Santorum Will Pry My Porn From My Cold Dead Hands

by AlreadyPainfullyGone

Summary

AU President Santorum bans all pornography, and Dean decides to start his very own prohibition racket. Unfortunately, the only person he can find to 'perform' is Castiel.

This is one I started ages ago, but haven't finished. But I'm going to finally end it, and so I'm reposting here, rather than lj.

Features some very brief Dean/OFC and some Castiel/Baldur that's mostly for laughs.

Also, Sam/Gabriel
“Baby, look at me.”

“Don’t call me baby.” Castiel says softly, looking up from the floor.

“Why?” Dean feeds another roll of film into the hungry camera. Its black eye stares down on Castiel, where he’s sitting awkwardly on the cushions and mattress that Dean had placed on the scrap of carpet lining the garage floor.

Castiel looks down to one side, blinking.

“You don’t like it?” Dean snaps the camera back into place. “Ok…well, I can call you whatever you want, whatever…just put your head up.”

Castiel does so, elegant neck arching.

He is however, still biting his lip.

“Stop doing that.” Dean murmurs, “At least not until I tell you.”

“I’m just…very aware that, I’m going to…do things.”

Dean sighs. “You’re not under contract. You can leave.”

“I want to do it.”

“Good, okay…but we’ll go slow, alright? It’s just me here.”

Castiel nods, and looks up.

(-*-)

Dean had stepped into that cafe expecting…what he wasn’t sure. A regulation porn star he supposed, muscles, fake tanned all over (or with some odd white patches) tattoos, and a dick down to his knees.

What he saw, was a medium height dude with messy dark hair, china white skin, and the bluest, widest eyes that Dean had ever seen.

The fact that he was wearing an oversized trench inside, and had a shadow of stubble creeping over his face, didn’t ruin the appeal of him. He was…perfect for what Dean had in mind.

The idea, of course, was suicidal.

Sam had already called him crazy.

“Where the hell are you going to find some girl, willing to take her clothes off for you?” Sam had asked, with his feet up on his coffee table, a football game forgotten on TV, a beer unopened in front of him.

“It’s not exactly hard.”

“Yeah, to get them to sleep with you. This is a little different.” Sam had pointed out. “Naked
pictures, illegal porn…Dean, this could get you in a lot of trouble.”

“Well, porn’s been good to me. About time I give something back.” Dean had smirked.

“Yeah well, when you get arrested, don’t expect me to defend you, those NPB guys are crazy.” Sam had muttered, pouting.

It was true, the National Pornography Ban had a lot of people spooked, they’d shut down every dirty magazine, film company, even the book stores and websites that sold the stuff. A porn blackout that covered the entirety of North America. People were actually taking trips to Europe or Mexico to get porn and bring it home.

But, why smuggle black market porn in – when you could make your own, and ship it all over?

This was the idea that had occurred to Dean about a week and half of porn-less days into the ban, when he started to notice how much he missed it. Not like he really needed it, just like ice-cream doesn’t NEED whipped cream, and sprinkles and, hot fudge– but the experience is better with a little variety, something extra to get your taste buds working.

He’d found someone almost straight away. A model, a guy –for some reason it felt like it should be a guy – after all, it was far less likely to get personal. He was running a black and white print add in a crappy little circular, looking for work. He’d been out of it for a couple of months. Dean had thought it was some ex-porn star covertly looking for work. What he got was a gravelly voiced, angel faced ex-artists model – more used to being wrapped in a sheet on a chilly pedestal than splayed out naked on the floor.

But it was all he had. Like the drafty garage and the crappy video camera and analogue camera that he was working with. One for film, one for pictures.

“Castiel, right?” Dean had said, approaching the guy at the cafe table. When Castiel looked at him, Dean knew he had the right guy, and that he was in luck. There was something about Castiel that screamed ‘quality’ like a porcelain cup in a box of yard sale crap.

“Mr Winchester?”

“Dean.” Dean said, sitting down.

Castiel looked relieved. “I’m afraid I’ve been waiting a while, I was here far too early.”

“Eager.” Dean smiled, looked up as a waitress came over, and ordered a filter coffee.

Castiel fiddled with a brown sugar packet, holding it between his slim fingers, tapping it on the table. Dean smirked.

“You smoke?”

Castiel dropped the packet and smiled a small smile. “I used to. I quit.”

Dean nodded, the piece of information floating away from him as soon as it was acquired, not important. He looked Castiel over again, trying to work out if he’d found the right kind of man, someone who’d be up to what he was suggesting. Castiel gave away no hints, but met his stare as if it were perfectly normal to stare at someone in a cafe, having only known them for a few seconds, and one short phone call.

“So, what kind of work have you done?” Dean asked, finally.
“I was a model, for life drawing seminars at the university.” Castiel told him, one hand cupping the side of his demitasse.

“You realise this is different right?” Dean asks him.

“I was aware it was perhaps…a little on the shady side.”

“I’m shooting…” He mouths the word ‘porn’.

Castiel blinks, but otherwise does not react.

“Wow, I thought you’d have more of a problem with that.” Dean sits back. “Unless you’re going to report me as soon as you leave.”

“Perhaps there’s a better place for us to talk.” Castiel says.

“My place.”

Dean gets up, and Castiel follows.

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And that’s it. That’s how they got here. Castiel sitting on the spare mattress that Dean had dragged out to the garage and covered with a white sheet. There’s another sheet tacked up on the wall, serving as backdrop, and under the mattress is a swatch of dark blue carpet that he’d dug out of a skip. Not exactly the ritziest setting for a porno. But Dean’s seen worse.

“So…yeah, this is where I was thinking we’d do it.”

Castiel glances at him.

“Not we…” Dean stumbles, “I mean, this is where I’ll film you.”

“It’s…hostile.” Castiel observes. “I might have a few things we can use…pillows and such.”

“Great, bring ‘em next time.” Dean taps the camera lightly with one hand. “I’ll be shooting on this first off, get some pictures to my buddy on the underground adult circuit.” Ok, so he’s the guy who used to run Dean’s second favourite porn site. But, there’s no need to tell Castiel that. “Then he’ll decide if he can use your uh…material.”

“Clever.”

Castiel it seems, is a man of few words.

Dean can work with that.

“So, how about you take your shirt off, let me see what we’re working with?”

Castiel’s brow pinches into a frown for about a tenth of a second, then he reaches up and starts to unbutton his shirt. He’s casual, not sexy, clumsy – like he’s undressing for bed in an unfamiliar hotel. He slides the shirt off of his shoulders, folds it in half and lays it on the mattress.

Dean nips at his lip as he adjusts the camera, takes the lens cap off and looks at Castiel through it. He whistles softly. “Gotta say, you’ve got something.”

Castiel cocks his head to one side. “I was just tested. I don’t have anything.”
Dean grins, and Castiel looks at him, knowing there’s a joke here somewhere, and sure that it’s on him.

“Pants off when you’re ready.”

Castiel stands up, loosens his belt and steps carefully out of his pants, folding them and putting them with his shirt. Underneath he’s wearing black boxer briefs. Dean sees him through the black bordered viewfinder. Castiel looks up at him, one soft clump of dark hair falling into his eyes, making his expression switch from unsure to irritated.

“Shall I take these off too?”

Dean nods, forgetting that the camera is right in front of his face. “Yeah, that’d be great.”

Castiel loses the underwear, and Dean looks at him, first through the camera, then with his eyes only. There’s nothing of his preconceived notions about what his porn-star should look like left. But Castiel definitely isn’t in the enormous category. He’s average, maybe a little longer than that. Comparatively Dean would say that they’re about the same size, though he’s thicker than Castiel.

Castiel seems to be thinking along the same lines as he glances down at himself. “Is this, adequate?”

“You’re fine.” Dean assures him quickly. “How are you when…you know?”

Castiel just looks at him.

Dean is forced to say it, “When you’re hard, how big does it get?”

Castiel shrugs. “How would I know?”

He must be the only guy in the world who doesn’t, but Dean believes him. “Ok, well, you’ll just have to…” he waves a hand.

Castiel frowns at him.

“Get hard, and we’ll see.” Dean elaborates, slapping film into the camera and kneeling down so he can take some shots.

Castiel tentatively runs his fingers over his dick. “Do you have to be watching me?”

Dean looks up at him. Their eyes meet, and just for a second, Dean thinks about saying no, that he doesn’t have to be in the room, he can just set the camera for ten second timed shots and go have a cup of coffee.

Instead he says “Yes.”

And Castiel just accepts it.

“Do you have lubricant?”

Dean drags a cardboard box out from under an old desk, in it he’s dumped everything he could find in the house that could be used in porn. Including a bottle of liquid silk.

He rolls it over to Castiel, who uncaps it, and draws a neat line of pearly fluid across his palm. He reaches down and starts to stroke, fist wet and loose.
Dean starts to snap pictures, pushing the button to close the shutter gently, considering Castiel through the lens. He’s most definitely not gay – he’s been watching porn for years and never once has he felt anything for the tanned, muscular guys on film. And if he was going to be attracted to anyone, it would have to be those guys, fit and toned and looking like they spent hours running out on a track under the sun.

Still, Castiel is pretty gorgeous, he has to admit.

After twenty minutes, Dean figures he has enough shots of Castiel jerking off, at least in this position. He peers around the camera and clicks his tongue to get Castiel’s attention. “Hey, wanna move?”

Castiel stops what he’s doing and looks at him.

“Move where?”

“You’re not telling me you do it like that at home, just sitting there?”

Castiel bites his lip, then shakes his head.

“Ok, so do whatever you do at home.”

Castiel pauses for a second, then slides back on the mattress and turns onto his knees, kneeling and resting his weight on one hand, the other going back to his cock, which is a pretty respectable size now that it’s hard. Bigger than Dean’s, he notices with some resentment.

“Guess this means you’re a bottom huh?” He says conversationally.

Castiel hums in the affirmative.

“Doesn’t that hurt?” Dean asks, not really knowing why, as he clicks a few more pictures.

“Sometimes.”

“Then why do you do it?…why not just, be on top?”

“I like it.”

“You like pain?”

Castiel looks up at him, a small, wicked smile playing on his lips. “Sometimes.”

Dean swallows. Takes more pictures. Keeps his fool mouth shut.

After a while he says, “You can come now.”

Castiel rolls his shoulders irritably. “What do you think I’ve been trying to do?”

“I thought you were holding off.”

“I don’t hold off.” Castiel’s face twists with frustration, “I’m just finding it a little difficult to get there.”

“Anything you’re missing?”

“Like?”
“I don’t know, why can’t you come?”

“I keep getting close but…” Castiel licks his lips.

“Can’t quite…shuffle over?”

“It’s the sound of the camera, the way you’re just sitting there…keeps putting me off.”

Dean fishes in his pocket and tosses over his iPod. “Listen to that.”

“Why?”

“Well then you won’t hear the camera.” He smirks, “besides, I find it gives me a pretty good rhythm.”

Dean should not be able to tell that he’s listening to Highway to Hell, but he can. It’s in the arch of Castiel’s back, the soft cant of his hips, the way his hand starts to move, slow and easy, as he thrusts into it, doing most of the work with his whole body. Dean wets his lips, self-conscious in his position as a watcher – he’s not touching Castiel, not really interacting with him, but he still feels involved.

He taps out the remembered rhythm of the song on his thigh, watching Castiel get closer and closer to the peak, breath stuttering, hand slipping up every few seconds to focus on rubbing the squeezing the head of his cock, which looks pinker and pinker with each passing moment.

With a final burst of motion, revving up to the second chorus of the song, Castiel starts to lose it, and, with a thin cry, the head of his dick pops out of his fist, his foreskin drawing back as the angry flesh lets loose a sudden spurt of come.

Dean clicks the shutter, catches images of Castiel’s beautiful body in the motions of orgasm. For his part, Castiel milks it for all it’s worth, not letting up on the head of his cock until he’s a shuddery, sweating wreak.

Castiel shifts back onto his knees and stretches with a sigh, and turns to Dean, his hair falling damply into his eyes, pupils still huge and dark with lust, lips parted in a gasp.

Dean snaps one last picture.

“Was that enough?” Castiel asks.

“For now.” Dean says, and tries to ignore the way his dick had twitched as he’d watched Castiel come. He’s going to get his money, and stick it to the man, without actually…sticking it to a man.
Stop being such a pussy.

Dean’s hand hovers over the mouse.

You can do this. This is fine. It’s research.

Still, he can’t quite bring himself to do it.

How do you even find gay porn?

He jumps into action, trying to surprise himself with it, opening the browser and typing the random words – gay, cock, porn – into Google.

Yahtzee.

That was easy.

He clicks on the first link. He’s not picking out a mail order wife, he just has to see how the hell they make gay porn. What it looks like, and what the guys actually do.

Well, he knows what they do (each other, springs to mind) but there has to be more to it than just the butt thing. Blow jobs obviously, but…other stuff? Like, what did they look at if not boobs? Dean had no idea – hence the need for research.

He clicks the first link on the page, and waits while the little white circle dissolves into pixelated almost-porn.

He clicks pause.

Can’t do it. Just can’t do it.

Man up! For the love of fuck, just watch the video.

But…there’ll be penises –multiple cocks, and not a chick anywhere. What if…

What?…No, seriously, what? You afraid a little gay porn is gonna make you start chasing after dudes?

…well…yeah.

CLICK THE BUTTON AND STOP BEING SO STUPID!

When Dean’s brain shouts at him – he listens. It’s the reason he bought snow tires, the reason he stopped smoking when he was sixteen. And it’s the reason he clicks the start button on his very first gay porn video.

Ten seconds later, he wishes he’d started at the bottom, so to speak. Because, the link he clicked on? Kinda hardcore. Or, maybe it’s not, and all gay porn is like this, he thinks, as he peers at the shadowy background. Maybe it was only straight-guy porn that bothered with the little costumes and the shitty dialogue, with the brightly lit beds and the tanning and waxing.

The video he’s watching is kinda dark, and he can hear bedsprings shrieking in complaint, not
surprising, given that there are two big guys on the bed, and…they’re going at it, not just fucking hard, like Dean’s used to seeing in porn, but, they’re really putting everything into it, the guy on his back is rocking his hips up, frantically jerking his cock with on hand, his other arm slung tightly around the shoulders of the dude on top of him. The guy on top is built like a tank, thick and muscled and with arms that look like really strong thighs. He’s all dark hair and stubble, and his ass is perfectly round.


But the guy on top is big, in every way. The size of the cock that he’s pummelling the other guy with makes Dean wince. That cannot feel good. It’s just can’t. That thing is huge, and it’s right in the guy’s…how could that be a good thing?

But, clearly bottom-guy thinks it is a good thing, judging from the way his face is all creased up and sweating, and the way his feet, where they’re resting on tank-guys ass are all curled up. He sounds like he’s half sobbing, half panting, half moaning (Dean had never been good with fractions) and, after a few more seconds of brutal fucking, his whole body jumps like he’s been electrocuted.

Dean watches in frozen horror/utter fascination as the guy on the bottom jerks himself off frantically, begging the dude on top of him to keep going, even as his body tenses and he lets out some of the most wrecked orgasm sounds Dean has ever heard, even in porn.

Only when bottom-guy yells, and coats his chest in two thick ropes of come, does Dean come back to himself and close the tab.

He feels a little shaky, like he’s downed a bucket of espresso and a dozen ounces of cocaine.

He also doesn’t quite know what to do with his hands.

And he’s very aware of his own dick, (still completely soft– naturally, Dean hadn’t expected anything else) but, throbbing a little, like it knows that porn is nearby.

An IM pops up. Castiel (.com). Dean has a sudden, paranoid idea that Castiel knows exactly what he’s been looking at.

Castiel: Are you busy?
Dean: No. Why?
Castiel: I wanted to ask if you’d taken those pictures to your’guy’ yet?

Dean had actually almost forgotten, the pictures had been by his bed for a week before he’d thought to send them off to Gabriel (of’, ‘Grab yourself something sweet…’). The pictures were good though, Dean had looked through them a couple of (dozen) times just to see if he actually had something worth selling. And Castiel was…extremely photogenic. Not just kind of pale and glowy and pretty, but…he looked a little dark too, something in his eyes, in the whiteness of his teeth. Something…wolfish about him.

Dean: I sent them to Gabriel Garcia two days ago, he called this morning to let me know we should shoot something and get back to him. That ok?

There was a long, long pause.

Castiel: Gabriel?
Dean: Yeah…I’m kinda not supposed to talk about him.

Castiel: Short, blond, inappropriate, drinks like a fish, eats like a shark?

Dean:…how?

Castiel: His given name is Gabriel NOVAK.

Dean cannot believe that he’s just sent naked (oh so explicit) pictures of a perfect stranger to, another perfect stranger, only to find out that those two strangers were family. Chance, fate, whatever, it really liked to shit on him.

Dean:…oops?

Castiel: I am incapable of conveying a sigh via text. But– sigh.

Dean: Like this, *sigh*

Castiel: *FROWN*

Dean: No need to get snippy.

Castiel: My brother has seen photographic evidence of me, mid ejaculation. This is the perfect time for snippyness.

Dean: Point taken.

Castiel: Well…I hardly see how it could get more embarrassing. I haven’t seen Gabriel face to face for five years.

Dean: Long time.

Castiel: Until today I had thought he was a merchant banker.

Dean snorts, Gabriel did not, by any stretch of the imagination, look like a merchant banker. If ever there was someone who embodied every cliché about porn producers and sex aid manufacturers, it was Gabriel. The moustache alone was enough to keep Dean’s back to the wall during every meeting they’d had – all two of them.

Castiel: So, what shall we be filming?

Dean: I don’t really know. I’m trying to work out a few ideas.

Castiel: But you’re not familiar with this kind of pornography– correct?

Dean: Like I said. Working on it.

Even if it is embarrassing to tell some guy that he’s watching his first gay porn, Dean isn’t just going to sit there and be called a clueless amateur. If he’s doing this, he’s doing it right.

Castiel’s dialogue box pops up again, this time with a link.

Castiel: This might be useful.

Dean looks at the link for a long moment before he types,

Dean: Did you just send me porn?
Castiel: Yes.

Dean: Just happened to have that around on your computer?

Castiel: I’m very organised.

Dean huffs a laugh, and clicks the link.

It’s actually not a bad site, once he gets to grips with it. Mostly solitary masturbation videos, with different categories for different kinds.

Dean: Hey, what are you?

Castiel: Confused.

Dean: Haha – I mean, what are you, like, not a bear obviously but…

Castiel: I honestly don’t know.

Dean: Guess we’ll have to work it out.

Castiel: When are we filming?

Dean: Free tomorrow?

Castiel: I’m unemployed, I’m always free.

Dean: Me too. Come over around noon, bring those pillows and stuff you were talking about.

Castiel: Should I bring anything else?

Dean: Like?

Castiel: Props?

Dean blinks at the screen, trying not to work out exactly what that means. He has no idea what kind of ‘props’ guys might use on each other, or themselves. Growing up in a small town, in a pretty sheltered life, means that he classes ‘male pleasure aids’ as his hands – and nothing else. It’s not like he watches that kind of porn. Still, he can’t help being a little curious.

Dean: Like what?

Castiel: I have a few things, such as this.

A download link appears, and Dean clicks on it with the growing sense that this is the weirdest conversation he is ever likely to have.

It’s a picture, presumably from Castiel’s computer, just now taken with a webcam. There’s a blurry background of home office, and a pale blue thing that Dean realises must be Castiel’s t-shirted body. Clasped in the pale hand in front of the camera is the largest dildo Dean has ever seen. His eyes actually water. About twelve inches of clear silicone, at least three inches across.

Dean: Ouch.

Castiel: The good kind of ouch.

Dean really doubts that.
Dean: Maybe leave that for...some other time. Anything smaller– less likely to impale your lungs?

Castiel: Several plugs, a vibrating dildo, slightly smaller than I would deem worthy...

So, probably something smaller than an arm, Dean surmises.

Dean: OK, bring ‘em and we’ll see.

Castiel: I will. Could you please find a way to warm up that dismal garage?

Dean bites his lip, but manages to smile anyway.

Dean: Yes princess.
Chapter 3

Castiel arrives in a button down shirt and black pants, which Dean is starting to suspect is all he owns. In his hands are two boxes, each slightly bigger than a shoebox, and stacked on top of each other.

“Good morning.” Castiel says, though it’s just gone noon.

“Hey Cas,” Dean says, letting him into his house and taking him through to the kitchen, “what’s in the boxes?”

Castiel sets a box down on the kitchen counter while Dean busies himself with the coffee pot. When he turns round, he nearly drops the pot, water and all, onto the floor.

The box is open, displaying a wide array of coloured plastic and silicone, even some polished glass. Thick rubbery shafts, small, sculpted bungs…other things Dean can’t even imagine a use for, and something that looks like a prop from a terrible Scifi movie.

Castiel frowns down at the contents, “Perhaps I should have brought more, but…”

“There’s more?” Dean says incredulously, “do you get out much or…?”

Castiel glares, “I have a varied and large sexual appetite, and my discomfiture with dating and people in general is not about to impinge on that.”

Well, that shut Dean up.

“What’s in the other box then?”

Castiel opens it, looking up at him guilelessly. “Cupcakes.”

Dean eyes the blue cupcakes with interest. They do look damn good.

“I’ll trade you for a Krispy Kreme,” he says, offering his own, slightly dented box of pastries (yes, he’d bought donuts for this meeting with Cas, Dean was always hungry after sex – for all he knew Castiel might be the same.)

Castiel takes a donut, and Dean takes a cupcake, which turns out to be filled with cinnamon apple butter. Castiel bites into the donut, and whipped cream splodges out and falls onto his hand. Castiel frowns and licks it off, his eyebrows almost meeting in concentration.

Dean coughs and then pulls a sheet of paper out from under the donut box. “Anyway, your uh… brother, got back to me with some suggestions.”

“I received a list as well.” Castiel tells him, eyeing the remains of his donut as if deciding how best to attack. “And I have heeded some of them, though, I chose to forgo the…waxing, he suggested. As it seemed painful, and unnecessary.”

Dean winces.

“Besides,” Castiel continues, “I myself have never been opposed to a healthy amount of hair on my lovers, particularly in the scrotal or anal regions. It can be quite erotic.” He lifts the donut and quickly sucks the cream from its centre (reminding Dean of a rimming video he’d much rather forget – seriously, why didn’t people put disclaimers on porn? ‘Not suitable for straight guys who
are just researching porn for black market ventures” or something like that.)

Dean chooses not to comment on scrotal hair, and goes back to the list instead.

“Well, he thinks we need some more creative angles, and...clearly you have toys covered, so that’s
good. And...eventually we might have to get you a partner. And by eventually...I mean soon.” He
looks up, “that ok?”

Castiel looks thoughtful, “Will I have a say in who it is?”

“Dude, obviously, I wouldn’t get you all naked with some guy you didn’t like.” Dean assures him,
“I’ll find a few, get them in for like...an audition, you can sit and talk to them, find someone right
for you.”

Castiel seems satisfied with this.

Dean fills his mouth with delicious, pie-flavoured cupcake.

“So, would you like me to prepare myself now?” Castiel asks, “I brought an enema kit – that is, if
you’re planning on filming me using these,” he gestures to the toys.

Dean swallows his cake with difficulty.

“Please don’t say enema in my kitchen.”

“Douche then.”

“Not better Cas.”

Castiel sighs.

“Why do you need to...” Dean makes a spurting motion with one hand.

“To prevent fecal matter...”

“Never mind,” Dean cuts in, “that’s just...you can just keep that to yourself.”

Castiel sighs, “It is not my fault that you find the particulars of this business so offensive.”

“I know, I’ll...try not to get all girly on you.” Dean says, “the bathroom is yours – please tidy up
and never, ever tell me what you did in there.”

Castiel gets up, collects some reeled up tubing and a plastic bag from the bottom of the ‘toy box’
and leaves the kitchen.

Dean goes down to the garage. He’s tried to make it a little less serial killer and a little more
‘Better Homes and Gardens’ but, his interior design qualifications are dubious at best. He’d taken
Sam to Target, and then on to WallMart, and questioned him on the look and feel of cushions,
throws and various decorations. They’d agreed on soft, buttery suede feel cushions in a range of
deep blue and turquoise, and a few throws in chocolate and beige. Dean had wanted a pillow with
tangly black hair on it, which looked illegally comfortable – but he’d been overruled as Sam had
said, blushing fiercy that it would ‘stain really easily’.

Castiel came down the bare concrete steps, his feet unclothed, his legs likewise, all the way up
to...
“Hey, that’s my robe!” Dean says indignantly.

“I don’t have one here.” Castiel says.

He’s bundled up in the green terrycloth robe, looking all together too comfortable.

Dean glares. “Keep it, I’ll buy a new one.”

Castiel looks pleased.

He sits down on the ‘performance area’ and looks around him at the new pillows and blankets. “This is very nice.”

Dean actually feels proud. “I got you this too,” he says, flicking the switch on a small space heater, and feeling warm air rush into the room.

Castiel hums appreciatively. “So,” he asks, “how do you want me?”

Dean frowns at the arrangement of pillows, “over there I guess…maybe…like, face down with a…” he makes a gesture.

“I have no idea what you’re saying.” Castiel says.

Dean shakes his head, embarrassment taking over. “Don’t make me say it.”

Castiel looks thoughtful. “Show me.”

“What?”

“Pose me. I’m used to being posed for the modelling…pose me.”

Dean takes an uncertain step forwards, away from the safety of the camera. With the heater on, he’s too hot, even in his jeans and thin t-shirt.

“Ok…uh…get on your hands and knees I guess.”

Castiel sits up, then frowns. “With the robe or…without?”

Dean shifts his weight from foot to foot. Why was this so awkward? He’d seen naked guys before – he’d never really looked, but he’d seen, at the gym, on the beach, hell, college had been loco with drunk idiots who seemed to have an on-again-off-again relationship with their pants. But this still felt weird.

“With.”

He goes over to Castiel and rearranges some pillows before pushing him a little, his hand in the dip of Castiel’s spine, to make him bow his back a little. Then he takes one of Castiel’s hands (limp and trusting in his) and brings it back, between his legs.

“I saw…I mean, when I was looking into this…it might be a good shot if we get you, you know…playing with yourself a little, with your fingers, to get a good look on camera.”

“Ok,” Castiel says quietly.

Dean placed his hands on the tops of Castiel’s thighs, feeling nothing but the softness of the cloth. He widens Castiel’s stance.
“Great,” he mutters, moving away and looking into the cardboard box of toys. “Which…uh…would be best for you…?”

Castiel looks back at him, “something…big.”

Dean looks down at the various things, all of which look big to him, at least in terms of stuff to put up your ass.

“Little stuck here Cas,”

“The blue one.”

Dean plucks it up gingerly – a five inch long blue dildo that kind of flops as he picks it up, being made of jelly stuff. It’s about as thick as what he’d consider to be an average dick (a little smaller than his own) and thankfully it’s spotlessly clean.

He puts in down next to Castiel’s knee, and watches as the other guy picks it up, familiar with the weight and movement of it.

“I’m ready.” Castiel tells him.

“OK,” Dean goes to sit behind the camera, turns off the overhead lights, leaving only the small lamps around the room to add glow to Castiel’s skin.

Castiel slides the robe off and tosses it to one side. Then he’s totally naked, and when he bends back over, Dean notices a slight shininess to the crease of his ass. Lube, and lots of it folks.

He turns the camera on.

“You’re good to go.”

He tries not to watch, because…this isn’t really a show for him, Cas isn’t a hot chick, and he’s not doing anything that Dean would fork over credit card details to see. Still, he finds that he can’t quite examine the cracked plaster of the walls when Castiel is using his elegant fingers to toy with his own slick and well prepared ass, his breathing hitching with every touch.

As Dean is starting to work out, a hole is a hole, and a body is a body – certain things are just hard to look away from.

When Castiel picks up the blue dildo, squeezing it gently before reaching around and rubbing the smooth, bulbous head against himself, whimpering at the gentle touch, the promise of more to come, of being filled…Dean can’t stop staring.

As it slides into Castiel’s prepared body, Dean isn’t aware that his hips have twitched up from his seat, he’s not present in himself anymore – he’s living entirely through his eyes.

Castiel fucks himself effortlessly, not that he isn’t putting a lot of physical exertion, but it doesn’t look like a chore, or a performance. He’s lost in himself, in the needs of his body, and he doesn’t even seem to register the camera, or Dean for that matter.

Gradually, he becomes more vocal, his breathy sighs and whimpers becoming tight little groans, and frustrated grunts. His hips rock back, he twists the jelly shaft, thrusting long and deep, then quick and shallow. Still it doesn’t seem to be enough. Dean knows that feeling all too well, when you’re quite capable of getting yourself off but…the feel of a body clutching you, of hands on your sweating skin and muscles gripping you, and lips and breath…without all that, the act is harder to
Castiel surprises him when he rolls over, arranging himself in a half sitting, half squatting position, the base of the fake cock pressed against the mattress beneath him, so he can lift himself and push down on it.

Dean realises that one of his hands has slipped from the camera, and has made its way from his knee to the inside of his thigh, creeping closer and closer to his crotch. He returns it to the tripod quickly, jolting the camera a little.

He clears his throat. “Nearly…uh…there?”

Castiel rolls his head back and lets out a sound of pure frustration, followed by a word. One word that makes Dean swallow unconsciously and wet his top lip.

“More.”

Castiel arches, one hand stroking his cock, the other supporting him as he rides the slippery blue dildo. Again he says, louder this time – “More…” moving faster, harder, but unable to reach the high point he’s chasing.

Dean has no idea what he’s meant to do.

Castiel mews desperately, falling forwards onto his front, fucking backwards onto where the dildo is pressed against a cushion, one hand working furiously under him as the other closes into a fist on the bare concrete at the end of the mattress. His whole body undulates, his eyes flutter closed and he rests his head on his extended forearm, sweaty hair clinging to his pale skin in black, silken strands.

“I can’t…” he bites his lip and shakes his head, opening his eyes to look pleadingly up from the floor, “please.” He asks, and Dean has no idea what he’s asking for, only that Castiel is desperate, and on the edge, and shaking with need.

And that his own palms are sweating.

Dean kneels down beside the camera, using one hand to keep it trained on Castiel. With the other, he reaches out, and cups Cas’s face, thumb pressing against his lips.

Castiel closes his eyes and whimpers, rolling over onto his back easily, limp and pliant, exposing the fist that’s still working his flushed cock, and the rubber shaft that’s buried in him to the hilt.

Dean reaches his hand down, leaning over Castiel, brushing his fingers over the other man’s skin clumsily, not sure what the hell he’s doing, or why.

Castiel leans up and, thanks to Dean’s position over him, is able to press his face, and his panting mouth, to the slip of skin exposed by Dean’s t-shirt as he stretches.

His body jerks, and he’s coming as Dean pulls away from him, startled.

By the time Castiel has pumped the last of his release out over his stomach, Dean is safely tucked away behind the camera, with the burning brush of Castiel’s mouth still evident on his stomach.

Castiel lies, supine and senseless on the makeshift bed, and Dean gets up, reluctantly picking up the discarded robe to cover the other man with. He’s a little freaked out by the part he played in those last seconds of crisis, and he pads up to the kitchen to collect himself.
He did not sign on for gay guys – let alone gay guys who touched him like that right before they came all over themselves. Some firm ground rules were definitely needed.

Still, when he was done worrying and picking restlessly at his shirt front in the kitchen, he made himself and Castiel a cup of coffee, and took them down into the basement, where Castiel was sound asleep.

Dean put the cup down next to the sleeping man, and nudged him.

Castiel blinked awake and looked up at him, tousled and bewildered.

“Coffee for you, Miss Anderson.”

“Who?” Castiel asked, throat scratchy from moaning.

“Pamela…know what? Never mind. Drink your coffee.”

Castiel obediently picked up the cup, then frowned, reached beneath the robe that covered him, and winced as he removed the blue dildo from himself, dropping it onto the bed beside him.

“Classy,” Dean said.

Castiel looked up at him, “You didn’t hire me to be classy.” He reminded him.

And Dean had to agree he had a point.
Finding a partner for Castiel was hard.

For starters, it was wholly illegal, which wasn’t something that would ever stop Dean doing anything (he’d been bootlegging and smuggling since he was old enough to get a fake ID) but it made the otherwise opportunistic incredibly wary.

Secondly, of those that Dean managed to find, with careful forays into craigslist and sifting through the personal ads in the stranger circulars, most of them were unsuitable.

They were unsuitable for a great many reasons. Some were too old, some too ugly, some were ok to look at, but on meeting them Dean had discovered BO, halitosis or weird nose hair that he hadn’t wanted Castiel to get stuck with.

Then there were the creeps.

Dean met and interviewed a large selection of weirdos, from the far too keen (and therefore possibly spies) to the former professionals (who seemed to want to push him out of his own new niche) to the guy who’d sat down opposite him in Starbucks, and without preamble said ‘You’d look really great in handcuffs’.

Dean was stumped.

Castiel, it transpired, had a list of ex-lovers, but he’d told Dean that they were most emphatically ‘EX’ and he would not like to bother them. Dean didn’t pry, relationship debris was piled up high on the Winchester highway, and while some of it belonged to Sam, the bigger part was his mess.

Reluctantly, Dean turned to Gabriel for help, and sent him a short, coded message that read as follows,

“Still working on that recipe for two. Got anything that’ll go with pigeon?”

To which Gabriel replied, (annoyingly without the code) – “If you’re looking for someone to fuck my brother, why not just say so? He’ll be round at two.”

This is how Dean meets Baldur.

His first impression is this – Baldur is boring.

He’s average height with an average face and average features. Dark hair, square jaw, dark eyes, square shoulders. He’s square all over, like he’s made of building blocks, and he moves like it too. Like an automaton. Dean interviews him and finds nothing objectionable, save for the fact that he kind of doesn’t like the guy (who likes golf for fucks sake?).

Dean introduces him to Cas the next weekend, and the three of them have coffee at Dean’s place. The only thing Castiel asks is, “how often do you clean your ears?” to which Baldur replies, “every Sunday.”

Hard to tell if he’s joking or not, but Castiel seems satisfied.

“So,” says Castiel as they’re coming to the end of their drinks, and conversation, such as it was, has run dry. “shall we film something?”
Dean is taken aback. Ok, so he’d filmed Cas pretty much straight away, but, that was different. They hadn’t known each other very long, but there had been a trust there that Baldur just didn’t inspire.

Still, if Cas wanted to, who was Dean to object?

“Sure,” said Baldur, and they all went down to the garage. Baldur pronounces the place ‘decent’ and the cushions ‘nice’.

Dean hates him more after that. Though he isn’t sure why. He’s also very aware that his only role here is to provide soft furnishings for Baldur and Cas to fuck on, and then film the event itself. Which bothers him probably more than it should. This is only his plan after all – they’re the ones who’re actually doing the dirty work, so why should he care?

They discuss what’s going to happen in mutters, and then Castiel turns to Dean to fill him in on the particulars. “He’s going to top. Strictly missionary to start. Alright?”

Dean just nods and fiddles with the lens cap on the camera.

Castiel goes off to prep and Dean makes no attempt to talk to Baldur, they’re here to work, not make small talk. What the hell was Gabriel thinking sending him here anyway? A glass of water had more sex appeal.

When Castiel comes back, in the green robe he’d appropriated last time, Dean feels a flash of protectiveness, but lets it go. Castiel is an adult, and it seems he’s perfectly ok with sleeping with Baldur. Castiel takes the robe off and lies down with his head closest to Dean, effectively looking up at the camera. Baldur strips, takes a condom from the bowl of them (thoughtfully supplied by Dean, not that anyone gives a crap) slips it on and lies over Cas.

Dean turns the camera on, gives them the go ahead, and then tries to go to his happy place – far, far from the sight of two guys having sex at his feet. He thinks about re-painting his living room, that he should really call Sam back and arrange to have a drink or something, that he might actually have to take his brother’s offer of a set up sometime soon seriously, as he hasn’t been on a date in forever (hook-ups included).

He comes back to himself when an irritated hand pulls at the leg of his jeans.

Dean looks down and finds Castiel glaring up at him, his features drawn into a frown. Baldur is still fucking away, oblivious, sweat shining on his back, but Castiel winces, and then mouths, This is starting to chafe.

Dean barely suppresses a snort of laughter.

What do you want me to do about it? he mouths back.

Make him stop. Castiel grimaces, and seems completely unmoved by Baldur’s efforts.

Dean raises his eyebrows.

Castiel glares more emphatically. Dean, I cannot, fake an orgasm.

Good point.

Dean sits helplessly for a few more seconds, long enough for Baldur to grunt in pleasure, and for Castiel to wince again at his inept probing, before he clears his throat and says, “Uh…cut?”
Baldur looks up, stops whatever he’s doing, and slides off of Cas (Dean did not need to see that – ever).

“Something wrong?” Baldur asks, completely ignorant of the fact that he’s about as gifted as a wet cloth.

“No,” Dean says quickly, “but…how about we talk upstairs, huh?”

(-*-)

He gives Baldur the standard speech, one he’s got off-pat now from all the failed interviews. It’s not you, it’s the project– not compatible with our current demographic – I’ll call if things change.

What he’s really thinking is that Baldur is a crappy lay –and this makes him happier than making a stack of money off of him.

For reasons that he doesn’t want to analyse.

Anyway, once Baldur has gone on his way (looking resigned but not mutinous) Dean goes back downstairs to find that Castiel is once more bundled in the robe, sitting in the seat behind the camera, and watching the awful spectacle in full.

“That really was, the worst sex I have ever had.” Castiel says without looking up. “I’ve had doctors examinations that brought me more warmth and pleasure.”

Dean can’t help laughing.

Castiel looks up at him, worried, “You aren’t going to give up, are you? Just because we haven’t found anyone?”

“Of course not.” Dean tells him, turning off the space heater and clicking the lens cap back on the camera, “It’d be lame to fall at the first hurdle, and besides – I wouldn’t want to let you down,” he quips.

Castiel stands up, and they go back upstairs where he can get changed, and Dean can make more coffee and dig out a box of ‘freshly made’ cookies that he’d bought a week ago.

“I’ll have to call your brother, see if he knows someone who doesn’t have a massive stick up their ass.” Dean says, while Castiel nibbles his cookie.

“A massive stick would surely be an asset.” Castiel says, and Dean nearly chokes on his coffee at the unexpected joke.

(-*-)

As it turns out, Gabriel does have an idea.

It’s just a very bad one.

“No. No. A thousand times NO.” Dean says firmly into the phone.

“Oh come on,” Gabriel sighs, “getting a blowjob from a guy doesn’t make you gay. It makes you lucky. You should see this as an honour and a privilege.”

“I don’t.”
“Well then, see it as taking one for the team.”

“But it’s not my team!”

“Team Money is everyone’s team.” Gabriel reminds him, “and you’ll be taking a stand for the freedom of Americans everywhere– their freedom to whack off is at stake – are you going to let them down just because you’re afraid my brothers case of ‘the gay’ will somehow travel through his saliva and up your-“

“Enough!” Dean shouts, “ok, ok, I’ll think about it, but you have to find someone else. Soon.”

“I’m interviewing as we speak.”

“Do I want to know what that means?”

“No, but if you don’t want to find out…I’d suggest…hanging up…now.”

Dean slams the phone back into its cradle.

He picks it up again immediately to call Castiel.

“Your brother is a terrible human being,” he says, instead of ‘hello’.

“Yes, he is,” Castiel says, “I assume he told you that you should partner me?”

“You mean you knew?” Dean’s voice jumps up several octaves.

“No. But it seems a reasonable conclusion to draw. Given that it’s a logical suggestion, and you sound incredibly insulted.”

Dean realises that he might be offending Castiel, and he rubs a hand over his face. “I don’t mean… look, it’s nothing to do with you, it’s just…all guys, ok? All guys, and their lips, and my dick – I have an embargo on guys and my junk.”

“That seems fair,” says Castiel blankly, and that’s about the time that Dean realises what a jerk he’s being. No, I won’t accept your free blow job, because I’m a man, with a manly reputation to defend. Ass.

“S’ok Cas…we’ll work it out. And hey, I trust you – you know what you’re doing.”

“I have had a lot of practice,” Castiel admits, and Dean feels the back of his neck burn. He does not want to think of Cas practicing.

“I’ll…get back to you,” he says awkwardly.

“Then I’ll be waiting for your call.”

Castiel hangs up, and Dean feels distinctly snubbed.

He calls Sam.

“Is it gay of me to get a blow job from a dude, even if I don’t even see his dick?”

There’s a long pause…

“Uh…hello Dean?”
“Yeah, Hi Sam.”

“I’ll just go ahead and take you off speaker phone and get out of my meeting with the senior partners.”

Dean slams the phone down, and, as an afterthought, dumps it into a drawer and shuts it in.

He’s going to have to hibernate until Sam forgets about this.

The phone starts to ring, and Dean leaves the room.

Then his cell buzzes, and he realises that he won’t be able to escape Sam. (also, he has to eat like every hour, so hibernation is out of the question).

“Dean? I was joking.” Sam says when he finally picks up, “I wasn’t even at work, I was meeting a potential client, I’d just finished him…finished lunch with…anyway, what do you want?”

Dean raises an eyebrow, Sam’s flustered, interesting.

“Doesn’t matter.”

“Well, yeah it does, you called me and sounded…insane.” Sam says, “but no, having a guy do sex stuff to you doesn’t make you gay.”

“Really?” Dean needs to be fully convinced of this.

“Not unless you like it – the fact that he’s a guy I mean, not the…stuff…”

This is actually quite comforting. It’s a distinction that Dean thinks he can work with.

“Cool…I’m gonna hang up now, ok?”

“Sure.”

“And this never happened?”

“I don’t even know who you are, you must have the wrong number.”

“You’re a good brother.”

“No comprende anglaise.”

Dean hangs up and celebrates his re-secured heterosexuality with a beer.
“Dean?”

“What?”

Castiel leans back and sighs. “I’ve been down here for twenty minutes, and you’re still not-“

Dean interrupts him with a frustrated sigh.

“I’m developing lockjaw.” Castiel says snippily.

“You’d think that’d shut you up.”

Castiel pinches the top of Dean’s thigh, which, other than his groin, is the only part of him exposed to Castiel’s gaze. Dean’s otherwise still fully clothed, while Castiel is naked on the mattress in front of his chair.

They’ve been doing this for exactly twenty three and a half minutes (Dean knows, because he’s been watching the seconds tick by on the wall clock). The alternative was watching Castiel try to coax some life into his stubbornly limp dick, and that was just not going to happen.

Dean had approached this shoot as a professional. So he was going to get a blow job from a dude? No problem. It was just a question of friction and pressure – nothing he couldn’t get from his own hand or a wash cloth – getting it from a guy wasn’t going to be so weird. He could just close his eyes and pretend it was someone else between his legs.

Only, apparently his penis was really hard to deceive.

Castiel sighed again.

“Will you stop doing that?” Dean said, “you’re putting me off.”

“Try and concoct a fantasy,” Castiel suggested, as if Dean needed education in this particular area, “think of…women, breasts…” Castiel frowned, “vaginas?”

“Annnnd you are so clearly gay,” Dean muttered, “I’m thinking, OK? Just, get back to it.”

Castiel glowered, “yes sir,” he said sarcastically, and leant forwards, mouth going back to work.

Dean spread his legs a little and shut his eyes, humming to himself in an attempt to zone out (and block out the sounds Castiel was making, the light wet noises and soft, half swallowed whimpers). Fantasies, fantasies…

Seriously? Now his brain was blank.

Dean groped around his mind for even a sliver of erotic material. Nothing. Not one single image of a naked woman to be found.

Castiel gave up after five more minutes.

“Maybe we could try,” he began.
“No.” Dean said.

“You haven’t heard what I was going to suggest.”

“It was going to involve my butt.”

Castiel frowned. “No it wasn’t, why would you think that.”

Dean flushed, “because…you know, there’s the whole…that thing, that makes it really easy to…”

“Do you mean, ‘that’s where my prostate is located’?”

Dean was even more uncomfortable now that he’d been with Castiel’s mouth actually on his dick.

“I wasn’t planning on penetrating you at all,” Castiel continued.

“Well good,” Dean said, as his brain asked why are you still talking? “I don’t have anything up there anyway.”

“Like?” Castiel asked.

“As in…you know. I don’t have it. One of those…things.”

Oh dear sweet fucking GOD, shut your mouth you idiot!

Castiel actually looked amused. “While that isn’t impossible, I highly doubt it.”

“Dude, I’d know, OK? I’ve had…moments. Bored…explorative…”

Dean, if you don’t shut up I am going to come down there and throttle your tongue personally, his brain warned.

When his brain started referring to him by name, Dean took it as a sign to snap his trap shut.

But it was too late, the damage was done.

“Dean, I don’t wish to offend you, but it is unlikely that, on the few attempts you have made at engaging in anal stimulation, you have accrued the skill and practice to locate your prostate, let alone make proper use of it.”

Dean was torn between embarrassment, incredulity, anger and amusement.

“I can lend you an informative book on the subject,” Castiel offered.

“I’m good for butt literature, thanks.”

Oh, real mature. Be mean to the guy.

Why are you taking his side?

Because he’s smarter than us, and he’s probably had a ton of experience with butts.

Don’t picture it, Don’t picture it, Don’t picture it…

Too late, here’s a watercolour.
Castiel was looking at him with concern on his face. “Are you alright?”

Dean blinked, banishing the image from his brain. “I’m fine…what were you going to suggest then?”

Castiel looked more self-assured, and stood up (Dean tried to ignore the fact that he was naked – and hard, but his brain hammered that image home too). “wait a moment.”

He went to look in his box of toys, and Dean felt a creeping dread, and a creeping chill.

His concerns were not alleviated when Castiel returned with a silk stocking in one hand.

“I am not putting that on.”

“It’s not for you to wear.”

“You are not putting that on.”

Castiel rolled the stocking up, leaned over and said two words that made all the chill disappear from Dean’s skin in the wake of flushing fire that followed,

“Trust me.”

Dean leant back against the chair at the touch of Castiel’s hand to his chest, and let out a breath as the doubled over stocking was slipped over his dick.

“I actually learnt this from a magazine,” Castiel was saying, as he stroked a slippery fist over the two layers of silk, which in turn stroked over Dean’s lube covered cock. “I’ve done it a few times, it’s…stimulating.”

Dean honestly didn’t hear any more. Fact was, as weird a technique Castiel was using, god help him, it was working. The brush of silk on silk on silky skin was addictive, and he pushed up into it, eager to feel more of it on him. It took barely two minutes for him to get hard and impatient, biting his lips to keep from voicing what Castiel’s touch was doing to him. He almost leapt out of his skin when Castiel first licked, and then sucked one of his balls, stroking him with his stockinged fist all the while. As his mouth worked Dean over, sucking and tugging at his sack, licking lower, kissing the insides of his thighs and letting out soft, hot breaths on his twitching, over stimulated skin, Dean lost track of time – hell, he lost track of his name. It was good, strike that, it was the greatest thing that had ever happened to his crotch – ever.

Castiel uncurled his fist, slipping his mouth over Dean’s erection with no pause whatsoever. Dean couldn’t keep himself under control, his hips jerked up, one hand catching at Castiel’s hair, his throat strangling an expletive to death.

Castiel was good at this, Dean realised in a broken-thoughted kind of way. The way he could take the violent thrusts into his throat, then pull back and place kittenish licks to the head of Dean’s cock, hitting all the right spots and doing so with no apparent effort, and small hitching moans of pleasure, was nothing short of artistic.

Dean could feel his skin getting hotter and hotter, sweat prickling on the back of his neck, his toes scrunching on the concrete floor. He was going to come, but it felt like it took an age to build. A slow cresting wave that had him shaking and tugging his damp fingers through Castiel’s hair as he approached his release, second, by agonising second, enjoying and enduring each rise in his
pleasure, until he broke, tense muscles like bowstrings as he threw himself against the chair, arched up, and swore at the dim ceiling.

“Cas? Fuck, Cas…I’m…I’m gonna-“

Castiel slid him into his throat, one hand tracing silk covered fingers in the no-go area that was Dean’s ass,

And he came like a…well, like a pornstar.

His body was tense, trembling, and his orgasm seemed to last whole minutes, as if he had years worth of come to expel. When he finally slumped back in his seat, head tipped over the back of the chair, throat working as he tried to catch his breath and moisten his dry mouth, his body was still humming.

And through it all, Castiel kept on at him, licking gently, smoothly sucking him down and releasing his softening dick with a wet pop – over and over, until Dean couldn’t think whether he wanted it to stop, or never end. Castiel rubbed a stubbled cheek against his cock, kissing the inside of his thigh. Dean’s breath hitched, and he felt his stomach muscles twitch. An embarrassingly soft whimper escaped him, and Castiel sat back on his heels, apparently satisfied that he had sucked Dean’s brain out through his urethra.

Dean was aware only that his legs were being parted a little more, that Castiel’s warm, naked weight against his inner thigh felt oddly innocent, and didn’t provoke the usual discomfort that naked, male skin always did when it was around him. He was still fading in and out of attentiveness, but jumped a little when Castiel bit the inside of his thigh, Dean looked down, realised that Castiel was stripping his cock with one hand while nuzzling his naked skin, and quickly stopped paying attention. He felt awesome, practically stoned on the aftermath of his orgasm. It was hard to give an iota of a shit that another dude was currently jerking off at his feet, looking up at him like he was some kind of sex God.

Hell, it was actually a pretty cool feeling.

When Castiel buried his face in the smooth flesh of Dean’s thigh and shot his load over his own hand, and part of Dean’s ankle, Dean surprised himself by not flinching. Instead, he just sat, boneless in his chair, feeling Castiel’s breathing slowly return to normal as he rested against his leg.

They stayed like that until the camera bleeped (reminding them that the 4 hour battery capacity was expiring) and only then did Dean stand up, legs still shaky, to go and turn it off. Castiel stirred himself, put his (Dean’s) robe on, and sleepily hugged himself.

“Coffee?” he asked.

Dean clasped his belt shut and nodded.

Later, once Castiel had sipped his coffee, nursed his sore throat and left for the day, Dean collected the camera and watched their footage over again.

They had made possibly the world’s first four hour fellatio video. Only about an hour of it was actually sex (and half of that was Castiel patiently trying to get him aroused) the rest was just the two of them, sitting. At one point Dean’s hand had slipped down to stroke Castiel’s hair, his face and neck.

Dean doesn’t remember doing it, but there it is, on camera. With Castiel leaning up to suck the tips
of his fingers sleepily.

He sends the video to Gabriel without editing it, along with a note – Cut what you want, but this is what we’ve got.

Ten seconds later he gets an email back – Love it, on the site now.

Dean navigated to Gabriel’s pirate porn sight (the address of which changed almost daily) and found the entire four hour video posted under the title ‘Straight guy sucked by corrupt, angel faced fag’.

Gabriel had a way with words – and that way was incredibly sleazy. Still, Dean couldn’t see how their video would be a match for the short, sharp, filthy things that filled the rest of the site.

He changed his mind when he woke up the next morning, and saw that it had 250,000 hits.
Chapter 6

Dean looked at the hit counter in disbelief.

Nope, still 250,000.

He refreshed the page.

256,000.

Oh God.

Click.

261,000.

Click.

269,000.

Click.

Click.

Click.

297,000.

Were people in frigging Russia watching it? Fuck, had it…what was the word? What Sam was always spouting about – gone viral?

He brought up the chat box and messaged Gabriel as fast as he could. He had to get the video taken down, this was more than just a few paying gay guys – someone he knew might see it, and the statistical likelihood of that happening was growing every second.

Gabriel’s icon, a candycane penis, flashes up with the message – In ENGLISH if you please, slugger.

Dean re-reads his own message – Gabriel somehtings real;;y bad had hap[p[end!

Right, maybe he should slow down a little.

Gabriel, take the video DOWN, the hits are up to 290 thousand!

Check again stud.

Dean checked. 317,000. Fuck.

Fuck!

Yes you are. (Once that lengthy bit of performance anxiety was done with. How embarrassing.)

Shut it.

Touchy. Speaking of, I owe you the first lot of ‘royalties’.
Seriously?

321,000 downloads and counting, son.

Ew. ‘son’?

Yeah…that was inappropriate. ‘specially as you’re doing my brother. All very ancient greek really.

Royalties…?

Yup. 50 cents from each download.

And how much do you make?

…it is neither here nor there. I’ll cut you a check, put it through your paypal. Anyway, must dash, I have other movies to procure. Send me your next one when you get a prescription for ze petit pills blu, Qui?

Dean thundered at the keyboard, but by the time he’d marshalled his expletives, Gabriel had signed off.

He realised that he hadn’t managed to get him to take the video down.

Dean stared at the computer. He could still feel fear stirring in his gut, but on top of that was a kind of pride, even excitement. People were downloading the video, and they were already making money. 50 cents times (he checked the webpage) 334,000 – that was…

One hundred and sixty seven thousand dollars.

Dean sits back and marvels at the sum. Ok, so only half is his, the rest is Castiel’s, but still, it’s nothing to sniff at. It’s a freaking huge amount of money.

He could get a new tape deck in his car. (Sam would argue for a CD player, or an MP3 hook up – but Sam has no soul).

He could get his pipes winterised (whatever that means).

He could buy actual food for his cupboards instead of stealing from Sam.

Well, obviously he’d still do that, big brother’s privilege and everything – and it pissed Sam off, which was mostly the point anyway.

Gradually, he calmed down. No one he knew was going to go looking for illegal gay porn on the internet. He was safe, he was loaded, and everything was working out just fine. He’d been worried about nothing.

He picks up the phone and calls Cas.

“You will not believe how many hits we’ve got.”

“…and good morning to you.”

Dean rolls his eyes. “Morning Cas.”

“Good morning Dean.”
He smiles to himself and checks the page again. “You know yesterday’s session has made you over fifty thousand dollars?”

He hears something smash, and Castiel curses quietly.

“You drop your coffee?”

“Fifty thousand?”

“More than that, and it’s going up every second. Clearly people like something about it.”

“That’s not hard to imagine.”

Something about it isn’t arrogance, or self belief. There’s a compliment in there that Castiel is aiming at him, and Dean swallows, feeling warm and pleased.

“Yeah well…you were pretty great.”

“Nice to hear.”

“C’mon, like no one ever told you that you give a freaking mythical blow job before?”

The silence on the line indicates that no, no one ever has.

“Well, you probably blew their brains out – literally, because yesterday was…amazing.”

“Thank you.” Castiel does seem genuinely pleased, and that makes Dean grin stupidly at his computer screen before he remembers that he’s not Castiel’s buddy, or his boyfriend, and it’s not really his place to make the guy feel good about his blow job giving abilities.

Still, it would be mean, not to mention ungrateful, not to say anything.

“So what’re you going to do with your money?” Dean asks.

“Buy a new coffee mug.”

“After that.”

“I don’t know,” Castiel says, like Dean is mad. “It’s fifty thousand dollars. What do I even do with fifty thousand dollars?”

“Anything.” Dean says, because that is kind of the point of having money. “Buy yourself a really expensive dildo…or like, a gold coffee mug…covered in diamonds.”

There’s a pause. “I suppose I could use some new socks too.”

Dean laughs to himself. Castiel waits for him to be quiet and then says, “What are we filming next?”

“Hadn’t really thought about it.” Dean says, “I gave Gabriel everything we already had so he could build us a profile on his website. I guess we’ll have to think of something soon, since everyone’s so into it.”

“I’ll think of something.” Castiel said, “Don’t worry, it won’t involve your butt.”

“…thanks.” Dean says, embarrassed, “listen, about that stuff I said, I was just…frustrated and…”
embarrassed."

"Understandably so."

"Yeah – but, don’t take me seriously when I’m being a dick, Ok?"

"I won’t."

"Cool." Dean felt a little better about yesterday now that he knew Castiel wasn’t going to hold it against him.

"I have to go buy you something off Amazon now," says Castiel, and hangs up, without saying goodbye.

Dean’s a little worried.

He’s even more worried the next day, when a package arrives with the morning mail, bearing the Amazon logo and an Amazon prime sticker (figures Castiel would have all that next day delivery bullshit) Dean goes into his tiny kitchen and opens the package with a knife. A book slithers out onto the kitchen counter.

“A beginners guide to anal intercourse.” Dean reads, knowing that only bad things can come from this.

He picks up his phone and speed-dials number three (the first two being Sam and Sam’s cell).

“Nice present Cas.”

“I can write it off as a business expense.” Castiel says, which is probably his idea of a joke.

“Great. Well, I hope you’re planning on buying me dinner before doing anything in chapter two.”

“You haven’t read that far yet.”

“Oh no? Who’s saying I haven’t?”

“Chapter two is ‘So, you’re ready to rim?’.”

“Gross.”

“I would advise against judging until you’ve tried it.”

Dean scrunched up his nose, no way was he ever letting that happen to him. He’d rather shove a Q-tip up his dick. “But we can still have dinner, right? Because I’m bored, and hungry, and we still need to talk about the next video.”

“And you feel the best place to do that is in a public eatery?”

“Like I go anywhere where people would rat me out – I inspire loyalty in the creepiest men.”

“Good to know.” Castiel pauses for a moment. “I could be persuaded into dinner, my refrigerator only has celery and baking soda in it.”

“You’re a multi-thosandaire and you haven’t bought any food?”

“I was preoccupied with finding a solid gold, dildo, coffee mug.”
“How’d that go?”

“It’s being overnighted to me from Paraguay.”

Dean snorted. “Where do you want to go for dinner?”

Castiel sighed. “I have to bring my brother, I promised that we’d have some bonding time this evening.”

“…so, it needs to have a kid’s table?”

“So it needs to have an extensive cocktail menu and under no circumstances must it have a dessert cart that is not well guarded.”

“…I think I know somewhere. Give me your address, I’ll pick you up at seven, and your brother can meet us there.”

Castiel gives Dean his address and Dean scribbles it down on the memo pad that had come with his phone. (because why else would he have a memo pad? He’s not Sam, he doesn’t get a hard-on every time he gets near a stationary counter).

“Just one last thing,” Castiel says, “my brother is bringing his new…squeeze.”

Definitely a Gabriel word, Cas would probably have preferred ‘partner’.

“He’s got a new boy-toy?” Dean didn’t really know Gabriel, but he knew enough to know that 1.) Gabriel was gayer than mardi gras, and 2.) Gabriel liked young guys with tans, bangs, and firm, unsullied asses. (point 3.) was that Gabriel over shared).

“It seems he has. Though I’ve never met anyone he’s dated. And I haven’t seen Gabriel properly for…well, I don’t really remember.”

So, dinner was going to be unpredictable, weird and probably incredibly uncomfortable.

“Cool. Well, be ready at seven, you know, if you can manage it.”

“Dean, usually when we’re meeting, I have to shower, administer an enema, lube myself, dress and find my way to your home via the public transport network. And I am never late. I highly doubt I will find putting on a shirt and pants on time for seven to be in any way taxing.”

Well, that told him.

“Whatever. And, don’t dress too nice, we’re not going anywhere you’d need a tie or…matching socks or anything.”

“Noted. Will I need a Stetson or some kind of gang colours?”

“You’re getting funnier Cas, keep working at it.”
Dean looks on, half nauseated, half really nauseated, as Gabriel feeds a strip of perfectly cooked steak, smeared with Dijon mustard, into Sam’s mouth. Sam is acting like a puppy, or, to be more accurate, like a twink in heat – clearly loving the attention, and accepting the small snippet of meat with barely concealed relish.

“Seriously, do it again and I’m gonna turn this table over and run.” Dean warns.

Sam blushed, and Gabriel licks the traces of steak from his fingers. “Spoilsport.”

Castiel clears his throat, “I would also find it less uncomfortable if you’d stop feeding Sam.”

Gabriel sighs. “Like you two can judge? Last time I saw you, bro, you had eight inches of heaven down your throat.”

Sam chokes on his steak, and Dean thinks that’s probably all the proof about karma that he needs.

“That was different.” Dean points out, “that was work.”

Sam, if anything, blushed deeper.

“Oh my God, you’ve seen it.” Dean kind of wanted to crawl under the table and die.

“I didn’t know it was going to be you,” Sam muttered, “Gabriel just sent it over, told me it was the hottest thing he’d seen since...”

“Since?”

Gabriel petted Sam’s thigh affectionately. “Since I’d had his ass on my desk that morning.”

Dean was really, really starting to wish that he’d invited Cas out to dinner some other night.

“Eight and a half.” Castiel suddenly piped up.

Gabriel and Sam looked away from each other (and if Gabriel’s hand was still on Sam’s thigh, Dean would eat his own legs) to stare at Castiel in puzzlement.

“Eight and a half, inches of heaven.”

This time, it was Dean who choked.

“Little bro – why don’t we hang out more?” Gabriel said, (now doing something with his hand that Dean was sure was going to get them kicked out of the restaurant, even though it was a total dive). “You, are a hoot. Possibly two.”

“You’re the first of Gabriel’s brothers that I’ve actually met,” Sam said.

“And probably the last,” Gabriel admitted, “the others...well, they make the Pope look open minded and downright funky.”

“Except Zachariah.” Castiel said.

“True, the Pope would beat him in a dance off, definitely not as funky.”
Sam squeaked and batted Gabriel’s hand away, Dean glared at them both.

“So, what are you guys cooking up for your next video?” Gabriel said, “I’ve practically got my customers beating down the door, and it’s only been a day. You have something special, and it’s more than the combination of twinky lips and that hulkish-Kansas physique of yours.”

Sam’s face took on a moue of grossed-out-ness. “Can we not talk about my brother and sex?”

“Ok, lets talk about us and sex.” Gabriel said, all business. “Dean, did you know that your brother is a needy little bottom?”

The waitress chose that moment to bring them the next round of beers. She gave Dean a downright weird look, and then went back to the bar to whisper to her friends. Great. He’d never be able to live this down, not to mention that this was the kind of place where peanut shells were left all over the bar, and the urinals were never cleaned. Where sports was the order of the day and beer was the only beverage on tap. A guy bar. And Dean’s natural habitat. But he was feeling more uncomfortable by the minute.

And he didn’t know why.

Ok, so he was hanging with his (apparently) gay brother, his gay brother’s sex-buddy and the guy who he was currently doing on camera. But, that didn’t make him gay, and it certainly didn’t mean that he didn’t belong here.

He got up, “I’m gonna go get a drink.”

“You have a drink,” Gabriel pointed out.

But Dean was already on his way to the bar. He leant on the dented wood, smiled his half-smile (one known to waitresses up and down the land – or at least up and down town) and let loose with a ‘How are you ladies this evening?’

He talked up the cute redhead who’d bought over their beers, and when he next looked back at his table, Gabriel and Sam were making out, and Castiel was nowhere to be seen.

He made a momentary excuse to the waitress and swung by the table to prise his brother and Gabriel apart with a glare.

“Where’d Cas go?” Sam asked, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and at least having the good grace to look sheepish.

“He left a while after Dean started putting the moves on oh...every woman at the bar.” Gabriel sighed, still trying to work his hand out of Sam’s pants. “Looks like you’ve got yourself a little employer-employee dispute on your hands.”

“Like Cas cares who I’m talking to.”

“I’d certainly care if I sucked some guys dick, made him thousands of dollars and then saw him chatting up six waitresses, at a meal he’d offered to take me out to.” Gabriel pointed out, “but hey, that’s just me, and we both know how socially blasé I can be – don’t we Sambo?”

Dean grimaced. “Stop, with the pet names, please? Like, five hours ago I didn’t know my brother was taking it up the...I don’t want to think about it! So just stop.”

Sam and Gabriel separated themselves and sat upright and attentive like sarcastic schoolboys at
lesson. Great, now he was going to have school-boy Gabriel in his head. That was really going to give him nightmares.

“Right, when did Cas leave?”

“Sometime between us sneaking off to get it on in the men’s room...and us coming back from the men’s room so your brother could wash his mouth out with prime microbrew.”

Dean ignored that statement through sheer effort of will. “When was that?”

“About twenty minutes ago.” Gabriel looked over at Sam, “which means, we should be good to go again.”

Dean didn’t comment, because he was already gone.

Out in the parking lot, there was no sign of Castiel, but Dean started walking in the direction he’d come from, the way back to Cas’s apartment, and after a while he saw the back of the other man’s trench coat.

“Hey! Cas!”

Castiel stopped and turned around, a mild look on his face. “Hello Dean.”

“What’s with the disappearing act?”

“I thought the evening was over.” Castiel paused for a moment, then said, politely and stiffly, “thank you, I had a nice time this evening.”

“Were you sure to collect your gift bag on the way out?”

Castiel frowned.

“Was it...” Dean felt uncomfortable just suggesting it. “was it because I was talking to that waitress?”

“Which waitress?” Castiel said, still mild, but looking archly at him.

“Ok, that was a dick thing to do, just abandoning you like that, but, I was just...”

“Worried that everyone in the bar, all six waitresses and three patrons, would take you for ‘one of us’. ”

“What do you-”

“Gay, Dean. You didn’t want them to think you were gay.”

Dean shook his head. “Dude, I’m not like that. Whatever you want to do, with whoever, it’s not like I care...”

“Just so long as you make it absolutely clear that you’re straight. That you belong in a ‘normal guy bar’.”

“No, that’s not what that was about.”

“It’s fine Dean, really.” Castiel looked at him pityingly. “We don’t need to socialise outside of work. It was nice to meet your brother, I hope he wasn’t offended by my leaving.”
“Cas...”

“I’ll see you.” Castiel said, turning around and walking away.

“At least let me give you a ride home.”

Castiel didn’t turn around, by that point he was far enough away that he could pretend he hadn’t heard, without causing more upset.

Dean stood on the sidewalk for a moment, frozen in indecision. He felt like he should go after Castiel. Ok, so the guy hadn’t said he had a problem, but Dean could sense disappointment and pissyness rolling off of Cas in waves. The rest of him was telling him to forget about it, let Castiel stew, and go back to the bar for a round of shots with the incredibly friendly waitresses.

So that’s exactly what he did.

When he rolled home at about two in the morning (by cab, because he was way too drunk to drive) he wasn’t alone, and he didn’t have a clue which of the waitresses he had pressed up against him as he opened his front door.

They stumbled into the living room, pitched onto the couch, and he had his shirt, her blouse, her skirt and his boots off before she gasped, “I’m so glad you weren’t with those fags.”

Dean sat up, looked blearily down at her and said, with as much articulation as he could, “What?”

“You know, that they weren’t your boyfriends or whatever.” She wriggled under him, still smiling.

“One of those ‘fags’ was my brother.”

Her forehead creased. “Ew.”

“And the other two...well, one of them’s a jerk. But the other one’s my friend. And he’s cool, ok, and not...look, I think you should go.” He rolled off of her, staggered a little, but retained his balance, just.

“If you like him so much, why don’t you go screw him?” muttered the waitress, scooping up her clothes and shooting him a filthy look on her way to the door.

Dean slumped down on the sofa and glared at the wall. Trust him to pick the one chick who had more issues with Gabriel, Sam and Cas than he did.

You’re a dick, you know that?

Dean took it as evidence of his advanced drunken state that he looked upwards and shouted, ‘Shut up brain!”

He was also fairly certain that alcohol was to blame for the fact that he called Cas’s home and left a long message on his machine before he passed out on the way to bed and slept for six hours with his head on a pile of dirty laundry.
Chapter 8

Dean gets the email the next day, and instantly sends back his reply.

No. One hundred, thousand times NO.

Castiel’s response is uncharacteristically snippy, at least to Dean’s hung-over eyes. It’s perfect. And unless you think of something better, I’m doing it.

The not-so-subtext was clear – Castiel would be the one ‘doing’ so Dean could like it or fuck off.

In all fairness, Dean kind of understood Cas being in a mood with him. He’d acted like a total jerk, and then topped it off by leaving Cas a really long, drunken message that he could only remember parts of. Something about him having gone home with a member of the Hitler youth, being really sorry, thinking that Cas was a cool gay guy, in Dean’s top ten at least, and that if Cas didn’t take his apology, he’d come round a pee on everything he loved.

Then the machine had cut him off, so Dean had hit redial and continued.

So, he was willing to apologise, properly this time, and try to make it up to Castiel. But what he was proposing they do for their next video was, to put it bluntly, unsanitary, freaky, and incredibly awkward. No way would Dean ever be able to look at Cas the same again – he outlined these points in his email back to Cas.

Castiel replied, 1.) Enema. Totally sanitary. 2.) it’s not so ‘freaky’ and I fail to see how it’s any more so than what I did to you last time, 3.) If it effects you opinion of me, that’s really not my problem.

So, it looked like Dean was going to have to man up and do it, even if it meant him freaking out. Because there was no way he was going to let Cas think that he thought less of him for doing...that, or anything else, with any one of his previous boyfriends.

So, Dean replied with, You’re right, I’m being a dick about it. Let me know what I have to do.

An email bounced back to him with several online articles, a how to guide, and a really, really horrible Youtube video.

Dean considered himself thusly forewarned, and therefore, forearmed. Even if he was beginning to think that Castiel was making him do this just to punish him.

The day before they were due to shoot, Dean went to Wal-Mart, his go-to for all things random and homeware related, and bought a mid-sized funnel, and a length of rubber tubing. After a moment’s thought, he also buys some mouthwash, because, well, he can only imagine how much Listerine Cas will need after this.

On the morning of the shoot, he takes his purchases into the bathroom, and stares at them for forty long minutes. Then he picks up the phone and calls Gabriel, who laughs at him, and then puts Sam on the line to laugh at him. Dean growls down the phone that this is so not funny, and eventually Sam calms down enough to talk him through the process of giving himself an enema.

Then Dean has to hang up and sit quietly for a while, as he’s afraid he might be about to have a heart attack, or an aneurism, or possibly both.
Then he calls Castiel.

“I can’t do it.”

“How close are you to doing it?” Castiel asks, like he’s got a wager on.

“I’m sitting in my bathroom, with a freaking funnel and a tube.”

“Well...you certainly approached it with the air of someone with balls.”

“Shut up.”

Castiel sighs. “I was perhaps a little...aggrieved, when I made my suggestion. If you’re finding it too difficult, we can do something else.”

Dean glares at the funnel.

“Dean?”

“I’m gonna hang up now.”

“Dean, I didn’t mean to...”

“Shut up, ok? I’ll do the damn enema.”

There’s a short silence. “Let me know if anything goes cataclysmically wrong.”

Which doesn’t really make Dean feel any more confident about it, but hey, he’ll take what he can get. “Will do Cas. Be here in an hour, yeah?”

“Pressing my pants as we speak.”

Dean rolls his eyes and hangs up. He picks up the tubing. He is totally going to kick ass at this.

Maybe that was the wrong way to put it.

(-*-)  

Castiel turns up on his doorstep (in fairness, wearing some pretty goddamn pressed looking pants) and looking wary. Dean opens the door before he has a chance to ring the bell, and ushers him inside.

Once in the hallway, Castiel scrutinises him openly. “You seem...agitated.”

Dean glares at him. “That’s because, I’m April fucking fresh and you’re fifteen minutes late.”

“There was traffic.”

“Mmhmm,” Dean says, not buying a word, “get downstairs, I already set up.”

Castiel traipses down to the basement and sees that the camera is indeed set up, as is a wooden kitchen chair, facing away from the gleaming lens.

“Ominous.” Castiel says, and then starts taking his clothes off. He notices that Dean isn’t moving.

“This generally works better without pants.”

Dean scuffs his feet on the concrete flooring. “I’m just...give me a minute.”
Castiel shrugs, abandons his decision to strip, and takes a seat on the chair, waiting. Once a full ten minutes has ticked by, he clears his throat pointedly. “You can still back out you know.”

Dean looks at him like he’s crazy. “Dude, I stuck a tube – up my ass, for this. I am not backing out now.”

“I’m impressed, I thought nothing went up Dean’s ass.” Castiel says, incredibly seriously.

“Let’s not talk about my butt in the third person.” Dean swallowed, and started to undo his belt, then stopped. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

“Me?” Castiel seemed surprised. “Of course, I’m fine with it. I just want to know if you’re ok.”

“It’s not like I’m the one who has to do anything.” Dean says, “and, what you have to do is...gross.”

Castiel rolls his eyes, “Point one, porn is almost guaranteed to be gross, and degrading to someone. Point two – I don’t think it’s gross to do this.”

“Why?” Dean can’t help asking, “it’s...I mean, the thing is,”

“Rimming,” Castiel says clearly, “is something that I have experienced, and it’s...quite pleasant.”

“...I have no idea why.”

“Hence, the current situation.” Castiel says.

They lock eyes for a moment, and Dean realises he’s in a game of rimming-chicken, if such a thing exists. His hands go back to his belt, like hell is he going to lose.

“Ok, let’s do this thing.”

Dean keeps his eyes to himself and starts taking his clothes off, then turns the camera on and, reluctantly, straddles the kitchen chair. The chair had been Castiel’s idea, it offered a better view, or so he seemed to think, and, crucially, it meant he didn’t stand a chance of getting a crick in his neck.

Dean’s hearing almost immediately tuned into every rustle of Castiel’s clothes, and then the slight smack of his bare feet on the concrete floor. He let out a breath and jumped when Castiel laid his hands on his shoulders.


“Funny story,” Dean says, realising that his heart is battering his ribcage like it’s trying to pump oil. “last time I heard that was when Sam convinced me that he knew how to put up drywall, and then I had to move house.”

Castiel’s lips brush the side of his throat, and Dean lets out a breath, trying to relax, even though the touch of Castiel’s mouth is like being shocked. Castiel kisses up is neck, then down, trailing light nips over Dean’s shoulders, and down his spine, mouthing at the softness in various spots, hands whispering over his skin. Dean shifts on the seat, letting the touch affect him, rather than blocking it out, as he’d done last time.

By the time Castiel licks down his tail bone and reaches around to see how Dean’s doing, Dean’s hard, and hardly flinches when Castiel’s fingers brush the head of his dick.
“Just stay relaxed,” Castiel murmurs, giving him a few gentle strokes, then taking Dean’s hand and putting it on himself. Dean takes to the instruction eagerly, pumping his fist in long, firm strokes. Castiel settles himself on the floor, and presses his hands into the soft flesh of Dean’s ass, stroking up to the barely-there roundness of his hips, then down again, parting him slowly, and pressing a kiss to the hot, damp skin of his lower back when Dean makes a thick-throated sound of ill ease.

Castiel lowers himself slowly, licking his way a little up Dean’s tailbone, then kissing down, closing his eyes and feeling his way, listening to Dean groan softly as he settles into place and starts to lick.

The chair creaks as Dean grips the back with one hand, uttering a soft ‘uhn’ of surprise as Castiel’s tongue tickles the sensitive skin and then becomes more persuasive, pressing just a little harder, toying with his opening, the tip just flirting past the pucker.

Dean’s legs start to tremble, and Castiel strokes a hand over his thigh, clenching his long fingers around Dean’s shaking hand and stroking with him.

Dean’s hips start to move, just a little at first, then more, pushing down, hitching up, rocking with the movement of their fists. Quite without meaning to, Castiel goes deeper, pressing his tongue up and sliding it past Dean’s slick ring. His reward is an almighty groan, and a scattering of the sweetest whimpers he’s ever heard. Dean clenches around his tongue, and Castiel does his best to get it as deep as he can, swirling and stroking Dean’s insides, until the movement of his hips becomes jerky and uneven. Dean’s spine is like a steel cable under pressure, one hand reaching suddenly back and pressing at the back of Castiel’s head.

Castiel does as he’s told, and keeps going, tongue fucking Dean through his orgasm, even as Dean grits his teeth and cries out regardless, shivering with pleasure.

When he finally withdraws his aching tongue, Castiel kisses the small of Dean’s back, which is running with sweat, and puts his hands on Dean’s waist again while he catches his breath.

Dean just leans back against him, limp and barely conscious, his breath coming in short stutters, his slack, slick limbs gorgeous in the dim light of the overhead lamp.

Castiel draws away, and goes to wrap himself in one of the sheets from the mattress.

The almost hesitant touch of Dean’s hand on the back of his makes him jump. He turns, and finds Dean looking at him, nervous and unsure.

“Do you...” Dean asks hoarsely. “Should I,” he gestures at where Castiel’s erection is still very much in evidence, neglected.

Castiel swallows, nods, his skin flushing hot, taking Dean’s hand and putting it on himself. Dean’s movements are hesitant, hampered by nerves, as he strokes Castiel bluntly. “You, uh, might have to show me what to-”

Castiel puts his hand over Dean’s, they’re standing so close that their skin is brushing all over, in a hundred burning little movements. “Like this,” he says, his voice choked to a whisper.

He lays his forehead on Dean’s shoulder, moaning softly as the pleasure mounts up in him, as Dean’s hand speeds up, touching him in just the right ways, sending him over the edge in a few, hectic splashes.

As his breathing returns to normal, Castiel realises that he’s gripping Dean’s shoulder tightly, pressing against him and swaying as they both try to keep their balance.
They break apart, and Castiel sits on the mattress, sprawling out and wrapping his cooling body in a sheet. Dean lies down next to him, and they both lie there, silent for a while.

Castiel is the first to speak. “Do you still think it’s gross?”

Dean looks at him, tilting his head up from where it’s resting on a throw pillow.

“No. No I really don’t.”

Castiel can’t think of anything to say to that, other than –

“Good.”
Chapter 9

Castiel comes over the next day, and interrupts Dean’s constant rechecking of the website, where their second video is already on 500,000 views, and climbing rapidly. It makes Dean slightly uncomfortable, not the popularity of the videos, but the comments that accompany the hits. Some are awesome, mostly people drooling over how hot they are together, basically what you’d want to hear if you’d put a naked video of yourself up on the internet.

Some of them though, were kind of creepy, especially the guy (Dean hoped it was a guy, preferably one who lived really really far away- like in Siberia, or on Venus) who wrote quite graphically about wanting to fuck Cas’s ‘pure little virgin ass’ with an axe handle.

Dean had flagged that one for removal. Then fought the urge to burn his computer, and the internet for good measure.

There were also the less creepy comments that still made him uncomfortable, because they’d come through Gabriel’s brilliant ‘new’ invention – the suggestion box.

Oh yes, visitors to Gabriel’s site could now offer suggestions for their favourite partners, and boy, they were not shy about doing so. Dean hadn’t had so many strangers telling him what to do with his junk since they’d lectured about testicular cancer at his high school.

He showed some of them to Castiel, and watched as the other man’s eyebrows reached his hairline (proving that he was indeed a blood relative of Gabriel’s).

“They’re not all so bad,” Castiel said, after a while, “quite a few people think we should kiss. That seems do-able.”

“So we’re just going to tactfully not mention the...4983 people who think I should play catcher?”

Castiel looked at him, “The definition of tact is not mentioning when 4983 people say anything that you feel would upset the person you’re standing next to.”

Dean glared at him. “You’re sitting down.”

Castiel muttered something under his breath and went back to looking at the computer.

“Oh,” he said after a while, “It seems my ass’s virginal status has been exaggerated...and I really hope Axeman46 lives very far away.”

“Oh for – I thought I’d gotten that taken down.”

“Sparing my feelings?” Castiel said pointedly.

Dean went to prepare lunch, not willing to concede the point.

“I suppose we should take note of some of the suggestions,” Castiel called through to him, “try and keep up with the market.”

Coming out to the kitchen, Castiel opened the spiral bound pad and writes neatly across the first page – Porn Ideas For Castiel And Dean.

“Don’t you think it should be a little more...cryptic?” Dean said, putting coffee and plates of sandwiches on the table and taking a seat. “In case we get indicted?”
“Hmmm...” Castiel tears out that page and re-heads the next with – Not Porn Ideas For Castiel and Dean.

“You’re mocking me, aren’t you?”

Castiel’s smile was slight, but changed his entire face, making him look about fifteen, and in possession of a dirty secret. “Yes.”

Dean rolls his eyes and takes a seat. “What are these ideas then?”

“Things we can do, you know, so no one gets bored of watching. Typical niches, themes, characters...” He tapped his pen on the pad. “Porn is difficult to keep interesting, because it’s the same thing, every time, or nearly the same. We have to keep up with our audience.”

“I am not dressing up as an Indian, a construction worker, or a cop.”

Castiel gave him an icy stare. “Native American.”

He felt like he was being chastised by a teacher. “Sorry.”

“And I don’t know where you got those ideas from, but they’re not exactly things that I’d pay to see, personally.” He sniffed.

Dean looked at him, “You’re seriously the only gay guy who has no idea who the village people are, aren’t you?”

Castiel’s brow creased, and he looked concerned for Dean’s mental health. “Who?”

“Wow,” Dean sipped his coffee, “so, go on, tell me what these great ideas of yours are.”

Castiel proceeded to outline quite a number of ideas, most of which made Dean as nervous as when his Dad had taken him to his first assault course. It was the exact stomach flipping sensation he’d had right before he’d abseiled for the first time.

Castiel’s ideas ranged from different positions (complete with tiny stick figure drawings, where Dean confused an arm with a dick and nearly had a heart attack) to different locations (Dean vetoed the idea of doing it in his kitchen, and Castiel offered his apartment instead – he even promised to clean under his fridge for the occasion, which seemed unnecessary, but Dean appreciated the offer at least). He also noted down a few kinks that they could try and include, from bondage (which Dean had never really had a taste for, and anyway, the smell of leather always reminded him of his Dad’s jacket, which was hardly a boost for the libido) to feet (Ok, Cas had nice feet, Dean wasn’t going to dispute that) to cross dressing (NO – flat out.) and food (always accepted).

Dean fiddles with scraps of torn paper and clears his throat before saying, “And...uh...I’ll, you know...work on my, participation.”

Castiel raises an eyebrow.

Dean flushes. “I mean, I’ll work up to...”

“Actually involving yourself?”

“Hey, I touched your dick.” Dean exclaims, louder than he means to, and with an aggressive point towards Castiel’s crotch.
Castiel pats his hand reassuringly. “Yes, yes you did.”

Dean feels his ears turn vermillion. Vermillion feels a lot like burning. “Whatever, I’m trying, ok?”

“Yes. You are.” Castiel slides the piece of paper over to him and then stands up. “I should be going anyway.”

“You only just got here.”

Castiel shrugged. “I thought we were done.”

Dean bristled minutely. “Look, I get it, ok? I was a shitty friend the other night, but, I think I more than made up for it.”

Castiel raised an eyebrow. “How so?”

“You know, with the whole…” he has to throw the words out before they can be lassoed and corralled by his brain. “Tongue up my butt…thing.”

Castiel’s answering look is level, and unremittingly haughty, though also faintly amused.

“That was, so rewarding for me, after all.” He says.

Dean glowers, “Well, what do you want me to do? I’ve said sorry, I admitted I was an ass–”

“A great big ass. The ass of one of those fat dudes who ride around on little carts at the supermarket. An ass so ginorminous, that it could kill Oprah, and her audience.”

Dean blinks at him, wondering if Castiel is clinically insane, and just really good at hiding it most of the time.

“That’s what you said in your message. Which was heartwarming, if a little long and snore filled in places.”

Dean feels his neck start to burn. “Ok smartass, what do you want, blood? Name it, one thing, one time only, then we’re good, alright? No more of this holier than thou – oh, my social schedule is so demanding, bull ok?”

“Ok, it’s a deal.”

There’s a very long pause.

“Well?” Dean demands.

“I’m thinking.”

“And?”

“You caught me off guard, give me a moment.” Castiel narrowed his eyes in thought. “there are so many things that I could make you do.”

“So pick one.”

Castiel’s continued thoughtfulness was making Dean sweat, what had he signed on for? Maybe he’d luck out and Castiel would just have him clean under the fridge, or go sock shopping with him or something.
Castiel raised his eyebrows, eyes clearing as he decided on something.

“I’ve got it.”

“Don’t leave me hanging.”

“I’m going to teach you something.”

It didn’t sound instantly unappealing, and Dean didn’t trust it for an instant.

“Teach me what?”

Castiel’s face was calm and serious. “How to give the perfect blow job.”

Dean’s first instinct was to commando roll off of his stool, sprint for the door, get in his car and drive to Mexico, where he’d rename himself Ramon and start a shrimp fishing business, married to three gorgeous, busty women, all named Consuela.

“No.”

“You said anything.”

“Yes but...no.”

“Why not?”

Yes, why not Dean?

Uhg, great, now his brain was taking Cas’s side, again. Stupid Brain, probably all snugly with Cas’s brain.

Weird thought.

Stupid brain-thoughts.

“Because...I’m not gay, and it’d be weird, and...you’re already all...Mr. Butt-sex-”

“To use my full Christian name.”

“And I don’t want you...lording it over me, in another department.”

They both stood in silence for a moment, while Dean’s words settled between them like premature confetti at a surprise party for a recent heart transplant patient.

Well, that was some crazy shit you just said, and I for one, want no further part in it. Said Dean’s brain, abandoning him.

Castiel took a breath.

“I’m sorry if you think I’m...lording it over you, but, this venture is drawing on my experience, and I know very well that you are not gay. But, a convincing performance would help us with future videos. If you can bear being within striking distance of me, that is.”

Stellar work, he’d managed to insult him all over again.

“Hey, just...ignore that, ok? I’m just...freaking out.”
“I saw.”

Dean forced himself to relax. “I can learn, and, be less freaked. If you promise not to get pissy every time I worry about this stuff.”

Castiel’s scalded cat expression simmered down into normalcy again. “Very well, I’ll try to be patient.”

“Thanks.”

“And, for your information, I was going to start this lesson with a visual aid. Namely, one fake penis. So no actual gay touching of your mouth to my genitals will occur.” Castiel said smartly. “Today,” he added.

Dean wondered if he was capable of pulling off a sombrero, and if he should grow in a big moustache, or just a little stubble to attract the local chicas.

“So, how are you gonna teach me then?” He asked.

“With great patience and care,” Castiel assured him. “Wait here while I go and find you a dick to suck.”

He bounded off towards the basement (well, less of a bound and more of a leisurely saunter, his bare feet silent on the floor, cuffs of his worn out ‘weekend’ jeans scuffing a little on the boards. The jeans were clearly old, there was too much room in them, and they hung off of Castiel’s slim hips and ass...)

Dean realised he was watching the other man walk away, and turned his attention, ruthlessly, back to his own two hands, and the cup between them.

Castiel returns shortly with not one, but two fake cocks, one noticeably bigger than the other. Both are clear silicone, and Dean knows for a fact that they are brand new, because he’d ordered them especially for Cas – thinking they were slightly classier than his neon bright collection.

Castiel hands him the smaller of the two and takes a seat at the table.

“Now, this is a very serious lesson,” Castiel says, “no snickering, no arguing, just pay attention.”

Dean salutes him, the fingers of his other hand closing nervously around the silicone cylinder.

“Take it firmly, but obviously not tightly, around the base.” Castiel demonstrates, deft fingers handling the lolling weight of the rubbery shaft as if it’s real, flesh and blood, capable of feeling. “Anything you can’t get into your mouth...which will probably be a lot, you can stroke with your hand, like this.”

He demonstrates the gentle motion of his hand, up and down.

“Shockingly, I’ve mastered that,” Dean says.

Castiel glares at him. “Just be careful not to let your hand slip off and punch you in the face.”

“Like that could actually...”

“It happens. You are not the first virgin I’ve tutored.”

“Hey, not a virgin. Not even kind of a virgin.” He folds his arms on the table. “Totally de-
hymenated, card carrying, veteran of many hook ups. Verging on professional haver of sex.”

Castiel’s look is almost pitying. “With women, maybe. This, is different.”

Dean huffs disbelievingly.

“In terms you’ll understand, picture learning on an automatic, then switching to a stick.”

Grudgingly, Dean admits, if only to himself, that it is quite a difference. But, either way, it’s still the same basic language. Gear shift, spark plugs, accelerator... whatever. He knows his way around.

“When you go to use your mouth.”

“Let me guess, cover my teeth?” Dean cocks an eyebrow, “I’ve have had blow jobs.”

Castiel sighs. “Well then, show me what you’d do.”

Dean doesn’t move, because, yeah, so he’s had it done to him. He’s also had his appendix out. Doesn’t mean, if he were in an operating room, he’d know where to start (continue or finish).

Castiel gets him to lick the tip of the dildo (which tastes like plastic, and smells really strongly of rubber) then to put his mouth over it sucking gently, stroking the rest with his free hand.

To say that he feels stupid would be a ridiculous understatement.

Dean feels utterly ridiculous.

After a minute or two, Castiel stops him. “You’re still not quite there.”

“Really?” Dean wiggled the dildo, “he had no complaints.”

“You still look uncomfortable.”

“That’s because I’m a straight guy with a dick on my mouth.”

Castiel tuts. “That’s not the point, you’ve got to act like you like it – sell it.”

Dean eyes him suspiciously. “Spending time with Gabriel isn’t good for you.”

At that Castiel finally cracks a smile. He picks up his own dildo and sets it upright on the table. “Watch and learn.”

What follows is something so utterly filthy, that Dean actually feels the need to clean his entire kitchen, and then his eyes, after having witnessed it. It’s not just that Castiel is sucking off a freaking sex toy like it’s just bought him a lobster dinner and a Cadillac. It’s the way he does it, the little touches, the almost reluctant way he pulls away from the tip, diving in against with his tongue like he’s sampling something rare and delicious. The looks he casts upwards, as if he’s seeking praise from an unseen master, or taunting the lost soul whose dick he’s worshipping.

Dean’s not even surprised that he’s hard by the end. He defies anyone to watch a display like that and remain unmoved. The most militant of lesbians, or the deadest of saints would be moved to wild arousal were they ever to see Castiel fellate. That, was a fact.

Castiel pulls off eventually, taking in a sip of air through his red lips and sitting back looking satisfied.
Dean swallows, and realises that he hasn’t blinked in a while.

“Now you try.”

“I actually...” the words ‘need the bathroom’ stick to Dean’s tongue like the sweat sticking his shirt to his back. He gets up awkwardly, and makes an uncoordinated bid for the bathroom, slamming the door behind him and leaning over the sink.

Fuck. Fuck, fuck fucking FUCK.

One hand goes to the bulge in his jeans, and his cursing turns internal.

Inappropriate, that’s what this is, and entirely unwarranted. Best to get it dealt with as soon as possible, because on no account must Cas suspect, even for a moment, that watching him suck a plastic dick had him in danger of popping his fly buttons so hard that they’d bust through walls.

Dean leans over the sink with one hand, the other works his fly open and pulls his dick out. Sweet relief. He grabs some lotion from beside the sink, strokes quick and firmly, already pretty close.

“Dean, are you al-“

Dean jumps as Castiel opens the bathroom door (that he’d stupidly forgotten to lock, fucking idiot).

“Oh.” Casitel says, and Dean sees the little dark circle of his surprised mouth, reflected in the mirror over the sink.

“Privacy! Jesus!”

“Sorry...” Castiel backs away, into the doorway, “but...uh...”

“What?”

“It’s just...” Castiel’s eyes are on the mirror, and Dean’s fairly certain that it’s affording him a pretty good view. His dick’s still in his hand, and twitches a little, as if eager to remind him that they were in the middle of something that it very much wants to finish.

“Well, I could help with that.”

Dean doesn’t move for a long moment, then he takes his hand off of himself, turns around and slowly leans against the sink unit.

“Yeah, ok.”

Castiel comes closer, stands right in front of him, his hand already going for Dean’s cock, he leans up, until their mouths nearly touch, until Dean can hear the tiny sound Cas makes as he wets his lips. And he knows Castiel is going to kiss him, but it doesn’t bother him. He wants it, wants those lips on his, and already wonders how that’s going to feel...

Dean comes over his own fist and opens his eyes, screwing the fantasy up and tossing it like a used tissue.

He cleans up, zips up, and heads back to the kitchen where Castiel is waiting.

No need to examine that too closely. It was a brief brain blip, as meaningless as the sex dream he once had about the Dr Sexy star. Totally beyond his control.
Except, you know, you were awake. His brain reminds him.

But Dean blithely ignores it.
Chapter 10

The day before they put Dean’s newly developed almost-skills to the test, Dean and Castiel meet for coffee by accident.

Castiel is on his way home from an evening out, and Dean is heading into town for the day to get some things for his house (including a new couch, new TV, some pieces for the car and a range that doesn’t leak condensed grease onto the floor every goddamn time he wants to make a freaking pie).

They bump shoulders as Castiel turns the corner onto a side street, just as Dean is slouching in the opposite direction.

“Hey!” quickly turns into “Hey Cas!”

“Dean.” Castiel’s eyes are bigger than normal, evasive. That’s when Dean notices that Castiel is wearing a wrinkled shirt which is buttoned wrong, that his hair is more dishevelled than usual, and he looks like he hasn’t slept in the last twenty-four hours, and is not unhappy about having not done so.

Dean knows that look. He has it a lot himself.

Sam calls it his ‘dog out late’ look.

The just got laid look.

“Got lucky, huh?” Dean says, finding that the usual relish he’d give such a statement, if it was say...Sam, he had caught sneaking around in a sex-shirt with sex-hair and sex-tiredness. His tongue feels kind of furred and bitter, like he’s slugged a bottle of decade old lemon juice.

Castiel both half smiles in affirmation and ducks his head in embarrassment.

“Good for you, hey, one of us should be getting some.” Dean says, and then instantly regrets it. “Not that I’m, you know...not.”

“No, there was the waitress.”

Dean feels himself start to blush. Stupid blood, doesn’t know which direction’s what recently. “I didn’t actually...with her. She was kind of a...massive, homophobic skank.”

Castiel raises his eyebrows, managing to look disapproving and put out at the same time. “I didn’t know that.”

“It might have been in my message.”

“There was a lot in your message Dean, most of which didn’t make sense. Grammatically or factually. You did say she was a member of the Hitler youth, but you didn’t mention not sleeping with her.”

“You think I would have? After the things she said about you? And Sam? Gee, thanks.”

No need to mention Gabriel, who pretty much deserved everything he got, name-calling wise.

“I think better of you for turning her down,” Castiel reassured him.
That picks Dean’s mood up rather a lot, and he jerks a thumb at a coffee place and asks Castiel if he’s got time for some.

They go in and sit down. Dean gets a pot of regular coffee for them to split, and Castiel fishes some crumpled dollars out of his pocket, which Dean raises his eyebrows at.

“You’ve got to be the only thousandaire who only has loose bills in his pocket.”

“I lost my wallet.”

“Buy a new one.”

“I like the old one,” Castiel says, distractedly looking at the muffins and bagels, trying to work out what he can stomach for breakfast. “I’m still in mourning, give me time.” He scrounges up the money for a bran muffin and sits breaking pieces off for a while, before Dean blurts out a question that’s been leaping around at the back of his brain, just waiting for a chance to kamikaze dive out of his mouth.

“So, how was he?”

Castiel blinks at him, and Dean fights the urge to create a distraction by blinding him with muffin crumbs while he sprints from the café.

“He was...fine.” Castiel says, stirring his coffee.

“Fine?”

“Adequate.”

Dean tosses that word around in his head for a while, then gives up trying to work out what it might mean.

“You mean...like, dick-wise? Or was it in the performance?”

Castiel’s hand freezes mid-stir. “I mean he was...perfectly, OK.”

Dean raises his eyebrows, eyes sliding away.

“What?” Castiel says.

“Just, when I get laid? You just try shutting me up. Especially if it was good. Only time I don’t bend Sam’s ear about it is if it was so, morbidly terrible, that I have to repress the entire experience.”

“Unless you get drunk, and happen upon some stranger’s answer phone?”

“You’re not a stranger.” Dean points out.

“True.”

“So, how was it so bad that you can’t even pick a proper adjective?”

“Dean,”

“No, seriously, what makes a guy bad at sex with guys? I’m curious. ’Cause, really, it’s the same stuff, just backwards, so how can you suck at it?”
“So you’d think,” Castiel says, meeting his eyes pointedly.

“Do not make this about my weird, fake blowjob,” Dean says, just as the waitress comes over to bring them a new menu. They all share a moment of eye contact, and then she bolts back to the counter.

“Shit,” Dean mutters, “this is exactly why I can’t bring you places.”

“What?” Castiel raises his eyebrows. “I said nothing.”

“Yeah, thanks for that.”

The sound of giggling carries from the kitchen.

“We’re going to have to go,” Dean mutters.

“What?”

Dean shrugs awkwardly, not looking at him.

“Fine, if it matters so much to you, I should be getting home anyway.” Castiel says.

“Don’t get all...clenched about it. It doesn’t matter.”

“But it embarrasses you?”

“No, it’s just...how would you feel if you walked into some...gay bar, and everyone got the wrong end of the stick and thought you were straight?”

Castiel blinks at him. “That wouldn’t really matter to me.”

“Really?” Dean challenges.

“As long as the person, if there was a person, that I liked, knew that I wasn’t straight. It wouldn’t change anything.”

“But everyone would think-”

“What?”

Dean knows it’s stupid even before the words are out of his mouth. “That you didn’t belong.”

Castiel blinks, only it lasts so long that Dean realises he’s closed his eyes to marshal some kind of strength.

“The only place I feel that I don’t belong, is sitting here with you.” Castiel says, standing up and picking up his coat. He puts the balled up dollars on the table and walks to the door.

“Cas-”

But he’s gone, and Dean scrambles out of his chair and leaves the coffee shop after him, catching him on the street.

“Look, I didn’t mean to make it sound...I’m just bad at analogies.”

“You’re bad at more than that.”
“I know. But...you don’t have to be so freaking touchy about everything.”

Castiel’s eyes widen. “I am not touchy.”

“Yes you are. And I know it’s hard being a gay guy, or a gay, whatever, and having to deal with assholes the whole time. But I am not an asshole, I’m just a...moron. But I’m a moron who wants to be your friend, so, don’t go freaking out on me all the time, just...tell me I’m a doofus and, hit me with a rolled up newspaper.”

Castiel’s smile is small, but definitely present.

“You’re very verbose when you have to be.”

“If that’s a way of calling me dumb but loud...then, yeah, I am.”

“Ok,” Castiel says, “I won’t take it personally when you say things that are, fundamentally stupid...if you can at least try to control yourself when we’re out in public.”

“Deal.”

“And, tomorrow, we are putting your new skills into action.”

Dean’s so busy nodding that it takes a moment for him to say, “What?”

“Tomorrow, you are giving me a blow job.” Castiel says, clearly. “So, please practice, because, even if you are a well meaning idiot – straight guy bites off gay man’s dick is a hate crime headline any way you slice it.

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

“Good...now, I actually do have to get home, I’m expecting a package.”

Dean snorts before he can help it.

Castiel glares. “Last warning.”

He turns to go, and Dean watches him go up the street, then takes out his phone and pushes speeddial for Cas’s number.

“Hello?”

“I’m going to blow last night’s guy out of the water.”

(-*-)

To say that Sam is surprised to come over for a visit and find his brother deep throating half a cucumber is a massive understatement.

For a second he stands in the doorway, looking at Dean, who is holding the vegetable in question and looking so horrified that Sam kind of wants to shout ‘Boo!’.

Then he says, “Dean, I know I said you should get some green in your diet, but this is taking it a little far.”

Dean relaxes, belligerence taking over from rabbit-in-truck-headlights fear.
“I’m not eating it.”

“Ahh, so you are still planning on dying like Elvis when you’re forty?”

Dean gives him the finger and sighs. “No, but I am trying to learn how to do oral sex.”

“I figured you already knew that, judging from what you told me about that chick from the gas station...a story which probably helped to turn me gay, might I add.”

“Hey, she was hot.”

“Hot and itchy.”

“Shut up.”

“As rashes often are.”

“Sam!”

“Ok, ok, but seriously? You’re learning to go down on a guy? You?”

“Why not me?” Dean says, actually offended. Like he’s too dumb or too insecure to learn how to blow someone?

“Sidestepping the whole ‘you’re not actually gay’ issue...I just always thought you and that Castiel guy would have an arrangement about this kind of stuff.”

“Like?”

“Like the he would be the one to...take it for the team.” Sam says, blushing a little bit (the girl) “and you would be...administering the...uh...”

“Penis.”

Sam frowns at him. “Yes Dean, administering the penis. That well known turn of phrase.”

“Why are you here anyway?”

“We had plans.”

Dean just looks at him, and Sam thinks for a moment that his older brother looks a little bit like a spaniel trying to understand quantum physics.

“We were going to have lunch and watch a movie?”

“Oh...right. I’m a little busy Sam, sorry.”

Sam sighs, but comes into the kitchen and sits down opposite him.

“What are you doing?”

“A great humanitarian act.” Sam says, “because if Castiel loses his dick to your inexperience, I will never be able to look you in the eye again.”

“And if you teach me your mad blowjob skills it’ll be eye contact a plenty?”

Sam scowls. “Just be a man and hand me your cucumber.”
It’s safe to say that this is a new experience. For one thing, Dean has never been this close to a naked man before, so close that there’s only skin in his field of vision. Pale, pale skin, with the occasional hint of blue vein, royal blue under the surface. Tiny hairs, all lying close to the skin, dark as the skin is pale.

“So,” Dean says, swallowing nervously. “Be honest with me here...what exactly, is about to happen to my mouth?”

Castiel swallows back expectation, and, it has to be said, no small amount of desire, because seeing Dean lean over him is doing all kinds of things to him that he hadn’t expected it to.

“You mean, when you actually...”

Dean puts up a hand to silence him, and closes his eyes in embarrassment. “I mean, is this thing going to taste like a...toe, or something that’s just...skin...or is it going to...” he makes a gesture. “Ooze?”

“I should imagine that it’ll taste like semen.” Castiel says unhelpfully.

Dean shakes his head, “God, don’t, say that.”

“Why?”

“Because its...gross.”

“It’s not particularly. I’ve done it more times than I can count, and it’s perfectly seemly. No less unpleasant than...”

“If you even mention oysters...”

“Fine,” Castiel tapped one bare foot on the floor, shifting awkwardly on the pillows he’d chosen to lie on. “I’m getting cold.”

He’d been naked for about twenty minutes by this point, while Dean looked at his penis like it was some kind of African parasite that he couldn’t bear touching. It was starting to get on his nerves.

“I’m getting to it.”

“That was all too true twenty minutes ago.”

Dean glared, “Look, this is new for me, just let me, get my head in the game.”

“Is quoting High School Musical supposed to help you get into the mood?”

Dean pinched Castiel’s thigh, and he hissed and folded his hands on his stomach.

“Whenever you’re ready then.”

Dean was weighing up his options. He could, just to get things off to a good start, reach out and put his hand around Cas’s cock, which, to be fair, looked like it could do with a nice warm hand, as it had been waiting rather a long time in the cold garage for Dean to get his shit together.
On the other hand, he could just cry havoc and unleash the dogs of war, meaning, jump straight to the mouth-on-dick portion of the entertainment before his throat seized up in panic.

Neither option was exactly filling him with confidence and drive.

While Castiel was naked, Dean was not, having decided that ‘clothes on’ was a lot more comforting than ‘bare ass in the air’. It would also be handy if he had to run away very suddenly, not that he was admitting that was a possibility.

“Ok,” he said, mostly to himself. “Ok.”

He bent down, closed his eyes...and missed completely.

“Well, that’s not unpleasant,” Castiel said, as Dean’s mouth glanced over his hip and came to rest near his navel.

“Shut up,” Dean muttered, face reddening as he sat up.

Castiel decides to show mercy and sat up, bringing his knees up.

“Hey, give me a chance,” Dean said, though he looked mildly relived.

Castiel motioned for him to come a little closer, and, when Dean shuffled reluctantly towards him, Castiel placed one hand on the side of his face, the other slightly lower, cupping his jaw.

He felt Dean’s throat work against his hand.

“Why is it that I always have to tell you to relax?” he murmurs, and Dean doesn’t say anything, but he doesn’t move away as Castiel closes the tiny space between them and kisses him.

Dean doesn’t freeze up like he’d thought he would, even though it is beyond weird to be kissing a guy. Cas is clean shaven, but even so, the whole experience is off key. The line of his mouth is hard under its deceptively soft appearance, and he’s not shy about letting his teeth pluck at Dean’s mouth, worrying his lip. The fingers on his face and neck are delicate but strong, holding him close, and then dropping down, purposefully tracing his jugular, finding the collar of his shirt and skating under it.

When Castiel nips at his neck, Dean makes a sound he isn’t entirely proud of, somewhere between a grunt and a moan. Castiel traces his tongue over the small red mark he’s made, and Dean shivers, even though he locks every muscle in his body against it. He can actually feel his skin flushing, his heart running faster. Castiel makes a small, pleased sound at the back of his throat when Dean lets him pull his shirt up and over his head. He wastes no time getting into Dean’s space, naked legs unfurling, thin, strong thighs resting on Dean’s thicker, jean covered legs.

Castiel kisses him messily, pressing his chest to Dean’s, wriggling against his lap until Dean’s puts his hands on Cas’s back of his own accord, relaxing against the onslaught of tempting feeling. He doesn’t even react when Cas reaches around and takes hold of one of his hands, gently bringing it around to trail Dean’s hot fingers over his chest, coaxing them to take a nipple and roll it deftly. With his hand over Dean’s he leads him down over his stomach, stroking Dean’s fingers over the short trail of dark hair there. It’s only when he moves lower at that Dean shies like a horse, his had twisting away to grasp Castiel’s like a lifeline.

Castiel pauses in his smooth, deft kisses to nuzzle the side of Dean’s face, sucking gently on his earlobe.

“Not going to work,” Dean mutters.
“Sure?”

“Mhmm.”

Castiel slides a hand down the front of Dean’s jeans, and Dean hisses, leaning back to give him more room.

Once again, Castiel brings Dean’s hand over his stomach, and this time Dean doesn’t resist as Castiel closes his fingers over his cock, which twitches eagerly at the touch of Dean’s hand.

“There, not so bad.”

Dean just buries his face against Castiel’s neck and groans.

For a couple of minutes they’re occupied, hands on each other, mouths trailing and licking at any skin that happens to fall under them. Then Castiel removes his hand from Dean’s jean, which earns him a displeased growl, and then he pulls away from Dean entirely, lying back down on the pillows.

It’s pretty safe to say that Dean isn’t thinking with his brain when he follows Castiel down onto the floor.

Castiel kisses him, warm and smooth and inviting, and even though there are hard, strong places on his body, Castiel is still soft enough to be pleasant, and Dean lets go of the tiny thread that connects him to the part of his brain that is still firing out defcon one signals.

Castiel’s mouth finds it’s way to his ear again, and he whispers against it, gravelly voiced promises of what Dean’s going to get if he just does this one thing. Downright filthy things that have no place in Castiel’s mouth, but which sound better coming from him than from any number of women Dean’s been with over the years. Because he knows Castiel’s going to deliver, and enjoy the hell out of it.

Gently, but firmly, Castiel pushes Dean’s shoulders, so that Dean is forced to trail his mouth from Castiel’s lips to his jaw, his throat, over his collar bones, over his modest pectorals, over his chest and on to the slight softness of his stomach, almost concave now that he’s lying down. He tastes faintly like soap, and just a little like sweat. Dean’s eyes are closed and his heart is thundering in his chest when Castiel finally stops pushing and clutches his shoulders.

Dean’s lips brush the length of Cas’s cock, and Castiel lets out a long hiss, ending in a sharp inhalation.

It’s the weirdest thing he’s every felt. Obviously he knows that a dick feels like, but it’s completely unlike previous experience of his own. A sensation that’s definitely skin, but the softest grain of skin imaginable, and against his lips it’s even softer than it had been on his hand. And even though it’s plump with blood, hard under his mouth, he can’t help but know how vulnerable it is, how Cas is, right now. He sucks gently, a small, round kiss, and Castiel’s breath hitches into a moan.

Dean’s not going to admit it, but, the taste isn’t actually that bad. It’s just like sweat, and skin, and something else, like a tang at the end that stays on his tongue. Liveable.

He licks downwards experimentally, still trying to gain confidence with his heart in his throat, and he gets his first hit of precome without warning, an intensification of taste, musky, that catches at his throat and has him pulling away to cough. Still, he’s back before Castiel can comment, and he slips his lips just a little over the head and sucks.
Castiel arches off of the floor and cries out, forcing Dean to pin him down again.

“Sorry, sorry,” Castiel pants, the word trails off into a breath when Dean leans down again, soft wet lips running over him, until Dean has about an inch of him inside his mouth. Castiel’s hand finds its way to Dean’s short hair, twisting into the dark blond strands.

Dean’s hands are a constant pressure on his thighs, thumbs pressing into the creamy skin, and Castiel derives as much pleasure from that as he did from kissing Dean senseless. Dean’s warm body between his spread legs, his hot hands and arms offering comfort to his hips and stomach. And the inexperienced, but determined efforts Dean’s putting in, sucking him down and stroking him with his hand, alternatively squeezing lightly, and running a firm loop of thumb and forefinger over his shaft, making him squirm and pant. A hint of teeth has him gritting his own, and crying out.

Dean’s privately feeling quite pleased with himself, he’s doing a good job, actually kicking ass, as far as the sex is concerned. And if the scent of Castiel is making him giddy, breathless, if he’s swiping his tongue more and more frequently over the head of his cock to gather more of that weirdly addictive taste, then he’s just a freaking great actor, selling the idea that he’s enjoying this.

And when Castiel openly snarls, one foot with its toes curled bumping against Dean’s shin, and he gasps out, “Dean, I’m...D-”

If Dean chooses not to understand exactly what he means, it’s not a crime, and it certainly doesn’t mean anything that he sucks a little harder, presses the ball of his hand between Castiel’s legs, a firm hot pressure that makes Castiel tense, and then moan deeply in relief as the first shot of come pulses from him, slippery and bitter on Dean’s tongue.

He’s not even remotely prepared to swallow, being a class below an amateur at this point, still, it’s an interesting feeling, weird, but...not that bad. And he sucks Castiel, just to hear the sounds he makes, pleased, tormented, wrung out sounds of need – whether needing the touching to stop, or craving more, not even Castiel seems to know.

Come wells into his mouth, some Dean swallows on instinct, but, most ends up on his chin, running over his jaw and reaching his throat. When he finally pulls back, leaving Castiel a blissed out, overworked mass on the floor, he wipes a hand over the thick traces of fluid, looking at them for a moment before wiping it off on the cushions.

Dean realise that his breathing is erratic, tuning back into his body, to the sweat that’s sticking his jeans to his skin, the ache in his lower belly and the erection pressing against his fly, to the come that’s drying at the corners of his mouth, the fact that he can still smell Castiel, a tremor in his spine.

Castiel opens his eyes, one arm lifting lazily, and Dean lies down next to him, turning onto his back and hissing as he uses one hand to pop the buttons on his jeans open, giving some space to his dick, which is throbbing angrily.

His head feel blissfully empty.

Castiel puts one arm over his waist, leans over, and almost as if he’s not even thinking about it, he licks cautiously at the corner of Dean’s mouth before kissing him properly. He breaks off, murmurs so low that Dean almost doesn’t hear, “Your turn.”

What Castiel had whispered to him, before he’d bitten the bullet, so to speak, is exactly what he delivers, with the nonchalance of someone who’s perfectly happy with the give-and-take
arrangement they seem to have going.

Dean kneels over him, where Castiel is still lying on the floor. He plants his hands over Cas’s head, his knees at shoulder level, jeans still on but open and pushed down.

The first slide into Castiel’s mouth is a relief more than anything else, and Dean scrunches an unfortunate cushion between his fingers, because it’s so good he can’t think. Castiel doesn’t seem hampered at all by their position, and he relaxes, bobbing up as Dean fucks downwards, taking him up to the root.

He’s close so soon that he’d be embarrassed where he with anyone else. As it is, he relaxes into the warm spread of pleasure through him, barely holding it together when Castiel’s long, strong fingers sneak up to palm his ass, pulling him apart a little and stroking one fingertip over him.

Dean’s head snaps back and he arches, pushing downwards, arms trembling as he comes.

He notes, even in the spinning heat of the moment, that Castiel swallows readily
In the end, it’s inevitably Sam who makes it weird.

Or maybe it’s Lisa.

Dean’s still a little fuzzy about why he’s looking at his ringing phone, watching ‘Cas’ flash up, and not picking it up to answer the call. It goes to message, and he hears Castiel’s voice, calm as ever saying – Well, you’re not home, so...anyway, Dean call me when you get in...actually, you don’t have to, I just wanted to say that, I had fun tonight. We should do it again at some point...and, uh...maybe I was being too harsh when I said we weren’t friends. We could be...I think I’d like that.

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It had started with the mail, three days ago.

Sam was in the kitchen, over for one of their brother’s-breakfasts, which really just boiled down to Sam wanting to make sure Dean didn’t have scurvy and hadn’t died in some kind of alcohol fuelled psychotic episode. Over dramatic asshole. It was an old tradition, and stemmed from when Dean hadn’t had a lot of money, or a lot going for him.

Somehow it was still going on, even though his net worth had increased about ten thousand times over. (Well, it would have if it hadn’t been zero to begin with, you can’t really times zero by anything.)

So Sam was just flipping some pancakes when the mail arrived, and Dean was up to his elbows in bacon (not a euphemism, he’d just over stocked at Costco). Sam went to answer the door, and came back with a package.

“Order something?”

Dean shook his head. “Maybe it’s not mine, the address is probably wrong.”

“Nope, says right here.”

“Open it then.” Dean shoved the wad of bacon back into its plastic wrapper and dumped it into the fridge. “It’s probably just something I bought for the car and forgot about, been getting parts for weeks, even when I paid to have them all sent together.”

Sam slit the package open with a knife, and Dean removed the pancakes from the frying pan before they burnt, putting them on a plate while he waited for the bacon to fry.

“Wow,” Sam says, and Dean turns around to find him holding, a gun.

“Fuck,” Dean drops his spatula. “Who’s sending me a gun? What would someone send me a gun for?”

“It doesn’t feel real.”

“When have you ever felt a freaking gun?”

Sam pulls the trigger, and the whole thing starts buzzing in his hand. Sam turns red, and Dean just continues to gape.
“Who the fuck is sending me a vibrating...Cas.”

Sam clicks the gun off and drops it into the box. “Ok...that’s not...odd at all.”

“He sent me a book about butt sex too, guy’s actually pretty cute in a totally inappropriate kind of way.” Dean mutters, coming over to look into the box. “There’s a card, how’d you miss that, genius?” He reads the tiny rectangle, Dean, I saw these in a catalogue of Gabriel’s and, I thought they’d help you to defend your manliness in the face of anal intercourse.

“Adorable little freak,” Dean mutters.

Sam raises his eyebrows.

“What?” Dean demands.

“Nothing, just...look at you, smiling like a kid over a box of...is that cowboy lube?” Dean picks up the bottle, which does indeed have a picture of a cowboy on it. “It is dude lube.”

“Classy.”

“It’s not about being classy, it’s about being prepared,” Dean picks up another bottle, this one shaped like a bullet. “Gun oil. Cute.”

Sam snorts. “Gotta say, he knows his audience.”

“And I suppose, what? You’re still on the KY you kept in your piggy bank?” Sam turns white. “You knew about that?”

“Course I did, I stole from you, all the time.”

“Lube or cash?”

“Both.”

Sam sighs. “If you must know, Gabriel thinks you can’t go wrong with Cherry flavour anal eaze.”

Dean shudders.

“And that mental image, is for taking my paper route money.”

“Ass.”

Dean picks through the contents of the box, which, aside from the two kinds of lube and the vibrating Colt, has some double A batteries, a plug in the shape of an H bomb, and...

“What is this?”

Sam narrows his eyes. “I have no idea.”

Dean looks the spongy thing over. “Actually, I think it’s just packing material. That’s a relief.”

They sit down to pancakes and slightly overdone bacon with syrup. Sam nudges the box away from his plate and clears his throat.

“So, have you been spending a lot of time with Castiel?”
Dean shrugs. “Not really, I had coffee with him the other day.”

“Really?”

“It was an accident really, I ran into him while he was doing the walk of shame.”

“When?”

“Sunday.”

“Huh.”

“What?” Dean asks.

“It’s just...Gabriel said he and Castiel were at his place watching movies all night. Apparently Castiel hasn’t seen a movie for the last two years, or something crazy, and Gabriel was trying to catch him up.”

Dean blinks. “You’re sure?”

“I’m definitely sure, Gabriel got jelly beans everywhere and woke up with a killer sugar hangover, which I then had to deal with.”

Dean frowns, why had Castiel let him think that he’d been out with some guy all night? Seemed kind of unnecessary, even a little mean, though he didn’t know why. It wasn’t like Castiel was lying to hurt him, just, maybe he felt a little lame for not having anything on the go when Dean was out hitting on waitresses.

Still, Dean was a little pissed that Cas had lied to him.

“It doesn’t bother you, does it?” Sam asks.

“No, why would it? If he wants to make shit up that’s his business.”

“I meant, when you thought he was dating someone else.”

Dean gives him a hard look, “Screwing is not dating, Sam. And what do you mean ‘else’?”

“Nothing.”

Dean glares at him. “I’m not dating Cas.”

“I didn’t say you were.”

“But you implied it with your stupid, implying words.”

Sam raises an eyebrow. “I’m just saying that, you’ve slept with him, a lot, and, he’s buying you stuff...but if you’re not hanging out, obviously you’re not dating.”

“Exactly.” Dean says.

And no way in hell is he telling Sam that he’s actually going to dinner and a movie with Cas that night.

Because Sam is wrong, and that’s all there is to it.

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OK, so that’s not all there is to it.

There’s also the fact that, while Dean isn’t dreaming about Cas’s cock all the time (because his subconscious is just a dumping ground for shit he’s seen during the day) he is thinking about it quite a lot.

It’s sort of like when you think about a needle going into your eye, and you can’t get the image out of your head, so it haunts you.

Only, this isn’t as gross or scary. It’s just...there. The sudden flash of sense memory he gets when he’s cleaning the kitchen, or out buying groceries. The remembered feel of Castiel in his mouth, the scent of his skin, the way he’d kissed him. And he can’t make it stop happening.

But it doesn’t mean anything, it’s just a memory, not a fantasy.

Castiel coming into his bedroom and fucking him stupid over the end of the bed was a fantasy. But that was almost certainly the result of too much filming, and a lapse of concentration brought on by beer and too little sleep as he was jerking off in the shower. He’d let his mind slip out of its groove, and it had sort of...wandered into butt territory.

(Fantasy Cas had been fucking awesome, but he’s not thinking of that. Nope).

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Dean meets Cas at the cinema, where Castiel is sticking out like a sore thumb in his flasher coat, standing amongst the girls queuing for the new Twilight movie, and the nerds in costume waiting for the Captain America screening.

Cas is actually talking to a pretty hot guy in a Captain America T-shirt, and he’s tilting his head to one side and smiling slightly as Dean comes over and coughs, which gets the attention of the other guy, who’s a head taller than him, and has pecs to burn.

“Hey Cas.”

“Dean,” Castiel says levelly, “I was just talking to Rick about the differences in architecture on this building, versus the old theatre.”

“Rick,” Dean says, with the tightest smile his face has ever displayed. “Guess you’re here for the ah-” he gestures at the poster for Captain America.

“Actually I’m here to see Cabin the Woods, just an unfortunate t-shirt choice.” His smile is so white it looks like he’s carved his teeth from alpine snow.

Dean wants to kill him.

The line moves forwards and Castiel says he’s going to go to the bathroom now that Dean’s here to hold their spot. Once he’s gone, Rick shifts from one foot to the other.

“I know this is none of my business but...Castiel said you’re not on a date or anything...so, is it OK with you if I give him my number, maybe hang with you two?”

“Yeah sure, actually, you can take the seat next to him if you like. We’re going out for dinner after if you want to join.”

The words are what his brain has telegraphed to his mouth, but somehow they come out as,
“Actually, we are on a date.”

“Oh...I thought...”

“Yeah,” Dean shifts in fake awkwardness. “I guess he was just being polite, you know?”

Rick nods like he gets it.

“Sorry man.” Dean adds charitably, while his brain yodels – What are you doing!!! Cas is going to be so pissed at you. I’m so pissed at you. WHITE MAN SPEAKS WITH FORKED DICK! We got a liar over here!!

Fortunately, Rick gives his best rueful smile and goes to the back of the line, where he presumably has friends, because two girls shake their heads regretfully and pat his enormous shoulders.

So what? The guy’s a freaking anvil of hotness, he’ll be single for maybe five minutes.

That’s right, just don’t analyse the fact that you just peed around Cas in a circle. You big big freak.

Dean tells his brain to shut up.

His brain calls him a total fucktard and plays the Cas fantasy in slowmo until Castiel comes back.

“Oh. Where’s Rick?” He asks.

Dean tries not to blush. “He had to go back to his friends.”

Castiel nods and says no more about it.

They get into the theatre, buy tickets and icecream, and then take their seats right at the back, where Dean steers them in the hope of avoiding Rick. It actually works, as Rick isn’t even in the same screen. Lying bastard must have been Captain America bound the whole time. The nerve of some people.

His brain actually growls.

Dean doesn’t watch a lot of the first part of the movie, mostly because he keeps glancing at Castiel to see if he’s A. Enjoying himself and B. Still eating his ice cream like it’s paid him money for the pleasure.

He’s fast coming to realise that there is nothing Castiel can do with his mouth that doesn’t make him look like a porn star. He bets he even looks hot putting on Chap Stick or eating a burrito.

(It has been pointed out to Dean by Sam, that he looks like a wookie when he eats a burrito).

Castiel it turns out, does not like scary movies. It’s not the gore that upsets him, or the tension that gets to him, it’s those hokey loud sound effects they use to make you jump when nothing scary’s happening.

When a loud strings section accompanies the opening of a box, Castiel actually jumps, his hand missing the seat divider and clutching Dean’s thigh for a nanosecond.

Dean turns to whisper against his ear, “Pretty crappy thing to do right?”

Castiel nods, his hair tickling Dean’s face. He smells like plain soap and toothpaste. Dean swallows, and he actually hears Castiel’s breath go shaky, expectant.
Dean turns away, and watches the rest of the movie with his heart in throat, which is nothing to do with the blood and the screaming happening on screen. He only relaxes when Castiel goes to the bathroom, and even then, when he comes back, his legs brushing Dean as he slips past, Dean tenses right back up again.

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After the movie they cross the street to a pizza place that Dean has been going to for years, and which does the best pizza in the world, which Sam won’t eat. Mainly because it’s about 50% cheese, 30% sausage and 15% more cheese with only 5% bread and veggies.

Dean is officially in love with their pizza.

He and Castiel go in and sit down, and Dean orders a beer, while Castiel asks for a diet soda with lime. Dean doesn’t even comment. He’s used to Cas being a total freak.

They study the menu, and Castiel’s stomach grumbles unhappily.

“Hungry?”

Castiel nods.

“Well, I’m not going to judge so, you can totally wolf a whole deep crust cheese, cheese and meat pizza with extra bacon and garlic balls....because that’s what I’m having.”

Castiel smiles. “I’ll take that without the second cheese.”

“Good choice.”

Dean orders, and when he’s on his way back to the table he sees that Castiel is talking to someone at the next table.

That someone is Lisa.

Alarm bells would be an understatement. Foghorns go off in Dean’s brain, oil tanker in distress noises.

“...Uh, hey Lis.”

She blinks at him. “Dean?”

“Yeah, Hi.”

She looks at Castiel, then at him. “So...you two are on a date?”

Dean actually feel the blood drain out of his face.

“Yes, we are.” Castiel says.

“Cas~”

“We are though...that’s what you told Rick.” There’s a challenge in Castiel’s eyes, though he keeps his voice level.

Lisa stands up.
“You don’t have to go.” Dean says.

“I was finished anyway.” She smiles, but it’s a tense smile. “See you around, k?”

Dean nods and she walks away. He drops down into his seat and glares at Castiel. “What did you have to go and say that for?”

“Why did you lie to Rick?”

“Because...” Dean shakes his head, “this was not the same, Lisa was my-”

“Ex-girlfriend?”

“Ex-fiancée.” Dean mutters.

“Oh.”

Castiel at least has the grace to look abashed. “I didn’t know, sorry I...”

“Whatever. Now the woman I was going to marry thinks I’m a ranging queer, and it’s all your fault.”

“Fair point,” Castiel says, “I shouldn’t have lied...but you shouldn’t have said those things to Rick. He was mortified when I saw him in the men’s room.”

“Yeah well, he shouldn’t be hitting on you when you’re out with someone.”

“but we’re not dating.”

“I know that.” Dean says, frustrated. “And how come you told me you’d been out with a guy when you’d been at your brother’s all evening?”

Castiel’s cheeks pinken. “That was a misunderstanding.”

“That you didn’t correct.”

“I was...” Castiel pauses, gathering himself. “I felt a little...at a disadvantage, because you were so open about your relationships with women. I thought it might make you more comfortable if I were seen to be involved with other men. That you would be more at ease in my company if you could see I had no interest in you.”

“Was that what you were doing with that Rick guy?”

“He was nice, attractive...but I wouldn’t have allowed him to intrude on our time together, because I’d planned to spend tonight with you.”

Dean looks down at the table. “Well, I didn’t know that.”

“You didn’t have to try and scare him off though.”

“And you didn’t have to fake-out me to Lisa.”

“I’ll tell her it was a joke, or something.”

Dean shrugs. The damage was already done, and he would just have to live with it. It’s not until their food has arrived that Castiel asks the question Dean’s been dreading.
“Why didn’t you marry her?”

Dean folds a slice of cheese coated pizza in half and shrugs. “I couldn’t go through with it, in the end...I guess I just couldn’t see it.”

“See what?”

“Us, in the future.” Dean takes a bite of pizza and swallows. “You know, like, when you’re thinking of yourself being all old and living in a house with a dog and grandkids visiting. I couldn’t see it.”

“What did you see?”

Dean shrugs again. “Nothing.”

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Dean doesn’t answer the message on his phone.

He doesn’t know why, but things have changed with him and Castiel. And maybe it’s because he’s thinking about him when he’s not around. And maybe it’s because of what he saw in Sam and Lisa’s eyes, that image of himself as someone, something else.

Maybe it’s because he doesn’t want to be around when Cas finds a Rick that’ll be around for good.

(But he’s not thinking about that. Definitely not.)

He just wants out.
Dean, my brother is fucking miserable. Call him, or, I swear to LUCIFER that I will come over there and castrate you while you sleep...this is Gabriel by the way.

Beep.

Dean, Gabriel wants to drive over to yours and...yeah, well, you don’t want that to happen, seriously, so...uh...call him, or Cas, and just...let me know what’s got into you.

Beep.

Hey Dean, it’s Ben...is it true that Mom saw you on a date with a dude? Oh and, how was the movie, because I still really want to see it.

Beep.

Dean, it’s Lisa, has Ben been calling you again? Because I keep seeing your number on our phone bill.

Beep.

Dean. Gabriel again. I’m sharpening my knives and I’m not going to anesthetise you when what goes down goes down.

Beep.

By the way, what’s going down, is I’m going to cut your balls off. Just FYI, you might want to stock up on sterile swabs and pain pills.

Beep.

Actually, forget the pain pills. You don’t deserve them.

Beep.

Actually, actually, forget the swabs too, I want you to experience the kind of putrefaction that you’ve never seen before, like a pork roast left out in the sun- Sam! Give me back the phone, I wasn’t done.

Beep.

End of messages.

It was the fourteenth day of Dean’s embargo on Castiel, and all associated gayness, and it was going great.

He’d showered, had a great breakfast, watched some seriously hot Asian women groping on the internet, had another shower, gone into the city to buy some parts for the home entertainment outfit he was putting together (surround sound and motion sensitive controlled TV, it was going to be awesome). Then he’d gone to his favourite place for lunch, and picked out the biggest prime steak in the whole joint, he’d actually had to have part of it doggy bagged. Then he’d gone to the movies, seen Captain America, hit on a couple of cute chicks while he waited in line at the gas station, and come home with a phone number in his pocket, and a date at the weekend.
Of course, there were thirty-eight messages on his phone.

Which was an improvement from the hundred and nine he’d gotten the day before.

They were mostly Gabriel, with a couple from Sam thrown in for flavour, but they all made him feel crappy, so he deleted them wholesale. Cas’s first and only message was still in the ‘old messages’ inbox, and sometimes, usually when he’d stumbled in after a couple too many drinks, he’d sprawl out on the couch and play the message, over and over and over. He had it memorised.

When he woke up the next morning, he had no idea why he’d done it. Only that it felt kind of like sticking your tongue into the cavity where a tooth had fallen out. Painful, raw, but kind of masochistically good at the same time.

Two weeks and he hadn’t even thought about Castiel, and to be honest, it felt great. Like a load off his mind. He’d stopped dreaming about him, stopped worrying that they might be getting a little too close, closer than a straight guy should be with a gay dude. And, best part was, he’d never have to get naked with him again, touch him, or kiss him, or...

It was great. That’s where Dean’s thought process officially stopped.

That night he climbed into bed secure in the knowledge that he was a guy with a date at the weekend. A date with a girl. All was right with the world, and he had a really healthy bank balance that was getting larger by the day. Life, was officially good.

That is, it was good, until he woke up at 1am to the sight of a stranger standing over him, with a knife in his hand.

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Dean yelled, reached out and whipped his alarm clock at the intruder, rolled out of bed, leapt for the wall, and snapped on the light.

Gabriel pointed the knife at him. “Get back here.”

Dean bolted into the living room, where a vaguely amused looking Sam was leaning against the wall. Sam quickly covered his eyes.

“You know, if you’re not going to wear them, I’m gonna stop buying you pyjamas for Christmas.”

Dean yelped and bolted, still naked, back into his bedroom. He bypassed Gabriel, grabbed a robe and slung it on, belting it tightly.

“You, sir, are a bastard.” Gabriel said, waving the kitchen knife.

“You know, if you’re not going to wear them, I’m gonna stop buying you pyjamas for Christmas.”

Dean yelped and bolted, still naked, back into his bedroom. He bypassed Gabriel, grabbed a robe and slung it on, belting it tightly.

“You, sir, are a bastard.” Gabriel said, waving the kitchen knife.

“What the fuck are you doing in my house?”

“Why the fuck do you have a dog door if you have no dog?” Gabriel countered.

Dean glared at the doorway, where Sam had just appeared. “Get your crazy ass boyfriend out of here.”

“You didn’t return any of our calls,” Sam said. “we wanted to see if you were ok.”

“Sam wanted to see if you were ok. I, as previously stated, want to cut your balls off,” Gabriel corrected.
“I’m fine,” Dean said, choosing to ignore Gabriel, “if you’d stop calling me I’d be damn near perfect.”

Sam looked at him for a moment. “Have you spoken to Castiel?”

“No.”

“Why?”

“Because...we’re not working together anymore. So...that’s that.”

Gabriel leapt at him and only Sam’s hand grabbing his collar kept him away from Dean. While Gabriel did a passable impression of Scrappy-Do, Sam gave Dean his best Cameron Diaz bitch-face.

“And when did the two of you decide to stop working together?”

“We didn’t, decide, technically,” Dean muttered, “I just, thought maybe I wouldn’t do it anymore. And technically he works for me so...”

There was murder in Gabriel’s eye. And not just the regular kind of murder, this was the kind of murder that got special docudramas made about it. The kind with sawn up bodies and acid baths and the killer standing up in court and spitting, through bloodied jaws, that he was glad he’d killed the bastard.

Sam’s face wasn’t much friendlier.

“Dean, you’re supposed to be an adult. You work in ADULT entertainment.”

“I know that...”

“So why are you acting like you’re TEN!?”

“I’m not!”

“Really? Because you’ve stopped speaking to your friend, avoided all his calls, and ours, and now you’re trying to weasel out of it by being all nonchalant and pissy.”

Dean bristled. “I am not pissy.”

“You’re Princess Pissy,” Gabriel hissed. “My brother is in the very depths of despair right now...although, being Cas, he’s just kind of sitting quietly on his couch not bothering anybody – but he is in agony because of you being an ass. So suck it up, go over there, apologise for being a dick and then maybe get some kind of counselling, you narcissistic, juvenile....shit-head.”

Dean looked at Sam. “Cas is feeling shitty about this?”

“DUH!” Gabriel foghorned.

Sam winced and nodded. “He’s a little...very upset that you’re not talking to him. He doesn’t know what he’s done wrong. And, while you and I both know that he hasn’t done anything, Castiel doesn’t get that you’re a freak who’s so scared of being called gay that he’s jettisoned his own friend...and his brother.”

“Sam,”
“No, you’re dodging my calls. You don’t want to talk to me. That’s not normal for you. You’re freaking out about me and Gabriel, and you don’t want to talk about it.”

Dean swallowed, trying to find any other reason for his behaviour, but it was true, he had been avoiding Sam, and not just because Sam was like his own personal conscience fairy. It was because he’d assumed that Gabriel and Sam would side with Cas, because they were gay. Irrational as it was, he’d been scared of pissing them off.

“Sorry.” He muttered.

“Don’t tell me. Tell Castiel.” Sam said, but not angrily. “I’m your brother, I get that you’re crazy. Ok?”

“I don’t.” Gabriel put in. “But, Sam promised me a lot of action if I left your balls alone...so...I guess now that I’ve but the fear of God up you...I’ll let myself out.”

Gabriel left and Sam sighed indulgently.

“You know I’m ok with you guys dating, right?” Dean said. “I don’t want you to break up with him and be all weepy and miserable.”

“I do not weep.”

“You weep like a freaking Dr.Sexy intern, who’s pregnant, just lost her legs in a microlite accident, and still can’t cure Cancer of the puppy.”

“...Why do you watch that show?”

“Shut up.” Dean sighed. “I’ll go talk to Cas...tomorrow morning I’ll go right over and...”

Sam was shaking his head.

“Go tonight.”

“Why?”

“Because Gabriel and I went to see him, and he looks like he hasn’t slept for about a week”

“But he should be ok, right?”

“He was repainting his kitchen, to keep busy.”

“That’s a good thing right?”

“It was ten o’clock at night.”

Dean sighed. “I’ll get my pants, hang on.”
Chapter 14

Sam drives Dean across town, with Gabriel sulking in the back of the car. They stop outside of Castiel’s apartment building, a tall, yellow brick new-build with those pointless little French windows to nowhere, and weird little gables everywhere.

“You sure this is it?” Dean asked doubtfully.

“I know right?” Gabriel said, “I told him not to buy it, but, he just got suckered in by the hardwood floors.”

Sam sighed, and then turned to look at Dean.

“Alright, I’m going.” Dean opened his door and slid out of the car. He slammed the car door shut and walked towards the building.

When he heard the engine start up behind him he turned, watching in disbelief as Sam drove off and left him stranded. At night. With no money, no car, and pretty much no weapon or help if anyone decided to attack him.

Ok, so the neighbourhood was one of those places where neighbours brought over homemade muffins and loaned each other Dr. Sexy box sets in between block parties and communal barbecues. But still. Where was Sam’s sense of brotherly concern?

Dean went and buzzed the apartment that had ‘Mr. Castiel’ on a sticker next to it.

“Hello?” Sighed a voice.

Dean couldn’t think of anything to say.

“Gabriel, if this is you again, please, please don’t push more pie through the mail slot. People are still complaining about the bilberries.”

“It’s me.”

“Me?”

“Dean.”

“Oh.”

There was a short, stunned silence, and then the door clicked open.

“I guess you can come in.” Castiel said, and then the intercom went dead.

Dean went up the stairs (which were so clean he could see himself in them, seriously, Cas was clearly sharing the apartment block with seven dwarves and a deer with OCD) and found Castiel standing in his doorway, wearing a pale yellow t-shirt spotted with white paint, and black drawstring pants several sizes too big.

Dean came to a stop in front of him. “Hey.”

“Hello.” Castiel frowned at him. “You do realise that it is one in the morning?”
“Yeah...Sam and Gabriel kind of broke into my house and told me you were...upset.”

Castiel’s frown deepened. “I’m not upset.”

“They said you were painting.”

“I am.”

“At 1 am?”

Castiel shrugged. “I’m a night owl. Though I suppose all owls are night owls. So, I may be just an owl.”

Dean looked him over. “Are you drunk?”

“No,” Castiel said, facial features collecting together in an expression of confounded denial.

“Really?”

“I have had some tequila,” Castiel allowed, “but I am not drunk.”

“Tequila?”

“I find it helps the decorating process if I’m a little more, relaxed, than usual.”

Dean stood for a second, trying to detect a shred of reason in the conversation he was currently having. Finding none he asked,

“Can I come in?”

Castiel shrugged and went back into his apartment.

Dean followed, and found himself in Castiel’s living room/kitchen. The living room was a mess of books, papers, sketches, pots of pencils, DVDs, coffee cups and half eaten packages of cookies and cereal.

The kitchen was clear, except for a frying pan that Cas had filled with sand and planted cactuses in.

The walls were half white, and half slate grey, and a roller and brushes had been left on the top of a stepladder, next to a half empty bottle of tequila, a ‘world’s best brother’ mug and an open bag of marshmallows.

Castiel surveyed the painting he’d done so far.

“I think I liked the grey better.”

“White’s good.” Dean said, still taking in the chaos of Castiel’s apartment. “You know, I have no idea why, but I always thought you’d be like, anal-ly neat.”

Castiel giggled, a sound that made Dean jump.

“Anal,” Castiel said by way of an explanation, his face suddenly very serious.

Dean raised his eyebrows and nodded.

“So, you didn’t call me back.” Castiel said, picking up his mug and taking a sip if the contents.
“Yeah I...I got busy.”

“No,” Castiel scoffed, “you got really really weird.”

Dean sighed. “I guess. Sorry if I upset you but-”

Castiel waved him off. “’M not upset. I’m...surprised. Because I thought you’d gotten over yourself enough to be my friend. Because I thought you might enjoy spending time with me...but, you know. I guess you’re just really hung up on not looking gay. I was wrong.”

Dean sat down on the arm of Castiel’s couch, where he competed for space with two pillows shaped like a stegosaurus and a mushroom respectively.

“I’m not worried about looking gay.”

“Well, good, because that shirt is not a straight man’s friend.”

“What’s wrong with my shirt?”

“It has a penis on it.”

Dean looked down.

“That’s the Apollo shuttle.”

Castiel frowned at it. “Uncanny.”

“Oh, I can’t explain this to you if you’re drunk.”

“Would it help if you were drunk?” Castiel asked, offering the bottle.

Dean looked at it for a moment.

“Yes. Yes it would.”

(-*-)

“Left.” Castiel says.

Dean shifts a little and Castiel frowns like he’s thinking really hard.

“Left a little more.”

Dean complies, and Castiel sighs in frustration.

“What? I’m trying here, ok?” Dean mutters.

“Left, but like...more here.” Castiel says, gesturing.

Dean looks at him in disbelief. “Do you mean, ‘right’?”

“Oh...yes. Right.” Castiel looks at him like he’s just discovered gravity. “I was confused.”

Dean puts down the paint roller and gets off the step ladder to survey his handy work.

“I think it’s ok.” He says.
Castiel frowns at his kitchen.

“You’re painted half of one of my cabinets.”

“Oh yeah, I did didn’t I.”

“Hmmm.” Castiel shakes his head and picks up the half finished second bottle of wine that they’ve been working on since the tequila ran out, and the white wine somehow disappeared. Dean takes the bottle off of him after a minute and swallows.

Castiel sits down on the couch, and Dean collapses next to him. The mixture of alcohol is doing a nice job at making him feel relaxed and slightly fuzzy, to the extent that he isn’t really keeping track of time, or thinking that he should be leaving because it’s late (technically, early) and Cas probably wants to get to bed. Castiel actually doesn’t seem interested in kicking him out though, and they’re both reasonably drunk.

“You know, I wanted to call you back,” Dean finds himself saying, as Castiel finds the lost bottle of white wine and takes a deep drink from it. “I just...I wanted to get back to normal, like, going out and meeting girls and doing...the things that I do.”

“I don’t really see how I was stopping you doing that anyway.” Castiel says.

“You weren’t, but you made me feel like...I don’t know, like I shouldn’t be. Like it was weird for me to be seeing them while I was, seeing you.”

“You weren’t seeing me.”

“I was seeing you naked, a lot.”

“Lucky for you.” Castiel says.

“Yeah, and, you’re you know, hot, for a guy. And really, really good at...sex-stuff and then I was having coffee with you, and going to the movies and, I forgot to look for chicks to go out with and I just needed to remember what I’m looking for. So, I didn’t call you, and I thought we shouldn’t work together because, I’d forgotten what it was like, being with someone who, wasn’t you.” Dean says, all in one long sentence, not really knowing why he’s saying all this to Castiel, when Castiel probably doesn’t care in the least.

Castiel puts his bottle of wine on the table and moves closer so he can get at the red that Dean is clutching like a lifeline. He rolls the bottle between his hands and then blows lightly across the top, producing a low, hollow sound.

“Dean,” he says, and then stops, takes a long pull on the wine, and starts again. “I know it’s difficult, all this, filming and trying to be friends...can I ask you something?”

“What?”

Castiel swallows. “Why didn’t you just get a woman to do this?”

Dean frowns. “There weren’t any...I mean, I tried, but there wasn’t anyone who’d do it. Then I saw your add and...”

“I don’t think that’s what happened.” Castiel says.

“Well it is,” Dean thinks for a second, he remembers Sam telling him that no sane woman was
going to let some strange guy film her, when it was illegal. What he doesn’t remember, and what is suddenly really worrying him, is actually looking for a girl. He’d seen the ad for an out of work artists model, a male model, and he’d just thought, yeah, it should be a guy.

“Why the hell did I think it should be a guy?” He doesn’t even realise he’s spoke out loud until Castiel answers him.

“I’ve been asking myself that.” Castiel isn’t looking at him, he’s looking at the wine bottle as if it contains the answers to all of life’s mysteries, instead of 7.95 Merlot and backwash. “Along with, when did you stop being the guy behind the camera?”

Dean swallows, but he can’t find it in himself to speak. He’s thinking though, boy is he thinking. His brain is going into alcohol soaked overdrive, careening down the paths of ‘never ever go there’.

He’s thinking that, when Cas hadn’t been able to get off, he’d been the one to go over and touch him. That when he’d had to find a partner for Cas he’d turned down 27 perfectly ok guys (ok, 19 perfectly ok guys, some of them were genuinely scary). He’s thinking that, when Gabriel had told him that he should just partner Castiel, he’d been freaked out, but also relieved.

“I...” he says, but Castiel is frowning. Doing some thinking of his own.

“Why did it even have to be gay porn?” Castiel asks, almost like he’s trundling down his own little thought-path. Asking questions for the first time that he should have asked long ago. Because it’s glaringly obvious that there are some things that they really should have worked out, talked over, but that instead had been assumed, had been instinctual.

Dean really has no idea. Just like he doesn’t know why he hadn’t kept looking for chicks, rather than just partnering himself with Castiel. Really, the blow job hadn’t been that gay, and he could have stopped there...only, he hadn’t. He’d stopped trying, he realised. He hadn’t spoken to Gabriel about finding someone else again.

“Dean,” Castiel said, “I think...are you, freaking out so much, because there’s an actual reason, for you to be freaking out?” realising that he’s making no sense he goes back and untangles his logic. “Are you so worried, about looking gay, because...you kinda are?”

And, maybe he’s a total dumbass, but, honestly? That had never occurred to him before.

He can’t be gay. He’s slept with tons of women, not that he’s ever put them all in one place and weighed them wholesale, that would be weird. But, there had been lots of women. Hundreds. He’d never even looked at a guy that way. Never even thought about one.

Until you walked into the café and thought Castiel was gorgeous.

His brain had picked a hell of a time to start talking to him. It could have told him this a long time ago. Like when he was going through puberty or something. But seriously, now?

He couldn’t be gay, he just...he couldn’t be. Because...

Oh. Damn. Because nothing.

There wasn’t a single reason that he couldn’t be gay. Dean turned and looked at Castiel, probing his drunk self for any stirrings of gayness.

Castiel frowned at him, as if still waiting for an answer to his question.
And, accidently, Dean ended up giving it to him.

“I think I kind of want to kiss you...is that ok?”
Castiel nodded.

Castiel nodded, and suddenly, there wasn’t a space between them anymore. There was no space, no air keeping them apart, separate. There was just Castiel’s mouth on his, Dean leaning forwards, and kissing him, and then Dean had the taste of tequila and wine and Castiel in his mouth, painty hands on his shoulders, cupping his neck, bold, blunt teeth pulling at his lip, and the warm smell of clean skin, paint and powdered sugar coming from Castiel’s skin.

Dean hadn’t realised he’d tensed as he’d reached for Castiel, until his whole body relaxed into the kiss, relaxed against him and left him lying half on top of Cas’s body, half leaning in the couch. Castiel grunted softly at the pressure, then broke away a little and changed the angle of the kiss, settling comfortably.

It just kind of happened, with neither of them pushing for anything, the kiss grew, until Dean was palming Castiel’s hips through his baggy sweats, arching up so Castiel’s hands could sweep over his chest. He hadn’t even noticed Castiel’s legs parting, the way his body had sunk between them, until he pressed down as Castiel moved and a low, intense heat built in his lower body.

Dean pulled his mouth away from where Castiel was doing his level best to make his lips as plump and bruised as Dean was making his, and leaned up a little, palms flat on the couch cushions behind Castiel’s head.

“Just so you know...this is pretty fucking awesome.” Dean muttered.

Castiel pressed up against him, hips rubbing in a way that left Dean in no doubt that both of them were hard, and that feeling Castiel rub against him like that was one of his favourite sensations of all time.

“Fucking amazing,” he growled, pressing Castiel firmly in the couch and sinking back into the almost too hot embrace, feeling Castiel’s hands on his back, cupping his ass, raking short, firm nails over his skin. Their mouths were loose, wet, slicking tongues and lips together in a way Dean hadn’t done since he was a teenager and kissing was pretty much all he’d been allowed to do. With his eyes closed, Dean’s perception was limited to Castiel’s perfect mouth, the scent of his hot skin, the hundred points where they touched each other, the loose bunch of fabric turned warm by skin, the hot catch of hands on hips and stomachs and the shuddery, deep heat when Castiel pressed up against him, and Dean felt his erection, trapped against his leg, throb almost desperately against Cas’s tented sweatpants.

And then it was gone, and Castiel had pushed him away, and bunched up at one end of the sofa, catching his breath and gritting his teeth against the sudden lack of touching.

Dean stayed where he’d been pushed, but blinked, surprised. “Cas, what-”

“You’re drunk.”

“I’m not that drunk.”

Castiel shook his head like he was trying to dispel Dean’s influence as well as the alcohol’s effects. “You’re drunk enough, and I’m a little drunk and...we can’t do this if you’re even the tiniest bit compromised.”
“What?”

“If you do this, because you’re drunk, and then we wake up and, you blame me, or you think it was a mistake, where does that leave me?”

Dean looked at him, at Castiel’s flushed face and bitten lips, and realised just how shitty he was being, to ignore Castiel and then turn up at his house and make a pass at him.

“You know I want this, right?” he said.

“I know you do right now,” Castiel offered. He stood up, wincing a little and tilting his head back to stretch. “You shouldn’t be driving. You can have the couch if you don’t mind.”

“Sure.” Dean swallowed and found himself suddenly awkward, feeling guilty. “Night Cas.”

“Goodnight Dean.”

Castiel padded into his bedroom and closed the door.

Dean collapsed onto the couch and growled into the cushions under his face. How could he have been such a dumbass?

He didn’t sleep that well, and kept waking up not knowing where he was. The couch smelt like Castiel, and now that he’d gotten worked up his body was reluctant to let go of the idea that he was going to get lucky.

Dean woke up sometime after it started getting light outside, and got up to pee. That was when he realised that the only door in the apartment led into Castiel’s bedroom.

He eased the door open, and in the grey light saw that the room was covered in tangled clothing, piles of books that had escaped from shelves covering one wall. There were magazines on the floor, mainly arty stuff with statues on the covers, though he did slip on a ‘Big Dick Monthly’ on his way to the bathroom door.

The tiny en suite was clean and uncluttered, there was a row of bottles on the small windowsill, a shower cubicle and a toilet opposite a miniature sink. On the side of the sink was a white china pot containing a toothbrush, a tube of toothpaste, and a slim, black vibrator.

When Dean came out of the bathroom, he saw that Castiel had turned over, and separated himself from the tangled sheets. His dark hair was distinct against the pale duvet, and as Dean watched, his face creased in a frown and muttered something under his breath that sounded like ‘Gabriel, go away.”

Dean crossed the room and went back into the living room. He wasn’t tired anymore, but he was thirsty, so he ran off a glass of water in the newly painted kitchen and sat on the couch to drink it. He was definitely sober now, not that he’d been especially drunk before, but he’d had that warm, buzzy feeling that came with just enough alcohol to kill off your inhibitions.

He’d kissed Castiel. Made a full-on move on the guy, on a guy. He’d felt an actual erection against him that wasn’t his own, and that wasn’t part of filming a porno to make quick cash. And he hadn’t freaked out. If anything, he’d been disappointed when Castiel pulled away from him. He’d been fully prepared for clothes to come off, for nakedness and sex to happen.

Maybe Castiel was right...maybe he was kinda gay.
You’re seriously just tuning in?

Dean was not ready for his brain to start calling him an idiot, so he forced it to shut up. What he needed, he decided, was a litmus test. A definite indication of how gay he was, or, if he was just getting worried over nothing, maybe he was just used to having sex with Castiel, and his body had gotten all confused. It wasn’t like he liked guys plural.

He crept into Castiel’s room, picked up the magazine he’d slipped on, and crept back to the sofa.

Dean flicked through the porn magazine, clearly an old one that Castiel had kept after the great porno-embargo. Naked guys. Guys with dicks. Dean probed his thoughts gently, trying to work out if he was in the least bit turned on. He wasn’t getting hard, but, then, flicking through a dirty magazine in someone else’s living room hadn’t provoked that kind of reaction since he was about fourteen.

In the end, he took out his cell and called Sam.

“Dean, it’s like...five in the morning. What the hell?”

“You’re the one that left me downtown, asshole.”

“Oh, right,” he heard Sam sitting up in bed, and a noise that might have been Gabriel calling for the blood of the man who was interrupting his sleep. Sam shushed him. “So, how’d it go with Castiel?”

“Pretty good, we talked, we drank, I painted his kitchen and then we dry humped all over the couch AND IT’S ALL YOUR FAULT!”

“What? Also, Eww, but, what?”

“Why did you make me come over here? Now everything’s all gay, and everything sucks.”

“I didn’t make you dry hump,” Sam said, “why did you do that...do you, I mean, are you gay now?”

“That’s why I’m calling.”

“To tell me you’re gay?”

“No, to ask.”

“To...ask, if you’re gay?”

“Yes.”

There was a long, long pause.

“Ok, I’m giving Gabriel the phone, this is all just...not something I should have to deal with.”

There was a crackle, and a muffled conversation, in which Dean caught the words ‘that thing for a month, ok? I’ll even wear the...’ and then the line came alive with Gabriel’s voice.

“Hey Dean, you’re gay. Anything else I can help you with?”

“How do you know that thought?” Dean asked.
“Uh, because I have eyes, and ears, and I’ve been watching your sex tapes.” Gabriel said, “I mean, for a guy who’s supposedly straight, you’ve really been going to town on my brother.”

“That doesn’t mean…”

“Yeah, it does. You could have chosen literally anyone else on the planet to screw my baby bro, and you chose…you. And I know this is 2012, the modern era where sexuality is fluid and all that crap, but, screwing guys still makes you at least bi.”

Dean sat in silence, coming to terms with the fact that, for once, Gabriel was right about something.

“Anyway, I’m guessing from your lack of words that you’re going to over think this so…just go bone my brother, have some fun, explore your sexual limits, have a good old fashioned gay, butt, hoedown. But so help me, if you hurt his feelings, and I have to hear about it, I will nailing your balls to the wall.”

Sam came back on the line, and said, “Dean? Yeah…I have nothing else to add. Except…you know, never tell me about your sex life, because, that would be really weird…and might ruin guys for me.”

“Ok.” Dean said.

“Oh, and, you know, I hope you’re really happy with Castiel, you guys seem really awesome together.”

“Thanks Sam.”

Dean hung up and sat for a moment with his phone in his hands, just letting stuff settle in his head. So he was a little gay, gay for Castiel…he could maybe handle that, just. He was still the same guy he’d been yesterday, he still liked girls. Just…now he liked them ‘as well as’. And he’d been wrong about gay guys, Sam wasn’t some kind of freak…well, he was, but that wasn’t to do with him liking dick. And Gabriel was different, and Castiel was different again. So, who was to say he couldn’t be at least a little gay and still an awesome guy?

He waited a while longer, until he figured Castiel couldn’t be pissed at him for waking him up, then he went into his bedroom and sat down on the end of the bed.

“Cas?”

Castiel muttered something about olives.

“Cas, c’mon, wake up.”

Castiel’s legs kicked a little under the sheets, and he said something that definitely sounded like ‘no’.

Dean reached under the sheets and pulled Castiel’s foot out into the air.

Castiel opened his eyes and blinked like a moody marsupial before saying, in a voice at least three octaves lower than normal, “My head hurts”.

“Good morning to you too.” Dean handed Castiel the glass of water that he’d brought in with him. Castiel took it and reluctantly sat up. He swallowed about two thirds of it and then said,
“You’re still here.”

“You.”

“Did you sleep ok?”

Dean moved up the bed, sitting with his back to the headboard, beside Castiel. “Yeah.”

“Good.”

Dean put his arm around Castiel’s stomach, and Castiel drained the last of the water and set the glass to one side, leaning against Dean’s chest.

“Cas?”

“Mmm?”

“I think I’m bi.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah, I just...I’m sorry about last night, but, I want to know, is that ok? I mean, do you still want to...”

Castiel twisted sideways and little and kissed him, when he pulled slowly away he said.

“I don’t discriminate. You’re new at this, but...yes, it’s ok.”

Dean couldn’t think of anything to say other than. “Good.”
Lying in a bed with a guy was not as scary as Dean had supposed it would be.

It was actually nice, curled up around a warm Castiel, listening to him hum to himself whenever one of them moved slightly, brushing together skin that had previously been out of reach. Castiel’s hair tickled his throat, and his body was slim and smooth, with pleasantly silky hair in the acceptable places. And yes, Dean was happy to be the ‘big spoon’ on this occasion. Baby steps after all.

They stay like that for a very long time, until a decidedly ‘afternoon’ feeling creeps through the bedroom. They get up briefly to make coffee, which they drink back in bed. Castiel stirs once to use the bathroom, and while he’s gone, Dean flicks the radio on, and then they curl up and listen to it until the music turns to a baseball game, and then the news.

Dean doesn’t think he can actually let Castiel go, which is a little embarrassing.

Eventually, Castiel rolls over to look at him, and rubs his hand over Dean’s stomach, which is warm, and only gets warmer inside at the pressure of Castiel’s palm.

“What do you think, about this?”

“It doesn’t suck.”

Castiel flicks his navel. “I mean-”

“How do I feel about lying around in bed with you? It’s awesome, it’s...way better than, say, lying in bed by myself, or with someone else.” Dean sighed and couldn’t seem to keep his hand from creeping over Castiel’s thigh and over his spine. “I don’t know about the rest, ok? This is all...I mean, it’s new so...I need a while to, work out what the fuck is going on with me.”

“I know,” Castiel leant forwards and kissed Dean’s chest. “I remember.”

“Yeah, but you got all this stuff figured out when you were a teenager. I’m the one too stupid to know that I was-”

Castiel leant up and glared at him. “I do not sleep with stupid, ignorant people.”

“I didn’t say ignorant.”

“Well, I felt we were moving in that direction.” Castiel shrugged. “But, as and when you want to...move things along, just...give me a sign.” He carefully placed one knee on the other side of Dean’s hip, straddling him in an attempt to get to the door to the sitting room. “Breakfast waffles for dinner?”

Both of them froze when Castiel’s thigh brushed Dean’s erection.

“Now, is that a sign...or more of a sign-post?”

“Shut up.”

“I only meant that, for a man who seems so much in turmoil...you seem fairly...adamant, on this point.”
“Well, the point doesn’t know what it’s talking about...because clearly, we are not...there yet.”

“Two inches back and we could be.” Castiel pointed out. He didn’t miss the way that Dean swallowed at that. “I know you think that taking it slow is, the normal way to handle this situation...but, we have been making porn, together...for a while. And, it seems to me, knowing you from an outside standpoint, that you are, a little bit of a slut.”

“I am not.”

“Little bit.”

“Am not.”

“You’re rubbing against my leg.”

“Ugnh,” Dean tipped his head back on the pillows. “This is difficult.”

“You could make it simple,” Castiel pointed out. “By just doing, whatever you want. And, uh...if it makes that decision a little easier,” he leant down until his breath tickled Dean’s ear. “When I went to that bathroom...I may have, prepared, for this eventuality.”

“So you think I’m easy, that it?” Dean glared.

“No. But I know I am, so-”

Castiel didn’t get to finish his sentence, on account of his getting thrown onto his back and all. But he didn’t really mind.

Dean had thought a little (well, a little more than that) about what it would be like to actually fuck Castiel. It was hard not to, seeing as they’d done practically everything else. He’d tried to match it up with similar experiences that he’d had with women, working on a differences/similarities pattern. Soft curves to smooth, hard planes, squeals for grunts and groans, powdery skin for hair and sweat, and instead of a vagina there’d be...

Dean’s not a prude, OK? But he’s never really gone...there. There are too many horror stories out there, and it just seems like something that should only happen in porn, like...well, like rimming, for example. He’s willing to accept that maybe, just maybe, there’s something about the ass that might...feel, good. But he’s never actually thought about what it might be like.

Thankfully, when it comes down to it, there isn’t a lot of thinking involved.

Castiel is practical, and very hands on. As soon as Dean’s got him down on the bed, he manages to get a hand between them and take firm, but gentle hold of Dean’s dick, getting it where they both want it to be.

Cas isn’t a virgin, or anything in the neighbourhood of it. He’s more on the corner of experience row and slut avenue. So, when Dean starts actually moving into him, it’s not as tight as he’d feared – like, so tight that it would be physically impossible to get more than a cocktail stirrer up there.

Because he’s definitely not a cocktail stirrer.

That’s not to say it isn’t tight. It is, so much so that he actually has to stop a couple of times, because he can feel himself start to lose it. And he’s trying so hard not to come right away, because that would be so embarrassing, but at the same time it’s what he really, really wants to do. The fact that Castiel’s legs are thrown over his shoulders, and that Castiel is steadily urging him forwards,
taking everything he’s giving and still wanting more, is not strictly helpful. Neither is the fact that there is no end to Cas, no point at which there’s just no more space, so Dean finds himself screwing as deep as possible, and still aching to go deeper.

Castiel’s body moves in helpless little jerks, but his ass is more than compensating by clinging to Dean’s dick like it was moulded from it in the first place. And a minute or so in, When Dean is pushing as hard as he can into Castiel’s willing body, he can’t even remember why he ever thought the idea of butts was gross, because his whole body is literally throbbing with pleasure.

If an independent observer was watching with a stopwatch (and why would they be? Castiel had two mortise locks to discourage Gabriel from doing just that) they would see that, what for Castiel and Dean felt like about a half hour of unparalleled, filthy ecstasy, lasted about six and a half minutes.

Which was pretty good considering that Dean had been a quick thrust from coming at around the sixteen second mark.

Even after they were finished, lying next to each other on the bed, Castiel could still feel different parts of him catching the wave of his climax. He reached over and squeezed the top of Dean’s thigh. Dean, happy to just lie and bask in the breathless silence, patted his hand and let his eyes drift shut.

“I’ve actually been thinking about that for...a while.” Castiel finally said.

“Since?”

“Since I saw you naked.”

Dean kicked him softly on the shin without opening his eyes, or really moving any other part of his body.

“Was it ok...for a first time?” Castiel asked a while later.

“It was....I don’t think I thought it could be as good as, you know, doing it the other way, like, with a girl.” He opened his eyes to glance over at Castiel.

“But it was?”

“Different, but yeah, really good.”

Castiel leant up and looked down at him curiously. “You don’t seem...”

“What?” Dean said, frowning.

“I don’t know. It’s just...when I had my first time, with a guy it was like...wow, ok, this is what I’ve been missing. This is sex. I just...got it. Right then. Like I’d been walking around like an alien or something, and I’d finally found out what I was, and that it was ok.”

Dean shrugged. “Maybe I’m not as deep as you. It was sex, really, really good sex. And I like you, and it made me happy so...that’s it.”

Castiel moved closer, and Dean felt the warmth of his body as their skin touched. He could definitely see himself waking up like this, every day, for...well, maybe forever.

Which was new, and kinda scary.
“Are you sure there isn’t something...more, that you want from me?” Castiel asked quietly, “something I wasn’t doing. Because, there’s a lot of ways to be with a guy, and that was just one, so, if it didn’t completely-”

“Dude. I am satisfied. I’m so fricking satisfied that I can’t feel my legs. Stop with the post-performance anxiety.”

“Ok,” Castiel said, blushing. “Just, if there’s something you want to do, you can tell me.”

“I will,” Dean said.

But, even as he said it, he knew he couldn’t. Because, spooning a guy? That was ok. Even breaking his no-butts rule? He could live with that. But if he opened his mouth and told Cas that, since that little experiment with having his tongue up his ass, he’d been thinking about getting pounded into the mattress?

Dean was not ready to surrender his man-cards yet.

He might have said something, maybe. If, at that moment, the two mortice locks on Cas’s door hadn’t burst open, and four cops hadn’t thrown open the bedroom door, and ordered them out of the bed.
“Well, at least you have pants on.”

These are the words coming out of the cop’s mouth at Dean’s protest about being handcuffed. He had in fact leapt into his pants when all the shouting started, as had Castiel. A shirt had somehow escaped him, and only Cas had one on. It was Dean’s shirt, which technically meant that all his clothes were with him in the car, he just wasn’t wearing them.

But he was wearing handcuffs.

The ride to the station was tense and uncomfortable, but, after being stuck in traffic for ten minutes, Castiel spoke up.

“Will we be allowed to contact our lawyers at the station?”

“Once you’re booked in, yeah,” the cop in the driver’s seat said, “but if I were you, I’d save your money. We’ve got tapes, there’s no way you’re getting out of this. Sorry guys.”

He seemed genuinely sorry, and that actually makes Dean feel a little better, at least until Castiel says, “Tapes?” all innocent, like he isn’t a porn star.

The cop in the other seat snickers. “We’ve seen your uh...movies? Real classy too, you know, for guys banging.”

Castiel closes his eyes silently.

“Woulda thought you two geniuses would at least blur your faces.”

Dean had thought Gabriel was blurring them.

He was going to kill him.
As soon as he got the handcuffs off.

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Sitting in a police cell, shirtless, was no fun at all, especially with Castiel nowhere in sight, as they’d put his somewhere else, probably to make them both panic, and to stop them preparing a story. Like Dean had a story – other than the truth. What was he going to say? ‘I’m so sorry officer, I wasn’t making porn though, I’m just really paranoid about people stealing my garage-bed, so I set up some cameras and then accidently had lots of adventurous gay sex all over the place and then sleep-uploaded it to a porn sight and accepted all the money that came from seemingly nowhere’

Yeah right. Republicans might buy that ‘God carved white men out of his own beard’ stuff, but they weren’t total dumbasses.

Dean sat on the bench in his cell, his bare feet up off of the floor. It felt like he was there hours, but eventually someone came to get him and they took him out of the cell, and into an interview room. Thankfully, it was only another half-hour before Sam came in wearing a suit and a pissed off face.

“Dean, have you said anything?” He asked right off, once they were alone.

“No.”

“And Cas?”

“I haven’t seen him since the cops brought us in...can you go see if he’s ok?”

Sam sighed. “I swear, I thought they were blurred...I mean, Gabriel tried to show me, but...the brief glimpse I got? It was hard to tell, you know?”

“I’m not blaming you.” Dean rubbed a hand over his face. “But listen, you have to get Cas out of here, he’s not jail ready.”
“And you are?”

“Well, I like to think so.”

“Watching re-runs of Prison Break doesn’t mean you’re ‘jail ready’.” Sam glared at him, then his expression softened. “Wait, is this...are you, worried, about him?”

“You really just tuning in?”

“No, mean, like, worried like a normal human being is about someone they’re...you slept with him.”

“That’s actually why I’m here right now,” Dean said tightly.

“No, you had actual sex with him.”

Dean suddenly had a horrible thought.

“Are they taping us in here?”

“Not with sound.”

“Oh thank God.” Dean slumped in his chair. “Because I need to talk to someone about this, and Cas is probably on the other side of the building trading sexual favours for cigarettes...”

“It’s been two hours.”

“Huh...it felt like more.” Dean shook his head, “Anyway, yeah, Cas and I had sex. We thought about taking it slow, for about five minutes, only it turns out I’m the same with guys as I am with girls...”
“A massive man-ho?”

“Shut up. But...yeah. So we did it and it was...good. Great even. Really...some quality butt-sex right there, you know?”

Sam looked like he wished very much that he didn’t know. He also wished that he’d had time to take off the panties he’d been wearing to dinner with Gabriel before he’d come to the jail. But, if wishes were horses...beggers wouldn’t wear panties either.

“But, I still feel like something’s not there that, should be.”

“Like...boobs?”

“Like...” Dean frowned, “can you turn around?”

Sam turned around rolling his eyes to himself. “I wouldn’t have encouraged this if I’d known it would turn you into such a drama queen.”

“Just, shhh,” Dean took a deep breath, “look, this isn’t easy but...I think, maybe, what I was missing was...more of a guy thing, than a...girl, thing.”

Slowly, Sam turned back around.

“Are you, trying to tell me...you think you’re a, bottom?”

Dean glared at him. “You gonna make a big thing out of this?”

“No...just, huh. It’s, interesting.”

“No it’s not...it’s, mundane, boring, run of the goddamn mill.”
Sam nodded, struggling to keep his face from twisting into a grin, and his panties from twisting into a worrying bunch.

“Sure. It’s completely to be expected that my brother the girl chasing man-whore is now suddenly a completely comfortable bottom, with a steady boyfriend.”

“Don’t call him my boyfriend.”

“That’s the part of that sentence that you have a problem with? Wow, you are gone on him.”

Dean looked down at the floor and muttered something that sounded like ‘shut up’. But his ears had gone pink, and Sam realised that his brother actually liked Cas. The way a fourteen years old girl ‘likes’ her first boyfriend. He was about an inch from writing ‘Dean + Cas = love forever’ on all his pink notebooks.

“I’ll go check on Cas,” Sam promised, “but kidding aside, the charges against you two are pretty serious. They’ve got you on making and distributing illegal pornographic materials, and with the prejudicial element of you both being gay...or at least, one gay one ‘highly experimental dude’, is going to make the mud stick on this one.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning...you might get the full sentence, which is twelve years in jail.”

“What?” Dean burst out, “I thought, maybe a fine, community service, worst case, maybe a year – twelve years?”

“No one has got that yet, the cases against pornographers usually settle up on suspended sentences, community service, or a small amount of jail time, and even then that’s only if there’s coercion involved, or drugs. But...the gay thing? Depends who your judge is, who’s on the jury...this could go badly for you.”

“Crap.”
“Yeah.”

“No, I mean...I won't see Cas will I? We’ll go separate places, or, even if we don’t, you can’t exactly have a relationship in a prison.”

Sam looked at him strangely.

“What?”

“Nothing...just...you’re all kinds of sweet right now.”
Chapter 18

Sam manages to bail Dean out, but, since he was in jail for three nights waiting on a hearing, he hasn’t seen Castiel in so long that he’s worrying about him approximately seventeen times a second.

When Cas finally emerges from the police station, wearing the clothes that Sam brought for him, the first thing Dean does is hug him. Castiel is unshaven, smells like someone who had sex, then no shower for almost a week, and is about as tense and stressed as a cat that’s eaten copper wire, then licked a battery. But he puts his arms around Dean’s waist and squeezes lightly.

The second thing Dean does, is punch Gabriel in the stomach.

To his credit, Gabriel takes it silently, well, with a slight ‘oomf’ but doesn’t comment. Clearly Sam’s given him a harsh talking to over the last four days, because Gabriel looks contrite, unhappy, and like he hasn’t had sex in about as long as Dean’s been in jail.

They all get into Sam’s car, Dean and Cas in the back, and as Sam manoeuvres out of the parking lot, he hits them with the bad news.

“What do you mean, ‘you can’t go home’?” Castiel says.

“Screw that, what do you mean ‘impounded’?” Dean almost yells.

“Both your homes are now crime scenes, or at least, they’re being searched from, uh...top to bottom, for evidence against you.” Sam said, “and your car...they decided it counts as ‘immoral earnings’ since you basically overhauled it with your porn money, so in addition to freezing your accounts, they’ve taken the car to the impound lot.”

Dean swears, violently and creatively, for about ten minutes. When he finally calms down, he let Cas ask the question he probably should have asked earlier.

“What are we going to stay?”

Where, turns out to be Gabriel’s apartment. Mainly because Sam has no spare room, and Gabriel is the non-face-blurring asshole who got them into this mess. Even Dean has to admit that Gabriel is suitably cowed, and starts actually talking to him once they’re inside the apartment, being shown around.

It’s open plan, with a giant-ass TV, gumball machine and a gourmet standard kitchen. The spare room has really ugly floral wall paper, frilly bedspreads and blankets and, other silky bed covering that probably have a name, but that name is probably French, so obviously Dean has no idea what they are. There are so many tiny pillows everywhere that he could probably knock-up a padded cell if he had the time, inclination and some tacks. There’s also a crystal vase sitting on a lacy mat, only it’s got condoms in it, instead of flowers.

“I went through a tiny Martha Stewart phase,” Gabriel admits, shamefacedly. “I prefer not to talk about it.”

To that, Dean aims wide eyes at Castiel, who shrugs and goes off to the bathroom to shower off some prison dirt.

While Dean is taking his turn in the shower, Gabriel makes lasagne for all four of them, and they
eat in front of the TV, which only seems to have the cooking channels, the porn channels, and some kind of Japanese game show network that just shows people getting hurt by giant inflatables, rocks, and giant hammers to the balls.

After dinner, Sam and Gabriel stay up to watch TV, and Castiel says he’s tired, and that he wants to get some sleep before they go back to court tomorrow. That’s when the whole case’ll really kick off, because luck them, someone’s running for mayor, and this porn-baron case is gonna get pushed through really fast to make some Republican dude with painted on hair look good (like that’s possible).

Dean picked himself up off of the couch and went to the guest room too, finding when he got there that Cas was sitting on the end of the bed, waiting for him.

“Ominous.”

Castiel frowned. “This is going to be really bad, isn’t it?”

“You don’t know that. Sam’s a good lawyer...I think, admittedly I don’t really listen when he talks about work, but, he hasn’t been disbarred, so, I think he’s at least OK.”

Castiel raises a reluctant smile, but Dean knows he’s still freaked out at the prospect of going to jail, and to tell the truth, Dean’s not exactly confident that he’ll make an awesome inmate. Four days in jail have made him pretty certain that he’s less Prison Break and more Jersey Shore, much as it pains him to admit it.

Still, if he’s ever attacked by terrorists at Christmas, he knows he could still pull a Bruce Willis. That’s at least halfway comforting.

“We’re gonna be fine, and, if we go to jail...it’s like, ten years...which may be a long ass time, but it’s not the rest of our lives. We’ll get out and...” he tucks his hands into the back pockets of his jeans awkwardly. He wants to say ‘we’ll still have time together’ but that’s so unbelievably gay that he can’t actually say it. So, what he actually says (which is by no means less gay) is,

“So...did you know I’m actually a bottom?”

Castiel blinks, then blinks again, like he’s trying to clear his windshield of something. Then he tips his head on one side a little, almost like he’s trying to work out who Dean is and what the hell he’s talking about.

“That’s what was so weird, about the other night,” Dean says, uncomfortably, “at least, I think maybe I am...it’s all, very up in the air. But...I was thinking, maybe that’s why it was weird?”

“Oh.” Castiel says.

“So, you didn’t do anything wrong, if that was, if you were still worried about that.”

“I wasn’t.”

“Ok then,” Dean claps his hands, “it’s all just a thing that we don’t have to...it doesn’t matter.”

“Well, I didn’t say that,” Castiel says, looking up at him, “if you wanted to...if there was anything you wanted to do, I wouldn’t say no.”

Dean’s never gotten everything he ever wanted. You know, that thing where someone gets a gift,
or a dream job, or has kids and they’re all ‘it’s everything I ever wanted’. No, that’s just not him. He’s been happy, pleasantly surprised, lucky, but he’s never suddenly wanted nothing else. He’s never had everything exactly right. But Cas looking at him, basically giving him a judgement free golden ticket to what he’s been thinking about since they had their one, proper, time together?

That’s it.

And of course his first instinct is to shake it off, say it’s no big deal, that he’s tired and aching from sleeping on a crappy little cot in a cell, and that his brother, their brothers are just down the hall. But, this might be it. One of the last days they have together, out of jail.

So what he says is,

“Yeah...ok.”

*_*

There are not many things that get awkward between him and Sam, because they’re adults, and they’ve lived together off and on over the years, they know each other better than a lot of other siblings, and they’re not above loaning each other money, condoms or occasionally having the odd, awkward trip to the emergency room (broken penis? Worst injury ever, especially if it happens in a Dairy Queen restroom).

Anyway, borrowing an enema kit from his brother?

Pretty much destroys their filial relationship in about nine seconds.

Sam looks like he’s eaten some still-living calamari, and he actually shuts his eyes before walking stiffly to the bedroom and coming back with a plastic bag, which he thrusts at Dean without looking at him. Sam goes back into the living room, loudly tells Gabriel that they have to go out for dinner, and within ten seconds, both of them are out the door and on their way downstairs. From the sounds of things, Sam might actually be running.

They’ll get over it eventually, Dean is pretty sure.

He’s at least familiar enough with the whole enema thing that he doesn’t get grossed out, but it’s a close-run thing. It’s weird, doing this and knowing that...well, he’s going to get fucked. It’s a whole new weird scenario for him...and the strangest part of it is the twisty knot of hot anticipation in his stomach whenever he thinks about what’s going to happen when he gets back to the bedroom. His knees actually feel a little weak, in a trembly-gonna-be-spread-pretty-wide-on-a-mattress way.

When he’s ready, and once the kit is stowed in the trash, he leans on the sink and looks at himself. He looks exactly like he should, normal. Shirt and pants on, and even the look on his face is regular. He’s still himself, he doesn’t look any gayer than he did, say, a month ago. But he’s standing in a bathroom not his own, with a super-clean ass, and he’s thinking about another guy’s dick going into him. Really thinking about it.

He takes a step back, then another, and then he’s out of the bathroom and heading down the hall.

Inside the spare bedroom, Castiel is sitting on the end of the bed where Dean left him.

Dean pauses, then shuts the door and takes a condom packet nervously out of the vase, rubbing the smooth foil between his fingers.

“If you don’t want to do this,” Dean starts, “I mean, I know you said you weren’t really into being
“I like you, a lot, and for the record, this way is just fine with me.” Castiel assures him, “If you want this, of course I do too.”

Dean had no idea how nervous he’d been until Castiel said that, and he feels himself relax. He’d been worried that, somehow, what he wanted wouldn’t go with what Cas already knew he liked. It was kind of a relief to know that it was OK with him, that it wasn’t a deal breaker.

He sits down on the bed, and he’s so nervous that it’s like his first time. Only, that went smoothly, easily, transitions from one thing to the next, in that young, what-the-hell kinda way. He wants this to feel different, he wants to feel something to let him know that Cas is it for him. That this means more to him than what he’s had before. He wants to be sure.

It’s him that reaches out, and he pulls Castiel closer, kisses him. It’s deep and warm and familiar, like crawling back into bed with someone he’s already been with, someone who wants him, and he lets the feeling build, that familiarity, that heat. He pushes a hand under Castiel’s shirt, feels his skin, strokes over his stomach, soft skin and rough hair against his hand. He pulls Cas’s shirt open, kisses his neck while Castiel tips his head back, one hand rubbing rough little circles over Dean’s nipple.

Stripped naked, Dean’s not as intimidated as he’d thought he’d be. They jostle between them for the position on top, and once there continue to grind and push the other’s hands to the bed, or pull them to where they’re needed, sucking bruises and whispering breath over shivering, expectant skin.

Dean’s on top right now, just rolled Cas onto the bed and rubbed his thigh up between Cas’s legs, making him breath harshly, and edge to each pant as he rubs against Dean, smears of sticky pre-come mixing with light sweat. Dean’s biting at his neck lightly, just enough to make it pink and damp with his mouth’s imprint.

“Dean,” Castiel says, like he’s in the middle of a really, really good dream. “Dean...”

Dean kisses his way down Castiel’s chest, biting and sucking, brushing his lips over his ribs. He knows that, from the way Castiel is still rolling his hips at the warm air, he’s close, and that this could all be over before they even get to where he wants to be. Where he really wants Cas to be. But he can’t help himself, lower, until that rough hair brushes his nose and he can smell what must be sex, just pure fucking, adrenaline fuelled want. He remembers what it was like, having Castiel in his mouth, silky smooth and hard and alive, wet and hot. All that is going inside of him. He kisses Castiel’s cock, making a loop out of his lips, wrapping it just around the head, softly, no pressure, just moves the ring of his mouth back and forth, from the tip, to the bottom of the wet head.

Castiel’s hand claws at the rumpled sheet, one foot digging hard into the mattress. He arches up all the same, trying to get more of Dean’s mouth, and Dean pulls away, rubs his cheek down the length of Castiel’s dick, and, while he remembered to shower, there’s still four days of stubble on his face and Castiel hisses, moans, paints Dean’s cheek with a stutter of pre-come.

That’s about all that Cas can take, he gathers all the control he has, and pushes Dean off, over onto his back, and Dean has barely time to feel the heavy weight of his own dick against his stomach, the heat that Castiel’s body has left on the sheets, before Cas is on him, pushing his thighs open, licking up the underside his cock and sucking it down as he reaches the tip. Dean Stops thinking, stops everything, just rolls his hips and leans back, and feels good.

When Castiel goes lower, licks behind his balls and further, parts Dean’s limp legs and wriggles his
tongue against his ass, Dean just rolls his head to one side and groans. It feels too good to not let it happen. He remembers, vividly, how it felt before, and the thought of it makes his body shiver with heat, pre-come mixing with saliva at the head of his dick.

And it feels good, so good that, all too soon, Dean has his legs spread wide open, Castiel licking hungrily, one hand on his dick and he’s going to come, and it’s going to feel so, fucking...

And then Castiel stops, moves away, leaving Dean with cool air on him, and a whimper caught in his throat.

“Dean, do you still,” Castiel is catching his breath, his mouth wet, and Dean has never seen anything so hot.

“I want it,” Dean says, he rocks his hips up, chasing that phantom tongue.

Castiel gets off his knees and Dean almost looses it when he rubs the head of his cock against his ass. It’s almost too hot on his skin, smooth and wet and, as he pushes against it, it feels scarily big. But then Castiel moves away, circles a finger against him instead, and pretty soon he’s back down there, licking and stroking, and then his finger is going in, and Dean groans and lifts his hips up for it, harder than a tongue, going deeper.

He hears Castiel pop the lube from the bathroom open, and a moment after he takes his hand away, warms the sticky liquid on his palms, and then the finger is back, only this time not alone, and Dean licks his dry lips, because he can feel his body stretching, and it’s the weirdest thing ever, and it’s also fucking addictive, because the moment the little tug of hot pain is soothed away, he wants more, more inside him.

Castiel stretches him more, dropping hot kisses over his spread thighs and muttering things that Dean hears but can’t quite understand, and he can half-imagine what he looks like down there, how his ass looks around Castiel’s fingers. They’re up to four and he’s moving with Cas’s shallow thrusts, trying to take more each time. There’s something further up, a whole stretch of his insides that are hot and dry and clenching tight, begging for touch, for a stretch, for

“Cas, fuck, do it, c’mon, please.”

He looks down his own body (and when did his chest get that red? The end of his dick is dark with blood, there’s sweat all over him, Jesus) sees Cas between his legs, sweat making his face shine, his hair a damp mess of curls and sloppy spikes. It doesn’t look like Cas is capable of hanging on any long either, because as soon as he asks, Castiel gets up, settles his knees on the mattress and pushes Dean’s legs up, bending over him. Dean feels him against his ass again, hot and thick and...fuck, he can do this, he can totally do this, because it’s,

“Cas,”

“Hey,” Castiel’s face is maybe an inch from his, and there’s a short bit of dark hair hanging into his eyes, he somehow manages to look both torn apart and hanging to the edge of his control by his fingernails, and worried, “are you sure?”

Dean pushes upwards, kisses him, tongue searching deep into his mouth as he puts everything he has into it, knowing that if he wasn’t burning up all over, he’d probably think this was pretty gross. But he doesn’t, he just wants Cas to feel him. He’s sure.

Castiel presses against him, and Dean can feel his clenching the sheets in his hands just to keep control, and he’s glad that Cas has that control, because even going slow, it hurts. But, it’s fucking
hard to know which way he wants to Castiel to go, because he wants more, wants it all inside of him right now, no matter how much it hurts. Dean grips Castiel’s back, opens his legs and tips his head back because...there’s like, a hot, internal swallow, and Cas is there. Right, fucking, there. Dean has no idea when he closed his eyes, when he threw his head back on the mattress, but he feels his dry lips move when he says,

“Oh fuck, right there.”

Castiel’s hand is damp against his face, his throat, and his kiss the words right out of his mouth. The bed knocks the wall as he starts to move, and Dean holds his hips up, moves back, a little shakily, to meet Castiel every time he moves. And as far as he’s concerned, Cas can never, ever be close enough, deep enough.

They don’t pull away from each other’s mouths long enough to speak again, hungry, wet sounds and groans the only sounds aside from the increasingly insistent thuds of the headboard. Dean’s hand finds his dick, strokes, even as his other hand comes down of Castiel’s ass, pulling him closer, deeper, as feels his insides go hot and liquid, the feeling ricocheting through him, through his legs and stomach and making his cock twitch in his hand as he comes over Castiel’s belly. And even though his legs are loose and his whole body is hot, and there’s no more come in him, he keeps moaning, keeps moving against Castiel as his hips meet his ass over and over again, because it feels so good that he doesn’t want it to stop, even though each deep thrust makes him shudder with pain-pleasure.

Castiel comes in a sharp movement, his body stopping completely, arching into Dean’s, then relaxing, lying on top of him, one long breath in, one out. Dean wraps an arm around his waist, and clenches a little, still hot and full.

Castiel moans, rubs his face against Dean’s throat, so Dean does it again, and again, until Castiel is soft inside him, and pulls out to roll onto his back, toss the condom into the trash, and rub a pale hand over his quivering stomach.

“That was...” Castiel lets out a breath, too tired to even pull a sheet over them.

“It,” Dean says sleeping, turning over and lying against his side, one leg thrown over Castiel’s.

“That was it.”

Castiel soothes a hand over Dean’s thigh, where his own handprint is reddening, just behind the knee.

“.....how long till we can do it again?” Dean asks quietly.
“Is it over?”

“Shut up,” Dean runs a hand over his face and swats at his brother, half in annoyance, half out of obligation, because he’s too tired to be pissed. And ok, so he and Cas didn’t so much sleep as stay up beating a headboard-shaped dent into Gabriel’s wall, but that doesn’t give Sam an excuse to get pissy.

Dean’s also a little distracted by the fact that he can still feel Castiel inside of him. It’s weird, and sore and awesome, and he can’t help but feel little shocks of pleasure every time he really focuses on the feeling. Castiel is currently in the shower, and Dean’s trying to get himself ‘jury ready’. In practice, this means borrowing a suit from Sam, and a clean shirt, and getting his hair flat and smart.

“You have a massive hickey on your neck,” Sam sighs, “that’s really gonna look good on the stand.”

“Probably good they can’t see the one on my ass then,” Dean smirks.

Sam gives him a filthy look. “The sounds Dean. Sounds I will never forget.”

“Well, next time don’t listen.”

“There are people in Paraguay who haven’t slept, because of you.”

“Can’t help it,” Dean shrugged, tying his tie and trying to get used to wearing one again after about ten years of steady unemployment. “Once you try doggy style...you have to try it every which-way.”

Sam shuddered and went to find Gabriel, who was on the phone with his contractors, trying to work out if he could soundproof the spare room before the end of the day.

Castiel emerged from the bathroom in a pair of pants and a shirt that he’d left at Gabriel’s a few months previously, when an overnight visit had to be called off on account of a minor gumball machine malfunction (three inches of the little suckers had covered the floor for almost a week).

“Ready for court?” Dean said.

“No,” Castiel sat down and sighed, “every time I think of myself up there, getting taken apart by the prosecutor...I don’t want to go away just because of who I am. I know what we did was illegal, but it’s not wrong. It wasn’t cruel or destructive or disrespectful...it wasn’t a crime.”

“You’re not going anywhere,” Dean told him firmly, “Sam is going to get us out of this, and I know that between us, we can charm any jury into letting us go.”

Castiel did not seem convinced.

“You think I’m going to let them lock you up, now?” Dean raised his eyebrows, “I’m addicted, they can’t take you away, it’s against my rights as a red blooded American.”

Sam clapped slowly from the doorway. “Carry on like that, and they’ll elect you president.”

“Ignore him.” Dean said, “but seriously, when we get home, can we go again?”
Castiel’s serious expression didn’t change. “Yes we can.”

(-*-)

The prosecutor was kicking ass.

Dean was actually sweating, he’d always thought that it was some kind of urban myth that people actually sweated on the stand. But clearly not, he was going to need a lot of Gatorade when this was all over.

“And how did you become acquainted with Mr Novak?”

“I saw his ad in the paper, he was a life-drawing model.”

“And was there a picture in the paper?”

“No.”

“So you just thought you’d hazard contacting him, for no other reason than pure curiosity?” the slick lawyer turned to glance at the jury, before skewering Dean with his eyes again. Asshole.

Dean shrugged. “I was just looking for someone, a dude who liked art and spent a lot of time naked? I figured he be pretty open to experimentation.”

A few of the jurors tittered. Some of them clearly liked him.

“And what kind of experimentation did you have in mind?”

Dean looked him straight in the eye, and shrugged. “Anything, like you said, I was curious.”

“Was it your intention to make pornographic movies with Mr Novak?”

“Objection!” Sam shouted.

“Overruled.”

That was another thing, the judge looked about 900 years old, and he had yet to take even one of Sam’s objections into consideration.

“No, I did not.”

The prosecutor regarded him coolly. “Do you watch a lot of gay porn, Mr Winchester?”

“I’ve seen a little.”

“Recently?”

“Compared to all the other porn? Yeah, I guess that was the most recent stuff I was watching.”

“But you consider yourself straight?”

Dean shrugged.

“Answer the question,” the judge ordered.

“I don’t know...I guess I’m a bit of both, depending.”
“Depending on...”

“How hot the guy is.”

Dean was getting pissed off, and that was making him belligerent, he knew that, but he couldn’t help it, he didn’t like having his every thought and motive poked at. He didn’t want to think about his sexuality any more than he already had. He knew that he cared about Cas, and that sex with him was amazing, what did it matter what he set as his Facebook status? ‘Bi with a hint of bottom, also, had a killer Frappe-latte this morning?’ who gave a shit?

“Well, here, on your most recent census, you list yourself as ‘straight’,” the lawyer, (named Dick, of all cruel ironies) brandished a photocopy at him. “This dates from only six months ago, that’s quite a turnaround.”

Dean looked at the paper. “I guess I met the right guy.”

“Well, or, you saw that there was a way to make some fast money, and you prostituted yourself, with Mr Novak as a willing accomplice, in order to make a quick buck.”

“Objection, your honour this is completely out of line!”

“Overruled.”

Sam sank into his seat feeling sick.

“No further questions.” Dick said smoothly, returning to his desk.

Sam instantly stood up and came across the room to stand in front of Dean. He knew he was stupid to think it, but just having Sam there made it seem as if things were going better than they really were.

“Dean, six months ago, would you have thought having sex with a man was an ‘easy’ way to make money?”

“No,” Dean said, wondering what Sam was getting at.

“So you wouldn’t even have considered it? Even if it could make things easier for you, being able to fix your car, or pay off a loan or two?”

“No, I wouldn’t have considered it.”

“And why is that?”

“Back then...I was a little, a lot, homophobic.” Dean glanced quickly at Sam, “even though I’d just found out that my brother’s gay...I still felt like it was something that I didn’t want around me. It freaked me out a little.”

“But you didn’t think you were gay?”

“No...but, I guess we’re all a little off centre, no one’s 100% straight, isn’t that what they say? and, I started thinking maybe I wasn’t who I thought I was. I ended up meeting up with Cas because I was trying to work out who I am.”

“And that was difficult for you?”

“Very.”
“So difficult, that, one night, you and Castiel had a fight on the street about your attitude?” Sam held up a piece of paper, “this is the signed deposition of several people who saw you and Castiel arguing, and heard a little of what you were saying, could you read the highlighted portion?”

“Ok, that was a dick thing to do, just abandoning you like that, but, I was just...”

“Worried that everyone in the bar, all six waitresses and three patrons, would take you for ‘one of us’.”

“What do you-”

“Gay, Dean. You didn’t want them to think you were gay.”

“Dude, I’m not like that. Whatever you want to do, with whoever, it’s not like I care...”

“Just so long as you make it absolutely clear that you’re straight. That you belong in a ‘normal guy bar’.”

“No, that’s not what that was about.”

Dean finished reading and sat back, the words buzzing around his head. Had he really spoken like that, to Cas? Had he really flirted with a waitress right in front of him?

God, he really was an asshole.

“What was this fight about?” Sam asked.

“Cas was mad because I was flirting with...well, every woman in that bar, on our first dinner out with uh...you, and his brother.”

“So it was a personal argument? Not professional?”

“Yes.”

“Objection!” shouted Dick.

“Overruled,” sighed the judge.

Well, at least he was consistent.

“I have another deposition, this one, is from that waitress,” Sam placed another sheet in front of him, “could you read this please?”

“I went back to this guy’s house, and we were making out and...he was really into me,” Dean read, “I told him I was glad he wasn’t one of those fags, like the one’s who were sitting at his table...and he got bent out of shape about it, told me to leave, and that one of those ‘fags’ was his brother, and the other one was ‘cool’ and his friend.”

“You took her home, but you were too upset to do anything with her, because of how she felt about your brother, but also because of what she said about Mr Novak.”

“She was out of line. I like Cas, he’s the last person anyone should be talking trash about.”

Sam seemed satisfied.

“Just one more question, did you and Mr Novak go on any other outings?”
Dean thinks.

“We went out for coffee, and then for dinner and a movie.”

“Classic, date activities,” Sam says, turning to the jury, “not exactly something you’d do with your boss.”

And maybe it’s that, or the hand-job Dean gives Cas in the men’s room over the recess, but, he feels a lot less doomed by the time Cas takes the stand.
Chapter 20

Castiel stood straight and about as tense as a titanium rod as Dick paced up and down in front of him. Since Dean's cross-examination, he'd been dreading his own.

"Mr Novak, you're aware that creating pornographic material is now an illegal offense?"

"Yes."

"And that this court has heard, and seen evidence, that you created pornographic material."

"Yes."

"Now, even if that material was for the personal use of you, and your partner, it was still an offence," he turned to the jury, "just like growing your own pot is an offence, even if you don't supply it to anyone else."

Castiel glanced quickly at the judge. "Was that...a question?"

"No," Dick rounded on him, "But I'd like to ask you whether you considered the possibility that a child, could have come across the images you and Mr Winchester created. Or maybe an already disturbed individual might have come across them, and gone on to commit sexual violence. Did you ever consider that?"

"No." Castiel was losing the fight to keep his belligerence to himself.

"That's all," Dick sat down, and Sam sprang into action.

"And why, Mr Novak did you not consider that?"

"Because the idea is ridiculous."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning that to say porn causes sexual violence is grossly incorrect. Poor education, pre-existing mental conditions and prior abuse are probably the causes of such behaviour. Watching sex is, I believe, no more harmful than sex itself."

"And with regards to children?"

"The website our material was loaded onto was age protected. It required a credit card to access – which is also an age restricted item. If parents aren't vigilant then of course their children can access this kind of material, but that's their concern – they need to protect their children. And...quite possibly they need to ask them why they're watching gay porn, and talk about it."

"Objection. The defendant is not here to talk about his lifestyle, in an attempt to normalise his behaviour."

"Overruled," the judge sighed, "Mr Roman, please remember that this is not mid the 1800's."

Sam turned back to Castiel, with an encouraging smile, "One more question, Mr Roman has likened your production of pornography to the production of drugs, do you view it that way?"

Castiel considered. "In some ways."
"And those are?"

"Drugs vary in classification, and laws governing both narcotics and porn vary from country to country. But, drugs are proven to be harmful, and are mostly illegal, while pornography is something that has come out of human behaviour, and mostly, it's perfectly healthy to watch it."

"Thank you Mr Novak."

The judge peered myopically down at the prosecution. "Any further witnesses to call, Mr Roman?"

"No, your honour."

"Mr Winchester?"

"Just one your honour. Gabriel Novak."

Castiel actually felt freedom slipping away from him, laughing in his face.

Castiel was allowed to leave the dock, and was taken back to the table where Sam's papers were stacked neatly, and where Dean was glaring at his brother.

"Did he say anything to you?" Castiel whispered.

"Not a damn thing."

"Not a damn thing."

"Dean mutters back, "if he screws this up, I will...well, I'll be in prison, but I'll use my connections to have his head shaved while he sleeps."

Gabriel took the stand, shining like some kind of rayon, nuclear waste mutated seaweed in a green suit. As he was sworn in Castiel prayed that, for all Gabriel was his brother, and he loved him, a bolt of lightning would come through the roof and kill him.

"You are Castiel Novak's brother, correct?" Sam began.

"Correct. I have decade's worth of pictures to prove it."

Castiel prays for locusts, or even a small, localised typhoon.

"And your relationship with Dean Winchester?"

"Dean was a paying customer of my porn site, before the government shut me down. He's also screwing my brother Castiel, and I am slipping it to his fine ass younger brother five and a half times daily."

Dean closed his eyes and whispered, "Don't you just wish God would just, smite him down?"

Castiel looked at him, surprised. "I don't think we've ever been closer than we are right now."

"Huh?"

Sam recovered from his modest blush and asked, "and what is your connection to these criminal charges?"

Gabriel sighed. "I'm the one who put their video on the website."

"And you profited from the video."

"Oh, like you wouldn't believe! People cannot get enough of those two, even if Dean had some
uh...I don't know how to put this delicately, but at the start he was a little bit of a flaccid Sally."

Dean glared at the courtroom floor. "Take him now Satan."

Castiel nudged him.

"What?"

"Leave Satan alone."

"So, you're risking quite a lot by testifying today."

"I wanted to take my share of the blame. I didn't blur their faces, mostly because the software is really expensive, and also because I forgot, and I'm lazy."

"And do you believe that they deserve to be punished for filming themselves...in flagrante?"

Gabriel raised an eyebrow. "We're taking this lawyer thing home with us."

Sam glared.

"OK, fine. No, I think they're perfectly entitled to their own bodies and any recordings thereof, and if they want to share that with other, consenting people, then...well, it's not up to the government to tell them that they can't. And, from a brief entrance poll, I can tell you that at least six people in this room have seen that video – I checked the credit details against the front desk sign in sheet."

There was a long, still, silence.

Gabriel leant forwards and stage whispered, 'The name of one of them rhymes with Prick Blowman.'

Absolute mayhem broke out. People in the gallery whistled and shouted and Dick Roman was on his feet, bellowing at the court reporter to strike that from the record, Sam was shouting at Roman to sit his ass down, Castiel was shouting for Satan to heap blessings on his brother, and the judge was shouting for order.

Finally, the chaos subsided, and Gabriel was allowed to leave the stand.

"I will allow closing arguments after a short recess."

Dick Roman left the room as quickly as possible, and Gabriel went with Sam and their brothers to the little coffee cart outside the courthouse.

"What the hell was that?" Castiel said, "How did you know about him?"

"Like I said, records, sign in sheet," Gabriel shrugged. "It's not a common name. And you're not off the hook yet."

"I know," Castiel sighed.

"But hopefully his closing will have a little less bite to it now." Gabriel grinned, then tugged at Sam's arm, "least you can do is buy me a donut in exchange for me saving your ass."

Sam sighed, but went over to the cart and handed over the money.

"We might actually stand a chance, you know that?" Dean said, "God, this is...I never thought it
would be this hard to just have something."

Castiel raised an eyebrow.

"We have something?"

Dean looked at the ground. "We have something."

"And that thing is?" Castiel teased, "a mutual interest in how good you look naked?"

"That thing is...kind me loving you."

Castiel dropped his coffee and it splashed over the sidewalk.

"I have a habit of making you do that," Dean muttered, "look, forget I said-"

Castiel stepped forwards and hugged him, hard, around the middle.

"We're standing in coffee," Dean pointed out, Castiel's dark hair tickling his nose.

"I don't care," Castiel looked up at him, "I love you too."

A smile like a watermelon slice split Dean's face. "This is so gay."

"And you don't even care."

"And I don't care!" he whooped, "that, that is growth right there."

Castiel kissed him, and their smiles made it kind of awkward and toothy, but awesome at the same time.

"Boo! Fags!" A donut hit Dean in the side of the head.

"Gabriel! I paid five bucks for that."
Despite having done jury service, in England, I cannot remember anything about courtrooms, so, this is all improvised from Law and Order.

"What happens...if it doesn't go well tomorrow?"

Castiel is looking out the window at the street below, watching the cars go by. He tries to imagine being in a cell, or in a dormitory style pen filled with cots and other inmates. Tries to imagine wearing a uniform, having to eat when he's told, sleep when he's told, not seeing Dean's face again, for years.

"I guess we're talking about this, huh?" Dean appears behind him, puts his hands on the either side of the window frame, so Castiel is held between them as Dean follows his gaze. "Well, if they decide we're guilty, then, prison. A couple of...really, really bad years, and then we'll be out."

"And the part where we're in prison for years? That just passes like nothing happened?"

"Yeah." Dean kisses him behind his ear. "It won't even feel like a day."

Castiel screws his eyes up tight. He is not going to get emotional about this. He is not going to cry. Just because tomorrow some stranger is going to say 'guilty' and more strangers, bailiffs, will take him away from Dean, away from his brother and Sam and the world outside. Tomorrow night he could be in jail, waiting to be taken on the long ride to prison.

"I'm really sorry I got you into this."

Castiel turns around. "You got me into nothing – I chose this, remember?"

"But it was my idea."

"Which would have failed without me." Castiel glares, coming nose to nose with Dean, "and, I'll tell you something else, when you walked into that cafe? I knew I was going to sleep with you."

"Did not," Dean murmurs.

"I did. Because of the way you looked at me."

"And how was that?"

"Exactly how you're looking at me now."

Bedsprings crash in the bedroom and Sam turns the TV up another couple of notches. Gabriel glares at the bedroom door and sighs.

"They're doing it again? Seriously, it's like they're shipping out in the morning."

"They kinda are," Sam says quietly.

"But they're not going to lose, I mean, it's a ridiculous case. It's a ridiculous law. They outlawed porn Sam – and it's not working, it's still everywhere. They can't send two guys to jail for doing what everyone else is doing."

"They can, and they will," Sam shook his head, "yeah, we're the country that banned porn. We're
that ridiculous country that hates gay people and sex, and women. And...my brother's probably going to go to jail."

Gabriel slid closer and put his arm around him. "He won't, because you've done a great job."

"A great job at making excuses. I haven't proved they didn't do it. All I can do is hope the jury care enough not to send them to jail, and for all I know they're a bunch of homophobic NPB supporters." He shakes his head, "I don't know what this is going to do to them, to Dean...I mean, can you imagine us being sent to jail? To different jails, for years...I mean, if we were in love and that happened."

"Hey!" Gabriel pokes him in the thigh, "I'm in love, and imagining it, and it's awful."

Sam feels his face getting hot. "I thought..."

"We were just messing around? When am I not messing around. Doesn't mean I'm not serious." He leans forwards and plants a slow kiss on Sam's mouth, pulling him close and trying to chase away the curl of unease that's settled in his gut. Castiel cannot go to jail, he barely lasted ten days at summer camp. "Now, we can watch a re-run of Project Runway, or, we can go to bed. What do you want to do?"

Sam gets up and tips his head towards their room, as they wander in and flick the light on, he says, "I love you too, you know."

"Obviously," Gabriel says, kicking the door shut, "how could you not?"

The next day, Sam and Dick make their final points, and Dean is left sweating next to Castiel in the holding room while the jury make their deliberations.

Court is reconvened ten minutes after deliberations began.

Sitting back at the defence table with Sam, Dean squeezes Castiel's hand under the table, and Castiel squeezes back, his heart in his throat. Despite the comfort they'd found the day before, neither one of them could say honestly that they are not afraid.

"Have the jury reached a verdict?" the judge asks.

"We have your honour." The foreman is a tall black woman with a pink cardigan on, and Dean's looking at her, knowing she's probably a normal woman, but right now she has the ability to ruin his life.

"What say you?"

"On the count of creating pornographic material for public consumption, we find the defendants, guilty."

Castiel makes a little, punctured sound, like he's just been shot, and Dean reaches over and grabs his shoulder and pulls him into a hug. He feels Cas's ribs give under the pressure, but he can't let up. He doesn't want to let go.

Sam is saying something about an appeal, Gabriel is shouting at the back of the courtroom, and Castiel turns his face to Dean's neck and breathes him in.

"Order!" bellows the judge, and slowly order is restored, but Dean never lets go of Castiel's hand.
"Mr Winchester, Mr Novak, you have been found guilty of producing illegal works of pornography, and, while it is a law that many have questioned, it is, nonetheless, a law that must be upheld. Therefore I sentence you both, to fifteen hours of community service, to be served consecutively." He bangs his gavel.

Dean just stares at him.

What...

"What the hell just happened?" Sam whispers, he glances over at Dick, who looks like he's trying to excrete a large tortoise.

Castiel is pale and his lips as bright red from being bitten, and Dean grips his hand, and just stares at him.

The judge climbs down from his seat and walks through the courtroom, ignoring Dick's panicked 'Excuse me your honour, but I think-' he drops a piece of paper on the table in front of Castiel and walks out.

Castiel picks up the paper, and looks at the words on it.

"Oh."

"Oh what?" Dean looks over his shoulder, "Oh...damn."

Sam looks over at them, then at the paper. "What is it?"

Gabriel leans over Dean's shoulder. "Keep up the good work, signed, your biggest fan, Axeman46."

He turns at looks down the empty aisle, to the door.

"At least the old bastard has good taste."
"Daaaaaaad!"

Dean ran upstairs, tripped on a stuffed bunny and caught the banister, at which point Castiel overtook him and reached Jake's room first.

"What?" Castiel clung to the doorframe and his panicked eyes went around the room, "what happened?"

"I found something, on the internet."

Dean slammed into Castiel from behind, knocking him further into their fourteen-year old son's room.

"What, what did you find?"

"It's...uh, it's a video," Jake's laptop was on screensaver, a picture of the three of them, back when Libby was a twinkle in some Japanese dude's eye.

Castiel turned to look at Dean, as if Jake had just said he saw the sun go out.

"What, uh...kind of video?" Dean asked as casually as he could, when his blood was trying to run backwards in a vain attempt to turn back the flow of time itself.

"It's..." Jake looked at his laptop and frowned, "I don't really know how to describe..."

"Jake, maybe we should talk about this," Castiel said, going to sit on the edge of their son's race car bed. "Because, we wouldn't want you to...misconstrue what you've seen."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that, you might think it's one thing, and it's not," Dean fills in. "See, ages ago, a long time before we had you, there was this silly rule, which Dad and I didn't agree with."

"Dad didn't agree, I was on the fence," Castiel said.

Dean glared at him. "Dad's trying to rewrite history. He was angry, really angry, he would have marched on Washington, but he was very busy doing important art stuff. Anyway...it was a rule that there couldn't be videos like that anymore, and that sucked, because people really, really like those kinds of videos."

"Which it is totally normal to want to watch," Castiel put in.

"Right. And, because we didn't want to follow that silly little rule, and because your Dad and I were more flexible than we are now."

"Speak for yourself," Castiel frowned.

"OK, fine, your Dad will always be snakey of hip, but I'm really not now. The point is, we made some videos, to share with people, because we were grownups and we wanted to. And, we got in
trouble, because even stupid homophobic laws are enforced by scary cops and really scary judges."

"And those videos are still out there somewhere, because the internet never forgets." Castiel said, with the tone of someone pronouncing doom upon the many worlds.

"And because people still download them...they paid for this house, and that bed, which I assure you, was not cheap."

"Still with the bed?" Castiel sighed.

"It was damn expensive. Also, I wanted one."

"You're a grown man."

"Who can actually drive a car, so it makes more sense for me to have the-"

"Dad, finish the story," Jake said.

They paused and looked at each other, and then Castiel sighed. "The end of this story is that...the stupid law stopped being a law when everyone got a chance to elect a sane president, and now we have the freedom to watch what we want on the internet, and we have better healthcare. But that doesn't mean we wanted you to see that video, because obviously, you're our son and that would be inappropriate."

"Sorry about that," Dean said, "did you...uh...have any questions?"

Jacob looked between the two of them.

"What has this got to do with a porcupine eating a pumpkin?"

Castiel blinked and glanced at Dean, who curled his hand into a fist and thumped it on his knee.

"Not a damn thing," he inched back out of the doorway, "enjoy the internet and it's many wonders."

"And never open links from your uncle," Castiel said, patting Jake on the head as he left the room.

"I still want you to watch it, it's really cute," Jake called.

Dean popped back in, followed by Castiel, and they sat on the bed and watched a very cute porcupine munching a baby pumpkin.

"That is adorable," Dean said.

"More so than our video," Castiel muttered.

"I don't know, you had your moments."

Castiel nudged him, and Dean nudged back.

Chapter End Notes

And that is the end folks. Thanks for sticking around, though it took me an age to
actually get it finished.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!