl..he'd be pregnant soon enough will how.. Nevermind..." Cas smirked like a mad man and looked down.
"Finish your sentence." Anna told him while amused.

"With how.." Cas started mumbling embarrassed. "Hard he gets me... And how good he is with me. But he's patient and helpd me too... But god, he likes it rough."

Anna laughed silently. "Okay, Cassie. That's enough info, thank you!"

"Like, ive never felt actual love before. Omg i love it. I can't explain it. I can't wait for tonight." Cas almost squealed in excitement.

"I feel the same about Gadreel." Anna said genuinely, blushing at just his name.

Cas rolled his eyes, but played it off. "Yeah, the guy that you were too busy making out with to see that i was dying..."

"I'm sorry Cas..."

"Its fine!" He sat down on the bed as Anna painted his nails a vibrant blue. She carefully listened to him mumbling, and got extremely confused.

"Hm. You are strange."

"Stranger danger. Vroom vroom. Better stay on that side of the street mother f**ker. I'll knock you out!" Cas didn't even know what he was saying or what was happening anymore.

"Cas? What are you talking about?" Anna asked, even more confused.

"Quoting YouTube videos that i played by accident when I was pressing the buttons on my phone last week. It doesn't make sense but it was appropriate time."

"I guess so, since I called you strange."

~•~

Within the next hour Anna painted his nails and fixed his hair, laying it down, making him look really preppy. After that, she left him alone in his room, where he listened episodes of Sherlock for two hours. When Anna came back, she escorted Cas downstairs, where he was greeted by Dean at his front door. He had his hands in his pockets and his hair was spiked, and he stared down at his feet. He cleared his throat and took a deep breath when he saw Castiel. He was beautiful. "H-hey. Wow..."

"Hey princess!!" Cas smiled giddily and waved at him, flaunting his new nails.

Dean walked over and took Cas' hand. "You painted your nails? They're gorgeous.."

"Anna did. But yeah."

Dean smiles and kissed him softly. "Ready to go?"

"Yeah, and you smell good." Cas reached out to grab his shoulders, and to feel at his tux.

"Thank you, mom bought me a new cologne today... Your hair is fixed..." He trailed off and stared at Cas in awe.

"For the first time in forever i most likely look like i didnt just get into a cat fight!"
"I love it though. I'll just have to mess it up again later."

"Thanks for asking me out. Nobody else would have.. There was no one else. But you're the only one i would have wanted anyways."

"Aw. Of course love." Dean smiled. "I wouldn't have brought anyone else."

~•~

Dean smiled and reached over squeezing Cas's leg while pulling up to the school. They got out if the car and walked in, fashionably late of course. As they walked in, arm and arm, a few people made looks of disgust. Dean shook his head and kept walking to a more abandoned part of the gym and wrapped his arms around Cas. "You thirsty or want something to eat baby?" Dean spoke loud enough for Cas to hear him over the loud and obnoxious music. It was a song that he didn't even like.

"No, I'm fine.." Cas whimpered. The music kind of hurt his head, but he'd just have to adjust.

"You sure?" Dean wrapped his arms around him and pulled him closer.

"Yeah." Cas smiled at his touch, and stayed in his embrace. Just as Dean set the somewhat romantically well as romantic as it gets at a school dance, one of his favorite songs came on. It was the kind of song that people break dance to, and since he didn't know how to breakdance, he got an idea...

"Hey Cas? This is my favorite song!! Wanna dance?"

"I don't know how to dance."

"Me either, but we can try." Dean grabbed his hand and pulled him into a darker corner, like that mattered to Cas though.. Once they were in the corner, Dean started lightly grinding against Cas, rubbing their hips together for milliseconds at a time.

"Wow Dean..." Cas chuckled.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No. You're a wonderful dancer.." Cas blushed as Dean spun them around, grinding against his back and butt.

"God damn." Cas chuckled and had to cover his crotch. Dean turned him back around and grinded against his hardening member, but not as aggressively.

"I love you," Dean whispered and grabbed Cas's hips rubbing them softly.

"You know i love you." Cas pecked the side of Dean's mouth with his lips.

The loud music softened to a slow and loving song. And Cas wrapped his arms around his neck once he realized what the song was. He was amazed that they'd even play the song. "This song is for all of the love birds in the house," the dj called and turned the music up louder.

Dean smiled and started to lead him in a slow dance, singing alone slowly to the beautiful song. It was Angel by Aerosmith. Cas smiled and stayed close to him, shuffling his feet, listening to Dean's voice singing to him and melting into his arms. He kissed him very softly, and held him close. He was so at bliss with the romantic moment. Time seemed to pass really slow and it was perfect for the both of them.
"This is already perfect," Cas whispered.

"What could we do, to make it better?"

"I don't know... What do you think could?"

"Us being home and in more comfy clothing while dancing like this. Just us two, no prying eyes or interruptions." Dean said blushing because of how cheesey it sounded.

"People are looking?"

"They were when we were grinding."

"Some people might just be jealous of your mad skills"

"Mad skills of getting you hard?" Dean smirked.

"Eff youuu!" Cas felt his cheeks heat up.

Dean laughed softly and moved him to where Cas was pressed gently against the wall. He crowded close to him. "I love you, my Prince. You know that."

"I know. And i love you too princess." Cas leaned against the wall.

Dean just took his hands and looked him over. "You look really hot in your suit." He smiled and kissed his chin softly.

"Why, thank you!" Cas felt at Dean's chest through his tux and Dean leaned into his touch.

"I'm so glad you're okay, and we got to come. I'm so glad to have you back." Dean signed.

"After everything. I'm glad we made it. I'm glad i didn't swallow more pills or try to slit my wrists. I'm glad i have you. I need you to be honest. I'd have killed myself earlier if you hadn't come into my life."

"That is a little flattering. But please don't ever do that to me again. Please."

"I wont. I promise." Cas knew, at that moment, his first real boyfriend and best friend was the only one he wanted for the rest of his life. He ran his hands up Dean's back and through his hair. "Oo, you got it cut!"

"Yeah."

"It feels good. I like it!" Cad smiled and played with his hair some more.

"I like when you do that."

"It's probably all messed up now.. And i don't want you to look like an idiot."

"I won't. I'll just look like I got a good make out!"

"In that case, better not be lying." Cad giggled and Dean leaned in, to kisd him. Cas stayed, and relaxed against the wall. He had his hands in Dean's hair again, holding him close, as Dean slid his tongue in Cas's mouth. He gently started to rub Cas' hipbones through his pants. He sighed contently, and kissed him lovingly once Cas finally let him in. Cas bucked his hips slightly, because of Deans touch, and leaned into him. He rested against Dean's chest once they pulled away from the
loving kiss. And he swayed some more as the song went off.

"Are you still standing?" Dean asked referring to Cas's hard-on and sensually began grinding again when a slower but still grind worthy song came on.

"I'm pretty sure. Thanks a lot," Cas said sarcastically with a laugh.

Dean smiled and pulled him close. "If you want me to stop I will."

"Oh, I don't want you to stop... Good thing its 'dark.'"

"Very good thing." Dean laughed and ran his fingers through Cas' hair to finally mess it up. And Cas snuggled close, kissing his jaw. Dean smiled and tilted his head some. He was happy to finally get to touch Cas after almost a whole week. That whole week had been unbearable. Cas still looked fragile, just not as bad as he did in the hospital. "I missed you. So much."

Cas smiled against him and pulled away slightly, to actually kiss him, wantingly and lovingly. Both of the boy's hair was messed up and Cas didn't care. He was almost starving for Dean and slightly kissed him harder as time went on in that dark corner. Dean nipped at Cas' lip softly and gripped his jacket. He eventually got in and explored the blind angel's mouth once again. He could feel people looking at them, but he didn't care. Even though the cold stares cut into him, he was too engulfed and happy to care about anything else, other than his angel. He moaned softly into Cas's mouth, before pulling away and kissing Cas's neck softly. Cas shuddered and moaned very quietly.

"You know this is a public dance right?" Someone with a b**chy voice said to them. She had shoulder length blonde hair and brown eyes.

Dean huffed and turned to the person but brought Cas' arms around him. "Shut up, Monica!"

"So what if it's public? Nobody has a problem with all the other couples f**king in the bathrooms!" Cas spat out, getting angry.

She huffed again. "At least they are in the bathrooms and not surrounded by people. That's ruining the dance."

"Why are you targeting just us? There are like 52 other couples making out in this room." Dean growled.

"Because they aren't a bother to anyone else. They aren't gay!" She stepped on Dean's foot by accident and crossed her arms. "I'm gonna go tell them to announce the winners early so we can watch then dance and be cute. You always win, but i hope you don't this year. I don't want a gay ex-footsball player to be king." She walked off, flaunting her butt, making Dean gag.

The boys ignored her and kept dancing before they were rudely interrupted by principal doucheweed. "You've all voted, hopefully the young man and women called up tonight will be the perfect couple and the next heros of our society."

Cas snickered, "wow."

"Same speech evey year... let's leave after this? Go cuddle on my couch or something?"

"Definitely." Cas sighed.

"And I'm proud to say that the winners are..." There was a cheezy drum roll. "Lisa Braeden and Dean Winchester!"
Cas was proud of his boy, but sighed because of the queen, the same girl who made him try to kill herself.

"Oh my god..." Dean sighed. "I'll be right back Cas." He led Cas to the wall just so he wouldn't get lost in the crowd. Dean pecked his cheek then headed to the stage with a scowl.

"O-oki..." Cas tried to say, but looked down at the ground when he realized Dean wasn't there anymore.

Dean stood on the stage and took his crown. Lisa jumped and squealed hugging him, putting her crown on and kissing his cheek.

"Lisa! Back up! I'm taking the crown and leaving." Dean clenched his fists. "I'll never forgive you for what you did."

"Oh c'mon. Let's go! We have to dance! It's tradition!"

"No!" Dean yelled, loud enough for the principal to hear.

"King, dance with the queen. You have to."

"Maybe. I gotta go ask Cas." Dean started to walk away, and the principal grabbed him by his arm and pulled him back to Lisa, not letting him leave and was about to start the song. "ONE DANCE AND THATS IT!" Dean was furious, unable to break away. Lisa smiled sheepishly at him, remembering how much she thought Dean loved her.

"Thanks Dean. Oo. And can you play this song for me?" Without letting Dean see, she pulled a slip of paper from her bra and handed it to the dj. She had an evil plan. Lisa dragged him to the middle of the dance floor and wrapped her arms around him and pressed her boobs to his chest and they started to dance as the song started. Dean didn't recognize the song at first, he didn't want to focus as he sloppily danced with no form, unlike how he danced with Cas.

But unlike Dean, Cas noticed the song as soon as it started and had someone escort him to the bathroom. Thank god all of the bathroom f**kers were in the girls room.

It wasn't until the first verse that Dean's hears dropped with the familiar and soothing voice.

Wise men say...

"oH my god NO! I'M SUPOSED TO BE WITH CAS! NOT YOU. THIS IS OUR SONG NOT YOURS!" Dean's hands shook as he tried to break away from her without hurting her. "After all that happened.. He cOULD HAVE DIED BECAUSE OF YOU. I COULD HAVE LOST THE BEST THING IN MY LIFE BECAUSE YOU'RE JEALOUS."

"But isn't this better than that." She pressed against him again. "Oh c'mon Dean. You just want me to leave cause I'm making you sexually frustrated! Isn't that right?" She smirked and was forcing herself on him as they 'danced.'

Dean rolled his eyes. "No, I actually had a hard on before we started dancing. My boyfriend does that to me often. But the moment you laid your hands on me it went down. Now, I am cutting this dance short because you are trying to make me cheat on my love. It will never work. I'll only ever dance to this with my prince!" Dean said and scowled at her crying face. She stood like an idiot in the middle of the dance floor, alone. Dean went back to where he left Cas, but he wasn't there. He took the crown off his head as he frantically searching for him. He started to ask around, but everyone ignored him, until Ms.Bradbury saw how distraught he was, with single tears coming out of
his eyes.

"What's wrong?" She grabbed his shoulders and tried to calm him down.

"Where's Cas?"

"The bathroom. Why?" Dean didn't answer her, but ran.

Castiel was sobbing uncontrollably until he heard someone open the door and he sniffled and flushed the toilet, as if to act like he was just going to the bathroom.

"Cas?" Dean called out to him. Cas sighed hearing his voice.

"Congrats, king." Cas said weakly, hating that Lisa was the queen. He didn't want to come out of the stall. It was only a few days ago he wanted to die because of that girl. And Dean knew that. Yet he still had to dance with her... That didn't hurt him as much as it did that they danced to his favorite song.

"No Cas. I'm not the king. I'm still your princess. Open up. I know you're not really doing anything. And I'm sorry. I didn't want to dance with her. I was forced. And she kept trying to get with me and put her boobs in my face. But it's nasty. I'd much rather be with you and all of your hotness... Can i make it up to you again? I know you shouldn't forgive me. But i need you Cas."

"I'm not upset.. I just.. Wanted to dance with you to that song... But i had fun before that."

"I say we go dance to it. Anything else that could make it better?"

"Cuddles on your couch. And um.. Well..."

"Well what, love?" Dean smiled and cocked his head, and brought Cas into his arms. "It doesn't matter. I love you."

"I love you too..." 'but i don't know if I can trust you...'

"What did you want to do, to make tonight even better?" Dean had an idea. He wanted to make it up to Cas, and they hadn't gotten any action all week. Cas even looked exhausted from still sort of recovering. The worst part about it was his smile wasn't as bright as it was before. He also didn't want to pressure his angel into anything.

"Oh golly. Nevermind."

"Cas... please tell me."

"How does your crotch feel?" Cas asked quietly.

"What? Oh.. the swelling and bruising is about gone, but doesn't hurt much anymore. Why? You wanna do stuff with it or just asking out of genuine curiosity?"

"Sorta both. But mostly I don't like when you're in pain."

"Baby, I wanted to get away with you to show you how much I love and need you. So you tell me what you want. Tonight is my treat." He grabbed Cas's arms gently, seeing how fragile he still looked.

"I don't even know what i want..."

"Oh? Not even describe it or give me a general area?"
"Michael said something about butt stuff when we were talking about him and Kev earlier. But all he said was they did a lot of different butt stuff. But i was confused."

"Butt stuff?" Dean could help but laughing silently at the term. "Like more than we've already done? Cause there is one or two more things that could be done. I could tell you or I could show you. One of them at least. The other requires buying things. Note that I have never done either of those before, so I might not be good at it, but I have seen it in porn plenty of times to know a few things about it."

"You dirty boy! Do you still watch porn or whatever?"

"No, because i have you. And guilty as charge for being dirry, especially when you come around." Dean laughed some and slid his hands doen to grabe Cas's hands.

Cas laughed and held his hands. "You can show me the one if you want... I could try to do something to-" he was cut off.

"Nonsense Cas. I'd love to do it if you are willing, and i won't do anything that you aren't comfortable with. Snd I'll be gentle and then we can cuddle. Thats my main prority. Not getting with your body, but just being with you, baby. And by the way, i ditched everyone once i figured out what the song was. That song is for me and you only, darling." Dean batted his eyes and blushed. Then he put his crown on Cas.

~•~

Cas knew Dean wasn't lying and that he loved him, and Lisa was just a hoe. They ended up in Dean's room an hour later and played music semi-loud as he started to strip Castiel. "You're so sexy."

"It's cold," Cas laughed and shivered, staying pressed against Dean.

"By the time you leave, you'll be hot and sweaty. From what im about to do, or when we cuddle." Dean started to pull his own clothes off, wanting to be equally as naked as Cas. And Cas helped him, sliding his tight black pants down. "Thanks love!"

"Anything for you." He popped the waist band of Dean's boxers and slid them down as well. He stepped out of them then led Cas to the bed and laid him down. Cas layed there, put reaches up and grabed Dean's neck to pull him down and kiss him hungrily kiss him. (He almost missed, but thank god he didn't.)

"Alright, alright Cas. Now.. I'm gonna need you to get on your hands and knees. Just trust me." Cas did as he was told without question untill Dean took each one of his a$$cheeks in each hand and spread them apart.

"Hold on Dean, what are you do- AHHH OMY GOD." Cas tried not to scream as Dean's tongue connected with him. He pulled away and told Cas to be quiet before kiss his a$$ again and digging his tongue into him.

Cas couldn't control himself, he was at bliss and very close as the seconds melted into minutes of Dean working his magic. He arched his back and screamed Dean's name as he came onto Dean's bed sheets. Dean didn't stop either, untiill his angel was panting and his already weak arms grew weaker as he came down from his high. "You okay?" Dean asked and kicked his lips and rubbed Cas's butt, massaging him, as he collapsed on his bed.

"Perfect. I love you."
"I love you too, Cas. Did you like it?"

"Yeah. What.. What was that?" Cas asked, still completely blissed and out of breath.

"It's called a rim job," Dean said proudly.

Cas smiled at him and they ended up cuddling. Dean was surprisingly the small spoon. He was also the best thing that had happened to Cas in his whole little life. He never wanted to lose the amazing boy next to him. He wanted Dean Winchester to be his for the rest of his life.

As Cas was thinking, he blurted out what he needed to say. "I remeber... Pluto is like lightyears away from the sun. And you mean more than that to me."

"You do to me too my prince. I'll never find someone better than you. You're amazing. Special and perfect to me."

A few Weeks Later

"C'mon Cassie! We're gonna be late. I worked my butt off to get you an appointment."

He rolled out of bed, hearing his sister yelling. He'd also got a new phone, Sirri was very helpful to him. "Can Dean pleasee come!?"

"Am i not enough?" She crossed her arms, and her tone made Cas feel like more of a victim than we already was.

"I just really want him there... Anna please." Cas whined. He needed all of the moral support he could get.

"Fine. I'll pick him up on the way there." She sighed and rolled her eyes. A two hour car ride with those two in the backseat should be fun. If she made one of them sit upfront, she'd get complaints. If they are both in the back she's at risk for them making out. Either way. Its gonna be dangerous and eventful.

~•~

The doctor walked in, he was wearing white drapes. As soon as the door opened, Cas felt cold. But he sat on bed provided for him to wait. Anna was in the chair. And Dean, instead of taking the other chair, sat next to Cas and held his shaky hands. "It's gonna be okay," Dean whispered as the doctor walked in and he felt Cas tense up.

Cas nodded and Dean kissed his nose, earning a questioning look from the doctor. "Hello, Anna right? You're here with your brother, Castiel?"

"Correct!"

"Who is the other um..." He looked at the couple on the exam table and cocked his head.

Dean and Cas were actually playing footsies in clear sight and holding hands. Anna laughed when she looked at them. "The other dude is Cassie's boyfriend. He's here for moral support. He really knows how to pick em."

"Oh okay. Well today is just a consultation. Does he actually want to do it or not?" The question was more directed at Cas, but he wasn't paying attention.

"BOYS!" Anna yelled. "Dean come sit over here right now and leave Cas alone."
"Fineeeeee," he whinned and trudged over, taking his seat. The doctor advanced on Cas and took his glasses off to look at his eyes.

"So Castiel," he said quietly as he stared into his eyes, making him uncomfortable. Dean noticed and he didn't like it one bit. He wanted to get up and be beside Cas, but he couldn't. "Your surgery would actually be quite harder to do. You see, since you were born blind, we'd have to see if the nerve we are operating on to fix sight is still in tact. I believe it just wasn't connected because of your mothers drinking habits when she was pregnant. But there's a 75% chance that it is okay, but we won't know for sure until we go in."

"O-oh.." Cas sighed, feeling sick to his stomach as he was left sitting there alone and listened to the doctor. "I- I'll do it..."

"You sure babe?" Dean spoke up and disregarded Anna's orders. He got up and went back over to hold his hand and kiss his cheek. "Don't say yes if you don't really want it. don't do it because of me."

"But I will." Cas nodded. His shaky hands were unconvincing.

"Does it matter when we schedule it?"

"His birthday is on October 18th! Two weeks away. Could you get him in?"

The doctor hummed and flipped through the calendar on the wall. "Yeah. I should be able to get you in! That exact date as well. I guess your sight really will be a gift. Y'all hang tight. I'm going to go get some papers for you to fill out." He left them in the room. Once the door was shut, Anna squealed.

"Congratats baby bro!"

"Why?" Cas sat up straight and cocked his head like a puppy, making Dean giggle.

"Because you got put in so soon."

"Yeah." Cas smiled fakely and hung his head. Dean saw that the smile wasn't real and frowned. He scooted closer to Cas and wrapped his arm around him. "Cas? Are you happy?"

"Im just scared."

"Of what, baby?" He was genuinely curious about Cas's answer. He'd try his best to reassure Castiel that there was nothing to be afraid of.

"I don't want to talk about it right now."

"You wanna go talk about it over some ice cream?"

"Yeah."

"When the doctor gets back with the papers we will go."

"Alright." Cas brought his hand up to kiss Dean's knuckles, making Anna gag. Cas giggled and kissed back as the doctor came in, with another question look on his face. "Here are the papers.. Uhm."
Anna smiled. "Hey, thank you. I'm sorry about those two." She cleared her throat to make them stop kissing. "Do I need to sign in any specific place?"

"It's fine ma'am... Under the guardian spot and then I need Castiel's. Just saying if something goes wrong, he won't sue us." The words the doctor said didn't make Cas any less scared.

"Okay. I remember signing something like that before my knee surgery."

"Yeah. It's just a precaution."

Anna nodded and signed where she was supposed to. "He can't write."

"I can tryyy!" Cas whinned. He didn't want to feel stupid. He could write, just not a lot, or well.

"Fine, fine." Anna handed the clipboard and pen to him then guided his hand to where he needed to sign.

"C-a-s-t-i-e-l. W, I mean N-o-v-a-k!! I did it!!"

Anna looked over the signature and nodded some before handing it back to the doctor. "He did it."

"Good job, Castiel." He laughed. "You can leave on your own leisure. I'll call closer to the date with the times."

"Thank you again!" Anna cheered.

Dean kissed Cas's cheek. "Good job, Cassie. Ready to go?"

"Yeah!" Cas squealed like a girl.

Dean helped him up and kissed his head. "Your handwriting isn't terrible either."

"I honestly doubt that. But I did go to a school for blind kids and special needs kids back in Boston."

Dean nodded and smiled. "They taught you well for someone who can't see. Yet."

"Dude. That took me like 12 years to learn! I only know my name! And the other letters and sounds. I can sound them out, except for the ones that have silent letters. Braille isn't like that most of the time."

"I'm still learning. Proper grammar at least."

"Wait- how am I going to learn how to read without looking stupid? Is it hard?"

"To me no, but you might find it hard. Reading will come easier than writing though. You already know how to speak and pronounce words, you just need to learn to picture certain shapes having the same sounds. Sorry if that didn't make sense. It's hard to explain. But let's make a deal maybe? I help you learn to read and write and in return I'll learn braille? I might need to know it one day."

"Alright! Why would you need it?"

"Most people who aren't already blind tend to lose their sight over time as they age. Same with hearing."

"Damn. I can handle being born without it. I just adapted! This is all normal for me. But loosing it would be awful."
"It's just a part of getting old. We still have many many years."

"I feel old. I'm older than you, right?"

"By a year."

"October 18th, I'll be 18. yippieee!!"

"You can vote and stuff."

"Man, obama is the bomb! I don't want a different pres."

"We can't help that."

"True true. OO! This reminds me of something. When i was little, me and Gabriel would argue over stuff and yeah.. But he'd always get this, I dont know if its candy, but it was amazing. And we'd chill on the couch and eat Pockey. And whoever settled the argument would get the rest of the pack. I can hold an argument. I almost always won!" Cas laughed and realized he was rambling and went quiet again.

Dean was just smiling big as he listened to Cas. "What are some things that you'd argue about?"

"Sports and stuff. You know. Guy bro stuff!"

"Really..?"

"And the weather!" Cas added.

"I'm disappointed in Gabriel. Because he didn't argue about anything interesting."

"The weather is interesting! And then we discussed his 'girl friends.' I think hes lying."

"Most likely."

~•~

Anna did the boys a favor and drove them to the Ritas Italian place that was about a mile away. She dropped them off, Cas got cherry and Dean got cotton candy.

"Thanks darlin!" Cas smiled as Dean sat down on the bench beside him.

"Anything for ya, babe." Cas giggled at the name and scooted closer to him, but stayed quiet. "So. You wanna tell me what made you so nervous today?"


"You don't like hospitals?" Dean questioned as if he was clueless.

"I hate them. I was little when my parents died. I don't remeber much, except how cold they were. And how dry the air was. And the cords and everything.. and then after every test i went through as a kid. I can't stand it." Cas mumbled something about his overdose as well.

Dean was on the verge of tears. He couldn't stand seeing his baby so distraught. 'Maybe I pushed him to doing the surgery? I shouldn't have done that... It was his choice. I don't care either way. I'll still love him and help him no matter what.' Dean's thoughts were lost as he took Cas's glasses off to wipe them after he saw a tear stream down his face.
"I do too. I might not be perfect, but I'll try." Cas whispered, making Dean's heart melt.

"I love you, so much. Okay? You're perfect to me either way. If I pressured you into doing the surgery, I'm so so sorry. You can turn back. I feel this is my fault if that's the case because you're so scared."

"No, Dean, this was my decision. All me. I promise." Cas took another bite of his ice. "This place is amazing."

"Indeed. This is fabulous. And Cas. We might not be able to spend a lot of time together. I have to get a job to help mom now that dad's gone."

"Oh yeah.. Is there anything i can do to help?"

"No, Cas. Thank you though."

"You sure, love?"

"Yeah. Worry about what you are gonna do first when you can see."

"I don't know. Honestly."

"Meet your family maybe? Actually see them to meet them?"

"Well, you first."

Dean felt himself blush again. "Of course. I'll be right next to you when you open your eyes."

"What if they mess up and i see colors wrong!?" It seemed like Cas was faking it, but he was genuinely terrified.

Dean started to laugh softly. "People are born color blind all of the time. You won't be the only one that can't see colors right. But that's not as bad as not seeing at all."

"Okay. Phewww. I thought I'd end up weird or something."

"No no. The only weird one would be if you saw in only black and white, but I guess you won't know until we teach you colors."

"True. But that's gonna be weird too. Cause like, I'm used to hearing colors if that makes sense."

"It does. And I'm ready for you to see yourself!"

"What if i get scared by what i look like? If its that ugly?" Cas scrunched up his face, disgusted.

"Impossible. I may not be big on what a person looks like, but there has to be some attractiveness to a person." Dean poked his nose.

"You could just be saying that."

"Cas, baby, you are gorgeous. I'm jealous!"

"Stop it. I bet you're the hottest person of all. Personality and sound and feel wise, you already are."

~*~

Dean grinned and got up to throw away their trash after they both finished the ice. "Ready for me to
call Anna or you wanna walk to the park?"

"Can we go walk?"

"I was hoping you'd say that. I wasn't ready to be ditched."

"Awww. I wouldn't ditch you. Besides i have nothing else to do. I mean, i wouldn't want to do something else. Ugh!" Every word Cas said didn't seem to come out right. Dean nodded and got up, lacing their fingers and leading his blind angel across the street. They weren't only but a few blocks away from the park.

Once Cas felt the grass under his shoes, he pulled Dean along, following the smells of trees. There was no particular reason, but he wanted to stand under a tree.

"Ready for school tomorrow?" Dean asked, sarcastically, but to break the silence. For that question, he got another one of Castiel's b**ch faces. "What?"

"People! Grrr!" Css continued walking faster, pulling Dean across the park.

"Im sorry to bring it up. Down boy!" Dean pulled on his arm. Cas laughed a bit at him. Dean never failed to make him happy. "Put that aggression somewhere else, love. Now is a time to be joyful! Or whatever most preachers say in church."

"Praise jesus." Cas raised his free hand to the sky, and Dean almost collapsed from laughing.

"Are we going anywhere specific speedy?" Dean followed closely, and spoke up after a minute.

"Too a random tree. Because they are nature-y and smell good and provide shade for two legged animals, and sometimes provide spots for bee's homes." Cas stated everything with a straight face. He was genuinely serious about it. He stopped once he reached out and touched some oak wood, leaning against it. "I love nature and being outside. Especially when it's quiet and everything. The sounds make me feel at peace."

Dean changed the topic, somewhat. "I'm really glad that i found you ouside when you were alone."

"Well thank you. I would have been a lost cause because of the bullies. Dean Winchester, you saved me!"

Dean smiled and tilted Cas' head up just so they could press their heads together. "You're perfect for me in every way."

"Thats wow. But you are too. Right down to the way your voice cracks when you're scared! ... cheesy a$$," he mumbled the last part.

"NO IT DOESN'T!" Dean whined.

"Shush Becky!"

"Becky?" Dean looked confused.

"I overheard Benny say that. He said that's what they call the hot hoes. But i dont know.."

"Hmmm... I've never heard that one...

"Probably told me that to make me sound dumb. But anyways. Im a special snowflake! Oo! I heard a song about special snowflakes the other day! It was something Mikie was listening to!" Cas cleared
his throat and started to sing. "Every snowflakes different just like youu. I'll sing about it if you ask me toooo!"

Deans shook his head and laughed."Wow Cas..

"Anna said she's gonna make me wear eyeliner if i don't stop with the My Chemical Romance references. But that's Mikie and Gabe's fault."

The next day was Monday. Yay for everyone... Not. But all of the students were summoned to an assembly after second period, but they didn't know what it was about. Cas was trampled on his way there and gave up, deciding to follow the crowd and possibly be late. Dean was sitting towards the back when he spotted Cas. He smiled and ran down to him and grabbed his hand gently. "Come sit with me, babe."

"Oh hey love! I will. And I'm not looking forward to this. Social anxiety agh. I'm so emotionally unstable!" Cas laughed. "But what is this about?"

"I have no idea. I don't think anyone does. Come on." Dean led Cas to two empty seats and sat down with him. Dean laces their fingers and kissed his cheek.

A voice over the loud speaker scared Cas, because it was so abrupt. "You're probably wondering who i am and why all of you are here, but does anyone have any idea?" There was a silence. "Okay, not the most enthusiastic group... But we are here to talk about bullying, and what you can do to stop it. Because there's been a lot of that from this school since August 27th. That's the first day if you weren't hip."

"Oh no, not one of these." Dran groaned softly and laid his head on Cas' shoulder. Cas sighed and pet his hair.

"Treat others the way you want to be treated. If you don't want to get bullied for who you are, dont hurt the others around you. They could have a bad home life, and you could be the one that drives them over the edge!"

Cas growled quietly and whispered. "What if I'm getting treated horrible but haven't hurt anyone else. Ughhfg!"

Dean huffed and nodded, then kissed Cas' neck softly. "I'm sorry."

"Its fine princess.."

A boy on the other side raised his hand high while grinning like a douchebag. "Aah yes! You sir! What do you have to say?" The heavier man with the mic walked over to the boy who was raising his hand.

The boy took the mic and looked around. "What do you do if there is this guy who decided to sleep around with every cheerleader in school then all of a sudden decided that he wanted to go gay for a blind dude who cries all of the time? How would you deal with the situation, kind sir?" He asked and raised an eyebrow as he made eye contact with Dean.

"Well, he's finding himself. It doesn't make him a bad person. Maybe he was just covering up that he liked males."

The boy frowned, not having expected that answer. "Or he is just adding to his list of one night stands. Everyone in this school hates him because of how he treats people here."
"Who is this person? Maybe we can find out why!"

"Dean Winchester. He's sitting over there." The boy pointed at Dean. Dean scowled at him but was actually really upset at what he said and instead held Cas' hand tightly, being very angry.

"Dean Winchester?"

Cas was pissed at the douche who called out his boyfriend and yelled. "HE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG. HE HASN'T HURT ME ON PURPOSE. EVERYONE ELSE IS PUSHING HIM TO BE THE WAY HE IS TOWARDS OTHERS!"

Dean looked at Cas shocked. "Hey, love, calm down please. Let me deal with this okay? Thank you for standing up for me though." Cas squeezed his hand tighter and the guy called Dean's name again. He sighed and stood up but kept their hands laced together and he stuffed the other in his pocket. "Um, hi.

"Is what this gentleman said true?"

"About which part specifically?"

"Sleeping with every girl and then going homosexual for a blind kid? Treating everyone bad?"

"I did sleep with the cheerleaders, yes. That is no secret.... I was always bisexual, even when with girls.. and Cas, that's his name, is the love of my life.. And I haven't treated anyone worse than they have treated me since I came out. They might have even been treating me worse."

"You didn't abuse those girls did you? If not, you are certainly not the victim. People should treat you with respect. For following your heart! This is a prime example of bullying. Dean did nothing wrong except for state the truth, and look what the other students feedback was? It's nonsense."

Dean ran a hand through his hair awkwardly and looked down at Cas. "I guess so.. unless anyone else has something to say against me." He said and looked out among the crowd self-consciously.

Lisa decided to speak up. "I dated him for a while. But we broke up for like no reason! And im scared for Cas! I don't want him to br just used by Dean like i was."

Dean glared at her. "You broke up with me because I was being too clingy after your pregnancy scare. That happened after you cheated on me with Thomas McClaine. I was willing to stay even though it wasn't mine. You strung me along for three months with that whole baby thing! I was freaking out! And then as soon you dumped me, you went straight back to him, and i didn't move on to anyone. Untill the day Cas showed up, and i realized what true love is!"

She stayed silent and sat down.

"In this case, Dean, you are not the bad guy. And people need to be nicer to you. Back to what the other gentleman said about the boy who ‘is always crying.’ Why is he crying? Would anyone ask him and find out? Maybe it's your fault and you're pushing him over the edge?" The question was directed towards Dean, but he still spoke up.

"Cas doesn't cry all the time. I've only seen him do it a few times. It was his first day here. He can't see and people were giving him a hard time and it became too much. That's the day I asked him to be my boyfriend. And not out of pity like a lot of people say. The other times were because he was scared of this cruel world. And i wasn't there because Lisa was trying to slut around with me!"

Cas spoke up again. "Dean's right!"
The man nodded. "Stand up for your selves. No matter how hard it gets, always fight. Suicide is popular with teenagers. And it gets better."

Dean felt Cas tense up at the mention of suicide. "I hope that isn't how you are ending this thing? That is depressing."

"I'm just stating the facts. If you treat people right, this wouldn't be an issue." Dean nodded some and sat back down and kissed Cas' cheek. "Does everyone understand what I'm saying?" There was a couple of whispered yes's and some groans.

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"Wanna skip the rest of the day? I need a distraction that isn't school." Dean whinned.

"Oh yeah. Please." Dean nodded and quickly pulled him outside. "I'm gonna go blast music if you don't mind."

"Sure, sure. I don't mind."

"Good. And im gonna dance like an idiot and be myself. Without a care in the world!"

"And I'll happily watch okay baby?"

"Yeah!" Dean smiled and they drove to his house. Dean already knew what he wanted to play. Cas tried to be excited, and hide his burning rage. But it didn't work so well.

"What's wrong?"

"My hatred for things called human beings. Minus a few. A bisexual princess included."

Dean chuckled then sighed and pulled him close. "It's okay, Cas. What can I do to make it feel better?"

Cas smiled over at the only thing that kept him sane. "Scream to music and kiss me."

"I can do my best on the first part, but I can garantee the second one."

"Sickk as frick!"

Once they got to Dean's house, Cas was pulled up to Dean's room where his radio was and put on a CD. He figured if Cas wanted to scream, he'd put in heavy metal.

Cas recognized it almost immediately. "Black Sabbath??" He gasped.

"Yes, baby. Ozzy is my boy next to Rob Plant."

"Oo yes! Dean, you slay my entire world."

"I can slay it more but I don't think you meant that kind of screaming." Dean bit his lip and smirked, even though Cas couldn't see, it was very seductive.

"Oooh!" Cas smirked. "Dirty."

"You know me. My mind is always in the gutter." Dean turned up the music and layed back on his bed to watch Cas. Depending on the song, Cas went off like a firecracker. Screaming and dancing to each song untill he was out of breath.
Dean was watching with a slight worried look but knew Cas needed to let all of his frustrations out so he didn't interfere. "I'm done." Cas sighed after a while, and flopped on the bed next to him.

Dean rolled over and hugged him close. "Feel any better?"

"Yus i do. Thanks chu." Cas snuggled into him, breathing in his scent.

Dean pet Cas' hair and rubbed his back. "Anytime." He smiled brightly, "you looked like you were having fun."

"Yas i was!!" Cas panted.

"Hey, are you ready for that kiss you wanted?"

Cas nodded. "Your lips are like medicine. Im so drawn to it, and it makes me feel better."

"I'm glad that they are your drug of choice." He grinned big and brought Cas' hand up to his face and nuzzled it before kissing his lips lovingly. When they pulled away Cas held Dean's face in his hands.

Based on personality, taste, and touch, Cas made his next observation about Dean out loud. "You're adorable!"

"Stop." Dean mumbled and pushed his hands away, pouting.

"Aww c'mon sweet cheeks!"

"Nope. I'm not a baby."

"Oh yes you areee. Too cute. But sexy most of the time."

"Thank god. You are too."

"Maybe i am. Who knows sir. You could still be lying! But i ain't lying." Cas had always been able to give complements, but never could accept them. He felt that they weren't right, he felt like the compliments were always lies. If he couldn't think of himself the way others do, it mustn't be true.

"I am not lying!"

"Dean something Winchester! Don't give me that tone!" Cas half-laughed at himself.

"My middle name is the same as one of your brothers' first names."

"Gabriel?"

"Michael!"

"Sick as frick princess! I find this information interesting."

"What's your middle name?"

"James.."

"That is a very plain name compared to your first one. Castiel James Novak."

"I guess my parents just ran out of ideas. I'm the baby of he family anyways," Cas yawned.

"You wanna take a nap, love?" Dean asked and pulled him close.
"I didn't sleep well last night, so yeah... If that's okay. Can i have another kiss?? You promised earlier you would." Dean couldn't help but smile and kiss him lovingly, hoping to make him feel better. Cas wrapped his arms around Dean carefully, absent-mindedly brushing over his crotch when he moved his hands. Dean slid his hand down to grip Cas' hip while deepening the kiss even more, dissolving the rest of the stress in their bodies. Dean moaned very softly and pulled Cas's hips closer to his own. Cas couldn't stop himself from laughing softly at Dean's moan and bucked his hips to please him.

Dean gasped softly and broke the kiss to nip at Castiel's neck. Cas groaned under his breath and breathed heavily. Dean left a really dark hickey and nuzzled Cas's neck while sliding his hands up the boy's shirt. The mark hurt a bit, but Cas moaned when he felt Dean's hands. Dean rubbed his sides and started pushing his shirt up, to make him more comfortable if he was going to take that nap. Cas blushed and smiled when he felt his shirt was gone. "What are you smiling at?" Dean asked him quietly.

"You."

"Why?" Dean smiled and kissed Cas' stomach.

"Because-" his thought was cut off and he cackled loudly. "THAT TICKLES!" Dean smirked and sucked a small raspberry colored mark onto Cas's belly making him laugh and squirm. Dean pulled away to actually tickle him again. "DEAA-AAN!" He whinned and tried to push him off as he kept laughing. He sounded like a little boy with his high pitched cackle.

Dean kept up the tickling for a few more minutes before finally giving Cas some peace. He was still chuckling and sat up to watch him. "You good baby?" Cas panted and rolled on his stomach and hid his face as he tried to stop laughing. Dean smiled and rubbed his back soothingly.

"I'm greaaaat. You?"

"As long as it isn't me that was being tickled then im good." Cas grunted and poked his stomach again. "Nuh uh!"

"Not fair dude!"

"Why?"

"I wannaa." Cas groaned and reached to poke Dean again, but couldn't find him. Dean huffed out a chuckle and moved back over to him. Cas whined again, but eventually grabbed hold of Dean again. He ran his hands over Dean's shirt and down his thigh repeatedly.

Dean smiled and laughed softly. "Are you petting me?" He asked teasingly.

"MEOW MEOW! HA DUR," Cas responded. Dean snorted and wrapped his arms around Cas and laid back down while pulling Cas over him. He just snuggled close to him and nuzzled his face against his neck, taking in his scent. Cas squeezed him tightly. "Do bees give live birth or lay eggs?"

He whispered, very curiously.

"Eggs. Just the queen though."

"I've taken a liking to felines, bees and guinea pigs." Cas shrugged, hoping his boyfriend wouldn't think of him as a complete weirdo.

"Maybe one day we can get a cat. I'm allergic, but I'll figure something out."
"Yayy. Kittys are amazing."

"Mhmm. They can be." Dean kissed his shoulder then nuzzled more. Cas draped one of his legs over Dean's and curled into him. "Wanna take a nap?"

"Yeah. Today's been stressful already and my throat hurts from screaming," he chuckled and yawned. The blind kid struggled to pull his skinny jeans off to get comfortable. Dean helped him and removed his own as well.

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Lucifer had already moved back to Boston. Michael had lived out here for a while and was in college. And the rest of the fam minus Lucifer wanted to move out there to see him. Plus Anna's online boytoy. That's the reason why they were here in the first place, but Cas was thankful, so was Gabriel. He had scored his first date in forever with Clara Braeden. He had been secretly in love with that girl since they moved. He got a job at a local fast food place, and Clara was his manager. They went on a very cliche date to the Hibachi Grill, where she took his jacket and they discussed their hopes and dreams as human beings.

Gabriel admired Clara's flawless skin, dark brown eyes, and overall gorgeous figure. Then the fact that she wanted to be a doctor made him coo over her even more. But it completely slipped in his mind that this girl was related to Lisa Braeden, the reason his brother tried to kill himself.

Gabriel took Clara home around 11 pm. Before she left, she pressed their lips together softly and lovingly. Lisa was sitting in her room looking pissed. Gabriel went back home and took a picture silently before passing out on his bed. After Dean and Cas took their nap, Dean decided to take Cas home, but ended up staying and passing out with him on the couch.

Clara went to tell her sister goodnight and noticed she was pissed. "Sorry I couldn't come home earlier." She sighed, but was happy. The feeling of Gabriel's lips hadn't left her own. It was the perfect date in her opinion. They even discussed Dean when Clara saw her and was surprised. She knew Lisa's side, but she knew Dean's now. She wasn't happy with the situation.

"I needed to talk to you," Lisa scowled.

"About?"

"My day... but instead you went off and ignored my calls!"

"I'm sorry! I was on the best date ever!"

"With whom? Who is more important than your sister?"

"Gabriel Novak!"

"The brother of the f**ker who stole my Dean?!"

"He didn't steal your Dean, you little cheating b**ch!"

Lisa's eyes widened. "I-I did not! Wh-where did you hear that?"

"Gabriel explained everything. I even know that you had a pregnancy scare, Dean stayed with you even though it wasn't his. He loved you, but you threw him away. Cas is lucky." Lisa just looked down at her knees before getting up and running out and into her own room.
"Happy Saturday! Wake up sleepy heads. We're cleaning and packing. Sam's at a friends house so I need you boys to help me. Dean, basement duty! Cas, you ain't my kid. I can't make you do anything." Mary shouted to the two boys who were curled up on the couch, half asleep. Dean groaned and kicked the pink tiger blanket off of them, causing Cas to get angry and slap his chest. His arms tightened around him, trying to soak in his body heat. But Dean decided to instigate. He knew how much Cas hated cold feet, so he decided to slide his socks off with his toes and wrap his legs around Cas's. Cas growled and bit Dean's skin, under his nipple.

"Oww," Dean whined sarcastically and pulled softly at Cas's hair and held him tighter.

"F**k you," he mumbled and struggled to pull away, almost rolling off of the couch, but Dean caught him.

"When and where?" He said with a sly smirk.

Cas pushed him away with a grunt. "It's cold, gosh darn-it. Where's the flipping blankets?"

"No, we gotta get up. We're helping mom move. You can wear my hoodie if you get cold. and you need to help me."

"That doesn't make sense, princess. Why do you need me?" Cas sat up with a yawn. Dean's face flushed with embarrassment. Cas could feel Dean's cheeks heating up and so he smiled. "What? Are you scared?"

"Me? Scared of the creepy and crusty basement that no one has been in, in years!" Dean gulped, "yes... It's really dark. And i- I just don't wanna go down there alone." If Cas could only see the terrified look on Dean's face, he'd be shook.

"I'm used to the dark, boo. But let's go you little pretty princess. Let the blind kid fight off the monsters to keep you safe. You should wear a tutu as well!" Cas was joking of course, but Dean looked quite offended, with his perfect lips slightly parted. Cas could only sense the tension and apologized as he grabbed his hand and tenderly kissed his knuckles.

Dean took his hand to slowly lead him down the carpeted steps. He kept his face of disgust when he occasionally stepped in a wet patch going down the steps. And as soon as he opened the second door, he was greeted by the smell of mildew. He left Cas down there for a short period of time to go get a few moving boxes.

All he found salvageable was an old movie player and some army men. Cas sat on the bottom step, sipping his juice box, making suggestive movements with his tongue snd shouting encouragements to Dean. Dean looked over at him and laughed slightly before turning around to move some other junk and a rat ran across his foot. He let out a very girly high pitched squeak. That scared the b-jesus out of Cas, and made him squeeze the juice box, making it squirt all over himself.

Dean halfheartedly laughed at him but wiped his face and kissed his nose. "IT'S COLD AND NOW I'M STICKY!" Cas pouted and threw the now empty small purple cardboard box on the ground.

Dean took off his hoodie and picked the trash up, and he made a perfect basket in one of the moving boxes that he wouldn't need. "Arms up Cassie!" He put the hoodie on him, it was very big, but it was adorable on him.
"Thanks princess!" Cas smiled and stood up. He leaned against the wall, not sure where to go. Dean ended up sitting him down on the old couch down there.

"Most of this is dad's old junk. The only thing I'd want are me and Sammy's army men figurines. Maybe this old timey movie player. But I'd have to test it out."

"Try it then, love..." Cas shifted on the couch. Dean thumbed over the small and delicate figurines before gently putting them into a box and set them on the step. "I'll listen to it with you..."

"There's an old tape in it... I swear if it's one of those silent films I'm gonna blow my brains out."

Dean huffed a laugh as he tried to figure out the old machine.

The morning had soon passed. Dean and Mary put the two boxes of actually useful stuff they found, in the trunk of the car. By noon it had started to rain, and the soft pitter patter of raindrops could be heard even in the basement. Mary and Sam had went out grocery shopping, leaving Cas and Dean there. But Cas decided to be a lazy bum, and didn't want to get up. Because then there was also the fact that Cas was terrified of storms and being downstairs, listening to Dean rant about political views calmed him. That was at least until a groan came from the back room and a door creaked open.

Dean's bones rattled from the small gust of cool air that suddenly came from the door upstairs. "This is exactly why we don't come down here!"

"Are you afraid of the ghost?" Cas snickered.

"Yeah! I don't wanna' die yet, Casandra." Dean shivered and looked at the open door. Cas was confused because of the nickname, and rolled his eyes. The hairs on the back of Dean's neck stood up as he approached the half open door, with a flashlight in his hand. But the batteries were gone, so all it did was flicker. Setting an even creepier setting. Can't forget the fact that the old movie player was making static noises... "Here ghosty ghosty!" He teased and gulped, legit scared beyond imaginable. His heart was in his stomach and he looked around with wide eyes. Only barely three feet away from him, on the couch, was Cas, and his super-hearing. He heard that Mary was home. When she opened the door, it triggered a reaction to the lose door downstairs. But Cas giggled, hearing and feeling how terrified Dean was. It honestly made him feel like a bad person, but he knew that his princess wasn't in any danger. "Do you honestly think this is funny, Cas!? I'm about to pee myself! There's a freaking ghost!"

"The only ghost is of your dignity, but that left a few minutes ago, when your mom came home and opened the door. The way she stepped must've opened the one down here. and you set yourself up with all of this creepy crap."

"You could have told me that!" Dean crossed his arms and spoke in a bit of a high pitched tone.

"Oops... C'mon princess... I'll make sure no ghost ever gets you!" Dean huffed and stormed over to where Cas was sitting and flopped in his lap, causing the smaller boy to grunt, but wrap his arms around Dean. He rubbed the goosebumps on his arms and felt his heart pounding in his chest.

"There, there... You're safe now." Cas kissed his hair and nuzzled him until he was calm.

October 18th came around the corner faster than they expected. Cas was shaky all morning, but Dean was there to hold him and calm him down. He rode with Dean and they followed Anna's car that morning, to the doctor. Dean wasn't allowed back there with him and he paced the loby for the next three hours. Anna and Gabriel were there with him. But he wouldn't sit down or calm down until he knew his angel was okay.

Meanwhile Cas was dressed in a hospital gown. It was horrible, because his feel were feezing and it
smelled like metal and stale cereal. He jumped as he felt a mask engulf his nose and mouth. His eyes felt heavy, nothingness surrounded him. Seconds flooded to minutes and then even the sound started to disappear.

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It was the moment they'd all been waiting for. Cas was slowly waking up, and the doctor started to remove his bandages. "Cas, you can open your eyes," he said in a monotone voice. Cas nodded, still sleepy and his eyelids fluttered open slightly. But he hissed and closed them again. The what he guessed as light hurt. He started again to slowly open his eyelids. Dean was watching nervously from his place next to the bed. When he saw Cas' eyes starting to open he reached out and eased his hand into his boyfriend's as if to offer support. He slowly opened them revealing something he couldn't even comprehend. He squeezed Dean's hand and craned his neck to look him over.

Dean smiled at him lovingly. "Hey, Cas. Happy birthday beautiful." He moved a bit closer so Cas wouldn't have to strain himself too much after waking up.

"D-dean?" His head pounded when he saw him, how stunning he was. Overall beautiful. He looked at their hands and observed that he was a darker color than his own skin, but it still felt the same.

"How does it feel?" He asked calmly and laced their fingers together.

"It hurts... But wow.. I have no words..." He used his other hand to carefully touch Dean's face.

Dean smiled and leaned into his touch. "You ready to re-meet the rest of your family or do you wanna rest up some more first and wait until you get home?"

"I'm ready!! Do i still have dry cum on my chest? You're a needy f**k and you made a god damn mess! But i like it.." Loopy Cas had no filter on his mouth which made Dean chuckle.

"Babe, filter! And we can go after the nurse says so." He held Cas's hand tightly.

Cas closed his eyes and brought his hand up to rest against his temple. "It hurts. Is this the light? Because I don't like it." Between coming out of surgery and the bright light, his head was pounding.

"I know, baby. But it'll be fine once you get used to it.." He kissed Cas's hair and stood up when he heard a quiet voice behind him.

"Dean, can you leave for a bit?" Cas saw a girl with an abstract colored head. From what he'd felt on Dean, he had a pretty good idea on the human structure, but the girl with Anna's voice was weirdly colored. He was seeing, but had no idea what he saw. His eyes were fixed back to Dean who let go of his hand, leaving a cold sensation rush through his fingers. He watched Dean walk away, the way his muscles in his legs flexed and the way his hips swayed slightly.

Another guy walked in that Cas couldn't comprehend, he was just there. But his voice belonged to his brother Gabriel. Gabriel sat beside Cas with a smile and watched him as he was starting to come off his anesthesia. "Bring Dean back..." Cas whined, and Gabriel shot him a bit of a hurt expression.

"In a minute lil bro. Hey, you've seen all of us, almost, but you haven't seen the most important person here!"

"The president? Jesus?"

"No! Silly!" Gabriel pulled out his phone and showed Cas a picture he had taken of him and Dean a few weeks ago. Cas looked the picture over, and touched his own face. He saw a guy with high
cheek bones and bright eyes, but he still couldn't describe it. He didn't want to ask about it either because he was embarrassed. Cas only knew that Dean was beautiful and much more appealing to the eye than himself.

"Ewww. Hot. Dean's hot. Im lucky! God I'm lucky!! Plus hes so amaizng. I dont have words.. But I'm ewwwww." Cas cringed without knowing and pushed Gabe's phone away.

"Shush!" Gabriel got up to call Michael. He was back in Boston but was on his way down once again. Gabriel left the room and told Dean to go back in there once again, saying Cas was getting grouchy. The pale lit room was a depressing sight. Cas had been in hospitals so many times, he couldn't stand to see his boy suffer.

"Hey, angel," Dean whispered and layed beside him on the dingey hospital bed. He took Cas's gentle fingers in his own and thumbed over them carefully. "Gabriel said you were getting pissy, baby." He spoke very softly and nuzzled into Cas, who had his free hand pressed against his forehead.

"I'm not pissy or grouchy! I might not be blind anymore but my hearing is still the bomb.com! I heard what he said, and it's just my head is pounding. And you're a liar."

"How so?" Dean leaned onto him to kiss his temple.

"You said I'm attractive, when in fact im very much not. And i haven't seen very many people, but I can gaurentee that you are the most beautiful and exquisite thing in the whole universe."

"Cas, i already said it doesn't matter to me what the person looks like, i learned that lesson from you. Im stupid for hoeing around with cheerleaders. But it matters what's in their hearts and minds. But in your case, i fell in love with you as a person, I've never done that before. And you're gorgeous. That's a big plus. And I've said this before so many times, but damn i love you! And i can't lose you! I almost have a few times, and it's the worst feeling ever. I feel complete with ypu, like my heart is whole, and my world is perfect. But in those moments where i thought i lodt you, my heart was shreded."

"Me too... I wanted to end it so many times, i only tried once. Because of that hoe, you know what, i don't want to talk about it. As long as you dont leave, I'll be okay." Cas knew first time relationships always end bloody. But he didn't want this one to end. He heard that you'll never marry your first love, or it's just a rare occasion. He wanted to be with this all around beautiful figure beside him. "And i love you too, Dean. So much." He smiled, for the first time in a few weeks, and it was genuine. He wrapped a gentle arm around Dean and pet him as he looked at what he was doing. The dark shirt felt the same and so did his rippled abs. "What color is this, princess?"

Dean looked down at his shirt. He took one of Cas's fingers and lead it over the fabric of his shirt. "Most of the shirt, this is black. And this..." He moved Cas's finger to the logo of a garage in the middle of his chest. "... This is light green. There are a few shades of this color, but I'll show you once i see them." Dean looked up slightly into Cas's beautiful eyes. But Cas was still staring down at his shirt, focusing.

"This might take a while to comprehend, but I'll get it one day, i guess." Cas whispered after he yawned. The cords still attached to his hand were still there, making him very uncomfortable. He did the best he could to snuggle into Dean's chest. He shortly fell asleep, breathing heavily from the pain and frustration.

Dean watched him sleep, ghosting over his arms as he relaxed. A little while later, he stretched and accidentally kicked Cas's leg. Cas grunted and woke up, accidentally slapping Dean with the back of
his hand. "Whoops, sorry princess..." He said sleepily. When he looked down at his arms he jumped, seeing a dark mark on his hand. While he was out the rest of his family went home. Dean stayed with him of course. But the nurse had taken his IVs out and told Dean they could leave when he woke up.

"Hey, baby. Its okay. Good nap? Those are bruises from the surgery. They'll go away soon though."

"What colors are they?" Cas examined it carefully and squinted his eyes.

Dean carefully took his hand to examine the bruises. "Well...a mixture of dark blue and purple. There really isn't a color for it. As they heal they'll start turning green and yellow. It's gonna hurt for a while, its nasty man. I'm sorry you are hurting. I wish there was something I could do to help."

"My hand hurts, agh. My head does too, but atleast I'm not sleepy. Anymore."

"We can go home if you want?" Dean shrugged and suggested. Cas nodded and Dean got up to grab Cas's plain black shirt and blue jeans. He helped him stand up and then get dressed.

"I feel stupid," Cas sighed as he examined the zipper on his pants. For some reason, when he closed his eyes, everything was easier. But when he opened them, he felt he couldn't do anything. "I can't do anything right! I'm already intimidated by you!"

"Why?" Dean looked at him confused as he tried to fix Cas's shirt and help him get dressed all the way.

"Because! You're cute and wow. And then i feel like im dumb"

"Cas, listen. You aren't dumb, you are handsome too. To me you are better looking than me and most people. I love you, Castiel. Please don't degrade yourself."

Cas got dressed, with the help of Dean. Anna and Gabriel and Michael were at the Novak's house setting up for Cas's birthday. Sam and Mary were there too. Lucifer was on his way down, the plane would land in approximately half an hour. Anna called the hospital, giving the doctor the okay that Dean could take him home. Dean wasn't a guardian of him, so they wouldn't let him go without that permission. Cas felt like a little whiny baby when they went outside. The light really hurt his eyes, Dean being such a lovely boyfriend, gave him his sunglasses. Cas was still adjusting and had a hard time walking steady. Dean picked him up and held him in his strong arms. He carried him to his car as well.

"I feel like a baby who can't do anything right."

"Well, then your my baby!"

Cas reached over for his hand, he just still needed to know he was there even in the worst/best times. He'd been in the dark for so long, it was so different. But no matter what, in everything they'd been through in the last two months, Dean was always there.

Dean laced their fingers and rubbed his thumb over his knuckles. "I love you. You're going to be okay."

"I do too," he whispered softly. "Eventually i will be."

Dean drove to the Novak's house. A 30minute drive. The doctor office was about an hour away, bu
the doc met them at a hospital halfway between them. Once they got home, Cas was greeted by his brothers and sisters, but he clung to Dean.

Cas was shy, seeing all of these new things. It was all too much for him. So much in so little time. Dean took his hand and lead him to the kitchen. They got some cake and Mary was standing beside them. Michael followed them in there.

"I'm hesitant. I heard Dean baked this last night..."

"He's an amazing cook though," Cas said with a small smile.

"Then I'll try the cake. I trust you..."

Cas gasped. In school he heard the word cake connected to a dirty joke about butts. "NO! His cake is all mine to eat! Not yours."

"You're nasty, Cas!" Michael looked disgusted. "Besides! I have my own boy."

Cas laughed. Dean just burried his face in Cas' hair as he laughed as well. He held him close and pouted when Mary smacked him on the back of the head. "Inappropriate and vulgar! Bad boys! I can hit Dean, but I can't hit Cas, because he's technically not family. So this will have to do for punishment."

Cas mumbled, "I'd like to take your last name one day, but it's okay if i don't. But then I'll be family and you can hit me." Dean blushed at the comment and kissed his cheek.

As Cas slowly adjusted, he came to see that he really didn't like all of the attention. So Dean made an excuse for the both of them. He took Cas up to his room to show him what it looked like and stuff. Cas intensely examined his room. He went up to his closet to thumb over the clothes and look at them. It was all weird to him.

"It's a lot cleaner than mine," Dean said, interrupting Cas's though process.

"You're serious? C'mon man! I didn't realize how OCD I am!" In his room, everything was in a perfect spot. Really it was his way of keeping things very organized and easy to find. When he wasn't able to see, his organized system made life easier.

Dean laughed. "I think it was more of that you didn't want to trip over anything."

"Ahh probably. I remeber in 1st grade... I tripped and smacked the teacher at 'special school!'"

"Special school?" Dean asked and raised an eyebrow at him.

"In Boston, there was a school for blind kids and then other special needs kids. The teacher just yelled. And stuff. And ever since then I've been OCD and try not to trip on things. Mostly because I was embarrassed."

"That makes sense."

"Yeah. Twisted my ankle too.. Ugh. Its fine now though. But damn..." Cas turned around to look at the window. The open glass gave him a slight reflection of himself. He sighed under his breath and let his hands drop to his sides.

"What's that for?" Dean heard the sigh and was curious. Cas looked into the slight reflection and played with his hair, ignoring Dean. Dean stood up from having been sat on Cas's bed, and walked
over behind him. He wrapped his arms around Cas and looked to see what he was looking at. "Hey handsome."

"Shh!"

"Hm?" Dean nodded and squeezed his sides softly. "Why?"

Cas started to laugh and squirm away from him. "Becaaauseee," he whined.

"You can actually get me back now." Dean said and started to tickle him again. Cas rolled his eyes and slapped Dean's hands gently. Dean laughed as well and pecked his lips before sitting back down on Cas's bed. Cas sat on his lap and huffed, falling backwards onto the bed, with his legs over Dean. Cas locked eyes with him and just stared at his beautiful features.

"You know, i got the best birthday present ever!"

"Which was me right?" Dean asked jokingly.

"Yeah it is!" He smirked slightly. "Im toats serious!"

"Okay Cas. Seriously! What do you want baby?"

"Just your lips." Cas smiled sweetly, exposing his teeth. It was the smile Dean loved. With all of his heart. Cas's warm and perfect lips were in perfect shape for that soft grin.

"I can do that." He leaned down to kiss him lovingly. As their lips locked, Cas smiled and wrapped his arms around Dean. Dean moved some he was basically draped over Cas and licked over his lips. He thought about how lucky he was once again. He opened his mouth just as Cas did and played with his soft hair. Cas was a bit more timid now that he could see Dean.

They shared a slow and gentle kiss, filled with love. He was hesitant to pull away, but he did after a while. Cas used their closeness to study Dean's face once again. Everything about this boy was perfect.

"You like what you see?" Dean asked shyly.

"Yes i do!"

Dean nodded. "I do too, Castiel Novak." Cas rolled his eyes and looked away. "What was that for?" Dean furrowed his eyebrows.

"Shhhhh. Just accept your compliments. Dont give them backkkk.." Cas kissed his cheek.

Dean stomped his feet like a kid. "But i meant it!"

"Thanks, but no thanks babe."

"Castiel, stop that." He said a bitterly. "Stop be-rating yourself."

"Why do i have to?"

"Because you're hot and amazing!"

"Fine!" Cas poked Dean's sides and got up off of his lap.

Dean chuckled. "No. Not fair."
"Yes fair!" Dean growled and Cas held his hands up in defense and laughed.

"Meanie! Don't tickle me!"

"Sorry for being mean! But its your fault. You said I can get you back!!"

"It's okay baby. You're great." Cas was going to say no, but arguing with him was a waste of time.

Anna broke their moment with a yell. "GET YOUR GAY A$$ES DOWN HERE!"

Cas rolled his eyes, them starting to hurt a bit. "COMING," he shouted back to Anna. Dean laced their fingers and they strode down the steps.

Once they entered the kitchen they were met by a firey red head. "Y'all didnt frickle frackle did you??!" Anna asked with crossed arms.

"Why would even use that term? And no we didn't. We aren't Michael and Kevin who can't seem to wait until private."

"Shut up!" Michael yelled and blushed, stepping away from Kevin, taking his hand off his a$$.

"Well wait till you're in private to get some!"

"Alright alright!" Anna yelled to break them up. "Cas, i got you some new music. Thats the only reason i called you down." She handed him an MCR record. "Because you keep joking about being emo. And i looked forever to find a vinyl!"

Cas laughed and took it. "Thanks Anna!"

Anna smiled and nodded. "No problem, Cassie!" She said and hugged him. "Happy 18th birthday." She kissed his hair before letting him go. "I hope you like it."

"I love!!"

"Good." She smiled and went to sit back down next to Gadreel and blushed when his arm went around her. Cas still couldn't stand him. He turned to Dean and huffed.

"Want to go now, babe?"

"Please, De!"

"Alright. Good thing it's getting dark. I have a surprise for you."

Cas nodded and smiled, whispering softly. "Okay." Dean smiled and made sure he had his keys before walking out with Cas.

The sun was starting to go down and it was perfect as Dean drove out to where that abandoned barn was about an hour away. They held hands in the car as Dean drove. Cas admired the colors in the sky. The blue fading to purple, thats what Dean told him anyways. And it was quiet. Peaceful. Perfect.

There was mostly no talking on the drive until they were nearing their destination. Dean squeezed his hand harder, "I love you Castiel James Novak."

"I love you too Dean Michael Winchester. So much."
"Can i tell you a secret, baby?"

"You know you can trust me." Cas's eyes were fixed on the road until he turned to look at Dean and admire his perfect lips and nose that were looking out on the road.

Dean nodded. "Ever since the surgery was mentioned I was kind of scared... scared that when you could see you wouldn't want me anymore because you don't need my help anymore.. or that you'd see a guy you like better than me."

"Oh, De. Don't be scared. I'm still going to need help, and even when i don't, I'll still want you. Looks don't matter to me. It matters what's on the inside, and you are hot, so yay for me. That's just a plus. But you're an amazing person! There's no one better than you! And don't think i want you just for help. I honestly am in love with you."

"Thank you..."

"You don't ever have to thank me, Dean!"

"I know, but I wanted to."

"I've always been afraid that I'd get annoying and you wouldn't want me anymore. I'm serious. It can be annoying having to constantly make sure I'm okay. I loved always being close to you, but at the same time i felt like a bother."

"You were never a bother. I am actually clingy towards you. I thought I was the annoying one but you never seemed to complain." Dean chuckled softly.

"You don't have to worry about that, Cas. I could never leave you." He stopped the car, revealing the abandoned barn. The one with the old corn field. The tire tracks were still there from the last time they were there. "We're here babe."

"Where is here?"

"The place where I first took your virginity." Dean blushed when he admitted it. "But i only brought you here to look at this.." He got out of the car and ran around to help Cas out before climbing on the hood. Cas followed him carefully. Dean helped him lay down and then held his hand and looked up at the sky. "Those sparkles. Those are stars. There's a lot out tonight, which is weird. Most of them are trapped in your beautiful eyes. But it's still really pretty. Every time I look up at them, I think of you. And i think about how much I love you and everything... Cas." Dean wrapped his arm around him as they got comfortable on the hood of the car. "I had an idea. My perfect wedding would be something special. How bout here, at night. Under the stars as we listen to your records... It sounds silly but i dreamt of it."

"Dean, it sounds perfect. One day we will, I promise." Cas stared into Dean's eyes and then back up
to the sky. His true purpose was to be here at this moment. With Dean. His little meaningless life was complete with this boy. And he almost let some tears fall from his eyes. He was so happy that he didn't have any words to describe it besides three words that would never lose their meaning, with Dean anyways. "I love you."

Exactly two weeks after Cas's surgery, their perfect relationship started to take a turn for the worse. Dean was smiling happily, getting ready to go meet Cas for lunch. But when he saw Cas making moon eyes at another guy that he was talking to, he was pissed.

"He should be here, I don't know where he is..." Cas sighed. "Anyways, Jt, thanks for talking to me. Nice to have a new friend!"

Jt smiled at him and chuckled while nudging him playfully and brushing their fingers together as if to hold his hand. "You're a pretty cool dude." Jt smiled and shyly hugged him. Dean couldn't hear what was being said but he suspected he wouldn't like it. Instead he continued walking right past Cas towards the bathroom without saying anything to him, with clenched fists and gritted teeth.

"Oh thanks, you too. Once you get to know me, I don't seem that weird... Or do I... Oh, Dean just passed without saying anything. I gotta go see why his panties are in a twist. see ya later?"

"Okay, yeah. See you in class, Cas." He smiled and waved.

Dean made sure no one was in there before leaning back against the wall with a frown and sighed. He cursed to himself and pounded his fists on the wall. Cas ran in there to see him pouting and walked over to him and held his shoulders soothingly and looked into his eyes. "Hey, what's wrong?"

Dean looked at him and huffed before looking away and banging on the wall angrily. "What the hell was that out there?"

"What?" Cas furrowed his eyebrows in confusion.

"With that guy Cas!" Dean spat at him.

"My new friend? Jt?"

"You were awfully close for new friends..." Dean scowled and looked down.

"I'm sorry.. I thought you'd be proud of me for not being so shy. And now that I can see, people will talk to me without feeling awkward. And I guess it's a habit to be so close to people... Because you know I don't like being alone."

"You were looking at him with flirtty eyes and he was looking at you the same way."

"No I wasn't."

"Yes you were. This is what I was scared of. I knew this would happen." He said sadly but through gritted teeth.

"My eyes aren't fully healed yet. I wasn't trying to flirt. They just kinda do their own thing, and I'm not fully used to looking at and understanding people. Dean, I was trying to get to know more people and not be the freak anymore... I didn't want to do anything wrong. I'm sorry..."

"You didn't do anything wrong Cas. It's me doing something wrong. I'm holding you back."

"What?" Cas was utterly confused. He once again felt like a failure. Like he couldn't do anything
right.

"I'm holding you back from meeting other people. You've never had a boyfriend or girlfriend before me... You should have a chance to see if I am really the one you want or not." He said softly.

"But you are the one i want. I'm not good with human interaction and i was just trying to make a friend. I need you to understand that..."

"I do understand that, but you should also try to see if there is anyone else before you become stuck with me... I never gave you the chance to meet other people because I scooped you up on your first day here. You need to try and broaden your horizons past me."

"I don't want to do that. Don't make me," he started to get teary eyed and walked away, not wanting to seem weak for crying.

Dean watched him for a moment before following and taking his hand to stop him. "Cas.. please. I need you to. I don't want you to settle with me until you know for sure that I am the one you want."

"I don't settle. And here lately you've been distant as well.." Cas yanked his hand away from Dean and rolled his eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"The new social studies teacher. She has you and Jo as partners. I know she was your first girlfriend. I didn't want to be a bother once again though. But jJ offered to help me with my reading since you were busy in your project. And i didnt want to bother you because you were busy. And I'm proud of you for actually doing good. And we wouldn't be fighting if you just trusted me."

"I don't like Jo like that, Cas. I just need to get project done. My grades were starting to drop.."

"I understand that. But you jumped to conclusions when i needed help. He was just gonna help because i was going to let you do what you needed to do. Don't blame me for anything. That's the last thing I need right now. I didn't jump down your throat for being so close to an ex or even another friend. I don't think i deserved for you to act like that. I've had a hard time trusting you because of your past, but i know you wouldn't hurt me. So why can't you trust me? I would never turn against you!"

"I'm not blaming you, Cas... I just got jealous... Then I came to the realization that you need more freedom to spread your wings without me holding you back..."

"Its not even about that! You should talk to me before getting pissy about it though. We should have talked to each other before it resulted in this. And no matter what happens. Ever. I'd always love you. Don't you remeber?"

"Okay."

"Okay? That's all you're gonna say?"

"What else is there to say, Cas?"

"Nothing i guess. I'll see you around."

"Of course, Cas." Dean nodded and swallowed back the lump in his throat before giving Cas a sad smile.
"Just let me calm down. We'll talk later... I don't want to be upset here..."

"Just text me when you want to meet up and talk. Lunch is almost over so we should head to our next classes."

"I'm still not good with the whole texting thing. But okay." He wanted to kiss him and tell him they'd be okay, but he walked away.

Dean sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose so he wouldn't get upset, before he walked to his next class, ignoring the fact that he was ten minutes early. Cas didn't care what Dean thought, and talked to Jt for the rest of the day. They shared a lot of the same interests. Cas even found out that he even played guitar. Damn, Dean was so stupid. For fighting over something so stupid. But he let the anger of everything build up until he exploded on the tiniest of things. He felt horrible for making Cas cry. But seeing him happy with his new 'friend' was the most heartbreaking of it all.

He even waited for Cas after school to see if he wanted a ride home. But Cas glanced at him and scowled before getting on his bus.

Cas got home and was pretty much sulking the whole time. His phone rang and he answered it, despite not recognizing the number. "Hello?"

"Hey, Cas! I was wondering if you wanted to hang out tonight? Or tomorrow night even..."

It was Justin. The reason him and Dean broke it off... Oh well. 'Dean didn't trust me. I don't care anymore.' "Seriously? Heck yeah! I need some release from my thoughts.." Cas sighed.

"Okay. You wanna go out and do something or just come over and try out some video games or something?"

"I've never really played video games before... Never had occasion."

"Then do you wanna try?"

"You'd have to teach me."

"I don't mind. Can someone bring you over or do you need me to come get you?"

"My usual ride isn't here. I was just about to ask if I could have a plus 1... But no. I'll get Anna to bring me over."

"Okay." Jt texted him the directions. "Just show Anna or something."

"Thanksss. See ya in a bit."

"Mhm. Bye!!" Jt hung up and got some snacks ready.

Cas called for Anna and to ask, and she was happy that Cas had made a friend. So she did in fact drive him over there. But he was extremely confused in his head. 'Don't be nervous Cas. Just go hang with your new friend. Don't worry about Dean! You don't deserve him.'

~•~

Dean was in tears as he went home. He lost control, feeling stupid as he walked into the old house that they were packing up and he slammed the door behind him. And that knocked over a couple of boxes. Dean sat on the couch and sighed. The crash of the boxes made Mary run down the steps. She didn't even worry about the boxes and sat beside him. "Baby, what's wrong..?"
"C-cas... We b-broke up..." Dean couldn't do anything to stop the tears from coming. "Because I-I was stupid."

~•~

"Hey Cas!" Jt smiled and pulled him inside. No one else was home either.

"Hey... Uhm." Cas rubbed the back of his neck. "I know you wanted to hang, but i really need to vent."

"C'mon Cassie!" Jt took his hand and lead him to the living room. Once they sat on the couch, he smiled over at Cas. "I'm going to teach you how to play call of duty. And you're going to vent as we kill people. Sound good?"

"Okay cool." After he figured out the controls, which took a while, they started actually playing. Cas was on the edge of his seat the whole time as his fingers fumbled with the remote. As the first round was coming to an end, Jt helped Cas to kill the last person. Cas cheered as he won and laughed and fell back against the couch, half leaning on the cute brown eyed boy beside him.

"Look at you! You did it!!!"

"Hey you're awesome! That was fun."

"No you're awesome!" Jt reached over to ruffle Cas's hair and giggled.

"Nooo! Just you prin- Jt..." Cas let out a long sigh and pulled away from him completely, getting up to go sit in the chair.

"What was that?"

"Nothing. I almost forgot who i was talking to because I'm so comfortable with you already."

"That's okay. But seriously. What we're you going to call me?"

"Princess... That is, uhm was, Dean's nickname. I- i feel like a failure... Why would you even want to hang out with me? I'm like a whiny child who can't do anything right! I hate him! But I love him, so much.

"Everyone knows you and Dean broke up, Cas. And it's going to be okay. I'll be your shoulder to cry on, even if you don't know me very well. But he wasn't good for you, you should already move on!"

"You're ex, Sarah, used to vent to me about you. She said you were an amazing guitar player and an amazing boy. The reason you guys broke up is because you didn't have time for her. And i don't know if i can move on. I love him, Justin.."

"That's in the past... And don't love someone who isn't good for you Cas, you can do better. You're so adorable and funny and just all around amazing!" Cas started to cry softly. "Dean didn't deserve you! Listen to me Cas." Jt got up and knelt down beside Cas who was sulking in the chair with his head in his hands. He pushed Cas's chin up with a gentle finger. "Look at me. You were too good for him."

"I- I guess..." Cas looked up into his big brown eyes and his breath hitched. Before he could do anything, Justin's lips were colliding with Cas's. Cas knew it was so wrong, but he didn't want to hurt him.
"I've had the biggest crush on you, Cas. If you don't want this then I'll stop. But I promise I'd treat you right!"

"O-okay." Cas nodded and kissed him again, so desperate for love. We were broken without Dean, even if it had only been a few hours. Cas phone rang. He answered it without looking at the ID.

Dean let out a shaky sigh on the other end. "Cas.. Can we talk?"

"Not now. I'm busy."

Alright. When?" Dean trembled and tried not to cry.

"Whenever I leave Jt's house or see you."

"So you really are with him? Cas, i messed up. I love y-" Dean was cut off by Cas hanging up on him and turning off his phone. Mostly because Justin looked uncomfortable.

Time seemed to slow down as Cas curled into Jt's arms as they watched a movie. Instead of popcorn, they used gummy bears. Popcorn was a Dean memory, and Justin wanted to heal Cas by creating their own memories. He got comfortable on the couch, taking his shirt off, forgetting that most of Dean's marks were still slightly there. They hadn't done anything since before the surgery, but Cas's skin was delicate. Dean's precious and soft bites had stayed. Like a claim. Even if Cas wanted to move on, his heart belonged to Dean. Even if he hurt over the simplest things, he loved him dearly. And their fight was pointless, but it would end up making them stronger.

It was late that Thursday night. Castiel slept, curled up in Jt's arms all night. Cas didn't want to bother him, so he suffered through an agonizing headache for the rest of the night.

Jt drove Cas to school in the morning. Cas's head was still pounding. He still didn't want to bother Justin with asking for medicine and so he didn't get any sleep, and sort of dozed off in the car. When they got to the school, Justin got out for a while to go talk to his ex, who was waiting for him outside. Dean saw how they were talking and hugging. He also saw Cas asleep. Dean might've been distraught. But really, one day? Justin was going to hug and love up on his ex girlfriend after only being with Jt for not even 24hours.

All Dean really wanted to do was talk to Cas about what happened. But he didn't want to get on Jt's bad side. Jt had been on the football team freshman year, Dean knew him very well. He knew he could be abusive and mean too... A warning is what he wanted to give Cas, but he didn't want to interfere and risk losing Cas even further than he already had.

Jt spotted Dean, and noticed he was looking at him. He let go of Sarah's hand and pretended to limp as he went back to his car and knocked on the glass to wake up Cas.

Startled, Cas sat up and saw Jt whimpering. He opened the door and stood up frantically. Getting up so fast didn't help his headache. "Justin? What's wrong? What happened?"

"I-i... When i got here i didn't want to wake you up... I g-got out to talk to De-Dean. He said he hated you and took that anger out on me," he started to fake cry from slyly pinching himself.

"Let's make a deal to never talk about him or to him again? Okay love? We don't need him! If he hates me, i..." Cas couldn't say it because it would be a lie. "I can't hate him, but I strongly dislike him."

"Cas, you're stupid. I knoe you hate him after he cheated on you with Jo, and just beat the crap out of me. Your boyfriend!"
"Justin... We've been together for not even 24 hours. I think I'm moving too fast..." It all felt so wrong. All he wanted last night was to hang out with a friend, not end up in this situation.

"No Castiel. You're doing the right thing. Trust me." Justin kissed his lips, but Cas hesitated to kiss back. "Want to just go home?"

"I'm not skipping anymore school. You can go home though."

"Okay. I'll see you later, Cas. I'm going home. After school ends, I'll pick you up and we're gonna go get pizza. Alright? My parents own a place."

"Okay... Bye Justin."

"Love you." He smiled and hugged Cas.

"You too?" Cas sighed and Justin got a bit more pissy as he walked away.

~•~

Dean went straight home after school. Him and Cas completely avoided each other, except for the fact Cas couldn't figure out his p.e. locker, once again. Cas went home as well and tried to find something to wear. But he couldn't find anything. And to make it even worse, Anna had taken all of his blankets and jackets to wash them. He was shivering as he sat on the edge of his bed, trying to figure out what he would wear. Anna had only left one hoodie on the floor. Dean's gray hoodie. He let some tears out as he cuddled into it, desperately trying to get warm. Just as he got comfy, Jt opened the door. "Hey Cas? You okay?"

"I'm cold." Cas threw the hoodie onto the floor where it was before, where Dean had put it originally.

"Put your hoodie on then. I'd give you my jacket, but I'm freezing too."

"I don't want that hoodie, Jt. It's not mine..."

"It's Dean's? Isn't it? I can't believe you!" He bit his lip.

"It's been a day Justin! You rushed me into whatever we have. I haven't gotten time to get rid of his things..."

"I'm sorry... Lets go, okay bae?" Jt took his hand to lead him the the car. They went to Jt's parent's pizza place, and it was amazing! But Cas ate awkwardly silent. He didn't know what to talk about. He didn't know how they'd bond.

Justin would glance up at Cas every few minutes, whilst thinking about recent events. "Hey Cas? Is anything that you'd like to do that you've never done with him?"

"Hmm. Well." Cas had to think. Him and Dean had been through so much and done so many things. "Never been to extremely public places."

"Why not? Was he ashamed of you?"

"No! It's because of social anxiety. But it not as bad now that I can see."

"Okay. Do you want to go to a concert? One of mine? Wanna hear me play?"
"I bet you're the best! Yeah, i do!"

"Thak you, babe. Can you play anything?"

"Piano. But I'm not good."

"Hm, practice makes perfect."

"Cas, it would make you happy wouldn't it? If i helped you?"

"I wouldn't want you waisiting your time on something you dont want. But yeah. But I'm not the only one in this relationship."

"But Cas, I'd love to help you." He leaned over the table and kissed his nose as they held hands.

Meanwhile, Dean thought he was going to be okay. Drinking and driving around without a care. Untill a song on the radio came on and he wanted to cry. But he even sang along to the slow tune, holding in tears.

"Tell me do you think it'd be all right
If I could just crash here tonight
You can see I'm in no shape for driving
And anyway I've got no place to go
And you know it might not be that bad
You were the best I'd ever had
If I hadn't blown the whole thing years ago
I might not be alone
Tomorrow we can drive around this town
And let the cops chase us around
The past is gone but something might be found
To take its place...hey jealousy..."
Cas and Jt... They went strong and worked out their differences. Two months together, and wow, Cas was getting over Dean, or so he thought. Their halloween costumes had been wasted, along with other plans. It was almost Christmas time... But it still didn't feel right. Justin was being an a$$... Canceling dates, hanging out with Sarah, and just being rude to Cas. Cas was starting to think the last two months of his life were a waste of time.

It was just before P.e. They were all at their lockers. The couple was pretty much eating each others faces off. Dean leaned against his locker on the other side of the hallway and watched them. Benny stod beside him and sighed. "Dean, you look like $hit! Move on! It'll be less pain."

"I can't move on, Benny!" He was extremely frustrated and slammed his locker louder than he meant to. The slam made Cas jump and he accidentally bit Jt's lip a bit too hard before he pulled away. "I-im sorry..."

"That hurt, you f**ker..." Justin whined.

"I'm sorry," Cas turned around to see where the noise came from but was very suprised at what he saw instead. Dean started walking towards them confidently but stopped a few feet away when connected eyes with Cas. He held the contact, but his expression went from confident to timid and sad. Cas's voice was small as he spoke the boy with the green eyes. The ones he used to love. "Hello..."

Dean looked at him and was about to reach out to touch him but stopped short. "C-Cas. I..." He couldn't bring himself to say anything more than his name.

"What's the matter?" He felt Justin tug on his hand but ignored it.

Dean felt his lip quiver some and he bit it to stop it. "I miss you, Castiel."

"Don't get so distraught." Cas had to chose his next words carefully because his boyfriend was right there. He wanted to say, 'I miss you too. I love you, but i have feelings for Justin now.' But all he could get out was, "just move on already." Dean's eyebrows furrowed but looked down with a small pained noise and just turned to walk away.

"What is his problem? It's been two freaking months." Jt said impatiently and pulled Cas again to make him walk in the opposite direction of Dean.

"I don't know." Cas looked back at dean lovingly but didn't dare let anyone see that he did.

"I won't let him get near you. He's toxic... I'll show you more of a good time then he ever could!" He wrapped his arm around Cas' waist after a minute and kissed his temple.

"Justin, I'm not ready for that..."

"Babe. It's been two monthes..."

Cas looked down at the ground and sighed.

Dean continued walking even when he past the gym doors. He went straight into the bathroom and into the last stall on the row and just sat there thinking over what happened and kicking himself for
not saying more.

Cas didn't know that Dean had went to the bathroom and he went as well. "Jt, I'll talk to you later. I have to pee..."

"Oh. Bye Cas." His boyfriend had already ran to the bathroom before he heard Justin. Honestly he had to pee, but he wanted to cry in peace. Dean wasn't watching where he was going since he was angry as he was about to wash his hands and a kid ran into him at full speed. He grabbed the kid's arm and the sink to sturdy them both. "How bout you watch where you're going, a$$hole!" Dean growled, not realizing who it was.

"I- am- sorry..." Cas whispered, letting a few tears fall from his face, that had already formed as he was running.

"Oh god Cas! I'm sorry!" Dean pulled him into a hug. "Did i hurt you?"

"No. I was already hurting..."

"Oh?" He asked confused and let go of Cas. "What happened?"

Cas didn't care that Dean most likely hated him and he cried into his chest. "I'm not happy. The suicidal thoughts are back, De. And i don't know what to do. I know you hate me but-"

"Whoa Cas! I don't hate you! I could not ever hate you. Talk to me, Cas..."

"Well i hate you for beating up my boyfriend a while ago...but i love you. He's... I can't deal with it..." Cas pushed him back away and wiped his face. "But i never stoped loving you and i'm stupid. I need you, Dean! Thinking about you is the reason i haven't actually killed myself..."

"I'll always be here for you Cas.. Okay? And i never hit him, but i really wanted to."

~•~

Cas avoided Jt throughout p.e. untill it ended.

"Hey love, can we talk?" Cas asked. Jt still looked pissed from him leaving earlier.

"No. I'm busy."

"Class is over! It's important!"

"What?"

"Yeah. Uhm..." Cas didn't know how to word it. And he didnt want to hurt him. "I know we've been going steady for a bit. But I'm just not feeling it anymore... You're starting to get nasty and always blow me off."

Justin listened to closely with an angry face. "So you're breaking up with me, Castiel? I bet Dean told you too huh?"

"Yeah. And no. Its 100% on me. And i told you not to talk about him unless we both wanted to. Like how i was venting on that night we got together. But leave him out of it, please! I just want to be alone for a while.."

"Screw you. I knew you weren't really in this. I should have know this would happen but hope got in my way. See you around." He said angrily and walked away.
"I'm not done. Is it just a joke that i actually cared about you?"

Justin turned to him. "I thought you were in this for the long run. I was treating you right, and you go and break up with me."

"No. No you weren't. I would have stayed longer if you were treating me right. And if i gave myself time to heal after my other relationship."

"Why didn't you?"

"Because i didn't want to disappoint you!" Cas yelled.

"Well you did!" He rolled his eyes and left.

Cas was more angry than sad and stormed off to get changed and sit alone until the busses were ready. But of course, Dean came to the rescue. "Hey? Cas? How'd it go?"

"I dumped him... Even though i was starting to fall for him. Even though he's selfish.. Oh and he was mad anyways. He's kinda pissed from the other day... He's a real dick and i just need a bit of a break."

"What happened the other day?" Dean crossed his arms and cocked his head.

"I didn't want to go as far as actual sex. I didn't want him to be the first person I'm with like that now that i can see... I wanted it to be you," he mumbled the last part, a bit embarrassed.

"I'm sorry Cas... But he's so ignorant. Probably using you..."

"Yeah.. And this is why i love you. You understand me."

Dean smiled at him lovingly. "I made a 3.8 on my report this past six weeks..."

"Good job De! With me out of your hair, you're doing amazing! Im so proud!"

"It was either that or I exercised and drank... I missed you so much Cas. You have no idea."

"I'm so sorry. Our fight was stupid..." Cas looked almost past Dean's beautiful green eyes and into his beautiful soul.

"It was. I was stupid."

"I was too..its not just you.. I love you.." Cas hugged him. Jt snickered when he saw it and approached him.

"I knew it you b**ch! Dumping me after using me for love because of Dean! You really are a stupid brat!"

Dean let go of Cas and turned to glare at him. "Shut your damn mouth."

"No! He used me!"

"He tried to love you! I saw it in his face everyday he was with you! How is that using you?"

"Getting my love and time while you were gone, just to go back to you!"

"That's because I acknowledged how stupid I was. He gave you two months. And you're the one
who used him! I don't like hearing that you treated my Cas wrong, Justin!"

"So he's yours now?"

"He was always mine. Even after we broke up he was mine... I just let him have his space.."

"You selfish dick."

"Says the man who went at him while he was vulnerable."

"I was trying to comfort him because he was broken. Not my fault he had a stick up his a$$!"

"I'm glad he left you. Even if he decides not to come back to me at least he won't be with an a$$hole!"

"How am i the bad guy? You're the abuser here!" Jt spat at him, getting impatient. "You're the dick!"

"Blowing off dates to go hang with friends! Lying to him! Pretending you are so innocent when really you were just looking for some tail to screw! And i never said i wasn't a dick! You're just a worse one!"

"Then let's let Cas decide who's worse!"

Cas couldn't look up at either of them or speak at all. He cared for Justin. But he loved Dean. His answer was obvious but he didn't want to say it. Dean glanced over at Cas with an apologetic look, and then back to Jt. "What will this prove?"

"Whos the bigger dick and who he dislikes more."

"Well..." Cas chuckled. "Dean's definitely the bigger dick. But you're an assbutt, Jt."

Dean looked at him shocked and smiled. "Are you talking my junk or my personality love?"

Cas laughed. "You know."

Dean laughed and pat Cas's back. "Have your answer Justin?"

"Hes never even f**ked me!"

"But he's probably seen you naked." Jt shrugged while Cas nodded. Dean reached over and squeezed Cas' hand briefly.

After Justin left, Cas laughed again. "You're way hotter than him."

"Probably not right now, but thank you." Dean had let himself go. With bags under his eyes and really bad scruff.

"You don't look that bad. Just shave and get some rest."

"You don't like the beard?"

"Its a bit much. Just trim it back. I need to do the same thing soon."

"You only have stubble and its hot."

"We're not even together right now!"
"Do i care? Im speaking the truth!" Dean smirked. "See ya tomorrow Cas..." He waved and started off to his car.

"Bye, De..." He got on his bus and went home, a bit happier than normal. But Anna was too busy screwing her boyfriend into oblivion, still not as loud as Dean was. Tomorrow came fast, and Cas was very excited for it. He really wanted to ask Dean out again, but he knew he should wait. They talked as just friends for while, and Dean even started to tutor him in study hall. Practicing spelling and simple math.

It wasn't until the next monday that Cas figured they'd talk about them. Monday marked two weeks before Christmas. And Cas didn't want to celebrate without him. "Hey princess!?"

Dean smirked at the name that he hasn't heard in so long. "Oh my god, I've sooo missed bein called that. For many reasons..."

"Lemme guess... I know for a fact you think it's adorable. And I also know it turns you on."

"Correcto!" Dean blushed. "But what's up?"

"Wanna hang out later?" Cas gave him a half smile.

"Yeah, best friend!" Dean put emphasis on the friend part, because he was confused at what they actually were.

"Can w-we... be more than friends again?"

"I thought you'd never ask," Dean swiftly hugged him and then held his hands.

"I was so nervous that'd you'd say no.... I've been making you wait for so long."

"I'd wait a million years for you, Cas." Just then, their lips connected for a brief moment. And sparks flew once again in that dimly lit hallway. "Tonight? My place? Mom and Sam miss you and your siblings probably hate me..."

"No. They dont really known what happened. I've been quiet and kept to myself.. And they think I'm annoying. Now that i can see, i dont need help, i guess.."

"Even after two months? They're cruel!"

"Yeah. I didnt want to talk about it. They only know we broke up. But i still wanna go to your place."

"My mom will be happy. But not nearly as happy as i am to be with you." Dean pressed their noses together for a moment. But they were rudely interrupted by the bell telling them to go to first period.

"She probably hates me for doing what i did..

"No she doesn't."

"But you're a mess... It's my fault."

"I'm a mess because of my own fault." Dean ran a hand through his messy hair. Cas was a bit agitated because of Dean's still unshaven face.

"It's not all your fault. And I'm mad! You haven't shaved yet!"
"I haven't had time! I'll do it later! I know it's not all my fault, but I still could have taken better care of myself. I think I did this so no one would try and get with me..."

"You should have got with someone because then we'd be even and I wouldn't feel so bad!"

"Don't feel bad. You did what I asked you too."

"But I didn't want to," Cas crossed his arms over his chest.

"I'm sorry." Dean said and rested against the wall by the door of Cas' next class, not caring that they were late, yet they were right there. "I should have never let you go."

"You shouldn't have let me walk out of the bathroom. Because it was a test. I was testing if you really cared. I figured you either didn't or you were stupid. But you're stupid. So stupid. But I care too much for you to just drop you."

"I realized that later on... But you had already gotten with Jt when I realized.." Dean looked into his eyes, shyly, with a small smile. "I know I'm stupid."

"It's okay princess!" Dean's smile grew bigger because of the nickname. "I love you, and never stopped. I was stupid too, by trying to bury my heart ache in someone else's love. I wasn't using him. I was getting over you and falling harder for him, until I realized how much I needed you."

Dean kissed his cheek and pulled him into a hug before whispering, "I need you too... I'll see you later, baby."

"Bye Dean." Cas smiled and pushed the door open to walk into his class.

Dean smiled giddily before running down the hallway, too excited for his own good and didn't even care that he interrupted the class, as he ran in. He couldn't help the blissed look on his face, even though the only open seat was by Sarah, Jt's other ex.

Even with Cas back, he was motivated to do good. He copied the math problems into his notebook and she nudged him, confused at why he was so happy. "What's wrong with you? Find a new girl?"

"No. I got my boy back," Dean almost squealed.

"So my J is free again?"

"Yeah. He's horrible... He treated my Cas like he was trash."

"He did the same to me, but when you love someone, you don't really care..."

~•~

The best part of the day was approaching! P.e... But that means Dean and Cas could spend some time together. Ms. Bradbury hated that her otp broke up, so when she heard the news, she encouraged them to skip p.e. and go off and do what they wanted, like old times. She was also happier because Cas wasn't so sad at this point.

Cas was casually walking down the hallway when a skipping Dean Winchester fastly approached him. Dean slowed down the best he could before running into Cas and wrapping his arms around him. "Hey princess! Did I ever tell you how much I hated getting dressed in p.e?"

"Me too. You wanna skip it like old times?"
"Go back to the old tree?"

"Yeah," Dean grinned and lead him outside.

"Its bright." Cas took a deep breath holding something in, but he couldn't help breaking out into song. "IM NOT A VAMPIRE BUT I FEEL LIKE ONE. SOMETIMES I SLEEP ALL DAY BECAUSE I HATE THE SUN LIGHT."

"Okay, baby cakes," The Winchester smiled brightly and let out a small laugh. "Have you gotten used to it any since the last time we talked?"

"A bit. It's a work in progress."

"Good. Still want to borrow my sunglasses?"

"If you don't mind. And i don't go out much. I was either in my room with the lights off or with Justin when he played guitar or watched a movie."

Dean nodded and put his glasses on Cas' face. "You look good in them."

"You're used to me being in glasses though."

"That is true, even though you look great without them on too." He smiled and pushed his hair Cas's face. Even though all this time, his dark locks hadn't settled.

"Oh shush!"

"We've had this argument before." He pet Cas' face.

"I know we have. Manyyy times!"

"Mhmm. And what do I say every time?"

"That i need to be quiet cause I'm 'beautiful." Cas rolled his eyes.

"You are gorgeous. Especially compared to me now."

"Shut it. You're always hot. Don't really like the beard... But inside and out, you're amazing."

"I'll shave for you tonight." He walked with Cas out past the football field and to the trees at the edge of the school property. Dean leaned back against the tree that him and Cas always went to. And he sighed happily. Without another word, Cas pinned him against the tree and kissed him lovingly. It was like he was starved for that kiss.

Dean broke the kiss after a moment but didn't let Cas go. "I think I missed that most of all."

Cas stayed pressed against his body. "Me too."

"Do I kiss better than him?"

"Is that even a question?" Cas kissed him again. Dean chuckled and kisses him back deeply and wantingly. Cas clung to him and ran a hand through his hair, biting at his lip. Dean happily opened his mouth with a soft noise, and Castiel's flames were almost fueled by that. He licked and bit at the boys tongue and mapped out the rest of his mouth, just like they did the first time they kissed. And that memory felt like a million years ago.
Dean's hands moved to his hips and he turned them so he could press Cas back against the tree. Cas made the slightest little noise because of Dean's actions and bucked his hips gently. But he did let Dean take control, he halfway leaned onto the tree and let his hands fall to the curve of Dean's back, right before his butt.

Dean smiled and reached down to push Cas's hands down. He broke the kiss and winked at him. "I don't care if people see."

"I don't care either." Cas squeezed his butt.

The bright green eyed boy blushed and leaned back into his hands. "It's been a long time."

"Two months. 0 action... I've never done something when i could see..."

"So it's been a while for you too?"

"I haven't done anything since i got the operation. The last time we did anything... That was even before your mom moved out to her apartment."

"I can change that, if you want."

"Not here, love."

"I know that, baby." He laughed softly and kissed his nose. Cas giggled and kissed Dean's lips lightly.

"EWW FAGS!" Justin called to them and laughed.

"F***k you. Gay is yay and cum is yum, so SUCK MY DICK THAT I WOULDN'T LET YOU TOUCH!" Cas yelled, a bit pissed, but it was also pretty hilarious. Dean broke down and layed his head on Cas's as he laughed loudly. "Its all yours again," Cas whispered to Dean, laughing as well.

"I'm glad." He said replied in a husky voice, attacking Cas's lips again. Licking at the seam of the boy's lips while running his fingers through his dark locks.

Cas didn't hesitate again, grabbing at Dean's butt, kissing him passionately. It was perfect for him once again. He missed Dean more than imaginable and kissed him like it was true loves kiss.

Dean grinned when he heard the bell ring.

"Ready to go home?" Cas asked.

"My home is in your arms, Cas... But there's one more thing i have to do..." Dean pulled out his pocket knife and turned to the tree. He started carving, and Cas looked like a confused puppy as he watched him carefully.

It took a few minutes, but he carved D.W. + C.N. into the bark of their tree.

Cas studied it for a few moments before hugging Dean tightly from behind. "Oh god I love you so much Dean. It's perfect. Just like you!"

He blushed and took Cas's hand, to lead him to his car. He sighed, seeing how dirty baby was.

"You really have been letting yourself go." Cas sighed with him.

"Yeah.. even baby has suffered."
"We should wash her when we get a chance."

"Oh yes please." Cas smiled and held his hand once they were in the car, just like old times. Dean laced their fingers and thumbed over Cas's gentle ones.

Dean pulled up to his new house after a few minutes. It was more of a small apartment then anything though. He looked at Cas and leaned over, kissing his cheek. Cas blushed and was very observant. He'd only been to Mary's apartment once.

Dean approached the light brown door and Cas followed him closely. "I'm so nervous. I dont know why..."

"Don't be. Mom?! Are you home?"

"Kitchen! Like always!" Her voice echoed through the small living room.

"I have a surprise." Dean cooed and pulled Cas along until they were in the kitchen with her. Once he came into sight, Mary gasped and ran over to hug the blue eyed boy.

"OH MY GOD! CAS!"

Dean smiled and looked over at him. "Yeah, mom... He's back hopefully for good now."

"Forever," Cas whispered and struggled to breathe under Mary's bear hug.

"I don't think I'll let you even you wanted to." Dean said to him and squeezed his hand. Mary let go after a long while. The both of them were excited. Mary was just happy to see the light in her son's life and that it was back.

"I'm sorry for everything," Cas spoke to Mary, not sure what to call her.

"You did nothing wrong. It was just a misunderstanding between you two. We missed you. The only thing that happened while you were gone was Dean crying and being study buddies with Sam." Cas looked down and sighed. Mary chuckled softly and lifted his chin. "That's in the past okay? Don't think of it as bad thing. Hell, this split could have made your relationship so much stronger. You two love each other too much for it not too. Smile Cas."

"That's true. I never stopped loving him through everything... I'm glad you're not angry with me."

"Why would I be?"

"Because Dean was so upset."

"Nah. He's the one that did it," Mary almost snapped. It was like she was angry with Dean instead.

"Don't say that." Cas got interrupted by Dean grabbing his hand.

"Mom, we're going to go to my room."

"Be careful," Mary whispered and rolled her eyes as Dean took Cas to his bedroom. Cas knew where it was in the small apartment, but stayed behind Dean to be polite.

There was a small bed with a window above it. The sheets smelled mostly of tears and sweat. Dean cringed as he brought Cas into his room. "I'm sorry it's so messy."

"It's not that bad."
“Yeah it is...” Dean said a bit embarrassed as he looked at the dirty clothes on the ground, dusty dresser, and unmade bed.

“My ocd is wigging out. Mind if i straighten up a bit?”

“I'll be watching your a$$ closely...”

Cas gasped, "fine!"

“I love your a$$.” Dean said with a soft laugh. "If i could only put it into words..."

“Aw. Well, it's all yours.”

“Good. Let's keep it that way, love.” Dean smiled and sat on the edge of the bed. Cas started to picks Dean's crap off the floor and straighten up. Dean watched him closely. "Cas, baby, you don't really have to do that."

"I want to."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be," Cas purposely bent over in front of him to pick up his dirty socks.

Dean starred and smirked to himself. "Tease." Cas turned around and slapped him lightly with the sock. "What the f**k?" Dean laughed.

"I'm cleaning and you're just looking at my butt! Bad!"

"What? I can't admire you?"

"Nope!"

Dean pouted at him and stood up, walking towards him. Cas cringed slightly and walked around him to fix his bed. "Cas..." Dean whined softly and turned to him. He was sad that Cas was avoiding him.

"Hmm?"

"What are you doing?"

"Cleaning!"

"Why my bed though, when it is just going to get messed up again?"

"Just because."

"Are you almost done?" Dean furrowed his eyebrows.

"Yeah."

"Come lay down with me then..."

Cas straightened up around the TV in the small room before sitting on the edge of the bed. He smiled and leaned against Dean before moving to lay across his lap to look up into his eyes. He started to count his freckles with lust in his eyes. "Hey princess Winchester!"

"What's up baby?"
"You." Dean leaned down and kissed him softly. "Nice lips," Cas whispered.

"Yours too!"

"But..." Cas touched his lips. "They're chapped."

"Do you use chap-stick?"

"Yeah."

"Hm, well I sort of like them. In certain situations they feel good. Like when our kisses get heated."

"Like this?" Cas leaned up for their lips to meet. Despite the Winchester's unshaven face, it was just like every other kiss they shared. Meaningful and magical. Cas licked across the seam of Dean's lip and opened his own mouth. His tongue slid across Dean's slowly and nervously. Dean let a small noise escape from his mouth and pulled Cas to sit the rest of the way up and his hands were in Cas's messy hair. He pulled away just long enough to answer.

"Yes, just like this... Oh, Cas?"

"Yeah?" He whispered, nipping at Dean's lip again.

"We haven't done anything in a long time... Can i be your first now that you can see?" Dean's voice was hushed. He didn't want to push his little angel into anything. But Cas was eager, he cocked his head without speaking and kissed Dean harder, licking at the inside of his mouth, pushing him back on the bed. Their shirts were soon-ly discarded, and they became a mess of uneven breaths, saliva, and hickeys.

Dean ended up wrapping his mouth around Cas and licked around it. He sucked softly, until Cas was hard, and sent him over the edge. Pulling at his hair and moaning his name. He smirked around his angel and swallowed, licking the tip and making him whimper, just to make sure he was done. Cas was done with Dean's games and pushed him down on the bed.

"I- I need you," Cas whispered into Dean's ear and kissed the skin under it very softly. He peppered him with kisses from his ear, to his chest, and down his v-line. He slipped his hands under Dean's waistband and pushed down his pants. Cas had never seen him like this. And he admired him. He gently touched him through his boxers before tugging those off too. Cas shyly took Dean into his hand, earing a small moan from him. He rubbed it gently and felt it getting harder. He leaned down to press a gentle kiss to the tip and spread Dean's legs. Dean bent them to help Cas. Cas looked at him with admiration and slid his pants and boxers down to his knees. He rested his arms on Dean's knees and stared at him for a while. "God damn you're beautiful..." Before Dean could answer, Cas stuck a finger in him. Dean hissed and bucked his hips up.

"Please... Don't do that... J-just.." Dean whimpered as Cas twisted and added another finger to him. "F-f**k me.."

Cas smiled and pulled his hands away so they could grab Dean's hips. Forgetting the lube, Cas aligned himself. Dean cried out in pain as Cas bit his lip and pushed deeper. Cas was gentle and loving, kissing Dean gently as he moved slowly. But also to keep him quiet. Cas noticed that Dean's head was already dripping precum and he ignored it, making the moment more savoring.

As Cas reached his deepest point, Dean held his hips at an angle so Cas would hit his sweet stop each time. Neither of the boys had gotten away in so long. They were very thankful for the fact that they had made it, and just wanted to make sure they were okay with a bit of makeup sex on a friday afternoon.
Dean clenched his tight hole around Cas's hard cock, creating more friction as Cas moved. By this point, Dean was throbbing and whimpering from lack of attention in the area he needed it most. Cas felt himself getting close as the seconds passed. He hit Dean in the same spot, making him scream Cas's name on accident. The blue eyed boy slowed down his thrusts and stroked Dean in time with his new pace.

Cas came deep inside of his princess, and didn't dare pull out as he came down from his high, feeling Dean cum on his chest, and he licked it up before slowly pulling away and collapsing on top of him. He kissed him lightly and nuzzled his warm and shaky body. Both of them letting out uneven breaths.

~•~

"Mom! Remind me to get some headphones the next time Cas comes over," Sam complained.

"Okay. What do you want for dinner?"

"I've lost my appetite!"

"Pick something Dean hates so you can be equally as disgusted!" Mary suggested with a laugh.

"Salad..." Sam looked down at his homework and huffed. "I can't focus. My brain has been ruined by my brother f***king his boyfriend!"

"I'll make salad. And SAM! DON'T BE SO VULGAR!"

"Sorry, mom."

"You better be. I should tell Dean to stop cussing to."

"Don't expect him to listen to you." Sam rolled his eyes.

"Why? I'm his mother."

"Cas is gonna make him scream cuss words mom," Sam laughed.

"Quit saying stuff like that. You are only 13, baby."

"I don't care. Its funny. And im 14!"

"Still, I don't like it. Your brother is 18 so he can do what he wants."

"Hes not 18 yet." Sam decided that he should shut up and stop arguing. "But okay."

"Close enough. Thank you." Mary said and walked over kissing his hair. "I'll start cooking when the boys get up."

"Yeah yeah."

Cas woke up almost an hour later and went out in the kitchen, by himself. Dean was still a sleepy bean. He didn't wear a shirt, but only his underwear and skinny jeans. Forgetting that he was covered in hickeys and sweat. He had done his best to get all of Dean's cum off of him.

"Hey mrs.mom!" Cas said with a yawn, not sure what to call Mary.

"Hey! Where's Dean?"
"He's asleep. I guess i wore him out..." Dean had felt the loss of connection and got up. He put his clothes on and was walking funny as he came up behind Cas to hug him. "Oh. Nevermind! Hey princess."

"Hey Cas." He kissed the back of his neck. "I'm gonna be feeling you for the next couple days. That was amazing."

"Anything for you," Cas turned around and pecked his lips.

Mary interrupted with a groan. "Dean. I have to talk to you about scarring your brother!"

"What do ya mean?" Dean looked confused and let his arms wrap tighter around Cas. 'He's already scarred. He walked in on us a while ago...' 

"You were being too loud!"

"We weren't though. I was holding back."

"Yes you were being too loud. I have nothing against you two. But atleast wait for when Sam's gone or something. Have you forgotten that this is a small apartment? And one more thing, don't cuss anymore. You're courrpting your little brother."

"Am not."

"Yeah. He just said the f word."

"Oh... Oopsies!" Dean raised his hands in defense.

"Oops my a$$.

"I was depressed," Dean grinned innocently. He shrugged and nuzzled Cas.

"No excuse."

Dean nodded and sat at the table as Mary cut cucumbers. "Fine. Whatcha makin?"

"Making a simple salad for dinner. I dont feel like cooking." She smirked evilly, causing Sam to laugh.

"Ew! Why a salad?! Those are gross."

"They might be gross to you, but your brother loves them!"

Dean snickered and looked disgusted."Dean it's not that bad," Cas pet his hair.

Dean just pouted and laid his head on the table. "Good thing my stomach is already full." He mumbled to himself.

Cas flicked the back of his neck. "That was inappropriate."

"Well it's true!" Dean snickered and pulled Cas into his lap. Mary slid to plates in front of them and Dean pushed it away. "C'mon! You gotta eat, princess."

"Drench it in ranch and then I'll eat it."

"That's not healthy!"
"So? I hate salad. I don't eat rabbit food."

"Gotta keep your muscles big boy."

"I won't lose my muscles." Dean scowled. Cas huffed and drenched a piece of lettuce in ranch dressing. "Open your god damn mouth!" Dean grinned and opened wide, Cas shoved it into his mouth. Dean grimaced but chewed it none the less. "Nasty!"

"Keep eating!"

"I don't want to."

"I'll reward you." Cas winked and took a few bites of his own.

"With what?"

"Whatever you want. But you gotta be a rabbit for now." Cas wiggled on his lap. "It's not that bad. I don't understand why you don't like it."

Dean frowned and ate unhappily. "It has a weird flavor that's like water full of chemicals."

"You're just being picky now. Be thankful!"

"I am for you, not salad." Cas rolled his eyes and kept feeding him till it was gone. All Sammy could do was laugh. Dean looked broken by the time the salad was gone. "I hate everything right now."

"Even me?" Cas gave him the sad puppy eyes.

"A little bit, but not enough to mean anything. I'm going to throw up!"

"No you aren't. Just deep breaths. In and out." Dean frowned and glared at his empty plate. "What's that face for?" Cas poked his nose.

"I'm still hungry."

"I will get you some food," Cas stated. "What do you want?"

"Meat." Dean said bluntly and Cas laughed, almost falling off of him. "What?"

"I thought of something dirty," Cas whispered to him and giggled innocently.

"And what would that be?"

"Meat as in dick," Cas whispered in his ear, childishly.

"I'll take that too." Cas laughed again and stood up to stretch his legs. Dean reached out and slapped his perfectly shaped butt. Cas blushed and turned around to look at him with an unamused face. "What? It was just there!"

"No touch! You were being bad."

"But you promised me you'd reward me!"

"That was motivation. And you didn't cooperate easily." Dean pouted at him and got up to go into the kitchen to find something else to eat. "You're so adorable. You look like a kitty begging for attention when you pout."
"Why do you say that?"

"Because I'm looking at you and that's what it looks like. I just might have to pet you," Cas subtly winked at him.

Dean raised a brow. "And you were talking about me talking innapropriately, love."

"That was innocent!"

"Not in the way you meant it, or at least not how I heard it."

"You heard it right," Cas laughed.

"Then yes, innapropriate."

"Not everyone needs to know." Cas pushed him into the corner of the kitchen that was out of sight from the living room, where Sam and Mary were. They had just started 'Star Wars.' Dean looked up to Cas's eyes. He wrapped his arms around his waist. He looked at him curious and Cas leaned against him with a smirk.

"What are you doing, Cas?"

"Gonna treat you like a good kitty.."

"I'm not gonna meow."

"Okay." Cas slowly slid his hand in Dean's pants. Dean smirked softly while pulling Cas into a kiss. Cas kissed him hard and stroked him soft and slowly. Dean let out a deep breath, really trying to be quiet.

Cas smirked on his lips, going faster. Dean bit softly at Cas' bottom lip and pushed into his hand, making Cas grab him harder, causing Dean to moan softly. Castiel returned the moan and started to stroke him faster. Dean bucked into Cas's hand again, whimpering to hold back any other noise. Cas pulled away from the kiss, and covered Dean's mouth with his other hand, grinding on him to speed up the process. This sent Dean over the edge, causing the hairs on his arms and back of his neck to stand up as he looked at Cas needingly and came hard. Cas's hand muffled the long whine that Dean let out, but didn't mask it completely. Thank god that Sam had turned the TV up extra loud.

Cas kept his hand in Dean's pants for a little while longer to make sure he was done. But he had to hold him up because he was slumped against him, trying to control his breathing. "You good, love?" Cas whispered and squeezed him again, only slightly.

"Y-Yeah. I'm good."

"Good little princess." Cas pet him a few more times before he pulled away. Dean looked up at him lovingly, with big bright green eyes. His whole body still tingled. "Settle down so we can go in the living room, or if you want something to actually eat."

A few hours passed. 11pm was approaching. Sam, Mary, Dean, and Cas had gone through 3 Star Wars movies. Cas felt like part of the family again. They eventually went up to bed, Cas layed doen after taking his pants back off. It left him somewhat chilly in just his boxers. He layed on the left side of the bed and watched Dean discard his shirt and jeans. Cas was on his back and Dean curled up beside him, draping his arm over Cas's surprisingly toned and tanned stomach.

"I love you," Cas whispered. It seemed like he couldnt say those three words enough.
"I love you too. I hope I didn't let you down during your first time having seeing, during sex."

"You could never let me down. It was perfect. I don't feel so helpless."

"You're more daring with your eyesight. Jacking me off in my kitchen, sooo dirty!"

"That was fun though!"

~*~

Sam looked up at his mother with a nervous look in his hazel eyes once Dean and Cas had went to bed. "Hey, mommy? Um.. Can I go on a date?"

"AWWWW! Yes you can! With who?"

"A girl named Jessica. She's a year younger than me, but is in some advanced classes."

"Do you even know how to flirt?" Mary couldn't help but smile.

"No, but why do I need to know that?"

"If you wanna get her!"

"I'm just gonna ask her out! Not do what Dean does."

"I didn't say that! You gotta make her feel like she is the most beautiful girl in the world if you really want to 'date' this girl! I dont want you doing what Dean and Cas do. I know what a girl wants."

"Fine."

"Okay, goodnight. I'll give you your lesson tomorrow!"

"Night mama." Sam smiled and took his phone out to text Jess as he walked to his room. It was dark and the little light from the phone created a small shadow. Jessica was putting her golden locks up in a pony tail for bed when she got the message. She smiled as soon as she saw who it was from.

Sammy
Chapter 8

8:43am. December 9th, Castiel Novak has been emitted into Foundations Recovery Networks in Kansas City.

Dean wasn't told about anything that had happened. Cas wouldn't answer his calls, everytime he tried to go over there, no one would be there. Or the door would be locked. He felt like he was doing too much or that Cas didn't want him. So he gave up. Even though it had only been a day, he was worried because now he knew what was up with Cas, but he couldn't know if he was okay. The one relief was that neither of them did in fact have AIDS or HIV.

The only reason Dean found out was because Cas. Because he was endlessly pounding on the cell walls the entire night he was in there. The white walls seemed to close in on him, just in the first night. He was very forceful as he tried to escape. It wasn't pleasant. He was mildly high from what he did find in his hidden stash. It disappointed Michael. It went beyond his wishes, and he ended up taking Cas to rehab.

As he pounded on the walls, it made the doctors agitated. So they answered to him. Cas was unable to communicate with anyone other than family at this point, but he begged the doctor to tell Dean. He was screaming as tears endlessly streamed down his expressionless face.

Castiel spent 15 days in there. With nothing other than a bit of food each day and a bathroom. But he'd always throw up whatever he ate. That wasn't on purpose though. He was completely uncontrollable as he scratched at his skin violently. He had a beard starting and his eyes looked dark. He was going insane, shaking and crying because the slightest of sounds.

Castiel didn't care about anything. Dean was waiting for him, but it didn't matter. Everyone who cared about him was lucky that he didn't have some way to kill himself. His brain wouldn't properly function either. He was so lonely that his mind started to make things up. He began to believe that a million spiders were crawling over his skin. It creeped him out, but it was somehow satisfying.

By day 8 he had imaginary friends.

John sat beside Cas. He had shoulder length blonde hair and brown eyes. He would talk to him when he was upset or would help him through whenever he had a bad fit. He forced him to eat and drink. Overall this imaginary friend saved him. But really it was just a modified version of Dean.

By day 11, John had convinced Cas that life was worth living. And that drugs weren't the answer. He didn't need it. All he needed was love. And love is exactly what he had, but he couldn't accept it.

Cas always thought horribly of himself, like he was capable of nothing. He told everyone how horrible he was at certain things, but when they saw for themselves they told him otherwise. Cas didn't know he was capable of loving someone that he couldn't see. But that proves that love is blind. True love exists. And it's not skin deep. He was helplessly tumbling and falling for Dean, just based on their connection when they first met. Just the accidental touch of hands when Dean was leading him. Just their story could be used as an example of how you don't fall for someone based on their looks. And that true love is unbreakable. It's stronger than anything else imaginable.

Those memories replayed in Cas's broken mind. He wasn't crazy any longer. His scratches were fading and John had left. He still shook, but it was more of a tremble now. His system had been flushed from the drugs completely. No trace left. Yet he still would get sick after eating and broke out into a cold sweat.
Things progressed faster than the doctors expected. Cas ended up back at home by Christmas eve. Dean wasn't informed either. Anna wouldn't allow him to find out. She didn't want Dean to be around Cas. She didn't want Cas to be with him. She wanted him to learn how to be happy without someone else. She wanted him to learn he could be happy on his own. But Cas couldn't. His broken mind wouldn't let him be happy without Dean's love. That was the biggest mistake his family or the doctors had made. Sending him to that institution didn't fix him. It broke him until his mind though he was okay, but really he was just that broken.

The thing that would make it okay was taken away, and that's unfair. Michael swore to everyone that Cas would have gotten better with Dean there. Everyone did the wrong thing. Dean tried, but he had no say in anything.

When Cas did come home, he had to stay in his room. The people around him made him uneasy. He was stable at least, but not really. He just told everyone he was, despite not being okay at all. All Anna could do was try and listen to his requests. Call Dean. Go to the store for him. And leave him alone.

When Anna called Dean and found out he was home, he was ready to drop everything and go over there. But she hissed at him just like she did when she told him to leave the first time. But Dean was stubborn. He always was and always will be in the future. He protested to the point where Anna would allow him to come over on Christmas.

Just by the tone in Anna's voice, Dean could tell that Cas wasn't okay. And Dean had a perfect idea for his Christmas present. Once he hung up his phone he ran to find his mom and breathlessly shouted. "MAMA, I NEED YOU TO TAKE ME TO THE ANIMAL SHELTER AND A DRESS STORE!"

~•~

Anna went to the store like Cas had asked. She picked up the CD Dean had wanted, the one Cas was going to give him anyways. And Cas was creative. He found an old mason jar and pieces of paper. He had to dig deep into his dull mind, put he poured his heart out into this next surprise.

~•~

Dean got his mom some roses and a hand written note, saying how much she meant to him. He got Sam star wars action figures, forgetting he was like 13... Or something like that. He received more car washing supplies from Sam, and his mom got him a new leather jacket. He ran up to his room, excited, and took his PJs off after he finished eating breakfast with them. He put on something that came to just above his knees. Then he put a coat, much like Cas's, atop of it. All that was showing was his legs. The biggest of all of the surprises was in halfway in a pocket on the inside of the coat.

Cas didn't come down from his room except for when Gabriel drug him downstairs and force fed him. His hair was a mess and he was shirtless, with only shorts on, despite how cold it was inside and outside. Dean raced to Cas's house. He couldn't wait to see him after what felt like ages. He let himself quietly into the house so he wouldn't disturb anyone in the living room. He scanned the room with his eyes and there was no Cas or Gabriel.

"Anna?" Dean questioned quietly. "Where's Cas?"

"The kitchen. Why in the hell are you dressed like that?" He squinted her eyes like Cas did when he was confused, making Dean chuckle.
"His present." Dean stated and walked to the kitchen. Cas had a fork in his hand and Gabriel was
making him eat. Cas didn't look like Cas. He lookes completely different from the last time Dean had
seen him. He was just a shell, a shell with nothing in it. Everything was drained out of it. Dean
wanted to help this shell more than other, because it was the only thing that mattered to him was
helping this shell find himself. Cas's eyes lost their sparkle. He looked fragile and dull, except for the
fact that when he saw Dean, his eyes tried their best to light up.

"H-hey princess." Cas looked him up and down. "What are you wearing?"

"Something for you... Meet me in your room when you're done eating. All of it, okay?"

Cas nodded and took a few more bites, Gabriel making sure he swallowed it. Dean's eyes couldn't
help but fall to Cas's brittle fingers and he could see how much weigh he lost. The sight made him
cringe. It was nothing against Cas, but Dean couldn't stand to see him like that. He wasn't as sick as
he was and he was getting better, it would just take some getting used to and a lot of time. Dean
started to walk up to Cas's room when he heard Gabe raise his voice.

"Cas! You have to eat."

'The white kitten didn't have a name. "Dean! You didn't have to do this!" He squealed and sat down beside him, shyly reaching out to pet
the kitten, making her purr.

"Yes I did. I said I would. Figured it'd help you feel better. You can hold her."

"Does she have a name?" Cas whispered, for some reason and took the small thing into his gentle
and bony fingers.

"No, I was gonna let you name her. Why don't you think that over while I go get your other present.
This one you have to unwrap." Cas put her on his bed carefully and tugged at Dean's collar to kiss
him. Dean had to give in and he leaned down to kiss him back. Just from the tug he could feel Cas
wasn't as strong as he once was, just in those 15 days.

"Thank you... I love you princess."

"I love you too. I'll be back later." Dean kissed Cas's slightly chapped lips again softly before
walking out and into the bathroom. He put a stick on bow on his head and waited a minute before
going back into Cas's room. Cas was cuddling his kitty on the bed, and a wide smile fell on Dean's
face when he saw Cas genuinely smiling as the kitten was rubbing against his hands.

Dean stepped closer to him, "unwrap me!"

"Oh..." Cas blushed and started to push the coat off of Dean's shoulders, causing him to gasp again. Dean stepped back after a moment and kicked his shoes off then shimmied his arms out of the overcoat. He straightened out the dress he was actually wearing. It fit the curves in his body. It was strapless, so it was tight around the top but more loose around his stomach. But then it went back to being tight around his hips and butt. It was a light green and sort of shiny color. He placed his hands on his hips and smirked at Cas to hide his nervousness.

"OH MY GOD! JESUS OUR LORD AND SAVIOR!" Cas stared at Dean's body and over the rest of him in awe. "YOU'RE SO WOW!" He halfheartedly laughed. "This is perfect! You look amazing honestly."

"So, you like it?" Dean bit his lip.

"I love it. Turn around. I need to see your a$$.

"Lift the dress up for a better view if you want." He chuckled and turned around for him to see.

Cas smoothed it down over his butt first and then lifted it up. "Oh god yes!" Dean blushed because he wasn't wearing any underwear. "Best gift ever. I got you something... But it's cheesy."

"What is it?" Dean pushed the dress back down and turned to look at him curiously.

"It's something." Cas went to his desk and handed Dean a mason jar. Except this was decorated in red and green. He had put another smaller glass on the inside. It was a small bottle of whiskey. And outside of that were a bunch of small notes written on pieces of paper. Cas couldn't watch Dean open it because he would get embarrassed.

'I need you more than we need air to breathe.'

'Your smile shines brighter than the sun.'

'You're my saviour.'

'Merry Christmas, Princess.'

'I love you more than anyone has ever loved in the history of the universe, ans more than anyone else ever will in the future.'

'You opened my eyes even when i couldn't see. You gave me the happiness i never thought I'd find. So thank you for staying with me through thick and thin. I can't thank you enough for all that you've done, my Dean.'

'I love you!'

There we're many more. Dean blushed dark and let his fingers trace over the writing. "Cas, you've improved your writing. Did you do this on your own?"

"Anna helped me with spelling..." He mumbled, still embarrassed.

"You did amazing. This is beautiful." He smiled and looked over at Cas was sitting on the edge of his bed. The kitten was curled up on his pillow. And Dean slightly pushed Cas back and straddled his lap, mostly standing on his knees so he wouldn't crush his fragile angel. "Thank you, Cas."
"We also have reservations at Novel at 6. And..." He reached back to grab a tiara from inside his dresser drawer and placed it atop Dean's head.

Dean smiled and kissed him sweetly, barely pressing their lips together, but still setting sparks off. The kitten ended up crawling into the little space between Cas and Dean. Cas giggled when Dean pulled away from the kiss. "I still don't know what to name her..." He sighed and kissed Dean a million times more. "I have one more thing for you."

"Hmm? And it is?" Dean asked him while kissing him gently again, having missed him a lot. More than he thought was possible.

"The CD you wanted." Cas smiled and pointed to his dresser where there was a small flat square wrapped in batman wrapping paper.

"Thanks, Cas. I love you so freaking much!" Cas smiled and mouthed 'i do too' and rested his head against Dean's chest to hear his heartbeat. Dean nuzzled his hair and held him close. Cas fingered over the dress that covered Dean's chest and down his torso to feel his muscles. "So, you really like it?" Dean asked curiously. "Doesn't weird you out? I'm glad because then I'd be embarrassed."

"Dean, i dont like it. I honestly love it. I'm afraid i might like it toooo much! Because damn, you're fine. And you did what i asked for so im happy."

Dean smiled. "I kind of like it too. It's so breezy. Gives air to your junk."

"You're not wearing any underwear so of course it would."

"That to. Boxers would have looked weird don't you think?"

"Lemme see." He lifted up the front of his dress to peak. "Yeah.."

Dean smirked at him. "You found what you were looking for under there? You've done that quite a few times today."

"It's only the second time! But yes!" Cas paused to let out a weak laugh. "Princess? Can i name the kitty Luna?"

"Yes darling." Dean stood up to stretch, and in that time Cas layed down on his stomach. Luna pranced around on the bed some and rubbed against his hands. Dean ended up crawling beside him after he straightened out the dress. "I only got her because she was the only one that didn't bite me at the shelter."

"Awww. I'm the only one allowed to bite you! But did it hurt?"

"It didn't. But I miss your bites!" Dean turned his head to wink at him.

"Aww. Boo." Cas leaned over and nipped gently at Deans neck with a giggle.

Dean smiled but tilted his head so Cas would have more room. "Feel free."

Cas left a small little hickey and kissed softly down his neck. "Merry Christmas by the way."

"Merry Christmas to you too, I missed you so much, Cas."

"I missed you too... That was hell... Going through that without you." Cas sighed and looked at his forearms.
"I wish Micheal had let me help. But are you good about everything? Everything is okay?"

"Mostly. My stomach won't hold anything down. Almost every move i make is tiring. I need to gain weight... But it hurts to eat because i can't keep anything down. And i don't want to even think about what happened in that place. They 'fixed' me though."

Dean nodded and frowned. "I'm so sorry, baby... But I'm here now... It'll be okay, if you keep trying."

"I am trying. So damn hard." He scooted closer to Dean and layed one of his arms over his back. "How've you been though?"

"Tired. Been working a lot, and studying still."

"Good. I haven't missed anything important in school have i?"

"We started reading Shakespeare's Macbeth in English before break started, but otherwise no."

"Ew... Well i can't really read anyways... I'm getting there. But that's advanced shiz!"

"Mhmm." Dean nodded. "Are you going to come back anytime soon?"

"Yeah. When break is over."

"I'm glad. I miss you there too... our make outs and chats at lunch. But mostly the chats."

"Chats about everything and nothing at all. I missed those too.." Luna curled up between them and rested one of her tiny paws on Cas's hand, making him smile.

"She really likes you."

"I guess so." He kissed her and then kissed Dean's cheek. "Shes so adorable. Almost as adorable as you."

"She's more adorable," Dean protested.

"No. Nothing beats you."

Dean chuckled. "You're great." He looked into Cas's eyes for a while before kissing him gently. Cas smiled against his lips, but didn't pull away for a while. When he did, Dean held him there by very slightly biting his lip and whispered, "you're mine."

"I'm honored." Cas whispered and sighed happily. He rolled Dean onto his back and then crawled on top of him.

"Whatcha doin, daddy?" Dean shifted so that the hem of the dress rode up, showing off his thighs seductively. Though he didn't want to really do anything because Cas was so weak, he thought Cas would get a kick out of it. It worked. Cas snorted and kissed his nose.

He put his bony hands on Dean's shoulders and layed against his chest, whispering a thousand little 'I love you's.' Dean took one of his hands in his own and thumbed over his knuckles. He was careful not to squeeze too tight, for fear of hurting his angel. Pretty soon, Luna joined the cuddle session.

~●~

"Merry Christmas, Kevin..." Michael whispered as his boyfriend walked in the door. Michael came
to the conclusion that even though they hadn't been dating long, he had known Kevin for so long that doing this wouldn't be rushing it.

Kevin handed him what looked like a shoe box. "Merry Christmas Mike."

Michael took the box and unwrapped it, only to find... A penguin onesie. He giggled and looked at Kevin. "You're a dweeb! But I love you. I'll give you my present, but we have to go on a walk first. And I'm going to change into this first."

~ • ~

Michael changed into the onesie, looking like a fool, but it was at least adorable. He pushed the hood back and his blonde hair was standing straight up. He held his arms out to look at his white stomach. The rest of it was black, minus the eyes and mouth.

Kevin bit his lip and laughed, "you look adorable Mikie!"

"Thanks love. Ready to go on that walk?"

"Where are we going?" Kevin asked, confused.

"You'll see!" Mike smiled. He waved bye to Anna and pulled Kevin out the door. The frigid hair blew his already messy hair back. Kevin was wearing Michael's coat, and Michael was sweating with nervousness and he was hot in the middle of winter. The trees around the sidewalk were covered in white, and it was beautiful. Michael pulled Kevin into the park where they first met so long ago. Michael moved out here for work, and he met Kevin at a company meeting. But it wasn't really formal. It was so the employees could get to know each other. Michael was the reason Anna and Cas and Gabe moved too. But Gabe had college as well that he was looking into in the general area.

They met when they sat at the same picnic table, and that's exactly where Michael took him. Kevin recognized it and it was even more beautiful than it was that fall day, so long ago.

"Why are we here, Mike?" Kevin asked and held his hand tight, and wiped the snow off of the bench on the table.

"Because I wanted to ask you something."

"What might that be?"

"There's so much I say about you. My best friend of many years, and wow, my boyfriend... I just have this feeling we are meant to be... Because I feel complete with you! And oh god I love you! I'll be your penguin forever if you want me to, darling." Michael smiled and looked at the ground nervously before taking a small leather box out of the pocket of the onesie. He got down on one shaky knee, and let a smile fall on his lips. "Kevin Tran... Will you marry me?" He flipped the box open to show a ring with a small diamond in the middle.

Kevin teared up and covered his mouth. "Oh my god! YES! YES! YES!" He pulled Michael up to kiss him, and Mike slid the ring on his finger as they kissed.

~ • ~

Dean and Cas were sitting on the couch quietly kissing when Anna interrupted them. "Boys! wanna go play in the snow? Michael and Kevin are being too loud and I need to do something!"
"I DO!" Gabriel answered, even though Anna wasn't talking to him. He ran to go get changed.

Anna laughed, "what about you two?"

"Oh, sure. We'll meet you out there," Dean answered and nodded. "I left a coat here a while ago, and I'll get Cassie all bundled up!" He kissed Cas's nose and ran upstairs to get some heavier clothes that would keep them warm. Dean took the dress off and set it on the bed, beside where Luna was napping. He put on some sweats and a long sleeved shirt that he left at Cas's a while ago.

Cas put his boots on and Dean helped him tie them. "You're the best! Thanks for tying my shoes!"

Cas smiled. Dean stood up, zipping Cas's jacket at he did so. Cas was still a bit skinny and weak from the withdrawals, but he was getting better. That caused the jacket to be too big on him, and his pants way too loose. Dean hated it, but knew Cas was trying, so he didn't push him.

Cas made a face of disgust as he stepped into the fluffy white and cold substance. He let go of Dean's hand to lean down and touch it. He hissed at the contact and quickly pulled his hand away. Dean let out a small laugh and looked at Cas, "whats wrong?"

"I don't like it. It's cold and wet."

"I know how to make it fun." Dean grinned and gathered up a ball of snow. He aimed then threw it at Gabriel's head. The ball of pure white hit Gabe directly in the back of his head. Gabriel turned around with a smirk of pure evil on his face. Cas watched and held him a laugh, as Gabe yelled and cursed at Dean. Dean just shrugged and threw another, this time hitting him in the chest.

"You're a dick!" Gabe teased.

"You are what you eat." Dean smirked.

"Very funny," Gabe rolled his eyes. Dean was distracted by his own laughter. Long enough to gather up some snow in a tiny ball and gently throw it at Dean before running away.

Dean blinked at him surprised when it his his stomach and cold shocks flew through his body. "You want to start a snowball war?"

"Come and get me, assbutt!"

Dean narrowed his eyes and smirked before running behind a tree to continue to make snowballs. Cas ran to the edge of the house and hid behind the gutter, as he started preparing for his ambush. It accelerated fast, Dean finished before Cas and threw one in his direction. It hit him on the shoulder. Cas squealed and jumped. He threw one at Dean's face without aiming, but it was a perfect shot. Dean's eyes widened and he tried to move quickly, but it got him in the ear and he screamed from the shock of the cold. Cas pointed and laughed at him, almost falling backwards into the snow, with rosy red cheeks.

Dean pouted at him and tossed another hitting him in the leg near his crotch. That earned Dean a screech from Cas. "DUDE!" Cas threw one harder and it hit Dean in hid stomach. Dean pretended to be in pain. He fell backwards and landed in the snow and let out a long groan. Cas gasped and ran over to him. "I'm sorry! Are you okay princess??"

Dean laughed and crashed a snowball on his face. Cas wiped his face and lightly slapped him. Dean grabbed the top of his shirt and pulled him down in the snow and tickled him. Cas just huffed and shoved some snow in Dean's mouth.

~•~
Cas made him and Dean some tea, and sat down on the couch, he was freezing. He handed Dean his cup and held his hand. Dean sighed at the connection and didn't squeeze too hard, for he was afraid to hurt or break Cas. "Baby... You need to gain some weight. I'm worried about you..."

"I'm trying."

"I know, thank you. Do you want to eat anything?"

"No. Don't blame me if it kills me." Dean frowned, and Cas brought a blanket around the both of them. They both sipped in their tea. Dean propped his feet up on the coffee table and put his free arm around Cas's shoulders.

"I don't want you to die until we are old with great grand children. Maybe not even then."

"You'll get tired of me or I'll be dead by then."

"Never. Frustrated maybe, but never tired." Dean gently pressed a kiss to the side of Cas's face. "I love you Castiel James Novak..."

"I love you too," Cas whispered and looked at him. Dean continued thumbing over Cas's knuckles.

"You're beautiful Cas. You're always going to be beautiful. To me. Even when you were slightly chubby you were beautiful, at the perfect weight you were, and you are now while skinny. Your looks aren't the only things that make you beautiful. But I am worried about you, baby..."

Cas set his tea down and had to wipe his face to hold back tears. "You're freaking perfect okay!?" He sniffled and buried his face in Dean's side. "You've never had to deal with something like this. And you said you'd break up with me if I did it again, probably because you don't want trash." Cas wanted to point out all of his own flaws so Dean would see he could do better. But it was no use. He was genuinely lucky. "This isn't the first time I've gotten into drugs, Dean. I got hooked on my pain pills once..."

Dean frowned and set his tea down, pulling Cas into his lap in order to hold him close. "That was supposed to scare you into not doing it. Cas, you're not trash, you're my treasure. And I'd never let you go again, no matter what. I'd stay and help you fight. Anyone would be damn lucky to have you!"

"B-but y-you didn't..." He whimpered and looked up to Dean with bright blue eyes.

"Anna made me leave. I tried my hardest to stay."

"You're too good to me. You should be with your family on Christmas, but instead you're here with me..."

"Because you are family, baby. One day anyways."

Cas moved to wrap his arms around Dean's stomach and leaned on his chest. "You're really too good to me, princess." His grip on Dean's torso tightened. "I'll never let go!" He mumbled. "You better not, Cas."

"I won't. Literally!"

Dean chuckled and held him still impossibly close, and finished his tea. Dean felt how much colder Cas was despite him being extremely warm from the blankets and tea. "You're freezing," Dean mumbled.
"I know," Cas whispered back to him. Dean sighed and moved Cas so he was no longer holding onto him. Cas gave him a confused look and he shivered. Dean took Cas's fragile hands and put them in his pants, not for anything sexual, just because that's the warmest place. "Why can't I effing stay warm? I'm always cold! I'm not complaining about how you're keeping me warm, but agh!"

"It's because you are so skinny, Cas. You can't keep in your own heat."

Cas groaned and closed his eyes as he rested against Dean. "You don't have to keep bringing that up..."

"I'm sorry, love..." Dean pulled the blankets back over them so no one could see where Cas's hands were.
"Dweeb," Cas muttered.
"B**ch."
"Jacka$$.
"A$$clown."
"Assbutt!" Cas raised his voice with the new word and smirked.
"I can't beat that one..
"Why'd we even start this? But i win!"
"This time," Dean whispered. "You've only won this time."
"I'd like to see you try, dickbutt."
"Oh you will!" Dean growled. "Baby in a trenchcoat."

Cas let out sad noise and huffed.

"After all of that, that offends you?"

"Just a bit. And I've been thinking. I have to tell you the truth... Okay, so. I could've easily done so much hy myself, i always have. Beind blind wasn't hard. But I chose to belittle myself to make you feel important. Don't underestimate what a blind kid can do!" Cas laughed. "But i can see now so its okay, i was just telling you. But sometimes, my depression took over my thoughts and i just felt helpless."

Dean let out a laugh as well. "Oh, i kinda figured. But i liked treating you and giving you everything. It feels amazing to care for you."

The December days had dwindled down to nothing and thankfully they only got stuck under the mistletoe a few times. The boys were sitting on the couch, talking and telling secrets that they had never spilled before, anxiously waiting for midnight. The only surprise there was that Cas Had a million stuffed animals in his closet. Cas sat criss-crossed on the couch with Deans arm around his shoulders. Luna was in Cas's lap with her eyes closed. She was purring as Cas gently pet her back. Time was counting down as well, the blue timer in bottom left corner of the tv were counting down the minutes to midnight. Cas desperately wanted to stay awake to be with Dean at midnight, and so he fought against his eyelids.

"Almost new year's, love." Dean smiled. "You know the superstition about the first thing you do on new year's right?"

Cas shook his head. "No. What?"

"Apparently whatever you're doing at midnight, is what you're gonna be doing for the rest of the year."

"What are you gonna do then?" Cas questioned and looked back at the TV. The counter said 4 minutes till midnight.
"I'm going to kiss the $hit out of you, Cassie."

"Then I gotta wake up first. We I'm gonna go get something to drink." He chuckled and put Luna in Dean's lap.

"Oh, get me a beer pleaseee."  
"You're not even 18 yet Dean!"

"I will be. In 18 days. So make it whiskey instead." Dean bit his lip.

"Alright alright!"

~•~

5, 4, 3, 2, 1

Happy New Year!

Dean leaned in slow, catching Cas bottom lip between his own for a gentle kiss. Luna always had to be part of the action, so she pawd at Dean's finger. Dean laughed into the kiss, Cas did too, but didn't break it. Even from the simple act of love, Cas's heart was pounding. He kissed back gently, loving the feeling and taste of Dean's lips. He pulled away and whispered 3 words that could never lose their meaning to those 2. "I love you."

"I love you too Cas," Dean relied. Luna meowed and nuzzled his hand, begging for attention. "I love you too, Luna." He laughed and pet her as he kissed Cas again.

They fell asleep spooning on the couch. Despite Cas usually being a top, he was the small spoon. The kitten closed her eyes and dozed off on the other side of the couch. Dean clung to Cas throughout the night, as if he was afraid to ever let him go. But he woke up, with a brilliant idea for Dean's birthday. It made him laugh when he thought about it, but he had to stay quiet so he wouldn't wake the princess who had his strong arms wrapped around him.

His present would take a trip to spencers and the grocery store. But he waited until the day before to gather what he needed. He used his prior knowledge to bake an apple pie for his princess. (With the help of Mary of course.) He also insisted that he'd be the princess's slave for that day. At spencers he found some rainbow lingerie. Best idea he's ever gotten was to buy it. He also got a really bad gag gift. A necklace with a flat red heart shaped stone. It had the words 'daddy's little princess' on it. Cas snorted when he saw it, but got it nonetheless. The worst part was the cashier asking Cas how old he was, because he didn't look old enough to have a child. He lied and said he had a 3 year old named Luna. It wasn't a complete lie. That kitten was him and Dean's child.

The afternoon of January 18th wasn't too cold, so he only wore a robe over to Dean's place. Dean was up in his room, watching twilight, because he is a cliché a$$hole. Cas smirked as he opened the door. "Happy birthday dearest!"

"Hey Cas! Thanks love. Come sit and watch with me pleaseee."

"I got you a present. 3 parts to it." He bit his lip.

"Cas, you didn't have to do anything. All I wanted was you." Dean smiled.

"Well first of all, I got your momma's help." He set down the container with the pie on Dean's dresser. "The second and third ones you can open when your movie is done."
"Thanks Cas! But I'm impatient." He turned the t.v. off so he wouldn't be rude. Cas gave him the smaller box wrapped up in floral wrapping paper. Dean just smiled as he tore it and opened the velvit, kiddish, box. When the necklace was revealed, Cas couldn't hold back his laughter. Dean blushed and laughed. "You should really put this on me! Right now!"

"It was a joke, unless you really do like it."

"I f**king love it!" Dean said with all seriousness and picked it up and held it out to Cas. Cas walked around to the other side of bed and clamped the ends of the necklace and let it go to fall around Dean's neck.

"Okay. Last thing." Cas opened his arms. "Un-wrap me!" He smirked.

"Wow.. Pulling one of my old tricks are ya?" He stood up and untied the robe, that he didn't even question when Cas first walked in. He just thought it was a new fashion statement that his quirky boyfriend was making. He gasped when he separated the fabric to see Cas's tanned and muscly torso, but then there was the skimpy black thong that he had on. And connected to that was lace that hugged his thighs, it faded from purple, to blue, green, yellow, orange, and red.

Cas looked up at him with wide eyes, waiting for Dean's response. Dean didn't respond verbally. He just let his mouth hang open slightly, feeling up Cas's torso. "Do you like?" Cas asked in a hushed tone.

"You're so damn sexy, Castiel." Dean purred. He pushed the robe off of Cas's shoulders and wrapped his arm around Cas's waist, pulling him closer to kiss his neck. He tongued his skin before letting his lips fall on them. He trapped his skin between his teeth and sucked roughly. He moved to the boy's chiseled jaw, and drug his teeth over the stubble there. "I love it, daddy." Dean whispered, moving up to nibble along Cas's earlobe.

Cas started spilling little moans. But this was more of a present for himself than Dean at this point. But he had a plan for later Dean slipped his strong hands into the thong, grabbing at Cas, feeling over him. He cupped his balls and squeezed gently, while he left marks on Cas's skin. Cas gasped at the new touch that Dean had tried. He had never done something like that before. But they both enjoyed it.

Dean ended up kissing his lips, and sucked on his tongue as he picked him up to put him on the bed. He sighed and ran his hands down Cas's thighs. "Beautiful." He mumbled, lowering himself to kiss Cas's chest, and lick over one of nipples. He slowly made his way even lover, nipping at the skin under his navel. Cas made a soft noise of approval, and bucked his hips up when Dean started pulling the lingerie off with his teeth.

He rubbed over the boys thick cock, pushing his legs apart as well. Cas whimpered, getting turned on and a little sensitive. He needed some more attention, but Dean was too focused on marking the insides of Cas's thighs with dark hickeys. He breathed quietly, still praising Cas's entire body with wet kisses. He didn't ever want to get the taste of him out of his mouth, to achieve that, he'd never stop.

"Dean... Please don't tease." He whimpered out as he watched Dean paw at him. "Do what you want. Anything! But no teasing. I'll be your slave to. What does the princess need?" He whispered loud enough for Dean to hear. His voice was deep and gravelly, it made the hair on the back of Dean's neck stand up.

"I want to f**k you..." He almost growled, holding Cas's legs open. Cas just nodded without protest. "But first, I need the slave to lube me." Cas craned and turned to grab the bottle out of the drawer in
Dean's nightstand. He squirted the clear gel like substance onto his fingers and sat up so he could reach Dean. With each careful stroke of his fingers, he coated Dean in the substance until he pulled away. Cas laid back down, he bit his lip hard as he felt those familiar hands pulling his legs apart once again. Cas screwed his eyes shut as he felt the initial pressure of Dean's cock entering him. He clenched only slight, not used to being a bottom. He groaned in slight pain as he felt the boy rock forward. Even with the slow movement, Dean knew Cas's body well enough to immediately hit that bundle of nerves that drove him wild. Cas bucked his hips up to meet Dean's and he let out a strangled moan. His own movement forced the green eyed boy deeper, causing the best pleasure possible.

Dean's hands ran up Cas's arms, squeezing at the muscles there. Cas wrapped his legs around Dean's waist, and his arms around his back. He tried not to claw and leave scratch marks, but it was no use. Dean kept using him like a toy, rocking his hips in a perfect motion over and over again. Cas kept f**king himself back onto Dean when he moved his hips, making a heaven for the both of them. Their body's moved in a perfect sync as they performed this act of love. The bed squeaked as Dean slammed into him, making him scream in pleasure.

Cas felt himself painfully turned on went to go touch himself. He was on edge, once again very sensitive. He nipped at the skin on Dean's neck and pulled him closer. Dean allowed him, but pushed his hands away, he didn't want Cas to come yet. He wanted it to last just a little longer so he could catch him in his mouth.

He sloppily let his lips attack Cas's. "C-Cas..." He moaned into his mouth as he let himself sweetly release into Castiel, panting and yelling the boys name, throwing his head back and pulling the boys hair as he rode him through an orgasm that he thought he'd never come down from. Cas shuddered, feeling Dean come and he cried out on pain from not being allowed to do it. Dean was still rocking his hips, hitting Cas's prostate every time. Every muscle in that boy tightened at once as Dean suddenly stroked Cas hardly. Thumbing over the head gently, but then squeezing him around his base. Cas once again rolled his hips back onto Dean and closed his eyes, biting his lip so he wouldn't be so loud. He knew they were going to get in trouble, but it didn't matter. He couldn't take it anymore.

"C'mon Cas..." Dean finally gave him permission and pulled his hands away, putting his lips around Cas.

"F**k!" He cried out, coming harshly into Dean's mouth, gripping at the bedsheets until his knuckles turned white. Thankfully he didn't rip them. By the time Dean pulled away, he still hasn't caught his breath, he couldn't even sit up either. His a$$ was sore and everything else in him wanted to go to sleep. He mumbled another happy birthday, and pet Dean's cheek. Dean had breathlessly fell beside him and kissed his temple.

"Thank you, Cas... I love you."

"I...love...you too..." He panted and ran a hand through his sweaty black hair.

"Loved the presents too... I suggest you keep the lingerie though."

"I'm planning on it. I could tell you liked it, love."

"I really liked it, Cas! I didn't hurt you right?"

"If you did, I liked it." He smirked.

"Ahh... I forgot about your kink. Sorry." Dean chuckled and pulled a blanket up around them. "But
like seriously thank you. Best birthday present I could ask for is just you." He even looked at the stone around his neck. He looked back at Cas, and smiled brightly. "I love you so much, I can't describe it!"

"You're very welcome princess." Cas smiled and kissed him gently before clinging to his chest.

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The room had been discarded. Mr.Winchester's old social studies room was perfect. The shades were pulled away, the door was locked. No one ever went in there. They would never have been caught if it wasn't for a snitching 9th grader who saw them go in there. The boys got sent home, and their guardians were called. Anna wasn't too thrilled. Mary didn't pick up. Cas had lost his shirt in the process, but Dean left just like he was. Hid zipper half down and was sporting make out hair.

They went home and finished their business, but not before Cas found out about Dean's secret talent. The green eyed boy was very, very, flexible. Cas used that to his advantage. Smacking and f**king Dean's a$$ as hard as he ever could. But the thing that made this time different was, Dean was in a straddle split with his hands tied to the bed post.

As Cas pulled away, leaving Dean a heavy breathing, shaking, mess. Cas untied him and helped him sit up. Dean chuckled softly and had trouble pulling his legs back in front of him. When he did, he groaned and pulled his legs to his chest. "Not gonna be able to walk tomorrow."

"Good," Cas laughed. "I didnt hurt you, right?"

"No. you've never hurt me. The spansk stung a little, but I liked it."

"Kinky hoe!"

"You're no better," Dean chuckled and tried to get up, but his legs were shaking. Cas obviously laughed too, but helped him up. He kind of felt bad for being so rough. "Thank you," Dean smiled and leaned against him. Cas kept his hands around Dean's waist and kissed his temple. "I really liked that... We should do it again sometime."

"I was scared i was too rough.."

"Not at all... it's just..." Dean shook his head. "I mean, I've never been in the splits for that long and that kind of hurt but it was replaced with pleasure once you started your stuff."

"Awww." Cas rubbed his back. "Hope you don't hurt too bad tomorrow."

~•~

The two boys ate peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in the kitten. Cas was sitting with his legs crossed, Dean was leaning awkwardly against the counter. "Why aren't you sitting down?" Cas spoke carefully once he ha swallowed the bite he took. Dean made sure he ate all of it. He didn't want to risk Cas getting sick again.

"I don't think i can sit down Cas..."

"You're funny." Cas laughed.

"How?"

"First, you can't even stand on your own. Second, you have peanut butter on your lip." Dean licked
his lips, embarrassed. Cas laughed. "You're too cute."

"Cas, quit it." He pouted.

"Hush, hotdog."

"Hotdog?" Dean raised an eyebrow at him.

"Yes. I- honestly dont know where that came from... I wanted to say corndog.."

"Me neither." Dean started laughing. "What are you if I'm the corndog?"

"I'm the stick inside the corndog that holds it together..."

"You are definately not wrong there!"

"Alright, well i gotta pee.. Soo brb!" Cas jumped out of his seat to go to the bathroom.

Just as Cas left, Mary opened the door. She had come home early from work. But she came in to see the, almost, worst thing ever. Dean trying to get up, grabbing his own butt, and wincing in pain.

"You alright Dean?"

"Um, yeah. Just gonna stay seated. It's a long story as to why I can't get up. Let's just say Cas found out I can do the splits."

She shook her head and laughed. "I'm guessing he used that to his advantage?"

"Yup... For a good seven or eight minutes... my legs are jello. Can i have some help, mama?"

"To where do you wanna go? And that's your fault that he found out. Think ahead of yourself."

"I didn't know he'd turn it into something kinky! And the couch." Dean held his hands up. Mary grabbed his hands and pulled him to the couch. Dean yelped in pain as he sat back down.

"How kinky was it Dean? I've never seen you in so much physical pain.. God damn..."

Dean raised a brow at her. "I had to stay in the splits the whole time while he treated me like a princess. I am his princess after all and not afraid to admit it. It's not the worst he's done. But most painful in the aftermath."

"Wow Dean.. And i also got a missed call from the school today. I called back, and now im disappointed in you!"

"Why? John wasn't suposed to be there and-"

"No. It's not about your dad! It's about what you did. Dean you can't just do IT in school. You guys need to take a break. Be careful and... Just... Don't do that again. Please."

"It's the like 7th time I've done it in school. I didn't think I'd get caught!"

"Stop telling me the truth before i ground you." Mary rolled her eyes.

Dean huffed. "I don't understand why everyone is trying to break me and Cas up!"

"I'm not trying to... I'm saying not to f**k so much."
"Mom, we haven't done it since we broke up! That was in October. It's January now. We just couldn't wait any longer I guess."

"Even before the spit... It was like every day... But okay okay. Whatever."

"You know," Dean desperately wanted to change the subject. "I'd be more worried about Sam and Jess. They kissed on the first date."

"So did you..."

"But he's like obsessed with her, mama!"

"Sammy is different."

"How? Other than an Einstein."

"He wouldn't slut around. He's too young."

"Like I did, cause I am one..." He sighed sadly and got up to go to his room, bumping into Cas as he did so. Cas had heard the conversation and decided it would be better to wait in the hallway until they had calmed down. But he caught Dean as he was going upstairs and rubbed his chest and arms.

"You're not a slut, Dean." Cas whispered.

"I am... I started f**king with everyone when i was thirteen."

"If I'm holding you down, I'll let you be with other people."

"I won't do that to you, baby. You're mine. All mine. Forever. That's all I need. But I still was a slut in the past."

"My slut then!" Cas laughed.

Mary felt bad and went over to them. "Dean... I didn't mean it like that... I'm gonna make some coffee. Want anything? And I forgot to mention something..."

"Yeah, mama?"

"I got a date... This Friday at 6. Panera."

"Who's the lucky lad?"

"A guy named Garth. He's actually quite the catch. I ran into him in the office."

"Looks like I might have a new daddy soon!" Dean said, playfully.

Mary laughed and blushed "Shhh!"

Cas let out an irritated cough. "No. I'm daddy." Dean just grinned and kissed his cheek, while Mary made a fake gagging noise.

"You two... Wow... The daddy thing is new."

"Not that new. You've just never heard it," Dean chuckled.

"What else don't I know?"
"People still pick on us in school, but we don't care because we're happy. We don't use condoms. And Castiel is very kinky. Oh and about the sex in school thing... There were like seven others before Cas. I never brung them home because of da- John. And so i took my chances with the right one."

Cas rolled his eyes and bit Dean's shoulder when he brought up the kinky part.

"Yeah. Good choices Dean."

"Thanks mom."

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The two boys ended up in Dean's room playing Call of Duty Ghosts. Dean ended up being a sore loser and taking the controller from Cas so he would stop shooting him in the head. Dean tackled him, making Cas growl. "Whatcha gonna do about it?" He teased.

"Nothing!"

"That growl said otherwise," he raised his eyebrows. Cas rolled away from him, unamused, to go sit beside Luna. "No, Cas come back."

"I'm giving my cat attention. Come here if you want me."

"Fineee!" Dean pouted and crawled across the bed to sit next to him after turning the xbox off. Cas held Luna before laying his head in Dean's lap. Dean shifted a bit uncomfortably and pushed up on the bed because his bottom hurt quite badly but he eventually settled back down and ran his fingers through Cas's dark locks.

"Want anything to drink?" Dean asked as he looked into Cas's eyes.

"Hot chocolate. But stay here! I was counting your freckles before i was interrupted."

"We can do that in the kitchen, daddy."

Cas let out a long groan before sitting up, still cradling Luna and nuzzling her fluffy little head. "I should get a bee costume," he grumbled.

"Yeah! One of those skimpy ones! And maybe i should make you more chubby because i like thick thighs!" Dean winked before he hobbled down the stairs, holding his a$$.

~•~

Dean handed Cas's his mug filled to the top with hot chocolate and mini marshmallows that had started to melt and form a delicious layer over the top. Cas took a sip but quickly made a face and whimpered. The chocolaty drink filled his mouth and burned every taste bud he had. "Owwww..." He whispered, not wanting to seem weak.

"It's hot. Be careful," Dean chuckled.

"Can i put ice in it to make it less hot and make my tongue feel better?"

"If you can get the ice from me!" Dean snickered and opened the freezer, sending a rush of cold into the kitchen. But he grabbed a slippery ice cube and put it in his mouth before turning to Cas and mumbling around the chunk of ice. "Come and get it."
Cas just laughed and didn't hesitate to just slide his tongue in Dean's mouth to take the ice from him. He pushed it to the side and then slid it out with his tongue before he spit it into his own drink. "Do you even understand how gross that is?"

"It's just ice Cas. Your tongue has been up my ass."

"Touché!" He laughed and jumped because his phone started buzzing in his pocket. It turned out to be Anna... He honestly didn't want to talk to her, but he sighed and answered anyways. "Hello?"

"Cas. Come home and pack your things. We are going back to Boston for a little bit. 3 months or so..."

"WHAT?" He shouted in disbelief. "WHY? WHAT ABOUT SCHOOL?"

"Don't yell, you a$$! Your grandmother is dying. We wanted to go visit with her for her last little bit. And I got it covered. I'm getting all your crap tomorrow morning on our way there. So you have lots of school work to do on top of the visit and everything. I suggest you do it all in the beginning."

When their parents died, Cas and Anna were always at their grandma's house while everyone else was on their own. Cas and Anna were inseparable as kids, mostly because she helped him with everything until he learned on his own. His heart ached, he didn't want to finally be able to see her, in this ill state.

"How bad is she?"

"Lucifer said she has a few weeks left. We are going to stay down there until after the funeral at least. Hopefully that is at least a month or two..."

"Great," he sighed. "I'll be home soon."

"We're leaving tomorrow morning. She declined very badly after her fall yesterday. I was gonna tell you earlier, but I literally just got off the phone with Luci."

"Okay, Anna. I'll see you in a bit..." He hung up and shoved his phone in his pocket. He wiped his face to get rid of the tears that dared to leave his eyes.

"Hey Cas? You Okay?" Dean asked, putting his arm around him.

"I need a ride home and the longest goodbye kiss ever."

"Why? What's wrong?"

"Family issues. I have to leave and go back to Boston for a month or so..." He sighed deeply again. "Leaving tomorrow, very short notice I know... Anna's picking up all my school crap tomorrow morning on our way there."

"Why so long?"

"My grandma is dying. Anna didn't tell me why or how yet either. So I'm kinda worried..."

"Awe, damn. I'm sorry Cas."

"It'll be okay. I'll come and say goodbye tomorrow morning, love." He let a small smile fall on his lips as he made eye contact with Dean.

"God.. What am I gonna do without you..." Dean sighed.
"It's okay babe. Just can you take me home?"

"Yeah." Dean kissed him. "Let's go."

~•~

Cas knew it was a bad time for the rest of the family. He kissed Dean goodnight and got out of the car. He went inside alone. Dean made sure he was inside before he went back home. Cas packed up his things, not sure of how long they'd be. He was determined to call Dean every night, until Anna burst his bubble and said he should only be on it for emergencies. He came back with something along the lines of: but my sanity needs to stay anchored and it won't if I don't call up my sex god! Anna just snorted and waved him off.

The next morning, they got up early to drive to the airport. Cas made sure had some money and a phone charger just in case he needed it. He had to be prepared. He also found that his sunglasses were helpful in the actual sun, not to just shield his eyes from accidental stares when he was blind. Though he still needed glasses, no one ever listened to him, he stood proud as he stepped out the door to get in the car. They left extra early so Cas wouldn't throw a fit, so he could go say goodbye to Dean. He was still wearing that $hitty necklace.

"Alright Dean. Ill call as much as I can. I don't wanna be gone so long, but I have no say. I'll see you when i get back. Don't miss me too much." He smiled and kissed Dean tenderly, savoring the taste of his lips because he didn't know when the next time he would get that taste again.

"Cas don't worry. I'll be okay. Just I don't know what I'm gonna do without you. But you have to go. I hope everything goes okay. I won't let myself get depressed and everything without you again. This is important, so go spend time with your grandma."

"Good. Gotta stay fresh princess." He laughed. "I love you."

"Love you too. Go before I lock you in here so you can't leave"

"Alright. See ya," He smiled and ran out the door to get back in the car. Anna was so kind to stop by so Cas could say bye, so he thanked her. But knew she wouldn't do anything else to benefit just him. Dean sighed and watched Cas's hips sway as he left. He sat down on the couch and folded his hands in his lap, not sure of what he was gonna do the next few months. Most of his time was spent with Cas. It was hard for him to be away from someone he loved for a long time. Even though that they hadn't broken up, he didn't like being away from him.

The plane ride was no fun for Cas, at all. Anna got sick. Cas's headphones broke. Their was no service for him to even try and text Dean. There was a lot of crying babies and yelling between other angry passengers. He he ended up going to sleep because of how bored he

February 14

There had only been two short midnight calls between the boys during the whole trip. Cas was mostly stuck in the hospital room, while him and his Grandma exchanged stories. She kept repeating hers and asking the same questions over and over again because she was losing her mind. But Cas didn't mind it all. He enjoyed his time with her. He even fed her lunch a few times and sung with
"Anna, take today's lunch shift?"

"No. It's your day, Castiel!" She crossed her arms.

"I haven't missed one yet. I have a chance to go call Dean, please! It's freaking valentines day! I haven't barely talked to him at all. When I can, he's asleep, and when he calls back I'm in here with no reception. It's a Saturday and it's his favorite holiday." Cas kept protesting, not wanting to be rude because his grandma was right beside him.

She spoke up, her voice frail. "You don't want to stay with me?"

"No. That's not not he case. Remember that Dean fellow, my best friend, I was talking about earlier..." She nodded. "I was going to go talk to him really quick."

"Okay, have fun dear." She shot him a small smile. Before anyone could speak again, he grabbed his phone out of Anna's pocket and ran off to go sit on the steps outside.

Dean looked over when he saw his phone ring. He didn't bother to look at the caller ID before he groggily said hello.

"Hey princess. Happy valentines day."

Dean's heart jumped 10 feet out of his chest when he heard Cas's voice. "Oh my god. Hey, thanks baby. How are you? How's your grandma?"

"I'm alright De. I miss you... She's doing really well... I don't think I'll be home very soon. I'm sorry."

"It's okay Cas. Just have fun and cherish your time there."

"I'm trying," Cas whispered. "Its painful watching this slowly happen. But how are you?"

"Creeped out! That ex of yours is weird. He has been like stalking me."

Cas snorted. "He probably wants you. You're just toooo irresistible."

"Oh god stop." He laughed. Cas did too, not knowing what to say, but was even satisfied listening to Dean breathe. "I love you Cas."

"I love you too! I'm sorry I don't get to talk to you much, babe."

"Don't worry about it. I uh... I got another job too. Another shop, pays good too. Sam has been getting fiesty with that girl of his. I'm gonna have to kick him so he doesn't get too into it."

"You're such a good big bro." Cas cooed to him. "You'd be a great father someday too."

"Oh Jesus, Cas. Don't do this to me right now. I'm in public and I'm a blushing mess."

"Cutieee pieee." Cas laughed and made kissy noises through the phone.

"I just wanna frieken kiss you! Don't tease!"

"I have plenty of clothes at your house. Cuddle up with those later!"

"I will. But I'm currently being punished, having to be at this diner while I watch my mom on a date."
I'd leave, but I drove her cause her car broke. But the guy she is with said he had to go to work when they were done so I gotta wait. I'm eating alone. We could toats lady in the tramp this shiz if you were here!"

"Cliché bastard." He shook his head and was rudely interrupted by Gabriel yelling at him to come inside. "Ugh. I'm gonna lose reception when I go back inside. I love you! I might not be on for a few days. I don't know why everyone leaves me to do everything! But I don't wanna be rude. Be a good little princess for daddy!"

"I will! I love you more." He made the kissy noises this time.

"Be careful darling. I have to go."

"I don't wanna hang up! Ugh! I'll see you soon."

"I hope." Cas sighed and could practically hear Dean smile through the phone before he hung up.

The next week flew by. Dean just went through the motions of school and trying get in every call possible even after a month and a half of Cas being gone. He made his way home one night after dropping Sam off at a friend's to spend the night. Mary was working the night shift so he was home alone. He called Cas, but he didn't answer. He sighed and turned his phone off. That was a mistake. He didn't know that Justin had still been mad at Dean for pulling Cas away from him. He loved Cas even though they were really just drug buddies. But he still wanted to get back at him. The creep even knew he was home alone. And that Dean was vulnerable. That's the reason why he decided to sneak into Dean's house...

Dean made himself something to eat before going to his room planning to watch porn to take away some of his boredness. He closed his door out of habit and plopped down onto his bed with his laptop, not having noticed the shadow in the he corner. There was only a little light in the room, and that was from his dim table lamp.

"Hey Dean," the shadow growled and came out of hiding. When Dean saw who it was, he gasped and realized why Justin had been stalking him. Justin grabbed the laptop and set it on the floor before forcefully climbing into his lap. Dean was took by surprise, too in shock to react quickly. But his eyes widened and he tried to shove him away when he realized what was going on.

"W-what are you doing in my house!?

Justin held onto him so he couldn't be pushed away. "Figured you'd need some company since...he's gone..." He smirked and pawed Dean through his pants, grabbing hard at his other wrist. Enough to where there would be bruises.

Dean pushed his hand off roughly, but still struggled to get out of his hold. Dean was usually strong. But he was taken by surprise, witch didn't let him throw the first punch. And also there was the fact that Justin was high. On something that gave him some temporary strength. "Get the f*%k off of me!"

"Don't be so mean," Justin whispered and straddled Dean, kissing along his jaw, digging his fingers into both of Dean's arms. Dean only jerked his head away, because if he tried to buck his hips and send Justin off, it would cause more commotion. He already felt dirty, and that would make him feel like a cheater.

"Stop," he hissed through clenched teeth and squirmed to try and break free of his grasp.

"If you don't stop moving I'll get something to make you." He hissed. "You broke me, ya know? Taking the best thing that's ever happened to me away from me. Its not fair." He slipped a hand in
Dean's pants, the other holding the back of his neck. When Dean tried to look away, he slapped him hard, making a noise and sending shocks of pain through his face. He was angry, and curled his fingers around Dean roughly, not caring if he hurt him.

Dean let out an involuntary gasp before struggling once again. "No, Justin, stop touching me!"

Justin just smirked. "You like it don't you? You see, that b**tch boy of yours never gave me a chance to show him what I can do." He bit his lip and started stroking him harshly. Dean found a sudden burst of strength when his fear started building up and a knot formed his stomach when he felt he was starting to get hard. He used that pure terror as rage instead and yanked completely away and kicked Justin off of him. He tried to leave his room, but he couldn't unlock it fast enough. He was turned around and slammed into the door. The other boy had deep sadness in his brown eyes, but Dean didn't know if it was a trick to make him give in or an actual crippling feeling. Much like the first time Castiel left him.

"Heyy, where are you going? Aren't you gonna let me finish? You're gonna be sexually frustrated for another 2 months. Let me at least show you a good time." He caught Dean by his waist, kissing his neck and groping his a$$.

Dean groaned out of frustration. "F**king let me go! You and nobody else are allowed to touch me like this! I'm going to beat you into a pulp then call the f**king cops like I should have done a long time ago!!" Dean yelled by his waist, kissing his neck and groping his a$$.

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"But i thought you loved it when b**ch boy touched you? We both know you're too much of a pussy to hit me too. You're worthless in my eyes. Oh boo hoo. Go cry to mommy because you earned the punishment but couldn't take it." He yanked his arm back. "And I told you if you wouldn't stop moving, I'd make you." It wasn't a fair fight, he had a pocket knife stashed away on him somewhere. Dean let out a whimper and Justin pinned him to the door, putting a knee between Dean's legs, just under his crotch.

Dean glared at him and gave another attempted to kick him away. But it completely backfired, and Justin raised his leg even more. Dean flinched when the knee hit his crotch even though it wasn't painful. "Stop touching me!" He exclaimed thought it was more of desperate whine.

"Oh hun, the more you say it, the more I will! And when I let go, the more you move, the more painful it will be!" Dean didn't listen, and when he tried to pull away, it just earned him fingers digging into his skin along with wet lips on his neck. Justin kneeled him in the groin and left a little mark where his teeth and lips were on Dean's neck. He savored the boy's sweet skin and realized exactly why Castiel crawled back to Dean. He would just be a very good f**k. No feelings attached.

"I think you're being used Winchester. All Castiel wasnts to do is get in your pants. Isn't that true?" Dean shook his head, unable to speak from the pain between his legs. "Giving me the silent treatment? Fine. I won't talk either. Just express." His fist jammed into Dean's muscley stomach, making him gasp and whimper. He hit him, again, and again, and again... Along his the occasional kick to his dick and slap in the face. He had made Dean a pile of tears and cries of pain.

He slipped his hand in Dean's pants again, letting his fingers do long strokes over Dean's cock, making him hard, and he couldn't control it. He bit his lip to conceal the pain and pleasure that made him guilty. "You like this don't you, you... slut." He hissed out the last word in Dean's ear. By this point, Dean learned not to argue or try and escape. He felt helpless.

Justin's hands roam and he grabbed at Dean's balls on the way to his a$$... Slowly he cupped his firm butt and started teasing him with his fingers, sliding one in after another until tears were streaming down Dean's face.
Everything suddenly got quiet when the squeak of the front door was faintly heard, followed by a voice. "Dean? Turns out I'm not working tonight. So I'm home." Her voice echoed through the small house, sending shocks of relief down Dean's spine. He finally mustered up the strength to try and cry out, despite Justin finger f**king him. But then he opened his mouth he was slammed into the door... And Justin pulled out his knife, threatening him.

He tried to keep his cover, but he had failed when he slammed Dean into the door.

"Hey, you okay?"

He heard her footsteps coming up the hallway. He wouldn't let Dean answer either, slowly dragging the knife across his forearm, digging deeper each second he felt Dean's heartbeat get faster. As the footsteps drew nearer, he pulled his fingers away to grab at very hardly before grabbing him by the collar and forcing him on the floor. "I'll be back to finish you off!" He demanded and put the knife back in his pocket. When Mary opened the door he ran out in a hurry. Her eyes followed him before her eyes fell to her bloody son on the floor, crying his eyes out. Dean just pulled his knees to his chest and hugged them. His whole body hurt and there was the fact that he felt guilty for being hard.

"What just happened?" She asked and sat down beside him and took his arm to examine the cut.

Dean swallowed the lump in his throat and wiped his face shaking his head. "H-He wouldn't stop touching me." He whimpered but beat himself up mentally for it because it made him feel weak.

"Cmere Dean." She whispered and opened her arms for her son. Dean moved basically into her lap and hugged her tight while hiding his face. His body filled to the top with pure shame.

"Who even was that?" She asked quietly and rubbed his back.

"Cas' ex... the one who made him a druggie." Dean sighed shakily and gripped her shirt. "H-He wanted revenge for me taking Cas back.... He forced himself on me. Y-you were right m-momma... I am a s-slut..."

"You're not a slut. I'll call the cops or something hun... You gotta talk to Cas though. And then I'll clean up this cut.."

"I'm sorry I a such a wuss."

"Oh my god Dean!" She raised her voice. "You're not a wuss! You can't go through something like this and degrade yourself! You didn't do anything wrong, honey. Don't feel weak, okay? You didn't do anything wrong Dean! Are you seriously hurt anywhere else besides this cut?"

"N-No. he just squeezed my junk r-really hard before slamming into the wall and running." He said and sighed. "He kept grabbing at my butt... And... s-started f-fingering me." Dean started crying again, not able to hold in his emotions. "I don't want anyone to ever touch me again in that way."

"Dean...it'll be okay. But we need to go take care of your arm. Go hold a rag on it while I call the cops. I'll clean it up when I'm done. In the meantime, try and call Cas."

He nodded. "Okay." He reluctantly stood up and when to find his phone, and stared at Cas's contact when he did. He didn't want to worry him, but he wanted him home more than anything at the moment. He curled up on his bed and dialed the number, hoping that he'd be able to contact him. He had called him earlier, a mere... 30 minutes or so ago. So he really hoped that he was still available. But just like Dean figured, he got no answer. He frowned and tried again even though it went straight to coucemail the first time. His lip quivered and he turned his face into the pillow, screaming
in frustration. He really needed to talk to Cas.

~*~

The Novak was laughing and carying on with the old lady in front of him. He really couldn't stand getting attached to her again just to watch her die. That made his heart ache. And on top of that, he really missed Dean.
Chapter 10

Dean wanted to rip himself apart, he was alone and scared that Justin might come back. Despite his mom calling the cops and sorting out the situation, he didn't know what to do. He called Anna, but couldn't get himself together. She was really rude, mostly because she couldn't understand him through his crying. But she still should've let Cas talk to him. He didn't get to though. And the hickeys on his neck and cuts and bruises on his arms really bothered him. Not pain wise, but it really just reminded him that everything was his fault. If he never let them break up in the first place, Cas would have never met Justin. And Justin would have never wanted revenge. Dean just brought it on himself. He wanted to just face his consequences. But then there was his major fear. If Cas saw the marks and didn't let him explain, he knew Cas wouldn't give him a second chance.

Dean really kept to himself. He didn't even go to school for the next 3 days. He didn't talk to his mom or even Sam either. Nobody knew. He wanted to keep it that way. The only thing Dean came in contact with was Luna. He of course fed her and took care of her. He couldn't let his little girl die because of something so...so stupid. He cuddled up with her, crying, and staying alone.

Cas felt bad, it had been 3 days since he checked in on Dean, so when he finally got a chance. That's what he did. When he turned his phone on there was 16 missed calls from Dean, all only a minute or so apart. He got a little scared but masked it. He called him with A giddy smile on his face, not being able to wait to hear his voice. Dean picked up and let out a shaky breath, even though it was Cas. He was happy to finally call Cas, but he was still a freaking mess.

"Dean, I'm so sorry I couldn't answer. How are you, love?" Cas bit at his lips nervously.

"Castiel... I'm not okay...I need...i-i need you here." There was a pleading tone in his voice, and he couldn't keep himself composed.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

"A... A little bit okay...he...he got me."

"Who?" Cas raised his voice slightly, but didn't want to scare or intimidate Dean.

"He raped me." Dean's green eyes started watering and whimpered.

"Dean, who?" Cas grit his teeth, angry and worried.

"J-justin."

"Baby, are you hurt, do you need anything? Jesus f**king christ..." Cas held his head in his hands and sighed.

"I want you here. I'm scared..."

"God damn, I'll be right there. Hang in there. I love you." Cas hung up without another word. He ran and grabbed Anna and spun her around.

"Watch is punk...oh.. Hey Cas!" She noticed his watery eyes and clenched fists. "What's up?"

"Tell Grandma i love her... I have to go. Now!"

"Why?"
"My boyfriend is in trouble." Cas bit his lip to hold back a cry. He was too damn worried about him. Then there was the fact that he was angry at the whole situation.

"Is this an excuse so you can get laid? Cause' if-"

"STOP IT RIGHT NOW! IT'S NOT ABOUT THAT. JUSTIN RAPED HIM!" he stormed off, not bothering to get any of his crap. Luckily he had his money in his pocket. Before Anna even let him go, he decided to call a bus.

The total for the long and stretched out bus ride was just under what he had. He didn't realize how far they were and how long the ride was until he got home. His home was Dean's arms, and where the bus stopped wasn't far from his home. He knocked softly on Dean's door and shivered because it was very late and cold. Dean's mom opened the door slowly and pulled Cas into a rough hug.

"Thank god you're here. Please go check on him. He won't let anyone in. I'm scared for him. Please go help him if you can..."

Cas started humming Help! by The Beatles just to give himself some confidence. He went back to Dean's room and opened the door, making the boy jump and shake.

"I'm sorry, princess." Cas whispered and shut the door behind him to sit beside him. He wrapped his arms gently around Dean and felt him tremble. He tried to calm him down by kissing his temple and grabbing at his hands. He looked over Dean, who looked dead on the inside. "I'm sorry I wasn't here when you needed me."

"You're here now." He leaned into Cas and cried again, feeling weak and worthless. "God, I'm sorry."

"Dean? Why are you sorry for something you didn't do?"

"Because it's all my fault! If I never stupidly fought with you in the first place, we wouldn't even know Justin!"

"Princess, calm down... What did he do? Don't be afraid of me or him. I'm gonna make sure no one ever touches you again. Just tell me what happened... And I'll do what I can." He rubbed his back.

"Cas. He just showed up and..." He looked deep into Castiel's eyes despite it being so dark in the room. "And he just... I feel like I cheated, Cas. He finger f**ked me. He left me a bloody, bruised, and hard mess..."

"Dean, I'd be mad at you if you f**ked him. That would be cheating. But that's not what happened. And who cares if you got turned on? You can't control that. It's your body's natural instinct! I swear I'm going to kill him for touching you. What can I do to make you feel better?"

"Don't ever leave me. Don't- don't hurt me... Help me forget." He squeezed one of Car's slightly callused and warm hands.

"Tell me everything that happened so I can beat the living $hit out of him."

"Cas... Later please." He whimpered and nuzzled against Cas's chest. "I don't want to feel so weak... I don't want to be scared."

"Dean, trust me, baby." He let him roll over on his stomach and started rubbing his back more soothingly. He didn't dare to go too close to his neck or a$$$. He didn't want to trigger Dean with his actions either. "You're not weak. You don't need to be scared. I'll protect you."
Dean groaned and tried to relax as his stress started to unravel under Cas's touch. "Cas. Please don't leave me."

"Why would I think about it?"

"Because... I don't want sex... I don't want to feel like I did... I feel so guilty."

"Dean," Cas sighed again. "I love you, I don't just want you for my sexual needs. I need you because you make my life complete. Don't beat yourself up about something you had no control over. Don't feel guilty. Dean, you're perfect. Don't forget that."

Dean relaxed into his bed and nodded. "O-okay Cas. I'm just glad you're home. I really need you."

"Well I am here to stay. Say you need anything and I'm right on it."

"Make me forget." Dean whimpered.

"Wanna go take a bath and clear your mind? You haven't been taking care of yourself, love..." Cas tangled his fingers in Deans sandy hair. Dean desperately needed a haircut, but he didn't want to press him.

"Yes please..." Dean whispered and started to get up. Cas did as well, watching him with glossy eyes and pursed lips. He pretty much carried Dean to the small bathroom. He gently undressed him and started the water. He hates how his Dean looked so awful and lifeless.

Cas refrained from touching him too much, but examines the marks on his wrist and neck. Just looking at them made his blood boil and his stomach churn. Dean looked up at him with watery eyes when he realized what Cas was looking at. "I'm sorry," he whimpered out.

"Shhh. Dean, just relax..."

"Cas, I know it's you. You're allowed to touch me. You don't have to be scared of me either."

"I'm not scared of you, princess. I don't want to trigger anything."

"Just don't touch me when I don't know its you..." Dean begged him with his eyes and folded his hands over his crotch in the water.

"I won't, Dean..." He grabbed the body wash and lathered up a washcloth, and gently scrubbed the boys body. Dean leaned into every touch, he savored Cas's loving hands. He didn't know what he'd do without them. But Cas abruptly stopped when he got to Dean's neck. He bit his lip and looked away. "Do I have permission to kill someone, princess?"

"It depends."

"Oh, you know." He hissed.

"Cas please stop... No. It won't do you any good. They'll take you away and I can't live with you gone..."

Cas nodded and gently grazed the cloth over the marks on Dean's neck, but let him wash his privates by himself. Cas really didn't want to ruin things with Dean by even accidentally touching him wrong at this point. He knew the love of his life was emotionally scarred. He hoped he'd get better, because they both would go insane if he didn't.

"Cas? Why am I flipping out about this? All he did was... He did the same thing you would do."
"Dean, I wouldn't test your boundaries and actually make you bleed. Even though I don't know the whole story, I can figure it out by the bruise on your wrist and the cut on your arm. Dean, he might've sexually done the same thing I'd do, but not mentally. He hurt you, bad. I'd never ever do something like that. I swear. And that's another thing, this has most likely traumatized you. That's why I refrain from touching you. I don't want to make the wrong move even if you know it is me. It could bring back bad memories of what happened and make you scared of me too."

"I won't be scared of you Cas... It's just... No one understands." He hugged his stomach and leaned against the back of the bathtub.

"When's the last time you ate Dean?"

"Three days ago..." He whispered and looked at the wall, away from Cas.

Cas folded his arms on the wall of the cold porcelain tub and sighed as he looked at Dean. He wondered if how Dean felt was anything like he did on his drug abuse. If it was, he understood perfectly. He waited before he answered cautiously. "We should go get you something to eat, whatever you want. You should really explain to me how you feel Dean. I can't really help off of the little information you gave me."

"I told you what happened. The cops are on it... I don't want to explain it. It's really hard to. Nobody else gets it."

"If it's anything like what happened when I was mixed in with drugs, I understand perfectly. You feel alone and scared, like you're distant. Like everyone is against you and you don't have anybody, even though the one you love the most is right there. You're scared to admit it, but you can't even trust them..."

Dean looked back at him with watery eyes. "Is that how you felt Cas?"

"Sad to say, yes..."

"That's how I feel too... I didn't want to tell you that."

"Dean, I love you. I don't expect you to not be scared, of even me. But I'm here for you if except it or not. I love you so goddamned much and I will protect you."

~•~

Cas looked over Dean's body as he watched him sleep, and saw him getting weaker. He realized how awful he was in his own situation. How hurt Dean when he wasn't eating. That made his heart break on its own. He was the one feeling guilty instead. But he was happy Dean was resting up.

There was a soft knock on the door from Mary, who came up to check on her son.

"How is he doing?" She whispered.

"I don't know how to answer that, but he's asleep at the moment." Cas replied in a hushed tone as well. He turned slightly to look over his shoulder at him and sighed. "He told- I guessed exactly how he was feeling. I felt the same way after Justin got to me too. But he didn't tell me exactly what happened yet."

"I know most of it. He told me and I told the cops. They even inspected Dean's bruises. They questioned Justin too... Everybody knows Dean's past reputation. I'm pretty sure you're the longest relationship he's had. But anyways, everyone was asked... They all said Dean was probably slutting
around again and got really rough with him. That's not the case. He was whimpering and crying when I found him. Cas, I don't know what we can do besides wait for him to get better."

"I'm sorry I wasn't here... I wasn't here to help in the beginning. Those are the toughest days... And I wasn't here to help. It's my fault. Justin wouldn't have attacked him if I was even still in this state. If he knew I would come home. His end game to make Dean feel alone and scared and he couldn't accomplish that if I was anywhere near."

"Cas quit blaming yourself... he's doing that enough already, blaming himself."

"But he didn't do anything..." Cas let out another long sigh. "Can you tell me what happened since he won't? I know it's almost midnight, but could I get something to eat? I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry. I'll fix up something. If Dean gets up, he can have it too... But..." She pulled Cas out of Dean's room and closed the door slightly. "Justin came in here and slammed him into the door, threatening him with a knife if he wouldn't hold still. And he just went to town on him. Thank god I came home when I did! Dean said that when I opened the door he had just started getting... Uhhhh... Fingered."

"I'm really sorry. I'm trying the best I can to cheer him up."

"I know. And I love you for it." She pulled him into a tight hug.

"Love you too," he smiled. "I'll go take care of the princess."

Mary chuckled. "I'm still surprised he lets you call him that."

"He loves it, a bit too much."

"Do I wanna know what you meant by that?"

"Probably not." Cas laughed and slipped back into Dean's room quietly. He watched him restlessly sleep, mumbling things for a while. He whimpered out Justin's name before abruptly jolting awake with tears about to roll down his face. Cas was right there and rushed to hold him in his arms. "Shhh. Baby, you're okay."

"C-cas... He got me and I l-liked it..." He cried out and trembled as he leaned against him.

"It's okay, De... It's not real..."

"But its unsettling."

No matter how much Cas hated the fact that Dean liked it, he couldn't just give up. "I don't care that its midnight, let's go get something to distract you."

"Okay, but please don't leave."

"I won't." Cas was able to carry him out to the kitchen and set him down in a chair. Cas sat close beside him. It wasn't much, but Mary had heated up some chef boyard ravioli. Dean shot Cas a disgusted sneer and pushed the bowl away.

"C'mon. You gotta eat!" Dean just shook his head like a child and pushed the bowl away. Cas groaned and poked Dean's mouth with a spoon that had the ravioli in it.

"Hey Cas, how come you were fluent in the braille alphabet, but you had trouble with ours?" He wanted anything to keep them off topic or to distract Cas.
"Because I didn't know if they were the same or not. But after you helped me, I figured it out. I just needed help writing them. Not so much spelling anymore... Now c'mon." Dean tried distraction didn't work. He forced the soon into Dean's mouth and made him swallow.

"You're mean," Dean mumbled.

"I'm not letting you die." Cas kept feeding him until the bowl was almost empty.

"I don't want anymore." Dean growled and held his stomach because now he was uncomfortably full.

"Alright." Cas had eaten his own between feeding Dean spoonfuls. It was his turn to take care of himself. He excused himself to go up to the bathroom. Dean tensed up when he left.

"What's wrong Dean?" His mom noticed him clam up suddenly.

"I want him back."

"He'll be right back, don't worry. But, seriously Dean, do you need to go to a counselor or something?"

"No."

"I think you might. You can't just go through something like that and not get help."

"I don't want to."

"You aren't going to school. Cas had to make you eat. You're not taking care of yourself. You're not getting better." She leaned against the counter and looked him in the eyes.

Dean clenched his jaw and held her stare. "I'm fine."

"Dean you're not..." She huffed.

Cas came back after hearing everything that was said in the small apartment. "She's right, hun..."

Dean looked at him before glaring at the table. "Shut the f**k up, Cas. No one asked you."

"If you're gonna get like this I'll leave again." Cas snapped back at him accidentally.

Dean just looked up at him with glossy and tired green eyes. "I don't wanna go to a friken counselor. I want to be okay, but everyone keeps saying I'm so messed up and I deserve not to be."

"Who said that?"

"Everyone except you and momma who found out."

"I believe you are strong enough to tackle it, but you need to do other things about it. I know no one really believes you, but I do. And I'll try my best. But I didn't get better, when I felt like you did, until after I was sent to a mental hospital. Dean, it was the worst experience ever, but it did help. I'm not saying you need to go to one, but I'm saying you need to let it all out. Anger, sadness, whatever it is! I can tell you're holding it all in. Don't do that anymore."

"Can- can we go watch a movie or something. I know it's late, but I want a distraction."

Cad nodded and pulled him into the living room, dropping the topic so Dean wouldn't be so anxious.
Mary sat down on the other end from Cas. Despite there being a middle cushion, Dean plopped down softly in Cas's lap. They turned on Paranormal Activity. The whole story line made Dean laugh, but Cas on the other hand... Despite how stupid it was, he was scared and hid his face against Dean's side.

"What's wrong with you Cas?" Dean asked, slightly laughing.

"I'm not at all scared of ghosts..." He chuckled but stayed nuzzled against Dean.

Dean almost had a mental breakdown, again. It was 2am, but there was a knock on the door. It made him jump and shake, just because the noise made him think of getting slammed into the door. Cas just held him close and whispered words of encouragement in his ear. It was working until Mary answered the knock at the door. The person behind it, made everything worse. Not just for Dean, but Cas and Mary too... It had all of them wide eyed and scared.

"Hello, Mary." He smiled.

"H-hi..." Her voice was small.

The man looked around the room and didn't even scowl at the boys cuddling scaredly on the couch.

Dean thought he was going to cry and stop breathing as he met the eyes of...

John Winchester.

Despite it being 2am, John was there. But he looked different. He didn't have the cold smirk or scowl, but instead it was replaced by a warm and loving smile. As soon as he opened his mouth to speak, Dean started cowering and trying to hide in Cas's arms. It didn't help matters when Mary started yelling over him.

"He-

"GET THE F**K OUT OF MY HOUSE JOHN WINCHESTER!"

"Mary please... I just wanted to say sorry... And there's an officer behind me in case I try anything."

"You got out?" Mary had her mouth slightly agape, her eyes showing major confusion.

"Probation. I don't care that it's late. I had so much time to myself, I realized how wrong I was... I'm sorry for everything, Mary..."

She let out a long sigh. "Okay, get out. I don't know how you found out where I moved to... But we can do this tomorrow. My boys have been through too much in the past few days. Get out!"

"I'm sorry..." He said again softly and without another word, he left. It left everyone confused. Dean tried to calm back down, and slow his breathing back down as he clung to Cas. His dull nails were digging into the other boys arm, most likely making bruises start to form.

Cas could feel the tension more than everyone else and decided to pick Dean up and carry him to his bedroom. "Dean, I think you need some sleep. You can stay home and I'll go to school. I will, and I promise, fix everything. I love you."

"Just be careful Cas." Dean whispered and snuggled his pillow, curling up in a fetal position on the bed.

Neither of them got their pajamas on, they both quickly went to sleep. Cas ended up cuddling against
Dean's back and holding him until the sun in the window woke him up. It didn't matter how long he hasn't been blind, he'd never get used to the sensation of light.

It was a mistake, not saying goodbye to Dean. But he left without a word. He wasn't going to stay at school all day anyways. Dean woke up with a sharp breath from another nightmare. He called for Cas, but of course he was gone. When Dean figured that out, his heart completely dropped out of his chest. He panicked because Cas was gone, but minutes later he realized Cas probably went to school.

Castiel made the awful mistake of walking around alone. Justin was there, how? Apparently, the cops let him go. Saying that Dean was in fact just doing him but overreacted because he hated him. Then there was all the other rumors that he heard...

"Novak, I heard your boy toy was begging Justin to f**k him harder."

"Didn't realize Dean had such a gag reflex."

"Aw he cheated on you, loser."

He spent all morning dealing with all of that bullcrap. His nerves were just being strummed like an old guitar until they snapped. And when they snapped, the person playing got stung. Cas needed to get to the root of all the rumors, and he found Justin. The boy's blonde mop of hair was slammed into the lockers and his shoulders were pinned against the cool metal. Car's adrenaline gave him a sudden burst of energy and strength.

"What the hell, Cas?" Justin growled. "You jealous?"

"I'M NOT F**KING JEALOUS! I'M PISSED AT YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID. YOU DIDN'T EVEN GET TAKEN AWAY FOR RAPING MY BOYFRIEND!" He spat in the guys face. "I AM VERY AGAINST NAME CALLING, BUT YOU... YOU'RE WORTHLESS!" He kneed him between the legs and threw him on the ground. Cas drove his fist into his face, time after time, letting tears of frustration stream down his face. Everyone watched. They all stood with wide eyes, watching how the weakling Novak absolutely gave the worthless rapist druggie what he deserved.

Cas would most likely have to face the consequences of getting police charges for beating up that boy. He didn't give a flying f**k about that. Nobody had ever seen Novak that angry and in the days following, they had never seen Winchester so.. Different. All he did was cower. He barely talked. He clung to Castiel like his life depended on it. The bystanders had nothing else to believe except Cas. Justin was taken away, jail. There he would face 6 years under rapist/drug abuser charges. Cas faced a week or two of detention, but at least he'd get to take care of his baby.

Dean ended up going to counseling. He was getting better, until he dad showed up again, claiming he was sorry. He had a long spill of how awful he felt and how he had changed. He even added in something about going to Dean and Castiel's wedding. Cas even laughed at that part, Dean didn't really speak. But he agreeded with the nod of his head. He wasn't going to argue because he felt like a puppy trapped in the corner.

It wasn't until March, Dean had finally gotten better. They had been celebrating their 7 month anniversary, by cuddling up and eating ice cream while watching doctor who.

Dean sudenly broke the silence. "C-cas... I'm ready."

"For?"

"Touch me." He breathed out all at once. He felt strong enough to be able to handle this. He still felt
guilty for depriving Cas for so long. Cas didn't mind it, he quite enjoyed their long drawn out talks and quiet ice cream dates. They had barely even kissed since it happened, so he was taken by surprise.

"Are you sure, princess?"

"Please Cas..." His eyes were begging.

Instead of their normal rough-housing, they made long slow love that quite Saturday night. Cas's bed was soon a mess. The sheets halfway pulled off and the blanket on the floor. Every breath was long and drawn out, quiet noises escaping each of the boys mouths with each movement and their tongues danced in each others mouths. The action sent bolts of lighting down Cas's spine and he rocked his hips slowly and carefully. Not as a tease, but just to make the moment last forever.

Every second they weren't kissing, Dean was locking eyes with Cas, smiling the brightest he ever had, possibly ever. Cas continued unwinding Dean until he came with a more vigorous thrust then before, Dean didn't mind although. He was close behind because of Cas's hands, slowly stroking him and thumbing over the head, squeasing long strokes from bass to the tip in uneven time. Just like the movements of his hand, his breath wasforehead. Hot air filled the room, and the windows were coated with steam. Dean's skin was sticky with kisses and sweat, Cas ran his hands though the boy's hair and pressed gentle kisses to his forehead. They we whispered many I love you's and kept their loving embrace until they both came down from their high.

2am

Dean fell asleep against Cas's arm, but Cas continued to stroke his hair. He decided he'd need a shower but would wait till the morning to do so. He couldn't sleep, he was too lost on thought. How lucky he was that Dean recovered from that. So quickly too! He was extremely extatc. But guilt also swarmed in his chest. He knew Dean felt bad for not being sexually active. Cas had explained to him many times that he didn't need it to survive. He'd only need his Dean to be okay. His and his only. He ended up dozing off closer to 4. His slumber didn't last long when his phone went off. It was Anna... Luckily Cas had found a spare key to his house. So him and Dean were alone. But unluckily, if Anna had called, that meant something was up.

Lydia Novak, Castiel's grandmother, had passed away that morning.

It took everything Cas had in him not to scream.

"How come when everything is perfect, it always turns to Shit!" Cas said, yelled really. But he didn't realize it. He jumped out of bed, stomping his feet, swinging the door open to run down to the kitchen. He didn't mean to be so loud and angry, but this was just... he grieved. He didn't like crying, he didn't like being upset. "F**k, I wish I was there. God damn it, why did this have to happen. If Dean didn't get hurt, I would've f**king been there..." He muttered in an angry rant.

The swing of the door knocked into the night stand. It abruptly woke Dean up. He goggily walked down to the kitchen, just in time to hear what Cas said. And he mumbled an I'm sorry, biting his lip to hold in tears. He didn't know what happened, but only knew it was his fault by the words that kept playing over and over in his head. 'If Dean didn't get hurt, I would've f**king been there.' "I'll leave if you want me to, Cas..."

"I don't need this right now," he hissed. "Just go back to bed and leave me alone." He held his head in his hands. He didn't want Dean to see him crying.

"I'm going home." He whispered, going back upstairs to put his clothes back on.
"Great, you're just gonna leave me like this? You don't even know what's wrong. I guess you don't care either." Cas shouted so Dean could hear it.

"You told me to go back to bed, clearly you don't want me there."

"Just shut up and leave me alone for a little. I don't need to fight with you right now."

"Well what's wrong then Cas?"

"Everyone has different ways that they grieve. Leave me be, please."

Dean looked confused. Grieve? He didn't want to press Cas anymore or make him anymore angry. He wasn't just going to leave, or even go back to bed. But he sat in a chair in the couch, and the view from there was just enough to where he could see Cas and make sure he was okay. He didn't speak for fear of getting yelled at again.

Cas finally mumbled an I'm sorry and sat on Dean's lap in the quiet living room. "It's not your fault...I just wanted to be there... Ya know?"

"I don't know, but what are you talking about?"

"My grandma. The reason I was gone in the first place. I came home to take care of her. I was going to go back there and take you with me..."

"Cas, you didn't have to stay."

"But you wanted me to..." He trailed off.

"Cas, your family is more important."

"Well you are a part of my family Dean Winchester. And I love you."

"I love you too, Castiel." He rested against the boy's neck. Cas sat comfortably on Deans lap, Deans face against him. He could feel his steady breathing.

"Will you come with me, to the funeral? I don't wanna... I don't wanna go alone. My family besides my siblings and grandma don't like me. Grandma thought you were just my friend anyway..."

"I will go with you if you want..." He whispered against Cas's neck. "I'll try to do my best to comfort you."

"Thank you, princess." He said softly and turned to kiss Dean.

They took the next bus to Boston...

Castiel was a complete wreck the entire time. Dean helped him keep himself together. It wasn't an easy task, but he never gave up on the people he loved. His mom, of course agreed to let him go. She knew how much Dean and Cas needed each other. They couldn't live or barely function without each other. Especially in a situation this significant.

The aftermath of the funeral was the worst. Michael and Cas were both awkward. Michael was sitting next to his fiancé, Kevin Tran. Cas was holding hands with his boyfriend under the table. Despite Lucifer not having anything against them, he blabbed to everyone about when Michael's wedding would be and everything. They had no idea he was even seeing someone, everyone asked about the bride. But when they were told, they just sneared at Michael and Kevin. It wasn't something that was supposed to happen at a funeral.
A similar situation happened with Cas. Most of the family didn't know he had gotten his sight back. His crazy aunt Sheila ended up noticing first, and of course she saw Dean and Cas holding hands under the table. What she had to say about it wasn't nice, but it wasn't too bad either. Cas was sensitive anyways because of what was going on. He was already on the verge of tears, but he barely held himself together. He ended up excusing himself, Dean went with him. And he let him cry and vent, since they were alone in the bathroom.
April

The flowers started blooming, filling the air with sweet florescent smells. The bees were working their magic, making Cas a happy little bean. The sun shone down, not making it too hot, but it wasn't cold anymore. The sudden change in the weather indicated one very important thing: it was prom season.

Cas never failed to be a sap, he had a perfect lunch date planned out. There he would pop an important question and confess a secret that had been bugging him for a while. Dean was grumpy. He had on a loose blue tank top. Well it was loose around his chest, but tight around his muscular arms. Perfect. He had on jeans that flaunted his perfect butt. Oh god, did he just want to torture Cas...?

Dean hated surprises, but once again Cas was taking him somewhere. A surprise, indeed.

"Cas? Where the hell are we going? I'm driving so tell me. I need to know."

"I'll give you directions. And I know you're driving, and there's a reason. I'll tell you later..." He pushed his glasses up on his nose. He was still quite new to the glasses that would try to improve his vision. Occasionally, his eyes would stop working. It was frightening. But he saw a doctor about it, and he said that the eye muscles and nerves were disconnecting again, causing him to go blind again. He was scared to tell Dean, but he had to. He was afraid Dean wouldn't want to just take care of him again. Cas could do a lot on his own, he was strong and brave. There were just little things like driving and cooking that he couldn't really do.

Dean huffed and kept driving, following Cas's directions. They were off to the middle of nowhere. Cas was making him anxious, the fact that he put something in the trunk and wouldn't let Dean see it was driving him mad.

They pulled into this field like place... There were trees surrounding the place. Dean could spot mountains in the distance. The trees were starting to become green once again. The grass was as well. And Cas was just staring into Dean's eyes with a goofy grin on his face.

"Why are we here?" Dean asked with a raised eyebrow.

"I wanted to take you on a date. A picnic. Duh! And I've always liked nature... Plus... The bees are starting to come out." He smiled innocently and sweetly. Dean couldn't help but return the smile.

"Fair enough." He chuckled and got out of the car. Cas wasn't too far behind, and he grabbed the basket and a blanket. He walked further into the field, starting to skip and run to catch the wind. He fought the wind and it blew his hair back, his smile was 10 feet wide. He layed down the blanket, and set the basket on it. He had packed a lunch, but by now it was 7:02pm. The sun slowly diminishing would make it all the more better.

Dean watched as Cas was running around, the sun orange, gleaming off the boy's skin. It was beautiful. Dean could've watched that for the rest of his life. After the date was set up, Cas turned away from it to look at the sun. His eyes were wide as he looked and noticed how it was slowly moving.

Dean gently came up behind him and wrapped his arms around his waist. He nuzzled against him and gently kissed his neck. Cas shuddered from the simple touch. Dean just chuckled at His reaction.
"I love you, Cas. This is beautiful. I'm hungry though."

"Okay." He turned around. "I packed turkey sandwiches, skittles, apples, and salad of course. Oh and... I laid my hands on something quite amazing. Quite hard to get as well" He knelt down on the blanket and opened the basket. He pulled out a glass bottle, with a fancy logo that read Grand Cru Alsace.

"Wine? Castiel, you shouldn't have... I mean. Oh my god. This is the good Shit too! How'd you get it?"

"Paid Anna 4 times what it's worth." He just smirked and opened the bottle. "And I didn't forget the glasses."

There were 2 crystal glasses in the bottom, he poured a fair amount of wine in each. Then he pulled out two sandwiches and handed one to Dean. Dean nodded and took it. Cas was about to take a sip of his drink, but he caught Dean's eyes. The sun sparkled in them, and it shone on his already tan and toned arms. It was the definition of beautiful.

Dean even held the state. He winked after a while, bringing Cas back to reality. Cas laughed and turned to pick one of the lillies that had sprung out of the ground. He reached forward and tucked it behind Dean's ear. He was surprised when Dean didn't move it, so he smiled and brought his glass up to his lips and tasted the wine. A small sip tingled as it went down his throat. He remembered his favorite book and how they compared wine to stars; and he thought the same thing. He was tasting the stars.

He hummed as he took another sip. "Amazing," he mumbled and set it down. He wiped his mouth with his sieve and started eating. After a moment, Dean spoke up.

"Castiel Novak. I only have one thing to say. You made this cheasy picnic and payed all this money for this amazing wine, then you brought me here at sunset. Why?"

"That was 3 things," Cas corrected him. "And I have my reasons.." He took a sassy sip and raised his eyebrows.

When the food was gone, Cas stood up, Deans hands in his. He drug him up with him and pulled him farther into the field. It was darker now, almost completely night time. Dean snaked his hands around Car's hips and pulled him close, the light of the dimming sun and the surprisingly bright early moon were all trapped in Cas's gentle blue eyes. Dean leaned close to him and rested their foreheads together. Cas could feel Dean's hot breath against him and he smiled again. Dean took his opportunity and let his lips travel towards Cas's. Cas was going to let him kiss him, in the most cliché way ever. But he jerked away at the last second.

"Oh no. You gotta catch me." He laughed and broke away from Dean's grip. He started running away, the day was fading into night much faster now. Dean tried to keep up with him, but kept tripping over his legs. He cursed to himself about his bowlegs and kept running. Cas's hair was a mess, and he was fighting against the wind. But Cas wasn't Forrest Gump. He couldn't run forever. He had to stop when his legs refused to carry him anymore. He stopped, but didn't look behind him. He should have kept his guard up although. Dean's arms grabbed him up and held him like a baby, it did scare him just in the slightest.

"I gotchuuuu Cassie."

"Noo." He whinned playfully, and turned in Dean's arms to face him. "I have to tell you something..."
Dean's tone changed to something more concerned. "You can tell me anything and everything."

Cas let out a long sigh. "Just like I feared, my sight... Its um- um failing me again and I'm just worried... I don't want to do the surgery again, and pretty soon I'm going to be blind again."

"Cas, baby, that doesn't matter to me. As long as I have you I'm happy..." He shifted so that Cas could wrap his legs around him. 

Cas smiled softly and nodded. He rubbed noses with Dean, and just as he was about to speak again, he felt water droplets on his neck. They came faster and faster. The sky was pitch black, and the stars were now much more noticeable. Extremely bright.

Dean chuckled and wiped the rain away from his own face. "This is the most romantic cliché bull$hit that I've ever had to put up with."

"Just kiss me, assbutt." Cas insisted and pulled Dean closer by his neck. He connected their lips, and they moved together in perfect sync for a moment. Cas pulled away, just centimeters. So when he talked, their lips would touch. "And another thing... Will you, Dean Winchester, be my date to the prom?"

Dean almost wanted to laugh. His mind kept replaying the events of the evening that had led up to them kissing in the rain, and now this question. Her couldn't even see the line from where romantic and chick flick was anymore. He wanted to say of course, but didn't wanna ruin the moment. So he thought about his words for a moment. "Cas, yes, yes I will. I wouldn't miss it for the world. I love you so much."

"I love you more." He kissed Dean again, and opened his mouth slightly. Dean licked his way into his mouth and sucked on his bottom lip. Cas could feel himself becoming sensitive within the kiss, but he didn't hold back one bit. Dean was being fiesty though, and he slid their tongues together and made them dance in a sort of way that was almost indescribable.

The rain poured down harder. When Cas pulled away, he stayed against Dean for a little while, just smiling. They were soaked and so was the blanket and basket. Cas kissed him again, but just a peck on the lips this time. His lips were already really red and lined with the other boys saliva. The feeling wouldn't go away either.

He hopped down and cleaned up the picnic. There was literally only a bite of an apple left, but he left that for the birds whenever they came back. He put the glasses and the remainder of the wine back in the glass. Dean got the blanket. And they raced back to the car. He threw the damp blanket in the trunk and Cas put the basket over it.

By this time is was almost 9. It was also a Saturday night. No reason to go home. They decided to camp out in the car for the night. Dean didn't realize it until he got in the car that the flower Cas put behind his ear was still there. Neither of them were tired, and the rain was pounding on the hood of the car. Dean took the flower from behind his ear and crawled up front to put it on his dash.

He huffed and sat back down, starting to take his shirt off so that he could get more comfortable. This was already one of the best moments in Dean's life. Actually nothing could have made it better. Just holding his Prince while they rested in the backseat and listened to the rain was a perfect ending to the best date ever. Everything about Cas was perfect. Everything down to the way he self consciously licks his lips when he's scared or excited.

Neither of them spoke for a while, but Cas was thinking. There was literally only one other thing to do, that they hadn't done in a bit. One thing that he wanted, but just opposite of how it normally went
down. Each time was special, and he cherished each and every moment with Dean. None of it felt real. It all felt like a dream. There wasn't any proof that it wasn't either. That scared him just a little. But he didn't have to be scared, he was safe in Dean's arms.

Dean broke the silence. He was thinking the same thing Cas was. "Is there anything else you want to do tonight that could keep this the most cliché/memorable date ever?"

"We had wine, a picnic, sunset, uh, nighttime, kissed in the rain, we're in the back of your car... Car sex in the rain? That'd a new one." Cas chuckled, but realized he never answered Deans question as he went on his rant. He suddenly lowered his voice to a whisper and deepened it ever so slightly. The way he spoke was clear and determined, like usual. He always knew what he wanted whether he was afraid to say it or not. But his voice never faltered. "I want you to f**k me, Dean Winchester." It came out all at once, on accident. He didn't mean to blurt it out even if he meant it. There was also the fact that he was tipsy from the wine.

"Oh, Cassie. You want to be the princess's slave?" Dean smirked and rubbed Cas's chest, his fingers slipping under the collar of his sweater in an attempt to pull it off over his head.

"I love it when you try yo be seductive." Cas chuckled and pulled his sweater off the rest of the way. Dean didn't want to waste time. He kissed the boy's chest and sucked on his nipple, causing moans to escape his mouth. Dean bit down slightly, making Cas suck in a sharp breath. Those simple movements made him extremely needy and he clenched his jaw. The sound of the rain could barely be heard over his heavy breathing.

Dean stopped causing the pleasure on his torso and pushed Cas down onto the seat. His legs were already spread apart, one over the back of the front seat and the other on the back. Dean sat between them and leaned down to kiss him. Their bare chests were pressed flush against each other. His fingers traveled up Cas's arms, making him shiver, and they found their way into his hair as they started a slow make-out.

Dean's fingers gently pulled at Car's hair as they worked their way through his dark locks. He smirked and moaned into the boys mouth as he started grinding on him.

Cas bit Dean's lip and started sucking on it. "God damn he's perfect," is all Cas could think. "But he's still a needy bottom who tries too hard to top, but I want him to top this time."

Dean worked their pants off soon after he felt them get tighter. He licked and sucked on Cas's skin, kissing down to his v-line and his very seductive hipbones.

"Dean..." Cas whispered, wanting, needing him.

Dean didn't answer, taking Cas into his hand, thumbing over his sensitive areas, making the boy moan in pleasure.

"Dean.. Please... Just f-f**k me.."

When Dean finally started making love to him, their bodies moved in perfect sync in the back, until Cas begged for more. It got dirty and sweaty fast... Dean was so high off the feeling of Cas's tightness around his cock.

There were ample amount of bite marks along Cas's collar, and somewhat scratches on Dean's back. The car was shaking with each powerful thrust of Dean Winchester that made Castiel's already horrible vision go hazy and made his breath force out as he clenched around him hard. Taking in everything at once as he felt in the worst pleasure of pain ever. He had to admit, he was very kinky
and Dean knew just how to drive him crazy.

Dean stroked Cas's length fast, thumping over the tip and smirking when he saw he was close. Moans were spilling out of the older boy's mouth. Neither of them seemed to control their selves.

Dean kept hitting Cas in his prostate, creating the most pleasure-ful feeling ever. "Oh god- right there- please."

With a few more demanding thrusts, Dean's fingers dug into Cas's arms, and he screamed Castiel's name as he came deep in the other boy. Cas clench around Dean as he felt him cum, and he closed his eyes, coming on Deans hands and chest with a loud whine.

Minutes after they separated, their was still steam on the windows. Cas could barely catch his breath. Dean was always so good at everything he did. Cas wasn't afraid to tell him either. He emphasized it as much as he could.

Days later, Cas could barely walk. And his vision was getting worse each day. By this point he was using a cane again. He could slightly see still, but he was legally blind even though the world wasn't quite completely dark for him, yet anyways. Dean was his support system although. He should've won the award for most supportive boyfriend right then and there.

Prom was edging closer. Cas didn't care what he looked like either. He wanted to wear the suit he wore to the last dance he went to. But Anna insisted she got him something else since the theme of prom was royalty. It made sense although. Dean would be the princess, Cas would be the prince.

It was like the idea was made for them.

It wasn't, but still. It fit perfectly.

The days leading up to prom weren't very eventful except for John Winchester trying to get back into Dean and Sam's life. Mary and Garth continued to date, pretty steady. Dean walked in on them kissing in the livingroom. He was happy that his mom was happy, but old people kissing... It was gross.

One downside to time: Cas... He was pretty much blind again. He'd only been able to see for 7 months. At least he knew the colors and everything before he lost his sight. Out of everything he saw, Dean was the most beautiful thing he saw. Dean had always wanted Cas to go see the Effile Tower at night with him. He had heard it was almost magnificent As Cas's eyes. They could still go, but he was upset that Cas wouldn't be able to see it...

Few other things made Dean upset over that. Cas wouldn't be able to see their wedding, or kids... But he was getting ahead of himself.

Dean laughed when he went to go pick up Cas. Dean was wearing a tux, but he had the necklace Cas gave him (daddy's little princess) tucked in. Nothing but the silver chain was visable. Cas couldn't see it, but he'd be able to fee it later on. Dean still loved wearing It though. It made him feel claimed. He just loved the feeling of Cas being with him forever. It really surprised Dean how Cas was such an amazing top, even when he was blind.

But Dean laughed because Cas was buttoning up his coat, but he missed one by accident and it was lopsided. Cas was really independent since he went blind again, only because he didn't need a reason to get close to Dean. He didn't have to fake anymore.

"Here.." Dean moved in, making Cas jump slightly. He was really focused on his shirt.
"Oh hey Dean!" Cas chuckled softly.

"You missed a button, baby." Dean laughed back and unbuttoned it a few to fix it. "But good job love!"

"Thanks princess." Cas cooed, reajusting his glasses. He went back to the thick frame black ones. He only let Dean see his eyes because he claimed that they were beautiful.

"You look truely amazing, Castiel." Dean whispered and pulled Cas closer. He pressed a gentle chaste kiss to the slightly shorter boy's lips and tucked his dark hair behind his ears. He looked so perfect, as always.

"You always do as well Dean. You smell nice too. New cologne?"

"All natural. New shampoo although."

"Sexy!" Cas smiled. "Anna did my hair though. It feels weird. She said it looked good though." He shrugged.

Dean just smirked. "It's gonna be messed up by the end of the night."

"I bet. But let's see... I'll give you 20 dollars if you can keep your hands off me."

"Challenge not accepted. I'd rather lose a 20 than not touch you."

"Exactly," Cas giggled. "The challenge would only wanna make you do it more."

"I like how you think Novak." Dean smirked.

The car ride was pretty interesting. Cas was thinking randomly about stuff he had heard around and started mumbling about it.

"Tits for tots?"

Dean looked at Cas for a moment before looking back on the road. "What the f**k is 'tits for Tots'?"

"Anna said it! I thought you would know what it was! I have no idea. And you used to be a slutty slut, so I figured you knew the term." He shrugged.

"Well, I still am YOUR slutty slut. But who would want to show their tits to tots?" He started laughing, and thought about it. "Ew, child molesters... That's gross Cas. Where did Anna hear it? Why did you pick up on it?"

"I DON'T KNOW!" Cas whined in defense. "But anyone would love your perky nipples Dean!"

"I don't want some toddler hanging from my nipples! MILK DOESN'T COME OUT OF THERE!" Dean could barely breathe. He still didn't know why Cas brought it up, it was so weird.

"But I love them. And I know. I sucked em, nothing. And damn... I wish I could still see them.. BUT THRN AT FIRST I THOUGHT TITS FOR TOTS WERE TATER TOTS SHAPPED LIKE BOOBS!"

Dean stayed silent for a moment, trying NOT to imagine the stuff Cas was putting in his head. And somehow he was thinking about crusty boobs and got an invention idea. "I JUST GOT THE BEST IDEA CASTIEL! TATER TOTS TO MOISTURIZE YOUR TITS!" Dean was almost too proud of himself.
Cas snorted. "I'm so proud of you, princess. That should be your life goal... To make those. But... You can have moisturized tits and a good meal. Amazing!"

"Now I want tater tots." Dean chuckled. He kept driving, and had one hand on Cas's thigh. Just like old times. To tell him he was always there.

"You can eat them off my dick later," he said it so care free and serious that it was funny. He was being serious, he didn't mean for it to be funny.

Dean busted out laughing although. "I might take you up on that offer, Castiel." He smirked. They kept driving, Cas didn't really wanna go. He remembered how the last dance that they went to turned to utter crap. He didn't want to relive that, but Dean wanted to go, so he went.

The school was crowded with so many people. Cas thought he was going to have an anxiety attack from just all of the energy he felt, but of course, Dean was there, beside him. Their hands clasped tightly together. Dean nor Cas ran for prom king/queen, so they didn't really have to worry about that. Cas didn't like all the people, but despite them, he could feel the music. And Dean's heartbeat when they danced.

Even though the theme was royalty, Dean already felt like he was. Cas was his prince and they were destined to live happily ever after.

The two mostly stayed towards the back, making small talk. Their bodies swayed together for a long while. Dean hands protectively wrapped around Cas when slow songs filled the room. Their lips met a couple times and a few I love you's were exchanged.

They got very nasty looks, but they couldn't care less. If they loved each other, no one else mattered. Honestly, neither of them cared about anyone anymore.

Dean lesned in close and kissed at Cas's ear, making the boy shiver. "I'll be right back," he whispered. He ended up slipping away and got to the front, where there was a bigger crowd of people. The DJ was taking suggestions. Dean knew what Cas's favorite was at the moment. He knew it was a guilty pleasure for him. He couldn't wait to see the way his face would light up.

It didn't matter that literally no one else would want to listen to it. Dean did because Cas loved it.

There was 6 songs before his, all of them were trashy in his opinion. He liked the classics, not this pop crap or Whatever. But he danced with Cas nonetheless. Cas was already getting tired of it, his ears were really sensitive. Dean really hoped that the songs would pass. He helped the time pass by getting drinks so Cas could 'wet his whistle' as he said.

But when he hears that hot and rocking beat that indicated the song, he could see Cas's smile and it was contagious. Dean couldn't help but smiling and grabbing his hands, they swayed their hips and danced. Cas was laughing, tripping on his own feet. But it was amazing.

Well she was just seventeen
You know what I mean
And the way she looked was way beyond compare

So how could I dance with another
Oh
Since I saw her standing there

Dean was loudly and playfully singing along, changing the pronouns to male for Cas as he sung.
Well she looked at me
And I, I could see
That before too long
I'd fall in love with her

She wouldn't dance with another
Oh
Since I saw her standing there

He didn't care that he wrinkled his tux as he danced.

Well my heart went boom
When I crossed the room
And I held her hand in mine

He was having fun. And he could tell that Cas's whole face had lit up by his blush and the way his eyes sparkled under his dark glasses.

Oh we danced through the night
And we held each other tight

Only Dean could notice them. He was the only one who realized how amazing Cas's eyes were, whether he could see or not.

And before too long
I fell in love with her

The way he was smiling was worth more than anything.

I'll never dance with another
Oh
Since I saw her standing there

At that point in the song, Paul McCartney screamed, and Dean mocked it, making Cas gasp. He was in love with Paul's and Dean's voice... But put together... Whoa..

The mock scream made his pants accidentally tighter and he didn't mean for it to happen.

Dean pretended like he didn't notice, Cas even forgot. He was too caught up in the moment.

Oh we danced through the night
And we held each other tight
And before too long
I fell in love with her
I'll never dance with another
Oh
Since I saw her standing there

Well since I saw her standing there

Since I saw her standing there

By the end of the song, the boys were somewhat out of breath. Cas let out a loud laugh and Dean just hugged him and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips. And then another. And another. Until it was an attack.
Cas couldn't stop laughing and he tried to push Dean away, but he couldn't. He kept laughing into Dean's mouth. The boy even got his tongue and teeth a few times.

"I've...been..attacked..." He panted in between kisses and Dean finally stopped to catch his breath. He didn't think he'd ever laughed that hard. He didn't even pay attention to the people gagging around them.

There's nothing stronger than people young and in love. Dean just proved that by having the time of his life and taking Castiel to prom.

The lights were really pretty. They got brighter as it got darker outside. The gym was starting to smell like alcohol. Dean was daring, and he drank the spiked punch, Cas did too. He only got a bit tipsy and even brought up the tater tots again...

They shared alcoholic kisses in the corner, and didn't care or pay attention to anyone else. Just when they thought nothing could go wrong, it did. Dean didn't even run for prom king. But somehow he got it... He was prom king despite everyone disliking him. Lots of people knew he was gay and didn't care. They liked him and Cas. It was just after his father and the thing with Justin that they didn't like him... Plus a lot of girls were jealous..

Dean Winchester was forced on stage as prom king and anxiously waited for the queen to be called. He really wanted to get out of there. He was really scared that there was going to be a do-over of homecoming... Especially since his dad was there, but he wasn't talking to him... He saw him kiss Cas but didn't say anything! He just stood there and watched from the corner.

"And the queen is...Castiel Novak."

Everyone was silent. Dean included. He saw the terror on Cas's face when he saw him in the crowd of people. Cas got really nervous around a lot of people. Dean was really excited though. Nobody else was. They were all very shocked, some even triggered by the two names that got called.

It wasn't so bad after all. Maybe it was perfect. Dean wasn't so nervous about a slutty chick trying to touch him anymore. But many awkward seconds passed of silence, before Dean ran down and grabbed Cas's hand to pull him to the stage. He quickly did fish him out of the crowd and brought him on stage and held his hand, thumbing over his knuckles to let him know it was okay.

The principal put the tiarra on Cas and the crown on Dean, but Dean quickly switched them. "I guess I'm your queen after all," he whispered and made Cas blush.

"I'm the king then..." Cas smiled and squeezed Dean's hand tighter. He didn't like the feeling of everyone's eyes on him.

Mostly everyone we silent, until Mr.Winchester started clapping... And yelling. "THATS MY BOY!" He started something and then everyone else clapped before they cleared the dancefloor and a slow song started.

They indeed danced through the night. It was a song they didn't really know, minus hearing it on the radio a few times. Dean and Cas didn't really like new music, but it was okay. The feeling of each other filled the empty spaces. They didn't know the song, but now it was special. The song ended. The only part Dean caught went something like,

"cause it's you and me
And all of the people,
with nothing to do.
Nothing to prove.
And it's you and me,
And all other people.
And I don't know why,
I can't keep my eyes off of you."

And he thought it fit the moment for his case anyways... Cas, not so much.

Dean and Cas were one of the last couples to leave. They would have stayed longer, but Dean could
tell Cas's head was hurting him. They went back to Mary's apartment, Dean had finally started
calling that place home. Dean and Cas fell asleep on the couch, Dean's face in Cas's hair. Their
crowns ended up on the end table, their coats on the floor. They were still wearing parts of their suits
when they had fallen asleep.

John Winchester helped clean up after prom and ended up knocking on Mary's door at midnight.
Mary and Sam were down the hallway in their rooms, therefore the knock woke Dean up. Dean sat
up and wiped the bit of drool off his mouth before he opened the door to face his dad. He was
confused as to why his father was there. He stared at him, kinda confused.

"Hey dad?"

"Hey Dean." He said lowly. His eyes glancing from Dean to the sleeping Cas on the couch. "Have
fun tonight?"

"Yeah I did actually." He smiled shyly and looked back at Cas. "He did too. But how did we get
king and queen? We are both guys."

"Pulled a few strings. I feel really bad and I had to repay you. I also have something else for you.."
He had his hands behind his back and when they came into view, he had Dean's old varsity jacket.
"Wanna come be on the team again? We got a new qb after you left, but I can demote them. They
can take Justin's old spot."

"I thought you didn't want fags on your team..." Dean whispered and took the jacket, thumbing over
the familiar fabric.

"I realized how much I need you on my team. And how wrong I was... Mostly the second part."

"I can forgive you, but I won't forget. But yes... I'll join again." Dean had always loved football. His
dad ruined it once before, but he was ready to take it up again.

"That's fair enough... I'll see you round, son." He was just about to leave when Dean pulled him into
a hug.

"I have my dad back? You said you weren't my father anymore..."

"I am, always will be." John hugged back and said his goodbye before he left. Cas was stirring on
the couch, so Dean layed against him again and fell back asleep with his nose against Cas's neck and
his arms wrapped around his waist, and his jacket was on the floor with their tuxedo coats.

Dean fell asleep not too long after that, holding Cas close through the whole night.

~•~

"Good morning, princess." Cas whispered. He'd been up for a while and he heard Dean's breathing
patters change. Dean had been keeping him warm, but he was still cold. He didn't feel like getting up
to go get a blanket either, or even just find the one on the floor. He shivered slightly when he felt the couch shift, meaning Dean got up. He took his body heat with him when he got up.

"You cold?" Dean asked him as he got up to stretch his legs. But before Cas even answered, Dean draped his football jacket over Cas.

Cas smiled and whispered a thank you. He took in the scent of the fabric, it was Dean, but not normal Dean. It was like hot and sweaty Dean. He could almost feel Dean's excitement and his eyes on him, and so he got really confused. He felt a familiar fabric wrapped around his body, and he felt over it. "What's this?"

Dean was grinning from ear to ear. "My old varsity jacket!" He cheered. "Dad let me back on the team... The jacket is yours. It's kinda big on me, it'll be big on you. So adoracheering.

Really!?" Cas asked, cheering.

"Of course, Castiel." Dean whispered and placed a gentle kiss to Cas's cheek.

They next couple weeks were a breeze. Dean and Cas spent less time together, but were still going strong. After school Dean could always be found out on the field. Cas would be sitting on the bleachers, his hands in a book or just taking in the fresh air as he waited for Dean. After that, Dean would take Cas home. Dean would usually end up going home with him or both of them going to Dean's. But by then Dean was tired and they would just talk about their day and say their I love yous and cuddle. Neither of them minded it.

Dean ditched practice one day and took Cas to the lake so they could sit alone and talk and kiss. Mostly kiss. He promised Cas that they'd go out on a real date the minute the big game ended. He just wanted to be with Cas like normal.

Dean was really excited about the summer weather also, he really wanted to go to the beach or even just a pool, with Cas of course. They'd probably start with a pool. Cas had been to them before, but he didn't like so many people being able to see him like that. Plus, he didn't really like sand. Dean found that out by simply asking random questions.

"So Cas," he started. "Ever been to a beach?"

"Many times. I love it. But I hate it when its too loud and I can't hear a wave coming and I get knocked over. But then its funny afterwards." Cas chuckled.

"What's the best part?"

"Ice cream after... Or Gabriel telling me how hot he thinks everyone else is. I only saw like 3 hot people when I could see."

"Who were they?" Dean asked and looked at him with furrowed eyebrows.

"Young Paul McCartney from The Beatles... This random guy from somewhere... Who was the third? Hmm..." He thought and tapped his chin as he acted clueless. "Oh wait, it was you! You are definitely the sexiest!"

Dean blushed darkly. "Oh thank you Cas. You're sexy too." He said lowly and kissed his neck gently. "What's your least favorite part about the beach?"

"Oh my god the sand! Michael used to always put it in my hair." Cas complained with a whine in his voice.

"Ouch, bet that was horrible."
"Oh bet!"

Graduation was slowly creeping up on them. As qb, Dean had to prepare for the last game of the season, it was like the superbowl for his school district. They had made it to the finals. All he was focused about was winning. He had less and less time for Cas. Cas understood how important it was to Dean, so he backed away and gave him some space. He let him do what he had to do. He was planning for the future by doing that. 'If Dean could score a winning touchdown, he'd get noticed and get a scholarship and then maybe go pro... And then we're set for life.' Cas couldn't stop smiling as he thought those things... But then his mind took a dark turn. 'Dean doesn't have time for me anymore... Maybe there is someone else outside of his practice... What if he gets famous and finds someone better?'

He stopped after a while and just layed back on his bed. He knew he wanted to do something with mental health. He wanted to be a psychiatrist for other blind people or people with depression.

By the big game finally came round', Cas had given up on spending time with Dean. He knew he was too focused on anything else. Dean had already gotten many scholarship offers to different colleges around the world, wanting him to play for their team. He desperately wanted to be on one of the L.A teams, but L.A. was so far from Kansas and he didn't want to leave behind the ones he loved.

Before the game started, Dean startled Cas by hugging him suddenly. Anna had lead Cas to the sidelines so he'd be there when Dean was done. He was wearing his jacket. A proud smile on his face. He hugged Dean back. No words were spoken except "remember my promise? I'll treat you tonight. I promise." And then he messed up Cas's hair before running onto the field. Cas was going to say something, but got cut off by girls screaming Dean's name... And that made him angry.

He listened to the guy commentating the game and cheered silently to himself when he heard that their team scored. He was even happier when he heard that his boy did something. The last touchdown especially.

"Winchester has a clear shot at winning for his team! Can he do it? Look at that run- oh no- the quarter back from the other team is sneaking up on him. Cmon Winchester! 8 seconds left with the game tied, can he do it!??"

Cas crossed his fingers. Deep down he knew Dean could.

But something changed suddenly. The buzzer went off, indicating they won. But everyone was silent, except the commentator. The moments seemed drawn out to Cas, and he was really worried.

"Winchester is down! Looks like the other qb has some anger issues."

Dean could feel the wind getting knocked out of him as the other team's huge quarterback started kicking and punching him, cursing him for winning. Dean tried to fight back, but the other guys punches were strong, and he couldn't breathe as a few hit his chest. The paramedics supervising the game pried the other boy off of him and took him onto a stretcher, he was completely knocked out. Everyone else was celebrating the victory, but Cas was having a mini panic attack.

He was sitting there, listening to it unfold. He just screamed out in frustration. The coach stood up, and grabbed Cas's arm and pulled him into the locker room, assuming he wanted to make sure Dean was okay.

Two of Dean's ribs were broken and he had some bruises and a black eye, but he was okay. The girl who was making sure Dean was okay informed Cas about what happened. Cas calmed down, and
sat by Dean in the locker room, holding his hand and waiting for him to wake up. He was okay.

But when Dean woke up, it wasn't okay. He was cocky and mean. "Cas? You're not allowed to be in the locker room, go." He groaned.

"I was worried about you... That guy hurt you."

"I'm fine. I could have easily beaten him, I was just caught off guard." He rubbed his fake, yanking his hand away from Cas's. "You gotta go."

"Dont worry about him. You won, I guess that's good." Cas mumbled and tried his best to show himself out but went the wrong way and got frustrated with himself. He had been so flustered and worried that he forgot the way in. "Oh, and are we off for tonight? Would you rather go home and drink tea and rest?"

"Castiel, go." Dean said louder.

"I'm sorry you hurt, love... But you're being mean and I don't like it. And I'm trying... Have you- have you forgotten that I'm not like everyone else. I forgot how to get out..."

"Turn around and go left. And I might go celebrating with the guys." Dean said bluntly and moved to holding his side, the one that was bandaged.

Cas left without another word. Mary found him, Sammy was with her. "Is he okay?" Mary asked.

"I don't know.. He's different. Been different since he got back on the team." He took off Dean's varsity jacket and handed it to Mary. "Here, I don't want this right now. But in the sense you mean; he'll live. Just a broken rib or two. But can you take me home? I don't want to be around him. He's going out with 'the guys' so you don't have to worry."

"Are you two okay?"

"I don't know.." Cas answered truthfully.

Cas didn't go home, he stayed with Mary at her apartment. Everything was okay, except for when an irritated Sammy slammed his phone down. "CAS! DEAN WANTS YOU AT THE BAR DOWN THE STREET." He was angry. Cas had told him and Mary everything that happened, and he wasn't too happy with his brother. Mary took him and waited in the car outside. Cas went in, only to find Dean drunker than he's ever seen him before.

"Heyyyyy." He said and slurred out an apology for being rude earlier. He sipped and finished his beer. Another player handing him a shot. Dean gulped it and claimed it took the pain away. Cas just stood there looking annoyed. Dean pulled him closer to him and slurred out an 'I love you' which he hasn't said in what seemed like forever.

"Dean," Cas growled, trying not to cry. They hadn't talked in the week leading up to game. And then Dean gets hurt and pushes Cas away when he tries to help... And then be breaks his promise by getting drunk. He just wanted his Dean back.

"What? Don't talk ta' me likethat." He slurred out and got closer to Cas and grabbed him and kissed him. Cas couldn't help but kiss back. They hadn't done that in a while and he just couldn't help himself. But he quickly pushed him away.

"Dean.." He said softly, and pleadingly.
"Better tone!" He smiled and sat down at the bar and ordered another drink. Cas started to walk away upset and that's when Dean spoke up. "Are you sure you don't want to kiss more? I mean I know I might not remember come morning but I already lost most the alcohol and I'm feeling pretty sober and feel free to shut me up whenever!" He said it really loud and jumbled up together. Burning tears slipped down Cas's face as he turned to face the voice, and they were on visible when they rolled down his face where his dark glasses weren't covering. Dean noticed and looked at him confused. "What's wrong Cassie??"

"Don't you dare call me that right now. You broke your promise! You pushed me away when I tried to help. We haven't done anything even semi romantic in 2 weeks... I mean I know it's important to you, football, but... Never mind."

"Whattt?"

"Don't you love me anymore? You've been treating me like a second choice and don't pay Mr any attention. I know football I'd important to you, I thought I was too."

"Gohome. I'll talk about it later..." He shot him a drunken smile.

"No you won't." Cas protested.

Dean's smile grew. "Look at my smile Cas. It doesn't lie." He let out a chuckle.

"I can't see if you've forgotten!" Cas screamed at him, making everyone else be quiet. Sam was standing by the door. He was on Cas's side. He went to go pull him out of the situation, and ended up slapping his drunken brother.

Dean had no idea what was going on as he watched his little brother pull his boyfriend out of the bar. Dean's friend from team had gotten them all fake IDs and that explained why he was drinking...

Cas was so angry the entire ride back home, he just wanted to break everything.

And the worst part was that Dean didn't remember anything the next morning. He couldn't remember the game and an hour or so before it. And he had the worst hangover of his life. And he was confused as to why Cas wasn't answering him and he was upset over it.
Chapter 12

Dean seriously couldn't remember what happened. He called Cas 16 times, but got no answer. Sammy was angry at him also, and kept slamming doors in his face and scowling. Dean had had enough of it after only 10 minutes.

"What's your problem Sammy?" Dean almost screamed at him. "Cas won't talk to me! Nobody will tell me what happened. I don't remember last night! You're mad at me too. What did I do to you?"

"You're serious?" Sam asked, clenching his jaw.

"Yes Sammy!"

"It's Sam. And I lost so much respect for you last night. You're so horrible, Dean. What a drunk person says is only what they think when sober. And I wasn't to fond of what you told Cas."

Dean furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. "No, I only know we won the game. Everything before and after that is fuzzy. And I've felt like crap since I've woken up.. What happened with me and Cas?"

"A couple things. First you haven't spent any time with the poor kid! Then you got hurt playing and he was worried about you. You just pushed him away and told him to get out. But then you were insensitive. Different stadium, he didn't know his way around the locker rooms. He was lost and you wouldn't help. When we found him on his way out he was crying!" Sam paused to collect himself and take a deep breath.

"Can't I say sorry?"

Sam ignored him. "Well before that, you promised him you'd spend more time with him. He asked if you were still on for the night or if you wanted to just go rest... And guess what you said? You said you were going to go hang out with the guys... That that ended in you becoming drunk off your ass and calling me so you could see Cas. So I took him to the bar where you and your fake ID were... And you kissed him and slurred out an I love you and you hadn't done that in apparently weeks! He got really upset and tried to talk to you, but it backfired in his face. You told him that football was important, and you suggested it was more important than him. Dean, you crushed him last night. If I was you, I wouldn't expect him to answer..."

Dean held his face in his hands. "That's not how I feel."

Sam repeated himself. "What a drunk person says is only what they think when sober."

"I'm so goddamned stupid!" Dean cursed to himself. "But that's not how I feel!"

"Fix it then!" Sam yelled at him.

Dean grit his teeth. He didn't like when Sammy yelled or got mad at him. It always made him irritated. But he had to keep himself together. He wanted to hit something so bad. Mostly Cas. Wanted to hit him for not understanding... But really... He wasn't mad at Cas. He was really mad at himself. He called again, yet got no answer.

Castiel and Anna were in the living room. She was watching TV and he was just listening. He could hear the ringing of his phone from upstairs in his room, but he didn't go get it. He figured, only 7 people called him, and 4 of them were in the same house as him. Meaning it was either Dean or
Mary or Sam... But he did go up where and pick it up. He was reluctant through, when he realized that it was Dean.

As soon as he picked up, Dean started spitting words at at him. "Cas, Cas! Look! I'm so sorry about everything that happened. I wasn't myself at all. I dont know what happened!"

"You know what, I dont even care! I feel like I dont even know you anymore. You're so different. I think of you different after last night. I just hate you! But I love you Dean, I love you. But I hate you! So much! I just want to scream and hit you and not care. This has been going on for so long, but you stepped way over the line!"

"Cas, I'm sorry. I'm deeply sorry. You know I love you. You mean so much to me. I need you. I really need you, Cas. I only acted out because I was stressed. I've realized I was wrong, very wrong... Sammy told me everything that happened. You're the most important thing in the existence of the world. In my eyes anyway..."

"Not in my eyes... My eyes only see darkness. Maybe that's what the world is... Just darkness. No true happiness..."

"No! Cas, god dammit, that's not true. You're the only thing that makes me happy.."

Cas sighed on the other end. "Thats not true either. Yesterday you acted like football was the only reason you're alive."

"I wasn't thinking right." Dean kept arguing, hoping to win. He needed his Cas and he felt like a nothing without him. No object, sport, or person could fill his space.

"You haven't been thinking right for the past month.. I gotta go." He was about to hang up, and Dean just screamed.

"No, Cas, listen."

The blind boy hung up. He put his phone on the nightstand, but it ended up falling on the floor. Just about 10 minutes later, Anna and Gadreel's makeout session got cut short by a bang on the door. The redhead growled when she pulled away from her boyfriend and went to go open the door. That's when she saw Dean and growled again. Dean, the usually strong and handsome figure looked just about broken. His green eyes were slightly darker than normal, he was really tired. He was just about to speak, when Anna cut him off.

"You're the reason my annoying little brother wouldn't stop crying... Why are you here!?'"

"He's not annoying!"

"He wouldn't shut up about you because he loves you but wants you dead. Something like that. Man, my boy went home because he was annoying. And now he's back and you show up! Do you not want me to be happy?"

"I'll excuse your ignorance for 2 seconds." He pushed pass her and went to Cas's room. Anna kept yelling at him not to go up there but he didn't listen. He didn't even knock on Cas's bedroom door. He pushed that door open like it was nothing and he saw Cas. His Cas was just standing there, mindlessly staring at the wall. Cas didn't even notice Dean come in, he was sitting there zoned out. Nothing in life mattered at that moment, but he got zapped out of that trance when he felt someone hug him. He jumped and pushed the person away. The familiar scent of the person; something sweet mixed with motor oil, filled his nose after he pushed him away.
"God f**king damn Dean! Leave me alone!"

Dean shook his head and tried to kiss him, but ended up getting hit in the nose. "Cas... I'm really really sorry..." He moved behind him so he wouldn't get hit and hugged his waist and pecked his neck. Cas melted against him, he couldn't resist that. He cursed Dean for knowing his weaknesses.

"Dean, please, stop..." Cas sighed. "I'm not in the mood for you." He spit out.

"Listen to me... I messed up... I need you. You have to believe me. I love you, even if I don't show it sometimes. You can take it all out on me if you want... I deserve it." He was getting worked up. Cas stopped trying to pry his arms off after a little. He listened to him and noticed how upset he was getting.

"Dean. We've been through so much. I don't know if I can forgive you again after this..."

"I promise, Cas. You won't need to forgive me. Gimmie one more chance..."

"Dean-"

"Please." The boy begged, grabbing Cas's frail wrists. "Cas, baby, please. You won't ever know how sorry I feel."

"I love you Dean... I forgive you...

"Oh my god thank you, Cas." He almost immediately smashed their lips together. Cas kissed back, only slightly before he pulled away. Then he took his glasses off to go set them on the bedside table. He opened them, only to still see darkness, but he knew how much Dean loved his eyes. He could feel Dean's smile. It was contagious though. Cas was grinning, remembering the images of Dean smiling.

"Hey, Dean..." Cas started, getting closer to him so that when he spoke their lips brushed together. He nipped at the soft lips of his boyfriend. "I'm sorry for over reacting..."

"Cas. Don't be sorry. You didn't over react. I messed it up. I promise you didn't do anything. Can we forget the past month even happened...?"

"Wanna pick up where we left off?"

"Where exactly was that, love?" Dean tried to kiss him again, but couldn't do it properly, he couldn't stop smiling.

"Somewhere." He chuckled. "I believe I was going to ask you on a date. But of course I couldn't make it a surprise if I just tell you where we had to go... Then i wanted to show you how much I love you."

"Well... I'm gonna reverse that order. Castiel, if you still trust me; I'd like to show you how much I love you and how much you mean to me."

"I do trust you." Cas smiled and reached forward to grab Dean's waist but ended up grabbing his crotch. He instantly blushed, just as Dean instantly got harder... He kissed Cas though, a but more forceful than before. Dean had a perfect evening planned out. He was going to do that evening over a month ago; everything he needed for it was still in his car, so why couldn't he do it now? Last minute, but plans are plans.

Dean slowly undressed his blind boyfriend, admiring him, completely prasing him with kisses. He
nipped at Cas's sharp hipbones, making him gasp. Cas suddenly got the best idea ever for punishing
his kinky f**k of a boyfriend. "D-dean. You know after you show me how you love me... I'm going
to have to punish you for what you did." Since Dean always seemed to love his punishments, he
didn't backtalk. He just nodded, pulling down Cas's boxers and taking him into his mouth. Cas let
out a quiet moan and bucked up into his mouth. Dean kept all of his movements slow and finally let
Cas cum after minutes. Cas returned the favor, giving him a hand job.

They naked cuddled after it all went down and just talked as they collected their selves. Dean
must've went on for an hour or so, telling Cas how much he loved him. Cas whispered reasons back
to him. Both of them felt like their hearts were going to jump out of their chests. Dean was happy
with how it all turned out. Him and his Cas were happy. They were okay. He was a little sad that
they didnt get to his punishment, but that could always wait. He didn't thrive off Cas's awesome sex.
He thrived off of Cas's happiness. He couldn't live if the love of his life wasn't okay.

Cas fell asleep against his chest, his lips were slightly parted. His hair was a tousled mess. But he
was still pressed against Dean, curled up like a kitty. Their cat, Luna, joined them shortly after
though. Dean cuddled the both of them, with a smile on his face.

When Cas woke up, Dean was already up and redressed. "Morning Princess." Dean grinned, Cas
looked at him like he was offended.

"You're the princess." He huffed and tried to find his boxers. Dean helped him and put them back on
for him. Cas thanked him but in a smart tone. Dean whined at him though, yet helped him get
dressed.

"Cas, I don't have the fanciest attire at the moment, but I'm taking you on a date." Before the smaller
boy could protest, he was being drug out the door. So he went with him, to the same restaurant they
went to last Christmas. The lighting in there was a bit different from at Christmas time, and Dean
looked around, amazed at how beautiful it was.

"Hey, ya know Cas... Could you see the last time we came here? Because if you think it was
beautiful then... Its almost as breathtaking as you right now."

"Oh Dean, you flatter me..." He reached to grab his hand. "Order me the same as you please. I am
not going to ask you to read me the menu when I can just make it easy on the both of us."

"You know I'd do anything for you, right? Including reading you the menu. And I'll do it!"

"No, no. I don't want you to."

Dean nodded and squeezed his hand tighter. They enjoyed their meal like that too. Dean
occasionally nudging Cas's foot with his own, making him grin. Everything down to the way Cas
sipped his coke was perfect. It was funny sometimes though. He'd pull the glass closer, he didn't
have a problem finding that, but couldn't find the straw. Dean chuckled under his breath, but helped
him of course.

Dean really wanted some pie, Cas was just about done but had already promised he'd split a piece
with him. As they were waiting for the dessert, Dean took in a shaky breath. "Hey Cas. I uhm. Got a
present for you."

Cas followed his voice to 'look' at him. "Yeah?"

Dean pulled a ring out of his pocket. "Give me your hand?" Cas nodded and held his hand out to
him, palm up. Dean put the ring in his hand with a smile. "Feel over the top of it..." Dean whispered;
surprisingly shy.

Cas did, he rubbed over the top of the ring when his fingers found it. It was a simple band, with a collection of small raised bumps in the center of the top. He rubbed his thumb over it slowly until he made out what it was, and he gasped when he had it all together. The ring had 'my angel' written in braille on it. Dean was grinning from ear to ear as he watched Cas smile and slip it onto the ring finger on his right hand.

"Thank you, Dean. I love it. I love you, my princess."

"Speaking of princess, i have a matching ring that says that," he grinned. "And I love you more, angel."

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Cas didn't feel like sitting on the bench in the actual gymnasium. He stayed in the boy's locker room, in the corner where Dean's was. He tried to take a nap, since he really didn't get any sleep the night before. He had been lectured about staying out past 9pm because it 'wasn't safe.' After the events that happened, and all his crying, his family didn't trust Dean. But it really wasn't any of their business. It was Cas and Dean's business. If they couldn't get along, they needed a break. But they were fine now.

Anna had just gotten mad at him for being out so late and for forgiving Dean. He really couldn't stand anyone anymore, and was really easily annoyed. He had the worst temper lately. He didn't get violent though; he just had an attitude. Then again, he always had an attitude. He didn't enjoy anything... But Dean was an exception. Elvis too.

Dean was sad that Cas wasn't there to hear him play, but ended up stopping halfway through and going inside the locker room. He looked until he found Cas, who was half asleep. He just grinned, but didn't want to scare him, so he sat behind him and played with his hair.

Cas did jump a little when Dean touched him. He was halfway asleep so he didn't hear him coming. The other boy whispered a sorry and kissed Cas's hair. Cas smiled and of course forgave him, and he started to stand up. Dean pushed him back down though.

"Are you okay, Cas?"

"Yeah, I'm just tired." He whispered. "I didn't get much sleep. First Anna was yelling at me for going out with you... She doesn't think we are good together anymore." He rubbed his face. "She's an idiot... But then she wouldn't shut up in her room on the phone with one of her friends. They were talking about dicks... Like actual penises. I guess she forgot about my super hearing." He chuckled softly.

Dean sighed. "I understand if your entire family hates me, baby. I upset you. I really messed up. But we are good now, right?"

"Yes, Dean." Cas ended up taking his glasses off so he could turn and lean his face against Dean; wherever he landed. The only thing he hated about glasses were that any time he tried to lay down he'd squish them and sometimes break them. Dean held him against his chest and played with his hair some more. It really relaxed Cas, to the point where he actually dozed off.

The bell had rang, and everyone was dressed and gone... But Dean was still in the corner of the locker room holding a sleeping Cas. He didn't wake up until the second to last period, and felt really horrible about it.
"Oh my god. What time is it?"

"School is almost over? Do you just want to go home?" Dean was still running his hands through Cas's dark locks.

"I slept all day." He whined. "I feel like a failure." He almost growled.

"No. Let's just go. Can we go to your place? I want to apologize to Anna, aka the only one who semi cares."

Cas nodded and reached over to get his glasses from where he had taken them off earlier. "Prinncessssss. Help." He couldn't find them after feeling around the bench. Dean was smirking. He had to do something while Cas was out. 1) He found a spoon and colored a face on it. 2) He had put Cas's glasses on his face so the other boy wouldn't find them where they were before.

"Nooo, you're going to have to find them."

Cas sighed and crawled carefully on his hands and knees to try and find them. Dean laughed and stood up, smacking his ass, but picked him up by his waist like he was a child. Cas squirmed around, "c'mon. This ain't funny."

"But your eyes are beautiful. I don't want you to wear them. But they're in a safe place..."

Cas got an idea and started feeling around on Dean's face. After he got them and put them back on, he slapped him. Dean winced and dropped him, but Cas held onto his arm. When he fell to the ground, he pulled Dean with them. The hard concrete floor hurt Cas's knee, but he laughed because Dean was in an awkward position on top of him.

"DEAN!!" He laughed and tried to sit up, but actually got a face full of ass. "Get your ass out of my face..."

"No. You like it." Dean wiggled it a little against him.

Cas nipped at him through his jeans, and used his hands to help guide his mouth. That was one thing Dean loved about his boyfriend being blind: the fact that he used his hands a lot for every single thing he did... Weather that was sexually or just in general. Dean just loved it.

The locker room was closed and there wasn't going to be another gym class so...

Dean writhed around on top of Cas, causing Cas’s hands to feel around him more. His hands accidentally found their way to Dean crotch, and Dean was already hard from the previous roaming of Cas’s hands, so Cas noticed immediately.

“Dean, that is extremely hot, but please get off of me.”

“What if I don't want to?” Dean asked teasingly.

“Then I might accidentally end up making you have an orgasm, so... And hmm.... I never forgot about that punishment that you were supposed to get.”

Dean blushed at the idea, but Cas couldn't see that. One, because he was facing away from him, and two, because he was blind. You would think it made sex more difficult, but it was actually extremely hot and pleasurable. At least, Dean thought so.

Cas bit Dean’s ass through his pants and Dean let out a whine of pleasure. Cas did it again, but
harder this time, causing his boyfriend to let out a strangled moan. Cas used his tongue to dampen the spot on Dean’s pants.

“God, Dean, just take your pants off.”

Dean got up and did as Cas ordered and awaited for further instruction. Cas said something about getting down on hands and knees, so that's what Dean did as the blind boy stood up. He felt his way around the room and bumped into Dean. Cas got on his knees and felt around the smooth skin of Dean’s naked ass.

Cas dipped his head down and surprised Dean with his warm tongue dipping into his entrance. Dean leaned back on his hands like a cat ready to pounce to get Cas’s tongue to push further into him. Cas got the idea and stuck his tongue deeper inside Dean. He reached around the boy’s waist and began pumping him, causing Dean to whine and whimper.

“C-Cas,” Dean groaned lowly. “F**k.”

Cas hummed in recognition and continued to pump Dean and eat him out. He could tell Dean was close by the way his cock twitched and the way he moaned like a painted whore. That just when Cas pulled away, making Dean cry and beg.

"What is it, princess?"

"Put your tongue back in me..."

"You don't deserve it." Cas snickered and bit at his rim.

"Sir, I'll be good I promise..."

Cas pushed his tongue in again, a littler further this time and that was enough to set Dean over the edge. The boy was spilling all over the floor of the locker room, which was now hot and humid with condensation from their sweat, accompanied by an embarrassingly loud moan.

Cas pulled away from Dean and stood shakily. He had had his own orgasm solely from Dean’s moans and groans. He could hear Dean pulling up his pants and huffing. He was exhausted from that fantastic orgasm.

“Dean, you oughta clean up your mess, because I can’t. You should help with mine too.”

“Yeah, f**k you, Cas.”

“You wish, pretty boy.”

“God, I do... But I love you.”

"I love you too."

~•~

That wasn't all Cas had planned for Dean. Oh, Dean had been so, so bad! He had vibrators at home. They were some that Dean had brought over and left there. He had the most evil plan ever. Dean was to fully apologize to Anna, with a vibrator in, and on high. Dean didn't like that idea at all, but knew he probably deserved it. So here he was, trying to keep his balance with a vibrator up his ass. His legs were shaking though. It felt so damn good... Especially the initial process of putting it in. Cas intentionally didn't find his hole and caused him more pain. Dean, being so kinky, liked it. He
wasn't even stretched, so it kind of hurt. But it was a pain/pleasure kind of thing.

Cas didn't have to see to know how much Dean was struggling. But he also knew how much he enjoyed it. He knew Dean's safe word as well, so if he really couldn't handle it, Cas would just take it out and cuddle.

Cas held his hand and Dean led him to where Anna was. She was sitting on the couch, watching a cooking show. Cas could feel Dean shaking slightly just from holding his hand. And he could feel his heart pounding when he had his finger over where he could feel his pulse.

Dean cleared his throat to get Anna's attention. When the redhead turned around, the first thing she noticed was the tent in Dean's pants and she looked disgusted. "Excuse me? You two can do that somewhere else! Wait- Cas, not him. I don't want him here."

Cas shook his head and played with the ring Dean had given him the night before. Dean spoke up though. "Anna, give me a chance. I absolutely adore everything about Castiel. I'm so in love with him and we've been through everything together... I need him. You can hate me all you want. But I need you to forgive me. I feel horrible for everything." He was talking and getting emotional despite the vibrator. He kept going on about the situation and pleading for Anna to like him. He didn't need the girl's permission to date her brother again, but he needed to get her to like him again. Since the girl was technically Cas's guardian, she could get a restraining order and he wouldn't be able to come back. It's a little farfetched, but Anna is crazy!

A couple minutes later, he felt his legs were about to give up. Almost did fall, and let out a few little moans. Cas just laughed at him. "Good boy, Dean." He kissed his cheek.

"I tried my best... So Anna please." Dean pouted.

"Alright, alright. Just go somewhere else!" Anna sighed. "I'll forgive you but I dont want to be around you like this. I can clearly see what is going on so go."

He nodded and tried to walk back to Cas's room, but sunk to his knees. "F-f*ck... Cas... Impala." He was about to cum and ruin his pants. Cas wanted to run to the rescue, but didn't wanna be too slow.

"Take it out. It's okay, you did good." He smiled.

Dean nodded and did so, in plain sight of anyone who would've walked by. He turned it off and was panting. They made it back to Cas's room and he laid back on his bed, with a really sore bottom. "Cas? Since you just killed me, can I have a reward?"

"What would you like?"

"A blowjob and I want to be cuddled."

Cas nodded and got Dean's pants off, slowly, but then backed up to turn one of his records on. After a few seconds, the sweet sound of the 'thats the way it is' Elvis Presley album filled the air. Cas hummed to it, while gently taking him into his mouth and sucking softly. Dean moaned more gently and sweetly. He came within a matter of seconds. Cas swallowed it down and then climbed to lay on top of him. And he held him tightly through the rest of the day and the night. Both of them were exhausted.

~•~

The rest of the actual school year was a drag. But that was good. They both knew that the day after graduation, Dean had to leave. He had gotten a full scholarship just for football. Some really amazing
Los Angeles wanted him as their qb. It wasn't an easy decision. Does he go follow his dream? Or stay home? He could always come back home on holidays and stuff... Literally the only reason he didn't want to go, was Cas. Cas yelled at him multiple times though. He always told him how he needed to follow his dreams and he'd always be at home waiting for him.

So they cherished their last few weeks together and the night of graduation. They danced their hearts out like no one was watching. They were so in love that people were jealous. It was the kind of love you see in movies honestly. As the night ended, they curled up in Dean's bed, just talking. They talked and talked for hours on end. Deep into the night. They talked about everything though. Their future... Their feelings... Insecurities and fears. Everything possible. Even Luna joined them. Dean was laying down on his back, with Cas and Luna curled up on his chest. One of his hands was petting the cat, the other was running up and down Cas's back.

"Cas... I don't want to go..." Dean sighed.

"Dean, it'll be okay. You go, live your dream. Call me when you can. Please. And I'll stay here and take care of my kitty and go to college on my own."

"Why can't you come with me, babe? The school I'm going to has a campus and everything. I'm not even really into it. I'm just going so I can hopefully become a pro football player. But seriously... Come with me?"

"I'd love to. But I can't afford that. We'll be fine. We'll have to do with visits until we get it all squared away. I still want a family and a house... And a life with you. No matter what happens. If we don't see each other for months... I still want that. I love you."

"I love you too, my Cas. And I think it would be easier... Easier if we break up..." He whimpered. "I already have my schedule and I can't come home until Christmas. I'm all booked up. Wouldn't it be easier to break up if we aren't together?"

"No." Cas shook his head. "If we can last distance, we can get through anything. Besides, I want you to have the title so no one tries to get with you. I don't want anyone else to touch you. I know that sounds selfish... but you're all mine."

"Okay okay, Cas. We should go to sleep though babe. I have to leave at 7am."

"Okay." Cas kissed Dean's chest where he was and then sat up to kiss his lips. Dean kissed back gently. When he pulled away, he held Cas close to him. He never wanted to let go of this.

"I love you."

"I love you too..."

They slept soundly that night, till Mary woke them up the next morning. She let them cuddle a little longer. She had gotten the car packed up with Dean's stuff, and they were ready to go as soon as the love birds were awake. Dean almost started crying when he opened his eyes and looked at Cas. He grabbed his phone and snapped a picture of him sleeping, and moved it to the folder where he kept all of his pictures of Cas. That folder had well over 300 of him and them him and Dean or the cat.

He put his phone down and kissed his hair. "Hey, Cas? Good morning. We have to go..."

Cas groaned and hugged him tighter. "No." He looked all grumpy and sleepy. It was so adorable.

"Cas, seriously. We are going to be late."
He got up, his hair was a mess. He yawned and started to stand up. Dean jumped up suddenly and picked him up so he wouldn't walk anywhere. And he just held him close to his body.

"Do you mind if I steal some of your clothes and take them with me?"

"You can have all of mine. I want all of yours." Cas said, really seriously, as he hugged Dean's neck so he wouldn't be dropped.

"I want those boxers you're in. And that shirt. And those pants." Dean smiled.

"Let's just outfit swap?"

"Yeah, but I'm not going to actually wear them... Well I'll wear the boxers- but I want something to cuddle when I'm lonely."

Cas started to undress and give everything to Dean with a grin on his face. Cas had half of a closet full that he could come back and steal later though... But for now he grabbed some clothes that he had left there before.

Dean put Cas's clothes in the bag that he'd keep with him on the plane. Of course he had his ring on too. He never took that off. No matter how cheesy it was, it was him and Cas's thing. It was amazing.

At the actual airport, Dean was getting emotional again. His arm was wrapped around Cas as he waited for his plane to be called. His heart was pounding in his chest. Cas was shivering. It was really cold in there. He felt dumb for not wearing a jacket. He only had on a short sleeve shirt. Dean had on a long sleeve and his varsity jacket. He took it off and wrapped it around Cas and then kissed his cheek.

"Thanks Dean." He smiled and gently kissed his neck before he leaned his head on his shoulder.

"Anything for you my love..." Dean blushed.

A few minutes later, the plane was called. Boarding had begun. Dean got up, and sighed. First he went to Sammy. "Hey bro. Keep your nose clean." He ruffled his hair and hugged him. "I'm going to miss you, Sammy."

"I'll miss you too Dean. Just go have fun and don't get hurt."

"I'll try," he sighed and let go to turn to his mom. He hugged her too, gently. She was in tears.

"Oh. Dean. I'm so proud of you, son. I'm going to call you every night. And please, don't be stupid. Take this opportunity. Make your dream come true."

"I will momma. I love you."

"I love you too." Mary smiled.

Dean turned to John next, and really all that was exchanged was a pat on the back and a 'good job.'

When Dean got to Cas, he froze up in front of him. "Oh, there's a lot I could say about my Castiel. I wouldn't have enough time in the universe to say it all. So just hug me now."

Cas smiled and wrapped his arms around him. He sniffled some. "Promise me you won't forget about me?"
"I will never." Dean kissed his lips gently, and then he parted his lips slightly. He savored Cas for that short period of time before he backed up. "I love you."

"I love you too Dean."

Dean nodded and waved to everyone before he started walking away. Dean was just about to get on the plane, when Cas realized; he still had on the boy's jacket.

"Dean!!! Wait!" Cas called, but wasn't sure which direction to direct it to.

Dean turned around suddenly. "Yes, angel?" He yelled across the airport.

"You forgot your jacket!"

"It's yours, Castiel." Dean grinned proudly even though they were getting looks.

"Thank you princess! I'll see you then"

"Yeah, see you then, Cas."

With that, he got on the plane. He went to L.A. to play for the team. But without Cas, he wasn't the same. He was more reckless. He made a few friends but did mostly everything for the soul purpose of football. Despite that it was summer, there was training camp at the college... Along with year round classes. So he figured the more he could get done, the less time it would take before he could go home for good. The summer thing would take off a year or so.

About a month into real school though, Dean started hanging out with new people. he had gotten a roommate too. His name was Mic. They had gone to a few parties, and they were starting to get close. Too close for Dean's liking though. One night, Dean had called Cas. Cas didn't answer for some reason though. He was probably working on stuff for school himself. Cas was in college to be a counselor for kids like him. Depressed or disabled. All he needed was to get a certain degree and he could successfully do that. He was trying his hardest to focus, but when he didn't understand something or needed help with anything, he found himself calling out Dean's name. Calling to show him something he'd done or calling for help. After the words left his mouth though, his heart would get crushed.

Mic thought that since Cas didn't answer a few times that he didn't care anymore and spoke up. "Dean? I don't think you should be with him anymore. All he does is worry you. You can't let him do that. It's going to ruin your future. He's going to drag you down."

"Oh, shut up Mic! Just because he didn't answer doesn't mean anything."

Castiel was too upset to answer, until he called him back the next day. And he broke up with him. He couldn't take all of the strain on his heart. It was too much for him to bare. If he wasn't with Dean it would be easier like they said before. They'd still talk every single night for a while... Until Dean started to get more popular with everyone. He started being the star of a lot more games. Cas only knew that because he would listen to the games. Despite them being broke up, they still told each other that they loved each other. The only thing different was their title. Now it was just best friends.

And just like the last time Dean got invested in football, he shut everyone out. That became his entire life and he didn't care about anything else. He didn't come home for Christmas because he was training.

They were so far apart, all they'd need was one call. One minute of each other's voice and reality would be pulled back. But neither Cas or Dean wanted to call first. They were waiting for the other to call... So it never happened. For a total of four years it never happened.
Cas still wore his ring. He had never seen someone else in that time period either. He now had a seeing eye dog and a place of his own outside of town. His dog, Apollo and Luna got along fine. He was living a perfect little life on his own. He went to work every day and made a steady income. He liked being on his own, but it was lonely. Even as Dean Winchester became a pro football player and not just some college kid, he listened to the games. He listened to the crowds chant 'winchester.' Sometimes he joined in. But the best part was at the end of the games that they won... Dean would do an interview or something. He'd always say that the reason he won was to make his family happy. And Cas still thought of himself as part of Dean's family. He was still close with Sam and Mary... So of course he did.

Dean didn't wear his ring as often. He was too busy with his life in the city and didn't want to lose it. Not a day went by that he didn't think about Cas. Even when girls were hanging all over him almost every single night... Even if he did touch them, he'd moan the wrong name and ended up getting slapped. After so much time, all he could think about was Cas. Castiel. His angel.

Dean had gotten famous and bought a house right outside of the city. It had a beautiful view that overlooked a private beach. The water reminded him of Cas's eyes... It was all too much when he was in the shower. He was washing his hair, with his eyes closed and was just thinking. The radio in his house was on and a song came over the radio. Kansas City by the Beatles. It made him want to go home. He wanted to go home to Kansas. He kept his eyes shut as memories flooded his mind. The most vivid one was that kiss. His first kiss with Cas, so many years ago.

He decided then and there that he was not going to be in the next game. He got the next plane ticket home... He was crying as he made the call to his mom.

"Dean??" Mary almost screamed. The boy didn't call very often. Or answer his phone.

"Hey momma... I'm coming home for a while."

"Really??! Oh good! I'm talking everybody. We're going to have a party."

"No please! Tell everyone, but make sure Cas doesn't find out. I want to surprise him." Dean was grinning, yet crying.

"I'll have to give you his new address. He moved to the edge of town. He lives on his own."

"Oh my god. He can't. He doesn't like to be alone."

"Well get down here. Soon!"

"I'll be down in the morning. I'm taking one tonight that will get me there late. I'll get a hotel and come visit in the morning."

"But tomorrow is Sunday. Honey, me and Garth both have work. Cas does too. Sam has class."

"Cancel it. Now I gotta go. Love you." He hung up without further discussion and packed a bag for a few nights before he drove to the airport in a second car he had bought. His beautiful impala was still back home too... Man he couldn't wait to see her too.

~•~

The next morning, Dean woke up super early and texted his mom. She gave him Cas's new address. Dean set out, walking down the road, hoping no one would recognize him this early. The air even smelled the same it did the last time he was home. He was going to walk to his mom's first and then to Cas, but his whole plan for changed when he saw a man walking with a dog.
The man had on dark glasses. A trenchcoat. He had super dark hair. And even some stubble. His dog had a disability patch on its harness. It was a seeing eye dog. The trencoted man also had a ring on his right hand. Dean looked down, he had a similar one on. His heart almost stopped as he watched him walking to work with the dog guiding him. Cas looked so different... It must've been the way he presented himself. He looked confident on his own. But then again he looked kind of depressing.

Dean suddenly had an idea. He didn't want to blow his cover just yet. His voice had deepened a little since the last time he talked to Cas, so he was wondering if Cas would recognize him. So he stepped up to him suddenly. "Excuse me sir?"

Cas didn't jump. "Hello?" He asked and kept walking. Dean followed though.

"Where are you headed?"

He was actually kind of scared. "I'm- I'm going to work."

Dean of course knew how he acted when he was scared. "Don't be upset. I won't hurt you." He almost chuckled, but that would've given it away. But then he got another idea. "I just wanted to say hi, angel."

Cas stopped. "Who are you and why are you talking to me? I know everyone in this town. Are you new?" His heart was pounding and he wished he could see. He wanted to get closer to smell this 'stranger' since the wind was too strong from him to be able to.

"My name is..." He stopped for a second and reached to grab Cas's hand. "Princess Winchester." Cas felt like he was going to pass out because of how fast his heart was beating and how hard he was breathing. Dean grabbed him and hugged him. "Calm down, Cas."

Cas was trying to speak up. He didn't want Dean to touch him. He had been fine the past 3 years with no connection to him... Yes he missed him greatly and wanted him back so so bad... But he was still kind of mad.

"D-dean..." He whimpered.

"Cas, it's me."

Cas started crying against him and had to take his glasses off. "D-don't leave again," is all he managed to say. They weren't kids in highschool anymore. They were men. Cas's voice was deeper and bone chilling.

Castiel Novak skipped work that day. He didn't have any appointments thankfully. Just office work. And so, he went back with Dean to show off his home. They curled up and talked, Luna jumped up with them like old times. Dean told him stories about being famous. Cas explained what he did for a living. It was almost as if they never broke up. Like they never went 4 years without seeing each other. Cas was too in love with him to care.

They even kissed just like old times. They ended up spending that day in bed, just talking. There was so so much to talk about. The next day they went to Mary's. Cas was more excited than he had been in his whole life... Especially since they were officially together. That night, there was gentle and lingering kisses because they were both fighting to steal the last kiss of the night. It was one of their old games. They even dramatically expressed their 'I love yous' for hours. They were still in love just like old times.

But when time came around, and Dean had to go again... He made the biggest decision of his life.
He transfered teams. He transferred to the Kansas team. And he payed people to go get his stuff from LA and bring it back here. He moved in with Cas too.

It was perfect.
5 years later

"Cas, this is the second time you've made me take us somewhere... You know I don't like surprises!!!!" Dean just whinned but kept driving.

"You'll like it. I hope..." He suddenly felt the nervousness that had settled, explode. He felt like he was going to throw up, and just faced as if he was looking out the window. He couldn't exactly give directions anymore, so he just told him what street to find and then where he was supposed to turn. Dean was confused, Cas had told him to go to their old highschool out by the bleachers. Another romantic picnic. But this question could either make or break everything...

He thumbed over the box in his pocket. He kept thinking to himself on how he was going to pop the question. How he was going to make sure he wasn't making a fool of himself. Would Dean even want this? He felt really sick suddenly and couldn't speak.

Dean noticed the sudden tension in the air. And looked over to Cas. He looked really worked up. "Baby, do you wanna do this another time? You don't look so good. We can have little picnics whenever we want. I honestly love them."

Cas was thankful that kids always started school on a monday. Date didn't matter. Schools would open from summer break that nearest Monday after the designated date. "No, it's our anniversary and I wanted to do something."

Dean's eyes widened and he couldn't even look at Cas. How could he have forgotten? He felt like he was the world's worst boyfriend, sitting right there at that moment. "Is that why we are here? The place we first met?"

"Precisely." Cas smiled as he got comfortable on the ground. They were in the shade under the bleachers, and it was chilly. The only jacket Cas ever really wore was Dean's highschool varsity football jacket. Dean had moved on to playing in college and got another one. He tried to give it to Cas, but Cas only wanted the old one. He put it on and opened the basket, and with the help of Dean's mom, the same exact things were in there from when Dean asked him to prom.

It took Dean a few moments before he realized. "This is the same lunch I packed when I asked you to be my date to the prom."

"Exactly, that was a big question, and now its my turn to ask a big question." Cas smiled brightly

"Oh really, babe?"

"Mhm." Cas rubbed the back of his neck nervously. "So, Dean... There's so much I could say about you but I don't have enough time in the universe." He was copying what he said when he left for LA. "But also... You... You're my everything. We've stayed strong through the ups and downs. We can get through everything together. I believe in that. And I believe you're my soulmate. So maybe, maybe we could get through the rest of our lives together? I can't begin to thank you for everything you've done for me. You're my eyes and I'm so in love with you." Cas got really nervous. Dean was almost in tears. He knew what was coming. "So really, what I'm trying to ask..." Cas started to pull the box out. He fidgeted to open it, hoping he wasn't going to open it upside down. "Will you marry
me, princess?"

Dean tackled him to the ground where they were sitting and kissed him, so lovingly. He felt his heart was about to stop. "Oh yes, Cas. I'll marry you." He smiled and took the ring, and slipped it on his finger.

They ate their food, happily, holding hands. Even on the way home they held hands. Dean literally shouted to tell everyone that Castiel was his fiance. Dean was most definitely going to take Castiel's last name. They got married a few months later. Dean had enough money to easily pay for everything that the both of them wanted there.

Dean and Cas were one. Mr. and Mr. Novak. It was almost unreal for the both of them. The vows were beautiful. The tuxedos were beautiful. The dance was amazing. Both of them were a little rusty on their feet, but it was really fun. That night they made slow love to each other as husbands. Both of them had 2 rings. The ones from highschool on the right and the wedding ones on the left.

They eventually adopted a baby girl. Her name was Charlotte. But she was deaf, just like Cas, she sort of struggled with things. But her and Cas had the strongest bond possible. He loved their perfect baby girl. Dean did too. He kept his life private and separate from his career. He spent most days at home with his husband and little girl. Other's he spent on the road playing.

Cas was easily able to navigate everything. Being blind was no struggle for him anymore. Now he had a home office where kids would come to talk to him and he'd help them through it all. Their life was actually perfect. They didn't really argue, except for the ones about who's butt is better. Or who loves who more... The best part though, was when they were both home and they were able to just snuggle up in their bed with their baby girl and their dog and cat.

Charlotte had fallen asleep, and was snuggled between Dean and Cas. Cas kissed her head and snuggled them both. He leaned over to kiss Dean as well. "I love you, goodnight Dean."

"Goodnight Cas. I love you too."

Cas realized that he might not have sight. Charlotte might not have the ability to hear. Dean wasn't physically disabled, but wasn't very good with reading... But they still had the best things ever. Though they were disabled- they had true love. And thats all that matters. They spent the rest of their lives together. Happy.

Chapter End Notes

Oh my god! It's finished!
Thank you guys so much for reading and I really hope you enjoyed it!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!