Not Just a One Night Stand

by tricia_16

Summary

Dean hooks up with the hottest guy he's ever seen after his brother Sam drags him to a bar. Dean ends up having the best sex of his life, and he's suddenly not willing to let it go after just one night. He falls faster and harder for the super sexy and equally dorky Castiel than he ever thought he could. Could something so easy really turn into something that could last?
Chapter 1

Dean lets out a sigh of relief as he walks through the back door of the bar and on to the patio. He tries not to breathe in as he walks through a cloud of cigarette smoke, knowing he just has to get past the group of people right by the door to get the fresh air he’s craving. It was a humid day, made even worse inside the bar with all the bodies dancing and grinding against one another, and he greedily takes in the cooler air outside. He and Sam have barely been here for an hour, and because he knows just how closely Sammy has his eye on that pretty blonde waitress inside, he knows he’ll be stuck here for another few hours at least.

His thoughts are interrupted when he hears a match catch on fire, and he turns towards one of the most beautiful faces he’s ever seen lit up by the small flame held to a cigarette. The man is all high cheek bones, sex hair, and stubble peppered across a strong, square jaw. The man turns his eyes towards Dean and Dean gets a flicker of what must be the bluest eyes in existence before the cigarette lights and the guy waves out the match, dropping it on to the side of the road. Dean drags his eyes away from his face and takes in a pair of sneakers, skinny jeans, and a dark, short-sleeved button up shirt.

Dean hasn’t had a cigarette in years, but just to start a conversation, he nods in the man’s direction and says, “Can I share a drag?”

Dean watches as the man blatantly looks him up and down, and then holds out the cigarette and says, “If you tell me about the tattoos on your arm.”

His voice is pure sex. It’s deep and gravelly and Dean wonders how much of that is from the smoke of the cigarette and how much of it is just his voice. He’s relieved at the voice, too. For a moment he was worried how young this guy has to be to wear skinny jeans so well, but there’s no way a kid could have a voice like that.

Dean flexes his arm unintentionally and reaches for the cigarette. “This one?” he asks before taking a drag and hating himself for the thrill of pure pleasure that courses through his body. “Lyrics to a song an old friend of mine wrote. In Gaelic.” The man takes the cigarette back and Dean finds himself fixated on his lips touching the cigarette exactly where his own had been just a moment before. The man watches him right back but doesn’t say anything. They keep staring at each other wordlessly until the man drops the cigarette and stomps it out.

“I’ll let you buy me a drink if you ask nicely,” the man says boldly, and Dean snorts at how he manages to sound cocky and a little nervous at the same time.

“What makes you think I’m interested?” Dean shoots back, smiling just as cocky and sure.

The man grins at him revealing straight white teeth and says, “You've been staring at my lips.”

Dean rubs at the back of his neck nervously, suddenly feeling kinda shy after being called out like that. But fuck it. He is interested. For the first time in a long time. Enough that he doesn’t even care about the ribbing Sam’s bound to give him later.

Dean flashes his thousand watt smile at the dude and says, “You got me. I’ll buy you a drink. Let’s go.”

Dean is surprised but not disappointed when the stranger places his hand on his lower back as they walk back into the bar. His hand is low enough to show intent. To show that this isn’t just friendly. It
leaves the guesswork outta it, and Dean finds he’s really okay with that.

They walk up to join the line at the bar. The stranger keeps his hand on Dean, claiming him for others to see. Neither of them bothers trying to talk over the music and the crowd here. Finally it’s their turn. “Beer. Whatever’s cheap and doesn’t taste like shit,” Dean says. He looks at the stranger and says, “And?”

He leans in over Dean’s shoulder, and Dean feels his breath against his ear. “Jack Daniels, neat. Three fingers.”

Dean turns and their lips almost meet accidentally. Dean lifts an appraising eyebrow at him. “You don’t fuck around.”

The stranger smirks again and lowers his eyes to Dean’s lips. Dean licks them without thinking. “Sometimes I do,” he responds.

The bartender slides them their drinks and Dean drops bills on top of the bar, then nods his thanks and spins to weave his way through the line and find Sam at the table he left him at earlier. Dean sits at the table across from his brother, and the stranger sits next to Dean, closer than is strictly friendly. Dean can feel the heat coming off of his body.

“This is my little brother, Sam,” Dean says to the stranger.

“I’m Castiel,” the stranger offers with what Dean thinks is the first genuine smile he’s seen from him so far.

“Nice to meet you,” Sam replies with a smile of his own. “Named after the angel of Thursday?”

Castiel nods his approval. “I am. Not many people know about the angel Castiel.”

Dean smiles proudly. “My brother got the brains in the family. I got the looks,” he adds.

Sam shakes his head. “I hate when you say that.”

Castiel turns to look at Dean. “You use that line often?”

“I stick with what works,” Dean replies.

“Has nobody ever told you that intelligence can be as attractive as a pretty face?” Castiel asks him, then turns to give Sam a playful wink.

Sam glances nervously between Dean and Castiel and says, “Uhm, thanks, I think. But I don’t swing that way.”

Castiel turns to look at Dean. “You use that line often?”

“Instead of fucking it?” Castiel finishes for him.
Dean shrugs but his eyes light up. “I wouldn’t say no.”

“Wow, you really are a charmer, aren’t you?”

Dean allows the laugh to ripple through him before he responds. “I’m a little rusty, okay? It’s been a while since I tried to pick up a dude.”

Castiel lifts his eyebrows at that and his head tilts to the side adorably. “How long?”,

Dean takes another drink of his beer and looks away before he answers, “Years.”

Castiel slides his arm across the back of Dean’s chair and leans in closer. “Oh? What’s the occasion tonight?”

Dean turns towards him and is caught off guard again at just how close Castiel has moved towards him. He meets those blue eyes dead on and says, “You’re hot as fuck.”

Castiel’s smile spreads wide. “I’m pleased you think so.” He downs the rest of his drink in one shot and motions for Dean to do the same. Dean finishes his beer in one long pull and places it on the table in front of him. “Come dance with me.”

Before Dean has a chance to react, Castiel has him by the hand and is tugging him towards the small dance floor.

“People will see us,” Dean shouts over the music, but makes no move to stop Castiel from pulling him forwards.

“I know,” Castiel answers, like Dean said the most obvious thing in the world.

They step on the dance floor, and Castiel spins towards him, facing him, and just like that, Castiel is on him. He places his hands on Dean’s chest, then runs them up to his shoulders and winds his arms around his neck. He pulls Dean closer to him and places his legs on either side of one of Dean’s, all but straddling his leg. When his hips start swaying to the music, Dean finds his own hands on Castiel’s hips and his mouth dry as a desert.

Castiel can dance.

Blood rushes to his dick when he feels the way Castiel can move his hips, his mind instantly going to how unbelievable it would feel to have those hips rolling on top of him, riding his dick. Castiel’s hands run up the back of his neck to play with his hair, and Dean’s eyes probably roll up into his head. He’s never been affected by somebody like this in his life, and he’s already so fucking hard it hurts. Castiel thrusts his hips forward and Dean’s breath hitches when he feels Castiel’s erection press into his leg. Castiel must notice because the smile that he shares with Dean is both playful and sexy as fuck.

Dean groans and his hands move up just a little bit so that he finds a sliver of skin between Castiel’s shirt and his pants. Castiel’s skin is burning up under his hands, and he runs them over his lower back, loving every inch of skin he can touch and pulling him in just a little bit closer. He’s considering kissing him right now on the dance floor. He’s never kissed a guy in public before, but he doesn’t know how much longer he can resist.

As if Castiel can read his mind, he grabs him by the back of his neck and pulls him in before he crashes their lips together. This is not a typical sweet and shy first kiss. The second their lips touch, it’s as if Dean’s entire body is on fire. He feels desire twist inside his stomach, and his lips open, inviting Castiel in. Castiel moves his hands to his face to angle his mouth the way he wants him
before he plunges inside of Dean’s mouth with his tongue. He tastes like Jack and cigarette smoke mixed with a hint of cinnamon, and Dean knows instantly he could drown in this. In Castiel. Castiel is kissing him like there’s nobody else in the room, and he feels his head spinning with the pure lust he feels for this man.

Suddenly Castiel’s lips pull away to trail down the side of Dean’s face and on to his neck, where he leaves a trail of wet kisses. Dean’s hands bury themselves into the mess of Castiel’s thick hair, holding him there, not wanting him to stop. He feels Castiel smile against his skin and that’s when he remembers where they are and what they’re doing. His hands fall away and he takes in a deep breath to calm himself, but all he can smell is Castiel and that doesn’t help at all.

Castiel looks back up at him through thick lashes and Dean’s heart pounds in his chest when he gets a glimpse of those too-blue eyes again, pupils blown wider than they were before. Castiel’s lips are wet and plump and Dean bites down on his own bottom lip to stop himself from diving right back in for more.

“That’s a hell of a mouth you have there,” Castiel says, and Dean’s dick gets even harder in his pants at just how low Castiel’s voice has dropped.

“You’re one to talk. Actually, you keep talking and your voice alone is gonna make me come in my pants,” Dean says honestly, and Castiel throws his head back and laughs.

“I’ll buy you a drink,” Castiel says, tugging Dean back towards the bar, not letting go of his hand as they wait. Castiel orders himself a beer too and they go back to sit with Sam. Dean can tell by the look Sam gives him that he saw what happened on the dance floor, and he notices them holding hands now. Usually he’d be embarrassed, but for some reason he’s just not.

“You’re clearly hitting it off,” Sam teases.

“Your brother is quite the dancer,” Castiel says.

“I saw that. Who knew?” Sam quips.

“You don’t usually dance at the bar?” Castiel asks Dean.

“I’ve never seen Dean dance in his life,” Sam answers for him. “I didn’t know he had it in him.”

“So you don’t usually dance and you don’t usually pick up guys, and yet here you are, doing both with me,” Castiel says with another cocky smile on his face.

“I’ve never seen him kiss a guy either,” Sam volunteers.

Dean glares at his brother and says, “I think I should find Jess and share some of your secrets with her. Since this is apparently a thing we do now.”

“Don’t be embarrassed, Dean,” Castiel says, then leans in to whisper in his ear. “I’m flattered you’re breaking all your rules with me.” Dean feels his breath hot on his ear and shivers, even knowing Castiel’s doing this to him on purpose.

Dean looks over at Sam and says, “You okay here by yourself if we get outta here?”

Sam’s eyebrows shoot up and he says, “I’m a big boy, Dean. I’ll be fine. You boys have fun now. Be safe!”

Dean gives him the finger and turns to Castiel. “My place or yours?”
“I live alone,” Castiel answers, and that sounds pretty damn good to him.

“See you tomorrow,” Dean says to Sam and motions to Castiel to move so he can get out.

“Nice meeting you,” Castiel says with a smile.

“Yah, you too,” Sam replies, and with that, Castiel gets up, grabs Dean by the hand again and pulls him towards the door.

They step into the cool night air and Castiel asks, “Taxi?”

“Nah, I drove. I only had a beer and a half, I’m okay.”

“Friends don’t let friends drive drunk,” Castiel recites.

“It takes a hell of a lot more than a beer and a half to get me drunk,” Dean scoffs. “Sides, I’m not leaving my Baby here overnight.” Now Dean is pulling Castiel along instead of the other way around.

Castiel squints at him. “Your baby?”

“Wait ‘til you see her,” Dean beams at him.

When Dean stops next to a shiny black car, Castiel seems to get it. He lets out a sigh of what could be relief as he nods his head. “She’s gorgeous,” Castiel agrees.

Dean beams even wider. “You a car guy?”

“Not in the least. But I can appreciate beauty without knowing anything about cars,” he explains.

“Passable save,” Dean teases as he puts the key in the lock and opens the passenger door for Castiel. “After you,” he says with a flourish of his hand. Castiel rolls his eyes but climbs into the car. He is all but caressing the leather interior when Dean gets behind the wheel. Dean sends him a confident smile and starts the car, grinning even wider when he hears the seductive purr of the engine. “Best sound in the whole world,” he tells Castiel.

Castiel doesn’t respond so he looks over at him. His jaw drops comically when he sees Castiel palming his obviously hard dick through his pants. “Jesus fuck,” he manages to croak.

“I find your car very arousing,” Castiel replies without a hint of embarrassment.

Dean closes his eyes and tries to compose himself. “If we make it home in one piece it’ll be a miracle,” he confesses and Castiel lets out a low chuckle.

“Just drive, Dean,” he says, and Dean does what he asks without another thought. He’s about to pull out of the parking lot when he realizes he doesn’t know where Castiel lives. “Where’m I going?”

Castiel rattles off an address on a street he’s familiar with, thankfully only a short drive from the bar. His mind is replaying Castiel touching himself over and over on a loop, and he’s only brought back to real life when Castiel says, “How’re we going to do this?”

Dean swallows, trying to get past how dry his mouth is. “As many times as we can,” he answers and Castiel huffs out a laugh. “Seriously though, I don’t care. Whatever you want’s fine with me.”

“Are you a top or bottom, Dean?” Castiel asks, no longer beating around the bush.
Dean hardens even further in his jeans. “Both. Either. Doesn’t matter,” he manages. Castiel doesn’t respond so Dean chances a glance at him and is immediately met with eye contact. Those freakin’ eyes. He turns back to the road.

“I am also both, or either, as you say. It’s a good thing we have all night,” he says, voice thick with promise.

Dean doesn’t trust himself to say anything else, so he nods but keeps his mouth shut until he pulls on to Castiel’s street. “Third one on the left,” Castiel instructs him. “You can park in the driveway.”

“Well she be okay here over night?” Dean asks.

“Your baby will be fine,” Castiel assures him.

Dean pulls into the driveway and turns off the car. He gets out and walks around with every intention of opening the door for Castiel, but Castiel beats him to it. “I appreciate the gesture,” Castiel smiles at him. He unlocks his front door, waits for Dean to step through, then shuts and locks it behind them again. He kicks off his shoes and leaves them on the mat by the door, so Dean does the same.

“Do you want another drink?” Castiel asks him.

“No,” Dean answers, short and to the point.

“I was hoping you’d say that,” he smiles. “Follow me,” Castiel says, and he leads the way down the hall and up a handful of stairs. Dean gets the privilege of watching Castiel’s tight jeans cling to his ass as he takes each step and even lets out a groan of approval. Castiel gives him a smile over his shoulder and Dean takes a deep breath to calm himself.

Castiel walks into what must be his bedroom and flicks on the lamp beside his bed. Dean stops at the doorway, and Castiel looks across the room at him. “What are you doing all the way over there?” he says, a hint of a joke in his voice.

“Kinda freaking out a little bit,” Dean admits, voice low. “It’s been a really long time.”

Castiel takes a few steps towards him, and Dean is pulled in like a magnet. Castiel’s hands cup Dean’s face before he kisses him gently. The soft contact between them is enough to kick Dean’s arousal back into gear, nervousness forgotten, and he starts pushing Castiel back towards his bed. Castiel’s mouth opens for Dean, and he sucks on Dean’s tongue when it enters his mouth. Dean’s hands come up to undo the buttons on Castiel’s shirt one by one, and once he finally has them all opened, he pushes his shirt off of his shoulders, letting it fall to the floor. Before Dean can begin to take in all of the golden skin in front of him, Castiel is pulling his t-shirt up by the hem so he lifts his arms to help him out.

They each take a moment to drink in the sight of each other. Castiel is in better shape than Dean expected. His shoulders and arms are well defined with muscle, and his stomach is tight and flat with a dusting of freckles across it. It’s a sexy surprise for Dean to see that Castiel has a nipple pierced. He follows the vee of his hip bones and wonders how his jeans are even staying up considering how low they hang.

“How are you single?” Dean asks, voice low and scratchy.

Castiel snorts out a laugh. “Me? Have you seen yourself? You look like a model. What do you do to have a body like this?” Castiel asks, awe in his voice. His hands come up to run down Dean’s arms, stopping to squeeze his biceps.
“I go to the gym when I’m stressed,” Dean replies with a shrug.

“You’re the hottest fucking thing I’ve ever seen,” Dean tells him before he captures his mouth with a searing kiss. Their lips barely meet before Castiel’s hands are everywhere. In Dean's hair, then gripping at his shoulders. They move down the tight muscles on his back and Castiel moans into Dean’s mouth. They keep moving down until they cup Dean’s ass, and with one hard pull, Dean falls flush against Castiel’s hard body. The exquisite feeling of skin to skin makes them both groan, and when Castiel rearranges himself so that their dicks press together, their lips finally break contact because Castiel throws his head back with a look of pure pleasure on his face.

Dean immediately moves down to taste the newly exposed curve of Castiel’s throat, and his hips roll forwards, seeking friction against Castiel’s body.

“First you fuck me, then I’ll fuck you,” Castiel says.

“God,” Dean breathes, feeling fire course through his veins. He finally lets his eyes drift down to take in the sight of Castiel’s cock laying thick across his stomach. He licks his lips without thinking about it and Castiel makes a clicking sound with his tongue.

Dean flips his eyes back up to his face and Castiel says, “I want you to fuck me. You can suck my cock later.”

All Dean can do is nod, fighting back the heat racing throughout his body at hearing Castiel say that he wants Dean to fuck him. Castiel places his feet on the bed, spreading his legs invitingly for Dean. Dean gets his first glimpse at Castiel’s beautiful, pink hole, and he is suddenly aware of his own cock throbbing between his legs. Dean doesn’t waste any more time, and runs his finger along the crack of
Castiel’s ass, warming the lube on his fingers with the heat of Castiel’s body. Castiel jerks at first, but steadies as the temperature warms. Dean circles Castiel’s hole with a single finger and Castiel all but begs, “Dean, please. I want you.”

“Shhhh, I got you, Cas,” Dean says. “Gonna make you feel so good.”

“Yes, please,” Castiel begs again.

Dean takes pity on him and pushes the tip of his index finger past the tight ring of muscle of Castiel’s entrance. After that, the lube helps him glide all the way in easily. Castiel’s back arches off the bed.

“Feels so good,” Castiel pants.

“You’re so fucking tight,” Dean tells him, and plants a chaste kiss on his chest. Castiel lifts his chest, asking silently for more, so Dean kisses his way over to the nipple ring he’s been eyeing as he continues to fuck Castiel on his finger. He draws the hoop of the nipple ring around his tongue and gives a gentle tug, and is rewarded with a filthy moan from Castiel. The sound goes straight to his already throbbing dick. He tugs again, and then closes his teeth around the hardened bud of his nipple and Castiel actually cries out in pleasure.

“Another,” Castiel asks, and Dean quickly pulls out to add a second finger. “Mmmm, yes,” Castiel moans breathily.

“You’re so fucking hot, Cas. So responsive. God, you’re amazing,” Dean praises him.

“It’s you,” Castiel replies breathily. “Only with you.”

Dean can almost literally feel his ego inflate. He rewards Cas by curving his fingers, and after a moment of searching, brushes against his prostate.

“Fuck,” Castiel hisses, hips coming up off the bed again. “Right there. Please.”

“Needy for me, Cas?” Dean teases him, but presses into his prostate again at the same time he bites down on his nipple again.

Castiel makes a sound in his throat, “Yes!” he cries.

Dean pulls his fingers out to add a little bit more lube, then pushes three fingers in, and twists, spreading his fingers as often as he can, doing his best to loosen him up. Castiel is breathing hard, and his dick is smearing precome all over his stomach. With a whine, Dean lowers his head and licks up the wet trail Cas has left behind. He tastes so good, Dean ignores Castiel’s earlier warning and drags his tongue along the underside of his cock to the tip, before he swipes his tongue across the head to taste the precome there, too.

“Jesus Christ, your tongue,” Castiel moans.

“You taste so good,” Dean tells him. He waits for Castiel’s eyes to meet his, before he sinks down on his cock and takes him down to the root in one quick movement. He keeps sliding his fingers in and out of Castiel, and Castiel can’t seem to decide if he wants to fuck himself on Dean’s fingers or force himself deeper into Dean’s throat. Castiel makes a sound of pleasure in his throat and Dean hums around him, his pink lips wrapped tight around his cock as he bobs his head up and down.

“Dean,” Castiel pants. “Dean, stop. I want you inside me before this ends much quicker than I’d like it to.”
Dean slides off with a flick of his tongue across the tip of his cock as one final tease. “You ready for me, Cas?”

“God, yes,” Castiel whines.

Dean finally pulls his fingers out and Castiel groans in frustration. Dean chuckles darkly, as he squirts more lube on to the palm of his hand, but once he slicks himself up with it, it’s his turn to close his eyes and moan as his aching cock finally gets some much needed attention from his own hand. He’s concentrating on not spilling all over himself when he hears another sound of appreciation from Castiel. He opens his eyes to see those piercing blue eyes trained on him like a laser.

“I could come just watching you,” Castiel says, his voice lower than Dean’s heard it so far. Dean sees a fresh trail of precome glistening on his stomach and has to fight the urge to lap it up like a cat.

“No,” Dean says with a shake of his head. “You’re gonna come on my cock.”

Castiel’s hips come off the mattress to thrust into nothing. “Today would be nice,” he says dryly, and Dean smiles wickedly before he covers Castiel’s body with his own. He lets his dick slide along the crease of his ass, every now and then catching on his rim. Dean kisses along Castiel’s neck, and then moves down to suckle on his collar bone. Castiel makes another sound of pleasure so Dean lingers, sucking a mark into the sensitive skin. When he pulls away to meet Cas’s mouth he sees the hickey blooming, and he feels a flare of possessiveness in his chest.

Castiel must see something in his eyes because he says, “Marking me, Dean?”

Hearing the words only deepens the feeling and he growls, “Mine,” low and quiet. He’s suddenly desperate to fill Castiel with his cock. To hear him call his name when he comes. He repositions his hips and lines himself up at Castiel’s eager hole, and without another thought, he pushes the swollen head of his cock past the tight muscle and into the searing heat of Castiel, inch by inch until he’s finally, blissfully, completely buried in Cas.

“Holy fuck,” Dean breathes against Castiel’s neck. “This is not going to last very long,” he says with an apology in his voice.

Castiel turns his head to meet Dean’s lips and says gently, “This time. We have all night.”

Dean kisses him back slowly, lingering, thanking him for understanding. “You just feel so damn good,” Dean tells him.

“Good,” Castiel smiles. “I want you to feel good.”

“Too good,” Dean argues, teeth clenched against the urge to thrust into him.

“I’m okay now,” Castiel tells him, voice still soft and gentle. Dean gets the feeling that something has changed between them somehow. Castiel’s hands are roaming over his back, tenderly, caressing every inch of skin he touches. This is suddenly more than a quick fuck from somebody he picked up at the bar, and he doesn’t know how it got here, like this, so quickly, but it calms him and he feels like he can move without embarrassing himself.

He rolls his hips experimentally, moving just a little bit deeper and they both gasp. Dean braces himself on his elbows, and pulls out almost all the way, and then sinks right back in, smooth and slow. He does the same thing again, and then a third time, and then Castiel’s body starts moving with him, but quickening the pace. Dean takes the hint and starts fucking him in earnest. Castiel lifts his hips to meet each thrust with his ass coming up off of the bed, and the loud sounds of skin slapping
Castiel’s hands come down to grip Dean’s hips like his life depends on it. His fingers dig into his skin and he knows if he keeps this up there will be bruises there. He loses all sense of time. He feels like they just started fucking but he also feels like he’s been doing this forever, and he has no way to know which is true. He didn’t think it was even possible, but he gets even more aroused at the thought. He lets out a low moan of appreciation.


Dean’s close too, and if fucking him just a little bit harder can make Castiel come on his cock, that’s exactly what he’s going to do. He slams into him and watches Castiel close his eyes and open his mouth with a silent scream of pleasure. Dean leans down to nip at his bottom lip as he slams into him a second time. Castiel’s fingers tighten even more on his hips, and he starts chanting, “Dean, Dean, fuck, Dean, yes.”

Dean groans, loving the sound of his name said with that sexy voice he loves so much. “I’m close, Cas.”

Castiel nods his head in agreement, and puts pressure on Dean’s upper back so that Dean falls flush against Castiel’s body again. Dean feels Cas’s cock rubbing wetly against his stomach, and it’s only seconds later that he feels Cas’s muscles clench around his cock at the same time a flood of warmth spurts between them. “Dean!” Castiel cries, mouth latching on to the meat of his shoulder. Dean feels the bite of teeth, and it’s that sends him flying over the edge, filling Castiel’s ass with his come.

“Oh fuck. Oh Cas. Cas, uhh, Cas,” Dean groans out, thrusting his hips until Castiel's ass milks out every drop of come he has. He collapses entirely on to Castiel, and leaves a trail of wet kisses across his neck where his head lays as he catches his breath. Castiel's hands are stroking through his hair, and Dean thinks this is the most blissed out he’s felt in his entire life.

He smiles against the curve of Castiel’s shoulder and feels Castiel’s lips on his neck. “You’re pretty pleased with yourself,” he teases.

“Mmmf,” Dean answers with the only sound that can come out at the moment.

“You should be. That was… amazing. Some of the best sex I’ve ever had.”

Dean lifts his head to search Cas’s face to see if he’s teasing him or being serious. He looks serious. “You don’t have to say that. I know I didn’t exactly have staying power,” he snickers. “It’s been too long.”

Castiel places his hand on Dean’s face and strokes his thumb across his cheek bone. Dean leans into the touch without thinking, closing his eyes and savouring the touch. “I don’t say things I don’t mean.” He doesn’t say anything else so Dean opens his eyes again and sees sincerity all over his face. Castiel leans forward to press their lips together softly. “Let me up and I’ll get us a cloth to clean up.” Dean pulls his softening cock out of Cas and they both make a face at how gross it feels. “One plus to condoms,” Castiel jokes and Dean laughs as he starts to roll away. “Be right back,” Castiel tells him with a light smack to Dean’s bottom.

Dean’s still laying on his back, eyes closed, with a dopey smile on his face when he feels Castiel’s weight shift the bed beneath him. He opens his eyes to the beautiful sight of Castiel’s naked body and a small smile on his face before Dean feels a warm cloth run over his stomach to clean up the mess there. His hand slides down to wipe the lube away from his dick without a word. Castiel is gentle and thorough, and there’s something very intimate about his gaze. He leans down and kisses
Dean softly, and the cloth lands with a wet plop on the floor beside the bed. He leans across Dean’s body to switch off the lamp.

Castiel grabs the covers from where they’re bunched up at the bottom of the bed, pulls them up over both of them, and lays down curled against Dean’s side with his head resting on his shoulder. Dean huffs out a laugh. “Do you always cuddle with one night stands?”

Castiel answers with his own laugh and he snakes his arm around Dean’s stomach. “You don’t really think I’m giving up sex like that after only one night, do you?”

Dean did, actually, but the smile on his face is there automatically, and a warmth blooms in his chest. “I kinda did,” he says honestly.

“Think again,” Castiel says with laughter in his voice. “It’s late now though, we can fight over details in the morning.” Dean smiles again. “Sleep well, Dean.”

“’Night, Cas,” Dean says, and with Castiel warm against his body, he drifts into sleep more easily than he has in as long as he can remember.
Chapter 2

Castiel doesn’t fall asleep quite as easily. As per usual, he lays awake, replaying his day in his head. He remembers the dreadfully boring day he spent at home, wishing for company, and how he made a rash decision that was completely unlike him, and changed out of his sweatpants into skinny jeans he’d never even worn before and a dress shirt and walked to the bar at 11:00 on a Saturday night.

His personal goal was to have a single conversation with a man, so that the only words he spoke all day long weren’t to the cashier at the grocery store. He saw Dean before Dean saw him. He walked past their table to use the bathroom, and had to resist doing a double take over his shoulder. Dean truly does look like a model, and when he came back out of the bathroom, he looked around to see if he had body guards or some kind of “squad” with him. The tall man with him could be a body guard, and while he didn’t dismiss the idea entirely, the way they were so easy with one another made him lean towards probably not.

He stood off to the side, trying to gather the courage to go talk to him, and hated himself when he couldn’t. What would he even say? Frustrated with himself, he stormed out of the bar and begged a cigarette off of stranger. He hadn’t smoked in more than a decade, but he felt the need to then and it wasn’t as if he could hate himself anymore. He didn’t have a lighter, and remembers how he wanted to kick himself for not asking the woman to light it for him when he remembered the book of matches he grabbed from the table earlier.

He didn’t hear anybody come out to join him, and he was surprised when he heard the scuff of shoes on the pavement close to him. He only just managed to get the cigarette to light before he lost all control of his body and dropped the match on the ground beside him. He hoped it looked like he meant to do that. He remembers being absolutely baffled by the turn of events. This was the guy from inside. Looking at him. It was insane. Things like this don’t happen to him.

He looked away immediately, afraid some of what he was thinking showed on his face, and took a long pull of the cigarette. He was surprised again when he heard Dean’s smooth, low voice, drawl lazily, “Can I share a drag?”

He smiles now, curled up against Dean, when he thinks about how he couldn’t help but rake his eyes up and down Dean’s body outside. He remembers thinking that he was even better looking than he looked in the dim light of the bar. His first impression was that he’s tall, with broad shoulders, sandy blonde hair, and he has the same rock star look about him that Castiel picked up on earlier. His eyes caught on the tattoo on his arm and he heard himself say, “If you tell me about the tattoos on your arm.”

He held the cigarette out to him, and when Dean flexed his arm and Castiel saw the bulging muscle of his bicep, he pictured his tongue rolling out of his mouth like a red carpet in a cartoon. Amazingly, he somehow kept up a flirty conversation, encouraged by Dean’s obvious attraction to him. He assumed that a man as good looking as Dean would be full of self assurance, but instead, he seemed shy at times. That only enticed Castiel to tease him a little bit more, and gave him an intoxicating feeling of power over this perfect specimen of a man. It’s unlike any feeling he’s ever had before, and he was bolder, flirtier, and cockier than he’s ever been in his life. If he picked up on Dean’s cues accurately, he thinks Dean even liked that about him.

He has to swallow a laugh when he remembers Dean’s jaw basically hitting the floor when Castiel was rubbing himself through his jeans in Dean’s Baby. He’d never done anything like that before, but he’d also never been so turned on in his life, and Dean’s reaction was perfect. He could all but see Dean’s eyes glaze over, and Dean making a joke about not making back to Castiel’s house in
one piece was enough to take some of the edge off of his raging hard-on.

His mind flicks forward to Dean standing nervously in the doorway of his bedroom. How this man, this gorgeous, absolutely perfect man could possibly be nervous about sex with Castiel was beyond his comprehension. Castiel would have gotten down on his knees and begged for the chance to be with him without shame. Dean was every bit as sexy as any man he’s ever fantasized about before, and ten times hotter than anybody he’s ever been with (not that there were many to compare to). All he could think about in that moment was how easy it had been when they kissed, and so he walked towards him to try to get some of the ease back between them. It worked.

And just like at the bar, the minute their lips touched, sparks flew. As the night went on, Castiel discovered that every time they touched, sparks flew. Never in his life has Castiel experienced this kind of passion. When Castiel finally gave in and came completely untouched between their bodies, he thought for a second he might actually be dying. His head was fuzzy, he heard a rushing sound in his head, and his vision even whited out for a minute. He didn’t know that was possible. He wasn’t lying when he told Dean it was the best sex he ever had. He didn’t even know that level of pleasure existed.

He worries now over being too forward, assuming that Dean would be interested in more than a one night stand. He didn’t sound opposed to the idea, and he didn’t get out the bed and leave immediately. He stayed. He let Castiel cuddle with him, and he fell asleep almost instantly. He wouldn’t do that if he was uncomfortable, surely. As if he were thinking aloud, Dean’s hand comes up and rests on top of his arm that’s currently wound around his waist. Castiel smiles, and finally relaxes enough to fall asleep cuddled into the body of the hottest man he’s ever seen.

Castiel wakes in the morning with Dean wrapped around him like a vine. Their legs are tangled together, Dean’s somehow become the big spoon, and his arm is holding Castiel tight to his chest. Dean’s head is close enough to his neck that he can feel the warm air brush against his skin every time that he breathes. Most exciting for Castiel, is Dean's morning wood pressing into his lower back. Castiel only thinks about it for a second before he slowly starts rubbing his ass against him. He maneuvers so that Dean’s hard cock slides along the seam of his crack.

He knows the minute Dean wakes up because he feels his lips press against the back of his neck. “A little early for morning sex, isn’t it?” Dean says, his voice rough with sleep.

Castiel can’t hold back a shiver at the combination of hearing his voice again, and feeling his lips continue to press hot, wet kisses along the back of his neck and up to his ear lobe.

“Mm hmm,” Castiel replies. “You're right. We should just go back to sleep.”

Dean bites down on his ear lobe and Castiel lets out a soft chuckle. “Shut up and pass me the lube,” Dean whispers. Castiel doesn’t need to be asked twice, and he reaches to grab it off the nightstand from last night. “This is gonna be quick but I’m still gonna make it good for you, Cas, and then we can do it again later, after I’ve had a few more hours of sleep and coffee,” Dean tells him.

Dean’s voice is filled with so much promise, and hearing him say “again later” soothes any left over anxiety he has from last night. “You can fuck me any way you want to,” Castiel tells him, and he’s pleased when he hears Dean inhale a sharp breath.

“Just like this,” Dean says, and Castiel hears the squirt of lube behind him. They both know Castiel will still be slightly stretched and still wet from a few hours ago, and it surprises neither of them when Dean can press two fingers into him easily. It’s only another minute before Dean adds his third finger, and another minute more before his fingers pull out and Castiel can feel the head of Dean’s cock nudge against his hole.
Dean’s hands, free now, start moving along Castiel’s body. Castiel cherishes every touch. He feels Dean’s palms glide along his shoulder blades and one hand runs down his arm to squeeze his hand. Castiel leans his head back and Dean’s lips trace the curve of his neck, and then move down to leave kisses all across his back.

“Dean,” Castiel sighs happily.

Dean finally slips inside of Castiel, slow and easy, and it feels just as perfect as it did last night. With the position they’re in, Dean is at the perfect angle to easily hit Castiel’s prostate with each thrust, and they both know it. The first time Dean hits it, Castiel bites back a curse and ends up moaning quietly instead. Dean, obviously sensing success, thrusts again exactly the same way. Castiel bites down on his bottom lip to keep from shouting out.

“Like that, Cas?” Dean asks, and all Castiel can do is nod his head.

Dean scrapes his teeth along Castiel’s shoulder and says, “You gotta tell me, babe. Can’t see you. I need to hear you to make sure I’m making you feel as good as I feel.”


Dean threads his fingers between Castiel’s for just a minute, before letting go and winding his arm around his waist and wrapping his hand around Castiel’s leaky cock. He drags his hand to the tip, gathering the precome there to help slick up his hand, before he starts stroking Castiel in time with his thrusts.

Castiel moans again, louder this time, letting Dean know how good he feels. Castiel’s hips push forward, fucking the tight fist wrapped around him, desperate for more. He feels himself teetering on the edge again already, and doesn’t want to come too soon and disappoint Dean.

“Dean,” Castiel says, and he knows it sounds like the warning it’s supposed to be.

“Right there with you,” Dean tells him with another kiss to the back of his neck. Dean’s mouth trails a now familiar path to his ear, and Castiel gets the absolute pleasure of hearing Dean’s breathing speed up, faster and faster until he’s all but panting in his ear, and then a hitch of his breath and Castiel can feel heat inside of him as Dean empties himself.

The hitch in his breathing and the twist of Dean’s wrist brings Castiel’s orgasm crashing into him seconds later, and he finally lets himself go, coming all over his stomach and the bunched up sheet in front of him in thick, white ropes. Dean pumps him through it, and doesn’t stop until Castiel is just on the good side of over stimulated.

Dean twines their fingers together again, ignoring the sticky mess over his own hand, and Castiel listens as Dean gets his breath back. When Dean is breathing easily again, he pulls out and Castiel feels his body tense with a wince.

“Did I hurt you?” Dean asks, immediately on alert.

“But really. It’s just been a long time since I’ve bottomed twice in a row. Just a little sensitive.”

“Shit, Cas. You should’ve told me! We didn’t have to do it like that again, we could’ve switched.”

Castiel turns to face him. “It’s okay. I wanted to. I initiated it, in case you’ve forgotten in your post-orgasmic haze,” he teases. “Next time we’ll switch.”

Dean smiles. “You’re not kicking me out yet?”
“Not even close. I say we get a few more hours of sleep.”

“Oh, thank God. Sundays are the only days I let myself sleep in,” Dean confesses.

Castiel turns around and grabs the already ruined sheet behind him. He grimaces as he wipes the mess from between his legs and his stomach, then turns to wipe Dean off, too, and then throws the sheet on the ground with the wet towel from last night.

“We’ll shower later,” Castiel says, curling up next to Dean again.

Dean plants a kiss on the side of Castiel’s forehead, winds his arm around his shoulders and says, “‘Kay.”

Castiel can tell by his easy breathing that Dean is out again, and he wonders fondly if he always falls asleep so quickly. If he’s lucky, maybe he’ll find out for sure, and maybe discover some of his other habits, too.
I don’t think I will get anything written tomorrow since I’m spending the day at Universal Studios (YAY Harry Potter!!), but I will try to get one more chapter written and posted before I head home on Thursday!

I am already overwhelmed with the kudos and comments, and I’m so thankful for your support <3

When Dean wakes up the second time that morning, his first conscious thought is that he’s alone. His heart drops into his stomach before he remembers they’re at Castiel's place, and it’s not like Castiel’s just left him here alone. Especially after the original wake up call. He smiles to himself as he remembers waking up with his hard cock sliding between Cas’s ass cheeks. If there’s a better way to wake up, he doesn’t know what it is.

It’s not until he rolls over towards Cas’s side of the bed that the smell hits him. Bacon! Cas isn’t in bed with him because he’s cooking them breakfast! He indulges in a single cat-like stretch, then rolls out of bed to search the floor for his boxers. He considers getting fully dressed, but instead just throws on his t-shirt and uses the ensuite bathroom Cas went into last night before he pads down the hallway towards the smell of the bacon.

He finds Castiel in the kitchen with only a pair of cow print pajama pants slug low around his waist. If he thought his hair was hot last night (and he did) then that’s nothing compared to this morning. It’s sticking up every which way, and somehow still manages to look sexy as fuck. Castiel didn’t hear him come in, so he stands there and takes in the view of his muscular back for a little while before he clears his throat purposely and says, “Mornin’.”

The genuine smile that spreads across Castiel’s face when he turns towards Dean’s voice is adorable. “Good morning!” he says brightly. “I’m just about finished cooking some bacon, then I was thinking scrambled eggs and toast?” ge checks.

“Sounds amazing. Do you need a hand?” Dean offers.

“Nah, I’ve got it. Coffee?” Dean nods his head up and down eagerly and Castiel laughs. He points towards a Keurig machine and says, “I can relate. I can’t usually form words without coffee first thing in the morning. There’s a little drawer underneath the machine with your options. Just use whatever you want.”

“Thanks,” Dean says, aware of how he’s using his best manners. “Uh, cream and sugar?”

“Cream in the fridge, sugar’s in the cupboard right there,” Castiel points. Dean smiles at him instead of thanking him again.

Instead of sitting at the kitchen table, he goes to lean against the counter close to Cas to watch him finish cooking while he drinks his coffee. He looks like he knows what he’s doing. He has the bacon fully cooked and keeping warm on the back burner, and he’s pushing the eggs around a second pan with one hand as he throws bread into the toaster with his other hand. Dean’s cooked more than his
share of breakfast, but he always ends up with something cold by the time everything’s finished because he just can’t multitask as easily as it seems Cas is.

Now that some of the caffeine has cleared his head, he says, “You sure look like you know your way around a kitchen. Are you a chef or somethin’?”

Castiel smiles again. “No, but I’ve always enjoyed cooking. I don’t cook often anymore because it’s just me, and I don’t like making such a mess for myself to clean up later.”

“Hint taken,” Dean teases. “I’m on dish duty when we’re done.”

“You’re off the hook. I have a dish washer,” Castiel says and gestures towards it.

Dean’s smile is wider when he says, “I noticed. But I thought I’d look good if I offered.”

Castiel chuckles. “You look good anyway,” he says smoothly.

“Jeeze, you’re gonna make me blush before… what time is it anyway?” Dean asks, and looks around for a clock.

“Almost eleven. I wanted to wait until you woke up to start cooking but I was getting hungry. I don’t usually wait this late in the day for my first meal.”

“You didn’t have to wait. Waking up to bacon is never a bad thing,” Dean promises.

“I had a moment of panic that you might be a vegetarian or something,” Castiel confesses.

“Fuck that,” Dean says. “I’d die before I gave up bacon, or burgers. Or steak. Or chicken!” he adds, and they both laugh.

Castiel is dishing everything on to plates while he answers, “Point taken. Dean likes meat.”

Dean gives Castiel a look and says, “Wow. I am so not used to being around people who don’t say that as a way to make fun of me.”

Castiel’s eyes widen. “I didn’t mean it like that!” he assures him.

“I know, Cas. I’m making a joke. All my friends and family would have meant it like that, just to tease me.”

Castiel brings their plates to the table and Dean follows. “Do you have a big family?”

“Not really,” Dean says, grabbing a piece of steaming bacon and taking a bite anyway. “It’s technically just me and Sam, but we have a couple of close friends who we consider to be family. Bobby, Ellen, and Jo, and our friend Charlie. I consider them to be family.” Castiel nods his head and looks awkward for a minute, and Dean smiles. “It’s okay, Cas, you can ask.”

Castiel smiles shyly. “What happened to your parents?”

“My mom died in a house fire when I was almost four. Me, my dad, and Sammy made it out, but it really messed up my dad. He uh, drank a lot afterwards, ya know. He took off when I was 14, and Bobby and Ellen took us in. My dad’s still alive. He checks in every couple of months, but we almost never see him.”

Castiel chews the bite of toast quickly, swallows and says, “I’m so sorry. It sounds like you didn’t have an easy life.”
Dean shrugs. “Wasn’t so bad. I had Sammy, and everything worked out okay in the end, I guess.” He smiles and scoops up some scrambled eggs and rolls his eyes to the sky in appreciation before he finally asks, “How ‘bout you? You got family around?”

Castiel shakes his head. “No. No family to speak of.” He doesn’t seem to want to add anything else, but because Dean raises his eyebrows in question, he continues, “My mom and dad are alive. I just don’t have a relationship with them. I appreciate you being so forthcoming with what happened to you as a child, but if you don’t mind, I’d prefer not to speak about my family.”

Dean reaches over to cover Castiel’s hand with his own and offers him a small smile. “No big deal, Cas. We’re basically strangers. You don’t need to pour your heart out to me yet. I get it.”

“Thank you,” Castiel replies, and there’s relief all over his face. “I noticed you started calling me Cas.”

Dean huffs out a laugh, and gives his hand a squeeze before he lets go to get back to his food. “Yah, I do that. Does it bother you?”

Castiel seems to think about it. “No, not really. I haven’t had a friend call me Cas for years. It’s nice.”

Dean decides to let the friend comment go. “Really? Castiel is kinda a mouthful. I’m surprised Cas doesn’t get used more.”

“I think I’m often taken too seriously for somebody to just shorten my name.”

Dean shrugs again, “I dunno, Cas;” he says with emphasis on his name, “You don’t seem all that serious to me. We were shooting the shit pretty good last night, and you definitely made me laugh.”

Castiel shakes his head in disbelief. “I can’t explain it, but it’s just easy with you. Before I went to the bar last night, the only person I talked to all day long was the cashier at the grocery store, and I even managed to make that awkward somehow.”

He’s got to be exaggerating. There’s no way a guy who looks like him can go through a whole day by himself. “Guess I’m just lucky then, because you don’t seem awkward to me.” Castiel beams so big he has to add, “I actually kinda like ya.”

There is an adorable pink tinge to Castiel’s cheeks when he looks down at his empty plate and says, “I kinda like you, too.”

Dean stands and brings both of their plates to the dishwasher, stopping on his way to kiss Cas on the top of the head. Once they’re in and the dishwasher is closed, he spins and says, “What were your plans for today before you picked up a random guy at the bar and had to feed him breakfast the morning after?”

“I didn’t have any major plans,” Castiel says. “I usually prep my lunches for the week on Sundays, do laundry, and just hang around the house. I do usually take myself out for dinner Sunday nights, though.”

Dean thinks that alone sounds like a pretty full day for a Sunday, but crosses the room again and grabs Cas by the hand to pull him to his feet. He places his hands low on his hips, and rubs small circles there with his thumbs. Cas melts into him, so he leans in and presses a soft and slow kiss to his lips. “I usually start my Sundays with a shower,” Dean hints.

“Me too,” Castiel responds quickly. “It would save water if we showered together.”
Dean snorts. “I don’t give a shit about the water, but there’s no way I’m getting naked in the same house as you without you with me.”

“I like the sounds of that,” Castiel says. “I’ll show you the main bathroom. Lots of room for two.”

A few minutes later, they’re both naked and well on their way to fully hard under perfect fucking water pressure spraying from two of the three shower heads. The floor of the shower is even kinda spongy and soft under his feet. That is not normal! But he could get used to this. “Are you filthy rich or something?” Dean asks Cas.

“I… have money,” Castiel admits. “Why?”

“Normal people do not have showers like this. This is freaking heaven, Cas.”

“I may have overindulged on this,” he says with a small laugh. “But I spend a lot of time in the shower, so…” and then he realizes what he’s just said and he freezes comically.

Dean laughs, but pulls him in closer to kiss him. “Everybody jerks off in the shower, relax.”

“I told you I was awkward,” Castiel tells him.

Dean’s hands run down Castiel’s body and he strokes him until he’s fully hard. Cas is already letting out needy little sounds and Dean loves them. He says, “Doesn’t seem to bother me.” Castiel shakes his head. “Remember how you said I could suck your cock later, Cas?” He drops to his knees, suddenly very thankful for the spongey floor, and swipes his tongue across the tip of his cock. “It’s later.”

“You – you don’t have to,” Castiel barely manages to say.

Dean looks straight up at him and says, “Believe me, I want to.” He emphasizes his point by licking a long stripe from the base of his dick to the tip, then circles the already swollen head with his tongue, and places a chaste kiss right on the tip. He brings his other hand up to cup Cas’s balls in his palm, and he rolls them gently. A drop of precome leaks out of Cas and Dean eagerly licks it away. “I love the way you taste,” Dean tells him. “Want more.” With that as his only warning, Dean opens his mouth wide and swallows Cas down as far as he can get him in one shot. He feels his gag reflex kick in, and pops off to take a deep breath. He sinks down on him again, not as far this time, trying to ease himself back into it. He keeps rolling Cas’s balls in his hand, squeezing gently every now and then, and he even gives them a little tug once or twice which really gets Cas going based on the sounds coming out of him.

When he comes up for another breath of air, he looks up to see Cas’s hands bunched into fists against the shower wall. He suddenly notices their absence in his hair, and wants them there. “Put your hands in my hair, Cas. I like that,” he says, voice deep with arousal.

Cas’s hands move like lightening, quickly and perfectly buried in his hair. Dean sinks back down on Cas’s cock, and moans when he feels Cas’s grip on his hair tighten.

“You like that?” Cas asks him, and Dean is proud as a fucking peacock to hear just how wrecked he sounds. He answers with another moan, not willing to pull off again just yet. Cas gets a good grip and thrusts forward into Dean’s mouth. He hits the back of his throat and Dean gags but doesn’t pull away. Castiel’s hands in his hair drag his head to tilt up a little bit, and the next time Cas thrusts in he hits his soft palate, and Castiel moans long and deep. Castiel thrusts again, and the third time, Dean presses his tongue against the underside of his cock, surrounding Cas’s cock with wet heat and pressure all at once. Cas’s fingers tighten again, and this time Dean’s moans join Cas’s. “You love
this, don’t you?” Castiel asks. “You get off on sucking my cock.”

Dean moans again in agreement, and Castiel starts thrusting now. Dean can’t stand it anymore, and drops his hand from Cas’s balls to fist himself. His jaw unhinges in pleasure, and Castiel takes full advantage of it and pushes in even further. He’s completely fucking Dean’s mouth now, and Dean is so turned on by Cas taking control he can feel his orgasm building rapidly. He starts jerking himself faster, and Cas must notice because he says, “You’re close?” Dean answers with another moan and Castiel thrusts into the roof of his mouth again. “Suck,” Castiel says, and Dean obeys immediately, hollowing his cheeks. He can taste another burst of precome, and he moves his hand even faster.

“Dean,” Castiel says, and Dean loves the way his voice is rough like sandpaper. “Dean, I’m going to come.” Dean makes eye contact, and sucks even harder. He’s wanted Cas to come down his throat from the very first taste of him last night, and there’s no way he’s pulling off now. He can feel his own balls tightening, and he knows he’s seconds away. He hears Castiel’s groan of pleasure at the same time Cas pulls hard on his hair, and he comes hard and fast at almost exactly the same time Castiel’s cum floods Dean’s mouth. It only heightens his own orgasm, and he can barely keep his mouth shut long enough to swallow. He moans as he does, loving the taste of his cum as much as he knew he would, and sucks and sucks until he knows there isn’t a drop left inside of Cas’s slowly shrinking cock.

He finally pulls off and takes in mouthful of air. Castiel drops to his knees in front of him and captures his mouth in a searing kiss. Dean still doesn’t have his breath back, but he loses himself in the kiss, in the perfect mixture of the taste of Castiel’s mouth and the taste of his cum, and nether of them has any idea how long this kiss goes on for before they finally pull apart, gasping. Cas trails a finger along Dean’s swollen lips and says, “This was the best shower I’ve ever had.”

Dean chuckles and agrees, “That was fucking hot.”

“You’re unbelievable. That was easily the best blow job I’ve ever had in my entire life. No comparison.”

“You probably say that to all your boyfriends,” Dean says, and then blushes furiously when he hears what just came out of his mouth. “I uh, think I’m gonna need a hand up, Cas. My knees are fucking killing me.” Cas stands easily and pulls him up. He lifts his feet one at a time and bends his knees.

They finish showering in an easy silence, watching each other under their own shower heads without embarrassment, and Dean thanks Castiel silently for not bringing up what he blabbed. Finally, Cas turns the water off. He grabs a thick and fluffy towel and wraps it around Dean’s shoulders, then grabs a second one and dries off his face. Before they step out of the shower altogether, Cas turns to Dean and says, “I told you once already that I don’t say things I don’t mean. You quite literally blew me away in there, and I don’t say that to all my boyfriends. Just you.” He kisses him softly once more, and then turns to walk into his bedroom after he somehow gets the towel wrapped around his head like a turban, leaving water trailing behind him the whole way.

Okay... so he might actually be a little weird, but Dean thinks he could be the perfect kinda weird for him.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Castiel walks into his bedroom completely unashamed of his nakedness, using his towel to keep his hair out of his face like he always does. He pulls out a pair of his most worn-in jeans and a blue tshirt with a small shark and the word *jawsome* written on it. He’s completely dressed and shaking the towel out of his hair when Dean comes in behind him. He wants to turn and take in the sight of him naked in his bedroom, but respects his privacy and doesn't. He also doesn’t want to creep him out.

“Though they’re not Batman, I have some boxers I never opened from Christmas if you’d like to borrow a pair,” Castiel says.

“That’d be great, thanks,” Dean says.

“You’re welcome to borrow some of my clothes if you’d like, as well. You’re taller than me, but otherwise our bodies are built relatively alike.”

“I’m okay. Not like it’s the first time I’ve ever worn the same clothes twice in a row,” Dean says with a smile. “And it’s just ‘til I get home anyways.”

Castiel is hit with the sudden knowledge that Dean’s going to leave now. They had shower sex and Castiel fed him and now Dean’s going to leave because that’s what happens when you pick somebody up at the bar. He doesn’t feel like sticking around for pointless small talk when he’s just going to leave anyway, so he says, “I’ll be downstairs when you’re ready to go.”

He thinks he might have seen something... different in Dean’s face, but a second later it’s back to normal and Dean gives him a nod before he turns his back to change.

Castiel goes down the stairs and sinks on to the couch. He doesn’t want Dean to leave. He’s enjoyed having company again, and what’s more than that, he’s enjoyed Dean’s company. He meant it when he told Dean how easy it is with him. He still screwed up and said some things he didn’t mean to say, but Dean’s been kind, and he’s alarmed at just how much he doesn’t want him to leave. He wants more time with him. He wants to get to know him better. He doesn’t even know what he does for a living! He’s sitting with his head in his hands racking his brain trying to come up with a way to get Dean to stay when he hears Dean come down the stairs.

He sits up quickly, but not quickly enough, because Dean asks, “Hey, everything okay, Cas?”

“Yes, I’m fine,” he attempts.

Dean comes and plops himself beside Castiel on the couch. A second later, he wraps his arm around his shoulder and pulls him in so their bodies are touching. “I don’t buy it,” Dean says. “I’ve seen Sammy try to pass off ‘fine’ more times than I can count, and that’s exactly what you’re doing. Talk to me.”

Castiel takes a deep breath and tries to say what he’s thinking without coming across as completely clingy and needy. “I was merely reflecting upon how much I enjoyed having company for once, and not at all looking forward to yet another quiet day alone.”

Dean makes a face of confusion and says, “What’re you kicking me out for then?”
Castiel’s eyes widen. “I’m not! I would never kick you out! I’ve enjoyed having you here... more than I probably should considering our situation.”

“I’ll be downstairs when you’re ready to go,’ sounds a lot like, ‘Don’t let the door hit you on the way out’,” Dean says.

Castiel shakes his head. “That’s not what I meant. I had just realized that I fed you breakfast and we fooled around in the shower, and so...”

“So why else would I want to stick around?” Dean asks, and Castiel nods. “You ever think I like being around you as much as you like being around me?”

“No,” Castiel says honestly. Dean has a brother and family and friends already, why would he want to hang around him?

Dean shakes his head and bumps his body into Castiel’s. “I meant it when I said I like you. I uh, don’t usually do this kinda thing, but if you want to, I think I’d like to keep getting to know you better.”

Dean looks very nervous, Castiel thinks. As if Castiel would ever say no to making a new friend. Especially one as funny and smart as Dean is. “I would love to be your friend, Dean,” Castiel smiles.

Dean turns to look him in the face. There’s that something all over his face again. Disappointment, maybe? “Listen, I dunno if I’m really bad at this or if you’re really bad at this, and I’ll take you as a friend if that’s all you want, but that’s not what I meant.” Dean shoots him a smile and Castiel reacts immediately, smiling wider than he probably should. “I was thinking maybe we could, ya know, date? See if we keep getting along as we get to know each other better?”

Castiel places his hand on Dean’s knee and says, “I would like that very much.”

“Thank Christ,” Dean says with a laugh. “I dunno how I was gonna keep my hands off of you if you only wanted to be friends.”

Castiel smiles again. “I would have the same problem with you,” he admits.

“So you’re not kicking me out?” Dean checks.

“Not at all.”

“I was thinking... you said you usually make lunches today?” Dean asks. Castiel nods and Dean says, “You got enough shit for two lunches?”

“I’m sure I do,” Castiel answers. When Dean doesn't say anything but raises his eyebrows at him, Castiel clues in and says, “Would you like to make lunches together?”

“I’d like that very much,” Dean says in a clear imitation of Castiel.

Castiel laughs. “Do I really sound like that?”

“You do,” Dean tells him. “Especially when you’re nervous. You start speaking like a teacher or somethin’.” This time Castiel snickers, and then he hears a laugh bubble up from him and shakes his head in disbelief.

“What’s so funny?” Dean asks.

“I am a teacher,” Castiel says.
“Oh God,” Dean groans, and collapses back on to the couch. “Give me a minute to get my shit together here. So much teacher porn running through my mind,” Dean says dramatically and Castiel laughs. “Tell me you have those black plastic rimmed teacher glasses?”

“I do have reading glasses, but I hardly ever wear them,” Castiel admits with a shy smile.

Dean groans again. “Do you have those shirts with the little patches on the elbows?”

“I only have one,” Castiel says.

“This is just the best day ever,” Dean smiles, still overly dramatic. Castiel keeps shaking his head at him. “What do you teach?”

“English, primarily. Sometimes history and geography if I need to, but I prefer English.”

“That probably explains the way you talk,” Dean says, understanding now.

“It would be a nice thought, but unfortunately I’ve always been teased for speaking properly. I try not to, but sometimes it just slips out,” he says. He smiles and adds, “When I’m nervous, apparently.”

“Could be worse. I use fillers when I’m nervous like uh and um a lot, and Sammy? He babbles and just won’t stop talking until somebody makes him. It’s painful.”

“I suppose we all have our quirks,” Castiel says, realizing Dean has once again put him at ease and made him feel normal for something that’s been making him feel like an outsider for his entire life.

“Like making lunches for a whole week in advance?” Dean teases.

Castiel shrugs. “I like routine.”

“What are you making this week?” Dean asks, getting up and walking towards the kitchen. Castiel follows.

“I bought the fixings to make subs and lasagna. Not to eat at the same time, but to mix it up throughout the week.”

“You sure you have enough to share?” Dean asks.

“One of us will have to have sandwiches because I only bought three sub buns, but other than that, I have plenty. The lasagna would have done me lunches and dinner, but I would have been sick of it by the end of the week anyway. Really, you’re helping me out.”

“I’ll take you out for dinner at least once this week to make up for it. If you want,” Dean adds.

“I want!” Castiel says eagerly, and Dean snickers.

“Sounding more like a real boy already, Cas. Must not be making you nervous anymore.”

Castiel pulls some vegetables, deli meat and cheeses out of the fridge with a smile on his face, realizing it’s at least partially true. “You still could if you wanted to, but you’re right. I feel more relaxed knowing that I’m going to see you again.”

Dean’s smile is so gorgeous Castiel feels his pulse start to race. “You’ll be sick of me in no time,” he jokes.

“I wouldn’t count on that,” Castiel teases back, and Dean grabs a handful of his shirt and pulls him
in, then kisses him quick and hard in the middle of the kitchen like it’s the most normal thing in the world, when Castiel's fairly certain he's never been kissed in the kitchen before. Castiel’s head is still spinning a little bit when he sees Dean’s eyes flick down to Castiel’s shirt.

Dean’s smile turns cheesy now and says, “You’re pretty jawsome, Cas.”

And though Castiel rolls his eyes teasingly, he can’t deny the little thrill he feels at the compliment.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to find me on Twitter! Shameless Destiel fan :)  
My handle is tricia_16_
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay, guys! I was a little bit wrapped up in the JIB Cockles panel and the Supernatural season finale! If any of you haven’t already seen it, I wrote a quick "fix it fic" if you wanna check it out. Definitely made me feel better!

I am back home in Canada now, and I should be posting fairly regularly for the next little bit.

Remember - comments are love! <3

Dean can’t believe how easy it is to be with Cas. Probably for the first time ever, he just had fun making lunches for the week, and it’s really a relief to know he doesn’t have to worry about it every day for the rest of the week. He doesn’t know if he’ll have the discipline to get his ass off the couch and do this every week, but he sees the appeal, which is something he wouldn’t have if he didn’t do it with Cas.

Once they clean up after each other, Dean leans back against the counter and reluctantly says, “I kinda don’t wanna say this, but I gotta get goin’, Cas. I gotta do laundry or I won’t have anything to wear to work for the rest of the week.”

“I understand,” Cas says solemnly.

Dean doesn’t know if this is too forward or not, but he’s going for it anyway. “You said you go out for dinner on Sundays?” Cas nods. “You uh, wanna come meet me and Sammy at the Roadhouse?”

“The Roadhouse?” Castiel asks excitedly. “That’s one of my favourite restaurants! I’d love to.”

“Really? Bobby and Ellen own it. I’m surprised I’ve never seen you there before,” Dean says, racking his brain trying to think if he’d ever gotten a glimpse of him and didn’t really notice. Impossible. Cas doesn’t exactly have the kinda face he’d forget.

“That is strange, I’m there at least a few times a week,” Castiel answers. “Are you sure I wouldn’t be intruding on dinner with you and your brother?”

“Nah, it’ll be fine. Bobby and Ellen might tease you a bit because you’re with me, but I should be able to handle them if you don’t think you’d mind.”

Castiel seems to think it over for a second before he says, “I’m sure I will be able to handle it.” It doesn’t sound convincing at all.

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure they take it easy on ya,” Dean smiles. “Gimme your number and I’ll text you when we’re ready to go?”

Castiel and Dean exchange phones to enter each other’s phone numbers, and then Dean starts walking towards the front door with a bag of sandwiches in one hand and a large Tupperware container in the other. Castiel follows him and takes the food from him while he waits for Dean to step into the boots he left there last night. Castiel looks shy and awkward, and Dean wonders if he's
thinking about if he’s supposed to kiss him goodbye. Dean doesn’t know any more than he does, but he wants to kiss him again, so he says fuck it, and pulls Cas towards him by his hips.

There’s a small smile on Cas’s face before Dean presses his lips to Cas’s. He meant it to be a quick kiss, but he somehow already forgot about that electricity between them, and when Cas’s lips part in surprise, Dean can’t help but lick into his mouth and deepen the kiss. He feels Cas’s hips bump into his, and he has a flashback to just how good that feels on his bare skin. Before things get out of hand and he doesn’t have time to do laundry, he backs away enough to nip at Cas’s bottom lip a few times before he completely ends the kiss.

When he opens his eyes he sees Cas is already flushed and he has to fight down a new wave of lust. He’s so responsive when Dean touches him and all it does is make him want to touch him even more. He takes his food back from him, and says, “I’ll text you, okay?”

“Oh, seems to be all Cas can manage and Dean grins at him.

“Thanks for last night,” then he grins again and says, “and this morning. I’ll see you later.”

He steps through the door, walks to his car, starts up the engine and is about to back out of the driveway when he sees Cas still standing in the doorway watching him with a smile on his face. God, he’s gorgeous. He gives a little wave and then he begins the ten minute drive back to his place.

When he pulls into his driveway, he sees Sam’s Kia Sportage already in the garage, and parks Baby in her spot beside it. He knows Sam’ll hear the garage door go down and assumes he’ll be over to check on him in a minute.

Dean has just gotten his lunches in the fridge when he hears a quick knock and then the front door opens and his giant moose of a brother comes strolling in.

“I’ve told you a million times you don’t have to knock,” Dean grumbles as he crosses into the living room and drops into his favourite recliner.

“I’ve told you a thousand times we share a wall but not a house, and I will always knock before I come in.” Sam says in return. “Besides, I never know if you have company...” he says, clearly searching for information.

Dean flips on the tv and ignores the not-question, preferring to make Sam ask him straight-out.

“Really? You’re not gonna tell me about what happened when you left?” Sam asks.

“What, you wanna know if I was the pitcher or catcher?”

Sam gives him a bitch face. “Seriously? That’s disgusting. I was just curious. As far as I know, you haven’t been with a guy since... in a long time,” Sam finishes lamely. Dean doesn’t say anything.

“Was it okay? Did he hurt you?”

Dean gives him a bitch face. “You think I would’ve spent the night and all morning there if he hurt me? C’mon Sam, you’re supposed the be the brains of the family.”

Sam’s jaw drops. “I didn’t know you were there all morning! I thought you were out doing errands or something. You seriously stayed and hung out with the guy you picked up at the bar?”

“So what?” Dean asks gruffly, flipping through the channels.

“Why?”
Dean gives him another look. “Whaddya mean why? Obviously I like the guy.” This time Sam doesn’t say anything so Dean adds, “He made bacon and eggs for breakfast.”

Sam shakes his head in disbelief. “Wow,” he says.

“Don’t be a dick about this,” Dean warns him.

“I’m not!” Sam assures him. “I’m just surprised. You hardly ever spend the night with anybody, and now you tell me that you like him and you ate breakfast together? That sounds more like me than you.”

“Yah, well, I finally found somebody who has a pretty face, can string more than three words together to form a sentence and makes me laugh. Sue me for wanting to get to know the guy.”

Sam makes a face like he’s impressed. “Did you get his number?”

“Do I look like an idiot? Of course I got his number. I uh, said he could come have dinner with us at the Roadhouse tonight if you wanna come.”

“Won’t be much of a date with me there,” Sam says skeptically.

“No big deal, there’ll be other dates.”

“Wait. Are you – are you actually dating this guy?”

“Yah, we’re gonna date and see how shit goes. And it’s Cas, not ‘this guy’,” Dean reminds him.

Sam snorts, “Of course you nicknamed him already.” Dean can’t hide his grin. It’s what he does. “If you’re sure, I’d love to get to know him better. He must be somethin’. When’s the last time you dated somebody?”

“Can you not make a big deal outta this?”

Sam puts his hands up in a gesture of surrender. “Fine. I won’t. I’m just happy for you.” They sit in a comfortable silence for a bit before Sam says, “Jess gave me her number last night, too.”

Dean whips his head around to look at Sam. He’s got a big smile on his face and Dean can’t help but grin back. “Thatta boy, Sammy! Only took what, a dozen trips to the bar before you manned up and asked her?”

“Well, actually, she just wrote her number on a napkin and left it on the table,” Sam admits, but his smile doesn’t falter.

Dean really, really wants to tease him about this, but he knows Sam’s a bitch and will get revenge later when he’s with Cas if he does. So instead he swallows down the insults and says, “Well it’s about damn time. Happy for you, little bro.”

“Thanks,” Sam says sincerely. “She’s really pretty. I can’t believe she wants me to call her.”

“Well, maybe she meant to leave it for me?” Dean teases. He feels like shit when he sees Sam deflate like a balloon beside him.

“Shit. She probably did.”

“Oh come on, I was joking! I’ve barely said two words to her. You’re the one who’s been talking to her for the last three weeks. She definitely meant it for you, dude,” Dean reassures him.
Sam nods but still looks nervous. “Guess we’ll find out for sure when I call her.”

“Seriously, don’t even worry about it, man. Okay?” Sam nods again. “I gotta get some laundry going,” Dean sighs as he hauls himself out of his chair.

“I’m gonna head back over to my place. Let me know when you wanna go for dinner,” Sam replies.

“Probably early, since we had a late breakfast and no lunch. Five-ish?”

“Sounds good. See you later, loser.”

Dean gives him the finger over his shoulder as he opens the door that leads down to the basement.

He lets his mind wander as he shoves his laundry into the washing machine. Sam's right. It has been a long time since he's dated anybody, and even longer since he's been with a guy. Honestly, he fucks it up every time he tries to date anybody anyway, so he just kinda figured what's the point. He broke Lisa's heart because he couldn't be what she wanted him to be and that was after trying harder than he's ever tried at any relationship he's ever had. He doesn't want to hurt anybody else like that. He has a moment of panic when he thinks that he definitely doesn't want to hurt Cas like that. But then he remembers how easy it is with Cas, and how no matter how hard he tried in almost three years with Lisa, it was just never that easy with her. She was a great girl, and he wanted to love her as much as she seemed to love him. God knows he tried. He just couldn't get there.

He loses his train of thought when he feels his phone vibrate in his pocket. He pulls it out to see a text that reads:

Cas: I'm sorry to bother you, but you left your batman underwear at my house. Would you like me to bring them to the Roadhouse after I've washed them?

Dean laughs and types out a reply.

Dean: I would literally never hear the end of it if you brought my boxers to the Roadhouse. I'll just get them next time I'm at your place.

He debates for a minute, but ultimately sends a second text.

Dean: And you aren't bothering me. I like you, remember? :)

He walks back up the stairs after setting the timer and plops back down in his chair. When his phone vibrates, he smiles before he even reads the next message.

Cas: It's not something I'm likely to forget. I would not have pegged you as the smiley face using type of guy.

Dean frowns.

Dean: You teasing me, Cas?

The reply comes back almost instantly.

Cas: No! Of course not! Actually, I found it... cute.

Dean smiles to himself as he types:

Dean: :)
Cas: Yes, definitely cute. I'll see you tonight.

Dean tries to tell himself to stop smiling like such a dweeb, but eventually he gives up. There's nobody to see him right now, anyway.
Castiel spends the afternoon picking up a few groceries, beer to replace what he drank before he went to the bar, and folding and putting away his laundry. He freezes when he gets to Dean’s boxers – not underwear, he reminds himself – because he doesn’t know what he’s supposed to do with them. Is it weird to put them in the drawer alongside his own underwear? Or is it more weird to just leave them on top of his dresser like they’re on display? In the drawer, he decides.

He hears his phone chime and turns towards his bed where he left it. He picks it up to see a message from Dean.

Dean: Me and Sam were thinking dinner in a half hour. That work for you?

Castiel is already hungry, so a half hour works for him.

Castiel: Yes, that works just fine. Meet you there?

Dean: See you soon. Can’t wait :)

Castiel feels the blush rise to his cheeks and shakes his head. Blushing over a text message. Just like he sees his students do dozens of times a day. He sends back a smiley face and assumes that’s all he’ll hear from Dean until he gets to the Roadhouse. He stands in front of the mirror on the back of his door and wonders if he should change. Dean already saw him in jeans and a t-shirt, so he knows Dean will notice if he changes. He doesn’t want him to think he’s trying too hard, but he also doesn’t want him to think he isn’t trying at all.

Dating is hard.

He walks towards his closet and opens it up, staring at the possibilities. He decides to just grab a light linen jacket to wear over his shirt. That way, the shirt is still visible and Dean will know he didn’t change, but he’ll also have the chance to look just a little bit different. Besides, he can admit to himself that the navy blue brings out his eyes, and he wants to look nice.

He grabs the jacket and hears his phone chime again. Surprised, he goes over to it and sees another message from Dean.

Dean: You were right. The smiley thing IS cute.

Castiel blushes again, and stuffs his phone in his pocket. Even though he knows it’s pointless to brush his teeth before he eats dinner, he does it anyway. He also gives into temptation and puts just a dab of cologne on his neck. His hair always stands up however it wants, so he doesn’t even bother to tame it, just leaves it the way it is. He uses the bathroom, washes his hands, and then goes downstairs to wait the ten minutes he needs to waste before he can drive to the Roadhouse.

It may be the longest ten minutes of his life.

He climbs into his Toyota Corolla and drives the few minutes to the diner. He’s glad Dean has such a recognizable car because he can tell immediately when he pulls in that Dean is already here. Good. He doesn’t look too anxious this way, even if he’s a few minutes early. He takes a minute to try and calm his nerves, but quickly gives it up as a lost cause. He gets out of the car anyway, and begins to make his way across the gravel parking lot.

Of course, he trips over his own feet and falls.
Thankfully, he catches himself on his hands before he smacks face first into the dirt, but before he even looks, he knows he’s cut his hand on something in the dirt. He shakes his head at how klutzy he is, and wipes off as much of the dirt as he can from his pants.

He opens the door to the Roadhouse, and is greeted immediately from the familiar blonde who usually helps him out. “Hey stranger,” she says with a bright smile. “Got a single for you over here,” she gestures.

“I’m sorry for the inconvenience, but I’m actually meeting somebody this evening,” he says looking past her for Dean and Sam.

Her eyebrows shoot up. “Really?” she says, clearly interested. “And it’s no inconvenience, man.” She turns to see who he’s looking for and when they both see Dean wave a hand in the air and stand up from his booth to make his way towards him she grips Castiel’s elbow. “You’re meeting Dean?”

“Yes?” Castiel says, not knowing why she’s saying it like that or how they know each other.

“How do you know each other?” she asks.

Before Castiel can begin to form some sort of answer, Dean is there giving her a chastising look. “Jo, back off,” he says gruffly. He faces Castiel and the expression on his face softens dramatically. “Hey, Cas,” he smiles. “Nice jacket.”

Castiel can’t help it, he beams. “Thank you,” he answers sincerely.

Jo’s eyebrows shoot up again and a big grin breaks out on her face. Before she can even say anything, Dean grabs Castiel by the hand and says, “Shut up, Jo,” over his shoulder.

Castiel hears a dramatic, “What did I do?” from behind him but has to pay attention where he walks before he falls again.

He sees Sam sitting at a booth, and Dean scoots in across from him, so Castiel follows suit. “Hey, Castiel,” Sam says with a smile.

“Hello, Sam. Nice to see you again,” he says politely.

“You too, man,” Sam answers. He seems sincere.

“Sorry ‘bout Jo back there,” Dean says.

“She didn’t seem to have the chance to actually do anything for you to apologize for before you were there. How do you know each other?”

“Jo’s Ellen’s daughter,” Dean explains.

“Ellen who owns this diner?” Castiel checks.

“Yah. Jo’s kinda like a little sister to us,” Sam answers.

“She’s as annoying as one anyway,” Dean laments.

Castiel’s eye catches Jo walking the aisle towards him, with the lemonade he usually drinks in hand. “Even though you’re not sitting alone this time, I figured your drink order’d be the same?” she asks as she plops it in front of him.

“Yes, thank you,” he says politely, reaching for it for something to do.
Dean’s hand wraps around his wrist and he freezes, feeling two additional pairs of eyes on him instantly. He turns towards Dean and sees Dean focused on his hand. “Dude, you’re bleeding,” Dean says.

Castiel feels his face turn red. “Oh. It’s nothing, I assure you.”

“No bleeding in the booth,” Jo says with a wink. “Dean, you know where the first aid kit is. Maybe a bandaid will do it?”

“C’mon, Cas,” Dean says, pushing him out of the booth. Castiel tries to protest, but it falls on deaf ears, and Dean pulls him behind the bar.

“Are we allowed back here?” Castiel asks worriedly.

“I basically grew up here, remember? I’m allowed wherever I want,” Dean smirks.

Dean runs the water at a sink, and puts Castiel’s hand under it. He washes off the dried blood with a paper towel, and after applying pressure to the wound for a minute, apologizing when Castiel winces, he places a band-aid on it.

“What’d you do?” he asks again.

“This is slightly embarrassing, but I tripped over my own feet on the way inside,” Castiel says, refusing to meet Dean’s eyes. “Thankfully I landed on my hands instead of on my face this time.”

Dean chuckles. “You fall often?”

“More than I’d like to admit,” Castiel answers.

“You’re cute when you pout,” Dean says quietly.

“I – I’m not pouting!”

Dean raises his eyebrows. “If you say so.” He raises Castiel’s hand to his lips, and presses a soft kiss to the middle of his palm, right on top of the band-aid. Castiel feels the heat of his lips spread through his body, and licks his lips subconsciously. “All better?” Dean asks.

Castiel says the first thing that comes to mind, which happens to be, “Too bad I didn’t fall on my face.”

Dean laughs big and loud, and Castiel smiles at the sound. “You don’t need to fall on your face to get me to kiss you,” Dean says, and Castiel is surprised when he leans right in and places a soft peck on his lips. “Now are you all better?”

“Much,” Castiel agrees.

“Been about ten years since I’ve had to tell you not to bring people behind the bar to make out with them, Dean,” a woman says from behind them. “Didn’t think I’d ever have to say it again. Should’a known better with you, boy.”

“Yah, yah,” Dean says irritably, tugging Castiel around her and back to his table.

“Ellen?” Castiel guesses.

“All patched up, man?” Sam asks.

“Good as new,” Castiel answers.

“Man, I can’t even tell you how many times Dean’s fixed me up,” Sam tells him.

“You’re not the only klutz here, Cas. Sammy trips on his giant feet all the damn time,” Dean says.

“You know what they say about big feet,” Castiel hears himself say. It sounds like Dean is choking on the drink he just took of his soda, and Sam laughs. Castiel raises his eyebrows and says, “Big shoes.”

They both laugh again and Castiel has a moment of pride that he was able to make them both laugh. This isn’t going too badly.

Just then, Jo comes back. “Everybody want their usual orders or does anybody wanna shake it up tonight?” They all answer they want the usual, and Jo laughs. “Good, cause we already started cooking it! I never caught your name,” Jo says to Castiel.

“Shit, I suck at this,” Dean says with a laugh. “Jo, this is Castiel. Castiel, Jo.”

“Castiel?” Jo says. “That’s a mouthful.”

To Castiel’s absolute horror, Dean snickers, “That’s what she said.”

Sam throws a balled up napkin at him. “Why are you such a child?”

Jo laughs. “You know in this case you’d be the she in this situation?”

Castiel feels his face redden even more, but Dean just smiles happily and says, “Oh, I know he’s a mouthful.”

“Ew, Dean!” Sam says, clearly horrified.

Dean just shrugs. Castiel has absolutely no idea what he’s supposed to say or do in this situation. He’s never been around people who talk like this in front of him before.

Jo seems to take pity on him and says, “It’s not too late to grab that table by yourself, ya know.”

“Screw off,” Dean laughs. “Cas thinks I’m adorable, don’t you Cas?” Dean asks.

“I’m beginning to question my judgement, but yes, I do,” Castiel confirms and Dean places a hand on his knee and gives it a squeeze.

They hear a bell ding and Jo says, “Order up, I’ll be back with your food, guys.”

“Let’s see if we can carry on an actual adult conversation for five minutes,” Sam says dramatically. “What do you do for a living, Castiel?”

“I teach English at the local high school,” Castiel answers.

“Oh man, I loved English when I was in school! What book are you reading right now?” Sam asks.

Castiel thinks he hears Dean cough a not-so-subtle nerd into his hand, but he ignores him and says, “We’re about to start The Outsiders.”
“That’s a great book,” Dean says, and after the nerd comment, Castiel is kind of surprised.

“I think so, too,” Castiel says. “I’ve read it half a dozen times with my classes already, but I’m not tired of it yet, so that says something.”

“All the best books can be re-read over and over though,” Sam says.

“Like Harry Potter!” Dean adds.

“And you call me the nerd,” Sam jokes.

Jo comes back with her arms full of food. She places what looks like a Cobb salad in front of Sam, and burgers and fries in front of both Dean and Castiel. Dean gives Castiel a look of appreciation. “Bacon?” he asks him.

“What would be the point without it?” Castiel replies, and Dean smiles at him before he takes a bite so big Castiel has no idea how it fits in his mouth. He can’t help but laugh when he sees Dean’s cheeks puffed out like a chipmunk.

Sam takes one look at the two of them and shakes his head. “I can’t believe you’re eating like that in front of him. I thought you liked him?”

Dean told his brother he likes me, Castiel thinks. Dean gives Sam the finger, and after a few minutes, he swallows and says, “Might as well get to know the real me, right Cas?”

Castiel shrugs. “Yes,” he answers. "Him eating like that doesn’t bother me.”

Dean shoots his brother a cocky smile and takes another huge bite, then turns to Castiel and winks.

This has been unlike any meal Castiel has ever shared with anybody, but he is pleased to find he’s enjoying himself quite a bit, and despite being put into a few embarrassing situations, he’s holding up okay. Feeling comfortable. It’s strange, but good strange.
Dean’s having a great time. This is going so much better than he expected it to. Cas and Sam are getting along, Cas’s usual order at the Roadhouse is a bacon cheese burger, and he’s just as adorably geeky as he was when it was just the two of them. Dean’s never really been into geeky guys before, but there is just something about Cas’s awkwardness that he finds so frickin’ cute. What person over the age of twelve trips over his own feet in a parking lot and slices his hand open? Dean swallows a chuckle at the thought. It’s just cute.

Dean’s impressed when Cas manages to polish off his entire burger and the majority of his fries. The Roadhouse burgers are huge and him and Jo are the only people he knows who can eat a whole one in one sitting. Now Cas, too. Cas is sitting back slightly with his hands on his stomach, like he ate too much, though.

“Need me to roll you outta here, Cas?” Dean jokes with a smile.

“I feel that way!” Castiel smiles. “I never would have been able to eat that much if I had lunch today. I’m stuffed.”

Jo swings by to grab their plates and drops a slice of pie with a scoop of ice cream on it in front of Dean. Dean doesn’t miss the way Cas's jaw drops. “I think I love you,” Dean deadpans to Jo.

Jo looks at Cas and says, “He says that every single time somebody brings him a slice of pie.”

“I’ll have to remember that, then,” Cas replies, and then blushes immediately.

“You can’t tell him how to make me fall in love with him on the first date,” Dean says, trying to rescue Cas. “You gotta at least give me a fighting chance.”

If anything, Cas blushes even more but Dean thinks he’s made him forget about what he said, and that's what he was going for.

“Do I have to clean the shit outta my ears?” Jo says sarcastically. “This is a date?”

“The first date,” Sam corrects. “Didn’t you see them kissing behind the bar?”

Jo immediately answers with a surprised, “No!” But Dean ignores her and looks over at Sam with wide eyes.

“Didn’t know you saw that, dude,” he says almost sheepishly. He’s relieved when he sees Jo turn and walk away to help out another table.

Sam nods. “Never seen you kiss a guy before and now I’ve seen you kiss him twice in two days.”

Sam’s eyes flick over to Castiel. Castiel looks back at Sam and says, “Sorry?” It comes out kind of like a question, like he thinks he should apologize, but isn’t actually sorry. Dean takes a monstrous bite of warm apple pie topped off with ice cream and shoves it into his mouth. He groans around it and rolls his eyes into the back of his head in exaggerated pleasure.

“Nah, man. It’s all good. We all knew Dean was into guys, just never seen him in action before.
Usually I only get to see the procession of guys as they sneak outta the house the morning after,” Sam laughs. Dean wants to tell him to shut the fuck up but he’s still chewing his huge bite so he kicks Sam under the table instead. Sam clears his throat and adds, “But he hasn’t had a guy over in years.” What the fuck, Sam? Dean kicks him again and gives him a pointed look, chewing faster than usual now in case he has to actually say something to turn this conversation around. “Um,” Sam stutters. “That I know of, anyway. Who knows who comes and goes when I’m not around, you know?”

Dean wants to sink into the floor. Sam’s managed to make it sound like he’s some sort of player or something, and then immediately afterwards changed his story so that it sounds like Dean hasn’t had sex in years… and then back to the player thing again. All while he chewed one bite of pie.

Cas looks between Dean and Sam and then says, “So, you two live together then?”

Dean could kiss him again right here just for asking such a normal question after that incredibly painful attempt at... whatever the fuck Sam was trying to do. “We bought a duplex,” Dean explains. “Still close enough to bug the shit outta Sammy whenever I can, but we each have our own space this way.”

Castiel smiles. “That’s nice. It’s lonely living alone sometimes. I can understand why you’d enjoy having your brother so close.”

“It’s got it’s ups and downs. Apparently Sam’s a bit of a peeping Tom,” Dean scolds him.

Sam snorts. “A peeping Tom peeps into a window, Dean, not out of one.”

“I’ll remember that when I watch out the window after your date with Jess.”

“Don’t you fucking dare!” Sam says, clearly pissed off.

“Is Jess your girlfriend?” Castiel asks, curious.

“He wishes,” Dean says, around another mouthful of pie.

Sam ignores Dean and says, “No. I just got her number last night, so I’m going to call her to see if she wants to go out.”

“If she gave you her number, you already know she wants to. So that’s good news,” Castiel smiles.

“I guess. I just really hate talking on the phone. It’s so awkward,” Sam laments.

Dean elbows Cas gently and says, “Wanna try a bite?” Dean sees Cas’s throat work down a swallow and he nods. Dean brings the fork to his mouth and waits for Cas to take the bite of pie off of it. He lets out a soft groan very much like Dean did with his first bite and Dean gives him an affectionate pat on the back. “I knew I liked you,” he says, smiling brightly.

Sam shakes his head at the two of them and says, “Anyway…”

Castiel focuses back on Sam and says, “Asking somebody out for the first time is terrifying.”

“Especially when the person doesn’t know you’re asking them out and agrees to be friends,” Dean teases.

Castiel laughs softly. “Maybe make yourself really, really clear in case she’s as clueless as I was.”

“Any good first date ideas?” Sam asks. “You know, not including going to a diner with my brother.”
“Bite me,” Dean says lightly, choosing to finish off his pie and let the two of them carry on the conversation.

“I usually find eating on a first date slightly awkward,” Castiel confesses. “Though that wasn’t the case today because Dean obviously doesn’t care much about table manners.”

“Hey!” Dean interjects.

Cas smiles and scoots a little closer to him on the bench. *That’s not so bad, then*, Dean thinks.

“Movies aren’t any good because you can’t talk to each other. So maybe just coffee or a bar for a drink?” Castiel continues.

“Jess works at the bar we were at last night, so I don’t think a drink is the best choice. Coffee could be nice, though. I wonder where I could get a decent cup of coffee around here?” Sam says, and there’s a joke Castiel doesn’t understand in his voice.

“Just for that, you can actually pay for once the next time you come in, ya mooch,” Dean says.

“Do you work in a coffee shop, Dean?” Cas asks.

Dean shrugs. “Yah. You know Twiggs?”

Castiel nods vaguely. “I’ve heard of it, but I don’t think I’ve ever been.”

“I work there,” Dean says. He knows Cas is going to think he’s a loser for working in a coffee shop when he’s a teacher, but it is what it is.

“You don’t work there, you idiot. He owns it, Cas,” Sam says.

“And I work there, jerk,” Dean responds.

“A business owner? That’s very impressive, Dean,” Cas says. And he actually looks impressed. “How long have you had it?”

“‘Bout four years now,” Dean says. “It’s nothing special. Anybody can make coffee. And everybody wants coffee. It’s fool-proof.”

“If you’ve managed to keep a business open for four years in a small town like this, you must know what you’re doing. Most small businesses fail within the first two years.”

“He’s doing great,” Sam says for Dean, because he knows he won’t. “There’s always people in the shop, and the morning and lunch rushes are insane. It’s actually a great place to take Jess. I don’t know why I didn’t think of it on my own.”

“Probably ‘cause you’re not thinking with your head when it comes to her,” Dean snickers, scraping the rest of the melted ice cream off of the plate and licking the spoon clean before he lets it hit the plate with a rattle.

Jo comes back almost immediately and says, “How’re we doing the bills tonight, boys?”

“I got ‘em all,” Dean says.

“No, please, let me,” Cas insists.

Sam sits back with a broad smile on his face, enjoying the awkward ‘who pays for the first date’ exchange.
Dean stands and grabs the bills from Jo and walks towards the cash register without another word. He’s surprised when he hears Cas follow him.

“Dean, please, allow me to pay this time. I insist,” Cas tries again.

“Still no,” Dean says firmly. “I invited you. You cooked me breakfast this morning and let me steal half your lunch stuff,” he reminds him. “I get to buy dinner.”

Cas sighs but says, “Fine. But next time I'm buying.”

“Next time?” Dean smiles.

Castiel smiles back and leans in to bump their shoulders together. “Yah, next time.”

“Are one of you boys gonna pay for this or are ya just gonna stand there makin’ moon eyes at each other all damn night?” A gruff voice says from behind the counter.

“I’m paying,” Dean says firmly. “Uh, Bobby? This is Cas. Castiel, I mean. My date.”

“Obviously he’s your date, I got eyes,” Bobby says, rolling his own eyes. “And damn right you’re paying. I’m the one who raised ya, ain’t I?” Dean huffs out a laugh.

“Nice to meet you, sir,” Castiel says, extending his hand for a handshake.

Bobby glances between Castiel and Dean and then back to Castiel and he shakes his hand briefly. “Finally got one with manners instead of implants, huh?”

“Jesus Christ, Bobby,” Dean laments.

“You brought him here. Had to know this was gonna happen,” Bobby smiles, finally ringing in their order.

Dean counts out cash and hands it over, then hands him another twenty dollar bill. “For Jo. But don’t tell her it’s from me or she won’t take it.”

“Damn right she won’t,” Bobby agrees. “You kids get outta here, now. Maybe I’ll see ya ‘round here again sometime, angel boy.”

Castiel seems to gape at the name for a minute but then nods curtly and says, “I’d like that, sir, thank you.”

“See ya, Bobby,” Dean smiles. He turns back towards the booth they were sitting at and shouts, “Meet ya at the car in a minute, Sammy.”

Sam’s head turns and he nods then gives Castiel a wave, which Castiel returns awkwardly.

Dean grabs Cas by the hand and pulls him out of the diner. “Which car’s yours?” Cas points to the Corolla. “Figures,” Dean chuckles.

“What?” Cas asks.

“I bet all English teachers drive Toyotas,” Dean smiles. “Is it in the teacher handbook or somethin’?”

Cas’s eyebrows draw together. “Are you making fun of me?”

“Nah, just your car,” Dean answers easily. They reach the car and Cas turns to face Dean. They
barely make eye contact before Dean can’t wait anymore, and takes another step closer to close the distance between them.

As if they’ve done it a million times before, Dean’s hands fall to Cas’s hips and Cas winds his arms around his neck as they finally press their lips together for their first real kiss all night. Dean can feel Cas’s fingers in his hair, and he steps towards him again, pushing Cas against his car and forcing their bodies together.

Castiel lets out a small sound, and Dean dives in with his tongue. And there’s that taste he’s been thinking about all damn day. There’s a hint of apple pie there still, but underneath it is what Dean already knows is Cas’s unique flavour and like always, he wants to drown in it. He indulges for just another minute, then pulls away to nip at his bottom lip once more before he puts some space between them.

“Come home with me,” Castiel says, his voice rough.

Dean groans. “I want to, I do,” Dean starts and sees Cas’s face fall immediately. Dean tightens his grip on his hips. “I gotta be at the shop for six, though. And I know if I come over neither of us will get much sleep,” he teases. “I go in late Wednesday, though. Rain check for Tuesday?”

“I’ll take what I can get,” Castiel says, smiling. “I had a good time tonight.”

“Me, too. Sorry if it was overwhelming to meet everybody,” Dean says, moving his hands to hold on to both of Cas’s.

“A little bit, but it was nice to see you with them. They seem like good people, and they all obviously care about you very much.”

“They’re family,” Dean says simply, uncomfortable with Cas’s comment. He leans in to brush his lips against Cas’s one more time, softly, before beginning to back away. “I’ll see you Tuesday, okay?”

“Thank you for dinner, Dean.”

“Anytime, Cas,” he says with a wink.

It’s hard, but he doesn’t turn to look at him again when he walks over to the Impala. Mostly because Sam’s sitting in the passenger seat and he knows he’s already got enough ammo as it is.

Dean opens the door and climbs in. “Not a word,” he says to Sam before he even says anything. Sam responds by making kissing noises and Dean tries but fails to hide a smile. “Just remember, payback’s a bitch, Sam.”

But they’re both smiling when Dean pulls out of the parking lot and drives them home.

Chapter End Notes

Surprise! Coffee!House Dean! Also, I'm unabashedly unoriginal and stole the name of Dean's coffee place from a small place in my city. Not even sorry ;)
Also! I just realized the first chapter I wrote for this story didn't upload. So what you all thought was the first chapter was actually the second chapter! Whoops! I added the original chapter if anybody wants to go back and read how Dean and Cas met as I meant it to be, but it's probably redundant for most of you by this point. I can't believe I did that lol
Castiel drives home with a smile on his face after having the best meal he can remember having in a really long time. It’s not that the food was the best he’s ever had (though it’s consistently better than he expects from a diner every time he goes there), it was the company.

Dean is funnier, more attractive, and somehow even cooler than he thought he was. Seeing him with his brother was different than how he was when it was just the two of them. Not so different that he feels like Dean was pretending to be somebody else that morning, but just looser somehow. Sam and Dean are clearly very important to each other, and he’s glad Sam seems like a nice guy, because he knows he’d have no future with Dean at all if he and Sam didn’t get along.

Castiel rolls his eyes at his inner dialogue. Thinking about having a future with Dean after one date and less than 24 hours of knowing each other is childish. He gives his head a mental shake and decides to concentrate on the feeling of Dean’s lips against his own instead. Castiel has never responded to anybody’s touch the way he responds to Dean. He flushes when he remembers how desperate he sounded asking Dean to come back to his house again tonight, as if he hadn’t just left five hours ago. Dean’s probably rethinking all of this now, seeing how clingy he can be.

He reassures himself with the idea of seeing him again Tuesday, and resolves to just give Dean space until then. He doesn’t want to come on too strong, regardless of how much he enjoys spending time with him and talking with him when they’re not together.

Castiel pulls into his garage and walks into his house. It’s just after seven now, but Castiel is in for the night, so he goes right up to his room to change into his favourite pair of sleep pants and a plain t-shirt he uses as pajamas. He goes back down the living room and sprawls on his couch, with nothing to do but pick up watching the latest television series he’s been bingeing on Netflix. Right now he’s watching Lost, never having had the chance to see it when it was on because he was so busy with school. He’s enjoying it enough to keep watching, and it holds his attention for three episodes before he decides to go read in bed for a bit before he falls asleep.

He flicks off all the lights, locks the doors and sets the alarm, then makes his way upstairs and into the small bathroom attached to his bedroom. He brushes his teeth, relieves his bladder from the lemonade he drank earlier, then flicks off that light before going back into his bedroom. He settles himself on his bed, and leans to grab his book from his bedside table when he sees the light come on his phone, reminding him he’s missed a text.

He picks it up and sees a message from Dean.

Dean: I’m regretting making the responsible choice and laying here alone right now.

Castiel laughs a little bit, and thinks about a reply.

Castiel: This is going to sound bad, but I’m really happy to hear that. I spent most of the drive home worrying you were going to think I was too forward inviting you back so soon.

Dean: Nah, you’re good, Cas. But it’s gonna be a long two days waiting until Tuesday night to see you again.

Castiel: I’m glad I’m not alone in thinking that. You should get some rest, though. I imagine
6AM isn’t easy to wake up for.

Dean: You have no idea. I’m not even a morning person. Text me tomorrow when you’re free?

Castiel: Of course. Have a good sleep, Dean.

Dean: Night, Cas.

Castiel lets out a sigh of relief when he sets his phone down. It’s really nice to know he didn’t come on too strong after all, and smiles again when he thinks about how Dean wishes he were here instead. He’s also pleased he has an excuse to talk to Dean tomorrow, since Dean asked him to text him. He picks up his book and reads for a little while before he feels his eyelids start to droop. He finishes the chapter, stows the book, and pulls back the covers to burrow underneath them. He flicks off the lamp beside him, and rolls over so he’s on his side.

Immediately, he smells Dean on his sheets. Somehow it makes him feel less lonely, and he falls asleep with a small smile on his lips.

Castiel awakes the next morning and mindlessly works his way through his morning routine. After he’s showered and dressed, he goes to the kitchen to make himself a cup of coffee. He is just about to put the Keurig cup in when he remembers Dean’s coffee shop. He looks at his watch and decides he has time, so he abandons the Keurig, grabs his lunch and his briefcase, and leaves the house.

He pulls into the Twiggs parking lot a few minutes later, and sees that Sam wasn’t joking about the morning rush. Thankfully he left about twenty minutes earlier than he usually would, so he has time. He parks his car and opens the double doors of the coffee shop. Immediately, he’s greeted with the smell of freshly ground coffee beans, and the whirl of machines. He joins the end of the line-up, and allows his eyes to drift around.

It’s a nice little place. Feels homey, he realizes. He sees people curled up on comfortable looking seats sipping coffee and reading their phones, some sitting at tables enjoying their breakfast, and a table with four women and strollers in a corner, all of them clearly in need of whatever caffeine they can get. There are a few people who work in the shop wearing black polo shirts with a small Twiggs logo on the shoulder and black pants bringing coffee in oversized mugs to tables where people are eating.

He hears Dean before he sees him. His head automatically turns in the direction of Dean’s laugh and he notices for the first time that he’s the one behind the cash register. He takes advantage of being able to watch him while Dean is too busy to pay attention to him. He has a green apron on with the Twiggs logo on the front, and a black shirt like the rest of the staff. He seems to be friendly with the customers, and Castiel notices he knows many of them by name. A few times, the customers don’t even ask for what they want, but Dean rings them in by memory.

Sam’s right. He’s doing very well here.

Castiel is second in line when he sees Dean’s eyes lock on to him. Maybe he’s projecting, but he swears Dean’s face softens for him and he definitely sees a blush creep up his neck to land on his cheeks. All Castiel can do is smile at him.

When the customer in front of him finishes, he steps towards the counter and his smile spreads wider. “Good morning,” Castiel says, fighting back his nerves.
“Hey stranger,” Dean says. Castiel sees Dean’s eyes sweep his body up and down, clearly taking in his slacks and dress shirt. He doesn’t say anything about it, but Castiel thinks he can see the heat in his eyes. His suspicions are confirmed when Dean’s voice is lower than usual as he says, “Nice to see I rate higher than the Keurig.”

“We’ll see about that,” Castiel says teasingly. Knowing there’s a line behind him and he needs to keep it moving, he says, “Just a large coffee to go, please.”

“What blend?” Dean asks.

“You choose,” Castiel answers. Dean presses a button on the cash register, and Castiel reaches for his wallet when he sees the screen read COMPLIMENTARY COFFEE. He frowns.

“I’ll make this one, Kevin. Can you take the till for a few minutes?” Dean asks the young man beside him.

“Sure thing, boss man,” he answers and Castiel sees Dean shake his head at the kid.

“Cream and sugar?” Dean asks Castiel loudly.

“Plenty of both, please,” Castiel answers and Dean nods his understanding.

Castiel stands to the side so other people can place their orders, and he tries his best to keep his eyes trained on Dean to see what he’s doing. He loses him a few times because of traffic behind the counter, but he does see him use what looks like a tiny ice cream scoop and freshly ground coffee beans. A few seconds later, the cup is filled and Dean adds a generous amount of cream and sugar, then puts on the lid and a coffee sleeve, and brings it over to him. He walks around the counter so that there isn’t a counter between them anymore.

“This was a nice surprise,” Dean says, handing him his coffee.

“I wanted to see what all the fuss was about,” Castiel answers.

Dean gives him a half smile. “I thought you were gonna say you wanted to see me,” he admits.

“I thought that much was obvious,” Castiel replies, unknowingly leaning in closer to him. Dean reaches out and just places his hand on Castiel’s arm, but because it’s in public, at Dean’s store, it feels like the gesture means more. Castiel can’t help the big smile he gives Dean. “I wish I could stay, but I have to get to work.”

“Let me know what you think about the coffee,” Dean says.

“Have a good day at work,” Castiel tells him. Should he kiss him? He lets his eyes drop down to his lips and then flick back up to his eyes, and he sees Dean’s small smile before Dean leans in and places a quick kiss to his lips.

“You too, Cas. Thanks for stopping by,” Dean says, walking back around the counter.

Castiel gives him one last smile and a small nod before he walks back to the cash register and leaves a ten dollar bill in the tip jar. No way is he letting Dean give him free coffee just because they went on a date. He feels Dean’s eyes on him but doesn’t turn to face him, smiling the whole time as he makes his way past the line up and back out to his car. The coffee is still hot in his hand when he gets to school, so it isn’t until after he’s put his lunch in the fridge in the staff room and when he’s set himself up in his class for the day that he feels brave enough to take a drink.
It’s still really hot, but drinkable, and it’s easily the best cup of coffee he’s ever had. Dean’s made it exactly the way he likes it somehow, and it’s perfect. He reminds himself of Dean and his pie when he lets out a little groan of pleasure. He wonders how Dean will feel about Castiel making a stop at Twiggs part of his morning routine.

Maybe partly because of the perfect cup of coffee that starts his morning, his day flies by easily and quickly. Thoughts of Dean worm their way into his head a few times, particularly at lunch when he wonders if Dean is eating lasagna or a sandwich. He remembers Dean asking him to text him, so he pulls out his phone.

**Castiel:** I think you’ve ruined me for all other coffee.

Castiel is surprised when a reply comes back almost instantly.

**Dean:** You’re just trying to get lucky :P

Castiel laughs quietly and responds.

**Castiel:** If I was trying to get lucky, I would’ve told you how cute you looked in that apron.

**Dean:** Ha! Don’t make me think about you in your teacher clothes while I’m still at work…

Cas is smiling when another message comes in right away.

**Dean:** It really was nice to see you this morning. Think you were good luck or something. I’ve had a really good day so far.

**Castiel:** I was thinking the same thing! I was also curious about what you’re eating for lunch today?

**Dean:** Lasagna. You?

**Castiel:** Same :) 

**Dean:** If I was about 15 years younger I’d be a total nerd and say it’s kinda like we’re eating lunch together.

**Castiel:** You can say it without feeling like a teenager. No judgement here.

**Dean:** I wouldn’t be a teenager 15 years ago. How old are you anyway?

**Castiel:** 32

**Dean:** Shit man, you’re old!

**Castiel:** You can’t see me, but I’m frowning at you.

**Dean:** I can actually see that in my head pretty well haha

Castiel smiles but feels the question he didn’t ask burning through him until he has to ask.

**Castiel:** I’m not… too old, right?

**Dean:** You’re six years older than me, but no, you’re not too old.
Castiel does the math. If he’s 32, Dean’s 26. If he’s had Twiggs for almost four years, Dean started his own business at only 22, and he’s running it successfully. He’s more amazing than he thought.

Dean: Did I just make this weird?

Castiel: Not at all. Sorry, I was thinking about how much you’ve accomplished for being so young. I’m impressed.

Dean: Don’t be. I gotta get back to work, but I’ll talk to you later, hot stuff.

Castiel can’t help but snicker at the compliment, as he’s sure Dean meant him to. He responds with a blushing emoji and puts his phone back down to finish his lunch, mostly unable to wipe the smile off of his face all afternoon.

Castiel is back home by three thirty, which is almost a half hour early for him. His afternoon was just as good as his morning, and no students had to stay behind for detention or questions today. When he checks his mailbox on the way in, he’s surprised to see a little paper bag in the mailbox along with mostly junk mail.

When he opens it up, he sees a few cookies and a napkin with the Twiggs logo on it. Written on the napkin in a messy but at least legible scrawl is, Somebody told me old men like oatmeal raisin cookies, so I made sure to save some for you. Hope the rest of your day was as good as the morning. He didn’t sign it, but he didn’t need to. Castiel takes a bite of one of the cookies and nods his approval. He prefers chocolate chip oatmeal, but these are still really great cookies. He’s definitely going to have to try more of the goodies Twiggs offers.

Castiel goes to change out of his work clothes and into the same pajamas he wore last night. He’s not going anywhere else tonight, so he might as well be comfortable. If he’s honest with himself, this is something he does most nights. Comes home from work and changes right into pajamas. He relaxes on the couch, scrolling through his Twitter feed and reading any articles that interest him, until it’s time to make himself something for dinner.

He grabs some chicken breast strips from the fridge, throws them on top of a bagged salad, adds some dressing, and calls it dinner. He puts the television on so the house isn’t so quiet, and eats without really enjoying it. He washes his few dishes by hand instead of letting them sit in the dishwasher for a few days before it’s full enough to run it. It’s while he washes the dishes that his mind wanders enough to realize he didn’t thank Dean for the cookies. He finishes up, then goes to get his phone. He debates calling him, but since Dean has only ever texted, he sticks with that.

Castiel: I failed your old person test. While the oatmeal raisin was delicious (and an incredibly sweet gesture… no pun intended) I actually prefer oatmeal chocolate chip. Thank you for the delivery :)

Of course, because Castiel is bored and has nothing else to do, Dean doesn’t reply right away. Castiel waits about five minutes before he stows his phone back in his pocket and decides to go for a run on the treadmill to kill some time before bed. He changes into shorts, takes off his pajama shirt and leaves his chest bare, and puts socks and running shoes on. He brings up his favourite playlist, and starts off at a slow jog. Slowly he makes his way to a steady run, and runs like that until he’s really starting to sweat. He ends with a burst of speed for as long as he can maintain it, then slows back down and ends after a ten minute walk to cool down.

He jumps in the shower to wash away the sweat, and redresses in his pajamas. He grabs his phone to go back downstairs for a little while but sees he missed Dean’s reply. He lays on his bed instead.
Dean: You’re welcome. Was kinda hoping you’d be there but I forgot not everybody is done for the day at two like I am.

Castiel: You only missed me by an hour and a half. I was home by 3:30 today.

Dean: I’ll remember that for next time. What’re you doing tonight?

Castiel: Nothing. Just finished going for a run and got out of the shower.

Dean: Literally pulling my mind out of the gutter right now, thanks for that. And you seriously run? For fun?

Castiel: For exercise, Dean. I’ve seen you naked, remember? You’re obviously familiar with the concept.

Dean: I just lift weights and kick the shit out of a punching bag. I’m not some sicko who likes to run for fun.

Castiel: Point taken. I’m old and weird :( 

Castiel is so surprised when his phone rings in his hand he almost drops it. It’s Dean.

“Hello?” Castiel says, still surprised.

“Hey Cas,” Dean says. “Just uh, wanted to make sure you knew I was only teasing ya.”

Castiel smiles. “You were, huh?”

“Yah,” Dean answers, and Castiel thinks he sounds nervous. “I sound like a chick or something, but uh, I thought about you a lot today.”

“You don’t sound like a chick at all,” Castiel assures him. “I thought about you as well. I haven’t dated anybody in a while. Is this normal for people who don’t know each other that well?”

“You’re askin’ the wrong guy, Cas. Last time I dated somebody we were living together, so I didn’t really have to think about her when she was there all the time.”

“She?”

“Yah, her name was Lisa. We were together almost three years, but barely made it six months living together.”

Dean sounds a little sad. “What happened?”

“Just didn’t work out. I tried. A lot. Harder than I ever tried at anything. But we just couldn’t get along.”

“I’m sorry,” Castiel says, not knowing what else to say.

“It was Sam who helped me see it was never going to work. He said that uh, being with somebody you love shouldn’t be so hard. It might take some work, but it shouldn’t be work all the time.”

Castiel thinks to himself how often he’s thought that being with Dean is easy, but doesn’t say that. “He’s a smart guy,” Castiel says.
“Fuckin’ right he is,” Dean answers, sounding proud.

“What did you do tonight?” Castiel asks.

“Made supper for me and Sam, then we watched stupid shit on MTV for a while, then he left and now I’m talking to you.”

“Sounds like we both had an equally boring night. Although yours is slightly better because you had company,” Castiel says, rolling over on his bed.

“Tomorrow will be much better,” Dean says, and that gets another smile out of Castiel.

“Do you have any ideas about where we can go for dinner?”

“Not really. Figured we could just wing it when I come pick you up,” Dean says.

“That works,” Castiel agrees, though he’s never done anything like that before.

“What are you doing now?” Dean asks.

Castiel flushes. “Laying in my bed. Talking to you.”

There’s a small pause on the other end of the phone. “I’m in my bed, too,” Dean finally says, a hint of playfulness in his voice.

Castiel knows there is a very big chance Dean’s mind is running wild in the same direction his own is, but he could never say anything like that on the phone. Instead, he goes for humour.

He deepens his voice purposely, and then says, “What are you wearing?”

Dean rewards him with a loud and hearty laugh, and Castiel smiles. The laughter is still in Dean’s voice when he says, “That was funny, but I’m still sporting a semi because of what you did to your voice.”

“You’ve really got a thing for my voice, huh?”

“Yah well… you’ve got a thing for my lips,” Dean counters.

“You’re not wrong,” Castiel agrees. He hears Dean’s yawn on the other end of the phone and says, “You have another early day tomorrow?”

“Mmm hmm,” Dean answers.

“I should let you go so you can get some sleep,” Castiel offers.

“I don’t wanna, but you’re right. I’m so glad I’m dating an older, more mature person for once,” Dean teases.

“There are some advantages, I suppose,” Castiel says lightly.

“You uh, comin’ by the shop in the morning again?” Dean says, again, sounding a little nervous.

“I was thinking about it,” Castiel hedges.

“Good. I’ll see you in the morning then,” Dean says happily.

“Sounds good. Have a good sleep, Dean.”
“You too. Bye.” Dean answers, and they both hang up.

Castiel’s hand has barely fallen from his ear when he hears a message come in. He looks and there’s a picture message from Dean. He opens it to see a picture of Dean laying on his bed, shirtless, messy hair, and Castiel guesses, his best attempt at a smoulder. Castiel feels his dick twitch with interest before he reads the caption, “What I’m wearing, just to answer your original question.”

Castiel purposely messes his hair, then takes a similar picture of himself to respond. He captions it, “We must shop at the same store.”

Dean doesn’t answer, and Castiel reads until he feels tired again.

When he wraps his hand around his quickly hardening cock before he goes to bed a little while later with that picture still open on his phone… with memories of how good that gorgeous body feels against his running through his mind... wondering if Dean did the same thing with his picture… he comes faster by his own hand than he has in years.

Thankfully, nobody has to know about that but him.
Dean groans when he hears the alarm go off on his phone. It doesn’t matter how often he does this, 5:20 is too damn early to be awake. He grabs his phone to turn off the alarm, and is greeted with a picture of Cas that he sent last night. He opens it to full size, taking a second to appreciate how hot he is – especially his nipple piercing - and then laughs at the caption. Mentally. He would have laughed if it wasn’t 5:20, though.

He drops his phone on to his bed and stumbles into the shower. He considers taking care of the morning wood he woke up with but decides he’s too tired to even deal with that right now. He’s in and out of the shower in ten minutes, brushes his teeth, messes up his hair, and pulls on a comfortable pair of jeans and one of the many work shirts he has. The dress code says he’s supposed to wear black pants, but he’s the boss, and if he wants to wear jeans then he will. It’s one of the perks.

He has to leave in less than ten minutes, so he grabs a Pop Tart and tears into it, stuffing as much of it into his mouth in five minutes as he can (which is a lot). He grabs his keys and then he’s on his way to work. Thankfully he’s driven there and back so many times he doesn’t have to pay attention much, because everybody that knows him knows his brain doesn’t really start working until he’s had his first cup of coffee. And he can’t make coffee at home like he can at work.

He’s still stifling a yawn when he unlocks the store door, but leaves the CLOSED sign up until 6:30 when he opens. He knows Kevin will be in soon with the delivery of baked goods from Crowley. He brews himself his first cup of coffee, then gets to work taking all the chairs off of the tables, and starting the morning routine of measuring and grinding beans, chopping fruit for smoothies, moving ice from the back freezer to the front, and making sure the cash register balanced from last night. True to his prediction, Kevin comes in with the first cart of goodies within minutes, and Dean pauses to place them in the display case as Kevin goes back for his second load.

As usual, the first half hour flies by, and Kevin reminds him it’s time to open officially, so Dean turns the sign around and flicks on the light in the window so people know he’s open. It isn’t long before his regulars start trickling in, and he loses himself in the steady flow of customers. Just like yesterday, Dean doesn’t notice Cas until he’s almost right in front of him. He glances up at the clock and sees it’s already past 7:30.

He can’t help the smile that he gives to Cas, or the way his gaze trails up and down his body, taking in the dress shoes, the pleated slacks, and his dress shirt tucked into the front of his pants with a leather belt around his waist. All topped off by his too-blue eyes, all but twinkling at him, and the just-fucked hair he loves so much. He swallows to clear his throat, hating how worked up teacher Cas gets him, and says, “Happy Tuesday to me!”

Cas chuckles softly and says, “Good morning, Dean.”

Dean wants nothing more than to stand and talk with him, but he has a line up still and he knows he can’t. “Same as yesterday?” he says, as kindly as he can.

“Yes please, but add something small for me to eat too, if there’s anything as good as those cookies from yesterday.”
“Everything in my store is that good,” Dean says with a wink, making Cas’s coffee. He takes the couple of steps to the display case and decides to go with a slice of coffee cake. It’s one of his personal favourites. He slides it into a to-go box, and then adds the cream and sugar to Cas’s coffee. He gives Kevin a nudge on the way by and nods to the cash register. He sees Kevin eye Castiel and then wiggle his eye brows at Dean teasingly, but he doesn’t say anything.

Dean is fighting down a blush when he walks around the counter to face Cas, just like yesterday.

“You’re never going to make any money if you don’t let me pay for anything,” Castiel says seriously.

Dean rolls his eyes. “Don’t think I didn’t notice you leaving cash in the tip jar yesterday.”

“I can’t just take stuff from you,” Castiel insists.

“I’ve only got another minute here, Cas. You wanna spend it being stubborn?”

Cas’s tongue comes out to wet the seam of his lips and Dean zeroes in on the movement. “Not particularly, no,” Cas answers, and Dean can read what he isn’t saying all over his face.

He gives into temptation and takes another step closer to Cas. Close enough now that their hips bump together softly. Dean leans in so there’s only a few inches of space between their faces and says, “You look really hot today.”

This time it’s Cas who blushes, and Dean can’t understand how he doesn’t already know how fucking gorgeous he is.

“I’m looking forward to spending additional time with you this evening,” Cas says formally, and Dean gives him a shit-eating grin because now he knows that when he talks like that he’s nervous.

“Am I making you nervous?” Dean teases, still keeping his voice low enough that only Cas can hear him, and placing one hand dangerously low on Cas’s hip.

“You’re making me something,” Castiel says so low it’s almost a whisper and Dean can’t help the laugh that rolls out of him.

He forgets where he is for a minute and cups Cas’s face with his free hand, and leans in to press a quick but firm kiss on his lips, and swipes his tongue along Cas's bottom lip quickly before pulling away completely. He’s lost in the blue of Cas’s eyes for a second before he hears a whistle and then a loud, “That'll wake him up better than coffee! Hot damn!” from his line-up of customers.

He recognizes Charlie’s voice and gives her the finger before he sees how red Cas’s face is. “Sorry. You’ll learn to love her, I swear,” Dean promises. “Have a good day at work, Mr…” then he trails off because he doesn’t even know his last name.

“Novak,” Cas answers for him, and for some reason Cas’s face is redder now than it has been so far. Weird.

Dean nods, “Mr. Novak.”

Cas grabs his coffee cake and his coffee and Dean watches him leave, just like last time.

When he gets back to the cash register, and he sees one of his regular elderly customers who comes in to chat with a bunch of other old guys, he greets him warmly, “Mornin’ Gary. The regular?”
Gary nods but doesn’t say anything. Which is weird. Gary’s a pretty chatty guy, and on slow days or when his coffee buddies don’t show up, he’s been known to yap Dean’s ear off. Dean gets his coffee and his muffin, and when he turns back Gary still isn’t looking at him. “Bad day?” Dean asks.

Gary’s face goes a little red, but his eyes harden when he says, “I wasn’t expecting a display of homosexual erotica before my morning coffee.”

Dean can’t help it, he laughs. Dean barely even kissed Cas, there’s no fucking way this guy is serious. Gary’s face only gets harder when Dean laughs and that’s when he realizes he is serious.

“You didn’t ever kiss Judy before she left for work?” Dean asks, remembering his wife’s name from all the times he’s talked about her.

“Course I did, don’t be stupid,” he scoffs.

“Well, that was my boyfriend,” Dean doesn’t allow himself to feel any guilt over the lie, “and that’s all that was. No big deal, okay?”

“Is this going to be a daily thing now? Might have to go someplace else if it is,” he threatens.

“That’d be a shame Gary, I’d miss ya around here. But I put that gay pride sticker on the front door for a reason. This is a safe place for everybody, no matter who they’re attracted to. If you don’t feel like that’s something you’re comfortable with, then maybe this isn’t the best place for you to get your coffee.” Dean can tell by the way Gary’s face continues to get redder and redder that he didn’t expect Dean to have this reaction. “How about you have this morning’s breakfast on me, and if we have to part ways, at least it’s on a good note, huh?”

Gary picks up his coffee and his muffin and walks away with a curt nod.

Dean can’t fucking believe this shit still happens in 2017.

“I need a minute,” Dean says to Kevin, and walks into his tiny office.

He isn’t unused to people commenting on his sexuality, but this is the first time it felt personal for some reason, and it was even worse that it had to happen in his store. He knows most people out there heard what just happened, and it makes him uncomfortable knowing it.

He isn’t surprised when the door bursts open less than two minutes later and Charlie comes barreling into the room with a latte in her hand. “WTF, dude? How do I know nothing about that tall drink of water you were just kissing?” she asks as she plops herself right on the top of Dean’s desk, crossing her legs like a little kid, either oblivious or just not caring about the paperwork there.

Dean shakes his head at her with affection. “Maybe because I just met him Saturday?”

“And you’re mackin’ him in your store three days later? Oooh tell me more!”

“You sound like a Pink Lady,” Dean says and Charlie bounces excitedly.

“Nobody has ever been Frenchie more than you, and you freaking know it.”

Charlie beams at that. “I knew you loved me!” she says excitedly. “But stop distracting me with compliments of my beauty and winning personality. Tall drink of water. Spill!”

Dean shrugs, “I dunno what you want me to spill. I met him at the bar Saturday night, he fucked my
brains out, and now we’re kinda dating.”

“You’re dating? Holy shit! I thought you were emotionally stunted for life after Lisa,” she says.

“Thanks a lot,” Dean says sarcastically.

“Shut up, you know what I meant. You thought the same thing!”

Dean nods, “I did. I dunno. It’s easy with Cas.”

“Duh, he’s so dreamy!” Charlie coos.

Dean raises his eyebrows at her.

“I’m gay, not dead,” Charlie defends and Dean laughs. “When do you see sex-hair again?”

“We have a date tonight, actually.”

“Ooooh text me all the dirty deets afterwards?” she begs.

“Yah, yah, we’ll see,” he says easily.

“We both know you like to gossip like a little girl, so don’t even pretend you’re not going to tell me everything,” she smiles, batting her eyelashes at him.

“I gotta get back to work, kid,” Dean tells her, standing up and rolling his shoulders.

“Keep fighting the good, gay fight, Deannie,” she says dramatically, hopping easily off of his desk, then pushing herself up on her tiptoes to kiss him quickly on the cheek, and then she’s gone with a swish of red hair just as quickly as she appeared.

Leave it to Charlie to make him feel completely better in two minutes or less. Fucking nerd.

Thankfully, the rest of the day passes without incident. Him and Cas text each other at lunch just like yesterday, but today Dean has lasagna again and Cas has a sub. The shop isn’t busy after lunch, and he and Kevin shoot the shit a little while Dean tidies up. He takes the teasing Kevin gives him about Cas, knowing that Kevin’s actually just pleased that Dean’s seeing somebody again and that this is how he shows it. Hard to care when he knows he’s about to spend the night with Cas, anyway.

It’s 1:30 when he gives in and takes off for the day, comfortable with Kevin here with Michelle, the college student he has on part-time there to help him. Because he left early, he stops by the gym on his way home and works out for about forty-five minutes before he gets bored and heads home to shower the smell of coffee and sweat off of his body. Putting his old clothes back on seems dumb, and he doesn’t want to get dressed for dinner yet, so he throws on some sweats and a ratty t-shirt. He putters around the house, then settles for watching some tv, and eventually he falls asleep for a little nap.

He wakes up to the buzzing of his phone. *God I love this chair,* he thinks to himself as he reaches for the phone.

**Cas:** What time should I be ready for dinner tonight?

**Cas:** Dean?

**Cas:** Well, I’m ready when you are.
The third message is what makes Dean look at the clock on his phone. Holy shit. It’s six o’clock! He never told Cas a time, but he probably thinks he stood him up. Fuck!

He dials Cas immediately, and is greeted with a weary sounding, “Hello, Dean.”

“Hey, Cas, I’m sorry man –” he begins.

“You don’t have to explain. I understand. It was a pleasure getting to know you,” Cas says formally.

“Wait, what?” Dean asks, confused.

“What excuse you’re going to come up with for cancelling tonight isn’t necessary. Don’t worry about it. I’m letting you off the hook. It’s not as if we really knew each other anyway,” Castiel says, and it sounds like he’s trying to convince himself.

“Cas. I fell asleep, dude,” Dean says lightly. “I’m not cancelling. I was just calling to let you know I’m running a little late.”

There’s silence on the other end of the phone.

“Well, if you still want me to come, that is,” Dean says, suddenly no longer sure.

“I… would like that,” Cas says quietly.

“Sorry, man. I’ll be there in twenty minutes, okay?”

“I will see you soon, then,” Cas answers, still with a bit of a question in his voice, and Dean feels like shit that it sounds like Cas still doesn’t really believe he’s coming.

“Less if I can help it,” Dean tells him. “Bye!”

He hangs up and starts running up the stairs before he waits for another reply from Cas. *Fuck.* He’s such a screw up. He throws on a pair of black jeans and a dark green vee neck tshirt. He puts a tiny dab of cologne on and then grabs his leather jacket, and he’s on his way to Cas’s house.

He pulls into Cas’s driveway only fifteen minutes after he hung up, and that’s damn good time if he has a say. He climbs out of the car and walks to knock on the front door. Cas opens it and Dean smiles broadly, trying to show how happy he is to see him. Cas is dressed in a pair of khakis, a creamy white tshirt with a few buttons at the collar and a navy blue cardigan over top. His eyes seem even bluer compared to his sweater.

“You look amazing,” is what Dean offers as a greeting.

Cas gives him a reserved smile and says, “Thank you. Would you prefer to come in first or would you rather leave immediately?”

Big words, Dean notices. Nervous. “I’m pretty hungry, so dinner right away would work for me if that’s okay?”

“That would be fine,” Cas agrees, and steps through the door to close it behind him. Dean doesn’t know for sure, but he feels like he’s getting a bit of a cold shoulder. He turns to walk back to his car to open the passenger door for Cas. Cas climbs in with a small smile but doesn’t say anything. Great.

Dean closes his door and walks around the car to his side to climb in. He starts it up and then looks over at Cas. “Don’t be mad at me,” he says, using the puppy dog eyed look Sam uses on him all the time.
Cas visibility softens next to him. Hah! “I’m not mad at you,” Cas says. “I didn’t think you were coming.”

“I know, I’m sorry. I fucked up,” Dean tells him.

“No,” Cas says, voice warmer than it has been since he got here. “I don’t mean to say that to get another apology out of you. I’m trying to explain that I’m not angry, I was upset. Sad.” Dean doesn’t get it. “I didn’t think I’d see you again.” Oh. “I’ve been spending the last hour telling myself it didn’t matter, that I’ve only known you a few days, that my life would just go back to the way it was before.”

Dean looks away, out the windshield even though there’s nothing to look at but the garage door. “Is that what you want?”

“No!” Cas answers immediately, turning towards him more, and Dean feels safe enough to look back at him again. “I was miserable trying to tell myself that. It’s silly, but I really do like you,” he admits. “I have been looking forward to this all week. I’m sorry if I ruined it by not being able to shake this off.”

“You didn’t ruin anything,” Dean tells him. “Hey, let’s just pretend all this never happened okay. Let’s pretend I texted you at four like I meant to, and it’s actually 5:30 like when I was going to come pick you up, and I told you you look hot because you do, and you smiled at me and I blushed because that’s what I do when I’m around you, and then we got into the car happily and are about to leave for dinner. K?”

Cas nods. “Okay.”

Dean smiles, “Great. I’m not much of a fancy guy, so I was thinking this little Italian place I know. Greco’s. You been there before?”

“No, I don't think so,” Cas says.

“It’s not much, but the food is delicious. We can do that or we can head somewhere a little nicer if you want?”

“Greco’s sounds fine,” Cas says, and Dean grins before heading in that direction.

They’re quiet for a minute and then Dean shakes his head with a huff of laughter. “I can’t believe you thought I was gonna stand you up. Didn’t I tell you that I like you?”

“You did,” Cas agrees. “You’re just… you’re you and I’m me, and I just figured it made sense that you’d find somebody better easily. It’s not as if you would owe me any kind of goodbye.”

Dean shakes his head again, this time in disbelief. “You’re the first person I’ve met in years that I’ve wanted to date. You’re hot, and funny, and smart, and you wear geeky t-shirts on the weekend and cook a mean breakfast, and we had the best sex I’ve had in… probably ever. You think there’s somethin’ better than that?”

Cas doesn’t seem to be able to hold back a smile. “It does sound pretty nice,” he says shyly.

“Don’t keep thinking I’m just gonna leave, okay? If this doesn’t work out, then whatever, it doesn’t work. But I’d never just stop talking to you or bail on you without letting you know first. I’m not that big of a dick.”

“I didn’t really think you were,” Cas admits. “It’s more about me than it was about you. But I’ll try to
remember that you’re not a dick,” he jokes.

“Good, it’ll probably come in handy,” Dean answers easily. “I’m not real good at the whole dating thing. You’ll have to cut me some slack.”

“As long as you do the same for me,” Cas asks.

Dean pulls into the Greco’s parking lot and expertly backs into a spot. “Deal,” he says. They both hear Dean’s phone buzz and he checks it as he gets out of the car. He laughs and holds it up to show Cas.

**Charlie: Say hi to Mr. Dreamy for me!**

“Me?” Cas asks.

“No, the guy I’m going out with after this. Of course it’s you!” Dean tells him with a playful shove.

“You’ve mentioned Charlie before,” Cas says. “Are you close to him?”

Dean laughs. “I guess I didn’t actually introduce you this morning. The red head cat calling us this morning at the shop? That was Charlie.”

Dean opens the door for Cas and they walk in and Dean walks over to a small booth and slides in. Cas slides in across from him and they both look at their menus that were left on the table.

“That makes sense,” Cas says with a smile. “An ex girlfriend?”

Dean laughs and says, “She’d love to hear you say that. But no. Charlie is basically like my little sister. Plus, she’s as gay as they come.”

Cas seems to relax a little bit more. “In that case, say hello back for me,” he smiles.

“You weren’t gonna say hi back if she was an ex girlfriend?” Dean teases.

“Probably not,” he confesses, still smiling.

Dean thinks it’s probably a good thing if Cas feels jealous over an ex, and he can’t help it when his smile gets a little bigger. They may have been off to a rough start, but he thinks the date, and whatever they are is still salvageable.

Chapter End Notes

Loving all of your comments and support so far! It looks like AU's are pretty popular!

How'd I do with Charlie? I was smiling while writing her :)
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Castiel hopes he isn’t coming across as some kind of jealous lover, but the truth is… he didn’t like the idea of a pretty girl like that texting Dean. So maybe he is a little jealous. Of course, knowing now that she’s gay and that she called him dreamy, he’s warming up to the idea of Charlie.

He smiles to himself and looks back down at the menu. “What’s good here?”

“Everything!” Dean exclaims.

Just then a waitress stops by to get their drink orders, and she leaves again a minute later.

Everything does look good on the menu. “Do you know what you’re going to order?” Castiel asks.

“Yah, I’m thinking pizza. And if you won’t be offended by garlic breath, then the garlic bread here is to die for too,” Dean tells him.

“I suppose it won’t be so bad if we both eat it. I’ll have pizza too,” Castiel says, closing his menu.

“What do you like on your pizza? And be careful before you answer. There could be a deal breaker here,” Dean says seriously, even though he’s clearly joking.

Castiel can’t help but smile at him again. It may have taken a little while to get back to this place, but being with Dean is easy again. “I eat anything on my pizza, so that’s an easy one for me.”

“Good, I was nervous,” Dean says with a wink. “Pepperoni, extra cheese, and bacon?” Dean asks.

“That sounds good to me.”

Dean leans back in the booth. “If you were getting your own pizza, what would you’ve got on it?”

Castiel shakes his head. “I plead the fifth.”

Dean laughs. “Come on! I won’t hold it against you forever.”

Castiel says, “Maybe another time. I’m still in recovery from earlier. We don’t need any more tension between us tonight.”

Their waitress comes back then with their drinks and Castiel allows Dean to order for both of them. Maybe because Castiel has to be in charge of so many students while at work, he enjoys somebody else taking the reins for once. Of course Castiel always thinks that Dean’s attractive, but it’s even more obvious to him right now.

Something must show on his face because when the waitress leaves Dean says, “What are you lookin’ at me like that for?”

“How am I looking at you?” Castiel asks.

Dean leans in across the table so Castiel does the same. “Like you wanna bend me over this table,” he says quietly.
Castiel can’t help the blush he feels bloom on his face. “Hmmmm. I’m just that transparent, I guess.”

“Good thing we’re on opposite sides of the table. We might make a scene like at my store this morning,” Dean chuckles.

“Did we make a scene?” Castiel asks, confused.

Dean snorts. “One of my regulars gave me crap for kissin’ you at work.”

Dean doesn’t look apologetic or ashamed, but that had to have been embarrassing. “I’m sorry,” Cas says, and he is. “I don’t need to come by anymore if it’s causing problems for you.”

“It’s not. I told him I’ve got a gay pride sticker in my window for a reason and if it bothers him that much then he should find somewhere else to have his cofffee.”

Castiel’s shocked. “You did?”

“Course I did. What’d you think I was gonna do? Let him tell me how to live my life in my own store?”

Hm. “I suppose not. I just feel badly for making you lose a customer.”

“Worth it,” Dean smirks, and Castiel knows his cheeks get a little red again. “Have I mentioned how adorable you are when you blush?”

Castiel fights the urge to bury his face in his hands. “Thankfully, no.”

Dean snickers. “You don’t want me to think you’re adorable?”

“I don’t know,” Castiel says honestly. “I’m not used to getting compliments.”

Dean laughs. “Yah, right.”

“I’m not just being self deprecating. It’s true.”

“Well then the people you’re usually around are fucking blind,” Dean says seriously. And because he isn’t joking or smirking or looking at him with that little twinkle in his eyes Castiel has come to recognize as humour, Castiel almost believes him. “Luckily for me,” he adds kindly.

“I… I am unsure what the proper response to that is.”

“I don’t get it, Cas. You’re funny, you’re smart, you’re successful, you’re hot. How do you not have many friends or girls or guys all over you? And I’m not just trying to flatter you or whatever, I’m actually curious.”

Castiel sighs. “It’s a bit of a story, but I wasn’t always so lonely. I used to have more friends, I just haven’t seen or spoken to them in a while.”

“How come?”

The waitress comes by and drops off a small basket with loaf of cheesy garlic bread sprinkled with bacon on top. Dean grabs the knife and starts cutting it up, wincing when the hot cheese burns his fingers and putting them in his mouth to cool them off. Castiel has to look away when he sees him suck on his finger. He clears his throat before he starts talking again.

“Long story short, I was in a relationship with a man that didn’t end well. Most of my friends became
our friends, and when we broke up I was the one who somehow lost them. Honestly, that was the worst part of breaking up.”

“Shit man, that sounds rough,” Dean says seriously.

“It was definitely a hard period of my life. That’s why I ended up moving here. It was easier just separating myself from all of that.”

Dean plops a piece of bread on to Cas’s plate and then serves himself a piece too. It’s cheesy, and garlicky, and messy. Castiel sighs while looking at it and says, “I suppose there’s no polite way to eat this?”

He looks up just in time to see Dean take a large bite of his bread, cheese stringing from the bread to his face before it breaks and hangs down his chin. He uses his tongue to lap it up and Castiel can’t help but laugh at him. “Nope, just dig in, man!” Dean says, mouth still full of food.

Castiel does as he’s told, but takes much smaller bites than Dean. Dean’s right though, this is delicious. Gooey and cheesy and very garlicky, but good. They each eat another two pieces, finishing the entire loaf.

“It’s nice to go out with somebody who doesn’t just eat rabbit food,” Dean says.

“Most girls you date eat salad?” Castiel assumes.

“Well, yah actually, but I told you it’s been a while. I meant Sam. He always eats salad or healthy shit when we go somewhere. Makes me feel like a fatty or somethin’,” Dean laughs.

“That’s ridiculous. You’re in excellent physical shape, you just have a healthy appetite,” Castiel assures him.

“You ate as much as I did,” Dean reminds him.

“I did,” Castiel agrees. “That’s why I have to run every day,” he smiles.

“It’s workin’ for ya,” Dean compliments him.

Castiel huffs out a laugh. “You’re doing that on purpose.”

“Complimenting you on purpose? Well, yah. Isn’t that what you do when you’re interested in somebody?”

Castiel’s heart stutters a little bit in his chest. Dean’s very observant. Castiel knows that Dean knows he has a low opinion of himself, and he’s pretty sure Dean’s trying to reassure him. It’s nice, but after years of having nobody show any interest in him, it’s overwhelming, too.

“Sorry, I’m freaking you out,” Dean says, looking embarrassed.

“No, that’s not it,” Castiel promises, reaching across the table to place a hand on his forearm. “It’s overwhelming, but not in a bad way.” Dean nods but still looks a little uncomfortable. Castiel wants to make him comfortable again. “Tell me about the last date you went on that was really bad?” Castiel asks, keeping his hand where it is. He likes touching him.

Dean laughs right away. “Okay,” he nods. “It was the one and only time I tried the whole online dating thing. Charlie and Sam talked me into it, told me that’s the only way you ever meet anybody nowadays. Charlie’s the one who set up my profile thingy or whatever, because she’s a huge fucking
computer nerd. I didn’t even look at it until after, but she used a picture of me from when we were at
the beach so I had no shirt on, and she should’ve known using a picture like that was only gonna
attract douchebags, but apparently she didn’t.” He scoffs. “Anyway, I got a message from this girl,
and she seemed nice enough. And she was hot. So I figured why not. She picked some fancy
restaurant which is not really my thing, but whatever. She was a total snob. She did the whole wine
tasting thing where you put your face in the cup, and was a huge bitch to the waitress when she
didn’t like it. When she started bitching loudly about the couple next to us who brought their little
boy with them, purposely loud enough so they could hear her, I left some cash on the table for the
food I ordered and got up and left.”

Castiel snorts. “She was that bad?”

“Waste of my time. I’d never be with somebody like that, no matter how hot they are. Best part – or
worst part, depending on how you look at it – she messaged me again that night and said that even
though we didn’t get along she’d still fuck me if I wanted to. No strings attached.” He shakes his
head and takes a drink of his soda.

Castiel’s surprised by his candor. “Did you do it?”

Dean almost chokes on his drink. “Fuck no! She seemed like the type who’d bitch about every move
I made if it wasn’t exactly what she wanted. No thanks.”

Castiel can’t help but laugh, because Dean’s painted such a clear picture with his words. “I’m
suddenly reassured that our date isn’t going that badly,” he smiles.

“Started off a little rough, but I’m still having fun,” Dean tells him.

“Me too,” Castiel says.

“You have any dating horror stories?” Dean asks.

“Nothing like yours. My parents set me up with a lot of women when I was younger, and that was
always awkward because I knew I was gay but hadn’t come out yet, and the women almost always
came on to me. I realized that I was being too polite, so I tried being subtly rude and eventually acted
like an arrogant asshole just to ruin dates, and some of them liked me even still. It was alarming,” he
admits.

“Daddy issues,” Dean says pointing a finger at him. “Trust me. It’s a thing.”

Castiel chuckles a little bit. “If you say so,” he says. “My parents are well known where I used to
live, so I always thought a lot of them were trying to get to me because of their money, regardless of
how mean I was.”

“What do your parents do?” Dean asks.

“They’re into politics. My dad was the mayor of the city, and my mom did a lot of charity work,”
Castiel says. “I thought you’d know that when I told you my last name.”

“Sammy might. I’m not into that kinda thing. You said you don’t have a relationship with them,
right?”

“I don’t. They felt it was bad publicity to have a gay son, so I made it easier for them and
disassociated myself from them.”

“Shit, that musta sucked. How old were you?”
“I told them when I was 18, but it wasn’t until I showed up with my first serious boyfriend during college that they told me I couldn’t bring boys home in case word got out. We fought then, I went back to the dorms, and I haven’t seen them since,” Castiel admits.

“That sucks,” Dean says sincerely, covering Castiel’s hand with his own and giving it a small squeeze. “For what it’s worth, my old man ain’t too pleased about me liking dudes either. We’ve fought about it a couple times, but thankfully he’s not around enough to make it into a big deal.”

“The only time it really bothers me is around the holidays. Nothing is lonelier than spending Christmas by myself.”

Dean makes a face. “Shit, I can’t even imagine. That would suck.”

Castiel nods. “I’m getting used to it,” he says. “I’ve spent the last few years volunteering at a homeless shelter, so that helps.”

The waitress comes by with their pizza then, and Castiel thinks that was good timing because he doesn’t want to keep dragging down the conversation. Dean’s excitement over the pizza and the delicious way it smells is enough to cheer him up again.

They both eat two pieces, burning the tops of their mouths at first and whining about it but refusing to stop anyway, and they keep the conversation light and Dean keeps it flirtatious. When they both sit back holding their stomachs after overindulging, the mood is good.

Castiel pays for their dinner, pleased when Dean grumbles about it but allows him to without much of an argument, and soon they find themselves back at Castiel’s. Dean follows him to the front door and Castiel opens it and walks through, looking over his shoulder when Dean stops at the entrance.

“You’re staying over tonight, aren’t you?” Castiel asks.

Dean’s face lights up instantly. “I didn’t want to assume…” he says and Castiel laughs. “But I do have an overnight bag in the trunk,” he adds with a wolffish grin.

“Go get it, you’ll need it,” Castiel smiles back, and he doesn’t miss Dean’s little fist pump as he walks back to his car to get it.

Chapter End Notes

I promise the good stuff is coming next ;)}
Dean can’t help indulging in a little fist pump when Castiel asks him if he’s staying over. He hoped he’d be invited, but he also knew he fucked up earlier and wasn’t sure if he was totally forgiven yet. Looks like he is! He grabs his duffle bag and slings it over his shoulder happily as he strolls back into Cas’s house.

He toes off his shoes and hangs up his coat still smiling the whole time, and Cas says, “I can’t stay up too late because I have to work tomorrow, but do you want a beer before we go upstairs? I think my stomach needs a little bit more time to digest all that food,” he smiles.

Dean’s feeling pretty bloated, too. “Yah, sure,” Dean responds and he drops his bag by his shoes and follows Cas into the kitchen. As soon as he walks in he’s reminded of Cas cooking bacon with no shirt on. Almost immediately after that, he’s reminded of the fact that he hasn't kissed Cas or even really touched him since this morning. Before Cas even gets to the fridge, Dean grabs him by the hand and tugs him towards his body.

Cas only hesitates for a second, and then lets himself be pulled in. Dean doesn’t say anything, just moves in closer, wrapping one hand around the back of his neck and pulling him all the way in until he finally gets to kiss him again. He feels his insides melt and sinks into the kiss as he pushes away the thoughts about why Cas just always makes him feel so much better. How after only a few days, kissing Cas has become one of his favourite things to do.

He inhales the familiar scent of Cas through his nose as licks his way into Cas’s mouth. God, how can he have missed this so much? He concentrates on the way Cas’s body goes soft against his, how Cas’s hands settle on his back to pull him in closer, the way he can feel more than hear the moan Cas lets out. He just needs a little bit more. He backs Cas up until he’s pushed against the kitchen counter, and he takes. He intensifies the kiss, adding a nibble of teeth on Cas’s bottom lip and then plunging his tongue in faster, harder, and using his hands to move Cas’s head exactly the way he wants it. Their hips press together and he’s not surprised to feel Cas’s growing erection against his own. He presses in a little bit more, selfishly wanting to feel it harden further before he groans and breaks the kiss.

They’re both panting, and the attraction between them is almost a tangible thing in the air. He rests his forehead against Cas’s while they both catch their breath. “Sorry,” Dean says, voice raspy. “I’ve wanted to do that for days. Couldn’t wait anymore.”

Cas leans in and presses a soft kiss to his lips before he gives him a little nudge so he can get away. “No apologies necessary. I almost forgot you can make me feel like that,” Cas admits, bending over in front of the fridge to get a beer from the bottom shelf. Dean takes the opportunity to check out the way his khakis hug his ass, and nods his approval to himself.

“All time you need a reminder, you just let me know. I’m here to help,” Dean jokes.

Cas is smiling at him with his eyes when he stands and turns to face him. “Such a selfless offer.”

“I’m nice like that,” Dean winks.

“Kitchen table, or do you think we can sit together on the couch without ruining the upholstery?”
Dean snickers. “I dunno, Cas. Can you behave yourself?”

“Me?” Castiel laughs. “You’re the one who just attacked me in the kitchen!”

“Pfft, that doesn’t sound like me at all,” Dean says, feigning ignorance.

Cas rolls his eyes and Dean smiles happily as Cas leads the way into the living room. Dean likes this couch. It’s huge, overstuffed, and comfortable. Probably expensive, based on how nice everything else is in this house. Though Dean appreciates that nothing outright screams money, he recognizes good craftsmanship now.

Cas is the first one to uncap his beer and and then once Dean does the same, Cas clinks the neck of his bottle to Dean’s.

“What’re we cheers-ing?” Dean asks.

“The mind-blowing sex we’re about to have,” Cas answers easily.

“Hell yah I’ll cheers to that!” Dean replies eagerly and Cas laughs. Dean remembers the last two times they had sex and how Cas said he was a little sore afterwards. He never checked on that. They both take a drink of their beer and then Dean can’t resist asking anymore, and finally says, “How’re you doing anyway?”

“How am I doing?” Cas asks, confused.

“Yah. Last time you mentioned being a little sore, ya know, after,” he hedges. “I never checked to see how you were feeling.”

Cas’s face goes a little red, as he assumed it would, and probably the way his own cheeks are red right now, too. “Let’s just say I was reminded of you every time I sat down yesterday,” Cas says. “But I’m better today.”

Dean feels a little thrill knowing that Cas was still feeling him the next day, but at the same time he’s ashamed for thinking that. He shakes it off. “Good thing we’re switchers,” he says. “We can share the pain.”

“You make us sound a bit misochistic, you know.”

Dean shrugs. “Aren’t we?”

“I never really thought of it that way, but there is something pleasurable about the burn, isn’t there?”

Dean has to swallow down desire, and does so by taking another swig of his beer. “If you don’t want me to ruin this couch, you need to talk about somethin’ else,” he says, half joking.

Cas pins him with his gaze, and Dean thinks he looks just about as hungry for Dean as Dean is for him. “Drink your beer, Dean,” Cas says seriously, and Dean’s reminded of how Cas kinda took control that first night. He was bossy. Dean listens without thought, taking another long pull from his bottle. Now that he knows Cas better, taking control seems completely out of character for him. Will he still be like that tonight, or will he be different?

“Why did we eat so much?” Dean grumbles, and Cas smiles, drinking more of his own beer. Dean doesn’t think he’s ever seen two people not in college or high school drink beer so quickly. He shifts and notices Cas’s thigh pressed against his for the first time, and he can suddenly feel the heat coming off of him. He meets Cas’s eyes and thinks they look darker than usual.
He can’t help it, he snorts.

“What’s funny?” Cas asks.

“We’re like a couple of teenagers. How horny are you right now?”

“Impossibly so,” Cas answers quickly, and Dean can feel his stomach muscles clench.

“I’ve been like this since we left the Roadhouse,” Dean says softly.

“You should’ve taken me up on my offer to come back here,” Cas tells him.

“I should’ve jerked off in the shower this morning,” Dean counters, and Cas stiffens and looks away. Dean caught him. “You did, didn’t you?”

“No,” Cas stammers and Dean raises his eyebrows. “Not this morning,” Cas recovers, and Dean can just tell he’s telling the truth.

“Yesterday?” Dean prods and Cas’s cheeks get a little bit more pink. “Why are you so embarrassed about this? Everybody jerks off.”

“No everybody talks about it,” Cas says.

“So what? You can suck my dick but not talk about yours?”

“Dean,” Cas says, with an embarrassed little laugh, and his face turns even redder and he looks away from him again. Then Dean gets it.

“You were thinking about me, weren’t you?” Dean can see that Cas is breathing heavily now, and he watches as he polishes off his beer and fiddles with the empty bottle, seemingly unsure what to do with his hands. He doesn't deny it, and that's as close to a confession as Dean needs. “God, that is so fucking hot,” Dean tells him, and that makes Cas’s head snap back to face him.

“You don’t think it’s weird?” Cas asks quietly.

“Fuck no,” Dean answers honestly, now painfully hard himself. “If it wasn’t five o’clock in the damn morning when I got your picture this morning I probably would’ve done the same thing.”

Dean watches as Cas bites down on his bottom lip for a second before he says, “That’s what did it.”

It clicks. “The picture I sent you? That’s what got you hard?”

“You’re very attractive,” Cas says quietly.

Dean knocks back the rest of his beer and stands up. “Bedroom.” Cas doesn’t move right away so Dean just turns away and starts walking there on his own. “I’ll start without you,” he calls teasingly over his shoulder. He grabs his bag and has just made it into Cas’s bedroom when he hears him coming behind him. Dean turns to face him when he walks in and takes a second to think about just how attracted he is to Cas. “I want you so bad right now,” Dean says, not caring that it makes him sound desperate or whiny.

Cas whimpers softly and makes his way over to him. They crash their lips together, both of them desperate and messy with it. Their hands roam each other’s bodies hungrily, pulling each other in closer, pressing up against one another. In seconds, Cas’s teeth are nibbling at Dean’s ear, then his lips trail like fire down the side of his face and latch on to his neck. Dean feels his dick grow impossibly harder in his pants and whines a little bit. “Gotta get these pants off,” Dean says, painfully
uncomfortable. He reaches down to undo his fly but Cas bats his hands away and does it himself.

Cas’s fingers brushing against the denim of Dean’s jeans is enough to make his hips jolt forward, absolutely desperate for friction already. “Shhh,” Cas soothes him. “Easy.”

“I can’t,” Dean says, and he’s surprised that it’s true. “I need you to fuck me, Cas. Now.”

Cas sucks in a breath and opens Dean’s pants to lessen the pressure. He takes a step back and pulls his shirt over his head, and then grips Dean’s and pulls it up and off, too. He backs Dean up and gives him a little push so that he lands on the bed, and then Cas covers his body with his own. Dean feels Cas’s lips go back to his neck, then follow the path made by his Cas’s hands all over his chest and stomach. Dean’s already writhing beneath him, begging for more with his body. Everywhere Cas touches feels like his body is on fire.

When Cas’s wet mouth closes over one of his nipples he arches off the bed, whimpering again. “Cas, fuck,” Dean whispers.

“That’s the plan,” Cas says, and his voice is low and rough like Dean likes it the most.

“Ugh, that voice,” Dean says. “So fucking hot.”

“Mmm,” Cas moans, his teeth pulling at the hardened nipple in his mouth. He rolls the other one in his fingertips, and Dean groans at the combination of pleasure/pain.

“Seriously, Cas. I need my jeans off, it hurts,” Dean says, panting.

“So impatient,” Cas says, teasing him, but he backs away and pulls off Dean’s boxers and his jeans all at once, eyes trained on Dean’s bobbing erection as it’s finally freed from his jeans. He looks like he wants to swallow it whole, and Dean has to take a deep breath to calm himself. Cas maintains eye contact as he flips the button of his pants open and then pulls his own pants and boxers down, and now they’re both gloriously naked and more excited because of it.

Dean’s cock is leaking heavily against his stomach already, and he sees the glint of precome on Cas, too. Dean spreads his legs deliberately, hoping Cas will get a fucking move on. He wants that cock in him yesterday. Dean’s surprised when Cas grabs his ankles and pushes them up, planting his feet on the bed, exposing his pink pucker. Cas licks his lips once, and then pushes his upper thighs up and dives in between his legs. At first Dean thinks he’s going for his cock, but then he feels Cas’s hot, wet tongue swipe along his asshole and he lets out a little yelp of surprise.

Dean’s never been eaten out before. He’s never been with anybody who was interested in trying it, but he can tell just by that one lick that it’s going to be as amazing as he always thought it would be. Dean can feel Cas’s tongue circle his hole, and it’s fucking hot, sending little sparks of pleasure all throughout his body and directly to his dick, which is leaking even more now. Then he straightens out his tongue and starts pushing into him, loosening up the outer ring of muscle. When he’s loose enough so that Cas’s tongue spears right into his centre, his hips come up off the bed again and again, and he lets out a howl of pleasure. Cas’s hands find Dean’s, and he gets him to hold his legs up himself, and then Cas spreads his asscheeks and just plunges into his ass with his mouth. He goes from sucking, to nipping, from licking, and spearing him with his tongue, and Dean is absolutely wrecked. Hearing Cas lap at him like this, making wet and dirty sounds, clearly enjoying himself as much as Dean is so erotic he can barely stand it. He starts letting out these needy little whining noises, but soon he’s actually moaning and groaning, and when he feels the vibration of Cas’s deep voice against his hole and finally opens his eyes to see Cas’s face all but buried in his ass he thinks he might actually come.
“Cas!” he warns. “Cas, stop,” he begs.

Cas pulls away and wipes his mouth on the back of his hand. “Didn’t seem like you wanted me to stop,” Cas says cockily.

“Holy fuck, Cas,” Dean pants. “You were gonna make me come like that.”

Cas’s eyes go measurably darker. “Another time,” he promises, and Dean nods his agreement, heart thudding in his chest.

“I want you to fuck me,” Dean begs. “Want you so bad.”

Cas reaches for the lube from his nightstand, and flips the top. He spreads it on to his fingers and braces himself over Dean’s body with one arm, the other one between his legs, teasing him. “Come on, Cas,” Dean whines.

“One of these days we’re going to manage to take our time,” Cas promises, “and I’m going to take you apart piece by piece.”

Dean whines again, shameless with his want, and finally Cas doesn’t hesitate anymore. One finger slides smoothly and easily in, buried to the second knuckle, eased by the lube and how much Cas opened him up with his mouth. And fuck that’s a hot thought.

“Dean? Touch me. Please,” Cas asks, and that’s when Dean notices his hands are fisted in the sheets beside him. He hasn’t touched him even once. The first thing he does is pull his lips down to his own, burying his fingers in his hair, and opening his mouth for him. He can taste himself on Cas’s tongue and moans.

Cas chuckles against his lips and pulls away to say, “You taste good, don’t you?” And all Dean can do is nod in response. “I knew you would,” Cas tells him. “Everything about you is perfect. God Dean, you look amazing under me like this.”

Dean blushes from the compliment and finds he can’t form words anymore. He’s gone. He’s lost in his overwhelming pleasure and wild with his need. He just whimpers and whines more, telling Cas how good he feels the only way he can, with the sounds he makes and the way his body responds to every touch. He presses up to meet Cas’s lips again, and Cas indulges him, kissing him long and hard and it’s exactly what Dean needs.

Cas’s finger slides out and then pushes back in with a second finger added, and Dean has to break the kiss to bask in the sensation. The minute his head is thrown back, Cas’s teeth scrape along the hard line of his jaw, his fingers inside of him scissoring him open. It’s been years since somebody has stretched him open like this, and Dean savours it at the same time he recklessly wants more. He lets his hands trail down Cas’s shoulders and to his back, and desire blooms hot and fast in his stomach when he feels Cas’s muscles rippling under his hands.

“So fucking hot, Cas. Your body. Unbelievable,” Dean pants, finally able to talk again. Dean feels Cas’s lips latch on to his collar bone, and his body keens under him when he feels him suck a mark there. He runs his tongue over the blooming bruise and plants a soft kiss there, like an apology, before he finally adds his third finger.

It burns. But it burns so good, and in the best way, and Dean loves every second of it, and moans long and deep as the pain crosses the line to pleasure.

“You’re amazing,” Cas praises him, planing several soft kisses across his chest. “Opening up for me so beautifully, Dean.”
“Want you,” Dean gasps, losing himself in the feeling of being fucked by Cas’s fingers. It’s so good, but it isn’t enough. He pushes his hips down as Cas’s fingers push up, forcing him in deeper and Cas crooks his fingers the tiniest bit so that he just brushes over his prostate. The sound that comes out of Dean can only be described as choked sob.

“Shhhh,” Cas soothes him again, moving back up to kiss him softly, in direct contrast to how he plunges his fingers against his prostate the second time.

“Please,” Dean begs him, eyes closed. “I’m ready.”

He feels Cas’s lips curve against his and knows he’s smiling at him. “Almost. Need you really loose so I can fuck you hard,” Cas says, and Dean can feel another bead of precome leak out of him. He’s never been so desperate for anybody or anything in his life. All he can do is keep touching Cas’s body, taking as much pleasure from touching him as he’s getting from being touched. His fingers dig into Cas’s back, constantly urging him closer, and their bodies slide together aided by the sweat they’re both coated in.

Cas presses his forehead to Dean’s and pulls his fingers out, kissing him again when Dean begins to protest. Cas pulls his body away enough to grab the lube again. “Would you like me to use a condom, Dean?”

“No,” Dean croaks out immediately. “Just me and you.”

There’s a soft smile that comes to Cas’s face, and then it’s swept away by pleasure when he spreads the lubrication over his flushed cock. “How close are you?” Cas asks.

“On the fucking edge, Cas,” Dean admits through gritted teeth, though some of that has waned since Cas pulled out his fingers.

Cas’s smile is confident and cocky, and one he hasn’t seen since the last time they were in bed together. “This is going to be hard and fast, but I’m going to make it so good for you,” Cas promises. “Already is. Now get down here,” Dean says, hips coming off the bed to thrust into nothing just because he can’t possibly hold still any longer.

Cas settles himself between Dean’s legs which spread open further, and then Dean can feel his cock nudging against his hole. “I have never wanted anything the way I want this,” Cas says, voice low and deep, eyes shining with honesty and want.

Dean swallows, but before he can even start to say something in return - to say what he knows he should really say right now - Cas is pushing into him, stretching past the ring of muscle at his entrance, and then sinking into him steadily. Dean can feel his muscles stretching, straining against the girth of Cas’s cock, opening for him bit by bit until Cas’s balls are pressed firmly against his ass.

His eyes are slammed shut, fighting against the pain and waiting for the pleasure he knows is coming.

“Even better than I hoped,” Cas says, and Dean opens his eyes to see him smiling down at him. “You feel incredible, Dean.”

Dean leans up again, needing to kiss him, and Cas cups his face gently before giving him what he wants. Dean relaxes, melts into it, and then pulls away to say, “I’m good. You can move.”

Dean doesn’t need to tell him twice. Cas pulls out slowly, and then sinks right back in, smooth and steady, pushing a gasp out of them both. He begins to set a slow and steady pace, easing them both
into it a little bit at a time, increasing the pressure a little tiny bit with each thrust. It’s driving Dean mad. The promise of more but inching towards it. He feels like this orgasm has been building inside him for days, and now that he knows how close he is to the end, he wants it more than ever.

He grabs ahold of the back of his legs, and feels Cas sink even deeper inside of him, and a breath of air is punched out of him as Cas hits his prostate again. “Oh fuck, yes,” Dean pants. Cas thrusts in again the same way, and even knowing it’s coming, the pleasure is still shocking. “Ah God, you feel so good, Cas.” He lets his legs wrap around Cas, and Cas drops forward to blanket Dean’s body with his own.

Cas captures his lips again, and they kiss and kiss, wet, messy, half broken off by gasps and groans, mouths taking turns hanging open in bliss, but they don’t stop. They move together like they’ve been doing it forever, in sync with one another and easy with the give and take of pleasure. Dean can feel his orgasm building. He can feel it burning in his gut, coiling to the boiling point.

“Cas,” he gasps. “Cas, I’m so close, God.”

Cas angles his hips and thrusts up, assaulting his prostate again, and increasing the pace of his thrusts. “I want you to scream my name,” Cas tells him.

“Harder,” Dean gasps. Cas increases his thrusting even faster, but doesn’t get any rougher. “Come on Cas, I wanna feel you,” Dean begs.

Cas kisses him gently before he buries his face in his neck. “I won’t hurt you,” he murmurs and Dean feels something inside of him soften. He grabs a hold of Cas’s ass, squeezing the tight globes in his hands, pulling him in and hearing his sexy voice groan into his skin.

“Dean,” he whimpers.

“Fuck Cas,” Dean says, feeling his balls tightening, knowing he’s about to come any second. “Keep going. Keep going, I’m gonna… oh fuck, Cas!”

Dean explodes, shooting his release hard and fast between their bodies, chanting Cas’s name as he works his way through his orgasm. He feels Cas’s hips stutter, hears Cas choke out his name, and then he can feel him come inside of him, barely seconds after Dean. Dean wraps his arms around him and pulls him close, kissing the side of his face and his shoulder and neck, anywhere he can reach. He strokes his hands up and down his back, soothing them both as they come down from their orgasms and Cas collapses on top of him.

They’re silent while they both work to catch their breath, and Dean hopes Cas feels even half as blissed out as he does right now. When Cas goes to move away, Dean holds him tighter and makes a sound of protest in his throat. “I need to clean us up before we fall asleep like this,” Cas says, and Dean can’t believe how raspy his voice is. Dean reluctantly loosens his hold on him and Cas kisses him on his temple before he pulls out and walks away.

Dean only has a minute to think about how unbelievable the sex was again before Cas comes back and cleans him up gently with a cloth, reminding him of how he did the exact same thing the first time they were together. “Thanks, Cas,” Dean says, gently. The air is heavy between them. He doesn’t know what it is or how it got that way, but it is, and he’s uncomfortable with it. “You’re so good to me,” he says lightly.

Cas smiles, and leaves the cloth on the floor before he climbs back into bed and settles his head on Dean’s chest, arm wrapped around his stomach, one leg thrown between his. This is comfortable, and easy, and this is so, so good.
Dean kisses the top of his head. “We rock at sex,” he says.

Dean can feel Cas’s laugh against him. “I can’t disagree. There aren’t even words.”

They’re quiet for a little while, just enjoying being together, until Dean asks, “What time do you gotta be up tomorrow?”

“I usually wake up around 7:20. You don’t have to wake up though, you can stay here and sleep in as long as you want.”

Dean’s torn between waking up early on one of his only mornings off and waking up to have morning sex. “I want morning sex,” Dean says, and it even sounds like a pout to him.

Cas chuckles. “I’ll set my alarm for 7, but you only get twenty minutes.”

“I don’t think that’ll be a problem,” Dean says around a yawn.

Cas rolls over just long enough to turn off the light and set his alarm, and Dean rolls on to his side, and waits for Cas to curl up against him. Cas plants a gentle kiss between his shoulder blades and says, “Goodnight, Dean.”

Dean can’t stop the dopey smile from spreading across his face, and since Cas can’t see him, he doesn’t have to. “Night, Cas.”

This time, they both fall asleep easily.

Chapter End Notes

I hope that was hot for you reading it as it was for me writing it! Sheesh! I need a cold shower! :P
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Castiel wakes up to the sound of his alarm, as usual. What’s not usual is the arm wrapped around his waist, the face plastered to the back of his neck, and the fact that he’s naked. He reaches to stop the alarm, and the minute he moves, Dean snuggles in closer. Castiel can’t help but feel all warm and fuzzy, knowing that Dean’s a cuddler in his sleep. It’s adorable.

He rolls so that he’s facing him, and remembers Dean’s request for morning sex. He considers his options. Dean really looks so peaceful in his sleep. Face handsome and innocent looking, the hard angles of his face somehow softer in sleep, his short hair sticking up in some places and pressed flat to his head in others. It’s when Castiel focuses on his plump lips that the decision is made for him.

He reaches down between them and gently strokes Dean’s already semi-hard penis to full hardness. He takes this opportunity to watch Dean’s face as he pleasures him. Dean lets out a soft sigh before his eyelids flutter open, and a small smile drifts across his face. He scoots closer, pressing his lips to the side of Castiel’s face, then down to his chin and his neck after Castiel bares it to him. Dean moans his pleasure against his neck, and Castiel feels himself grow harder.

“Morning sex,” Dean mumbles happily between kisses.

“I couldn’t resist you,” Castiel answers quietly.

“Good,” Dean breathes.

This is different than last night. This is soft, and lazy, and quiet. Dean’s hand dips down to wrap around Castiel’s erection, and they thrust into each other’s hands while they take turns covering each other in open mouthed kisses. Castiel feels his orgasm building, and reaches for the lube to help them along. Once he squirts some in his hand, he pushes Dean’s hand away and takes both of their cocks into his hand, pressing them together, and jerking them at the same time.

“God, Cas,” Dean groans, and Castiel has to agree. This is divine. Castiel swipes his thumb across Dean’s slit, and then his own, and Dean’s breath hitches. Dean adds his hand, and matches Castiel’s slow and easy pace, and soon they’re both fucking up together into their clasped hands, panting and groaning.

Castiel has felt his orgasm building, but it takes him by surprise when he’s suddenly pushed over the edge by one particularly hard tug of Dean’s hand. He fights the urge to close his eyes, and instead makes eye contact with Dean, watching as Dean’s jaw drops open when Castiel spills all over their hands. “Oh, shit,” Dean breathes, and then Castiel watches his face contort with pleasure as he falls apart, and feels his body jerk as he follows him over the edge, adding to the mess between them.

Castiel can see Dean’s entire body go lax, and has to resist every urge he has to curl up next to him to go back to sleep. Instead, he reaches for the cloth from last night, cold now but still damp enough to clean Dean up. Dean flinches as it hits his skin and Castiel apologizes with a kiss to his clean stomach.

“Go back to sleep,” Castiel urges him, kissing him on the cheek and slipping out the bed before he changes his mind and stays.

“Mmmkay,” Dean murmurs, and Castiel chuckles, knowing he’s already mostly asleep.
Castiel grabs the first shirt and pants he feels in his dresser drawers, and goes across the hallway to use the main bathroom so he doesn’t disturb Dean. When he’s showered, dressed, and ready to leave the house, he writes out a little note and walks into his room to leave it on the bedside table where Dean will see it. Castiel was not prepared to see Dean in his bed, wrapped in his blankets, looking so comfortable and like he could belong here. He feels a warmth spread inside of him at the sight, and selfishly pulls out his phone to take a picture. He can’t resist leaning in to brush one more kiss to the top of Dean’s head before he leaves.

Even though Castiel knows Dean won’t be at Twiggs today, he still wants that coffee, so he stops in anyway. It’s probably all in his head but it just doesn’t feel the same without Dean there. He waits in the lineup as he’s now accustomed to, and when he gets to the front he sees the young man who has been there helping Dean the last two days. Recognition flares in the man’s eyes.

“Hey! You’re Dean’s boyfriend, aren’t you?”

Castiel doesn’t know how to respond. Is he Dean’s boyfriend? “Something like that,” Castiel settles on.

“I’m Kevin, nice to meet ya,” he smiles widely. “What can I get for you?”

Shit. “Actually, I’m not sure what blend Dean’s been giving me the last two days, he just chose it for me.”

“He usually goes for the house blend when people don’t know what they want,” Kevin says wisely. “Wanna give it a try?”

“I’m sure that will be fine. I’ll have a blueberry muffin too, please.”

“How do you take your coffee?” Kevin asks as he grabs the muffin, working around another young lady filling orders beside him.

“Lots of cream and sugar,” Castiel smiles at him.

“You got it, man,” Kevin answers, and he busies himself with getting his order ready. Castiel pulls out his wallet and Kevin shakes his head. “You don’t pay here.”

“I’d appreciate it if you let me pay for my breakfast,” Castiel tries.

“No can do,” Kevin says happily. “Dean would kick my ass if I let you pay. You wanna get me fired?”

Castiel wavers. “Of course not.” He thinks for a second and then says, “Thank you Kevin, have a nice day.”

“See ya later, man!”

Castiel turns to the customer beside him and slides a ten dollar bill on to the counter and leaves it there. “Since they won’t accept my money here, please have your order on me this morning,” Castiel says with a smile, sends one more smile Kevin’s way, and leaves with his breakfast feeling like he just got one over on Dean, and enjoying the feeling quite a bit.
When Dean wakes up for the second time that morning, he has a moment where he doesn’t know where he is, but then the first thing he smells is a mixture of Cas and sex, and it all comes back to him. He’s at Cas’s place. He rolls over on to his back and indulges in a bit of a stretch, then runs his hands down his face to wake up a little bit more. He throws the blankets off of himself, and oh yah, he’s still naked, he realizes with a chuckle. He’s about to get out of bed when he sees a note stuck to the bedside table.

Good morning, Dean. I hope you slept well and took advantage of being able to sleep in. You don’t know how much I wish I could have stayed. Feel free to use the fancy shower I know you like so much, and I left a few pancakes I made for you in the fridge (sorry I didn’t have time for bacon). Please set the alarm by pressing the ARM button whenever you’re ready to leave. PS. I had a really good time last night… and this morning. Castiel

Dean chuckles at Cas signing his full name to a little note he left him in his own house, but the whole thing was freakin’ adorable. Plus, pancakes in the fridge? He is one lucky son of a bitch. He checks the time on his watch and realizes he only has a half hour to get to work, which fucking sucks because he was planning on spending that long standing under three shower heads just because he could. Ah well, another time. He’s pretty sure he’ll be invited back, after all.

Twenty-five minutes later, still chewing on the dry but delicious pancake he brought with him from Cas’s house, he walks into his store through the back door. The first two hours today are for paperwork, and the second two are to help cover the after work rush. Another great part of being the boss and having such loyal and trust-worthy employees is that he doesn’t have to work all day every day, he trusts the people he’s left in charge and he just fills in when he needs to. It wasn’t always like that, of course. For the first few years he barely had any employees and time off was only a dream. Now he only works when he wants to, and it’s a luxury he never thought he’d have but always hoped for.

Before he settles into work at his desk, he pops his head around the corner and checks to make sure everything’s going smoothly. There’s that new girl they just hired a few weeks ago at the cash register, and Dean spots Kevin chopping more fruit. He wanders over and grabs a knife to help him out while they shoot the shit.

“Hey man,” Dean says to Kevin. “Everything go okay this morning?”

Kevin just gives him a look. “Crowley didn’t have my stuff ready on time again, so Michelle was kind of dealing on her own until I got here. But she had the store pretty much ready to go, so I was impressed with that.” Dean nods, also impressed. “I swear, Crowley knows when you’re not going to be here. That’s the only time he ever doesn’t have the cart ready. Do you give him a copy of your schedule or something?”

Dean just glares at him. “Right. Me and Crowley are best friends, didn’t you know?” Kevin laughs, knowing it’s not true. “It’s just gotta be coincidence.”

“Anyway, it had me in a bit of a mood until your boyfriend showed up,” Kevin says with an eyebrow wiggle.

“My what?” Dean says, shocked by the term.

“Whatshisface. The tall guy you’ve been kissing all week? Him.”

“Cas came here this morning?” Dean asks.
“Shit, did you guys break up or something?”

“What? No! We’re not even together. We’ve been on two dates, man. He’s not my boyfriend,” Dean says again. “But uh, I stayed at his place last night, so I didn’t think he’d come here knowing I wasn’t working.”

Kevin perks up but all he says is, “Guess his your coffee as much as he likes your love stick.”

Dean spits out a laugh. “My love stick, dude, seriously?” Kevin shrugs, unashamed. Dean hates himself for sounding like a twelve year old girl but he asks anyway. “Did he say anything about me?”

Kevin presses his lips tight together like he’s trying not to laugh, but a second later he says, “No, not really. He freaked out about me calling him your boyfriend almost as much as you did,” Kevin laughs and Dean interrupts enough to say “You fucker!” but Kevin keeps talking, “and he didn’t know what kind of coffee you give him. House blend?” he checks and Dean nods. “Good. He got a muffin and tried to pay, but I wouldn’t let him.”

“Sneaky bastard,” Dean says.

“He is! He left a ten dollar bill on the counter and asked the customer behind him in line to use his money to treat herself since nobody here would take it from him.”

Dean’s stopped chopping to look at Kevin, trying to see if he’s serious or bullshitting him. He can’t tell. “You’re shitting me,” he says.

“I’m not. It was Karen who took it. Paid for her coffee and passed on the change to the person behind her. It was actually kinda cool,” Kevin nods. “He seems like a good guy.”

“He is. He’s great,” Dean says honestly. “Anything else need my attention out here or can I balance the books for a while?”

“You’re good. Running low on some stuff but I marked it on the list. I’ll come get you before I leave,” Kevin says.

“Or if you need anything,” Dean offers.

“Yah, yah, boss, go away so I can slack without you breathing down my neck,” Kevin jokes.

“I’d have to bend at the waist to breathe down your neck you’re so short,” Dean calls over his shoulder as he walks away.

“Ha ha. Making fun of an Asian for being short. Never heard that before!” Kevin yells back at him and Dean’s still smiling when he settles in at his desk.

Before he gets down to it though, he opens up his phone to text Cas.

**Dean:** I heard you caused another scene at my store this morning. I’m gonna have to keep my eye on you, trouble maker. PS. Thanks for the pancakes. They were fucking awesome!

Dean knows Cas is teaching right now, so he puts his phone on his desk and gets to work. It’s almost an hour later when it buzzes at him, letting him know he has a text.

**Cas:** I did nothing of the sort. Unless you count random acts of kindness as making a scene? PS. You’re welcome :)}
Dean: You’re a snarky son of a bitch sometimes. I like it! I hope you’re not too tired today after we stayed up late last night.

Cas: Not at all. Actually, I’m feeling more relaxed and satisfied than I have in a long time. I wonder why that is…

Dean: You softie.

Dean: (I had a good time last night and this morning, too.)

Cas: I know ;)

Dean laughs and pauses before he sends his next text. He doesn’t wanna be too needy, but he also needs to know.

Dean: When can I see you again?

Cas: Whenever you want.

Now is probably too soon, right? Dean thinks to himself. Instead, he plays it safe.

Dean: You wanna come hang out tomorrow night? Sammy’ll probably be around. We can just order in and watch a movie or something?

Cas: I’d love to.

Dean: Awesome. I gotta get back to work but I’ll talk to you again later :)

Dean waits but he doesn’t get a response, so he shrugs and goes back to work. It’s a little while later when his phone buzzes again.

Sam: Do you have something you’d like to share with the class, Dean?

Dean makes a face at the screen.

Dean: Wtf is that supposed to mean???

Sam: You didn’t come home last night. You could have been abducted by aliens and I’d never know.

Dean: Maybe this is an alien texting you right now?

Sam: Shut up, jerk. Where were you?

Dean: You shut up. I was at Cas’s (where the fuck does the apostrophe thing go in Cas’s name? That looks stupid.), where else would I be?

Sam: Looks weird, but it’s right. Or you can say Cas’ with no other s at the end. Your choice. So you actually stayed over at his house again? Is it getting serious?

Dean: Don’t be stupid. How can it be serious when I’ve only known him five days?

Sam: Do you have a calendar you’re marking days off with hearts or something?
Dean: Screw you

Sam: Are you coming home tonight?

Dean: None of your business

Dean: yes.

Sam: I’ll make stir fry, come over whenever.

Dean: No mushrooms! See ya.

Some time later, Dean’s just about finished checking Twiggs’ social media accounts and answering anything that needs answered when Kevin comes in. “Bout to take off, if you’re almost ready to help out there?”

Dean closes his laptop. “Yep, I’m done. I’ll see you tomorrow,” he tells Kevin as he goes to join Michelle at the front of the store. In the first and only lull, he mentions to her that Kevin told him how well she did this morning, and that he’s happy with her hard work. She blushes and seems pleased with the compliment, and thankfully they don’t have to talk much after that because of the customers.

He and Michelle both take off when the evening shift workers come in, and he’s thankful for the short shift because he feels like he hasn’t sat down and relaxed in his own house for days, even though it hasn’t even been 24 hours. He just likes being at home. He sinks into his chair and allows himself twenty minutes of doing nothing before he goes next door to see Sam.

Chapter End Notes

I broke the one character POV per chapter streak I had going on. Hope you guys don't mind!
Thursday morning, Castiel makes his now daily stop at Twiggs, and is surprised when he doesn’t see Dean behind the counter again. When he gets to the cash register, Kevin says, “Hey! Cas, right?”

“Castiel,” he corrects, “but Cas is fine,” he smiles.

“Coffee?” Kevin asks.

“Please.”

“Dean’s just in the back if you want me to go get him for you?” Kevin asks.

Castiel hesitates. “No, that’s okay. I’m sure he’s busy.”

“I really don’t think he’d mind. I’m guessing by the way he babbles about you all the time that he’d probably want to see you.”

Castiel wishes he could will the blush spreading across his face away, but instead he just shakes his head. “I’m going to see him later anyway, but I appreciate the offer.”

Castiel opens his wallet and stands there waiting for a total, but Kevin just hands him his coffee, smiles at him broadly and says, “Have a nice day!”

Castiel gives him a tight smile and leaves another ten-dollar bill on the counter, same as yesterday, and walks out of the store and back to his car. He’s just reached the parking lot when he hears, “You think I’m gonna let you keep getting away with that?” from behind him.

Having recognized the voice as Dean’s, he places his hot coffee cup on top of the car, and keeps a determinedly straight face when he turns around. “I’m afraid I’m not sure what you’re alluding to.”

Dean points his finger at him. “Nuh-uh. Don’t think talking all smart and looking fuckable in your teacher clothes is gonna get you outta this.”

“What if I put my glasses on?” Castiel teases.

Dean drops his hand. “Do you have them?”

Castiel laughs. “I’m not putting them on just to feed your teacher kink. And I didn’t do anything wrong. I just paid for somebody’s coffee out of the kindness of my heart.”

“You’re dropping more money in my store by doing this than you would if I let you pay for your stuff!” Castiel just smiles at him, waiting for the moment when he figures it out. It only takes a split second before he says, “You son of a bitch. That was your plan all along! You think I’m going to feel bad for taking so much of your money that I’ll give in and let you buy your own damn coffee!”

Castiel can’t keep the smirk off of his face. “Did it work?”
Dean stares at him for a minute, clearly trying to think his way out of this. “What if we make a deal?”

Castiel leans back against his car. “I’m listening.”

“If I’m at the cash register when you come in, you don’t pay. But if it’s Kevin or anybody else, you pay.”

“I agree, but only under the terms that you don’t stand at the cash register every day until I get there just so you can serve me,” Castiel insists.

“Aw, you think I’d be sneaky like that, Cas?” Dean smirks back at him.

“Yes, I do,” Castiel replies honestly.

Dean places both hands over his heart in mock pain. “I’m hurt!” he exclaims.

Castiel makes it a point to check the time on his phone in his pocket. “If you hurry up, I have just enough time to make you feel better before I have to leave for work.” Dean’s eyebrows shoot up in surprise. “I meant with a kiss,” Castiel clarifies, laughing.

“I’ll take what I can get,” Dean says, smiling, and softening with it. He takes a few steps towards Castiel, and boxes him in with his arms, then presses his body flush against Castiel’s. Instantly, Castiel is brought back to all of the other times their bodies have been pressed together like this, all of them without clothes between them. Castiel wraps his arms around Dean’s neck and pulls him in until their mouths meet. There’s barely a brush of lips before both of their mouths are open, tongues sliding alongside each other. Castiel has to fight the urge to rut against him, and when he feels Dean’s hips move the tiniest bit, he drops his hands to his hips to hold him still so he can keep kissing him.

Finally, minutes or hours or days later, they break apart, breathing hard and feeling a mix of embarrassment, arousal, and amusement. “Better?” Castiel checks.

Dean looks utterly adorable when he says, “Better than what?”

Castiel gives him a little shove to get him off of him, and laughs, “The hurt I was kissing better.”

Dean’s eyes are sparkling with mischief when he says, “Oh yah, I forgot.” He looks down at the front of his pants where Castiel can spot his growing erection and says, “I have a whole new problem now, though.”

“You’re not the only one!”

“At least you get a ten-minute drive to calm down, I have to go right back in there. And Kevin already knows I ran out here to see you. He’s never gonna let me live it down if I walk back in there with a tent in my pants.”

“Think of unsexy things. Surely this can’t be the first time you’ve had to talk yourself down,” Castiel says, still battling down his own arousal and amusement with two grown men having this conversation in a parking lot before eight o’clock in the morning.

“You gotta leave then. You standing there looking like that is not helping.”
Somehow, hearing Dean say that he’s sexy even though he didn’t really say it, has Castiel fighting a new wave of desire. He can’t resist leaning in one more time, and kissing him a little harder and dirtier than he should, but then he lets go, grabs his coffee, and quickly slides into his car, leaving Dean standing there looking like he’s seeing stars. He turns the car on and rolls the window down. He smiles at him with affection and says, “I’ll see you tonight.”

“If you don’t kill me first,” Dean quips and Castiel grins again before he rolls the window back up and backs out of his parking spot. He isn’t surprised when he’s still grinning when he walks into his office.

Dean walks back into work slowly, thinking about anything but Cas, and is relieved when he looks down and sees that the situation in his pants is no longer critical. Dean walks in the front door and nods his hello to a few customers as he passes by the line-up and then walks straight back to his office. Kevin is there in seconds.

“How nice quickie in Cas’s car?” Kevin asks.

“Bite me.”

“Don’t think I didn’t see that hickey on your neck. Looks like somebody already did.”

Dean hates the blush that blooms on his face. “Do you not have any work to do out there, Kevin? Need me to find something for you?”

Kevin laughs. “Don’t be a dick. You’d bust my balls if I was you.”

“Yah but I’m the boss. I get to do whatever I want,” Dean smirks. “Which reminds me, from now on when you take Cas’s order, he pays.”

“He won that one, huh?”

“We made a deal,” Dean tells him.

“A sexy deal?” Kevin asks, obviously joking.

“That’s it, get out,” Dean says and Kevin leaves, laughter trailing behind him.

Castiel makes it until lunch time without texting Dean.

Castiel: What time should I come over?

Dean: I’m off at two today. You can come by whenever, I’ll be home.

Castiel: Should I bring an overnight bag?

Dean: Unless you want to wear the same clothes to work tomorrow, I would ;)
By the time Castiel is done with a few students, goes home, changes, packs his bag for tonight and gets to Dean’s house, it’s just after 4:00. Castiel parks in the drive way, and takes in the duplex. It’s nice. Looks big from the outside, but not overly so. He absolutely loves the natural brick exterior, and takes a minute to admire the small garden along the front of the house leading to the steps to the front door. He wouldn’t have pegged Dean for a garden kind of guy. He’ll have to ask him.

Castiel knocks on the door and is smiling in anticipation when it opens. Dean’s wearing sweat pants that hang dangerously low on his hips and an old tshirt, loose but somehow still clinging to his broad shoulders and hugging his frame.

“Hey,” Dean greets him happily.

“Wish I’d known it was dress down day,” Castiel jokes.

Dean shrugs as he steps away from the door to let Castiel inside. “Was feelin’ lazy.”

“Lazy looks good on you,” Castiel flirts.

The next thing he knows, Dean has him pressed up against the door, hands everywhere all at once, and instantly Castiel is brought right back to how incredibly turned on he was early this morning with Dean pressed against him a hell of a lot like this. Castiel’s duffle bag drops to the floor with a thump when Dean's mouth nibbles and bites a hot trail down Castiel’s neck, and Castiel can feel his cock thickening in his pants quicker than it has in years.

“God, Cas, been thinking about you all day,” Dean growls into his neck. Dean pulls away enough to look at Castiel in the eyes, searching for permission. Castiel is surprised to see his pupils already dilated with want. Dean rubs his hand along the back of his neck in a gesture that leads Castiel to believe Dean is feeling nervous. “Sam’s gonna be home in a half an hour, but before he gets here, I just need…” Dean trails off, obviously embarrassed.

“I’ve been trying not to think about this all day, too, Dean,” Castiel says, purposely lowering his voice. He gets the reaction from Dean he wanted. Dean’s breath hitches and his hips press forward into Castiel’s. Castiel presses up against him, grabbing his hips to pull him in again, starting a rough and hard rhythm of rutting against each other as their lips crash together again. It takes no time at all for Castiel to completely lose himself in Dean. If it wasn’t for the hard door at his back, he would have no idea where they are, just that Dean is touching him and wanting him just as badly as he’s been wanting him all day and it's everything he hoped for and more.

Castiel whines happily when Dean’s hands flip open the button of his jeans and he hears the sound of his zipper being lowered. He’s expecting Dean to slither his hand into the waistband of his pants and take him into his hand, but instead, he drops to his knees and tugs until his pants come down. Dean looks up at Castiel and Castiel can see those bright green eyes shining at him when he presses his palm to the hard outline of his cock through his boxers.

“Fuck,” Castiel hisses, head falling back against the door. Then his boxers are pulled down, too, and Dean holds them open at the bottom so Castiel can step out of them and then kick them to the side. Castiel gets one more flash of his eyes and a teasing flick of Dean’s tongue across his plump lips before Dean takes his cock in his hand to steady it and-swipes his blunt tongue across the slit. “Jesus Christ,” Castiel gasps.

Dean wastes no time. He takes Castiel’s significant length all the way into his mouth, and slides his hands around so that he takes Castiel’s asscheeks in his hands. He flicks his eyes up to Castiel’s once
again, and pulls him into his mouth. Castiel gets it. Dean wants him to fuck into his mouth. He remembers how whiney and desperate Dean got while he was sucking him off in the shower, and he buries his hands in Dean’s hair when he remembers Dean asking for this. Dean rewards him by moaning around his dick, and the vibration feels so unbelievably good that Castiel can’t help moan back.

Castiel fucks into Dean’s mouth greedily. They don’t have a lot of time, and honestly, he’s never going to last like this anyway. Dean’s mouth is hot, and wet, and perfect. Each time Dean wraps his lips around his cock and sucks while looking Castiel in the eye he thinks he’s going to come just watching. Just when Castiel has decided to give in and chase his orgasm, Dean stills his hips. Castiel can’t help but whimper, but that’s quickly turned into a desperate sound of pleasure as Dean pulls him all the way into his throat, and he feels the flutter of muscles swallow around him. Dean can only do it once before he gags and pulls off to draw in air, but he sucks him right back down and does it a second time.

Castiel’s hands clench in his hair, pulling tight and Dean moans again. “Fuck, I’m going to come, Dean. Your fucking mouth,” Castiel pants. “So, so good, Dean.” Dean groans again and bobs his head up and down quickly a few times before sliding his mouth all the way down again, and when the head of Castiel’s cock hits the back of his throat a third time, he comes with a broken cry of ecstasy, selfishly holding Dean in place even as he gags around him.

When Dean’s done sucking him dry, Castiel feels his knees weaken and he drops to the floor, still braced against the door. “God. Fuck, I’m sorry, Dean. I was rough,” Castiel pants, forcing his eyes open to focus on Dean.

Dean’s pink in the face, his lips swollen and red, sick with spit and come, and Castiel’s heart stutters at the sight. “I like it when you shove your cock down my throat,” Dean says, and Castiel just stares at him. He’s so perfect. He’s never been so attracted to anybody in his entire life, and even though he just had a mind-blowing orgasm, he can’t get over just how arousing Dean is.

Dean gets to his feet, wincing a little and pressing his hands to his knees. Then he looks Castiel straight in the face and drops his pants. Castiel sits up straighter, ready to reciprocate but Dean just shakes his head. He wraps his hand around his cock, which Castiel can see is flushed a deep red, and says, “I’m about a minute from coming already. I’m so fucking turned on by those dirty, needy little sounds you were making, I thought I was gonna come in my pants. Now you’re gonna watch what you do to me. Okay?”

Castiel nods, his throat dry, his heart racing, his palms clammy. He can’t tear his eyes away from the sight of Dean’s cockhead forcing its way through the tight ring of his fingers. He sees precome dribble out and watches as Dean spreads it around. “Let me get you wetter,” Castiel begs, surprised with how deep his voice sounds.

Dean takes two steps forward and Castiel opens his mouth eagerly, and licks up and down his shaft, spreading as much spit and saliva as he can over it. “You taste so good,” Castiel groans, and moves to get closer.

Dean takes another step back, still stroking himself, and says, “Not as good as you. Fuck, Cas, your come shooting down my throat was so good, babe. Could suck you off over and over again and never get tired of it.”

Castiel watches as Dean’s hand increases its pace. He watches the way Dean runs his palm over the head on the upstroke, the way his hips stutter when he does it. He watches Dean’s other hand come down to fondle his balls and how he rolls them in his hand, and how he squeezes them tighter than Castiel would have dared to and how Dean's eyes all but roll into the top of his head when he does it.
Castiel takes a chance. “You like it rough, Dean?” Dean’s gasp and his hand stuttering with his strokes is enough of an answer to keep talking. “You like it when you pull just a little too hard and it hurts but feels so fucking good at the same time?”

“Yes,” Dean croaks.

“You like it when I pull your hair and when I force you to choke on my cock.”

“Yes,” Dean whines.

Castiel has never done this before, but he takes another chance for Dean. He gets on his knees in front of him, and looks him dead in the eye. “Do you want to mark me with your come, Dean?” Dean’s breath hitches in his throat and his eyes squeeze closed. “You like it a little rough, a little dirty. Make me dirty. Come on my face.”

The words are barely out of his mouth when a low growl comes out of Dean, and Castiel is caught by surprise when the first hot rope of come splashes across his cheek. Dean’s eyes fly open, and Castiel gets the chance to see Dean, jaw hung open, eyes wide, and trembling with the thrill of coming all over him. Castiel closes his eyes and opens his mouth, offering to catch some, and Dean rams his sputtering cock into his mouth, and Castiel sucks him down greedily.

“Holy fuck, Cas,” Dean cries as Castiel hollows his cheeks, anxious for every drop. “Cas,” Dean chokes one more time, the single syllable dragged out and broken on a sob. Dean pulls away and drops back to his knees, and his hands come up to hold Castiel’s head still, and then Dean’s hot tongue is licking across Castiel’s face, lapping up his own release. They both groan, and when Dean’s finally done cleaning Castiel up, they collapse on to one another on the hard tile floor and wait to catch their breath.

Castiel feels shame and embarrassment flood his system more and more as his brain cells start working again. He’s never done anything like that in his life. He’s never wanted a guy to come on him before, but he was all but begging for it a few minutes ago. What’s wrong with him? What kind of respectable person behaves like that? He hasn’t even known Dean for a week and now Dean’s going to think he’s some kind of kinky sex freak and he is nothing of the sort.

“Cas?” Dean says.

“Yes, Dean?”

“That was – that was, God, that was amazing,” Dean says, and Castiel can hear the smile in his voice.

Some of the shame is replaced with something that feels like pride. “I have never… done that before.”

“Got a facial?” Dean asks, voice a little smaller.

“If that’s what you call it?” Castiel asks, embarrassed again.

“First for me, too,” Dean says, and Castiel doesn’t know if he believes him. “Look, it was really fucking hot at the time, I’m not gonna lie. But I kinda feel like a dick now,” Dean says and he pushes up so he can look at Castiel’s face. He runs his thumb across Castiel’s cheekbone and says softly, “You have such a pretty face, Cas. Long eyelashes and pink lips and those stupidly blue eyes. I feel like an asshole for messing it up and liking it so much.” He bends down and kisses him softly.

Dean thinks he’s pretty? He voices the question. “You… think I’m pretty?”
Dean smirks. “Sorry if that offends you. We can say handsome if you want.”

“It doesn’t offend me,” Castiel answers. Dean’s looking at him with so much affection right now, like he cares about him, and somehow that makes a lot of the shame of what they just did go away. “You… like me, right? You care about me?”

“You know I do,” Dean answers easily. “Or you should, anyway.”

Castiel feels the rest of the shame melt away. “Then I don’t mind doing something that makes you feel good even if it’s a little more than I’ve been willing to do in the past. I asked you to. I wanted you to, then immediately after I thought you might think less of me because of it.”

“No,” Dean says seriously, his voice soft. “I don’t. You’re still the smart, sexy, funny, awkward, stubborn, sneaky, awesome guy you were twenty minutes ago. Now you just have a permanent spot in my highlight reel, too.”

Castiel can’t help the laugh that comes out. He bites his bottom lip trying to decide if he should say what he’s thinking. He does. “I like you,” he smiles. “I just don’t want what we have to be just like that. It’s okay sometimes, but not all the time. I like it nicer sometimes, too.”

Dean smiles warmly at him and he leans in for another soft kiss, lingering this time, running his thumb across his cheek again. “Me too, Cas.”

Castiel smiles at him, thankful that they can talk like this.

“We really gotta get up off of this floor before we scar Sam for life,” Dean says.

“Oh shit!” Castiel exclaims, jumping up and finding his pants to pull them back up, groaning over his sore muscles from laying on the floor. “We’re really too old to be laying on a hard floor,” Castiel says.

“Speak for yourself, gramps. I’m fine,” Dean jokes.

“I saw you wince when you stood up earlier, but nice try.”

Dean laughs, getting up and stepping into his sweatpants. “Dude, you really need to wash your face,” he says. “You look all sticky.”

Castiel feels his face heat up and he musters as much dignity as he can before he says, “Can you show me to the bathroom?” Dean suddenly starts laughing, and bends at the waist, bracing himself on the wall as his laughter gets louder and louder before he finally gets control of himself. “What’s so funny?” Castiel asks, laughing along with him.

“I’m the worst boyfriend ever. I didn’t even give you a tour or anything before I slammed you against the door and blew you. Fuck, I have exactly zero manners. I’m sorry, man,” Dean says, still chuckling. “Come on,” he says, grabbing his bag and leading him through the house. "I'll show you around like a decent human now.”

Castiel noticed how easily Dean just referred to himself as Castiel’s boyfriend, but even though he can’t stop smiling, he doesn’t mention it.
I did not plan on this chapter going this way, but *shrugs* there it is!

More Dean/Cas/Sam hilarity coming next chapter! Probably won't be up tomorrow, but soon! :)
Chapter 14

Dean and Cas have just barely dropped Cas’s bag in his bedroom when he hears a short knock and then hears the front door open. “Five minutes sooner and we would’ve gotten him,” Dean quips to Cas and Cas shakes his head at him.

“I’m not sure that’s the best angle to take to win your brother’s approval,” Cas replies as he follows Dean back to the living room.

“You don’t need his approval, Cas. Besides, he likes you!”

“It’s okay,” Cas says easily. “I accepted a long time ago that people generally don’t like me at first. But they tend to warm up to me over time.”

“Hey Sam?” Dean asks as they meet him in the living room.

“Yah?”

“You like Cas? You think he’s okay guy?”

Sam looks between Cas and Dean, and Cas suddenly looks like he’s wishing he could sink through the floor. “Dean,” Cas says quietly, clearly chastising him for bringing this up in front of Sam.

“He’s got questionable taste in men, but other than that he seems okay,” Sam says, smiling widely at Cas. “Good to see you again, man.”

Dean thinks Cas seems pleased by Sam’s reaction to his annoying question. “Nice to see you again, too. I apologize for Dean putting you on the spot like that.”

Sam laughs bitterly. “He’s only been doing it my entire life. Don’t worry about it. What were you guys up to before I got here?”

Dean can’t help but answer with a shit-eating grin and he can see Cas look pointedly away from Sam. Sam slams his eyes closed as if he’s trying to unsee their reactions and says, “Gross. Okay. Um, change the subject so I don’t have to dig my brain out of my skull with a spoon... Cas, how was work?”

Dean laughs and he finally plops himself into his favourite chair. Sam’s in the matching one across the room, so Cas walks over to sit in the only available seat, the reclining couch. Dean loves his chair, but he kinda hates how far away Cas is right now. Next time he gets up, he’s gonna go sit beside him, he decides. Getting up and moving now would be weird. And needy. And he’s not a chick.

“Work was good. I didn’t have to confiscate any cell phones, break up any fights, or hand out any detentions, so I consider that to be a successful day in a room full of fifteen year olds,” Cas smiles, clearly amused. “It just occurred to me that I don’t know what you do for a living, Sam.”

“I work at Hands, the Family Network,” Sam says. “I work with kids and their parents to help with behavioural issues.”
Dean can’t help but beam with pride. He watches Cas as an impressed look flashes across his face and realizes that’s the same look Cas gave him when Sam told him he owns Twiggs. But that’s stupid. Sam’s job is way more impressive than Dean’s.

“That’s an extremely admirable line of work, Sam,” Cas says genuinely. “Do you enjoy it?”

“It was challenging at first, but I’ve got a couple years under my belt now, and it’s getting easier. Every now and then a certain situation will break through my walls and the job will get to me – especially when I can’t help – but then I try to focus on the success stories. I know I can’t help everybody, ya know. Some parents don’t want to learn, and some just don’t believe in the direction I ask them to go. But I can’t force them into it.”

“Sammy’s helped a ton of people. He lets me read the letters and online reviews he gets sometimes, and he’s doing real good. Changing people’s lives.”

Cas smiles at them both, and then seems to want to change the subject and says, “Have you heard from the waitress you met at the bar last weekend?”

Dean just about falls out of his chair. “Holy shit! I can’t believe I forgot about that! Did ya call her?”

“I think you’ve been a little preoccupied with Cas here,” Sam jokes and Dean flushes. “I did call her.”

“And?” Dean says eagerly.

“We have a date Saturday afternoon. Coffee, like you suggested, Cas.”

“At my place?”

“Of course your place, Dean. Like I’d go anywhere else. You think you can reserve a table for us, make sure it isn’t all full?”

“You bet your ass I can,” Dean says. He pulls out his phone to set a reminder, because he knows he’ll forget if he doesn’t. “What time?”

“Three,” Sam answers. “I figure if it goes well we could maybe do dinner after, but no big deal if she doesn’t want to.”

“Consider it done, baby brother,” Dean smiles. He’s happy for him. He hears Cas try to hide a little snort. “What’s so funny?”

Cas shrugs. “It’s amusing to me when you call him your baby brother because he’s so much bigger than you are.”

“Please,” Dean scoffs, insulted. “He’s barely got two inches on me. All the hair just makes him look taller or somethin’.”

“Dean hates that I’m taller than he is,” Sam says conspiratorially to Cas.

“Shut up,” Dean interrupts. “Like I wanna have to shop in stores where they make clothes for giants.”

“God forbid you’d have to venture of out of Target,” Sam retorts.

He rolls his eyes at his brother, unwilling to carry on the argument.
Sam takes the opportunity to say, “You guys have been seeing a lot of each other this week, huh?” Dean and Cas both just shrug their shoulders, but Dean can’t hide his smile.

“So?” Dean says easily.

“Soooo,” Sam says, dragging out the word. “You guys officially boyfriends now? Or partners? What would you even call each other?” Sam continues, lost in thought.

Dean glares at him. “I told you this last night,” he says tightly, “We’re just getting to know each other right now.”

“Cas, have you had other relationships with guys? What did you call each other?” Sam asks, clearly not willing to let this go yet.

“I have,” Cas says, and Dean can see Cas tense up from across the room. “We called each other boyfriends.”

“Sounds sorta weird,” Sam says lightly.

“I think it’s just not something people are used to hearing,” Cas answers.

Sam nods. “Can I ask why you guys broke up?”

“Sam, what the fuck?” Dean asks, surprised. Sammy’s not usually this big of a pain in the ass to anybody except for him. “Leave him alone, dude.”

“It’s okay,” Cas answers quietly. “We were together for six years, had a beautiful house together, and two cats.” Cas smiles sadly. “Then he cheated on me with one of our best friends, and she got pregnant.”

“Holy shit,” Dean blurts out.

“Yah,” Cas laughs bitterly. “That’s why I lost so many of my friends. I couldn’t be around any of them without being looked at with pity, and it was impossible to go anywhere without seeing somebody who knew. It was a very hard time, and I finally just decided that if I had to find somewhere else to live anyway – which I did – I might as well move away from it all and start over.”

“That’s terrible,” Sam says, quietly. “I’m kinda sorry I asked.”

Cas shrugs again. “It was bound to come up sooner or later.”

“How long ago was that?” Sam asks.

“I’ve been here for almost two years now.” Cas looks right at Dean when he says, “It’s behind me. I’m happy here.”

“With my beefcake of a brother warming your bed every other night I would hope so,” Sam says cheekily, then gets up and walks over to the kitchen. Dean kicks him on the way by for good measure. He only hesitates a second and then gets up to sit beside Cas again. He doesn’t even think about it before he reaches for his hand and twines their fingers together.

“I dunno what the fuck was up with the third degree, Cas. I’m so sorry man,” Dean says quietly. “He’s never asked anybody shit like this before.”

“It’s alright,” Cas reassures him. “He’s just looking out for you. Trying to make sure I’m not jumping from one relationship to another so quickly.” Dean watches as Cas’s eyes go wide and his cheeks get
“Not that I’m under the mistaken impression that what we have between us currently is a relationship,” he says quickly.

Dean knows they aren’t in a relationship, but hearing Cas say that it isn’t makes him feel kinda funny. “We never really talked about it, but you’re not seein’ anybody else are ya?” Dean hears himself say.

“No! Of course not! I would never. I only want to be with you,” Cas answers, and then closes his eyes. “I mean I don’t know anybody else that I’d like to be with in this way. I’m having trouble keeping my feet out of my mouth.”

Dean smirks at him and gives his hand a reassuring squeeze. “You’re doin’ just fine, Cas. I know what you mean. And I’m not seeing anybody else either. I don’t want to.”

Cas smiles at him, and Dean sees his eyes soften. Somehow, their faces are only inches apart when Cas breaths, “Good.” And then Dean can’t help but move close enough to brush his lips against Cas’s. He kisses him again, then a third time, and then he lingers, nudging their noses together and smiling between kisses.

Then he hears the distinct click of a camera phone and he pulls away to look at Sam.

“Aren’t you two adorable,” Sam says using his annoying baby-talk voice. He starts typing on his phone and Dean is up out of his seat before he’s even made the conscious decision to move.

“What are you doing?” He asks, trying to make a grab for Sam’s phone.

“Just sending this to everybody we know,” Sam says evenly, backing away and dodging Dean’s advances.

“Like hell you are! Give me that you stupid Sasquatch!” Dean makes a jump for it and misses again, and then he feels his phone vibrate in his pocket. He grabs it, and to see a message from Charlie.

Charlie: OMG DEAN!!!!

Charlie: SQUEEEEEEEE!!!!

Charlie: <3 <3 <3

Dean looks up at his brother and says, “I’m going to kill you, you fucker!”

“You can kill me all you want, the picture is already out there! Everybody knows, Dean!”

“Everybody knows what?” Cas asks from his seat on the couch. It’s then Dean remembers that Cas is here and he probably shouldn’t be chasing his brother around the house like they’re kids. Even though Sam deserves it. He walks back to sit with Cas, trying to figure out how the fuck he’s going to make this into a normal night again.

“How adorably sweet and cute my big brother is when he's around you,” Sam answers, and Dean picks up a pillow off the couch and throws it at him.

“Sam,” Dean says, trying to warn him to just shut the fuck up already.

Cas looks at Dean and smiles apologetically before he says, “Is he not usually like this?”

“Cas!” Dean says, surprised he’s seeking out information like this. Cas just smiles and looks up at
Sam for his answer.

“There’s an understatement,” Sam laughs.

“Guys, seriously,” Dean tries.

“How long were you and Lisa together? A few years, right?” Dean nods his head in general agreement, wondering where this is going. “I never saw anything more than a quick peck on the lips before one of them left the house. I don’t even remember ever seeing him hold her hand.”

“Ben was there all the time! What did you want me to do? Make out with his mom right in front of the kid? Jeeze, gimme some credit,” Dean scoffs.

Sam shakes his head, “Nope. You’re not the same, Dean. I’ve never seen him like this with anybody before.”

Dean feels his phone vibrate again and he holds it up so Cas can see.

_Jo_: _I just threw up in my mouth a little._

It goes off again… and again, and again.

_Charlie_: _WHEN CAN I MEET HIM?_

_Charlie_: _LOOK AT THE WAY YOU’RE LOOKING AT HIM!_

_Charlie_: _Dean and Cas sitting in a tree… K-I-S-S-I-N-G._

Dean hears Cas fail to muffle a laugh. He scowls at him. “You think this is funny?” He checks.

Cas looks up at Sam, who’s smirking, and back at Dean, who’s scowling. “I’m sorry,” he says, but he doesn’t sound sorry at all. “She’s funny.”

_Two can play at this game_, Dean thinks. He holds his phone to his chest and types out a quick message. A minute later Dean hears the sound of Castiel’s phone chiming in his pocket. Cas furrows his brows together and pulls it out. Dean looks over his shoulder and this time he can’t help laughing as messages start pouring in one after another in quick succession.

_Unknown Number_: _OMG CAS IT’S ME, CHARLIE!_

_Unknown Number_: _Dean gave me your number. WE’RE GOING TO BE BEST FRIENDS!_

_Unknown Number_: _You’re really hunky, btw!_

_Unknown Number_: _I can say that because I love the ladies._

_Unknown Number_: _Do you wanna get lunch tomorrow?_

_Unknown Number_: _I can tell you embarrassing Dean stories!_

“Shit,” Dean says, “I did _not_ think that all the way through.”

Cas is smiling at Dean nervously. “Does she really want to be friends with me just because we’re dating?”
Dean grins wide. “She’s going to drive you crazy until you meet her. She’s really cool though, I think you’ll like her.”

“Do you think she’ll like me? What if I get all awkward and talk like a dictionary?”

Dean laughs. “Charlie’s genius level smart. She’ll dig it.”

“Are you still going to kill me?” Sam asks standing behind the chair he was sitting on earlier.

“Sleep with one eye open, Sammy,” Dean says seriously.

Dean feels his phone vibrate again and he clicks it open.

Bobby: Ain't you two the prettiest princesses I ever seen.

“Yep, I’m gonna kill you,” Dean says as he turns his phone off and drops his head on to the back of the couch.

“May I see the picture, Sam?” Cas asks and Dean turns to look at him.

“What for?” Dean asks.

Cas shrugs. “If we look so cute together I’d just like a copy.” Dean looks at him. “Is… is that weird?”

“It’s cute,” Sam says for him.

Dean decides he might as well go all-in. “Fine. Send it to me and I'll send it to Cas. I don’t wanna be the only one who hasn’t seen it. I need to know what I’m up against.”

He turns his phone back on and it chimes with the picture message. Cas leans over to look at it on his phone with him. His immediate thought is, Shit! Because Sam’s right. They’re fucking adorable together, and he knows he never ever looked like that with Lisa or anybody else.

This is moving pretty fast.

Chapter End Notes

Dun dun dun....

*evil laugh*

Sorry for the delay in updating! I have a pretty busy weekend coming up but I'll try to post at least another chapter!
Castiel had no idea ordering in Chinese food and watching game shows could be so much fun. He can’t remember a time he’s ever laughed so much, and he’s surprised how at ease he feels around Sam now considering how awkward the evening started for him. But now he thinks Sam was telling the truth and maybe he does like Castiel after all. It would be nice to get along with Dean’s brother since the two of them obviously spend a lot of time together.

The hours pass quickly, and soon it’s almost 8:00 and Dean starts making noises about having to wake up early tomorrow.

“Yes, Dean, I hear you,” Sam says irritably. “Let me see Final Jeopardy and then I’ll go home so you two can have some time alone.” He quirks a small smile at that and Castiel can’t help smiling back. He is so pleased to be accepted by Dean’s family this way. Dean acts as if he isn’t giving it a single thought any time he touches Castiel or kisses him, and they’ve been sitting with Dean’s feet laid across his lap for the last hour like it’s no big deal to be affectionate in front of Sam. Maybe it isn’t for Dean. Though Sam does keep teasing him and snickering at the two of them, so it must be different enough to be noticed.

Soon Sam is saying his goodbyes, and he stops to say, “I’m assuming I’ll see you again soon, Cas. Take it easy on him, Dean,” then smiles at them both before he closes the door behind him.

Dean clicks the tv off. “So, that wasn’t so bad, huh?”

“I enjoyed myself more than I thought I would,” he admits. “I don’t think I’ve ever been close to anybody the way you are with him.”

Dean smiles. “Yah, he’s my brother, and my best friend, and a huge pain in my ass,” he says. “Life’s a lot less lonely with him so close. And we can keep an eye on each other, too.”

“He seems like a good man,” Castiel says simply, and he watches as pride and love bloom all over Dean’s face.

“I know it’s still early, but do ya mind if we go get ready for bed?” Dean asks.

“Not at all,” Castiel replies. When Dean slings his legs off of his lap, Castiel stands and gathers some of the plates and cardboard boxes to get rid of them. Dean follows suit, and they manage to grab it all in one trip. Castiel is rinsing out the beer bottles for the recycling when he feels Dean’s strong arms circle his waist and then his warm lips press against his neck. Castiel can’t help but hum a sound of contentment.

“I like having you here,” Dean says.

“In your arms or in your kitchen?” Castiel teases, trying to lighten the mood.

“Both. In my arms in my house,” Dean answers lightly. “You just fit.”

Castiel can feel warmth and happiness flood through his body. “I am unexplainably happy right now. With you,” Castiel adds.
Dean spins him around so that they’re facing each other. “You uh, ever feel like this is movin’ pretty quick, Cas?”

“Only every time we’re together,” Castiel answers seriously, but Dean smiles anyway.

“Good. Me, too.”

“That’s a good thing?” Castiel asks.

Dean shrugs. “I don’t know, man.” He places his hands on Cas’s hips. “I kinda had a moment of panic when I saw that picture. We look like such a couple.” Castiel doesn’t know what the correct thing is to say right now, so he nods his agreement. “Are we a couple?”

Castiel is surprised to be put on the spot about this right now, especially after hearing Dean deny exactly this to his brother all night long. “I’m not sure what the correct answer is.”

“Forget the right answer. This isn’t a quiz. I’m asking you how you feel.”

Castiel searches his eyes. This doesn’t feel like a trap. It feels like Dean is just trying to figure it out. He takes a deep breath and says, “I feel like we’re together. I feel like there’s potential for this to be really, really good.”

Dean’s eyes heat up and he leans in to press a series of quick kisses against his lips, then he finally slows down and they both sink into a lingering but chaste kiss. When Dean pulls away he has a sneaky smile on his face. “Wanna be my boyfriend, Cas?”

Castiel feels like he could explode with happiness. Like he’s a balloon that’s been filled with too much air and he’s about to pop. “That depends,” he begins, and wants to kick himself when he sees Dean deflate. “Are you going to try to give me more free coffee?”

Dean starts laughing and leans in for another quick kiss. “Old deal still stands,” he smiles at him.

“Then I would love to be your boyfriend,” Castiel says, and he brings his hands up to cup Dean’s face before he leans in to kiss him.

“Come to bed with me,” Dean says against his lips, and Castiel drops his hands to follow him to his bedroom, Dean stopping to lock the door and flip off light switches as they go.

“I really like your place,” Castiel tells him.

“Yah?”

“It’s a perfect representation of you,” Castiel explains. “Comfortable, masculine, simple –“

“Simple?” Dean asks. “You think I’m simple?”

Castiel frowns. “Do you think you’re complicated?”

“Well, not exactly,” Dean admits.

“There’s nothing wrong with being simple. You like what you like and you don’t need a lot of fuss. I personally think that’s an attribute,” Castiel explains.

“Okay, I’ll let you off the hook,” Dean smiles as they walk into his bedroom.

This is Castiel’s favourite room of the house. It screams Dean. The bed is huge, made of dark, almost
chocolate coloured wood and has a creamy, off-white leather-looking headboard. His bedspread is a mixture of different shades of grey, each layer of blankets a different colour. Again, it’s masculine but simple and yet still indulgent and beautiful. “I like your bed,” Castiel says.

“You’re gonna like it a lot more in a minute,” Dean smiles wickedly, and Castiel feels his stomach muscles clench in anticipation. He watches Dean’s face as Dean unbuttons Castiel’s shirt, taking in the sharp line of his jaw, the small dusting of freckles across his cheek, his long and full eyelashes, and the flashes of deep green he sees when Dean’s eyes flick up to his every few buttons.

“You’re so gorgeous,” Castiel breathes.

“Sweet talker,” Dean smiles at him, as he pushes Castiel’s shirt off of his shoulders. Before it even hits the floor, Dean’s mouth is on him. First it’s that sensitive spot behind his ear that Dean’s already aware of, then his neck, then his lips start a trail across to his shoulder, nibbling as he goes. Then he feels Dean’s tongue hot and wet, tracing a line across his chest and then across his nipple. He feels the piercing there pulled into Dean’s mouth, and he gives it a sharp tug with his teeth. Castiel pushes into the sensation automatically, letting out a breathy little moan.

“This is so fucking sexy on you,” Dean tells him, replacing his mouth with his fingers. “Drives me crazy every time I see it.”

“Most rebellious thing I’ve ever done,” Castiel tells him.

“So far,” Dean threatens and Castiel shivers at the promise in his voice.

Castiel reaches for the hem of Dean’s t-shirt. “I’d like to see you, too,” he says huskily, and Dean allows him to pull his shirt off for him. Dean doesn’t stop exploring his body with his mouth though. Castiel enjoys the attention he’s getting, but brings his hands to Dean’s naked body and runs his hands up and down his sides, feeling and loving every inch of his muscular body that he can reach. He can feel his own cock thickening in his pants as he loses himself in the sensation of Dean’s mouth all over him and the pleasure he soaks up by touching Dean. When Dean presses in closer, his mouth making it’s way back up to the other side of Castiel’s neck, Castiel can run his hands up and down his back now, and he groans when he feels so much strength there.

“I love your body,” Castiel admits. “You’re so muscular. It’s extremely arousing.”

“Love you touchin’ me, Cas.” Castiel feels a thrill of excitement run through his body hearing those words. “Get on the bed,” Dean says softly, and Castiel backs up to climb on as quickly and gracefully as he can, leaning against the headboard and suddenly appreciating the comfortable leather on a whole other level.

Dean crawls across the bed towards him and Castiel swears he can feel his heart beating in his ears. Dean’s shoulders and arms holding up his body make the muscles bulge and Castiel feels his mouth go dry. Dean crawls right up to him and straddles his lap, and Castiel’s breath hitches when their hard cocks press together for the first time. Dean hums a sound of approval and starts grinding into him, drawing a groan out of Castiel, too. Castiel’s hands find Dean’s hips, and he remembers how low those sweat pants were hanging on him when he’s met with bare hip bones. He opens his eyes and follows the shape of Dean’s broad shoulders and chest down to his trim waist and narrow hips. It’s intoxicating.

Castiel feels himself thrust up towards Dean without meaning to, and Dean stops moving. He makes eye contact with Castiel and tugs on his jeans. “Off. Now.”

Dean scurries back to pull off his own sweatpants and Castiel scrambles to take off his jeans and
boxers. Dean grabs him by the ankles and pulls swiftly, making Castiel land with a huff flat on his back. The laugh tumbles out of him easily, and he wonders if he’s ever laughed in bed before. He thinks it’s unlikely. Dean’s hands trail from his ankles all the way up his calves and thighs, moving up oh so slowly, until Dean lays flush against Castiel’s naked body and captures his mouth in a searing kiss. Castiel opens his legs for Dean, inviting him in closer, and their cocks slot against each other naturally.

They begin moving together again, mouths and hands and cocks all sliding together in a satisfying dance. “I want you in me,” Castiel says once he’s dying for more, giving Dean a nudge to move this along.

Dean doesn’t waste any time. He lets his mouth trace the lines of Castiel’s stomach again as he reaches blindly into the end table beside the bed for the lube. He dips his tongue into Castiel’s belly button and Castiel squirms and laughs again. “Ticklish, Cas?”

“What was your first clue?” Castiel says and Dean chuckles.

“I dunno how you can be adorable and hot as fuck as the same time,” Dean smiles, popping the cap and slicking up his fingers. There’s no teasing this time. Dean adds one finger, sliding into the heat of Castiel’s core, working it in and out methodically until he’s stretched for two fingers, then a third, prepping him steadily and thoroughly. Castiel can tell this isn’t meant to entice or pleasure him any more than it has to, this is just for prep, just so Dean can get inside of him.

“I’m ready, please,” Castiel tells him when he feels four fingers sliding in and out of him easily. “Want you inside of me.”

Dean pulls his fingers out and kisses him hard and deep. Castiel can’t even begin to keep his hips still, and he thrusts up against Dean’s body desperately. Dean breaks the kiss and drops his forehead against Castiel’s. “You’re so gorgeous like this. Moving under me. God, Cas,” Dean says so low it’s almost like a whisper.

“Please,” Castiel says, begging now. Begging for Dean to fill him up. He needs it.

“Gonna be so good for you, Cas,” Dean promises, stroking his cock a few times to slick it up. Now ready, Dean moves his body back against Castiel’s, lining himself up and quickly pushing past Castiel’s tight pucker to slide into his wet heat.

Castiel lets out a breathy moan when Dean sinks into him. He’s every bit as big as he remembers, and he loves feeling like he’s being stretched almost past his limits. “Mmm Dean, you’re so big,” Castiel hears himself say, then cringes at the cliched words coming out of his mouth. Dean doesn’t seem to mind though, because Castiel heard the throaty little sound of pleasure Dean made when he said that.

Dean kisses along his jaw, nibbles on his ear, then says, “You good, babe?”

Castiel nods his head. “I’m good,” he answers and rocks his hips to emphasize his point. He feels Dean pull out a little bit and push back in slowly a few times, before he really feels himself start to open up for him. Dean keeps rocking slowly, making the pleasure build slow and steady, but not nearly enough for Castiel. Castiel pushes down into Dean harder, and Dean gets the message and picks up his pace. Castiel never feels Dean’s lips break away from his skin. He kisses along his neck and shoulder, then nudges Castiel’s head back and licks a strip up his neck, laving his tongue across his Adam’s apple, and across to the other side of his neck. Having Dean’s mouth hot on his body while he’s being thrusted into steadily has heat gathering in his stomach quickly. Will he ever be able to last with Dean?
“Faster,” Castiel begs.

“Not gonna last like that,” Dean groans.

“Don’t need to. I’m already close,” Castiel tells him.

“Mmm fuck, you feel so good. Too good, Cas.”

Castiel lets his hands slide down to Dean’s ass to cup those perfect globes in his hands. He squeezes greedily, then lets his fingers trace the crack, teasing his hole and Dean moans against his skin. “I love the sounds you make,” Castiel tells him. “You’re so sexy.”

“Fuck, Cas, don’t talk. Your voice, God,” Dean pants and Castiel can’t smother a low chuckle.

He feels Dean’s cock slam into him hard and fast and he makes a surprised sound of pleasure. Dean does it again, and Castiel pulls him in by his ass, asking for more. He gets what he wants. Dean keeps up this new brutal pace, fucking him hard even as his mouth kisses his skin gently, and the contrast is driving Castiel wild.

He can feel his orgasm building now, and begs, “Dean, touch me, please.”

“Fuck,” Dean curses, and props his body up with one hand so he can grip Castiel’s swollen cock in his hand. Dean's barely even begun stroking him when Castiel spurts between them, covering Dean’s hand and painting his chest with his come.

“Jesus Christ,” Dean gasps, and Castiel can tell when his jaw unhinges that he’s about to come, too. Seconds later Castiel can feel it deep inside of him when Dean finds his release, and Dean slows down to roll his hips through the rest of his orgasm.

Castiel pushes forward to meet his lips, desperate for just a little bit more of Dean. Dean leans into the kiss eagerly, and they kiss and kiss, slowly and sloppily until both of them are completely spent. Dean slips out of Castiel quickly and flops over on to his back, panting heavily. They both lay there a little while, hands finding each other’s to link together, too hot to cuddle right now.

“You’re going to kill me,” Castiel says a little while later.

Dean seems to finally have enough energy to turn to face him. His face is lit up with a bright smile. “What a way to go though,” he answers.

There’s another few minutes of comfortable silence before Dean gets up for a cloth. He comes back and wipes them both up, then he pulls Castiel out of bed to get into pajamas. They brush their teeth side by side in front of the mirror, smiling with mouths full of toothpaste whenever their eyes meet in the reflection. Dean pulls Castiel in for a now minty kiss, and they share a glass of water, then take turns using the bathroom before they climb into Dean’s bed together.

“My alarm’s set for 5:20,” Dean tells Castiel as he plugs in his phone and switches off the light.

“That’s disgusting,” Castiel grumbles and Dean agrees.

“You can keep sleeping. Even I don’t want morning sex at five o’clock in the fucking morning,” Dean laughs.

“Good, because your chances weren’t very good anyway,” Castiel replies and Dean nudges him playfully.
“I got games night with some friends tomorrow night. You wanna come play with us?” Dean asks, and Castiel thinks he seems shy about it.

“Would you like me to?”


Castiel’s smile shines even in the dark bedroom. “I’d like that, then. I can’t guarantee I’ll be much help, but I’d like to spend more time with you,” Castiel admits.

Dean curls into him, wrangling Castiel into position to be the little spoon. He kisses the base of his neck and says, “Good. Night, babe.”

“Goodnight, Dean,” Castiel answers, still smiling and enjoying the feeling of being in Dean’s – no wait, *his boyfriend’s* arms.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry I didn't edit this but I want to go to bed! lol Please let me know if you catch any typos and I'll fix them tomorrow!
Dean wakes up the next morning to his alarm, instantly hating life because of how fucking early it is. When he tries to roll over to turn off the alarm he feels a hard body trapped under his. His arm is around Cas’s waist and his body is pressed closely against his back. Apparently he’s a chick in his sleep because he is wrapped around Cas exactly like he’s been wrapped around so many times before. He never liked snuggling or cuddling, but he obviously seeks out Cas in his sleep, and even though the arm that was trapped underneath his body is totally and completely numb, he can’t say he has any complaints about waking up this way. Other than, ya know, the waking up part. He rolls away from Cas to turn off the alarm and Cas rolls over into him and slings his arm low around his hips and then he feels warm lips and the scratch of stubble press against his back.

He shifts on to his back so that Cas can move his head on to his shoulder, and he wraps his arms around him for a minute, all but glowing with happiness. This is nice. Really nice. He kisses Cas on the forehead and feels Cas’s lips brush his chest before he begins to unwind himself.

“Stay,” Dean hears Cas say, and Cas tightens his grip on Dean. Cas’s voice is rough from sleep and lower than he’s used to hearing it.

“Can’t,” Dean grumbles, irritated with having to talk so early in the morning despite how happy he is to know Cas wants him to stay. He wrenches away from him and his feet hit the floor as he stands up to start his day.

“Miss you,” Cas says still sounding sleepy, and when Dean turns back to look at him he sees both of his eyes are closed and Dean viciously hates him when he realizes the little fucker is already back asleep. He knows he’s an asshole, but he doesn’t try to quiet any of his movements as he gets ready for work. Sadly, Cas sleeps through it all like he’s as quiet as a mouse. Huh. He showers, eats, and is out the door on time as always. A little bit more awake after his shower, he lets his mind linger on last night.

God, Cas is super fucking hot. The sex is unbelievable. There was a part of Dean that thought he’d never have sex as good as it was with Lisa, because she was a yoga instructor and she was bendy as fuck. But Cas is a whole other level of hot, and it has nothing to do with the positions he puts himself in, but everything to do with who he is. And okay, a little bit because just looking at his body makes Dean harder than he’s ever been in his life. Thinking about it now has his dick growing his pants, and he shakes his head at himself. He’s been half-hard more in the last week than he’s been since he was a teenager. Cas has that affect on him. It’s hot and kind of embarrassing both at the same time.

When Dean pulls into his spot at work, he opens his phone and types out a quick message to Cas, thinking about the little note that Cas left for him when he stayed at his place.

Dean: Had a really great time last night, Cas. Have I mentioned how hot you are? Really fucking hot. Wish I was still in bed with you right now… Text me when you get off work and we’ll make plans for game night. Hope you know what you’re getting yourself into. Don’t miss me too much.

With that, he gets out of his Baby and starts his day. He’s doing paper work when Cas comes in and he doesn’t have the chance to see him. They text through lunch like they usually do, and then soon enough it’s time for Dean to hit the gym and head home. Cas and Dean had decided over text
messages earlier that Cas would just stay over again tonight since their game nights are famous for going pretty late into the night. This month happens to be at Dean’s house anyway, so he figured it just made sense. Plus, it was kinda nice having Cas there when he woke up even if he didn’t exactly appreciate it at at the time.

Dean’s fresh outta the shower, dressed in jeans and a Zeppelin shirt, and tidying up his house when there’s a knock and then Sam walks in.

“Why do you even bother cleaning when you know we’re just going to make a mess anyway?” Sam asks when he sees Dean wiping down the kitchen counters.

“Fuck if I know,” Dean says with a shrug.

“You invite Cas tonight?” Sam asks.

“Yah.”

“Figured,” Sam says amicably. “You’re totally sunk on him.”

Dean shrugs again.

“Not even going to bother denying it this time? Good for you, Dean,” Sam says genuinely.

“Partly because of your giant mouth, I kinda asked him out last night. So thanks, jerk.”

Sam’s smile widens and he pushes himself up to sit on the counter. “You’re boyfriends now?”

“Yup,” Dean replies, popping the p.

“Wow,” Sam says, shaking his head in disbelief. “I’m happy for you, man. Never seen you move this fast with somebody before. When should I be expecting the typical Dean Winchester freak out to happen?”

“Already did. I freaked out when I saw that picture you took. We looked like such a couple, ya know? When have I ever looked like that before? And I haven’t even known the guy for a week yet!”

“But you just said you asked him out? The Dean Winchester freak out ends with you breaking it off because you’re a scared little boy inside.”

“Kiss my ass, Sam,” Dean says easily. “I just mentioned how I felt like shit was moving fast and asked him if he felt the same way. He said he did. I asked him if he felt like we were a couple already and he admitted that he did, so I figured we might as well make it a thing if we were both already feeling it anyway. Fuck it, ya know? Who cares if it’s fast. I’ve waited long enough, and maybe my hot teacher boyfriend is my reward.”

Sam snorts. “Well I hope it works out for you. He seems like a great guy. Easy to be around.”

“He is, isn’t he? Feel kinda bad for him not having any buddies or anything, though. Hopefully he can be cool around everybody tonight and make some friends.” Dean smiles and says, “When he gets nervous he starts talking like a dictionary. All proper-like and big words and shit,” his smile gets bigger the more he thinks about it and he’s brought back to life by Sam clearing his throat.

“Sorry to interrupt your daydreaming, but I was worried if I let you keep going you might actually grow a vagina.”
“You’re the one with the long hair, Samantha.”

“You’re in a relationship with a man, you like dick, and you take it up the ass. There’s no way I’m girlier than you are even with long hair. That ship has sailed.”

Dean chuckles. “You keep telling yourself that. Obviously you’ve never switched teams because if you did, you’d know there is nothing girly about catching every now and then.”

“You keep telling yourself that,” Sam tosses back. “Who’s all in tonight anyway?”

“Me and you, Cas, Charlie, Jo, and Kevin,” Dean rattles off.

“You think Jo will keep the claws in?” Sam asks.

“I dunno, man,” Dean says honestly. It’s pretty common knowledge to everybody who knows them that Jo has it bad for Dean. She hated Lisa’s guts and Dean had to keep them on opposite ends of the room whenever they were together for holidays and shit, and it fucking sucked. Jo seemed okay with Cas at the Roadhouse, so hopefully she’ll be okay here tonight. He doesn’t want Cas to feel uncomfortable.

“At least you don’t have to worry about a cat fight,” Sam jokes and Dean nods his agreement.

“When’s Cas coming over?”

“He’s just changing out of his teacher get-up, grabbing some clothes for tomorrow and heading over. Should be here soon.”

“He’s staying over again?” Sam asks, sounding shocked.

“Uh, yah. We’re always up late for games night. And I don’t work this weekend. What’s it to you?”

“Nothing, sorry,” Sam says, holding his hands up in surrender. “Trying to make sense of this new Dean and the Dean I’m used to who had rules about this kinda thing. Remember trying to drill them into my head for most of my life?”

Dean can’t help but smile. “It’s sound advice,” he says. “You know the saying. Do as I say, not as I do.”

“Right,” Sam laughs, hopping down. “Too early to start on the beer?”

“Fuck no, it’s Friday,” Dean answers, and Sam grabs one for both of them.

They’ve literally just sat down when there’s another knock on the door. Dean gets up to answer it and finds Cas with a couple of six packs under one arm, his duffle bag, and a canvas bag in the other. The notices mindlessly that he’s wearing a shirt with Yoda on the front of it.

“Hello, Dean,” Cas says, smiling broadly.

“Hey, let me take the beer for ya man,” Dean says, and he plants a quick peck on Cas’s lips before he grabs the beer from him. “You didn’t have to bring beer,” he tells him.

“I felt bad for drinking some of yours last night, and I figured alcohol probably goes hand-in-hand with games night, so I didn’t want to drink more of yours.”

“Well, thanks for thinkin’ of it, but don’t worry about that again. I’m sure we’ll drink yours soon enough. It’ll work out,” he says leading the way into the kitchen. “What’s in the other bag?”
“Junk food,” Cas answers. “Potato chips and dip, Doritos, pretzels, Cheetos, and the biggest bag of
M&Ms I could find.”

“Cas, I think I love you,” Dean smiles and he can’t help but laugh at the blush that blooms on Cas’s
cheeks.

“Even I love him for bringing all that shit. Even though it’ll kill us before we’re forty,” Sam adds
from the living room.

“Everybody’s gonna die from something. I’d rather it be junk food than rabbit food,” Dean says, and
Sam’s already waving him off, having heard the same argument hundreds of times before.

“I actually brought some naan bread and hummus as well,” Cas offers, digging deeper into the bag.
“I assumed you would be here, and I remembered Dean saying that you preferred to eat healthier so I
thought this was at least somewhat better than pure junk food.”

Sam’s face lights up. “ Seriously? Damn Cas, you’re a keeper.”

“I try,” Cas replies happily and Dean’s heart swells at how easily Cas is taking the teasing from them
both. “Who else is joining us?” Cas asks.

Dean tells him and he sees Cas relax even further. “You've already met everybody except Charlie,”
Dean tells him.

“Charlie and I texted quite a bit today, actually. So I feel like I know her fairly well by now.”

Dean’s eyebrows shoot up. “Oh really? What were you talking about?”

Cas tilts his head to the side and says, “We were talking about many things, sometimes all at once.
She just kind of bounced from topic to topic, sometimes while in the middle of a conversation. It was
entertaining... but exhausting,” Cas admits.

Dean laughs. “I think you just described Charlie Bradbury perfectly. Entertaining but exhausting,”
Dean chuckles as he puts the beer in the fridge for Cas.

“She said she’s been searching for a token gay friend for years,” Cas laughs.

“What the fuck? What am I, chopped liver?”

“I asked almost the same thing, and was told that because you’re bi you don’t count as fully gay.
Sorry to take the coveted position away from you,” Cas teases.

“Huh. Just realized I didn’t even ask you that question,” Dean says as he grabs a cold beer for Cas.
"Gay or bi."

“Doesn’t really matter,” Cas shrugs. “It isn’t relevant to our relationship anyhow.”

“Except now I know a threesome’s off the table,” Dean jokes.

“With a woman anyway,” Cas answers seriously and Dean’s jaw just about hits the floor. “I’m
kidding,” Cas laughs. “It’s off the table.”

“Well, shit,” Dean says, still laughing. He leads the way into the living room and sits on the couch so
Cas can sit beside him. When he does, he wastes no time in taking a hold of his hand. He doesn’t
miss the grin from his brother but he doesn’t give a shit, either.
“That sound you hear is Dean’s heart breaking,” Sam jokes and Cas laughs.

“I don’t think he could handle me and somebody else at the same time anyway,” Cas says and Sam bursts out laughing while Dean tries and fails to look offended. It’s probably true, he realizes. Neither he or Cas exactly have any staying power so far.

“He’s cocky,” Sam says to Dean.

“You don’t know the half of it,” Dean responds and this time Cas laughs.

“So many gay jokes, so little time,” Cas says.

“You seem like you’re in a really good mood,” Dean comments.

Cas shrugs. “I slept really well last night,” he smiles and this time Dean feels some heat to his cheeks. “Plus, it’s Friday. No teenagers for two whole days, and I’m with you.”

“God, you guys are sickening together,” Sam says, but he’s smiling. “Kevin and Jo are gonna give you shit all night, you know.”

“Believe me, Kevin’s bad enough at work, I doubt he has much ammo left.”

Sam snorts, “Since when has that stopped him?”

Cas bumps his shoulder into Dean so they make eye contact. He squeezes his hand and says, “You don’t have to be affectionate like this when we’re not alone if you don’t want to. I understand if it makes other people uncomfortable, and especially if it’s going to make your friends tease you,” Cas offers.

“They’re gonna tease me about something no matter what, so I might as well enjoy myself while they do it,” Dean tells him. “Unless you’re not into that kinda thing?”

Cas shakes his head. “I’m enjoying it. I’ve never been in a relationship where I could just be openly affectionate before. With Bal, my ex, we always acted like friends when we were out of the house.”

“Guess I’m already the better boyfriend,” Dean says with a wink and Cas laughs.

Just then there’s a knock on the door and then it swings open. “What’s up, bitches!?” Charlie says as she bounces through the front door. Her eyes fall on Cas immediately and she drops her giant cat-shaped purse on the counter before she makes her way over.

“Hey Charlie,” Dean says, grinning at her. “This is Castiel. Cas, this is Charlie.”

“Nice to –“ Cas starts, but before he can finish, Charlie has wiggled her tiny frame between Cas and Dean on the couch, and pulls Cas into a tight hug with her arms around his neck.

When she pulls away she holds up her hand for a high-five for Dean and says, “I approve. Excellent hugger. And jeeze, I couldn’t even see those bright blue eyes when you were devouring him in your store. He’s a grade a hottie!”

“I gotta agree,” Dean says, indulging her in the high-five.

“Thank you,” Cas says awkwardly, but with a little chuckle.

Charlie turns back to him and excitedly slaps him on the arm. “A Yoda shirt!? Did we just become best friends?”
Cas slides his eyes past her to Dean who just raises his eyebrows hoping to convey, *I tried to warn you!*

“I thought that happened yesterday over text message?” Cas asks and Charlie rubs her hands together greedily.

“Another one lured into my tangled web of awesomeness!”

“You want a beer, Char?” Dean asks her.

“You know it! I’m totally gonna keep up with you this time,” she says.

“Yah, we’ll see,” Dean chuckles, having heard this for years. He gets up to get her a beer and he hears her start in on Cas.

“What’s your favourite Star Wars movie? DO NOT SAY anything with Hayden Christiansen in it or this friendship is so over before it even starts!”

Dean chuckles to himself and thinks that this is going to be a lot of fun.

Chapter End Notes

I have the day off for my birthday tomorrow so I assume I’ll write at least another chapter then!
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the birthday wishes <3

Castiel is spared having to answer the question when Kevin and Jo come in together after a short knock.

"Hey guys," he hears Dean say from the kitchen. "I was just getting Charlie a beer. You guys want?"

They both enthusiastically answer yes, and soon Dean is back by his side, though with Charlie still in between them.

"Who's playing first?" Dean asks the room at large.

"Charlie is still the undefeated champion," Jo says. "So I say she goes first so we have more chances to beat her."

"I'll take that challenge," Dean says. "I want my shot before I get too hammered."

"I want in, too," Sam says.

"And me!" Kevin adds.

Castiel watches as Dean stands up again and takes out a Nintendo Wii from his entertainment centre. He lets out a small chuckle and Charlie is on him like a shark.

"What ch'ya laughin' at?" she asks him.

"It's nothing. When I pictured games night I just thought we would play board games, not video games," Castiel answers honestly.

"Oh, we'll play those, too. But we like to start things off with games that take real talent," Charlie answers smiling.

"Mario Kart doesn't take talent," Jo disagrees.

"She only says that because she sucks at it," Dean tells Castiel before he sits back down with a steering wheel in his hand.

"That's rich. The newly gay guy talking to me about sucking," Jo quips.

Almost everybody in the room laughs at her joke, but Sam's the snarky one who says, "Don't pretend you've never done it, Jo."

"Ew!" Charlie says dramatically. "If we're gonna talk about sucking anything can it be titties instead of dick?"

"Ew," Castiel whispers to her sarcastically and Charlie laughs.
"I missed that," Dean asks, trying to look past Charlie to Castiel.

"Oh nothing," Charlie says in a sing-song voice.

"Is Dean whining that you're keeping him away from his boyfriend?" Sam asks Charlie. "They've been glued at the hip anytime I've been over here. This is the most space I've ever seen between them, including the night they met."

Dean gives his brother the finger and Castiel laughs at his childishness. "Boyfriend?" Charlie asks, perking right up.

"I thought you guys just met?" Jo asks.

Castiel can feel his face burning but he looks at Dean and sees him shrug. "When you know you know, I guess."

The room is filled with sounds and talk of disbelief.

"You got a beer flavoured wiener or something, Cas?" Kevin asks.

"Not that I'm aware of," Castiel answers honestly, slightly uncomfortable.

"You must be hung then," Jo says icily. Castiel doesn't like the way she keeps looking at him, like he's something that's stuck to the bottom of her shoe.

"Like a horse," Castiel answers evenly, and Dean snorts and nods his head in agreement.

"Don't be assholes," Dean says. "Is it so hard to believe I actually like the guy?"

The question is met with silence.

"I'm trying not to be offended by the silence," Castiel jokes and Sam, Kevin and Charlie laugh. He sees Jo huff out a harsh laugh and look away from him pointedly. Huh.

"You're cool, Cas. If I wasn't gay, I'd totally give Dean some competition," Charlie says, slinging an arm around him.

Castiel makes a face like he's trying to decide if that's a good thing or not, but ultimately says, "Thank you, Charlie. I think?" and Sam and Dean both laugh at him.

"Dean hasn't gone out with anybody in years though," Kevin says.

"I've heard," Castiel comments.

"Why him?" Jo asks, and Castiel can literally feel the awkwardness descend into the room.

"Why the hell not? He's funny, smart, hot, and great in the sack," Dean says with a wink.

"If only I could make myself invisible," Castiel murmurs, but everybody must hear him because the room breaks out in laughter. He takes the chance to down some more of his beer. He has a feeling he'll be needing the courage if the rest of the night is like this. He can't believe they've already talked about his dick, sucking dick, and the fact that he's good in bed and he hasn't even been here an hour yet.

"Let's lay off him for a bit. You scare him away and you'll all have to deal with the after math," Dean reminds them. "Which course do you wanna play?" Dean asks Charlie.
"We'll start on the first one to ease you three into your inevitable demise," Charlie smiles.

"We'll see about that, Bradbury," Dean replies.

They play a series of races, and Castiel finds himself drawn into their game although it isn't something he would have thought he'd enjoy watching. They're all extremely competitive, and there's a lot of swearing and name calling involved. At the end of the fourth and final race, Charlie ends up in first place, Dean second, Kevin third, and Sam last.

"That was bullshit!" Sam swears, roughly dropping the steering wheel.

"You bust that you buy it, sasquatch," Dean tells him sternly.

"If I got half as many blue or red shells as you guys did I would have beat you all," Sam says.

"You got about a thousand lightning bolts and you still couldn't catch up!" Kevin argues. "You must have been laps behind us."

"Children, children," Charlie says attempting to break them up. "Let's not lose our focus on who the ruler of Mario Kart is. Me!"

"You still have to play me," Jo says cockily.

"And Cas," Dean adds.

"Are you any good?" Charlie asks Castiel.

Castiel shrugs. "I haven't played against anybody but the computer, but I win often," he answers.

"Same courses?" Charlie asks.

"That's fine with me. Jo?" Castiel asks.

"Whatever," Jo answers and Castiel has to fight not to roll his eyes at her. He throws back the rest of his beer and puts the empty by his feet.

"You want me to get you another beer, Cas?" Dean asks


"We're supposed to be besties!" she says.

"Does that mean I have to let you win?" he checks.

"Let me? Ohhh you're so going down, blue eyes."

Castiel laughs. "Your trash talk could use some work, red."

She smiles, "I like you too much to be mean."

"And she can be mean," Sam adds.

The game has just begun when there's another knock on the door. "Who the fuck is that?" Dean asks.

"Oh yah! I ordered pizza," Kevin says.
"You're buying?" Dean checks.

"Yah, with my company card," he says, laughing as he goes to get the door.

"This is a business dinner then?" Sam asks and they all laugh.

The tantalising smell of pizza fills the room and Castiel pouts over the fact that it had to arrive while he was busy. He didn't realize until now, but he's hungry!

Sam was right about Jo being horrible at Mario Kart, Castiel sees quickly. He and Charlie keep passing one another, fighting over the lead, but Jo is nowhere to be found. Charlie wins the first race by a hair, but Castiel wins the next two, and the fourth and final match will decide who the winner is.

"You are freakishly good at this," Kevin says to Castiel.

"I spend a lot of time gaming," Castiel replies. "I used to play this against my youngest brother on Super Nintendo all the time when we were little."

"I didn't know you had a brother, dude," Dean says.

"I have three, actually. But Gabe is the only one I still speak with occasionally," Castiel answers, mind mostly on the race he's playing.

"Shit, can you imagine not talking?" Sam says to Dean.

"Who would I bug the shit out of every day if it wasn't you?" Dean quips and Sam laughs.

"How come you don't talk to the other two?" Sam asks.

Castiel doesn't like talking about this very much, but if he's going to continue being around Dean then it's only fair his family knows what's going on. "They don't support my lifestyle," he says simply.

"Closed-minded jerks. You don't need them. You have us now," Charlie says kindly and Castiel can't help but smile.

Jo snorts but Castiel decides to ignore her. He can see the finish line and Charlie is right ahead of him. Thankfully, he's been holding on to this mushroom for a lap and he uses it at the last second and zooms past her and into first place. He's instantly hit with a red shell, but it knocks him across the finish line and he throws his hands up in victory.

"YUS!" he shouts.

"You son of a bitch!" Charlie smirks. "I thought I had you with that shell!"

"You did, but it pushed me over the line instead of holding me back," Castiel laughs.

"All in favour of not inviting Cas to next month's game night?" Charlie asks, raising her hand. Nobody's surprised when Jo raises hers with a condescending little smile.

"So much for being family then, huh?" Castiel teases her.

"Okay, fine. I will still love you... but only if you get me a beer so I don't have to get up," Charlie smiles.

"Sounds like I get the better end of that deal," Castiel says, and he surprises himself by squeezing her
hand before he gets up. Dean follows him and he feels his hand rest on his back as they walk into the kitchen.

Castiel goes to the fridge to get himself and Charlie each a beer, and when he bends down to grab them he feels Dean's hand drop to his butt and give it a little squeeze. He closes the fridge and turns around smiling. "Really?" he asks.

Dean shrugs. "If Charlie's gonna cock block me by sitting between us I gotta cop a feel when I can," he smiles. Castiel wants to lean in and kiss him badly, but he isn't sure if he should when there's so many of his friends there. Instead of making the move himself, he drops his eyes to Dean's lips obviously and licks his own lips.

He's pleased when Dean takes the bait. He reaches towards Castiel and pulls him in by his t-shirt, and plants a chaste but lingering kiss on his lips while he runs his hands up his chest to rest on his shoulders. When he breaks away, hands still on him, Dean says, "Been wanting to do that since you got here."

"Me, too," Castiel agrees.

Dean leans in and says more quietly, "Sorry about Jo being a bitch."

Castiel can't help the small laugh that comes out of him. "Is she always like that? She seemed fine at the Roadhouse."

"She wants me," Dean says cockily.

"Ohhhh," Castiel nods his understanding. "Sucks to be her. You're mine now."

Castiel sees a flash of heat in Dean's eyes and smiles wickedly. "Tell me that again later," Dean murmurs and the suggestion in Dean's voice goes straight to Castiel's dick.

"As much as I'm enjoying the show, love birds, I'm parched over here!" Charlie yells. They back away from one another and Castiel notices four pairs of eyes trained on them.

"Awkward," Dean says and Castiel nods his agreement, but they make their way back to the couch. Instead of leaving Charlie in between them, they sit on the other side of her so they can sit together.

Castiel hands her the beer and says, "Sorry to keep you waiting."

"I can't really blame you. He's awfully pretty, isn't he?" she winks at him and he smiles at her. He likes her a lot.

He reaches out to grab a piece of pizza and a napkin, and concentrates on filling his stomach. They decide to play a battle round of Mario Kart next, but he watches and eats instead of drawing any further attention to himself. Even though Dean has his hands on the steering wheel, their legs are pressed together and between every round, Dean places his hand on Castiel's leg, or covers his hand with his, always making sure to draw Castiel into the conversation and making him feel both welcome and special.

Castiel notices Jo really sucking back the beer, but doesn't say anything about it. She's had four to his two so far, and she's getting louder and bolder with each one. When they're finally tired of Mario Kart, Jo gets up and makes her way to the kitchen, and returns with shot glasses and a bottle of Fireball Whisky.

"Shit," Dean says, already knowing where this is going.
She fills all of the shot glasses and hands them out to her friends, and Castiel. "Never Have I Ever," she says with a wicked smile and the group groans all at once.

"Don't you think we've done this enough that the fun is out of it by now?" Kevin asks.

"Not with Cas here," she says sweetly, and Castiel feels a sense of foreboding. "Let's all get to know each other a little better, shall we?"

"I'm in!" Charlie says. She turns to Castiel and says, "Each person gets to say a statement, then if you've done it, you have to take a shot. So for example, I'd say, 'Never have I ever had sex with a member of the same sex,' and then you and I would have to take a shot, because we have."

Castiel nods, "Got it."

"I'll start," Sam says, "Let's ease him into this," he laughs. "Never have I ever taken it up the ass."

Dean and Castiel both laugh and tip back their first shot, and then the room guffaws as they see Jo tip back her glass, too.

"Joanna Beth Harvelle! You little hussy!" Dean says, scolding her. "What would your mother say?"

Jo just smiles, and then winks seductively at Dean. Castiel fights back a wave of possessiveness, and refills his and Dean's shot glasses.

"My turn!" Charlie says. "Never have I ever broken the law."

Every single person tips their shot back, and Castiel feels the burn for the second time in as many minutes. "What did you do?" Dean asks Castiel.

Castiel shrugs, "Drugs."

Dean nods, "Me, too. You still do any?"

Castiel shakes his head. "Random drug testing at work since I work with minors."

"Never have I ever ran out of work to make out with my boyfriend in the parking lot," Kevin says, smiling wickedly.

Nobody takes their shot but Dean, and Sam high-fives Kevin for embarrassing Dean. "Seriously? God, you are so whipped already!"

Dean just smiles, "Totally worth it. Not even sorry."

"OMG, you two are totally adorbs!" Charlie says, looking at both of them with hearts in her eyes.

"Yah, Dean. You're so totally adorbs," Castiel teases him and Dean chuckles as he refills his glass again.

"Never have I ever cheated on my boyfriend or girlfriend," Jo says, cutting into their conversation.

To Castiel's surprise, Dean and Jo both tip back their shot glasses again, and Castiel feels his stomach sink like a stone. Balthazar cheated on him, and Dean cheated on somebody, too. He didn't think Dean was that kind of guy. He sees the malicious smile on Jo's face and he's hit with the realization that she wanted him to react like this.

"Shouldn't there be a statute of limitations on this thing?" Sam says. "Dean, you were what, fifteen?"
Dean shrugs, "Still counts."

Castiel feels the stone lift from his stomach and silently thanks Sam with a smile. Sam winks at him and Castiel knows he defended Dean on his behalf for Castiel.

"Never have I ever had a threesome," Castiel says, remembering his earlier conversation with Dean and laughing a little as he says it.

Dean, Sam, and Charlie all take their shots and Castiel's mouth drops open. "I did not expect so many of you to take your shots for that one," he laughs.

"We're studs, Cas, what can we say," Sam laughs.

Castiel hears Dean laugh, and is surprised when it sounds like a bit of a giggle. He thinks back and realizes Dean's taken five shots in about ten minutes. He's gotta be feeling pretty good at this point.

"You drunk?" Castiel asks him.

Dean leans in and kisses him sloppily, and Castiel takes that as a yes. "Okay, Romeo, you still have to say yours," Castiel reminds him, shoving him away gently.

"Never have I ever had the best damn sex of my life in the last seven days," Dean slurs, laughing his way through it, and then Castiel and Dean both take their shots to the room laughing at them. Everybody except for Jo, who's suddenly on her feet.

"I think I'm gonna call it a night," she says loudly, and she makes her way to the door.

"What!?" Dean says, confused by the turn of events.

"I'll go make sure she gets home okay," Kevin says. "I'll see you Monday, Dean."

The door shuts behind them and Charlie says dryly, "That went well." Then she turns to the two of them and excitedly says, "Tell me about this amazing sex!"
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

All I want for my birthday is some hot Destiel sex!

Dean realizes that some part of him should be upset that Jo and Kevin left early, but really, he’s not. He’s here with four of his favourite people, pleasantly drunk, and now he doesn’t have to worry about Jo being a bitch to Cas anymore.

“We are _not_ talking about my brother having sex when I’m in the room, thank you very much,” Dean hears Sam say.

“I keep forgetting about you,” Dean laughs.

“Thanks a lot,” Sam says, smiling. “Jo was worse than I thought she’d be,” Sam admits.

“Is she often like that?” Cas asks.

“Seems worse every time Dean gets serious with somebody else. It's almost like she deludes herself into thinking he’s going to be with her when he’s newly single, and then as soon as he’s with somebody else she’s pissed all over again,” Sam answers.

“Was there ever anything going on between you two?” Cas asks Dean.

Dean laughs, “No, man! I look at her like my little sister. I’ve known she’s had a crush on me forever but I don’t get why she can’t let it go.”

“Have you told her that you don’t feel that way about her?” Cas asks.


“Me, too,” Sam adds. “But she’s stubborn.”

“I feel kind of bad,” Cas says.

“Don’t,” Dean tells him. “Not your fault I only have eyes for you,” Dean says.

“I can’t sit here and listen to this,” Sam says. “I’m gonna head home, too. Make sure you wait for Charlie to leave before you start boning each other.”

“Well I don’t wanna be the only thing standing between my best friend and the best sex he’s ever had. So I guess I’ll go too. Lunch tomorrow or Sunday?” Charlie asks.

“I’d love to,” Cas answers and Dean throws his arm around his shoulders, pulling him in close to his body.

“If he’s going, I’m going,” Dean says. “I wanna make sure you don’t tell him all my secrets, Char.”

She stands and walks to the door with Sam, “Take care of him, Cas. I know he’s drunk because sober Dean would know I already told you the juicy stuff over text message,” she laughs. She throws
the peace sign over her shoulder and then Cas and Dean are finally alone.

Dean wastes no time nuzzling into Cas’s neck, kissing and nibbling into his skin, drinking in the familiar but arousing scent of Cas.

“Dean,” Cas laughs, but Dean notices that he isn’t asking him to stop, and he isn’t pushing him away. This is good.

Dean swings his leg over and straddles Cas’s lap, dragging his lips up the side of his face to finally capture his mouth, and Cas opens willingly for him. Dean licks his way into his mouth, and when he feels their tongues slide together he lets out a groan. Cas’s hands are on his hips, and his hands are on Cas’s face, tracing the line of his jaw. He isn’t so drunk so that he has no moves, but he’s drunk enough to be greedy, and he can feel the satisfying tingle of alcohol throughout his body, making everything feel just a little bit different.

He can feel his dick getting hard in his pants, and he starts grinding on top of Cas. Cas groans and pulls his hips towards him even more, helping him move exactly the way he wants him to. Once they have a rhythm going, Cas’s hands drift up Dean’s body, pushing under his shirt and finding his bare skin. Like every time Cas touches him, Dean feels his body come alive under his hands and he wants more.

He pulls away to lift his shirt over his head, and he grabs Cas’s hands and places them on his bare chest for him. When Dean feels Cas’s thumbs trace his nipples he doesn’t even think about it, just presses his chest to Cas’s face. Cas takes the hint and licks a stripe across each nipple before he sucks one into his mouth. When Dean lets out a sound of pleasure, Cas ups his ante and closes his teeth around the hard nub and pulls. “Yes,” Dean groans. Cas pinches his other nipple between his fingers, and with both nipples being stimulated, Dean feels his erection grow harder between them.

“Want you, Cas. Want you so bad,” he gasps.

“Here?” Cas asks him. Dean moves his lips back down to Cas’s.

Dean’s body says yes, grinding into him harder and more desperately, but his brain says, “No lube.” “If you keep moving on me like that we’re not going to need any,” Cas says against Dean’s lips.

“Feels really good though,” Dean argues.

“I can make you feel better,” Cas promises, biting down on his bottom lip.

“Fuck. Kay,” Dean says, unwinding himself from Cas’s lap and getting to his feet. When Cas stands, Dean grabs his shirt and pulls it over his head so he can see his body, too. They don’t even take a single step away from the couch before their bodies are pressed up together again, hands roaming each other’s muscular bodies as they lose themselves in another kiss. Their hard cocks bump together and Dean curses internally at all the stupid clothes they still have left on. He drops his hands to Cas’s waist, and flips the button open and lowers his zipper, then plunges his hand down Cas’s pants to find him hard and leaking already.

He wraps his hand around Cas’s cock, and he feels Cas push into his hand. He starts giggling and when Cas looks at him funny he says, “Hung like a horse, man,” and then Cas starts laughing with him.

“She baited me,” Cas says, defending himself.

“You’re not wrong,” Dean says. “You’re bigger than me.”
“You’re perfect,” Cas tells him. “Any bigger and I wouldn’t be able to fit all of you in my mouth.”

“Let’s do that,” Dean says, inspired by the suggestion. “Wanna choke on you, baby.”

Cas snorts, probably at the endearment, but Dean’s drunk enough to not care. “In bed,” Cas tells him, tugging him along. “You don’t want to have sore knees again, do you?”

“Look at you, takin’ care of me,” Dean drawls.

“I’m gonna take care of you real good,” Cas promises, laughing.

“You drunk, Cas?” Dean asks him.

“I’m not sober,” he says, smiling over his shoulder at him.

Dean feels desire curl in his stomach. “God, you’re hot.”

“You are,” Cas argues, and Dean laughs again.

Finally they’re in his bedroom, and without any further discussion, Dean drops his pants and boxers right in the middle of the floor and watches as Cas does the same thing. Cas climbs on to Dean’s bed and Dean follows him eagerly. He watches as Cas grabs the lube from Dean’s nightstand and leaves it on the bed beside him. He looks amazing sprawled out on his bed like that, legs spread slightly, cock laying full and heavy against his stomach, his face flushed from arousal or the alcohol, smile wide and sexy. He wants to suck him down, he wants to fuck into him, and he wants to be fucked. “Don’t know what I wanna do to you, Cas. Want all of you.”

“Kiss me,” Cas asks, and Dean covers his body with his own. Cas wraps his legs around his waist and their cocks slide together perfectly. They kiss deeply and passionately, and they grind into one another, moaning and groaning. Dean’s arms are holding his body up, but Cas reaches out and wraps his hand around both of them, and the feeling of his cock pressed tightly against Cas’s is amazing. He thrusts into the tight circle of Cas’s hand and moans even louder.

“So fucking hot,” Dean moans. He’s suddenly desperate to fuck him. “You sore from last night?” Dean checks.

“I want you inside me,” Cas says, and Dean thinks that’s as good as a no.

“Thank God,” Dean groans, reaching for the lube. “Want to fuck you so bad.”

When Dean leans away, Cas turns himself over, laying on his stomach and pushing his ass up into the air. It’s the most beautiful sight Dean’s ever seen. “Jesus Christ,” he says as he takes in the sight of Cas’s muscular legs, his perfect pink hole all but presented to him on a silver platter, the arch of his strong back, and his huge cock hanging between his legs. “You’re the hottest fucking thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Come on, Dean,” Cas asks him, wagging ass back and fourth in invitation.

Dean slicks up his fingers and runs them down Cas’s crack, teasing him a little, until he can’t stand it anymore. He sinks one finger into his wet heat, groaning when he feels his muscles clench around his finger. As he preps him, he takes turns gripping Cas’s cock in his hand, and then letting go to stroke himself. He loves seeing Cas turn his head to watch Cas look at him as he strokes himself. Those fucking eyes of his just bore into him, making him feel like Cas is touching him even though he isn’t. Soon, Cas is easily taking three fingers, and he’s begging to be fucked.
Dean pulls his fingers out and drapes his body over Cas’s strong back. He slips himself between his cheeks and rubs up and down, teasing Cas but loving the friction. “You fucking tease,” Cas gasps under him. Dean laughs, and finally lines himself up against his glistening hole and pushes in slowly.

He sinks in easily, and both of them moan long and low. Dean presses kisses against Cas’s back as he waits for Cas to get used to the intrusion. He hears himself babbling but he can’t seem to care. “Love your body, Cas. So fucking hot. Feels so good inside of you. Always so, so good. So perfect,” he says, kissing along his spine.

“Dean,” Cas sighs happily. Cas lowers himself so that he’s flat on his stomach on the mattress, and Dean follows him. When Cas starts fucking against the sheets, Dean takes it as a cue to start moving. Cas moves with him, and together they work up to a satisfying pace, sliding together and praising one another. “Oh, Dean, you feel so good. Filling me up so good,” Cas tells him.

Suddenly Dean has an overwhelming need to see his face. He backs away and flips him over so that he’s on his back. Cas gasps in shock and his legs come up to wrap around his waist again. Dean rests his forehead on Cas’s and says, “Needed to see your gorgeous face, Cas. Wanna see your face when you come.”

He slams his hips into him again, and he knows he’s hit Cas’s sweet spot when his hips come off the bed. “Dean!” Cas shouts, and Dean's reminded just how much he loves hearing his name on Cas's lips.

“Tell me, Cas. Tell me what you said downstairs,” Dean begs him, pressing into him deeper, hitting that spot over and over, loving every sound that he pulls from Cas’s lips.

“Mine,” Cas says, desperately. “You’re mine, Dean.” Dean speeds up, fucking into him harder now, desperate to claim him, to come inside of him. “Suck a mark on me, Dean, show everybody I belong to you.”

“Fuck yes,” Dean agrees, dipping his head, wanting to suck a deep, purple mark on to his collar bone. He uses his teeth to bite him, and then sucks hard and deep and he feels Cas hold his head there even as he hisses at the pain.

When Dean thinks there’s a mark that will last a couple days, he backs away, and feels his orgasm building as he sees the mark he left.

“Mine,” Cas says to him. “Only mine.”

“Only yours, Dean.”

“Gonna come, Cas. You close?”

“I’m gonna come on your cock,” Cas promises. “So fucking close.”

Dean speeds up even more, driven by the need to come, to watch Cas come between them from his cock alone. “Come for me, Cas. Wanna see you,” Dean begs.

His words seem to be enough, because he watches Cas’s eyes snap closed and then he sees Cas explode all over his stomach, completely untouched, and it’s so hot he feels himself fly over the edge, emptying into his boyfriend.

“Kiss me,” Cas begs him, and he does. He leans down to sink into the kiss, and he pushes his cock in even deeper, wanting to plant his seed as deep inside of him as he can.
“Fuck, Cas,” he says against his lips. “So, so, good. God. You’re… everything.”

Cas wraps his arms around his shoulders, pulling him down to rest on top of him. Cas kisses his way across Dean’s neck, and Dean closes his eyes, soaking up every kiss. “You make me feel so much,” Cas says quietly, and Dean’s heart tumbles in his chest.

“Cas?” Dean says, feeling sleepy and warm and fuzzy.

“Mmm hmm?” Cas answers.

“Don’t ever leave, kay?”

“Kay,” Cas answers, and Dean can feel his smile against his shoulder before he kisses that spot.

They fall asleep that night without cleaning each other up, still naked, and pressed up against one another in every way possible.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Castiel wakes up the next morning with his chest covered in come, more between his legs, and a hard dick pressed up against his ass. His mouth is dry and tastes like death, but he’s much more interested in pressing his ass up against the erection behind him than anything else. As he starts grinding against Dean, he realizes his ass is a little sore, and he’s definitely not interested in getting more sore anytime soon. With that in mind, he unwinds himself from the arm slung around his middle and turns over and upside down, putting himself in the sixty-nine position.

He licks at Dean’s balls, inhaling the musky scent of sex and Dean’s early morning arousal, and eventually sucks his balls into his mouth, first one and then the other. He feels his own arousal kick up a notch, and knows he’s getting harder already. He can tell that Dean’s fully awake when he feels his hips move forward, thrusting towards the heat of Castiel’s mouth. “Holy fuck, Cas,” Dean gasps from above him, and Castiel smiles, imagining how good Dean must feel waking up to this.

It’s only seconds later when Castiel feels Dean’s tongue, warm and eager, slide across the tip of his penis. Castiel moans in appreciation as he continues to tease Dean by licking around the base of his erection, his balls, and even down to his perineum, feeling and hearing Dean gasp and groan against his cock. Without warning, Castiel changes his tactic and sinks down on Dean’s hard length fast. He feels Dean’s cock hit the back of his throat and has to work not to gag.

He pulls off a little bit, and concentrates on getting Dean’s cock as wet as he can, lavishing it with his tongue and letting his saliva slick him up as much as he’s able to. He loses his train of thought several times as he feels Dean work him over with his mouth. Not for the first time, he thanks his lucky stars for those deliciously plump lips of Dean’s, and he feels an extra wave of pleasure roll through him when he pictures them wrapped around his cock. What a beautiful sight that is.

He spends some time focusing on the tip of Dean’s cock, licking, slurping and finally latching on and sucking as hard as he can. He can feel Dean grow impossibly bigger in his mouth, and he’s turned on even further by the weight of Dean’s heavy cock against his tongue. Castiel’s body seizes with pleasure as Dean swallows him down whole, and then Castiel reciprocates, burying his nose in Dean’s balls as he takes him in as far as he possibly can. They’re both moaning in sync now, mouths stuffed full with leaking, delicious cocks.

Castiel bobs his head with purpose, working his hand over whatever isn’t in his mouth. It’s only minutes later when he can feel Dean’s body tense, and then Dean thrusts forward, all but shoving his dick down Castiel’s throat as he comes hot and hard in his mouth. Castiel grabs two handfuls of perfect ass and pulls him in even deeper as he swallows around him, sucking down every drop. He feels Dean’s mouth start to slide up and down on his own dick, and when Dean locks his mouth on him and starts sucking hard, Castiel follows him over the edge, coming down his throat with Dean’s over sensitive cock still in his own mouth, muffling his groan of pleasure.

Castiel turns himself back around, and falls face-first on to Dean’s strong chest. They’re both panting, and if Dean feels anything like Castiel does, then they’re both feeling like their brains and bones were just sucked out through their dicks.

“Good morning to you, too,” Dean says and Castiel can’t help but laugh at him.
“I was inspired by the combination of morning wood and terrible morning breath,” Castiel admits, loving the feeling of having Dean’s arms wrapped around him.

“I like the way your brain works. I’ve never done that with a dude,” Dean admits.

Castiel lifts his head enough so that Dean can see him quirk a brow at him. “Sixty-niners combine two of my favourite things. Sucking dick and having my dick sucked,” Castiel laughs.

“Are you for fuckin’ real?” Dean asks. “Are you sure you’re not just some super-hot fantasy I’ve cooked up? I’m gonna be pissed if I wake up from a coma or somethin’ and this was all in my head.”

Castiel laughs and pillows his head back on Dean’s chest. “I’m real, I promise.”

Dean snorts. “That’s exactly what dream-you would say.”

“Are you ready to wake up for the day or do you want to sleep a little more?” Castiel says, knowing the desire for more sleep is in his voice.

“More sleep,” Dean agrees, and Castiel lets his eyelids droop closed.

When he wakes up again, Dean still has an arm slug around him, though it’s become lax with sleep and it’s now resting on the bed behind him instead of wrapped all the way around him. His bladder is begging for release, so he scoots away and uses the bathroom and brushes his teeth. He’s still crusty in spots from last night, but he selfishly wants to shower with Dean, so he leaves it and goes back to the bedroom with every intention of snuggling back up with Dean until he wakes up.

He’s surprised (and slightly disappointed) to see that Dean’s awake now, too.

“Hey,” Dean says, his voice still gritty with sleep.

Castiel can’t help the smile that comes to his face. Dean is adorable first thing in the morning. His short hair is sticking up all over the place, and he has sleep lines on his face. Add that together with the sleepy and somewhat shy smile he’s giving to Castiel right now, and Castiel is completely powerless against his charms. “Sorry if I woke you,” Castiel tells him.

“It’s after ten, I can’t complain,” Dean says. Castiel goes to join him on the bed but Dean hops up. “My turn to drain the pipes,” he says with a grin and Castiel grins back, fully understanding.

Dean looks down at his chest and makes a look of disgust. “You wanna join me in the shower in a minute?” he asks.

“Badly,” Castiel answers, and Dean gives him a nod as he ruffles the back of his hair, walking gloriously naked to the bathroom.

Castiel gives him a couple of minutes, and when he hears the shower start Dean pokes his head around the corner with his tooth brush sticking out, he jerks his head in the direction of the bathroom and Castiel follows him in.

As the two of them crowd each other trying to stay under the spray, Dean laughs and says, “We should just always stay at your house. Better shower. More room.”

“I would agree, but there are some advantages to having to share such a small space,” Castiel says,
running his hand up Dean’s leg.

“Fuck yah,” Dean smiles, beginning to harden already.

Castiel smiles, and kisses him for the first time that day, with water running down their faces and into their mouths. They use their wet, soapy hands to stroke each other to completion, and then they take turns lingering over each other’s bodies as they soap up, and eventually wash and rinse each other’s hair. They trade small smiles often and Castiel can’t stop that warm and fuzzy feeling creeping up on him again. It makes him feel like a giant teddy bear, and he tries to be aware of Dean’s body language in case he’s coming on too strong.

But then he remembers Dean asking him to never leave last night as he was falling asleep, and he smiles to himself knowing that there’s little chance of being too clingy right now. He’s fairly certain Dean’s just as into him as he is to Dean.

He pulls a plain navy t-shirt over his head and just as he’s slipped his arms through, he feels Dean wrap his arms around his middle and place his chin on his shoulder. He leans back into him, loving this sleepy, cuddly version of Dean and the intimacy of getting ready for the day together. “Wanna make me some breakfast?” Dean asks as he plants a kiss on Castiel’s cheek. Castiel turns around to smile at him.

“You thought you’d suck up with a sweet little kiss on the cheek before you asked your guest to cook for you, huh?” Castiel teases him.

Dean smiles widely, no trace of shyness there at all. “Thought it couldn’t hurt.”

“You’re lucky I happen to think you’re adorable,” Castiel tells him.


“You are tough and manly. Which is why it’s even more adorable when you turn all soft and snuggly on me,” Castiel explains, pulling him in closer to place a soft kiss on his lips.

Dean pushes away, flexes the muscles in his arm and puts a serious look on his face. “Tough. Manly,” he grunts as he takes off down the stairs.

Castiel chuckles at him as he applies his deodorant and attempts to wrestle his hair into some sort of order, but eventually he gives up on it, knowing it’s going to do whatever it wants to do anyway.

He follows Dean down the stairs and into the kitchen. “What do you feel like having for breakfast?” Castiel asks him.

“Whatever you feel like making,” Dean tells him as he starts brewing some coffee.

“Do you have any bacon?” Castiel asks.

“I always have bacon,” Dean replies. “In the fridge.”

“I’ll make the works,” Castiel offers and Dean hums happily. “We could invite Charlie over if you’d like?” he offers, remembering her offer to have lunch with them.

Dean shakes his head, “I love Charlie, don’t get me wrong, but I need to be awake a hell of a lot
longer than this before I can handle all of that.” Castiel laughs, understanding. “Want me to chop up some potatoes?”

“That would be great,” Castiel answers.

“I’ll fix your coffee, too,” Dean offers and Castiel smiles at him as he opens cupboards until he finds a couple of frying pans. He grabs the bacon and some eggs from the fridge, and waits for the pan to heat up for the bacon. Dean passes him a large mug filled with coffee, and he can tell by the colour that it’s filled with cream and sugar the way he likes it. He knows from the first sip that this isn’t just any coffee, it’s Dean’s coffee from Twiggs.

“Forget staying at my house for the shower. We’re staying here so I can have this coffee every morning,” Castiel tells him.

“You only want me for my coffee,” Dean pouts.

“You only want me for my cooking,” Castiel retorts.

Dean nods in appreciation of the banter and Castiel lays some bacon on the pan. “I’d give you some of my blend for your place, but then I wouldn’t get to see you at work every morning,” Dean flirts.

Castiel smiles but disagrees, “I only saw you twice last week. You weren’t working at the cash register most mornings when I got there anyway.”

“How’m I gonna get you stay over all the time if I can’t bribe you with my coffee?” Dean asks.

Castiel grins, “I thought you wanted to stay at my house? Bring your coffee over and you can stay anytime.”

“That does sound like a hell of a deal,” Dean agrees.

They fall into an easy silence, prepping and cooking breakfast together. Dean handles the toast and keeps Castiel’s cup warm with many refills of his delicious coffee, and Castiel cooks everything else. He’s reminded of their first morning together, and how easy it was even then to just be together.

When their food is plated, they sit down together at the breakfast bar and start eating.

Castiel is rethinking their morning and finally asks, “Have you been with many men before me?” Castiel can tell by the look on Dean’s face that the question came out of the blue to him, though it’s something Castiel had been thinking about off and on since Dean said he’s never had a sixty-nine with a guy before.

“You lookin’ for my magic number, Cas?”

“No, no, nothing like that. I was just surprised when you said you’ve never done a sixty-nine with a man before. In my experience… most guys enjoy that and it’s done often,” he answers.

Dean wipes his mouth on his napkin though he isn’t making a mess, and Castiel has the feeling he’s biding time, thinking over his words. “I’ve slept around, but I’ve never actually been in a relationship with a guy before.”

Castiel is shocked, and tries not to show it. “Ever?” he clarifies.

“You’re my one and only,” Dean says lightly.
“I wouldn’t have guessed that at all,” Castiel says honestly. “You seem so at ease and comfortable
with me. Not only sexually, but in front of your family and friends.”

Dean talks with his mouth full, and Castiel feels better knowing Dean isn’t nervous anymore. “I just
treat you like I would a chick.” He shakes his head and swallows, “Actually, that’s not even true. I
never acted like this with a chick before either,” he laughs at himself. “I dunno, man. It's just easy
with you. Comfortable, ya know?”

Castiel smiles around a bite of his own breakfast and bobs his head in agreement. “I know exactly,”
he says once his mouth is empty again.

“You uh, been with a lot of guys?” Dean ask, wiggling his eyebrows.

Castiel shakes his head. “No. I did some experimenting when I was younger, and then once I
realized that I'm gay I tested the theory as often as an in-the-closet 18 year old could,” he smiles at
the memory. "But my ex, the one who cheated on me, he was my only real boyfriend until now.”
Dean makes a face and Castiel asks him about it. "What's that face for?"

"Nothin'," Dean says, shaking his head. "It's stupid."

"Tell me anyway," Castiel prods.

"I didn't even know you when you were with him, but fuck... I hate that guy!" Dean says
emphatically.

"Balthazar?" Castiel checks, confused by the outburst.

Dean laughs dryly. "I even hate his stupid name. What the fuck kinda name is that anyway?"

Castiel doesn't tell him it's another angel's name and how that's the reason he and Bal started talking
to begin with, but he can't even begin to hide his amused smile. "Why do you hate him?" he asks
instead.

"Fuck if I know," Dean says, shoving a large bite of toast into his mouth. He chews and then holds
up a finger, asking Castiel to wait while he swallows. "It's stupid. But I wanna punch his lights out
for cheating on you and hurting you - even though that obviously worked out well for me in the
long-run," he smirks. "But I also just kinda hate that you had a house and that you have all that
history or whatever with him."

Castiel is surprised by the confession. "You - you're jealous of my past relationship with Bal?"

Dean shrugs. "Told ya it was stupid."

"It's not stupid. I'm just surprised. You know I mentioned I was with him for six years?"

"I remember," Dean says tightly.

Castiel holds in his laughter and reaches over to take his hand, smiling. "We had a lot of sex in six
years -"

"La la la la," Dean interrupts him loudly, pulling his hands away and putting them over his ears.

Castiel can't hold it in anymore and laughter rolls out of him before he grabs Dean's hands and pulls
them away from his ears. "Dean! Let me finish. We had a lot of sex in six years and ALREADY in a
week you and I have had much, much better sex than I ever did with him." He sees Dean's lips quirk
into a small smile. "Best sex I've ever had, remember?"

Dean's face breaks into an actual smile now and and Castiel rolls his eyes a little. "I remember," he admits, looking awfully proud of himself.

"Good," Castiel laughs. "You have nothing to be jealous of. You're twice the man he was," he tells him, cupping his face in his palm for a second before dropping it again. "Having said that, I understand what you mean. I felt a twinge of jealousy when you mentioned Lisa's son yesterday."

"Really?" Dean asks, surprised. "Why?"

"It will probably sound silly," Castiel says, knowing how much he sounds like Dean. "But that's something I can never give you, regardless of how long we stay together."

"I love Ben," Dean says seriously, and Castiel assumes that's Lisa's son's name. "I always will. I did my best to be his dad for two years, and it killed me to break up with Lisa... not because of Lisa but because of Ben. I barely see him now and I frickin' hate knowing he won't even remember me in a few years when I still love him like he's my own," Dean says, and Castiel thinks this is the most vulnerable he's seen Dean so far. "But I don't need that to be happy. Hell, I don't even know if I want that. I love the kid, sure, but there's a lot that sucks about having a kid around all the time, and I wasn't even there for the baby part," he admits, and Castiel laughs.

"Doesn't sound like either of us has anything to be jealous about, then," Castiel says.

Dean nods but mutters, "I still hate that guy."

"You and me both," Castiel admits and he leans over to kiss Dean, slow and easy, trying to show him there's nowhere he'd rather be.

They're interrupted by the door swinging open, and they pull apart to see Sam standing there. "I smelled bacon," he says, making a bee-line to the frying pan.

"Another plus to your place, Cas," Dean says running his hand up and down Castiel's back. "No moose sightings," he mumbles under his breath and Castiel laughs at his joke.

“What?” Sam says, around the piece of bacon in his mouth.

“Just discussing the benefits of staying over at Cas's house instead of mine,” Dean says smoothly, standing to take both of their plates to the dishwasher.

“Like what?” Sam asks.

“Like my baby brother not being able to come in and eat all my bacon!” Dean says with a cuff across the back of his head.

Sam smiles sheepishly at Dean and then Castiel.

“I don’t mind you interrupting,” Castiel tells him honestly. He likes Sam.

“I do!” Dean argues. “I might’ve gotten lucky again!”

Castiel snorts, “I doubt that’s even possible.”

Dean whirls on Castiel. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing,” Castiel says quickly. “It was meant to be a joke in any case,” he explains.
“You don’t think I can get it up three times in one morning?” Dean taunts him. “Try me!” He gestures towards his dick like Castiel is going to go over to him and whip it out right in front of Sam, and Castiel starts laughing at the absurdity of this conversation.

“I’m on Cas’s side,” Sam puts in. “There's no way. And I now know way more about your sex life than I wanted to.”

“Guess you should wait for an invitation next time then, huh Sammy?” Dean jokes.

“Since when do I need an invitation to come over?” Sam asks.

“Since I could be getting the d at any given moment,” Dean responds.

“Do you two always talk about sex so easily in front of each other?” Castiel asks, completely blown away by how easily they seem to talk about this kind of thing.

Sam nods, his shaggy hair falling into his face briefly. “Most of the time, yah,” he answers.

“Oh shit. Does it bother you?” Dean asks nervously.

“I feel like it should, but for some reason, it doesn’t,” Castiel answers.

He gets up with the intention of getting himself some more coffee, but his foot somehow gets stuck in the footrest of the stool he was sitting on, and he drags it along with him for a step or two, scraping it loudly on the floor before he manages to catch himself on the counter. He grimaces, embarrassed about making a scene and looks up at Sam and Dean to see both of them grinning widely at him.

“You okay there, dweeb?” Dean asks him.

Castiel scowls at him. “Definitely not getting off three times this morning,” he quips and Sam slaps Dean on the back as he laughs.

“I knew I liked him,” Sam smiles. He looks around at the empty frying pans and says, “What's a guy gotta do to get some eggs around here?”

“Go home!” Dean says loudly, shoving Sam roughly towards the door, and Sam keeps going, laughing and sending Castiel a wave over his shoulder. "Now, where we were?” Dean asks with a wink.

Chapter End Notes

I am loving this story SO MUCH. It's so fun and fluffy and I just want to dive in it and never come back out!

Squeeeeee!!!
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

One more short chapter to get us set up for what I want to happen next :)

Castiel and Dean haven’t known each other long, but Dean knows the look he’s getting from Cas right now, and that look is clearly saying, “You wish.”

Dean laughs, because he was only joking anyway. “How ‘bout you go take it easy in the living room while I clean this up?” Dean suggests.

“I think I will,” Cas says and he goes to do just that.

Dean lets his mind wander as he scrapes off the frying pans and loads them into the dishwasher. Cas is... somethin’ else. When’s the last time he had sex three times in twelve hours? At least five years ago, he decides. He’s not forgetting this anytime soon, he smirks to himself. But he knows it’s more than the sex. It’s Cas. There’s just something about him that pulls him in. He keeps touching him and wanting to be touched by him, and that’s just not the way he ever was before. As annoying as it is to have all of his friends commenting on it all the time, he gets it. He isn’t usually like this. But he likes it! Being with Cas makes him feel good, and why wouldn’t he want more of that?

His mind drifts back to Jo, and he feels his anger kick in. She’s been bitchy before – Jo’s kinda famous for it – but he’s never seen her like that before. When she got up and left she actually looked hurt, and Dean doesn’t get it. He never ever led her on in any way, knowing how fucked up his life could get with Ellen and Bobby if shit went south between them and not willing to make the bet. Sure, he flirts with her sometimes, but it’s the same way he flirts with every waitress, and Jo never made any kind of move or anything to make Dean think she thought it was more than that. And fuck, how many times does he have to tell her? He told her when they were kids, he told her before Lisa, and he told her after Lisa that they were never gonna happen. So why does he feel so bad to see her hurt like that because of him and Cas?

He decides to mentally shake it off. He’s not gonna let shit with Jo ruin what he knows it a damn good thing with Cas. He washes and then dries his hands, and goes over to join Cas on the couch. He finds him watching old reruns of Family Feud. He settles in beside him and they watch the rest of the episode together, laughing at the stupid answers people give under pressure.

“What do you have going on today, Cas?”

“Nothing pressing,” Cas answers. “I usually do groceries on Saturdays.”

“I could do that,” Dean offers. “You wanna go together?”

“Sure,” Cas says happily. “That means we’ll have to go back to my place to put everything away though.”

“I could be persuaded to stay at your place tonight,” Dean drawls.

“You want to spend the night together again?” Cas asks.
“Yah,” Dean replies. “I mean, if you want to. It’s no big deal if you don’t,” Dean says, feeling like an idiot for assuming Cas wants to spend the night with him three nights in a row.

“I want to,” Cas says, and he leans in to kiss him.

“You wanna head out now or watch some more of this first?”

“I wouldn’t mind letting my food digest a little bit first,” Cas tells him.

Dean lets the recliner side of the couch out under him, and he can’t even pretend he isn’t pleased when Cas curls up against him, resting his head on his chest. Dean drapes his arm around him comfortably, and thinks he could get used to this.

They end up watching three more episodes together, and only break apart after that because the coffee has made its way to their bladders. “I’ll go pack a bag while you do your thing,” Dean offers.

“Dean?” Cas says as he starts to walk away. Dean turns back to look at him. “If we’re going to be staying over at each other’s houses often, and you’re comfortable with it, it wouldn’t bother me if you wanted to leave some things at my place for when you’re over so you don’t have to bring stuff back and forth all the time. If you want,” he stresses again.

“You read my mind,” Dean tells him. “Thanks.”

Dean goes to his bedroom and starts throwing stuff into his bag. He packs clothes for tomorrow, a pair of pajama pants he can leave at Cas’s place, a pair of sweat pants, jeans, a few t-shirts (one ratty, one nice) and a couple pairs of boxers. Then he grabs a spare tooth brush, and decides to just pick up some hair gel and deodorant to leave at Cas’s when they’re out. That’s pretty much all he’ll need. On second thought, he throws in a pair of black pants, socks, and a work shirt into the bag, too. The bag’s pretty full by the time he’s done and he hopes Cas knows what he was getting himself into.

Cas comes into his room to start throwing his clothes back in his bag and Dean says, “I can bring a bag of your stuff to leave here whenever I come back if you want.”

“Thanks,” Cas smiles at him.

“Ready?” Dean checks.

“Yep, ready when you are,” Cas answers.

They get their coats and shoes on, and then Dean says, “Who’s car should we take?”

“I didn’t think not taking your Baby was an option,” Cas responds and Dean’s smile spreads wide.

“I’m just gonna go tell Sam my plans for the day. You can move your car outta the way, then I’ll let you park in the garage while we’re gone,” he offers.

Cas nods his agreement and Dean runs over to Sam’s real quick, knocking and then entering immediately.

Dean finds his brother reading a book on the couch. “What’s up?” Sam asks.

“Just coming to let you know I’m heading out with Cas, and I’m spending the night at his place tonight,” he tells him.

“Good, that means you won’t be home to see Jess if she wants to come back here,” Sam smiles.
“I forgot about that! Text me and let me know how it goes?”

“You bet. Have fun. Be safe!” Sam quips as Dean walks out the door. Cas is waiting on the street, so Dean moves his car out of the way and then waits for Cas to park it like they discussed. A few minutes later, Cas is climbing into the passenger seat of the Impala, grinning from ear to ear.

“What?” Dean asks.

“I just really like your car,” Castiel answers and Dean’s thrown back to the first night they met, and how Cas was palming himself in that very seat.

“Don’t remind me, or I’m not gonna be able to concentrate on the road,” Dean tells him sternly.

“My apologies,” Castiel answers, but he doesn’t look sorry at all.

“Where do you do your groceries?” Dean asks.

“Publix.”

Dean snorts, “I forgot that you’re loaded for a sec. That place is expensive as fuck.”

Cas shrugs. “Their produce lasts longer.”

“Oh God, you sound like Sam.”

“Did Sam ever tell you how hot you look behind the wheel?” Cas says.

Dean smirks. “No, but I already knew that anyway.”

“Very gracious,” Cas teases.

A few minutes later they pull into Publix. The parking lot is packed, and Dean parks even further away than necessary, and explains that he doesn’t want some dumb kid hitting his car with a door.

“Do you have a list or somethin’?” He asks Cas as he grabs a cart and pushes it alongside him.

“No, I just buy whatever looks good.” Dean nods, liking that he isn’t all uptight and crazy about the list like Sam is. “This week I’m going to make salad and chilli for lunches,” Cas tells him. “Should I get enough for both of us?”

“What kind of salad?” Dean asks.

“Whatever you want,” Cas answers.

“Throw some chicken and bacon and croutons in there, and I’m in.”

“Cesar salad it is,” Cas says happily, selecting and placing vegetables in the cart. Dean can’t help but think how cute he is, inspecting each vegetable thoroughly, pressing on them and even smelling some. Eventually they move over to the fruit, and Cas has the same inspection process here, seemingly completely oblivious to how he’s the only one here smelling the fruit and vegetables.

Dean catches the eye of a teenager shooting Cas a weird look and he has to look away when the kid bursts out laughing. “What’s funny?” Cas asks.

“Nothin’, Cas, don’t worry about it,” Dean tells him, and Cas shrugs and goes back to feeling up some kiwis.
Soon he’s done with the fruit and they go up and down each aisle, arguing occasionally over brands and flavours, and not that he’s keeping count or anything, but Cas is letting Dean get what he likes more than he insists on what he originally wanted. They both agree that’s gotta be Old El Paso brand for the taco kit Dean talks Cas into, and it’s gotta be name brand Mac and Cheese. Dean invites himself along to eat both the tacos and the pasta, and continues to throw things into the cart that Cas would never have bought without him. He grabs some big, thick steaks, and even goes back to the produce to grab a couple of monstrous potatoes he can bake on the bbq later. Cooking he can’t do, but grilling he can.

They laugh and joke and argue all throughout the grocery store, and when Dean stops to get the things he thought of earlier for Cas’s house, Cas does the same thing and adds the brands he prefers to the cart too. Dean thinks they share a different kind of smile after that, and he wonders for the first time if people around them can tell that they’re together just by looking at them. He’s surprised that he wants everybody to know, and when Cas starts steering the cart, he makes sure to place his hand on his back so people can see it. Cas smiles at him really big after that, and he thinks belatedly that it was probably a smooth move on his part.

When they get to the checkout, they’re both astounded by how much crap they piled into the cart. They attempt to separate it, but end up arguing about it, and the cashier offers to just split the total at the end for them. Cas still argues (he’s a stubborn son of a bitch, Dean realizes) but Dean insists, and once Dean’s swiped his card there isn’t much Cas can do about it anyway.

Cas doesn’t say anything at all as they push the cart back to the car, but as they load the groceries into the trunk he finally makes eye contact and says almost sheepishly, “Thank you for paying for half of the groceries, Dean.”

“Happy to, Cas. You know I’m gonna be over and end up eating half of it anyway,” Dean tells him, and Cas seems to perk up a little bit at that.

He looks so cute that Dean doesn’t think about it, and leans in to kiss him right in the parking lot. He sinks into it without thinking, and they open their mouths for one another, taking the kiss a little deeper. Cas is the first one to pull away, but he’s smiling, so Dean smiles back, and they both get in the car and drive to Cas’s place.

Cas puts most of the groceries away since Dean doesn’t know where anything goes, but Dean makes sure to watch so he knows for next time.

“Other than you irritating me by insisting to buy my groceries, I think that’s the most fun I’ve ever had in a grocery store,” Cas tells him with a smile.

“Aw, Cas, it’s our first fight,” Dean teases him.

“I hardly think this counts as a fight, Dean,” Cas disagrees.

“You were mad at me, I was mad at you. It was definitely a fight.”

“You were mad at me?” Cas asks, “What in the world for?”

“For not letting me get my way,” Dean answers simply.

Cas huffs out a laugh. “Well if you’re going to get mad at me every time I don’t give into you, then I’m afraid you’ll be mad at me often. I spend all day long telling children no, I have no problem doing it with you, too,” Cas teases.

Dean’s jaw drops. “Did you seriously just compare me to a high schooler?”
Cas shrugs, but his lips are quirking into a smile. “If the shoe fits.”

“Okay, now we’re actually fighting,” Dean threatens and Cas laughs at him.

“Why do you want to fight with me so badly?” Cas asks, walking closer and winding his arms around his neck. Dean’s hands fall on to his hips naturally, and he rubs his thumbs in circles, just happy to be touching him again.

“Because if we fight, then we get to have make up sex,” Dean answers with a wiggle of his eyebrows, and when Cas drops his head to Dean’s chest, his body shaking with laughter, Dean has to admit he’s pretty proud of himself for that one.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Castiel is surprised how much less lonely a day of grocery shopping, eating, tidying up the house, and watching the Jurassic Park trilogy replay on television (again) is just because of Dean's presence. Other than Dean being here, there's nothing different between this Saturday and the last Saturday when Castiel felt boredom surround him so fully that he got up and went to a bar alone on a Saturday night for the first time in... ever.

But now, with Dean here beside him, he isn't lonely at all. In fact, he's enjoying every minute of doing absolutely nothing. Well, he would be, if he wasn't constantly noticing while trying not to notice Dean checking his phone every five minutes. After an hour, he finally gives up and asks.

"Why do you keep checking your cell phone? It's making me restless," he admits.

"Oh, uh, sorry," Dean smiles at him sheepishly. "Sammy's gone out with Jess today and he told me he'd text me how it's going. That was almost two hours ago now and there's still radio silence. Drivin' me nuts."

Castiel feels the weight of his worry come off of him instantly. Dean must feel him relax because he places a hand on his knee in a comforting gesture. "Sorry man, didn't mean to stress you out."

"I kept thinking you were looking for an out," Castiel says, voicing the reason for his concern.

"An out?" Dean asks.

"A reason to leave. A better offer. Because you're bored and you don't want to stay here anymore," Castiel clarifies.

"Weekends are meant for being bored," Dean scoffs. "Besides, I like bein' here with you. There is no better offer. I do wanna know what's up with Sam though."

"Why don't you try texting him?" Castiel asks.

"I thought about it. Don't wanna bug him if it's going well though," Dean considers.

"I think Sam will have turned off his sound anyway, but I'm sure if he sees a message come in he'll respond. Don't you think?"

"Yah, okay," Dean agrees. Castiel watches him type out a message.

**Dean: You're killing me here, kid. Let us know how it's going when you have sec.**

Castiel smiles at the "us", knowing that Sam will know it means he and Dean. It's been so long since he's been referred to as an "us" that he almost forgot what it felt like. It feels really, really nice.

"Are you bored of staying in or do you wanna go out and do somethin' tonight?" Dean asks.

"We have to do something for dinner," Castiel says.

"I was kinda thinkin' about grilling up the steaks and potoates we got. You have a barbeque, right?"
"It's hardly ever been used, but I have one. Might need a bit of a cleaning," Castiel tells him.

"I don't mind. If you don't mind, that is," Dean adds.

"Having my tough and manly boyfriend work the grill for my dinner? How could I mind?" Castiel teases him.

Dean smirks. "I wonder when it'll stop being fun to hear you call me your boyfriend," Dean says, and Castiel has to laugh because he feels the same little thrill every time he says it or hears it.

"I wasn't going to mention it in case you made fun of me," Castiel tells him.

"Whatever, we can be losers together," Dean laughs. "We didn't really have lunch. You hungry to eat soon?"

Castiel nods. "Yah, I could eat."

"K. I'll get some rub on the meat, and prep the potatoes, then clean off the grill," Dean says, pushing to his feet.

"Do you like asparagus?" Castiel asks.

Dean shrugs. "I can choke it down if I have to."

"Corn on the cob?"

"Hell yah," Dean answers. "I can grill that, too."

"You can cook corn on the cob on the barbecue?"

"You can cook anything on a barbecue," Dean says, surprised by Castiel's lack of knowledge. "You're in for a treat, Cas," he winks.

God, Castiel loves it when he winks at him.

Castiel stands, too. "I'll peel the corn while you get everything else ready."

Dean leans in and kisses him chastely. "Look at us. All domestic. Cookin' dinner together."

"We're adorable," Castiel agrees and Dean kisses him once more before they walk into the kitchen together.

Castiel stops to drop his phone into the dock, then scrolls through his music for something Dean might like. "You like U2?"

"They're not bad," Dean says, but Castiel can tell he doesn't really mean it.

"Guns N Roses?"

"Better," Dean says with a nod. Castiel goes with it and starts the play list. "You listen to a lot of music?" Dean asks.

"I suppose. I turn it on so it doesn't feel so quiet when I'm alone all the time."

Dean doesn't respond immediately, so he looks over his shoulder to check on what he's doing and Dean is just looking at him. With so much sadness on his face that he has to look away. "Stop it,"
Castiel says softly. "Stop looking at me like you pity me."

"S'not pity, Cas. I know I keep sayin' it but I just don't get it." His voice gets closer and Castiel feels Dean's arms around his stomach again, and then Dean kisses into the curve of his neck gently. This isn't meant to arouse, it's meant to comfort, and Castiel can't move away from it. Dean turns him and looks him straight in the eye. "You're... you're just such a good guy, you know? You're smart, and you have the greatest, perfectly sarcastic sense of humour, and God, you're freakin' adorably clumsy. I don't get how people aren't flocking around you all the time."

"I'm weird," Castiel tells him. "I know weird things and I say them when people aren't interested. I'm awkward. I trip on my own two feet more in a day than most adults do in a year. I read instead of watch tv a lot of the time, so I don't know much about pop culture and miss a lot of jokes and can't keep up with conversations. I'm not good with people. People don't like me."

"That is such bull," Dean says, and Castiel sees a flash of anger in his eyes. "Everybody who's met you so far likes you."

"Jo doesn't like me," Castiel supplies with a quirk of his lips.

"Jo doesn't like anybody," Dean says, waving that away. "Sam likes you. Kevin likes you. Charlie likes you. Even Ellen's been asking me when I'm gonna bring you 'round again. Everybody I've introduced you to likes you."

"It's because of you. Just being with you makes me cooler."

Dean smiles and kisses him again softly. "It's not that, Cas. You are cool. And you're not gonna be lonely anymore, I promise."

Castiel can feel hope blooming in his chest, but he tries to crush it down. Hope is like a balloon. Really pretty and fun when it's full but devastating and loud when it pops.

"We barely know each other," he argues.

"So what? I'm tellin' ya. Even if this goes south between us, I'm still gonna be around. There'll still be games night, and there'll always be the Roadhouse. You can't get rid of me now. Or Charlie. Good luck even trying to get rid of Charlie, actually," Dean laughs.

He's only met most of these people once or twice, but is it really possible that through Dean he's managed to make a handful of friends again? He decides to over-think that later. Not now. Not when Dean's so close to him, making him feel more confident and better about himself than he's felt in years.

"You know I'm crazy about you, right?" Dean says quietly. "Like stupidly, childishly, thinking about you all the time, perpetually horny for you, scared out of my mind, crazy about you?"

"No," Castiel replies, and his voice comes out breathy and soft.

"Now you do," Dean says simply, and he kisses him again, dragging it out until Castiel feels desire curling in his stomach as Dean presses him back against the counter. Castiel runs his tongue across the seam of Dean's lips, and Dean's mouth opens automatically, sucking the tip of Castiel's tongue and dragging it into his mouth for him. Castiel feels his hips press forward, seeking friction without thinking about it.

Dean tears his lips away to nuzzle behind his ear. "Are we doing this right now or am I grilling some steaks?" Castiel's stomach chooses that exact moment to grumble and Dean laughs. "Steak now, sex
later."

"'Kay," Castiel says stupidly, his brain not exactly working at full-power right now.

Dean kisses him once more and then goes back to rummaging through Castiel's cupboards for ingredients. A few minutes later, the steaks sit out on a cutting board covered in spices, and Castiel shows Dean to the barbeque out the patio door and on to the back deck.

Dean whirls on Castiel instantly. "How did you not tell me that you have a swimming pool?"

"I'm not sure. It didn't come up. I didn't think it was important."

"Is it heated?" Dean asks.

"Yes."

"Then it's important! Can we swim after dinner?"

"It's barely 50 degrees outside once the sun goes down," Castiel says.

"The water's heated, Cas," Dean tells him like he's a child.

"Fine, we can swim," Castiel says, unable to turn down Dean's excitement.

He leaves Dean to clean the barbeque and turns to go back into the house. Before he does though, he stops at the patio door. "Hey, Dean?" Dean faces him, eyebrows raised in question. "Um. I just felt the need to reciprocate your prior declaration. I, too, am... crazy about you," he stammers.

Dean gives him one of his most dazzling smiles, and Castiel actually feels the breath pushed out of his lungs by the force of his attraction and affection for this man.

"I know," Dean says, giving him another wink.

Yes, I definitely love when he winks at me, Castiel thinks again. And when he turns to walk through the door, he crashes into the screen and knocks it off its track. Castiel hears a laugh come from Dean, and he mumbles to himself, "Of course I would do that right now." He hears more laughter behind him but decides to ignore it in favour of burying his face in the couch cushions once he gets inside.

Dean gives him one of his most dazzling smiles, and Castiel actually feels the breath pushed out of his lungs by the force of his attraction and affection for this man.

"I know," Dean says, giving him another wink.

A little while later, after Castiel has composed himself again, Dean comes in through the screen door and grabs the potatoes to add to the grill. "It'll be about a half hour for these. I gotta keep turning them, so feel free to do whatever while I'm cooking."

"Thanks," Castiel says.

Knowing he has at least a half hour of time, he goes to his breifcase and grabs a stack of papers that need his approval. He's lucky to have an EA in his class who takes care of most of the grading, but he goes over the papers to add his own personal notes, too. He settles in at the kitchen table, grabs his glasses, and loses himself in his work.

Some time later, he realizes he's thirsty, and he grabs a beer from the fridge, thinking it will go nice with the steak and potatoes. He grabs a second one for Dean and decides to bring it out to him.

He makes it through the door without tripping this time, and smiles at Dean, holding out the beer. "Thought you deserved this after slaving over the hot barbecue all day," he says.

But Dean doesn't move. He's just staring at him. He's staring at him so hard Castiel can feel his gaze
on his face. He wonders if he got pen or something on his face, and when he brings his hands to his face he belatedly realizes he left his glasses on. Not needing them right now, he goes to pull them off his face when Dean finally speaks.

"Don't you dare take those off!"

Castiel is totally lost. "What? Why?"

"Because every single teacher fantasy I've ever had is coming back to me in real-life, starring my ridiculously sexy boyfriend, that's why."

Castiel feels colour rising to his cheeks.

"Jesus Christ," Dean groans. "I knew you'd be hot in them, but I had no fucking idea just how hot."

"Dean," Castiel says, embarrassed.

"How do any of your students get any work done? Look at you!"

"Please, stop," Castiel says, and he actually does pull off the glasses. "Would you like your beer or not?"

Dean walks over to him and kisses him passionately. Castiel is caught off guard, but ultimately kisses him back while trying to keep things PG as Dean is supposed to be cooking. "Dean," Castiel says against his lips.

Dean backs off with a pout. "Tell me you'll put them back on for me later."

"Maybe," he says, unsure how he feels about being ogled like this.

Dean smirks and grabs his beer. "Can't hide them from me forever."

Castiel shakes his head. "I have more papers to grade. Holler when you want me to bring you out the steak," he tells him.

Castiel has to actually work to concentrate again once he sits down. What that man does to him. Fuck. Soon enough Dean asks for the steak, and he brings it to him, purposely leaving his glasses on the table this time. Some more time passes, and Dean yells for the corn. Castiel's just stuffing the papers back into his briefcase when Dean comes in with a tray full of food. Castiel drags off his glasses again and stuffs them back into his briefcase with the paperwork.

"Dinner is served," Dean says with a little bow.

"I'll set the table," Castiel tells him, putting his briefcase by the door. He grabs his favourite bamboo placemats, some cloth napkins, and after waivering for a minute, a big, thick, three-wick candle for the middle of the table. He lights it, and then grabs the plates, steak knives, forks, butter and sour cream for the potatoes, and then they sit together at the table.

"This is nice, Cas," Dean says conversationally.

"I appreciate you cooking. Thought I'd show my thanks by setting a nice table," Castiel responds.

"I don't even own anything like this. Hell, I don't even have a table," Dean laughs.

"I used to enjoy entertaining," Castiel says easily as he cuts into his steak. "Now I mostly use it as a desk," he admits. His steak is cooked exactly like he asked, he notices. He takes the first bite and the
perfect combination of flavours explodes on his tongue. He moans around it and looks at Dean eagerly. "Dean, this is fantastic!"

"Glad you think so," Dean smiles. "Grilling is my specialty."

Castiel takes another bite and groans again. "Seriously. This is better than any steak I've had in a restaurant even. I can't believe you cooked this!"

"I'm a man of many talents," Dean quips and Castiel smiles, wondering how in the world he got lucky enough to be spending his Saturday evening at home with a man like this.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I know jack shit about teachers and EAs or whatever. So I made this up. Feel free to laugh at the inaccuracy :)

Perhaps some pool foreplay and ultimately smut coming in the next chapter...

(And sorry for those of you recommending Sabriel. This is a Sam and Jess story!)
Dean watches as Cas clears his plate and finds himself wondering where the hell all the food Cas eats goes. His stomach isn't chiseled with abs or anything, but he's still ripped, and with the amount of food he puts away, it doesn't even make sense. Not that he's complaining. Dean's got a healthy appetite too, and it's nice to not feel weird about it for once. Dean finishes his dinner and leans back in his seat, full and happy. This has been a good day.

"Here, I'll take that for you," Cas offers, and he gets up and takes his plate. Dean's eyes follow him (like they always do) and he smiles when he sees Cas grab him another beer from the fridge. He wiggles it in question and Dean nods, so Cas passes it to him before opening another one for himself. "Told ya we'd end up drinking your beer," Dean says.

"It's the least I can do. I'm still blown away by that meal," Cas says as he rinses off their plates at the sink. "You're good for the ego."

"I doubt you need any help in that department," Cas says sarcastically. "What's that s'posed to mean?"

"It wasn't meant to insult you, I only meant that you must be aware of how unbelievably attractive you are," Cas says, smiling. Dean is about to start talking but then Cas says, "And that's on top of the fact you're the owner of a successful business, a very caring and compassionate person, and smart and funny to boot. Your ego must be hard to carry around, and rightfully so."

Dean doesn't say that for most of his life his dad made him feel like he was less than nothing and could never do a damn thing right. He doesn't say how many times he made the wrong decision about food or money and how he and Sam would sometimes have to go days without eating because he fucked up and there was nobody there to help. He doesn't say how if he was a better man he would have really loved Lisa and been able to stay with Ben. How if it weren't for Bobby and Ellen giving him a loan he'd be flipping burgers at the Roadhouse for the rest of his life.

"If you say so," Dean says instead, taking a long drink from his bottle. He’s saved from having to try and change the topic of conversation when his phone starts ringing. He pulls it out of his pocket and says, “Finally! It’s Sam. I’ll put it on speaker,” he says, hitting the button. “This better not be a butt dial while you’re getting it on with Jess,” he answers.

“And you wonder why I didn’t call or text earlier,” Sam says.

“I got you on speaker, by the way. Cas wants to hear, too.”

“Hello, Sam. How was your date?” Cas says loudly.

“Hey, Cas. It… it was amazing,” Sam gushes and Cas and Dean share a smile. “Dean I know you’re going to think I’m crazy. But I’m telling you. She’s the one. I’m going to marry her someday.”

Dean can’t even believe what he's hearing. His brother, Sam, the most serious, down-to-earth guy he
has ever known has completely lost his shit over a chick.

Cas recovers first and says, “That’s unbelievable, Sam. Good for you! How do you know?”

“I don’t know how to explain it. I know it sounds absurd, but it’s just this feeling I get when she looks at me. I don’t care what I have to do, I just want her to look at me like that every day for the rest of my life.”

“You seem to have rendered your brother speechless,” Dean hears Cas say.

“Dean?” Sam asks.

“Yah, sorry man. You’re freakin’ me out,” Dean says honestly.

“Sorry,” Sam laughs, but he doesn’t sound sorry. He sounds happy. Happier than he’s heard him sound in a really, really long time. “I’m not going to marry her today or anything, but I just know I’m going to eventually. I can’t believe it. She’s perfect. She’s beautiful, obviously, but she’s so funny, and she’s sweet, but she’s also kinda bad-ass at the same time. I can’t wait for you to meet her. You’re going to love her. Oh! She even ordered a burger and fries when we went out for dinner. I took her to a steak house and she ordered a burger, Dean.”

Dean can’t help but smile. “Anybody who doesn’t order a salad on a date gets my seal of approval, you know that,” he answers.

“Noted,” Cas says quietly and Dean winks at him. He loves the way Cas’s cheeks go pink every time he does that. He’s adorable.

“That’s why I wanted to tell you! Sorry I didn’t text back sooner, but I was having so much fun I barely noticed the time passing. I can’t believe it’s already seven! Those were the best four hours of my life!” Sam exclaims.

“Did you kiss her?” Dean asks.

“Dean,” Sam says, suddenly serious.

“Come on! Did you seal the deal or did you chicken out?”

“I kissed her, okay?” Sam says grudgingly.

“Thatta boy! That’s my brother!” Dean teases him.

“He’s all talk, Sam. I kissed him first, you know,” Cas pipes in.

“Wait, really?” Sam asks.

“Dean?” Cas says, putting him on the spot.

“Well... I wanted to kiss him,” Dean says, remembering how he had the thought.

“Ha!” Sam laughs, clearly pleased by the turn of events. “Cas, you’re handy to have around.”

“Happy to help,” Cas says, smiling at the phone.

“Okay, I think that’s enough of this for one night,” Dean says.

“Roadhouse tomorrow for supper?” Sam checks.
“You bet,” Dean answers.

“Cas?” Sam asks.

“Um, if Dean wants me to, then sure,” Cas offers, obviously nervous.

Dean rolls his eyes at Cas. “We’ll see you there, Sammy. Glad you had a good date,” Dean says.

“Thanks, Dean. See ya!”

Dean ends the phone call and shares a smile with Cas. ‘Can you believe that? One date and he says he’s going to marry her? That’s freakin’ crazy!’

Cas just smiles and shrugs his shoulder. “There is enough talk of love at first sight that I believe it’s possible.”

“Seriously?”

“I don’t necessarily think it happens as often as people might think it does. But I do think it’s possible, yes,” Cas explains.

“I’ve wanted to fuck somebody on first sight, but not marry them. Shit,” Dean scoffs. He still thinks this is insane.

“Ah well, at least I fall into one out of two categories there,” Cas smiles.

“You’re a cocky little bastard, you know that?” Dean says with genuine affection in his voice.

Cas smiles even wider and says, “But you like me anyway.”

“Yah I do,” Dean admits. “Can we swim now, or are you one of those don’t swim for an hour after you eat kinda people?”

“That’s a myth that’s been proven untrue, so of course I don’t believe that. We can swim if you’d like. I’ll go get us some swim trunks,” Cas says, beginning to walk away from the kitchen to his bedroom.

“Cas?” Dean asks him.

Cas stops and turns to face him.

“You’ve got a really tall fence out there. You really think we need suits?”

Cas just blinks at him for a few seconds and then says, “You want to skinny dip?”

Dean wiggles his eyebrows at Cas. “Well, yah.”

“You are a terrible influence on me,” Cas says, walking back towards Dean.

“Are you tellin’ me you’ve never gone skinny dipping in your own pool?”

“Never,” Cas says seriously. “Honestly, it never even occurred to me.”

Dean stands from his chair, shoots Cas a smile and says, “Last one in is a rotten egg!”

He laughs at Cas’s jaw dropping but Dean’s already lifting his shirt up over his head, and he catches a glimpse of Cas doing the same. Dean starts running towards the patio door and Cas is hot on his
heels, and he hears the belt of Cas’s pants hit the floor. He slides the screen door open, unbuttoning his jeans, but before he can get them off he sees a streak of tanned skin and then there’s a splash in the pool.

“What the fuck?” Dean says, surprised. When Cas’s head surfaces he says, “There’s no way you got naked that fast!”

Cas shakes his hair out of his face and sends little droplets of water flying all around him. “You underestimated my competitive nature,” Cas smirks.

“Bet you still have your pants on,” Dean says.

“Why don’t you come in here and check?” Cas says, and the jerk dives under, letting his bare ass surface long enough for Dean to confirm that he is in fact naked. Two can play at this game. He undoes his pants, but waits for Cas to surface again and makes eye contact with him as he pushes the pants off his hips and lets them drop to the floor beside the pool. Cas gapes at his naked form like Dean thought he would, and he teases a little bit more by turning around and bending over nice and slow to pick up and fold his jeans, letting Cas get a good look at his exposed ass.

“If you don’t come in, I’m coming out,” Cas says, and whether he did it on purpose or not (because Dean’s pretty sure Cas does sometimes just to turn him on) his voice is lower than usual and Dean can feel his dick plump up a little bit.

He doesn’t waste any more time, and throws himself into a perfect cannonball position before he slams into the water. His first thought is just pure joy. It feels so good to be in the warm water, feeling it caress his naked skin and slide around his body. He surfaces and starts laughing when he sees Cas gripping the edge of the pool and wiping water off of his face, because he obviously soaked him. Dean watches Cas work to schoo his face into a scowl, but he can’t, and he joins in laughing instead.

Dean swims over to him, still grinning as he closes the distance between them. “Why are you looking at me like that?” Cas asks.

“No reason,” Dean smiles back. Cas looks nervous, he realizes. “Am I makin’ you nervous, Cas?”

“Maybe,” Cas says, but it's said in such a way that it's a clear yes.

“How come?”

“Because you look like you’re about to do something to me but I don’t know what it is,” Cas tells him.

“I’m just going to do what you asked me to do,” Dean says gently, and he reaches out under water to run his hand up Cas's leg and eventually up to his naked ass. "Hm," he says, giving it a little squeeze, "I guess you don't have pants on after all." Castiel laughs nervously and actually bats his hand away. "Really?" Dean asks, amused.

“We are not having sex in my pool,” Castiel says seriously, though Dean can see him trying to fight back a smile.

“Easy tiger,” Dean teases. “Who said anything about wanting to have sex? I just touched your butt. That doesn’t mean I wanna have pool sex.”

Castiel’s eyes narrow. “Do you want to have sex in the pool?”
“Uh yah, of course I want to have sex in the pool!” Dean exclaims.

Castiel throws his hands up in exasperation and Dean throws his head back and laughs, but he’s interrupted by water falling into his mouth because Cas, the little bastard, has splashed him and now he’s swimming away. Dean chases after him, but it’s easy to see that out of the two of them, he’s not the best swimmer. He stops chasing him, and Cas stops swimming, leaving lots of space between them. Then it hits him.

“How often do you swim out here?” He asks.

“Almost every day,” Cas answers. “I do laps.”

“That explains the muscles,” Dean says, more to himself than to Cas.

“Muscles?” Cas asks.

“You eat like a teenager with a bad case of the munchies but you’re still ripped,” Dean explains. “I didn’t know it was possible to be both.”

Cas spits out a laugh. “Are you kidding me right now? Have you seen yourself? You’re like... like a Greek God or something. Like you belong in a museum. And I’ve seen you eat, too,” he reminds him.

“Oh please,” Dean scoffs.

“Seriously!” Cas exclaims. “When I first saw you at the club I thought you were some kind of a celebrity and Sam was your bodyguard,” Cas says, laughing at the idea now.

“Shut up,” Dean laughs. “You did not.”

Cas raises his hand and says, “I swear.”

“That’s hilarious,” Dean chuckles. He laughs for a second and then he realizes what Cas said. The first time he talked to Cas, Sam was inside. “You saw me before we met outside?”

Cas nods. “Yes. I saw you sitting at a table with Sam. I thought you were gorgeous and I tried to work up the courage to talk to you, but I couldn’t do it. Nobody was more surprised than I was when you started talking to me outside.”

“That’s fuckin’ weird. I uh, I don’t even smoke. Never did much because it was so expensive, but I haven’t even had a drag for years. Just used it as an excuse to talk to you,” Dean admits.

“I did notice that I haven’t seen you smoke since that night.”

“I could say the same about you,” Dean says to Cas, realizing that for the first time.

“I used to smoke. A lot. But it’s been more than ten years now for me. I only did it at the bar because I was so stressed about not being able to talk to you even though I really wanted to.”

Dean can’t help the laughter that starts up. “That’s so dumb! Can you believe neither of us smoke but we met smoking?”

Cas starts laughing too. “That’s pretty ridiculous,” he’s agrees.

“If I believed in fate I’d say it was meant to be or some shit,” Dean jokes.
“I don’t necessarily believe in fate, but I do believe that people come into your life for a reason,” Cas says.

“You think I was meant to come outside and fake smoke with you?” Dean checks.

“I’m not sure. It’s a nice thought,” Cas shrugs.

“What’s the reason I came into your life, then?” Dean challenges.

“Fantastic sex,” Cas answers quickly and Dean laughs.

“Hey, if there’s somebody or somethin’ out there watching out for me, makin’ sure I’ll get great sex, I think I’d be okay with that,” Dean says, and he swims towards Cas again. Cas backs up again, keeping the distance between them. “Hey, I thought you said I was meant to have sex with you?”

“Not in the pool!” Cas says again and Dean laughs.

“Come on, it’ll be fun,” Dean tries.

“Stop it,” Cas says, and it comes out on the tail end of a giggle.

“Did you just giggle?” Dean teases.

Cas puts a hand over his mouth. “No. Of course not. Adult men don’t giggle.”

“Could you be any cuter?”

“Stop it,” Cas says again, but he’s smiling.

“Okay, okay. I won’t try to have sex with you. I just wanna kiss you,” Dean tries.

“Hands above the waist?” Cas asks.

Dean snorts, “Sure.”

“Promise?”

Dean rolls his eyes. “Do you have so little self-control, Cas?”

“Promise?” Cas says again, harsher this time.

“Fine, I promise. Hands above the waist. Won’t try to have sex with you. Can we make out now?”

Cas moves back further and Dean sighs dramatically, but then he sees that Cas has seated himself on a little platform against a pool wall. Dean swims over happily, and easily inserts himself between Cas’s wide open legs. He can touch the raised edge that must go all the way around the pool with his toes, so he stands and finds Cas’s hips with his hands. Naked hips, Dean reminds himself when he feels nothing but warm skin under his hands. He pulls Cas in by the small of his back until Cas’s naked body is flush with his, and Cas’s legs are all but wrapped around his waist. Dean doesn’t know which one of them shudders, but he feels it move through his body all the same.

“How do you do this to me?” Cas asks, his voice low.

“What do I do to you?” Dean asks, even though he’s pretty sure he knows.

“I’ve had more sex in the last week than I’ve had in a year, but every time you touch me, I still want
you just as bad as the first time.”

With Cas pressed against him, he can literally feel the truth of his words because Cas is starting to get hard against his stomach, and he can feel the same thing happening to himself. His heart is pounding and he knows despite what Cas said, he could easily take him in the pool right now. Except that there’s no lube, and water isn’t gonna cut it. And he said he won’t. So he doesn’t. But he does answer him. “Fuck,” he breathes, letting his lips start a trail from Cas’s shoulder, over to slope of his neck, to finally stop just a hair away from his lips. “It’s like that for me, too, Cas. I’m always so frickin’ turned on by you.”

Cas lets out a sound that can only be classified as a whimper, and Dean’s dick reacts immediately to the needy little sound. They both move together to close the tiny space between them at the same time, which means their lips come together just a little bit harder than they intended, but they go with it, starting this kiss hard and fast, with tongues eagerly thrusting into each other’s mouths, and hands sliding greedily over wet, naked bodies. Cas actually does wrap his legs around Dean’s waist, and Dean can take his entire body weight because of the water making him weightless, and Cas lets out another little whimper. Dean files away the information that Cas likes to be manhandled for future use. Right now, all he can concentrate on is Cas’s body wrapped around his and that fucking mouth of his making Dean feel drugged with want.

Cas’s hips start moving, and Dean can feel Cas’s hardening dick slide against his stomach, and then he hears a deep sound of pleasure come from Cas’s throat. It’s using every ounce of Dean’s willpower not to take him in his hand and stroke him until he’s hard as a rock, but he said he wouldn’t, so he doesn’t. He doesn’t know how long they kiss like that for, how long Cas rubs himself against Dean, and how long Dean wishes he had something to rub against, but eventually Cas pulls away and says, “Take me to bed, Dean.”

Dean gets them to the other end of the pool, and even manages to hold Cas’s weight as he walks them out of the walk-in pool (which drags another little needy sound from Cas – fuck, he loves this) and he doesn’t stop supporting his weight until he presses him against the brick wall of the house and Cas lets his feet drop to the ground. “Mmm you’re so strong,” Cas says against Dean’s lips and Dean can’t help but feel a twinge of pride in his masculinity.

“Makes you hot, doesn’t it?” Dean asks. And Cas responds aggressively with his mouth.

Dean finally has the chance to press against something, so he pushes forward and their cocks slide together and Dean moans loud into Cas’s mouth.

“Shhh,” Cas says suddenly. “They can’t see us, but the neighbours could hear us.”

“You better get me inside so nobody can hear it when I make you scream then,” Dean says quietly and he watches while Cas bites down on his bottom lip, but pushes Dean towards the screen door.

Chapter End Notes

Don't hate me for the cliffhanger!!! *hides*
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Aw, you didn't really think I'd leave you hanging like that, did you ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It takes them longer than either of them would like to actually make it to Castiel’s bedroom. They stop several times, pressing each other up against walls or furniture, feasting on each other’s skin and mouths, leaving a trail of water behind them. Castiel can feel his heavy dick bobbing when he walks, and Dean presses himself against Castiel’s skin as often as possible, so Castiel knows Dean is just as hard and just as eager as he is.

He wasn’t joking when he said that Dean does things to him. He does. He’s never wanted anybody with the insatiable need he feels for Dean. Right now they’re pressed together against the doorframe of Castiel’s bedroom. They’re so close to making it to the bed, but then Dean finally breaks his no hands below the waist promise (technically they aren’t still in the pool, so Cas doesn’t count it against him) and brings both of their now rock-hard dicks together in his hand. The first press of their hard lengths against each other has both of them moaning with pleasure, and when Dean starts jacking them together, their breath hitches and comes out in gasps and sighs.

“Feels so good,” Castiel tells Dean, though he knows that Dean already knows. He wants to keep feasting on Dean’s body, especially wants to suck a mark like the one he has on his collar bone onto Dean, but he’s so overwhelmed with finally getting some friction and the hint of a promise of release that he can’t do anything but thrust into Dean’s hand.

He has half a mind to just let Dean finish him like this, because it feels good enough, but then Dean pulls away and says, “Bed, Cas. Get on the bed before I let you fuck me dry against the wall.”

Castiel gets such a vivid picture of that in his mind he has to close his eyes and shake his head to stop seeing it. “Holy fuck,” Castiel says, and almost runs towards the bed, climbing on to it and grabbing the lube from the nightstand beside him. Dean crawls over to him and Castiel feels his mouth go a little dry when he sees the bulging muscles in his arms and shoulders as he holds up his weight. As soon as Dean is close enough, the neediness he felt in the pool earlier overcomes him, and when Dean presses their cocks together again, Castiel wraps his legs around Dean’s waist and starts rocking into him. Dean groans and rocks back, pushing their erections together again as they continue kissing. Both of their lips are swollen and sensitive now, but if anything, it only makes it hotter because they’re both so desperate for each other they just can’t stop.

Somehow, Castiel ends up rolling Dean over, and with Dean under him, he feels his cock fill even more. He wants to fuck him badly, and without a word of discussion, he grabs the lube and slicks up his fingers. Castiel sees Dean bite his lip and knows he wants this as much as Castiel does. It’s as if Dean can read his mind because he says, “Want you so bad, Cas.”

With no shame, Dean grabs his legs and holds them up, almost bending himself in half, and presenting his ass to Castiel in the process. Castiel forgets the lube on his fingers, and lowers his mouth to Dean's perfectly puckered hole. He drags his pointed tongue around the rim of his hole, tasting the pool water and the tangy flavour of Dean’s ass, and Dean’s already groaning above him. He forgot how much Dean loved this the last time. He decides to get comfortable and take his time,
so he lays on his stomach, propping his upper body up on his forearms. He licks once across his hole, and then blows softly and hears Dean make a choking sound in his throat. He can’t hold back anymore, and dives in. He licks across his hole over and over, until he feels the rim start to soften under his mouth, and then he starts opening him up little by little, first using just the tip of his tongue, but soon pushing as much of it inside of Dean as he can. Dean is writhing under him, pushing his ass into his face, and Castiel grips his asscheeks to spread them apart so that he can dive in even further.

Dean’s moaning almost constantly now, the most arousing and needy sound he’s ever heard come from him. Castiel is almost ready to blow just knowing how turned on Dean is. Using his fingers that are still mostly wet from the lube earlier, he starts to push into his tight hole with one finger. When it slides in so easily, he adds a second. “Oh my God, Cas,” Dean pants. “Want you inside me. Want your dick inside of me.”

“You’re not ready for me yet,” Castiel tells him.

“Want you. Fuck, want you so bad,” Dean begs.

“Shhh, almost. Need to stretch you out so you can take my cock first,” Castiel says.

“Fuck yah. Want your big fat cock in me,” Dean says, pushing down on to his fingers. Castiel feels a lightning bolt of want strike inside of him at Dean’s dirty words. To hear this incredible man talking dirty to him is almost more than he can take. He grabs the base of his dick and squeezes tight, trying to cut off some of the mounting impatience to just come already. While he does that, he’s able to add a third finger, and while he could probably use a little bit more lube, Dean seems to be enjoying the burn that he must be feeling right now, because Castiel can see his head being thrown from side to side, and Dean certainly isn’t quiet with his desire.

“Oh fuck, fuck, fuck,” Dean pants.

“Soon,” Castiel promises. “Gonna fuck my way into your tight hole so soon, Dean,” Castiel tells him.

“Mmm wanna feel you,” Dean says.

Having his dick a little bit more under control now, Castiel adds more lube to his palm and strokes himself to coat his dick, and then rubs the excess off along Dean’s crack. Dean presses into his palm and Castiel can’t believe how badly Dean wants this.

“You ready for me?” Castiel asks, teasing him, knowing how ready he is by now.

“Yes,” Dean tells him.

“Tell me,” Castiel says, wanting to hear him say it.

“I want you to fuck me, Cas. Please,” Dean begs, shameless with want.

Castiel positions himself so that he’s ready to push in, but decides last minute to change the angle. He lets one of Dean’s legs drop and puts the other one up over his shoulder. Dean’s hips will be raised just enough that he should be able to hit his prostate easily. Dean seems to know this because he starts writhing again. “Pleasepleasepleasepleasepleasepleasepleasepleaseplease,” Dean is saying.

Castiel can’t wait anymore. He pushes in hard, breaching the tight ring of muscle fast and with purpose, and then he’s able to sink in easily until he bottoms out. He’s always amazed how easily Dean takes him. There’s the delicious tightness of muscle and unbelievable heat, but Dean never clenches against him and seems to draw him in instead of push him out like he’s used to. “Jesus fuck,
yes, Cas, ohhh yes,” Dean moans. “You don’t need to wait, move, God, please move your hips,”
Dean asks him.

Castiel is unwilling to do anything he thinks might hurt though, so he doesn’t pull out and push back
in, just starts rocking slowly. “Nnnnngggg,” he hears Dean say, and he knows that he won’t be
satisfied with this for long. It’s only seconds later when Dean’s eyes flip open and he says, “Fucking
move, Cas,” in a low, rough voice.

Castiel could barely hold back to begin with, so he happily starts moving for real now, thrusting in
and out of him easily. He knows he’s hitting Dean's prostate because it's as if Dean's on fire beneath
him, wiggling and writhing, unable to stay still. Dean’s ass slams back into Castiel after each thrust,
meeting him stroke for stroke, and taking his cock so nicely. Dean’s always so vocal like this, and
the only time he doesn’t make any noise is when he’s trying to catch his breath.

Castiel doesn’t know how he does it, but with a roll of Dean’s hips, Castiel slips out of Dean and
Dean flips him over easily so that Castiel is on his back. Knowing how easily Dean just manhandled
him has Castiel panting with desire. He already told Dean, but just knowing how fucking strong he is
and that Dean can just throw around his 200 lbs like he weighs nothing is the biggest fucking turn
on.

Next thing he knows, Dean is on top of him, holding Castiel’s dick steady with his hand and then
slowly sinking down on to it. Castiel’s mouth hangs open, eyes latched on the incredibly erotic sight
of his hard dick slipping into Dean’s tight ass. When Dean’s flat against him, their eyes meet, and
Castiel feels another rush of heat in his belly. Then Dean starts moving, and Castiel can’t believe
what he’s seeing. That incredibly sexy body of Dean’s is writhing on top of him, and Castiel gets to
see the sensual dance of Dean’s muscles working to move his body into riding him. Then Dean
braces his hands on Castiel’s chest, and starts bouncing on top of him, and suddenly Castiel can feel
his orgasm building quickly.

“Too fucking hot on top, Dean. You’re so sexy. Feels too good. I can’t,” he tries to explain.
“Watching you…” He closes his eyes but now the sight of Dean is burned there and it doesn’t help
at all.

“Touch me, Cas. I’m close, too. Don’t close your eyes. Wanna see them when I make you come.”
Castiel reaches out and grips Dean’s cock with his hand still slightly wet from the lube. He starts
stroking him hard and fast, knowing he isn’t going to last. Again. Dean’s panting, sweat running
down his chiseled chest, and Castiel's eyes follow the trail. “Gonna come so hard for you, Cas.”

“Dean,” Castiel manages to say. Because everything is Dean right now. Everything he sees,
everything he feels, everything he wants, every thought in his head, and everything he’ll ever need is
Dean. Looking at Dean like this. Feeling himself buried inside of him. Watching Dean ride his cock.
Hearing the sounds Dean makes. This is it. This is all he wants. How could anybody ever compare
to the way Dean makes him feel? How could anything ever compare to this?

Holy shit, I’m in love with him, Castiel realizes, and the thought both scares and thrills him so bad
that he feels the tightening in his balls and knows he’s about to blow.

“Gonna come, Cas. Gonna come all over you,” Dean tells him, so Castiel puts a little pressure on the
underside of his dick and then Dean is true to word, and Dean’s come squirts out of him in thick
globs all over Castiel’s stomach and chest. Dean’s ass starts clenching around Castiel’s dick, and that
plus feeling Dean’s hot release all over his chest pushes him over the edge, too.

He comes calling Dean’s name over and over, “Dean! Dean, Dean, fuck, Dean! So good, so, so,
good,” Castiel yells between gasps of air. Dean lets his hands slide up Castiel's chest, and he has
enough energy to kiss him once before he completely collapses on top of him.

Castiel can’t keep his hands to himself. He lets them roam along Dean's back, up his sides, and into his hair, stroking softly and then pressing his lips to the side of his face and to the top of his shoulder. His brain starts working again and he finds himself thinking it again. *I love him. I love Dean. This warmth bubbling inside of my chest and the things he makes me feel... it's love. I've fallen in love with him.* He feels like an idiot. He second-guesses himself. He’s only known Dean for a week. A week exactly, actually. He doesn’t even know when Dean’s birthday is. Or his middle name. He doesn’t know his parents names, or what city he grew up in.

“Cas?” Dean croaks, face buried beside him.

“Dean?” Castiel answers.

“So fuckin’ hot,” Dean slurs. “So fuckin’ crazy ‘bout you, man.” He shifts so that he’s against Cas’s side now and manages to tilt his head without having to raise it so that Castiel can see his eyes. “Don’t wanna have a chick flick moment, but fuck, I just feel... so much right now, ya know?”

Castiel can feel his heart beating hard and panicked in his chest, but happiness is what’s working it’s way through him now. No more second-guessing, and no more fear. He feels what he feels. Maybe Dean even feels it too, but is too afraid to say it like Castiel is. Because it’s absolutely crazy, but he’s fallen in love with Dean in a week. “I know exactly,” Castiel tells him. “It’s crazy how much I feel for you already.”

“Me too, man. Never thought I’d, ya know, fall in love for real. But now... I, uh, I think I’m gonna. Ya know. With you,” Dean says quietly, and Castiel can see it in his eyes now. He can actually see how much Dean cares about him, and he knows he isn’t alone in feeling the way he does, even if neither of them are ready to say it yet.

Castiel gathers him close in his arms and says the only other thing besides *I love you* that’s running through his head. “I feel like I’ve been waiting for you my whole life.”

All Dean seems to be able to respond with is, “Cas,” said gently and with awe and wonder in his voice, and then Castiel gives him one last squeeze, and gets up to get a cloth to clean them up with before he says something he can’t take back and that scares Dean away.

Chapter End Notes

TELL ME YOU SQUEED.
Dean’s thankful when Cas gets up to get a cloth to clean them up because Dean desperately needs a minute to get his shit together. He rolled on to his back when Cas got up so he didn’t get their mess all over the sheets, and he has his arm thrown across his face so he can think without being distracted by anything.

He basically told Cas that he’s falling in love with him. And that’s not even the worst part. The worst part is that he’s a damn liar, because he’s pretty sure he’s actively in love with him. Like right now. And how the hell does that even happen when he’s only known the guy for seven flippin’ days? He’s freaking out.

A part of him has wanted this for his entire life. He’s wanted to fall in love with somebody who can make him feel like this, and make him laugh, and make him feel good about himself, but another part of him thought that it would never actually happen. Especially after Lisa. Fuck, Lisa would have killed to hear Dean say the things he just said to Cas. She begged him to hear it, and he still couldn’t make the words come out. And now, after seven days with Cas, he’s fighting to keep these sappy fuckin’ thoughts to himself.

And honestly? The whole Lisa thing is suddenly put into perspective for him. He didn’t love her. Well, he did. But it wasn’t like this. Now he knows it was more like he loved a friend. She’s super hot, and he wanted to fuck as often as she did, but he never had this warm fuzzy feeling inside of him because of her. And it’s such a fucking relief to have finally figured out why he couldn’t make it work with her. I mean, sure, he could have stayed and lived there and fucked his friend, but he knows now he never would have felt like this for her. Which is why he could never say these kinds of things to her. Because he never felt them.

But Cas? God. Cas makes him feel everything. So damn much, all the time. He just feels himself pulled in to him every minute they’re together, because all he wants to do is feel more. It’s like a drug! The more he’s with Cas the more he wants. And as awesome as it is – and it’s really fucking awesome – it’s also scaring the shit out of him. He’s lived 26 years without wanting somebody like this, and a part of him is just waiting for Cas to say he’s had enough and leave. And how’s he supposed to live without this feeling now that he’s felt it? Fuck. He’s so gone it’s stupid.

“Dean?” he hears Cas say from beside him. “Are you alright?”

Dean uncovers his face and when he meets Cas’s eyes he feels that thing in his chest again and he knows there’s no fighting this. So he lets his face soften, and he lets himself feel everything he’s feeling, and when a dopey smile comes to his face just because Cas is looking at him, he doesn’t fight it.

“’M better than okay, Cas. I’m really, really good,” he tells him.

Cas smiles back just as stupidly and Dean’s heart does a flip flop in his chest. Fuck. “I brought a cloth for you to clean up some,” Cas says, and he hands it to him.

“Thanks man,” Dean says. Cas turns away from him and goes his dresser, presumably to get something to sleep in, and more than likely purposely giving Dean to clean up without being watched (which he appreciates).
“Want me to get your pjs out of your bag?” Cas asks.

“Nah, I’ll get ‘em,” Dean says, and he gets out of bed to grab them. Shit, his knees are still kinda wobbly. “Jeeze, you literally made me weak in the knees, Cas,” Dean teases.

Cas laughs but shakes his head. “You’re the one who did most of the work,” he says over his shoulder.

Dean nods appreciatively, “Guess it ended that way, anyway,” he smirks. “That was my first time on top of a guy, ya know.”

Cas’s eyes go wide and he stops midway through pulling on his pants. “You’re kidding.”

“Nope,” Dean says seriously. “Obviously it worked okay.”

Cas finishes pulling on his pants and crosses to him and just pulls him in for a hug. Dean doesn’t know what’s happening, but he likes being close to Cas so he lets himself be pulled in even though he’s the only one still naked and it’s kind of weird.

“Cas?” Dean asks after a long few seconds of being hugged.

Cas lets out a little huff of a laugh and says, “Sorry. It’s just… seeing you like that was… incredible. I’m never going to forget it. And I never in a million years would have guessed that was your first time. Not that you needed it, but I would’ve tried to help more or just shower you with praise. Because truly, you were amazing.”

“Jeeze,” Dean says, embarrassed. He pushes away from Cas to find his pajamas and pull them on just so he doesn’t have to listen to anymore compliments. It feels good, sure, but he’s not used to this kind of attention.

“I’m sorry if I embarrassed you,” Cas says, picking up on how Dean feels, as usual. “I keep forgetting that you’re not as experienced with men. If you ever want to try something or I do something you don’t like, just promise you’ll tell me?”

Dean can’t imagine himself ever admitting to wanting to try something, but he agrees nonetheless. “Yah, Cas, I’ll tell you.”

“Good,” Cas says simply. “I’m fairly vanilla when it comes to sex, but I have an open mind.”

This is uncomfortable. “Can we talk about somethin’ else?” Dean says desperately.

Cas just smiles. “Would you like to put your stuff in my dresser?”

“Better than livin’ out of a bag,” Dean shrugs, and puts his stuff where Cas shows him. He drops his empty bag beside the dresser and turns to face Cas again.

“It’s not even nine, yet,” Cas says. “Would you like to watch a movie before bed?”

“Do you have any stupid rules about no junk food in bed?” Dean checks. Dean can tell by the look in Cas’s face that the dude’s probably never eaten food in bed in his life, but he’s surprisingly chill about it.

“Not a rule, no. I suppose we can try and see how much of a mess you make,” he says.

“I make? What are you, mess-proof or somethin’?”
“I’m just that good,” Cas replies, and Dean laughs at his cocky boyfriend and follows him down to the kitchen.

“Sadly, my kitchen isn’t stocked with junk food as well as yours is right now,” Cas says and then Dean remembers all the junk Cas brought to his house.

“Well shit, that’s just bad planning.”

“Thankfully I went grocery shopping with this really hot guy I know who just happens to have the taste buds of a teenager, and who wouldn’t listen to me when I asked him repeatedly to stop adding snacks to the cart,” Cas teases him.

Dean just smiles. “And it came in handy, didn’t it?”

“I get the Pringles,” Cas says, grabbing them from where he put them in the cupboard.

“Good, I wanted the Doritos anyway!” Dean says. “Where’d you stash ‘em?”

“Cupboard above the stove,” Cas tells him. “Beer or soda?”

“The answer is always beer, Cas.”

Cas just quirks a brow at him. “Soda for me. You won’t want me if I get a beer belly,” he explains.

“As long as you still have your pretty face, you’re safe,” Dean jokes.

Cas laughs but says, “Don’t even pretend you want me for my face. You only want me for my cooking and the sex.”

“Not a bad deal if you can get it,” Dean agrees, and they make their way back to the bedroom where they get comfortable and Dean insists they watch Die Hard once Cas says he’s never seen it. Seriously, who hasn’t seen Die Hard? He’s like a little alien or something.

About half-way through the movie when they’re both done stuffing themselves with junk food, they somehow gravitate together and end up snuggled close. And Dean might be ready for his vagina now, because he’s fucking loving it. Cas runs his hand up and down the small of his back, and Dean has to fight not to arch against him like a damn cat. Thank God for the explosions and fight scenes in the movie, because otherwise he’d actually feel like a chick.

Even though it’s barely 10:30 by the time the movie is over, Dean feels his body heavy with sleepiness and he doesn’t wanna get up or ever move again. But Cas says he’s going to brush his teeth before bed, and Dean grudgingly gets up to join him. This entire day has been really laid-back, and while shopping and cooking and then eating dinner together was all pretty domestic, there is just something so long-term couple-ish about brushing their teeth side by side that Dean feels that warmth in his chest again. He’s gessing Cas must have the same kinda thoughts running through his head because he keeps smiling at him every time their eyes catch in the mirror.

Cas gives him a smacking kiss on the cheek and then an actual smack to his ass as he says, “Just going to set the alarm, then I’ll be back and ready for bed.”

Dean takes the opportunity to use the bathroom, and he’s just climbing into bed after wiping the crumbs they left behind on to the floor when Cas comes back. He uses the bathroom too, then the lights are out and they’re snuggled up together again, the way Dean hopes they always are when they’re in bed.
“I had a really good day,” Dean tells him.

“You’re not sick of me yet?” Cas checks.

“Maybe a little,” Dean says, clearly joking, and he jumps when Cas pokes him in the ribs. “Okay, okay, I’m not sick of you, you little jerk.”

“You know you love me,” Cas says lightly, and then Dean can feel it as Cas’s entire body stiffens. “That’s not what I meant. I meant… not like, love love. I know you don’t love me for real. We’ve only been a part of each other’s lives for seven days, and that’s certainly not a socially acceptable amount of time in which to fall in love with somebody. It was a figure of speech. I only meant –”


Dean feels Cas all but burrow into the bed against his armpit and then he hears a muffled, “I’m just going to crawl in here and hide until morning.”

“God, you’re cute,” Dean says, knowing that Cas is already embarrassed so he might as well get it out of his system. “I was hoping for a kiss goodnight though.” Cas waits a minute, but does move eventually, and brushes their lips together softly but still passionately. Dean feels his heart flip in his chest again and it’s a reminder of just how gone he is. “Knew you couldn’t resist this,” Dean says, trying to lighten the mood.

Cas scoffs but snuggles back in with his head on Dean’s chest and says, “Goodnight, Dean.”

“Night babe,” Dean says, loving the way the endearment sounds on his lips, and not giving a shit how corny it sounds.

Chapter End Notes

I have had SO MANY of my readers reach out to me on Twitter lately and I can’t even begin to tell you how much I love hearing from you! Come find me! Be my friend!

https://twitter.com/tricia_16_
Chapter 25

This is coming ridiculously fast to me now. I hope you're all still enjoying it!

When Castiel wakes up the following morning, it’s the first time he isn’t confused about what’s wrapped around him. There’s no moment of panic, he just knows now that it’s Dean. His body is familiar now, and so is his scent and just having somebody in his bed again. Instead of rolling over, he just lays there and enjoys the feeling of Dean’s face pressed against his back and the arm that’s draped over his hips. As it usually is when he wakes up though, the arm he’s sleeping on has fallen asleep, and he can’t not move it now that he’s awake. He shuffles, trying not to wake Dean, but he knows as soon as Dean repositions himself so that he’s on Castiel’s chest that he woke him up.

Castiel kisses the top of his head and says, “I’m sorry I woke you.”

“’s okay,” Dean grumbles, and Castiel smiles at his grumpy boyfriend.

“It’s 9:30. I’m going to get up for the day, but you can keep sleeping if you’d like.”

“Shower?” Dean asks.

Castiel knows exactly where Dean’s mind is so he chuckles before he says, “Yes, I’m going to shower.”

“’M comin’ then,” Dean says.

Castiel gets out of bed and uses the bathroom and then starts brushing his teeth. Dean walks past him, right to the toilet and whips out his dick and starts peeing as if it’s the most normal thing in the world. Castiel looks away, shocked and shaking his head at his boyfriend’s lack of manners, and Dean just keeps peeing like this is no big deal. Once he’s finished, Dean joins Castiel at the sink to brush his teeth, and when Castiel finishes before him, he goes to start the shower, dropping his pajama pants on the floor and grabbing two towels from the linen closet for him and Dean.

He’s only in the shower for a minute before Dean joins him, and Dean doesn’t waste any time coming up behind him and running his hands all over his body. Castiel leans back and rests his weight against Dean’s strong chest, feeling his arms circle around his waist. Dean kisses along the side of his neck, in a now-familiar gesture, and Castiel just melts into it. Into Dean. “Morning,” Dean says, voice still rough from sleep.

“I can’t believe you just peed when I was already in the bathroom,” Castiel says, mind still stuck on it.

“So what?”

“It’s weird!” Castiel tells him.


“Not while you’re urinating!” Castiel almost shouts, shocked that Dean doesn't get why this is such a
big deal.

“Let me get this straight. It’s okay to be naked with me in the shower, it’s okay to swim naked with me, it’s okay to suck my brains out through my dick, but it’s not okay if I urinate in the same room as you?” Dean asks, clearly making fun of Castiel for his word choice.

“You're trying to make it sound like it isn’t weird, but it is!” Castiel insists.

“Well, get used to it,” Dean says, reaching for the body wash.

“That’s it? I’m telling you that I think it’s weird and you’re just going to continue doing it anyway?”

“Pretty much,” Dean answers.

Castiel feels like he should be annoyed, but then Dean’s hands are rubbing along his back, dropping lower little by little, and he really can’t seem to find it in him to be mad.

“You’re kind of a jerk,” Castiel says lightly. “But yah. Okay. I’ll try to get used to it.”

Dean rewards him by leaning in and kissing his neck again, and then as the water washes away the soap Dean's rubbed on to his back, his lips follow the path, pressing open mouthed kisses along his spine and waking Castiel up in more ways than one.

“How’d I get so lucky?” Dean asks.

“I’m pretty sure your lips have a lot to do with me being so agreeable right now,” Castiel tells him, and he feels Dean’s laugh on the exhale against his tailbone as Dean’s hands slide over his ass. But then Dean pops up again, and Castiel lets out a small groan of impatience and Dean laughs again.

“What’s the rush?” Dean asks, finally spinning Castiel so that they’re facing each other. Dean runs his hands up Castiel’s chest, until they frame his face, and Dean tugs a little to bring Castiel’s mouth up to his, and then Dean kisses him nice and slow. Their lips push together, then glide smoothly against each other, before finally Dean licks his way into Castiel’s mouth, and Castiel opens for him easily, already wanting more and needing his first taste of Dean today. They both taste like toothpaste, but under that it’s Dean, his Dean, and his body responds automatically.

Like yesterday, they use the soap and the excuse of washing each other with it to explore each other’s bodies. If they linger over certain body parts more than others, it’s under the pretense that they want to make sure they’re really clean. It’s slow and sweet, and lazy and easy, and they use the hot water and their soapy hands to slick each other up. For all his talk of there being no rush, it isn’t much longer when Dean has Castiel’s back pressed against the wall, and their dicks slide together and rut against each other until both of their mouths are hanging open and Castiel’s fingers are pressed hard into Dean’s back, needing him even closer. Eventually, after the longest period of time either of them have managed to last together so far, they come all over each other with their lips locked together. And neither of them are discouraged when they have to wash each other all over again.

Both of them are just catching their breath, and their legs are solidifying again after coming down from their orgasms when Dean says, “I could get used to this every day.”

Castiel feels his heart stutter because he’d been thinking the same thing, but he tries to lighten the mood instead of examining what Dean just meant. “You mean my shower, don’t you?”

“I mean any shower that has you in it,” Dean answers honestly. Castiel smiles and leans up to kiss him again, and then he climbs out to step on to the bathmat to dry himself off.
Dean reaches out to pinch his butt when he’s bent over drying off his legs and he feels like he jumps a foot in the air. “Hey!” he squeaks.

“Nice bum, where ya from?” Dean says, laughing, and Castiel wraps the towel around his hair and walks away with as much dignity as he can muster (which isn’t much, incidentally).

Still feeling lazy, he throws on a pair of lounge pants and an old t-shirt, then calls out, “I’ll be in the kitchen,” and makes his way there.

After eying the fresh fruit in the fridge, he decides to make omelets and cut up some fruit to have on the side. He grabs eggs, bacon, ham, cheese, and peppers for himself and starts chopping. Dean comes down the stairs wearing sweatpants and Castiel smiles to himself at how they’re both feeling lazy and dressed similarly without discussing it.

“Do you like peppers in your omelets?” Castiel asks.

“Sure,” Dean says. “I’m not big on vegetables as a rule, but Sam always puts them in and I don’t mind much.” Castiel nods and keeps chopping. “Hey, do you have one of those little cup thingies so I can put coffee grinds in your Keurig?”

“I do, in the drawer underneath at the back, but feel free to just use one of the pods,” Castiel tells him, concentrating on breakfast.

“My coffee’s so much better though,” Dean says, and Castiel whips his head around to see Dean holding a little paper bag.

“You brought me your coffee?” Castiel asks, heart soaring.

“Like I could say no to you,” Dean says, smiling at him. Castiel is smiling just as big back at Dean, and they share a little moment before Dean turns away to start the coffee, still smiling. Dean fixes Castiel his cup while his brews, and soon Castiel is sipping on coffee while he slices up the fruit. He places it on a plate, and brings it to the table as he waits for Dean’s omelet to cook. He folds it up, flips it over, and then slides it on to the plate Dean handed him, and then puts his own on the pan. Once it’s cooked, Dean carries the plates and Castiel carries the coffee over to the table and they sit to eat their breakfast.

Castiel turns on a morning show on the television, and Dean watches with him while also scrolling through his phone. Castiel finishes his coffee and moves to get more, but Dean sees him and stops him. “I got it,” Dean says, “I’m the one who serves coffee for a living.”

“All the more reason I should get it. Give you a break,” Castiel argues.

“You cook, I do coffee. Still feels like I’m winning,” Dean smiles, and as he’s already filling the pod again, Castiel doesn’t have much of a chance to argue further. When he brings it back to him, Dean leans in and kisses him quickly before he goes back to the rest of his omelet.

“You haven’t touched the fruit,” Castiel notices.

Dean reaches out and grabs a slice of banana and pops it into his mouth. “Happy?”

“I don’t mind, I was just wondering if you didn’t like it.”

Dean shrugs. “I’ll eat it, I just wanna eat what’s hot first.”

“You don’t have to eat it,” Castiel tells him again.
“You cut it up, I’ll eat it.” Castiel smiles but doesn’t say anything further. "Can't believe you're gonna start nagging me to eat healthier already," Dean mutters a minute later under his breath.

"Excuse me," Castiel says, offended. "I am <em>not</em> nagging you. You'll know when I start nagging you."

"So you are going to nag me eventually!" Dean exclaims, like he just caught Castiel in some sort of trap (which Castiel believes Dean is just childish enough to attempt).

"I would say the probability is high. Doesn't every couple nag each other eventually?" Castiel asks.

"Fuckin' hated when Lisa used to nag me all the damn time," Dean mutters again darkly.

"Dean, I was mostly kidding," Castiel says softly. "I don't know anything about how you acted when you lived with Lisa, but from what I've seen, you're reasonably tidy. Your house isn't a disaster, you clean up after yourself, and you're incredibly thoughtful, always offering to help me around the house and doing sweet little things for me like getting me coffee and even going so far to sneak my favourite coffee into my house so I can have it. I can't imagine you changing so much that you stop being the thoughtful man you obviously are naturally, therefor causing me to nag you to get you to help me," Castiel explains.

Dean snorts. "I was a total dick when I was with Lisa. I didn't want to do my own shit when she was already doing it all for her and Ben anyway. She took the garbage out before I came along, so why should I have to do it just because I moved in?" Dean says, shaking his head. "I was stupid. I didn't see that I didn't have to, but I should have <em>wanted</em> to give her a hand just to take a load off of her, ya know? That's what I wanna do for you. Make it easier for you when I'm around so you wanna be around me all the time," Dean admits.

"You were young when you were with Lisa, and from everything you've said, it doesn't sound like you were quite ready to be in that kind of relationship yet," Castiel says kindly, but his mind is whirling with the things Dean just admitted. He doesn't want to be Dean's mom and do everything for him. He wants to have a partner to do things with. That's how it's been between them so far. "I like the way we split up the cooking and cleaning. Not that we've had to do a full house cleaning or anything yet," Castiel says. That's when he realizes this is a silly conversation. They may have been staying with each other all weekend but they don't live together yet. "We don't even need to be talking about this yet. We don't live together. I still need plenty of time to woo you before I get a chance to start nagging you," Castiel jokes.

“I don’t think you need as much time as you think you do,” Dean says, and then his face goes a little red and Castiel wonders if he meant that the way it sounded. Because it sounded like Castiel doesn't need to woo him anymore because he's already got him. Huh. He decides to let it go.

“In that case, you left your clothes by the pool last night,” Castiel says, and Dean rolls his eyes, but he pushes away from the table and goes to get them with a loud sigh. Castiel smiles and gathers their dishes, rinsing them before putting them in the dishwasher. Castiel doesn’t say anything when Dean comes back in, but watches him carry both of their clothes to the bedroom, and then he comes back with the hamper.

“ Laundry day, right?” Dean asks. Castiel smiles that Dean remembers.

“Yah. Guess I better start on that. Thanks for bringing the basket down.”

“Come show me how to use your washing machine,” Dean says, then stops. “And where it is,” he adds.
“I can do my own laundry,” Castiel says. “Don’t be ridiculous.”

“I’ve got clothes in here. And I used towels a bunch of times, too.”

“Fine, I’ll show you where it is and how to use it in case you ever need to use it when I’m busy, but I’m doing the laundry,” Castiel insists.

“Fine. Then I’ll fold it and and put it away.”

“That’s the hardest part!” Castiel says.

“Then I’ll wash it and you can fold it and put it away,” Dean tries.

“You’re a pain in the ass,” Castiel tells him, and Dean smiles at him smugly. Castiel rolls his eyes at him again but leads him to the door that goes to the basement, and then down the stairs.

“Good thing I’m adorable, huh?” Dean jokes.

“I think it’s wearing off,” Castiel teases.

“Was bound to happen sooner or later,” Dean shrugs. “At least I can still fuck your brains out.” The second Dean’s feet hit the plush carpet downstairs Dean says, “Holy shit!” Castiel looks around in alarm, thinking there’s some kind of wild animal inside based on Dean’s exclamation, but then he smiles when he figures it out. The theatre room. He never uses it because it’s just him and it’s extremely lonely for one person, but it came with the house when he bought it. “You have a fucking movie theatre in your house! I know you said you have money, but shit, you must be loaded!”

“It was already here when I bought the house. I’m not loaded,” Castiel laughs.

“This is fuckin’ awesome! Kevin and Charlie would bust a nut in here!” Dean says. “Ooooh can we have game night here next month? With this and the pool it’ll be amazing! Please, please, please?” Dean asks, and for some reason the excited begging makes Dean look like a little kid and Castiel can’t not laugh at him.

“You think I could say no to you?” Castiel asks, purposely echoing Dean’s words from earlier.

“Holy shit! I have the coolest boyfriend ever!” Dean says, all but bouncing with excitement. “Everybody’s gonna be so jealous.”

“You’re a child, do you know that?” Castiel asks him, now physically dragging him towards the laundry room.

“Yep,” Dean answers, popping the p at the end.

Castiel walks him through using the washing machine, which Dean admits he probably could have figured out on his own. Dean laughs when he sees Castiel’s laundry detergent and Castiel asks what’s so funny.

“I use the same stuff,” Dean explains.

Castiel quirks a brow. “It’s Tide, Dean. Most of America uses the same stuff.”

“Shut up,” Dean says lightly. “Just sayin’ it’s not somethin’ I have to get used to being different when we do each other’s laundry.”

“You think this is something that’s going to happen often?”
“Well, yah. I think we’re gonna keep spending as much time together as we can, don’t you?” Dean asks.

“I was hoping, yes,” Castiel admits. “This week has been so perfect, and so easy. You just fit into my life so well.”

“We fit together really well,” Dean corrects him. “Listen man. I don’t wanna freak you out. But unless you cheat on me or lie to me, I gotta tell ya... I don’t see how this ends between us,” Dean says, but Castiel notices Dean is determinedly not looking him in the face. Castiel’s heart swells hearing Dean tell him that he sees this as a long-term relationship, maybe even it, and he steps forward to place his hand on his cheek, making sure Dean looks him in the eye.

He kisses him once because he can’t resist Dean looking so shy and adorable. “I would never do either of those things to you. I’ll never do anything that would cause you to walk away from me,” Castiel says, and he sees Dean’s eyes start to shine. Castiel can feel his heart hammering in his chest, he can feel the words begging to be said, but he swallows them down. Still scared to say too much. “I don’t want this to end.”

“Cas,” Dean says, and it comes like a sigh. “I – I…” Dean stutters and Castiel thinks his heart might jump right out of his chest. Is Dean about to say… no. Right then, Dean’s phone starts vibrating in his pocket. “Shit,” Dean curses, obviously flustered. He gives Castiel an apologetic look and says, “It’s the store. Just a sec.” He answers the phone and says, “Yah, this is Dean… Uh huh. Yah. I can be there in twenty minutes. Give ‘em free snacks ‘til I get there. K, bye.”

“Everything alright?” Castiel asks.

“The fucking cappuccino machine is on the fritz again. Happens all the damn time, and apparently I’m the only one who knows how to get it workin’ again. I’m sorry, Cas, but I gotta go take care of this.”

“Hey, don’t worry about it. You’re a business owner, I understand things like this will come up occasionally.” Of course he curses the timing of the phone call and there is absolutely no part of him that wants Dean to leave, but he does understand.

“I won’t be long. I’ll come back, okay? Then we can make our lunches for the week, and I’ll bring you back to my place so you can get your car before we go to the Roadhouse. K?” Dean asks, and Castiel can see anxiousness pouring off of him.

“Dean, it’s fine, really. I promise. Go. I’ll see you whenever you can come back. No rush, I swear.”

Dean leans in and kisses him hard and fast, knocking the breath right out of Castiel, and then he says, “See you later, babe,” with a wink, and he leaves Castiel standing alone in the laundry room, feeling like he was just hit by an adorable tornado... but pleased about it nonetheless.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

The moment you've all been waiting for... <3

Dean gets into his car and types out a quick message to Sam.

Dean: Can you meet me at Twiggs in twenty minutes?

Sam: Everything okay?

Dean: Yes, just need to talk to you. Boy trouble.

Sam: Ohhh. Be there soon.

Boy trouble is kind of a lie. He’s not having trouble. He’s having the opposite of trouble. He just about told Cas that he loves him in the fucking laundry room. Is he crazy? It’s crazy. He knows it’s crazy, but then he gets one look at those too-blue eyes and Cas says something sweet and Dean melts into a puddle of mush. It’s embarrassing. But if anybody’ll get it, it’ll be Sam.

Dean cranks up his music and tries to think of something other than Cas… but fails. He’s at work in less than ten minutes, and pulls into his parking spot. He’s half way into the store when he realizes he’s still in his sweat pants. Awesome. At least they’re not the pair with the holes, he reminds himself. He doesn’t know what he expected to walk into, but it wasn’t to just a few people in line and Michelle laughing and smiling behind the counter. Okay, he guesses he expected things to be a little bit more hectic.

“Did ya get it working again?” Dean says as he walks around the counter.

“Oh, good morning,” Michelle smiles happily, eyes trailing over his casual clothes but not mentioning them. “No, it still won’t work.”

“Why aren’t people pissed?” Dean asks as he walks over to the ancient machine and looks it like it’s wronged him personally.

“It’s Sunday morning. The church crowd. Most of them don’t want cappuccino anyway, and those of them who did were plenty happy with free food to go with their choice of replacement beverage,” she shrugs. “Actually, most of our regulars insisted on paying for it or just said no to the food all together. Thanks for coming to fix it though.”

Dean’s mood lightens considerably at this news. This is one of his favourite parts about living in such a small town. The people who come here regularly have become like friends and family to most of his staff, and especially to him, and they take care of him however they can, even if that means turning down a free muffin. He gets to work on the machine, and after fifteen minutes or so of him cursing under his breath and banging on the stupid thing when he can’t see anything wrong with it, it suddenly starts humming under his hands again. He has no idea what he did, but he makes a test cup of cappuccino and once it’s cooled down enough for him to taste it, he declares the stupid thing working again. Tempermental piece of shit.
He’s washing his hands at the sink when he hears the door chime and sees his giant of a brother walk in. Dean gets them both a coffee and gestures for Sam to go wait for him in his office, and goes to meet him there a minute later.

He walks in and closes the door behind him, and passes Sam his coffee.

“So what happened? Did Castiel find out the sun doesn’t actually shine from your ass like he thought?” Sam asks.

“Ha ha. Very funny,” Dean answers.

“Seriously. What’s the matter?”

“You can’t laugh,” Dean starts.

“You know I can’t promise that,” Sam jokes.

“I’m serious.”

“Shit. Okay, I won’t laugh. You know I won’t,” Sam adds kindly. And Dean does. He won’t laugh at him now, but he knows he’s gonna have to hear about this for the rest of his life once the moment’s passed.

“This is gonna sound so fucking crazy… but I think I’m in love with him,” Dean says, feeling his heart beat faster and his palms get sweaty just from saying the words out loud for the first time.

“You’re serious?” Sam asks. Dean just nods. “Holy shit,” Sam says quietly. Then Sam’s entire face breaks into one of the biggest smiles Dean’s ever seen and Sam says, “I’m so happy for you!”

This is not the reaction he expected Sam to have. “Huh?”

“I said I’m happy for you, you dork. I’ve been waiting my whole life to see you look at somebody the way you look at Cas. You’re happy, Dean, and I’m fucking thrilled for you, man,” Sam says, still smiling at him.

“Okay…” Dean says, still thrown for a loop. Does Sam not get it? “But I barely know him.”

Sam snorts. “You know him well enough to be in love with him.”

“Isn’t it too fast?”

Sam looks at him quizzically. “According to who?”

“I dunno man. I’ve known him for eight days. People don’t just fall in love in eight days.”

“Have you ever been in love before?” Sam asks.

Dean feels a stab of regret for having to admit he never loved Lisa the right way, but he does it anyway. “No, not really.”

“Me neither,” Sam answers. “So how do we know it doesn’t happen in eight days? Is there a rule book somewhere that you’ve read and I haven’t?”

Dean glares at him. “You know it’s too fast.”

Sam sits back in his chair, crossing his arms and his legs. “Agree to disagree,” he says simply. “I
know you. You wouldn’t be freaking out about this if it wasn’t real.”

“I’m not freaking out,” Dean says, offended Sam thinks so even while fully knowing it’s true. Sam just gives him a tight lipped smile and Dean gives in. There’s no sense lying to Sam when he can tell anyway. “Of course I’m freaking out!” he relents. “What if I freak him out and he bails?”

Sam actually starts laughing. “You’re kidding now, right? Dean. I’m pretty sure you could tell Cas you killed somebody and he’d just help you bury the body. You see the way he looks at you. He’s in at least as deep as you are.”

Dean can’t stop the smile that comes. “You think?”

Sam shakes his head. “Love really is blind.”

“Shut up,” Dean says lightly.

“I’m really happy for you. He seems like a good guy. I think you picked well,” Sam tells him.

“You like him okay?”

“Don’t be mad, but I like him a lot more than I ever liked Lisa,” Sam confesses.

“Really? Because I kinda think this is it, Sammy. I think he might be it for me,” Dean admits, not mad in the least, and choosing to ignore the smile on Sam's face. “If he doesn’t flake out on me, he’ll be around a lot. It's important to me that you’re okay with it, and that you like him.”

“How could I not like him when I see how happy he makes you? Besides, he’s funny and smart, and he takes it okay when you tease him, and he’s been nice to me. Doesn't treat me like I'm your annoying little brother. He seems like a really great guy.”

“He’s the best,” Dean says. “If I get too wrapped up in him and start slackin’ in the brother department, you’ll let me know, right?”

“I’m a big boy now. You don’t need to take care of me anymore,” Sam says.

“I’m always gonna take care of you,” Dean says.

Sam rolls his eyes but Dean can see that he’s pleased. “I’ll tell you if it happens, but you’ve been the best brother I could’ve ever asked for for the last 24 years, so I’m pretty sure you’re not gonna drop the ball now.” Dean feels his eyes mist over a little and looks away from Sam to hide it. “Now get out of here and go tell him how you feel.”

“You think I should tell him?”

“I think when you love somebody you should tell them every chance you get. Who knows how long anybody has, you know?” Sam says, and Dean knows he’s thinking about their mom and how quickly she was there one day and gone the next.

“Yah,” Dean says, his voice tighter than usual, because he does know. “Thanks for being the best sister ever,” Dean jokes.

“Fuck off,” Sam jokes back and they both get up, and Dean’s half horrified and half thrilled when Sam pulls him in for a tight hug. Dean ruffles Sam’s long hair when they break apart and Sam shoots daggers at him with his eyes while trying to fix it by feel.

“Aw it’s okay, Samantha. You still look pretty.”
“You’re such a dick,” Sam spits at him.

“You are what you eat,” Dean says and Sam makes a face like he just bit into a lemon, and Dean can’t help but burst out laughing. He’s still chuckling when they get to the parking lot, and Dean says, “Five at the Roadhouse?”

“I’ll see you there loser,” Sam answers, climbing into his truck.

“Sammy?” Dean calls. Sam turns to look at him. “Thanks for the pep talk,” Dean says sincerely. Sam gives him a smile and a wave, and then he’s alone in Baby again and on his way back to the man he loves. Half way there, inspiration strikes, and he pulls into a flower shop and comes out a little while later with a short square vase full of blue roses. He’s sappy as fuck, but they reminded him of Cas as soon as he saw them and he went for it. His decision was met with approval when the lady working told him blue roses were used as a symbol of love in literature. Perfect.

He pulls into the driveway at Cas’s place and knocks on the door gently before opening it and shouting, “Honey, I’m home!” He’s met with an overwhelmingly delicious smell of chilli, and he knows Cas has started cooking without him. Apparently, dude works fast, because he’s barely been gone 45 minutes. He looks around and doesn’t see Cas anywhere, so he figures he’s gotta be changing the laundry over and he goes to check out the chilli while he waits. If it tastes even half as good as it smells, he’s in for a fucking treat.

A few minutes later Dean hears the basement door open and Dean stands in front of the kitchen counter, hiding the flowers behind him. “Did ya miss me?” He says to Cas, and Cas jumps. “Jesus! I didn’t hear you come in. You scared the shit out of me!” Cas says, hand on his chest.

“Is that a yes or no?” Dean asks, trying not to laugh at him.

“A definite yes,” Cas smiles.

“You were busy while I was gone,” Dean says, gesturing to the chilli. “Smells amazing.”

Cas smiles again. “Thanks. Did you get everything sorted out at work?” he asks, crossing the room towards him.

“I did. I brought you somethin’ back, too,” Dean says, suddenly feeling shy and stupid about buying another guy flowers. But he’s already got them, so no going back now. He turns to grab them and holds them out for Cas. “For you,” he says with a little bow of his head. Because apparently he’s a fucking loser now.

But Cas’s smile could light up the sky when his eyes fall on the flowers, and Dean finds he doesn’t really care how much of a loser he is if Cas will smile at him like that. “You bought me roses?” Dean shrugs, feeling a little bit shy. “Nobody’s ever bought me flowers before,” Cas says, taking the vase and looking at them like they’re diamonds. His smile is soft and his eyes are sparkling, and Dean doesn’t think he’s ever seen anything so beautiful in his life. Cas takes another step forward and kisses Dean. “Thank you.”

“If you’re gonna look at me like that every time I buy you flowers I’m gonna have to buy them for you every day,” Dean flirts.

Cas chuckles. “Sometimes you’re too smooth for your own good.”

“I have my moments,” Dean smiles, proud of himself.
“Blue roses are an interesting choice,” Cas begins.

“They made me think of your eyes,” Dean admits and Cas melts even further, if his sigh is anything to go by.

“I had no idea you were so romantic,” he says softly.

“Never was before you.”

“If you keep sweet talking me like this you’re going to have to scrape me up off of the floor,” Cas jokes, but he leans in to kiss Dean again, lingering this time. Dean feels love bloom inside of him and he suddenly wants to tell Cas how he feels. When Cas backs away, fussing with the flowers and bringing them to the centre of the dinner table, he says, “Blue roses are often portrayed in literature and art as symbols of love, prosperity, or immortality,” Cas says, and for the first time Dean can see the teacher in him.

“Seems fitting then,” Dean says following him, his heart pounding.

“Are you about to tell me you’re a vampire?” Cas jokes.

Dean reaches out and pulls him in by his hips. “No, but I am about to tell you that I love you,” Dean says, the words tumbling out of him quickly and without any tact whatsoever. Dean sees and feels Castiel’s entire body freeze. He keeps talking. “I know it’s crazy, and it’s fast, but Sam just reminded me that tomorrow isn’t guaranteed and I didn’t want to wait to tell you anymore. I’m sorry if it scares you, but God… I love you, Cas.”

Dean can feel his eyes watering with emotion, with the relief of just saying it and getting it out there, with the happiness and absolute awe of being in love with a man like Castiel, and probably for the first time in his entire life, he isn’t embarrassed about the way he always gets choked up so easily.

He realizes that Cas hasn’t said anything or moved at all, so he keeps talking. “It’s uh, okay if you don’t feel the same way right now. You don’t even need to say anything back. I just wanted to let you know, you know?” Still silence. He raises his hand to touch Cas’s face, and runs his thumb across the slash of his perfect cheekbone. “Now would be a good time to tell me you’re not freaking out,” he says quietly.

Cas finally blinks, and when he opens his eyes again Dean sees wetness there, too. Cas’s eyes are filling quickly, and to Dean’s absolute horror, he watches as two fat tears drop down his cheeks. “Oh babe, don’t cry. I’m sorry, Cas. I didn’t mean to scare you,” he wipes his tears away. “Please,” he begs, not even sure why he’s begging.

Cas’s hand comes up to cover Dean’s and finally he smiles. “You love me?” Cas asks, his voice cracking on the words.

Dean sniffles and nods. “Yah. I do. I’m sor-“

“I love you, too,” Cas interrupts him, his words quiet but there. “I only realized it last night, and I wanted to tell you but I was afraid of moving too fast. Oh, Dean,” he says, smiling sweetly at him. “I love you so much.”

Dean doesn’t know if he’s ever smiled so big in his entire life. “Yah?” he checks, and Castiel laughs and nods his head in agreement, and then without another word spoken, their lips crash together and Dean is filled with more happiness than he ever thought was possible.

“God, you scared the shit out of me,” Dean says against Cas’s lips.
“I’m sorry,” Cas says, half laughing, still pulling Dean closer. “I couldn’t believe it. I can’t believe this. Oh Dean, I’m so happy,” he says, moving his lips to Dean’s throat.

“You make me so happy,” Dean tells him.

Cas pulls his lips away from his neck to kiss him on his mouth again, this time pushing his tongue between Dean’s lips, and sinking into him. Dean can feel his head spinning, his heart racing, happiness bursting out of him, and then Cas pulls away and says, “Make love to me, Dean.”

Dean groans and starts pulling him towards the bedroom. There’s literally nothing he’d rather do.
Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

Obligatory sappy sex scene.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Castiel feels like he’s going to burst with happiness. It’s all he can do to keep it together and not dissolve into tears. He hoped, yes, but he never truly thought Dean could have fallen in love with him as quickly and easily as Castiel fell in love with Dean. But he did. And he told him. Dean is so much more brave than Castiel is. Who knows when Castiel would have worked up the courage to tell him? Definitely not today.

But now here they are. And Castiel couldn’t be happier. He takes Dean by the hand and leads him to his bedroom. As they cross the threshold Castiel suddenly feels nerves kick in. This isn’t just sex now. This is so much more. This means something in a way sex hasn’t meant for him in years. A part of him didn’t even think he’d feel this way again, and now he feels so much more than he thought he would. He walks until his legs are almost touching the bed, and then turns to face Dean. Huh. Dean looks a little nervous, too.

It’s seeing Dean’s nerves that gives Castiel the courage to make the first move. All he has to do is kiss Dean, and everything will be easy again. He knows this. So he kisses him. He pours every ounce of what he feels into him, and the kiss turns from sweet and easy to hot and heavy, fast. They’re both breathing hard when Castiel pulls away from Dean to lift Dean’s shirt over his head, and Dean follows suit to do the same for Castiel. Castiel only has a second to admire Dean’s broad chest before Dean kisses him again. Their chests bump together, and the sensual feeling of skin on skin turns Castiel’s desire up a notch.

He runs his hands up Dean’s back, knowing he’ll never get used to how aroused he gets just feeling the strong muscles there. Dean starts kissing his way down his chest, and he arches towards him when Dean closes his teeth around his nipple ring. He doesn’t know which of them loves this piercing more, but the way it makes his nipple so fucking sensitive, it’s almost like there’s a direct link from it to his dick. “Dean,” he moans.

Castiel hears Dean’s answering moan and then his lips trail back up to his neck, and Castiel feels his breath against his ear when he says, “You are so beautiful.”

He feels goosebumps work their way down his arms and affection for Dean heats up his chest. Nobody has ever been able to make him feel so much. “I love you,” he whispers, still not over the novelty of just being able to say it.

Dean makes eye contact and smiles at him with love all over his face. He gestures for Castiel to back up on to the bed, and Castiel does as he’s asked. Dean’s mouth is on his hips almost instantly, sucking and nibbling, and lingering anytime Castiel feels his breath hitch. Dean’s hands dip into the elastic band of his pants, and pulls them and his boxers down. Castiel lifts his hips to help him get them off, and Dean’s lips keep trailing across his lower stomach, and then slowly, sinfully lower. Castiel can feel his lips brush against the trail of hair leading down, and then he feels Dean’s perfectly wet mouth close over the tip of his erection.
“Oh,” Castiel breathes, filled with pleasure.

“Love the way you taste, Cas,” Dean says, his voice husky. Castiel thinks not for the first time how much Dean gets off doing this. Castiel enjoys giving head, sure. But for him it’s more about pleasing his partner, and the power he feels being able to elicit the kinds of sounds he himself is making right now. But it’s easy to see that Dean loves this on an entirely different level. Dean worships his cock any time it’s in his mouth, and Castiel knows he gets off on it at least as much giving head as he does getting it. Which he doesn’t understand, but fuck if it doesn’t make the entire experience so much more erotic.

Castiel watches those perfectly pink lips wrap around his cock, and then the way they sink down on him as his cock disappears into Dean’s mouth, and eventually down his throat, and he loves the way Dean’s cheeks are pink with desire and how his eyes always lock with Castiel’s as he takes him in. Castiel sinks his hands into Dean's short hair, tugging a little to make Dean groan, too. After a few minutes, he has to pull Dean away before he comes down his throat.

“Your mouth is so perfect,” Castiel praises him.

“You're gonna come down my throat later,” Dean promises. “Wanna drink you down so fucking bad.”

Castiel groans at the dirty talk and feels his dick throb between his legs. “I want to see you,” Castiel says, looking at the tent in Dean’s pants, suddenly desperate to see Dean’s heavy cock. Dean keeps eye contact as he lowers his pants and underwear, and Castiel whimpers when he sees the wet spot in his boxers.

“I want you so bad, Cas. But I’m gonna show you how much I love you first. How much I love your body. How absolutely perfect you are to me. How you changed my life forever in eight days,” Dean says, his voice thick with emotion, and leaving Castiel with no doubt about how much he means every word.

Dean starts by lifting Castiel's leg and placing a chaste kiss on the bottom of Castiel’s foot. They both share a smile at the silliness of this gesture, but then Dean starts moving his lips up, kissing his way up the inside of his leg until he reaches the back of his knee. He licks and nibbles at the sensitive skin there, and Castiel jerks because it tickles a little bit. Then Dean’s tongue traces the thick line of muscle up his thigh to where his leg meets his body. He trails his mouth across Castiel’s abdomen, rubbing his hand from the base of his dick to the tip just once, keeping him interested, then starts the trip back down Castiel’s other leg, to his knee, to his ankle, and then he kisses his other foot just like the way he began. This isn’t arousing in the same way that it was when Dean had his dick in his mouth, but it’s intimate, and his erection is very much on board. This is Dean exploring every inch of his body in a way that nobody ever has before, and Castiel wants to weep at the intimacy of the gesture. Dean runs his hands back up his legs to his hips, and then he begins the exploration of his stomach and chest.

Dean runs his hands all over him, and his lips follow everywhere his hands touch. He lets one hand linger at his nipples, pinching, rolling them in his fingers, and tugging gently, all the while his hot mouth kisses a path along his upper body. Dean moves up to kiss Castiel’s lips, finally, and Castiel couldn’t say no to him right now if he tried.

Having the sheets and his bed under him brings his cock back to life, and after thrusting into it a few times and loving the tiny bit of friction, he hears Dean shush him. “Easy, Cas. I’m nowhere close to being ready for you to come yet,” Dean tells him. Then Dean places his lips to the base of Castiel’s neck, and feeling his hot breath there makes him shiver. Dean’s wet mouth moves across the slope of
one shoulder, then across to the other, and he drags his tongue down his spine just like he did this morning in the shower. He feels Dean's hands pushing and prodding into his back, and then they slip down lower to cup his ass.

“I’ve never done this before, but I wanna taste you,” Dean says quietly, and Castiel’s body goes into overdrive, knowing what he means and wanting it more than anything. He feels Dean’s lips move over the curve of his ass cheeks, and slowly start nibbling their way to his crack. He is suddenly very thankful for how thoroughly Dean cleaned him in the shower this morning, because he wants this to be as good for Dean as it can possibly be. He feels Dean’s breath hot on his skin and spreads his legs further to expose his hole. “So beautiful,” Dean whispers. Then Castiel feels a single, tentative lick of Dean’s hot, wet tongue across his hole. He moans loudly to show Dean his appreciation, and before the sound is all the way out, Dean licks him again, and again. “Mmmm, Cas. So good, baby. Gonna make you feel so good,” Dean warns him, and then Castiel can feel Dean’s tongue circling his hole, before it starts pressing into him.

“Ugh, Dean!” Castiel yelps. “Oh my God.” It’s taking every ounce of willpower he possesses not to push against Dean’s face, wanting so badly for him to go deeper, eat him out for real. “More, Dean, please. More.”

Dean pulls his asscheeks apart, latches on to him with his mouth and starts spearing his tongue into him as far as it will go. Castiel couldn’t keep quiet if he wanted to. Between his moans and groans he can hear the slurping sounds of Dean’s mouth on his ass and it’s so fucking hot.

“Dean, Dean please. I need you,” Castiel begs him.

“I’m so hard for you, Cas,” Dean tells him, and Castiel rolls back over on to his back to get a look at Dean’s cock, flushed A deep red and absolutely dripping with precome. Castiel reaches for the lube, pops the top and squirts some on to Dean’s fingers.

Dean doesn’t hesitate now, and is able to push two fingers into him easily after he opened him up so nicely with his mouth already. “So open for me,” Dean praises him. “You have no idea how beautiful you look like this. So fucking hot. You’re gorgeous. Every single part of you, inside and out,” Dean praises him, as he works him open further with his fingers.

“Dean, please. I need you,” Castiel begs. He needs him inside of him. He has an ache in his heart that will only be filled once they’re locked together, lost in each other. “I can take it, please. I swear, I’m ready.”

“I want this to be special,” Dean admits. “Are you sure?”

“It is special, Dean. It’s you,” Castiel tells him honestly. “I’m sure.” After adding more lube, Dean lines himself up, but he presses their lips together first, so that Castiel is tasting himself on Dean’s tongue as he begins to press into him. And okay, he wasn’t quite ready yet, but the burn isn’t unbearable, and he knows it’ll lessen as he loosens up, so he concentrates on Dean’s mouth, pulling out all the tricks he knows Dean loves. He sucks on Dean’s tongue, then bites down on his bottom lip, drawing a moan out of his boyfriend.

Dean bottoms out, and Castiel wraps his legs around his waist, giving him a little bit more room to move. “You okay?” Dean checks.

Castiel nods, panting against the burn, trying not to show it on his face. “Just need a minute,” he tells him.

“We have forever,” Dean tells him, and he seals their mouths together again as shivers run along
Castiel’s body at the promise and his heart warms in his chest. Forever with Dean. Soon, the pain blurs into pleasure, and all Castiel can think is that he wants more. He rocks his hips, giving Dean permission to move, and they begin rocking together.

Dean’s lips never leave Castiel’s skin. He’s kissing his neck, his shoulder, the side of his face, his ear, his lips, everywhere he can reach without pulling out. Castiel has never felt so loved, so wanted, so treasured in his entire life. Dean’s thrusts are slow and smooth, and no matter how many times Castiel tries to rush him, he won’t.

“Want this to last. Want to remember every second of this with you,” Dean says.

“I’m so in love with you. Nobody makes me feel like you. Nobody ever will again,” Castiel says, meaning every word. “Only you. I’m yours, Dean.”

Dean kisses him deeply. “I’m yours, too, baby. Only ever been yours,” Dean says. “I love you so much. You feel so good, Cas.”

Dean’s words are doing wonders at pushing Castiel closer to the edge. He can feel his orgasm building slowly, and Dean hasn’t even touched him yet. He can get off like this once Dean hits his prostate, he knows. “I’m gonna come just on your cock,” Castiel promises. He drops his legs to the bed, and lifts his hips so that Dean’s at the right angle, and when he sinks inside of him on the next stroke, he hits the jackpot. “Dean!” Castiel calls out.

“’M gettin’ close, Cas. Wanna see you come first,” Dean tells him.

“Just like that,” Castiel tells him. “Feels so good. You always feel so good, Dean.” His breaths are coming harder now, and he feels that gathering sensation in his stomach and knows he’s going to come. “Tell me again,” he begs.

Dean kisses him, then presses their foreheads together, maintaining eye contact. Castiel can see it in his eyes before he says the words. “I love you, Castiel.” That’s all it takes to make him come, and he comes so hard the edges of his vision blur, and all he can see is Dean’s perfectly green eyes, and all he can hear is Dean repeating himself. “I love you, Cas. I love you, I love you, I love you so fuckin’ much.”

Castiel wraps his arms around Dean, and keeps watching his face when Dean starts spurting deep inside of him. “I love you, too. So much, Dean. You’re everything to me,” he blurts out. “You have no idea how lonely I was before you. How much you changed my life. How much you’ve changed me. I was lost the first time I touched you,” Castiel tells him. He sees Dean’s eyes fill, and then feels his own eyes react accordingly, and when Dean finally collapses on top of him, he knows they’re both crying.

He can feel Dean’s tears drip down his shoulder, and he knows Dean’s feeling his roll down the side of his neck. After they both get ahold of themselves, Dean braces himself on his hand, and they wipe each other’s tears away and kiss some more.

“This is the gayest moment of my entire life,” Dean says shakily, and Castiel laughs with him.

“I’m not even sorry for turning you my way,” Castiel smiles.

“Cas… that was perfect. It’s never been like that for me before,” Dean tells him seriously.

“Never cried during sex before?”

“Technically it was after sex, but still no,” Dean says.
“Me neither,” Castiel says.

“As awesome as that was… let’s not make it a regular thing. I love you, I probably always will, but I don’t wanna turn into a chick every time we have sex,” Dean says, but he smiles when he says it.

“I would never let that happen. No chick could ever make me come like that,” Castiel jokes, and Dean finally slips out of him and Castiel can’t control the way his face contorts in pain.

“I hurt you,” Dean says, voice hard.

“I wanted you to,” Castiel reminds him. “It only hurt for a minute, then it was good again. I swear. It’s okay. All part of gay sex,” he reassures Dean.

Dean shakes his head. “I don’t like that. I don’t want to hurt you.”

“The pleasure is worth the pain. I promise. It's not usually my kinda thing, but I needed you,” Castiel says with half a smile.

“We should shower again,” Dean says. “I don’t wanna smell like sex when we go to the Roadhouse.”

“I think if you make me come again I might pass out,” Castiel warns him. “I’m too old for three rounds in half a day.”

Dean snorts, rolling away from him. “I don’t think I’ll ever be too old for that.”

Castiel laughs outright. “I’m sure I felt the same way six years ago. I hope I’m around to see you eat your words when the time comes.”

“Where else would you be?” Dean asks, throwing a smile over his shoulder.

And for once, Castiel doesn’t have an answer for that.

Chapter End Notes

Last chapter for today because I’ll be watching the Misha panel on Stage It instead of writing tonight when the kids go to bed :) (Not even sorry!)
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

Here, have a little angst...

Nobody’s more surprised than Dean when he realizes showering with Cas is just as nice without an orgasm as it is with one. That’s another first. Just being close to him and being able to touch the miles and miles of that perfectly tanned skin is enough. Is everything. Now, freshly showered, dressed in jeans, and finished making their lunches for the week, they’re getting ready to go the the Roadhouse.

Dean has his duffel bag filled with Castiel’s clothes to leave at his house in the trunk, along with his share of the lunches… and a sadness in the pit of his stomach that he knows is because he’s being a girl and doesn’t want to leave Cas’s house and sleep alone tonight.

“You alright?” Cas asks him. Of course Cas asks him. Nobody but Sam has ever been able to pick up on his subtle mood shifts like Cas does.

“I’m okay. Just kinda bummed about the weekend being over,” Dean admits.

“It was a great weekend, wasn’t it?” Cas smiles.

“The best. Gonna be kinda weird sleeping alone tonight,” Dean says.

“When I first saw you at the club, so gorgeous and manly, I never dreamed you’d be such a softie inside,” Cas teases him.

“Admit it. You’ll miss me, too,” Dean prods.

“I won’t sleep nearly as well without you wrapped around me like a vine.”

“You can’t even blame me. I’m sleeping when I do it,” Dean chuckles.

“I’m not complaining!” Cas assures him. Then he places his hand on Dean’s knee and says, “I’ll miss you, too, Dean.”

Dean’s glad Cas can’t see the fuzzy feeling that swells inside of him from hearing those four simple words, because he’s pretty sure he’s embarrassed himself enough this weekend. Every time he thinks about telling Cas that he loves him for the first time, and they way they made love later, he feels like floating. Dean’s had a lot of sex. He loves sex. He’s had sex with people he cared about, but he has never ever experienced sex that’s meant so much. It’s never brought him to tears before, and as much as he complained about the waterworks afterwards… making love with Cas was one of the best moments of his entire life. He knows he will never forget that feeling as long as he lives. It scares the living shit out of him, but he never dreamed he could feel so much. He knows he said things he shouldn’t have. He’s pretty sure the word forever came out of his mouth at some point, and he even slipped up and told Cas he was the only one, but he doesn’t regret a moment of it. Every word was true.

And when the fuck did he become such a sap? If Sam could hear his thoughts now, he’d never stop making fun of him. But fuck it. He’s happy.
Dean pulls into the parking lot. “You ready?” He asks Cas.

“I’m not nearly as nervous as I was last week,” Cas tells him.

“Maybe you won’t trip over your own feet this time,” Dean teases as the climb out of the car.

“Maybe you better hold my hand just in case,” Cas tries. Dean wanted to hold his hand anyway, so he takes it, but rolls his eyes like he didn’t want to. Cas smiles and Dean’s glad he knows he doesn’t really mind.

They let go of each other as they walk through the front door, and they’re both surprised to see Charlie already claiming a booth for them.

“Hey Char!” Dean says excitedly. “What’re you doin’ here?”

She narrows her eyes at the two of them. “You don’t call. You don’t text. You don’t write. You dangle lunch in front of me like a prize and then you get all caught up in your first dreamy boyfriend and forget all about little ole me.”

“You think I’m dreamy?” Cas asks.

“Yes,” both Dean and Charlie say at the same time, sliding into the booth, and the grin on Cas’s face makes Dean wanna eat him alive.

“You two are good to have around,” Cas jokes.

Dean looks at the pout on Charlie’s face and knows he has to suck up. “I’m sorry, Char. You know you’ll always be my number one girl.”

Her lips quirk but she keeps her stern face. “Keep talkin’,” she says.

“You’re more beautiful than Beyoncé and smarter than a computer. You have better taste in women than I do. You always make me laugh and nobody can get me to gossip like you can,” he grovels. “My existance would be a sad excuse of a life without you in it.”

“You’re forgiven,” she says, and the smile she gives him transforms her face back into the bubbly, adorable, little sister he never knew he wanted but would now be lost without. “Did you bone all weekend?”

“Pretty much,” Dean says with a smirk.

“Ugh. You look so disgustingly happy. I think I liked you better miserable and jaded,” she says.

“If I get a say, you won’t see him that way ever again,” Cas says.

Charlie narrows her eyes and looks between them for a second and then her jaw drops and her eyes get wide with excitement. “Jesus Christ on a cracker! You two said the L word!”

Dean feel himself blush and says, “Can you keep it down?”

“YOU DID!” She whispers loudly. “Castiel Novak, what is your secret?”

“Beer flavoured wiener, remember?” Cas deadpans.

Just then Sam slides in beside Charlie. “Well that was about the worst timing I could’ve had,” he says dryly.
“Did you know Cas got Dean to profess his undying love already?” Charlie says to Sam.

“Yep,” Sam smiles.

Charlie smacks him upside the head. “And you didn’t tell me!?”

Sam looks at Dean for help but Dean chooses that moment to look intently at the menu (which he already has memorized anyway) and he hears Sam say, “I didn’t know I was supposed to?”

“I’m surrounded by three of the most gorgeous man that exist and there’s not a full brain between them,” she says, obviously exasperated.

“I take offence to that,” Cas says. “I’m only just learning that you need to be in-the-know about such things. But I can tell you something Sam doesn’t know, if you want.”

“I’m listening,” Charlie says, and Dean doesn’t know if he wants to hear what Cas is about to say. Guy really surprises him every now and then.

“Dean isn’t the only one who professed his undying love this weekend,” Cas smiles.

Sam points a finger at Dean. “Ha! I knew it! I told you!”

“But he didn’t know for sure,” Cas tells Charlie. “You’re the first person I told, other than Dean, of course.”

Charlie is wiggling in her seat with excitement. “Tell me every adorable gay detail,” she begs, taking Cas’s hands in her own across the table from him.

“Dean bought me roses,” Cas says, smiling as if he’s the only person in the whole world who’s ever had the honour.

“Do we really have to do this?” Dean asks, feeling embarrassed.

“Red roses?” Charlie asks, completely ignoring him.

“Blue. To match my eyes,” Cas says and Dean totally hides behind the menu now.

Charlie lets out some kinda high pitched sound that Dean can only describe as a squee. Sam talks over her, “That is the most adorable thing I’ve ever heard,” he says, trying and failing to match Charlie’s enthusiasm, completely sarcastically.

“Oh Cas,” Charlie coos. “You’ve finally made my little Deanie fall in love. I don’t know whether to kiss you or hate you.”

“How about something in the middle?” Cas asks and Dean laughs in spite of himself.

“It’s weird that nobody’s come over yet,” Sam mentions, looking around.

“I saw Jo when I came in but I haven’t seen her since you guys got here,” Charlie says.

Almost immediately after that, they hear the door from the kitchen swing out and slam against the wall beside it. Jo comes stalking over to the table, cheeks flushed with colour, fire in her eyes, and the fakest smile Dean has ever seen on her face. “Hey guys, drinks?” She asks.

“Hey, you okay?” Dean asks, not able to stop himself.
She doesn’t look at him when she says, “Been a bad couple of days, but I’m fine. Beer?"

Dean glances at Cas and says, “Soda. Pepsi, please.”

Jo’s eyebrows raise but she doesn’t comment. The rest of them rattle off their drink orders and then Jo’s gone again.

“Have you talked to her since Friday?” Charlie asks Dean quietly.

“No, I haven’t talked to anybody but Sam,” he says. “Have you?”

“I texted her and called her but she never answered me,” Charlie answers. “I’m worried about her. She doesn’t look good.”

“Is this all because of me?” Cas asks.

“No, Cas. It’s not your fault, man. It’s just Jo,” Sam says kindly.

“Maybe I should just go,” Cas says to Dean. “This is your weekly thing and I don’t want to make it awkward for everybody just for a burger.”

“I didn’t think you were here just for the burger,” Dean says.

“You know what I meant,” Cas says quietly.

“We’re together now and you’re not going anywhere. Jo’s just gonna have to get used to it because I’m not staying away from here, and you’re not staying away from me. Okay?”

Cas nods. “Okay,” he says.

“I am so totally the heart eyes emoji right now,” Charlie says, and Dean rolls his eyes but can almost see it in the way she’s looking at the two of them.

So he does what every good brother would do, and throws Sam under the bus to get Charlie to give him a break. “Sammy, did you tell Charlie about your date with Jess?”

“Sam Winchester! You went on a date and didn’t tell me?” Charlie shouts. “What’s the matter with you?”

Cas leans over and whispers, “I didn’t even know that was your last name until now.”

Dean chuckles. “We’re idiots.” Cas laughs too and nods along good-naturedly.

It’s Ellen who comes back to take their food orders, looking annoyed but happier than Jo did.

“Where’s Jo?” Dean asks.

“She’s just busy with some other tables,” Ellen says.

Dean gives her a dubious look. “Ellen.”

“What do you want me to say, Dean? Jo’s being a brat, but she’s my kid. And you know you’re as good as a son to me, so it is what it is, okay?” Dean feels his heart sink. “Now, you want some food or do you want to sit around and talk about our feelings some more?”

They order, but Dean can’t wipe the scowl off of his face. Sam’s still babbling about Jess, and all
Dean can do is sit there and be pissed off because of how fucking stupid this is. He didn’t do anything and now Jo’s just gonna avoid him? This is bullshit. Dean wants to pull away when Cas slides a little closer and places his hand on his leg, but he doesn’t. Truth is, he’s comforted by it, and it helps remind him that everything isn’t bad, and even if some things are, it’s still worth it to have Cas here beside him. His mood improves after that.

They eat their food when it comes, but soon enough it’s time to pay. Cas lets Dean pay since Cas paid the last time they went out. When he’s paying at the cash, he asks Ellen if Jo’s still around. He wants to try and talk to her again. “She’s in the back, but I don’t know if goin’ back there is the best thing you can do right now.”

“We’ve been friends for fucking ever –“ Dean starts, but Ellen gives him a look for the language so he starts again. “We’ve been friends forever. I’m not gonna let her push me away. She’s like my sister.”

Ellen gives him a look and says, “You know where to find her.”

He turns to Cas and holds up a finger to indicate he needs a minute, and Cas nods. He walks around the counter into the back room and sees Jo sitting on a box, arms crossed, Kleenex bunched up in her hands. His heart drops.

“Jo?” He says quietly to get her attention. She turns to look at him and he wants to sink into the ground when he sees her face is puffy from crying.

“I don’t want to talk to you,” she says standing up.

“I don’t really care,” he says, voice hard. “What the fuck is this, Jo?”

Her eyes flash. “Fuck off, Dean. Go back to your boyfriend.”

“Why are you acting like this? I fucking told you. I told you a million times. You’re like my sister. It’s not like that for me.”

“And that’s supposed to make it easier for me to see you with him?” She asks, voice cracking.

Fuck. Dean doesn’t know what he’s supposed to say. “Why’s it such a big deal now? You never hid in here crying any other time I was with somebody.”

“Because!” She shouts.

“And that’s supposed to make it easier for me to see you with him?” She asks, voice cracking.

Fuck. Dean doesn’t know what he’s supposed to say. “Why’s it such a big deal now? You never hid in here crying any other time I was with somebody.”

“Because!” She shouts.

“Because why? You’re gonna have to help me out here because I don’t get it!”

“He’s different. You’re different with him. You have no idea how you look when you look at him. Like… like he’s everything to you.”

“It is different,” he tells her, voice softer now.

“That’s why it’s so hard, okay? I could tell with Lisa that it wasn’t going to last. Sorry, but it was pretty obvious. I knew I’d be around longer than she would. I figured I could wait her out, you know? And I was right,” she says. “I know nothing happened between us, but we were spending more time together –“

“As a group,” Dean says, cutting her off, hating where she’s going with this.

“But still together!” She argues and Dean shakes his head. “And I felt like I might actually have a
chance again. Then out of nowhere, you show up with a man, and it hit me like a fucking brick because for the first time ever I see that you’re… that you’re happy, and it has nothing to do with me.” Fresh tears start falling down her face and Dean can’t help but move closer to comfort her. He pats her back awkwardly, and she throws herself into his arms.

“It doesn’t have nothing to do with you. I mean, yah, it’s mostly Cas. He makes me happier than I’ve ever been. But I like having you in my life, too. You’re like a sister to me, Jo. I don’t want to lose you now that I’m finally happy.”

“I could’ve made you happy,” she cries into his shoulder.

He pats her hair but shakes his head. “No. It’s not like that for me. I don’t feel that way about you. I never did.”

“You never even tried,” she chokes out.

“You’re not supposed to have to try. It’s either there, or its not. And it’s not, Jo. I don’t wanna hurt you, but you gotta let this go. I’m with Cas and he’s not going anywhere anytime soon.”

She pushes out of his arms and looks him in the face. He’s distracted by the tears rolling down her face and (ew) the snot running from her nose. He’s aware that she’s suddenly a lot closer than she was, and the next thing he knows she’s kissing him, arms wrapped around his neck with her body plastered to his. He holds his arms up and away from her, not wanting to touch her, and wrenches his face away from hers before pushing her away.

“What the fuck?” He yells at her.

“That’s exactly what I was about to say.”

Dean hears Cas’s rough voice come from behind him, and when he turns to see him standing there in the doorway, looking fucking pissed and like somebody just ran over his dog at the same time, Dean feels like the world is crumbling around him.

“Cas wait. This isn’t –“ but Cas has already turned around and begun walking away from him.

“You fucking bitch!” Dean yells at Jo. “If you ruined this for me I swear we are done! Stop crying like a little girl with a stupid crush and figure out that we’re family and family doesn’t try to fuck up each other’s lives. Come find me when your head is out of your ass, and not until you’re ready to apologize to me and to Cas. Fuck,” he spits again, turning to run after his boyfriend.
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

I gotta admit, I enjoyed the hate mail from you guys more than I thought I would! I think you'll all enjoy Castiel's revenge, though! ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Castiel says goodbye to Sam and Charlie when they leave, and then gives Dean a few more minutes before going to see if he can help at all. He hates seeing Dean upset and he hates knowing that he could be upset right now and that Castiel isn’t there to help him. So after five minutes have passed, he goes to try and find him.

He smiles when he hears Dean say, “I don’t wanna hurt you but you gotta let this go. I’m with Cas now and he isn’t going anywhere anytime soon.”

He thinks that’s probably a good time to make his entrance, but when he takes a step forward through the door he feels ice freeze inside his veins. His brain takes in every single detail. He sees the way Dean is leaning away from Jo as she presses herself against him. He sees the way Dean’s arms fly up to clearly say, “Not touching her!” And he sees the way she presses her lips against Dean’s. Against the lips of his boyfriend. He sees how Dean’s perfectly plump lips are clearly not kissing her back, and best of all, he sees Dean wrench away from her, push her away and yell at her.

“What the fuck?” Dean says, and a part of Castiel hopes he never has to hear Dean’s voice so hard and cold talk to him that way.

“That’s exactly what I was about to say,” Castiel hears himself say.

He catches a glimpse at the bitchy smirk on Jo’s face and he sees red before he sees the way Dean’s face falls.

“What the fuck?” Dean starts. He finds he’s not at all interested in listening to whatever Dean has to say in front of Jo. He’s never wanted to hit a woman before, but he has to fight the urge right now. He turns and leaves. He hears Dean yell, “This isn’t –“ but that’s all he hears. He walks out the door of the diner and curses when he realizes his car is at Dean’s.

He walks over to the Impala and waits beside it, knowing Dean will come soon, and trying to figure out how he’s going to face him.

Because here’s the thing. He saw what happened. He saw that Jo kissed Dean, and he saw that Dean didn’t kiss Jo back. But all he can think about is how Balthazar cheated on him and ruined everything, and now he’s barely had a boyfriend for a week and he’s already caught him kissing somebody else. No, wait. Being kissed by somebody else. Not the same thing, he tells himself. Logically, he knows that. He heard Dean tell Jo that he’s with Castiel and that he isn’t going anywhere soon. Logically, Dean said everything right and reacted the best way he possibly could.

But Castiel still had to see Dean pressed against a gorgeous little blonde with her lips pressed against his, and he can’t unsee it no matter how badly he wishes he could.
Dean comes rushing out of the diner, looking frantic, and Castiel turns away from him.

“Cas,” Dean says as he reaches him. His voice is higher than usual with a note of panic in it. “Cas, please,” he says, trying to spin him to look at him. “Look at me, baby. Come on. It wasn’t what it looked like.”

Castiel allows himself to be turned and a fraction of the ice in his veins melts when he sees anguish all over Dean’s face. “I know. I saw. I heard what you said and I saw it was her who…” he can’t even say it. “I just want to go home. Can you please take me to my car?”

“Cas –” Dean tries again.

“Please, Dean. We will talk about this, but I need a minute first. Please understand.”

Dean reaches out like he wants to touch his face but Castiel flinches and Dean withdraws his hand like he’s been burned. “I’m sorry,” Castiel hears himself say. Dean nods, tight-lipped and gets in behind the wheel. Castiel takes a deep breath to calm himself and then climbs in the passenger seat. The space between them on the bench seat has never seemed to spread so wide before. Castiel battles with himself between wanting to touch and comfort Dean and wanting space. So he does nothing and just sits in his seat.

This is the first time silence between them has ever felt heavy, and Castiel can hardly stand it. It hurts.

When they pull into the driveway, Castiel finds himself staring into Dean’s house through the kitchen window. Dean takes the keys out of the ignition and turns to Castiel. “Will you come in?” He asks him, and there is so much fear in his eyes that Castiel can’t possibly say no. He nods, and the relief on Dean’s face is heartbreaking.

They walk into the house and Dean just stands there in the entryway, dropping his bag at the door, obviously not sure what to do. “May I have a glass of water, please?” Castiel asks.

They move into the kitchen, Dean fills a glass and then hands it to Castiel. He puts his lunches in the fridge and then turns to face him.

“Are you ready to talk?” Dean asks him.

“I’m sorry. I know logically I’m overreacting, but I can’t stop being afraid,” Castiel says.

“Afraid?” Dean says, as though he never even considered the possibility of Castiel being afraid. “Afraid of what?”

“It happening all over again,” Castiel says, and he feels his walls breaking down and then his shoulders start shaking and he buries his face in his hands as he starts sobbing.

“Cas? Cas!” Castiel hears Dean come closer but he doesn’t touch him. “Please, baby, let me hold you.”

Castiel takes a step towards Dean, unwilling to uncover his face until he can bury it in Dean’s chest again, and then he feels strong arms come around him, and he thinks home, and sobs all over again. Dean kisses the top of his head, and strokes down his back, shushing him and murmuring apologies over and over. An indeterminable time later, Castiel wraps his arms around Dean in return, and just soaks up the warmth and comfort and the feeling of rightness he’s always felt being with Dean. He drags in some shaky breaths, and is finally able to calm himself little by little.
He’s doing that dry sobbing thing where there’s no more tears but he can’t quite catch his breath, and Dean just keeps stroking his back, pressing kisses against his hair. “Talk to me, man. You’re breaking my heart, Cas.”

“I’m sorry,” Castiel says again.

“Stop fucking apologizing!” Dean says and Castiel is startled by the outburst enough to push away and meet his gaze for the first time. “You didn’t do anything. Don’t apologize. This is all my fault. I’m the fuck up, not you.”

Castiel shakes his head. “I saw everything that happened. I heard you tell her that you were with me. I saw that you didn’t kiss her back, and I saw you push her away. It’s not your fault. It’s her fault,” he spits, and he is filled with a hatred towards her so completely he has to take several more deep breaths to calm his rage.

“So why wouldn’t you let me touch you? Why are you crying if you know it didn’t mean anything?”

“I told you what ended my last relationship,” Castiel says quietly. “He cheated on me and he broke my heart in the process. I know you’re not him, but after everything I dealt with then… and then having to see Jo kissing you… it just brought it all back. And it’s so much worse because you already mean so much more to me than he ever did and I’m just so fucking scared that you’re going to leave me and choose her…”

“No, baby, no,” Dean promises, gathering him close again. “You heard me tell her. It’s you, Cas. It’s only ever been you. I don’t want her, or anybody else. I only want you. I love you.”

“I just keep seeing her pressed up against you. Beautiful and curvy in all the ways I’ll never be,” Castiel chokes out.

“In all the wrong ways, because she isn’t you,” Dean says. “And I’m not your sleazebag ex-boyfriend either. I will never cheat on you, Cas. Never. I’m gonna fuck up, I know I will, but I will never do anything to hurt you on purpose. You gotta know that.”

“I do,” Castiel says. “I do. I’m just so tired of being hurt. I’m so scared of how much this means to me already, and I don’t want to lose you.”

“You won’t. I’m not going anywhere, babe. I love you,” Dean says again.

“I love you, too,” Castiel finally says back.

Dean reaches up towards Castiel’s face slowly, and begins wiping his tears off his face. “Can I kiss you?” Dean asks. “I wanna kiss you so bad.”

Castiel answers by leaning towards him, and Dean kisses him. For a split second when Castiel closes his eyes he can see her again, pressed up against him, and he flinches. “No,” Dean says. “Don’t you let her ruin this,” Dean kisses him again. “Yours are the only lips I want on mine. It felt so wrong, Cas. I thought I was going to throw up. I only want this. You. Don’t let her ruin it.”

He sounds so desperate but so sure at the same time, and Castiel leans in again, kissing him harder, wanting to make himself forget. He forces his tongue into Dean’s mouth, and instantly, the familiar taste of Dean soothes him. This is Dean. His Dean. He’s not going to let anybody else have a chance at this unbelievable man, and he doesn’t care what he has to do to keep him.

“You’re mine,” Castiel growls, biting down hard on Dean’s neck, making Dean cry out.
“Yes,” Dean pants. “Yours, Cas.”

“Show me,” Castiel asks him, rocking his hips against Dean to show his intention.

Dean groans and presses him into the corner of the breakfast bar. “Are you sure?”

“Make me forget. Make me feel like I’m the only one you want. Make it so you’re the only thing I feel,” Castiel begs him.

“You are the only thing I want,” Dean tells him, already pressing lips against his neck and up to the soft spot behind his ear that drives Castiel wild. “Think about you all the damn time, Cas,” Dean says against his skin. “Can never get enough of you. Want you all the time.”

“Yes,” Castiel breathes. This is how he wants to feel, and these words are like glue, putting the pieces of his broken shell back together one by one. Dean lifts him and sits him on the counter behind him, manhandling him to spread his legs, which sets Castiel on fire. Castiel wraps his legs around Dean and rubs his hardening cock against Dean’s body desperately. Dean rubs his palm along the crease of his jeans, feeling his erection, and moaning when it hardens further under his hand.

“Want you to fuck my mouth,” Dean says and Castiel nods. Dean opens Castiel’s belt and opens his jeans, and Castiel lifts his hips to let him slide off his pants. Dean’s hands run up his thighs until he grasps Castiel’s hard dick in his hand.

He strokes him a few times, then smiles at Castiel wickedly and says, “Guess I’m gonna have to get that wet for you.”

The very next moment, Dean is taking him into his mouth, eagerly drooling and spitting on to his cock to make his hand move nice and smooth along his length. Then Dean lowers his head again and starts working Castiel over with his mouth. Castiel focuses on every touch. Every lick, every suck, and every time he feels those beautifully plump lips slide up and down his cock. He leans back on his hands so he can see better, and his jaw drops open with a sigh when Dean’s eyes lock on to his. Jesus Christ, this man is beautiful. His pupils are blown almost fully black and Castiel is reminded just how much Dean loves this.

Dean’s making the most sinful sounds around him. Moaning and slurping and every now and then gagging as he tries to take in more of Castiel than he can handle. Castiel knows he’ll keep trying until he can get him all in his mouth, and it’s sickly satisfying to watch Dean choke on his huge cock.

“Dean,” he moans, leaning forwards to drop his hands into Dean’s short hair. Dean moans louder and Castiel smiles. Dean loves his cock. Then Dean moves his hands up to meet Castiel’s and links their fingers together, bringing them to rest together on the countertop, and Castiel feels his heart melt with the gesture. “I love you, Dean,” he gasps.

Dean pulls away from his cock to kiss his mouth, deep and dirty, and then he says, “I love you too, baby,” and then grins at him once more before diving back down and swallowing him whole. Castiel goes to throw his head back again, but he stops when he catches a glimpse of movement out of the corner of his eye. He looks up and locks eyes with Jo through the kitchen window.

“Joanna Beth, what in God’s name is going on in here? Since when is it acceptable for you to cause a Goddamn soap opera in my restaurant?” Ellen says harshly.

“I’m sorry,” Jo spits at her mom, clearly not sorry.
“What’d you do?” Ellen asks, zeroing in on the tears in Jo’s eyes and the pink puffiness surrounding them knowing she’s been crying. “Dean don’t yell at you like that for nothin’, so don’t even bother tryin’ to tell me nothing.”

“I kissed him,” Jo admits, embarrassed and pissed off about having to tell her mom.

“Excuse me? Did I raise you to be a home wrecker? Did I raise you to think so little of yourself that you would think it’s acceptable to be somebody’s side piece?” Ellen asks. Jo doesn’t say anything. “Did I?” Ellen asks again.

“No, ma’am,” Jo snaps.

“I know you’ve had a crush Dean for years, but I’ve been there when he told you he don’t feel the same. You knew he was with that boy out there and you went and kissed him anyway. No wonder he yelled at you.”

“Sure, take his side. Everybody else is,” Jo says childishly, crossing her arms.

“If you think I’m not gonna box that boy’s ears for swearing at my daughter than you’ve completely gone and lost your damn mind,” Ellen tells her. “But he’s right. You need to get over this, and you need to go apologize to both of them. There’s not an ice cube’s chance in hell I’m gonna let you break up this family over a silly little crush.”

“It’s not a crush! I love him!” Jo shouts.

“That’s a load of bull and we both know it. If you loved him you’d be happy to see that boy happy for the first time in his whole damn life, and not be selfish enough to try and ruin it for him.”

Jo’s regret and embarrassment grows. “He doesn’t want to talk to me.”

“Can’t say I blame him,” Ellen says harshly. “But since when has that ever stopped you? You get over there and apologize, and I don’t wanna hear another word from you until you do. You hear?”

“Yes ma’am,” Jo says again. She goes to the bathroom and washes her face, hating her mom for being right, but loving her for being bossy enough to push her into making the right decision. She stops on her way out to ask another waitress to take her tables for a few minutes, and she gets a nod of approval from her mom on her way out the door.

She pulls into Dean’s driveway behind his Baby, and she has a spare minute to think how weird it is that his car isn’t in the garage. She gets out, checks her reflection in the car window one more time, and turns to make her way up the steps to his house, and she hears a sound through the walls and sees movement through the window. She just about has a heart attack when she realizes what she’s looking at.

Dean has Castiel up on the counter top, and from the angle he happens to be sitting at, there is no way she can’t see exactly what’s going on. Castiel has his head thrown back in obvious pleasure, and Dean is swallowing down as much of his cock as he can. She zeroes in on Dean’s face, sees his cheeks flushed, his lips stretched tight around Castiel, and she can see the faint sounds she can hear coming from the house working their way out of his throat. This is absolutely horrifying to see in so many different ways but she can’t tear her eyes away.

There is no doubt about how much Dean is enjoying this. He looks like a cock slut, forcing Castiel’s cock down his throat, choking on it and going right back for more. Castiel places his hands on Dean’s head and she can hear Dean’s muffled moan. She’s about to turn away when she sees Dean raise his hands and twine his fingers through Castiel’s. It’s such a sweet and intimate gesture that she
feels her heart crack a little bit at the same time she feels bile rise in her throat.

She hears Castiel’s breath hitch before he tells him he loves Dean. Her jaw drops when Dean stops what he’s doing and kisses Castiel deeply and passionately, and then her heart shatters into a million pieces when she hears Dean say, “I love you too, baby.” Tears form in her eyes, and she recognizes the clear moment of defeat for what it is.

*Okay. I get it,* she thinks to herself. He loves Castiel. He doesn’t want me and he doesn’t love me.

And judging by the way Dean is loving the gay action he’s getting right now, she suddenly considers the fact that no woman could ever fully satisfy Dean to begin with. She takes a deep breath, acknowledging the fact that she’s lost. She doesn’t have a chance. Dean’s happy and in love with Castiel, and Jo’s just a sister to him.

She swipes her hand across her face to dash away the new tears, when she sees Castiel’s head stop moving and they lock eyes through the window. Fear blooms in her chest. She expects him to stop or looked shocked or tell Dean that she’s there, but he doesn’t. Instead, he flicks his eyes down to Dean, then meets her eyes again and smiles the cockiest, snarkiest, most self-satisfied smile she has ever seen in her life, then just drops his head back in pleasure. If there was a way to imply *fuck you* through a smile, Castiel just did it. She feels her embarrassment heat her face after being caught peeping in on them, and she’s filled with shame. Because she knows Castiel knows he’s got what he wants and she can’t have it, and she’s so mortified that she attempted to compete with this that she runs back to her car and drives straight back to work. She tells her mom Dean must be at Castiel’s, and makes her way through the rest of her shift, heart broken but at least having a level of understanding she didn’t before.

Castiel has a single moment of panic before he thinks about what Jo is seeing. He feels a wicked smile spread across his face as he thinks, *That’s right, Jo. He loves me. He’s choking on my cock and loving it, and he pushed your needy little ass away and felt like he was going to throw up when you kissed him. He’s mine. He completely ignores her after that, knowing there’s no way she’d stay and watch after being caught, and he loses himself in Dean’s perfectly enthusiastic mouth. It’s only a few minutes later when he comes hard down Dean’s throat, and Dean swallows down every drop and laps him up afterwards.*

Dean’s already opening his pants, desperate for his own orgasm, and Castiel slides off the counter top and straight down to his knees to finish Dean off. Dean’s so worked up by getting Castiel off, that it only takes a few strokes and a single hard sucking motion to have Dean coming into his mouth, crying out his name. Dean slides down to the floor in front of Castiel and they share a very dirty kiss, which somehow manages to be sweet despite the taste of their come mingling on each other’s tongues.

Castiel breaks away, smiling, and says, “I don’t know about you, but I sure feel better.”

“I think you fried my brain,” Dean says, his breath still coming hard.

They help each other up and step back into their clothes. Dean catches Castiel in a bone crushing hug, holding on to him for a long time. “I thought I was gonna lose you,” Dean admits, voice soft.

“I’m sorry I made you feel like that. I just couldn’t process everything and I couldn’t have you distracting me before I figured out how I felt,” Castiel tells him. “Dean?” Dean backs away so he can look Castiel in the face. “It’s going to take a hell of a lot more than some desperate girl throwing herself at you to make me walk away from this. I’m in this for as long as you’ll have me. I mean it.”
Castiel can see Dean’s eyes swimming with emotion, but he answers, “Good. Because hot chicks throw themselves at me all the time.”

Castiel laughs at the joke. “You’re the worst,” he smiles.

“You love me,” Dean answers.

“I really do,” Castiel says, still smiling.

“Wanna be a lame old couple and watch another couple of game show reruns?” Dean asks. Castiel planned to go home after dinner, but he doesn’t have much to do before he has to go to bed, and it’s only seven. Plus, he thinks Dean still needs more reassurance. “I work early tomorrow so I’m gonna head to bed in about an hour,” Dean tells him.

“I can stay,” Castiel says, and he allows himself to be led to the couch where he curls up on Dean’s chest, feeling like he belongs there. He didn’t say much to Dean earlier when Dean mentioned how much he’s going to hate sleeping alone tonight, but he feels the same sense of dread creeping in on him now. He doesn’t want to leave and be left alone tonight when he knows his thoughts will drift and only cause him more pain. He wants to stay. “Dean?”

“Mmm?” Dean answers.

“Would you mind if I stay here tonight?” Castiel asks.

“You wanna stay?” Dean asks.

“Yes. I wasn’t planning on it, and I’ll have to stop at home before I go to work, but…”

“Yes, Cas. I want you stay. I always want you to stay,” Dean says, interrupting Castiel’s reasoning. “You don’t have to ask anymore. Anytime you wanna stay, you stay. I want you here.”

Castiel sighs in relief. “I didn’t want to be alone tonight. Thank you.”

He feels so much better knowing he doesn’t have to leave, knowing that anytime he starts to feel like Dean’s going to hurt him like Bal did he can reach out and touch Dean to reassure himself. He sinks into the comfort Dean gives him, and feels his love deepen even more with every stroke of Dean’s hand along his arms, every press of his lips to his forehead, and every time Dean squeezes him into a little hug.

At 8:00 Dean says, “I know it’s early, but I gotta get ready for bed or I won’t be able to get outta bed tomorrow.”

“I understand. And I don’t mind. I’m actually pretty exhausted. Emotionally, it was a hard day… plus all the sex,” Castiel adds with a small laugh, and they both get up, flicking off lights and grabbing Dean’s bag with all of Castiel’s stuff in it.

“I’ve never had so much sex in my life,” Dean agrees. “I should’ve let a dude bone me years ago,” he jokes.

Castiel freezes. “What did you just say?”

Then Dean freezes. “Shit.” He looks at Castiel and shrugs. “The cat’s outta the bag. You were the first guy I let have sex with me.”

Castiel feels like his brain has short circuited. He racks his brain, going back to the first time he
fucked Dean, and he can’t think of a single thing Dean did to give him any indication that it was his first time. “But you told me the first night we met that you switched!”

Dean shrugs. “I lied. I thought it was just gonna be a one night thing and it wouldn’t matter. I already knew I’d let you do whatever you wanted to me,” Dean says, continuing his walk to the bedroom, seemingly unknowing that he just blew Castiel’s mind.

“You should have told me,” Castiel says following him, but he’s not mad. “I would’ve been more gentle, taken more time…”

“You did take your time. I asked you to hurry up and you just kept prepping me,” Dean reminds him.

“But that’s just because I wanted to be rough later,” Castiel says, feeling like absolute crap.

"And when I asked you to go harder you wouldn't. You refused to hurt me," Dean reminds him. He still feels terrible though, and it must show on his face because Dean says, “Cas. My first time with you was perfect. It was super fucking hot and everything I wanted. Plus… kinda cool that you were my first since we went and fell in love and everything,” Dean says, embarrassed now. Castiel is ashamed by the flood of possessiveness he feels hearing those words. Castiel is the only one to ever have Dean, and if he has his way, that’s the way it’ll stay. “You’re pretty fuckin’ pleased with yourself right now, aren’t you?” Dean teases him.

“Wouldn’t you be if the situation was reversed?” Castiel asks.

“Fuck yah I would. Wish I was your one and only,” Dean admits.

“You can be the last,” Castiel offers.

Dean’s smile is wide when he nods and says, “I like the sounds of that.”

A little while later, they both fall asleep feeling safe and secure again, wrapped up in each other in every way possible.

Chapter End Notes

I hope switching to Jo's point of view wasn't too weird. I don't think I'll be doing it again, I just felt like we needed her perspective and we needed to hear the way Ellen talked some sense into her, or it wouldn't make sense when she finally apologizes.

I don't think I'll get anything posted tomorrow, but hopefully Tuesday!

I can't thank you all enough for the overwhelming support I've been getting with this story so far. I'm so glad you're all loving it just as much as I am!
The next morning when Dean’s alarm goes off at the ungodly hour of 5:20 AM, not even being wound around Cas’s muscular body can make him any less grouchy. He wiggles away, turns off the alarm, and immediately sits up to throw his legs over the side of the bed, having learned years ago if he doesn’t get up right away he’s not gonna.

He begins to stumble his way to the bathroom, and is surprised when he sees Cas following behind him “No shower sex,” he grumbles, though he realizes in that moment his dick is definitely on board even if his mind isn’t. He isn’t even insulted when Cas rolls his eyes, clearly not impressed by the assumption that that’s what he wanted, so he just shrugs and takes a leak, internally smirking at how much he knows Cas hates it. They brush their teeth beside each other, bumping elbows and shoulders often due to the much smaller space of Dean’s bathroom compared to Cas’s. It should be annoying, but even with as grouchy as Dean is, it just isn’t.

They shower together silently. They wash each other’s hair and soap up each other’s bodies, and though their bodies react to the touching automatically, neither of them attempts to act on it, and Dean isn’t disappointed in the least. Dean shaves quickly while Castiel gets dressed and attempts to tame his wet hair into order in the bathroom mirror around Dean (and failing), and he’s finally awake enough to communicate in words instead of grunts and gestures by the time he’s done.

“Why are you even up? You could’ve kept sleepin’,” Dean says.

Cas shakes his head. “No. I have more papers to grade before I go to work. I was going to do it last night, but that didn’t happen.”

“You didn’t have to stay,” Dean reminds him nicely.

“I wanted to. I knew if I went home I was just going to rethink everything that happened and make myself upset all over again. I feel better when I’m with you.” Cas doesn’t say it to earn brownie points or even to be romantic or sweet. He says it like it’s just a fact, and even knowing that, it doesn’t stop the warmth spreading inside of Dean.

“I don’t usually have my first cup of coffee until I get to work, but I can make you a cup if you want?” Dean offers, pulling his shirt over his head.

“That’s alright. I’ll just drink what I have at home,” Cas answers.

“I left you the good stuff,” Dean reminds him and Cas perks up a little bit.

“Good. If I’m going to drink an entire pot of coffee it might as well be the best.” He stops to yawn and then shakes his head. “I don’t know how you do this so often. I feel like I’m walking through a fog.”

“I feel that way every damn time,” Dean agrees.
After that, Cas leads the way out the front door and to his car, and they stop to kiss each other thoroughly before they both climb into their perspective vehicles and leave for the day. Dean is thinking over their morning and just how normal it was to do the whole morning thing with Cas. Dean is so happy about how ridiculously domestic it is to share a kiss before work and wish each other a good day that maybe for the first time ever, Dean smiles before 6:00 AM.

He works through the morning routine of opening the store, and the closer it gets to 8:00, the more he finds his eyes drifting to the door every time it chimes.

Kevin notices and elbows Dean gently before saying, “I guess Jo didn’t manage to scare Cas off after all?”

“You know about that?” Dean gapes.

“Know about what? I was talking about game night! What happened?”

“Nothing. Forget it.” Kevin makes a face like he’s never going to forget it, but Dean just keeps talking anyway. “But yah. I was hopin’ Cas would stop by, but I knew he wouldn’t. I gave him some of the house blend to keep at his place,” Dean explains. “Plus, he just left my house before I got here.”

“And you’re still looking for him? You got it bad, Winchester.”

“No kidding,” Dean agrees. He can’t stop thinking about Cas. He replays moments from the weekend they spent together, thinks about all of the sex they had, and how he thought he lost him already. The closer it gets to lunch time, the more he finds himself thinking that he could probably make Cas pretty damned happy if he delivered some more coffee to get him through the day today. He tries to talk himself out of it (half-heartedly) but when it’s ten minutes before Cas usually takes lunch (a fact Dean knows because Cas always texts him at the same time) he’s grabbing a travel mug off the shelf, filling it for him, and grabbing some cookies to go with it. He tells Kevin and the part-time helper that he’ll be back in a half hour, and he drives to the school Cas works at.

He’s in the visitor parking at the school parking lot, coffee on top of the car, leaning against his Baby when his phone buzzes.

CAS: I’m fairly certain this is the longest Monday in existence.

DEAN: I’m sorry you’re having a bad day, babe. Maybe I can help?

CAS: That’s alright. Only a few more hours to go.

DEAN: Damn. I guess I’ll get back in the car and drive back to work then...

CAS: Where are you?

Dean snaps a picture of himself with coffee in hand and the school at his back, and sends it. He watches the front doors, and feels a fluttering in his stomach when he sees Cas walk out. The moment Cas sees him, his entire face lights up with a smile, and Dean pats himself on the back mentally for being such a good boyfriend. Dean doesn’t know what the kissing a teacher at school rules are so he doesn’t make a move... but then again he doesn’t get much a chance to before Cas steps directly into his space and kisses him thoroughly, but chastely.

“You didn’t have to do this,” Castiel says, his smile saying the complete opposite.

“I missed you at the shop this morning.” Cas tilts his head at him and Dean continues, “I knew you
prob’ly wouldn’t show but I kept lookin’ for you anyway.”

“I thought you’d be sick of me and think it was strange if I stopped by after spending all weekend with you,” Cas admits.

Dean shakes his head. “Not possible. Anyway, once I figured out you weren’t comin’ I couldn’t stop thinking about you so I thought I might as well surprise you with coffee. Didn’t want you to be dragging ass all day.”

“You’re very sweet,” Cas tells him, winding his arm around him as they lean against the car together. Cas takes a deep drink of his coffee and says, “It’s always better when you make it.”

“Special ingredient,” Dean winks.

Cas blushes and Dean smiles. He’ll never stop thinking that’s the most adorable thing in the world. “What’s in the bag?” Cas asks, grabbing for it.

“Oatmeal chocolate chip cookies. I asked Crowley to switch out the raisins this week,” he explains.

Cas’s entire face softens and he leans in to kiss him softly. “I love you,” he says.

“I know,” Dean smirks. “I gotta get back to work, but uh… have a good day, okay?” Dean was about to say that he’d see him later, but he realized they don’t have any plans to see each other again right now. Cas mentioned Dean being sick of him, so maybe that was Cas’s way of saying he’s getting sick of Dean? He doesn’t want to smother him, so he doesn’t say anything else before he climbs into the car.

Cas gestures for him to roll his window down so he does, and Cas leans in to kiss him again. “Thank you,” he says, and Dean gives him a little salute before he drives back to work. The rest of the afternoon passes quickly, and though Dean should hit the gym before he goes home, he can’t make himself do it. He reminds himself about all the calories he must’ve burned having sex this weekend, and even though he knows it doesn’t really work like that, it’s enough to not make him feel so guilty about it. When he gets home he immediately plops into his recliner, and leans back to indulge in a nap.

He wakes up to a knock on the door. He checks his clock and sees it’s 3:30. There’s a text from Cas asking him if he has plans tonight, and Dean taps out a quick, “No, come on over,” reply before he goes to open the door.

It’s Jo.

The anger he felt towards her yesterday comes rushing back like a punch to the stomach, and he goes to shut the door in her face but she sticks her foot in.

“Dean, stop. C’mon man!” she says through the door.

“You are not welcome in my house right now,” he tells her coldly.

“What!? Come on!” She sounds genuinely shocked.

“If you think I’m gonna let you in here with me alone after what you pulled yesterday you’re even dumber than I thought you were!”

"You scared of a wittle girl Dean?" she asks. Dean ignores her, trying to push harder on the door. Jo yelps dramatically but says, “Fine. Come talk to me outside then.”
“No.”

“You know I’m not gonna leave until I talk to you. And if you make me sit out here all night - which we both know I will do - my mom’s gonna have to wait all the tables by herself...” she says. And dammit, she’s right.

“Fine,” he growls, opening the door and waiting for her to move out of the way. She goes and sits on his front step, and he sits beside her, putting more space between them than is necessary. He doesn’t look at her.

“So how mad are you?” she asks.

“Really fucking pissed,” he tells her.

“What if I say sorry?” she tries. Dean knows that’s about as close to an apology as he’s gonna get.

“Then I’d still be really fucking pissed and you’d still be sorry.” Dean also knows this is as close to forgiving her out loud as she’s gonna get.

She laughs tightly and then is quiet for a minute before she says, “Do you hate me?”

Dean rolls his eyes. “I could never hate you. Cas might, though. And I’m not gonna lie, that’s gonna be a problem.”

She huffs out a breath and says, “Yah, I got that impression. Any idea what I can do? You know, to make him not hate me?”

“Move to Canada?”

“Great,” Jo says, leaning back on her hands, not saying anything more.

“Why’d you have to go make this all weird?” Dean asks.

“We’re really doing this? We’re actually gonna talk about our feelings?” She checks.

“You are. Coz I gotta wrap my head around this if you want me to stop being pissed off.”

She sighs again. “You don’t know how different you are with him. How you look at him. I could see it as soon as you told me you were on a date that first night, and it was a thousand times worse at your place. Then I saw you walking in holding hands and I knew I was gonna have to watch you with him again, and I tried to get out of it. But mom...”

“Yah, Ellen’s not gonna let you bail on work without a good reason,” Dean agrees.

She takes a deep breath and starts playing with the ends of her hair, which Dean knows is her tell when she’s nervous. “So I saw you lookin’ at him like he’s the man who invited pie,” Dean interrupts her with a snort, and she smiles despite herself and continues, “and I made the assumption about you wanting beer like you do every week, and when you said you wanted a soda and then shared a look with him like it was an inside joke... I... I just had this stupid thought about how he was gonna change you and take you away from me and it’d never be the same between us... and I’d never get my chance to tell you... ya know.” Dean’s beginning to feel uncomfortable now and doesn’t know what he’s supposed to say, so he doesn’t say anything. Jo keeps talking. “So when you came and talked to me, and you comforted me, I just made the stupid, spontaneous decision to... you know... kiss you, and I thought that maybe you’d feel something...”
“And what? I’d just make out with you in the back room of the Roadhouse and leave Cas for you? God, you’re stupid,” he says, getting up and walking away from her through the yard and then back.

“It was stupid. It was desperate. I know that now. If I thought about it for a half of a second I never would’ve done it. And I never meant for him to walk in, you have to know that!”

“You weren’t too fucking upset about it though, were you? If you think I didn’t see that fucking smirk on your face when he saw us…” he says, pissed off all over again.

“Yah, well... you called me a fucking bitch!” she reminds him.

“You were one!” he defends. “You’re lucky he heard as much as he did, because if he didn’t forgive me Jo, I don’t know if I could’ve got past this with you.” He sees the hurt on her face and he feels like he needs to explain more. “He’s it for me.” He pretends he doesn’t see the way her face falls and that he doesn’t care about hurting her feelings. But he does. But he needs her to hear this, too. “He’s the one. I… love him, okay? And I’m not going to let anything fuck this up, even if it means losing you as a friend.” He sees a tear fall from her eye before she wipes it away and he softens his voice slightly. “I meant it when I said you’re like my sister. I love you like a sister,” he emphasizes, “but if you make me choose, I’m not gonna choose you.”

She doesn’t say anything for a minute and then says, “Just like that?”

Dean nods. “Just like that.”

“One week with him and you’re willing to just let go of 20 years of friendship?”

“Yes,” Dean tells her coldly.

She sniffs and rolls her shoulders and nods. “I get it.” Dean can see from the hurt on her face and the spark that’s left her eyes that she does. He nods. “Seriously though, I gotta make Cas forgive me, too, or I’m never gonna be able to be around you guys.”

It’s Dean’s turn to shrug. “I don’t know what to tell you. If some bitch kissed him and wanted me to forgive her, I dunno anything that could make me. Maybe time, Jo? I really don’t know.”

“If you think of anything?” She trails off.

Dean nods.

She stands and walks towards her car. Before she gets in she turns around and says, “Are we good?”

“I don’t wanna swear at you anymore, if that helps,” he answers honestly. Because he thinks he’s gonna need some time, too.

“Better than I deserve,” she says with a small smile, and then she gets in her car and drives away.

Dean sits on the steps again and watches her go. He wonders who’s got it out for him when he sees Cas’s car waiting for hers to back out of his driveway. He sees the tight set of Cas's jaw through the car window even from here, and he drops his head in his hands and wishes violently for a drink.
Chapter 31

Castiel stops at home and grabs clothes for tomorrow, and then stops at the grocery store on his way over and grabs a rotisserie chicken, some potato wedges and coleslaw for dinner, making sure he has enough for Sam, too. He’s certain Dean won’t want to cook anymore than he wants to, and he can’t blame him.

The chicken is making the inside of his car smell so good his mouth is watering, and as he turns on to Dean’s street he’s surprised to see a car backing out of Dean’s driveway. He feels a pit in his stomach when he recognizes the blonde hair and tries to swallow down the rage inside of him. He knows Dean’s been friends with Jo forever and he doesn’t expect him to cut her out of his life, but he also didn’t expect to see her leaving Dean’s house.

He sees Dean drop his head in his hands and his immediate thought is what a guilty gesture that looks like, but when he sees Dean look up at the sky in apparent exasperation he realizes he’s likely feeling overwhelmed about the situation. Castiel takes a deep breath to try and rid himself of some of the anger, and decides he can be an adult about this. He has no doubts about Dean being faithful to him, so he shouldn’t have a reason not to like Jo being here. But he still does, and he needs to work through that.

He opens the door, grabs the food and walks over to Dean. Dean seems to be searching his face for his reaction and he finally says, “This conversation better be a lot easier than the one I just had. Less crying would be great, too.”

Castiel can’t help but feel for Dean. “You look like you could use a beer,” he says.

Dean smiles and says, “Have I mentioned I love you lately?”

“I brought dinner, too,” he says, smiling. “There’s enough for Sam if he’s home.”

“Let’s talk before I call him over, k?” Dean suggests, and Castiel nods, thankful he’s not just going to try to sweep this under the rug.

They walk inside and Cas places the food in the oven and sets it to warm, then they go sit on the couch side by side. Castiel waits for Dean to start talking. “She came over to apologize,” he begins and Castiel nods, having known she was going to have to try eventually. “She wanted in and I told her I wasn’t comfortable being inside alone with her after the shit she pulled, so we sat on the front steps.”

Castiel immediately leans over and kisses him gently. “I appreciate the sentiment, but I trust you. You don’t need to worry about having… a friend… in the house with you when I’m not here.”

Dean shakes his head. “Wasn’t just for you. I mean, kinda, but it just didn’t feel right. Not respectful or somethin’, I dunno. Anyway, she explained why she made such a dumb choice, and while I don’t really get it myself, I understand the way she was thinking. I told her I’m still fucking pissed, and I told her it didn’t matter what she did or said, you’re the one for me, and if she was gonna make me choose between you she wasn’t gonna like my answer.”

You’re the one for me. Castiel feels his eyes fill with tears and has to close them to get himself together. He’s cried enough in the last day to last him a while. He swallows around the thickness in
his throat and says, “You really told her that?”

Dean nods. “Yup. Sam’ll probably back me up coz sure as shit he was listening through the window like the little bitch he is,” he smiles.

“I believe you,” Castiel tells him.

“I just wanted to be really, really clear, you know? Felt like I was dumbing it down for a five year old or some shit. I uh, do have to ask you something though.”

“What’s that?”

“She asked me what she could do to get you to forgive her so we could all still hang out. I didn’t know what to say.” Dean admits.

Castiel laughs darkly. “I’m not sure there’s anything she could do at this point. I’m not easily bribed, and especially not over something like this.” He thinks for a moment and then says, “The only thing she possibly has in her favour is that I can understand how desperate she might feel thinking she’s lost you. I can put myself in her shoes easily, and I cannot say with certainty that I wouldn’t also make a desperate attempt to win you if I was in her shoes.”

Dean shakes his head. “You won’t ever need to. ‘Sides, me and her never had what you and me have, so it’s not the same. She was just bein’ dumb.” He looks nervous for a minute but he says, “I know it’ll be hard for you, but I want to forgive her. I want to stay friends with her. She’s my family.”

Castiel cups his cheek and rests his forehead against Dean’s. “I understand. As angry as I am with her, I wouldn’t want anybody to lose a family member, least of all you.”

“Why are you so good to me?” Dean asks, and Castiel can see genuine surprise there.

“You don’t think you deserve it?” he asks, already seeing the answer in Dean’s eyes.

“I guess not. I just keep waitin’ for you to see how much smarter and richer and better you are than I am. You look at me like… like I’m something really special or somethin’ and I know eventually you’re gonna figure out that I’m really not.”

“You don’t see yourself the way I do,” Castiel says simply.

“You just don’t know,” Dean argues.

“So tell me. I guarantee anything you tell me isn’t going to change the way I feel about you.”

Dean doubts that. “I didn’t even finish high school.”

Castiel waits for more, and then he realizes that was it. “And?”

“And? And I’m dumb, Cas. I’m so dumb I couldn’t finish high school.”

“No,” Castiel says, and he’s pissed now. “You do not get to talk about yourself like that to me. I know for a fact that isn’t true. Nobody who’s ‘dumb’ can run a successful business the way you do.”

“I only have a business because Ellen and Bobby loaned me a shitload of money!” Dean exclaims.

“Most people get their money from a bank. You got yours from family. So what? That doesn’t make you any less intelligent or less deserving of the chance! Look what you’ve made of yourself,” he
gestures to the house around them. When Dean goes to talk Castiel talks over him. “If anything, the fact that you’ve accomplished so much without a high school education proves just how intelligent you are! You didn’t need the schooling so many depend on to be successful. You already have it all up in here,” Castiel taps his head.

“You’re twisting everything around,” Dean mumbles.

“No more than you are. I’m sure the truth lies somewhere in the middle of you being the complete block head you think you are and the brilliant, resourceful, persevering man I think you are, but I have my doubts either of us will change our opinions anytime soon.”

“God, you’re stubborn,” Dean gripes.

Castiel smiles. “You may have met your match in that regard. Seriously though, I don’t know if you tell yourself those terrible things on a regular basis, but I promise you it isn’t the truth. A piece of paper doesn’t determine your intelligence. Please know that.”

“That what you tell your students?” Dean teases.

“Absolutely not! But I can’t very well tell them to drop out of high school, or I’d be out a job,” Castiel smiles.

“Then you could stay with me every day and every night,” Dean thinks aloud. “I like the sounds of that.”

“Well, you’ll be pleased to know there’s only two weeks left of school until summer break, then,” Castiel answers.

“Ugh! I hate you so much right now! I forgot teachers get the summers off!” Dean says, pushing away from him.

Castiel laughs. “I have quite a bit to do over the summer as always, but it’s true I don’t have to go to work every day.”

“What do you usually do during the summer?”

“The last few years I’ve gone on an actual vacation. A week or two somewhere hot with never-ending drinks in my hand and adventure at my finger tips isn’t nearly as lonely as sitting home alone,” he admits.

Dean groans. “That sounds like a dream come true.”

Castiel shrugs. “So come with me when I go.”

Dean blinks at him. “Go on vacation with you?”

“If you want,” Castiel adds, suddenly not so sure about the offer.

“… Could I? I’ve never been on vacation before.”

“Ever?” Castiel asks, shocked.

“Never. I’ve been working to keep a roof over my head since I was 14. Between taking care of Sammy, going to school until I dropped out to work a second job, and then opening up Twiggs, I never had the chance.”
“Dean Winchester,” Castiel chastises him. “Did you drop out of school to work in order to support Sam financially?”

Dean squirms. “Yah, but only ‘cause I wasn’t doing so well with school. I didn’t have enough time to do homework and still work after school, and we needed the money, so I figured if I was gonna flunk out anyway I might as well choose the job.”

Castiel can barely believe the things he’s hearing. “You are even a more incredible man than I thought you were.”

“Shut up,” Dean says, clearly embarrassed.

There’s a short knock and Sam comes in the door with his eyes covered, saying, “Get your clothes on!”

“Ha ha,” Dean says sarcastically.

“What smells so good? Did you guys seriously eat without me?” Sam asks, throwing Dean a bitchface.

“No jerk, Cas picked up chicken. It’s in the oven, we didn’t eat yet,” Dean answers.

“I made sure I got enough for the three of us,” Castiel adds.

“He’s a keeper,” Sam says to Dean.

“I’m aware,” Dean smiles.

“Sooo can we eat while we gossip about why you and Jo were screaming at each other outside?” Sam asks, anxious.

“Want me to braid your hair and paint your toenails while we’re at it?” Dean jokes. Castiel laughs and Sam throws him a bitchface. Huh. He smiles kindly in return and Sam just shakes his head.

“Come on, you gotta tell me. I heard her yelling that she’d sit outside all night if you didn’t let her inside. What’d she do?”

Dean turns to Castiel and says quietly, “He’s not gonna let this go until I tell him. Would it bother you?”

“He’s your brother. If you feel like it’s important that you tell him, that’s fine by me,” Castiel replies.

Dean nods and turns back to Sam. “Okay, fine. I’ll tell you. But you have to cut up the chicken,” Dean barters.

Dean tells Sam as they prepare their dinner, and then all three of them sit at the breakfast bar while Sam gives his commentary on the events. “I can’t believe she did that! Everybody knew she had a crush on you but I don’t think anybody would have thought she’d try something like that. I thought she had more self-respect.”

“You and me both,” Dean agrees.

Sam chuckles. “Imagine if she’d tried that when you were with Lisa? There would’ve been a cat fight for sure!”

Dean cocks his head to the side and makes a considering face. “There’s a picture.” Castiel kicks his
stool, and Dean laughs. “Sam started it.”

“Sam can daydream about your ex girlfriends getting physical all he wants. You can’t. At least not with me sitting here,” Castiel says, half-joking.

“Aww come on baby, you know you’re the only one I think about when I beat the meat,” Dean teases.

“I am *trying* to eat, you disgusting pig!” Sam exclaims.

“Don’t even try that with me,” Castiel says to Dean. “We both know you haven’t had the urge to ‘beat the meat’ since we met.”

“Oh my God!” Sam says dramatically.

Dean laughs. “Yah, you got me.”

“So I’m going out with Jess tomorrow night,” Sam says loudly, obviously changing the subject.

“That’s wonderful, Sam,” Castiel says honestly. “What are your plans?”

“I’m going to cook her dinner, and we’re going to watch a movie later,” Sam says.

Dean snorts. “So you think you’re gonna get laid, huh?”

Sam looks surprised. “How did you even get that from what I just said?”

Dean looks at him like he’s an idiot. “Everybody knows when you have a date at home it means you’re ready to have sex.”

Sam and Castiel exchange a glance. “Yah, no. I don’t think anybody knows that but you,” Sam argues.

“Well, you guys are both pretty socially challenged, so I’m not really surprised you don’t know,” Dean laughs.

“Even if Sam doesn’t get laid tomorrow, it still sounds like he’s gonna get it before you do,” Castiel fires back.

“Don’t worry, I got great spank bank material now anyway,” Dean jokes back and Castiel throws a potato wedge at him. “You started it!” Dean defends.

“Why do you put up with him?” Sam asks, exasperated.

“He’s really, really good at…”

“Stop!” Sam says, cutting him off, and Dean and Castiel both laugh. “You are a terrible influence on him,” Sam tells Dean.

“That’s actually true,” Castiel agrees. “I’ve never acted this way in front of my other boyfriends’ families.”

“Can we get back to me for a minute here?” Sam asks desperately. They both give him their undivided attention… until Dean kicks Castiel’s stool and Castiel shoots him a dirty look. “What should I cook her?” Sam asks.

“You said she had a burger last time you went out, so how about those? I can show you how I make
“mine,” Dean suggests.

“Yes, but if she just had a burger a few days ago she may not want another so soon,” Castiel argues and Sam nods his head in agreement. “I would choose something simple that you won’t be able to ruin even if you’re a little bit nervous. Spaghetti perhaps?”

“That’s actually a really good idea,” Sam agrees.

“Get some nice red wine to go with it, and that will help put you both at ease. Set out some candles and play some quiet music and I think you’d have yourself a nice little set up,” Castiel elaborates.

“I think I love you,” Sam deadpans.

“I’ll fight you for him,” Dean says.

“Well considering you could barely keep Jo out of your house I think I’d take my chances,” Sam jokes.

“What was I supposed to do, Sam? Break her foot?” Dean asks, irritated.

Sam shrugs. “You being such a weak little girl reminds me… where did you get Cas those flowers?”

Castiel tires to hide his laugh but fails miserably and Dean shoots him a look. “That was funny!”

“Tired of his pouting,” Castiel defends.

“I hate you both,” Dean pouts.

“Awww look how cute he is when he’s pretending to be mad,” Sam says to Castiel.

“The only time I’ve ever seen Dean’s bottom lip look better is when it’s wrapped around…”

“You are evil!” Sam talks over him.

“Two minutes ago you said you loved me!” Castiel argues, laughing at their banter.

“Guess you’re stuck with me, then,” Dean smiles.

“There’s nowhere else I’d rather be,” Castiel says honestly, and he leans in for a kiss while he hears Sam make exaggerated gagging noises.

“Since it’s my house, and Cas brought the food, Sam can clear the dishes,” Dean says, standing up and walking back over the couch.

“Still a deal for me,” Sam says, beginning to tidy up. “Hey Cas, before you go sit, can I get your number so I can text you when I’m looking for wine? I don’t really know what’s good.”

“Do you even know shit about wine?” Dean asks Castiel.

“I’ve been drinking wine at my parents’ events for as long as I can remember,” Castiel answers. “Of course I know shit.”

“So your parents are those Novaks, then?” Sam asks.

“Indeed,” Castiel says coldly, letting everybody know he doesn’t want to talk about it further. He walks over to take Sam’s phone to enter his phone number.
“If you and Dean are gonna keep shacking up at each other’s houses all the time, you might as well put your address in there too if you don’t mind. In case I need him for something and you two… aren’t able to come to the phone,” Sam says diplomatically.

“Hey Sammy? Here’s a tip. If we’re together and we don’t answer the phone, you probably don’t wanna come into the house,” Dean smirks.

“Gee, I never could’ve figured that out by the way you’re all over each other every second of every day, moron,” Sam says sarcastically. “I meant in case of an emergency or something. You never know!”

“We could be swimming,” Castiel says kindly.

“Swimming? Dude! Do you have a swimming pool?” Sam asks excitedly.

“He does! AND! Guess what else he has? I can’t believe I forgot to tell you!” Dean says, just as excited.

“If you say some kinda Red Room of Pain I’m going to murder you both,” Sam says seriously. Castiel laughs but the joke goes right over Dean’s head. “A movie theatre!” he answers anyway.

Sam turns to Castiel. “You have a movie theatre in your house?!”

“It was there when I bought it,” Castiel explains.

“There’s, what? 12 reclining seats and a screen on the wall that’s gotta be 100 inches,” Dean gushes. “There were speakers everywhere too, so the sound system’s gotta be amazing!”

“Seriously? Can you imagine playing Doom on there?” Sam asks.

“What’s that?” Castiel asks.

“It’s a first person shooter game,” Sam explains.

“And you like that?” Castiel asks. For the first time, he feels old compared to Dean.

“Blowing shit up and seeing blood squirt all over the place? Hell yah I do!” Dean says.

“It’s not just blowing shit up. There’re a lot of components that you really have to use your brain for, too,” Sam says.

“I’m more of a Nintendo kind of guy,” Castiel admits.

“Super Smash Bros?” Dean asks.

“That’d be awesome!” Sam agrees.

“Maybe we could get everybody together and play this weekend?” Castiel suggests.

“Dude! Seriously!?” Dean checks.

“Why not?” Castiel asks.

“Okay, I love him again,” Sam says to Dean, and Castiel laughs.

“It’s nice to know I have options,” Castiel laughs.
“I catch you kissin’ him and I’m gonna beat the shit outta both of you,” Dean says, half-joking.

“Pretty sure Cas has a free pass to cash in,” Sam argues.

Dean narrows his eyes at Sam. “I will kill you.”

“Relax,” Castiel laughs. “I could never be with somebody as tall as Sam.”

“Hey!” Sam says, playing along.

“Ha! Being a beanpole does have it’s disadvantages after all,” Dean smiles.

Castiel allows himself to be playful and walks over to Dean and straddles Dean’s lap on the couch. “You know you’re the only one for me,” he says dramatically, kissing him lightly. Dean changes the angle of the kiss and pushes his tongue into Castiel's mouth, and Dean moans into him.

“That’s my cue to leave. See you sick fuckers later,” Sam laughs, making a hasty retreat.

They break apart laughing when the door closes. “You did that on purpose,” Castiel accuses him. Dean rolls his hips up towards Castiel and Castiel can clearly feel his hardening erection press up against him. “Okay, maybe not,” he laughs. “You are insatiable, you know that?”

“Only for you, baby,” Dean teases, and then Castiel allows himself to be pulled back in for another kiss, laughing against Dean’s lips, and wonders how he ever got to a place in his life that this is considered a normal Monday night.

Chapter End Notes

I don't know what exactly this chapter accomplished... but it was fun to write anyway!
Chapter 32

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Dean can't help feeling turned on when Cas climbs on top of him and sits on his lap. He knows his brother is right there, but Cas is straddling him for God's sake! When Cas presses their lips together, Dean responds automatically and deepens the kiss, feeling like this is the first time in days he's kissed him like this even though it's barely been 24 hours since he came down Cas's throat.

Thinking about that doesn't help the situation in the least, and he can feel his cock hardening under Cas. Sam leaves, thankfully, and Cas teases him and says he's insatiable, but he's laughing about it.

"Sorry, Cas," Dean says honestly, rolling his hips against him again for more friction. He is sorry he can't get enough of him, and he's sorry for how badly he wants him again already, and he's sorry for being like this when Sam was here... but none of that is about to stop him.

"Sorry for wanting me?" Cas asks.

"Mmmmf," Dean answers, unwilling to tear his lips away from chasing the small exposed vee of skin at Cas's neck.

"Don't ever apologize for that. I've never felt so sexy or so wanted in my life," Cas says, voice deeper than usual. "Makes me so hot," he elaborates, and Dean's fucking thrilled when Cas starts rolling his hips on top of him. He's reminded of the way Cas danced at the club the first time they met, and the sinful way he weaved his hips. He's doing the same thing now, on top of Dean, and Dean doesn't think he's ever seen anything so hot in his life.

He reaches for Cas's pants and undoes them, pushing them as far down over his hips as they'll go. Cas lifts himself a little bit more so Dean can push them the rest of the way down, and Cas shakes one leg at a time until they're completely off. Dean wastes no time in wrapping his hand around Cas's growing erection. He feels powerful when he feels Cas harden further in his hand. He strokes him in time with his hips rocking up into him and Cas is gasping above him already.

"Take your shirt off," Dean begs. "Wanna see you." Cas grips the hem of his shirt and pulls it up over his head, and now Dean feasts his eyes hungrily on the chiseled lines of Cas's muscles on his stomach. He feels like he can see every single muscle rippling when Cas moves on top of him, and he can actually feel his mouth go dry and his mind start to go blank. Not for the first time, he is overwhelmed by Cas. In this moment, Cas is everything. He can't see past the fog of lust surrounding him. All he can think of is chasing his own orgasm and being desperate to see Cas come all over him.

He places a hand low on Cas's back, pulling him in so that his dick rubs against Dean's stomach as he keeps moving. He lifts up his shirt so Cas can feel skin to skin, and he fights back another wave of lust when he feels Cas's precome wet on his skin. He places his hands on Cas's ass now, digging his blunt nails into his skin, feeling and loving the smooth motion of hips rubbing against him through Dean's pants. Dean's mouth captures Cas's nipple ring between his teeth and tugs hard. Cas gasps above him and Dean does it again, this time pulling a groan from him. He flicks his tongue over the hardened nub of his nipple fast and hot, then sucks it between his lips.

Every noise Cas makes, every time his hips stutter, every time he hears his name come from those lips he loves so much he gets that much closer to the edge. Knowing Cas is about to make him come
in his pants because they're both too desperate to even try to get them off adds another layer to his
arousal, and soon he's breathing hard, both fighting his impending orgasm and desperate for it at the
same time.

"I'm gonna come, Dean. I'm gonna come all over you," Cas pants and Dean feels his stomach
clench. He knows he shouldn't like that, but he does. He loves being marked by Cas's come and he
loves marking Cas with his own. He wants to feel Cas's release spill hot and dirty all over his skin.
He isn't even ashamed of it when he's with Cas.

"Yes," Dean pants. "Wanna see it all over me," he admits. "Do it, Cas. Come on me," he begs him,
squeezing the globes of his ass just a little bit harder, egging him on.

"Dean," Cas moans, his voice a growl. He leans back, takes himself in his hand, locks eyes with
Dean, and with a few quick strokes Cas comes with a silent scream, thick, white come shooting all
over Dean's stomach, shirt, and he even feels a splash on his cheek.

Cas doesn't stop moving on top of him, bringing Dean closer to the edge, and when Cas's eyes glaze
over and he leans in to lick his own come off of Dean's face, Dean pushes up into him once more as
he feels his own release spill into his boxers. His hips stutter and he grips Cas close to him, riding out
the pleasure until he feels his entire body go lax. Cas drops sideways onto the couch, and pulls Dean
against him as he goes. Dean allows himself to be positioned so that he's lying against Cas's chest,
not caring about the mess smearing between them.

Cas's chest is heaving and Dean smiles, knowing exactly how he feels. "We are so doing that again.
Without my clothes on next time, you on top, me buried inside of you."

Cas groans. "Need to start stashing lube in the couch," he mumbles. "I don't know if I can go again
tonight."

"There's always tomorrow," Dean smiles. His come is starting to get cold in his pants, and it's really,
really disgusting. "I don't wanna move man, but I'm afraid if I don't I'm gonna be literally stuck to
these boxers forever."

"That would be a shame," Cas says, but he doesn't let go.

"Don't be a dick," Dean laughs, and pushes himself away. He walks to the bathroom down the hall,
strips off his clothes and grabs a cloth to wipe himself down. A few minutes later he's in his pajama
pants and an old tshirt, carrying Cas some of his stuff to throw on, and bringing it back to the living
room for him.

"Here, babe," Dean says, passing it to him.

Cas smiles. "How did we get to be one of those gross couples who calls each other babe and baby?"

Dean blushes. When did he even start talking like that? He sounds like a douche. "Sorry, man."

"I like it more than I thought I would," Cas smiles.

"I can still stop if you want me to," Dean offers. "I didn't even mean to. It just sorta comes out."

"You can't stop now," Cas says, "I'd miss it."

"So we're just gonna be one of those gross couples?" Dean checks.

Cas nods his agreement. "Honestly, I think we were there a long time ago."
Dean plops onto the couch beside Cas. “How did this even happen? I am so not that kinda guy.”

“I was blaming you in my head. You can blame me, if you’d like,” Cas smiles.

“Well, it’s not me. I was never like this with anybody else,” Dean says honestly. He hates to keep thinking of Lisa, but it’s impossible not to compare the only two serious relationships he’s ever had. He thinks about how different it would have been with Lisa if he had felt like this about her. But then again, that’s the problem right there. He never felt like this about her.

“Maybe it’s just us together,” Cas offers.

“Wheel of Fortune?” Dean asks.

Cas nods. “I have to plan my lessons for tomorrow, but I can do that while we watch if you don’t mind.”

“Do whatever you gotta do,” Dean says. “I’m gonna throw on a load of laundry before it starts.”

Dean goes to grab the laundry basket, and then adds Cas’s clothes from the floor into it, and throws it all in the washing machine together. When he walks back into the living room, Cas has papers spread all over the coffee table and his reading glasses on.

“Ugh, why do you do this to me?” Dean whines.

Cas rolls his eyes. “I’m going to have to start wearing contact lenses if you’re going to continue to look at me like a piece of meat every time I have to read something.”

“But you’re so hot!” Dean complains. “It isn’t fair!”

Cas raises his eyebrows. “Are you going to let me work or do I have to leave the room?”

Dean scoffs. “Sheesh. Sassy pants, much.”

“Dean,” Cas says softly. “I would much rather be curled up with you on my chest than sit here and work. The more you distract me, the longer it’s going to take until I’m able to indulge in holding you the way you like so much.”

Dean feels his cheeks redden hearing the way Cas can read him like an open book and how Cas knows how much he secretly likes being snuggled up with him on the couch. He looks away and nods, “Okay, I’ll be good,” he promises. He considers sitting in his chair so he doesn’t tempt himself to bug Cas anymore, but even if he doesn’t get to lay with him, he wants to be close to him, so he sits beside him on the couch giving him as much space as he thinks he needs. He gives Cas a shy smile before he turns on the tv and then drops his head on to the back of the couch.

Wheel of Fortune starts fifteen minutes later, and by the time it’s over, Dean has switched the laundry to the dryer, and Cas has packed up his notes back into his briefcase. When Jeopardy starts, they’re cuddled together on the couch. Dean leans against Cas’s side, his legs tucked under him. Cas has his arm around him, and Dean curls his arm around Cas’s stomach. This is his happy place, and even though a part of him feels decidedly unmasculine wanting to cuddle with his boyfriend, a bigger part of himself is just so happy to be actually happy that he forgets about that and just enjoys his time with Cas.

Jeopardy is always fun with Cas. Cas knows a lot of the brainy stuff, but Dean knows the pop culture categories, and between the two of them they managed to get a good portion of the answers correct. When Jeopardy is over, Dean gets the laundry from the dryer, and they fold it together and
put it away before they brush their teeth and turn in for the night.

Dean’s curled up on Cas’s chest again when he says, “I could really get used to days like this, ya know.”

“I think I already am,” Cas says softly.

“Where are we staying tomorrow?” Dean asks.

“Sam will be busy on his date, so we can stay at my place if you’d like. I don’t want to take you away from him too much when I know you’re used to spending so much time together.”

Dean feels his heart melt again. Cas has been so understanding of his close relationship with Sam, and he knows how lucky he is that the three of them get along so well. “I really appreciate you being so cool with him hanging around so often,” Dean says, not wanting to let the words go unsaid. “Not everybody I’ve been with was so cool with it.”

“I realized very early on that the two of you come as a package deal in many ways. I’m lucky, as well. I’ve gained a boyfriend and somebody I consider to be a friend in a very short time,” Cas says. “I enjoy spending time with you both.”

“I love you, Cas,” Dean says, knowing he’s said it already a few times today, but also feeling like it needed to be said again. “You really have no idea.”

“I think I do,” Cas says simply. “I don’t have to wake up at 5:00 tomorrow since I brought everything I needed with me this time.”

“Learned that lesson pretty quick, huh?”

Cas chuckles. “I’m definitely hoping I don’t have to wake up that early again anytime soon.”

“I kinda hate you,” Dean yawns.

“I know,” Cas responds. “Sleep well, Dean.”

“Night, Cas.”

Chapter End Notes

I *think* this is the last chapter where we're going to see their day-to-day lives. Gotta start skipping some days so we can move these boys along :) Thanks for sticking by me through all this! 32 chapters to make up 8 days is a little much lol
Chapter 33

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The rest of the week passes quickly. Castiel makes sure to stop in at the shop every morning Dean is working, knowing how much Dean looks forward to it. A handful of customers greet him by name, and it makes him happy to know how much Dean must talk about him at work since he’s never been properly introduced to these people. When Castiel mentions it to Dean one morning, Dean blushes and says that a lot of his customers tease him about kissing Castiel after he gives him his coffee each morning, and Dean inevitably explains that Castiel is his boyfriend. So they see him, then put a name to a face, and say good morning. It’s kind of nice, actually.

Castiel and Dean stay together every night. They take turns at each other’s houses depending on what they have to do and on Dean’s work schedule, and it’s gotten so that Castiel has serious doubts about being able to sleep on his own anymore. They have sex, or some sort of sexual release at least once a day, and the spark hasn’t dimmed (for Castiel at least) even the tiniest bit. Even though he’s only known Dean two weeks, it’s becoming clear to both of them that this is headed somewhere. Dean hasn’t mentioned Castiel being the one since he let it slip that he told Jo, but Castiel hasn’t forgotten.

The only time they argue over the week was last night. As Castiel tidies up his already fairly clean house for his friends to come over tonight (and he lets his smile spread wide as the thought crosses his mind - his friends are coming over!) he lets his mind drift back to the argument last night.

Castiel could tell Dean was nervous by the way he kept playing with the back of his neck and ruffling his hair. Castiel waited patiently through dinner and when Dean still didn’t bring it up, he couldn’t wait any longer and asked him what was bothering him.

“I don’t want you to be pissed at me,” Dean begins.

“Don’t give me a reason to be pissed at you and I won’t be,” Castiel promises.

“It’s about tomorrow. I kinda want to invite Jo.”

Castiel freezes. Dean expects him to allow that woman into his home? Less than a week after she made a desperate play for his boyfriend, fully knowing that he was already taken? He holds up his finger, silently asking Dean to give him a minute. He clears their plates and Dean doesn’t offer to help, and it calms Castiel to know just how well Dean knows him already that he knows he needs this time alone to process his feelings before he’s ready to talk about it.

Finally, Castiel says, “Tell me why you want her here.”

“Well, besides the fact that she always hangs out with us and she’s my family… everybody will know something’s up if she isn’t here. She always comes,” Dean says simply.

“Could she not be stuck at work for a night?” Castiel tries.

“Nobody would buy it. Ellen always gives Jo time off for friend stuff. I understand if you don’t want her here, but I also kinda don’t want to tell everybody I know that she kissed me when I didn’t want her to,” Dean says.

“Nor do I,” Castiel agrees. “I understand that she’s your family, but I have to be honest with you and
tell you that I’m not sure I can be polite to her just yet. The thought of her makes my blood boil.”

“Honestly? Even just goin’ by what people already know…”

“That she likes you and she’s jealous that we’re together?” Castiel finishes for him.

Dean lets out a breath. “Yah, that. I don’t think anybody’ll judge you for not being overly friendly, if you know what I mean.”

“I don’t want to be misunderstood as some jealous boyfriend,” Castiel whines. Dean just quirks a brow and shakes his head. “What?” Castiel demands.

“Well, I get it, but I mean… isn’t that what most of you being pissed off is about? You’re jealous?”

Castiel feels his anger move up a notch. “I am not jealous of Jo, Dean.”

“What’s it about then? Coz apparently I’m not getting it.”

“I’m angry. I don’t know how you can’t see that. Kissing you while being completely aware of the fact that we were together at the time was blatantly disrespectful, rude, mean, and downright catty. Add that on top of the fact that she hasn’t been kind to me a single time since she realized we were on a date, the way she tried to piss me off during Never Have I Ever by getting you to admit you had cheated on an ex, and let’s not forget the bitchy little smirk she gave me when she saw me walk in on the two of you kissing. I’m sure even you can see why I would be angry with her,” Castiel spits.

“And now you’re angry at me,” Dean finishes for him.

“I don’t know why you would think I would be jealous. I have nothing to be jealous of. You have already made it clear that you love me, you’re attracted to me, and you’ve spent every available minute with me over the last two weeks. I have every part of you I could hope for, and I’m aware that Jo has none of you the way I do. To be jealous of somebody is to imply that they have something I don’t. And I have what Jo wants, not the other way around,” Castiel explains.

“You’re right. You don’t have anything to be jealous of, babe,” Dean says. Castiel hates that the pet name soothes his anger, but it does. “I think it would kinda help her out if she could see us together some more. She can see that I’m in love with you and sappy as fuck when it comes to you, and she’s gonna see that she has no chance. That we’re solid,” Dean catches the flash of anger in Castiel’s eyes and finishes, “Not that you have any reason to want to help her.”

Castiel rolls his eyes. “This isn’t a trap, Dean. I’m not trying to mince your words to find more to be angry about.”

“Thank God for that,” Dean says under his breath, but Castiel hears every word. “You don’t have to be nice to her. You don’t even have to talk to her if you don’t want to. Just let her come, see how kick ass my boyfriend’s house is, see how you’re loaded with awesome taste, a super sexy boyfriend, and she’s going to leave here feeling terrible about herself and the stupid choice she made. But still knowing that she’s family no matter what. That’s all I want.”

“You know I don’t actively want her to feel terrible about herself, right?” Castiel checks, only half meaning it but knowing he should say it.

“Well, that’s just more proof you’re a much better man than me. Pretty sure if some chick kissed you I’d want her to get hit by a bus,” Dean says.

Castiel feels his lips quirk and he lowers his voice to a whisper and says, “Maye just a little bit.”
“I think the pool and the movie theatre are gonna do the trick,” Dean teases.

Castiel lets out a sigh and says, “Fine. You can invite her.”

Dean walks over to him and pulls him in for a hug. “You're so good to me,” Dean praises him. “Thank you for understanding.”

“One day I will be able to say no to you,” Castiel promises.

“I doubt that. I’m adorable,” Dean teases.

“Too much for your own good,” Castiel agrees.

Castiel smiles now at how easily he and Dean are able to talk through their problems. Dean’s always willing to listen to how Castiel feels, and when he doesn’t understand, he asks until he does. If they’re always able to communicate so well, he knows there is nothing that can tear them apart. Even if Castiel feels impending doom at the thought of Jo being inside his home, he knows it was going to have to happen eventually, so at least now it’s going to be out of the way.

He tries to focus on how excited he has to have everybody (minus Jo) over. He is most excited to meet Jess for the first time. He has heard a lot about her from Sam, and he’s really looking forward to getting to know her. He knows Dean is as well, because Sam is clearly very taken with her.

Castiel has just determined that his house is as clean as it will get when Dean walks through the front door, arms full of junk food and beer.

“Honey, I’m home!” he calls, and Castiel rolls his eyes. Already over the span of only two weeks, Dean has managed to wear out that welcome.

“Am I going to have to hear that greeting every day for the rest of my life?” Castiel asks, clearly annoyed.

“I sure hope so,” Dean smiles, and then Castiel realizes what he said and how Dean responded. He knows his smile is wider than usual when he looks at Dean, and this time it’s Dean’s turn to roll his eyes. “You’re such a sap, Cas,” Dean says.

“I believe this will make me a girl according to your rules, but I like thinking about that kinda thing,” Castiel admits.

“What stuff? Every day for the rest of my life stuff?” Dean checks. Castiel shrugs, not wanting to commit to the conversation if Dean is uncomfortable with it. “Good,” Dean says easily, and Castiel smiles again while he helps Dean arrange the food on the counter and open up their first beers of the night.

It’s Charlie who arrives first, and she throws herself into Dean’s arms for a hug, and then surprises Castiel when she does the same to him. “I missed you handsome dudes,” she smiles. “Still disgustingly adorable together? Rainbows coming out of every available orifice?”

“’Fraid so,” Dean comments.

“Wouldn't want it any other way!” she says happily. “Can I be maid of honour?”

Dean chokes on his beer and Castiel laughs, and pats his back soothingly. “Let’s not give poor Dean a heart attack,” he says, rubbing his back soothingly. He nods his head discreetly, though, and mouths yes to her behind Dean’s back. She bounces once and claps her hands together and Dean
whirls on him, eyes wide. “What?” He says innocently.

“I’m on to you,” Dean says, eyes squinted.

“You’re being paranoid,” Castiel says, not overly worried about it.

“Is everybody coming tonight?” Charlie asks.

“Yes, same as last time, plus Sam’s new girlfriend, Jessica.”

“Jess,” Dean corrects.

“She hasn’t asked us to call her that yet,” Castiel argues.

“But she will,” Dean shoots back.


“I think it would optimistic not to expect it,” Castiel answers honestly.

“It’s a big house. Should be fine,” Dean disagrees.

“Wanna show me around, Cassie?” Charlie asks.

“I would love to, but I assume everybody will want a tour, so we can do it all at once if you don’t mind,” Castiel answers.

“That’s cool,” she says. “May as well beer me, then.”

“I have beer and I have cider, if you’d prefer that,” Castiel offers.

“Oooh yah, let me try one of those,” Charlie says excitedly.

“Women,” Dean grumbles.

“Don’t think you’d be walking so funny if Cas was a woman,” Charlie says and Castiel snorts.

“I am not! We didn’t even - You know what? Forget it. I can be the bigger man,” Dean says, forcing a smile.

“That brings up an interesting question. Who is the bigger man?” Charlie asks, eyes dancing with mischief.

“We are so not doing this without a hell of a lot more beer,” Dean answers.

“Guess that answers that,” Charlie says quietly.

“Well it was nice seein’ you Charlie. Make sure to come back next week,” Dean says loudly, trying to push her out of the kitchen.

“Don’t be such a poor sport. You know I wouldn’t change a thing about you,” Castiel says, placating him with a soft kiss to his lips.

“More of that,” Dean says, pressing in closer. Castiel indulges him, knowing Charlie won’t mind, and lingers until Dean tries to slip his tongue into his mouth.
“Okay, okay, keep it PG,” Castiel tells him.

“Not on my account! This is fascinating,” Charlie admits.

“You don’t even like dudes,” Dean says.


“That doesn’t even make any sense,” Dean supplies.


“No talking about vaginas in my house,” Castiel says, laughing at the absurdity of the statement.

“I object to that!” Charlie says.

“Me, too!” Dean joins in.

Charlie looks at Dean. “Just clued in here that if you two are in this for the long run, your vagina days are over for good, Deannie. You freakin’ out about that?”

“Thanks for bringing it up,” Castiel mumbles to her.

“Better to know if he can deal with that now than ten years from now,” she says. She has a point.

“Could care less about that part. It’s the boobs I’m gonna miss the most,” Dean admits, not looking at Castiel as he says it. Castiel feels a pang of fear, knowing that’s something he’ll never be able to give Dean, and absolutely certain he isn’t willing to share. “But there’s always porn, right?”

There’s a knock on the door and Castiel quickly offers to answer it. Anything to get away from the fear he’s feeling right now. He can hear Dean and Charlie whispering frantically to each other behind him and he knows Dean could tell that he’s upset. Great start to the night, he thinks sarcastically. It only gets better when he opens the door to Jo standing there.

She gives him a small smile and he feels a sense of satisfaction when he sees she’s unable to meet his eyes and that her face is turning a rather alarming shade of red. “Hi,” she says.

“Good evening,” Castiel replies formally. “Please come in,” he offers. “Leave your shoes by the door, please. Dean and Charlie are already in the kitchen.”

“Thanks,” she says, obviously feeling as awkward as he is. “Cas? Before we go in there, I just really want to apologize. For my actions last weekend. It was a really shitty thing to do and I want you to know that I feel really, really bad about it. I hope you understand it wasn’t anything about you personally.”

“You would have kissed Dean against his will regardless of whom he was in a relationship with? I’m not sure I feel better knowing that,” Castiel says coldly.

“I know you probably hate me, and I know you don’t want me here, and I just… think you’re a really nice guy to let me come anyway. You won’t even know I’m here, I promise,” she says, and then she follows the voices into the kitchen. Castiel takes a second to take a breath, and then joins them. As he walks back into the kitchen he notices all conversation has stopped.

Charlie looks around her and says, “Well, this isn’t awkward at all, is it?”

“Shut up Charlie,” Dean says. Dean looks at Castiel and seems to apologize with his eyes before he
says, “You want somethin’ to drink, Jo?”

Castiel feels a twinge of anger at Dean offering her a drink, but Castiel knows he wasn’t going to do it, so he tries to let it go. He can do better than this.

“Beer would be good,” she answers, eyes on the ground. There’s another knock on the door, and Castiel is just as eager to answer it as he was a minute ago.

This time it’s Sam and with who must be Jessica beside him. He smiles at the beautiful young lady, tall, tanned, with a head full of long, curly hair. “Hello, Sam,” Castiel says kindly.

“Hey Cas,” Sam answers, and it’s easy to see he’s nervous. “This is Jessica. Jessica, this is Castiel.”

“Jess,” she corrects, and Castiel is flashed a gorgeous smile, and suddenly he can see why Sam is so taken with her. She emits kindness and happiness. “Nice to meet you,” she finishes.

“Nice to meet you as well. Please come in,” he says, stepping away from the door and gesturing them inside.

“Hell of a place you got here,” Sam says.

“I'll give you the tour once everybody’s here. We’re still waiting on Kevin,” he explains. “You can leave your shoes at the door, if you don’t mind.”

“I like you already,” Jess smiles. “Now I have an excuse not to walk around in heels all night and still look like a lady,” she teases.

“You certainly look like a lady to me,” Castiel says, then blushes when he hears the way that came across. “I meant your dress. It’s very flattering.” Yah. Still sounds like he’s hitting on her.

“I mentioned that Cas is Dean’s boyfriend, right?” Sam laughs. “He’s not hitting on you. He’s just a little…”

“Sweet?” Jess supplies.

Castiel laughs nervously. “I’ll take it. Please, follow me,” he says, leading them into the kitchen.

Introductions are made in the kitchen and Castiel laughs when he sees Charlie give Sam a thumbs-up when Jess turns to get herself a beer from the fridge. She hands Sam one and opens one for herself.

“Solid nine,” Dean says appreciatively, and Sam flushes. “What’re you doing slummin’ it with my brother?”

Jess laughs but says, “Why am I a nine and not a ten?”

Dean laughs, clearly not expecting the question. “A ten knows she’s a ten,” he answers. “You’re not acting like a bitch, so you must not know it. Making you a nine.”

She nods, “Pretty smooth. Too bad I like ‘em tall,” she winks at Sam and he flushes again. Dean smiles wide and Castiel can tell he likes her already.

“I more than make up for my brother’s extra height with my pretty face and winning personality,” Dean tries.

“I think I’ll be the judge of that,” she answers, laughing.
Charlie looks at Jo and says, “Who do you think is gonna punch Dean first? Cas or Sam?”

“My money’s on Sam,” Jo answers. “Cas knows he has nothing to worry about.” Castiel lets the comment roll over him.

“Oh relax, we’re just playing. Right, Jess?” Dean says, making sure she knows.

“You bet, sugar,” she flirts and Dean smiles back at her.

The doorbell rings this time and Castiel goes to let Kevin in. He slips his shoes off, and comments on the house. Castiel shoos him along to the kitchen with the others and is happy now that everybody’s here. Kevin takes a beer and Castiel shows them around. When they all get to his bedroom everybody walks in and starts poking around. He expected them to peek in and keep walking.

“Two phone chargers,” Charlie says.

“Two toothbrushes,” Kevin confirms, walking into the bathroom.

Charlie opens the top drawer of Castiel’s dresser and says, “Batman boxers.”

It’s Jess who says, “Sam didn’t mention that the two of you live together!”

“We don’t,” Castiel says.

Charlie laughs. “Sure looks like you do. I bet if I open the rest of those drawers Dean’s clothes would be in them.”

“So what?” Dean pipes up.

“Everybody knows if you have space in the dresser you’re living together,” Kevin says. “Even I know that!”

“Well, I have stuff at his place, too,” Castiel offers.

“And you can’t be living together if you’re in two different houses,” Dean says.

Everybody but Castiel and Dean share a look between them and then Sam says, “Sure, Dean. Whatever you say,” and they walk out of the bedroom one after another laughing at the two of them. Castiel goes to follow them out but Dean stops him.

“You still mad at me because I like tits?” Dean checks.

“I’m not mad at you,” Castiel says. “But it is something we’ll have to discuss when we have more time.”

“You think I didn’t already think of this before I told you I love you, Cas?”

“I don’t know, Dean. I don’t have any experience with being bisexual, so I don’t know if you could be satisfied being only with a man for the rest of your life. If we were to make that commitment to one another,” he adds.

“Well, you’re attracted to men. You gonna be satisfied being with only one man for the rest of your life?” Dean asks.

“Depends on the man,” Castiel answers honestly.
“My answer’s the same. Depends on the person. Not their gender. I don’t want to be with anybody else period, titties or no titties, because I’m with you. And I have already committed to you, Cas. I did it the first time when I asked you to be my boyfriend, and I did it a second time when I told you I love you. I don’t need anything else. Just you,” Dean reassures him.

Castiel can’t help but smile back at him. “I suppose I was being silly,” Castiel relents.

Dean smiles. “Just a bit. Let’s go grill some food before we all get too drunk to swim,” Dean says. And as he takes Castiel’s hand and leads him down the stairs, Castiel thinks tonight might not end up as bad as he thought it might.

Chapter End Notes

This got long somehow. Actual swimming and movie theatre usage coming up tomorrow, probably!

PS. Also tried using a new word program to write and it was autocorrecting weird shit. Let me know if you see any typos!
Dean takes a deep breath of relief as he walks into the kitchen hand in hand with Cas. So far, this day has gone a lot worse than he thought it was going to. Hopefully some hot dogs and burgers on the grill can hope turn things around. He and Cas gather what they need to start cooking, and then they lead everybody out to the pool.

Everybody makes appreciative sounds when they get a look at the huge ass pool, and Kevin strips off his shirt and jumps in almost instantly, splashing the rest of them and earning him dirty looks from Jo and Sam.

“Does everybody have their suits on already or does anybody need to change in the bathroom?” Cas asks the group at large. Dean thinks he sounds like a teacher trying to get control over the classroom, and it makes him smirk. Sounds like everybody is ready to go in, and Dean keeps an eye on everybody as they pick out lounge chairs and claim them by dumping their clothes and towels on top.

“Cas, this pool is amazing!” Sam says, coming up for air with his hair plastered to his head. “I can’t believe you live here!”

“Thank you, it was a deciding factor in favour of this house when I purchased it,” Cas says. Dean thinks he sounds a little nervous. His eyes sweep the pool again, taking in his friends scattered throughout it. Then his eyes fall on Jo, who’s still standing there in her t-shirt on the side of the pool. He doesn’t say anything, both knowing he should keep his distance and still not really wanting to be all that friendly in spite of that.

He hears Kevin say, “Jo, get your little white ass in here!”

She glances at Dean and then looks away quickly when she sees him watching the two of them. She lowers her voice to almost a whisper and says, “I feel naked!”

“Excuse me, when have you ever seen me naked!?” she asks, confused.

“I said most of us. Nobody cares. Come on,” he says, splashing her a little.

She lifts her t-shirt over her head and Dean can immediately see why she might feel naked. The top of her bikini is just two tiny triangles held on by string, and the bottom isn’t much different. He immediately looks away, not interested in seeing that right now. Why wouldn’t she wear something a little less… flimsy if she was coming here to hang out with them?

“Jesus Jo, not leaving much to the imagination there,” Dean hears Sam say. “You know you don’t need to dress like that to get attention. You’re just as smart as you are beautiful,” he tells her.

“I think she looks great,” Jess says, coming to her defense. “I can never find cute suits like that because I’m so tall. Just doesn’t fit me right.”

Dean can’t see what kind of suit Jess has on since she’s underwater, but he can just imagine Sam
trying not to ogle her too much in whatever she’s wearing. “You look amazing in your suit, Jess,” Sam says.

“Isn’t he sweet?” Jess says to Jo.

“He’s okay,” Jo teases.

Cas comes up behind him and slings a hand around his hips. “Do you need a hand?” Cas asks.

“I’m good,” Dean tells him, smiling.

“The pool seems like a hit, just as you thought it would be,” Cas comments.

“I hope you know we’re never gonna get them to leave us alone now,” Dean warns him.

“We could leave now and they’d never notice,” Cas disagrees.

Dean laughs, “I think you underestimate their love for food. They’d miss us once they got hungry.”

Cas takes a step closer and wraps both arms around Dean from behind, nuzzling into his neck the way he likes to do. Dean feels a shiver work its way down his spine. He flips the few burgers that needed flipping and then turns into Cas. He lets their lips come together, and they linger on each other’s mouths, keeping it light and playful, but enough that everything else around them seems to fall away.

That’s taken from them when a beach ball hits Cas off the top of the head. They both turn to find the culprit, and Dean immediately zeroes in on Charlie.

“Really, Red?” Dean says, annoyed.

“I could watch you two all day, but if you burn my wiener because you’re making out with Cas I’m not going to be pleased,” Charlie says. “Make out after dinner.”

“I’m not gonna burn your food,” Dean grumbles, insulted by the implication.

“We all know much Dean loves wiener,” Cas says, and Dean sees him exchange a significant glance with Jo. Jo’s face turns a shade of red he’s never seen on her before, and then she turns away and dives under the water.

Cas seems proud of himself, and Dean shakes his head at the obvious joke. “I can’t believe you stooped low enough to make a gay wiener joke.”

“Everybody laughed,” Cas defends.

“It was a pity laugh,” Dean tells him.

“Please,” Cas scoffs. “Are you sure you don’t need a hand with anything? I’m going to jump in the pool if you don’t need me,” Cas checks.

“Go ahead, I’ll let you know if I need anything. Go have fun,” Dean tells him, and Cas leans in for another kiss. “Don’t drown Jo.”

Cas shoots him a smile over his shoulder. “No promises,” he teases, and then he lifts his shirt off and Dean loses his train of thought as his eyes track those broad shoulders as he walks away.

“Holy shit! You have your nipple pierced?” Charlie yells. Every head turns towards Cas and Dean
can’t hold in his laughter when Cas crosses his arms protectively over his chest until he’s under water.

“Fuckin’ hot, right?” Dean says, and Cas glares at him.

“Very attractive,” Jess agrees. “Did it hurt?”

“What do you think?” Cas asks.

Jess presses her hands to her breasts and shudders. “I think you’re a lot braver than I am,” she says.

“Or a lot more stupid,” Kevin pipes in.

“I wasn’t as brave or stupid as you both think I am. Why do you think only one nipple is pierced? No way was I going through that a second time,” he smiles, and everybody laughs. Dean didn’t even know that.

“I love that on the surface you’re this awkward, dorky, super-smart teacher dude, but underneath you’re bad-ass nipple piercing dude. I bet you’re secretly a tiger in the sack,” Charlie contemplates. “Dean?”

“Confirmed,” Dean says, knowing Cas will be almost ready to drown himself any minute now.

Instead, Cas surprises them all when he wiggles his eyebrows in a very Dean-like way and says, “Roar.”

Sam starts climbing his way out of the pool. He grabs a towel, throws it around himself, and gives Dean one of his favourite bitch faces when he says, “I need a beer if I’m going to make it through a whole night of listening to this shit.”

Dean smirks. “Cas filled up a cooler,” he tells him, pointing to it.

Sam lowers his voice and says, “Gotta say, I was pretty surprised when I walked in to see Jo here. Do I want to know how you convinced Cas to invite her?”

“It wasn’t like that. I just told him that everybody would be suspicious if she wasn’t here. She always comes.”

“Well, he’s a better man than me,” Sam says, opening his beer.

“She’s family,” Dean defends.

Sam snorts. “So if a lifelong friend of Cas’s kissed him while you two were together and Cas invited him to your house a week later you’d have been okay with that?”

“Fuck no,” Dean says, for the first time putting himself in Cas’s shoes. Sam raises his brows and Dean feels shame spread through him. “Well, I’m a dick.”

“I’m sure he already knew that, though,” Sam jokes. “He must really love you to invite her into his home. I hope you get that.”

“Yah, yah. I get it,” Dean grumbles. “Why do you care, anyway?”

“Oh gee, I don’t know, Dean. Maybe because you’re happy for the first time in forever, and you’re basically living with the dude, and I don’t want to see you screw it up over some misplaced loyalty to Jo over Cas?”
“I didn’t pick Jo over Cas. That’s not what this is,” Dean argues.

“I know that. I just hope he does, too.” Sam gives Dean one more half smile and then goes to sit in a lounge chair.

Well, fuck. Why didn’t Cas explain it to him like that? Dean’s not good at this whole relationship shit, and he didn’t even know he was fucking it up. Cas seems in good spirits, and he’s been polite if a bit cold to Jo when he’s had to interact with her, but maybe he’s still really pissed at Dean and Dean had no idea? He’ll have to ask. Shit.

He’s still thinking about it when he’s loading all the food onto a tray. “Food’s ready!” he calls out, carrying the tray on to the patio table. He grabs two plates and two burgers and starts loading them up the way he and Cas like them. He dumps a handful of chips on each one, puts a dab of dip and some vegetables on Cas’s plate, and goes to get them seats side by side. When Cas comes out of the pool Dean says, “I got yours, babe.”

“Babe?” Kevin laughs.

“Shut up,” Dean responds, embarrassed that he slipped up and said that in front of everybody. They really are one of those gross couples.

“Thank you, Dean,” Cas says, sitting on the foot of Dean’s lounger, legs crossed under him like a school kid. “No vegetables for you?” Cas teases, biting into a carrot stick.

“No unless I’m dying of starvation,” Dean confirms.

“Thank you for cooking,” Cas says.

“Least I could do after inviting everybody to your house,” Dean answers.

“Everybody seems to be enjoying themselves,” Cas mentions. “I’m happy to have them here.”

“Except for Jo,” Dean whispers. Cas shrugs. “I gotta talk to you more about that later. Don’t let me forget.”

“These aren’t your burgers,” Sam says to Dean.

“Nah, didn’t have time to make my own for this many people last minute,” Dean says.

“What a let down,” Sam comments.

“You make your own burgers?” Cas asks.

“You haven’t made Cas your burgers yet?” Sam asks, surprised. “That’s your go-to third date at home specialty.”

“The Sam Winchester version of spaghetti?” Jess teases.

Sam flushes but says, “Exactly.”

Cas pouts. “How come I didn’t get your go-to third date specialty?”

“You got that the first night we met,” Dean says, winking. Cas blushes and Dean smiles. God he loves him.

“You two are seriously disgusting,” Jess says, smiling wide.
“We know,” Dean answers.

“How long have you been together?” she asks.

Dean looks at all of the smiling faces around him, and wonders why this is so amusing for them. “Uh, two weeks,” he answers.

Jess’s eyes go wide and she giggles. “I was not expecting that,” she admits.

“Why not?” Cas asks.

“Because you two act like you’re ready to meet at the altar,” Kevin answers.

“Jesus Christ,” Dean swears. “Can we can the wedding talk?”

“Does it make you uncomfortable?” Sam asks, failing to hide his smirk.

Dean smiles. “You wanna play, Sam?”

“Nope,” he answers instantly, and Jess and Dean both laugh.

“So,” Dean says loudly, obviously changing the subject, “Are we playing Super Smash Bros or watching a movie after this?”

Everybody answers at once and Dean and Cas laugh. They do a vote and Super Smash Bros wins. They all go into bathrooms and bedrooms to change out of their bathing suits, and Dean follows Cas into his room even though he doesn’t have to change. “Just as well,” Dean says to Cas. “Nobody’ll shut up long enough to hear a movie anyway.”

“I was hoping to make out during the movie,” Cas says and Dean laughs at his boldness.

“I really have corrupted you,” he smiles, leaning in to kiss him. “We don’t need to wait for a movie, though. I’ll make out with you anytime, anywhere.” Cas gives him one of his favourite smiles, where his eyes crinkle and his smile is so wide his gums show. “Hey Cas? We’re okay, right? I didn’t screw this up yet?”

Cas’s eyes show concern now, but he answers easily enough as he pulls on a pair of jeans. “We’re okay. Why would you think otherwise?”

“Just somethin’ Sammy said earlier about choosing Jo over you. Just wanna make sure you know that’s not what I meant to do, even if that’s how it felt.” Cas doesn’t say anything, so Dean keeps talking. “All I was thinkin’ about when I asked you to invite her here was protecting you. I wanted to make sure not everybody knew what happened so that you didn’t feel awkward around my friends. I dunno if it came across that I was more worried about her feelings than yours, but that’s not what I was tryin’ to do.” Dean takes a breath and then finishes, “The only person in my life I’d choose over you now is Sam, and it would fucking suck.”

Cas closes the distance between them and rests their foreheads together. “And I would never ask you to make that choice,” he says softly. “Thank you for explaining what you were thinking. We’re okay, Dean. We’re really, really okay.”

Dean’s the one who dips his head the inch and a half he needs to to meet Cas’s lips. He doesn’t care if he has a house full of people who are waiting on them, he needs this right now. He licks his way into Cas’s mouth, and immediately feels a sense of peace as his familiar taste works its way into his system. His hands drop to Cas’s hips, gripping him tight to make sure neither of them are tempted to
move this further than a kiss. When Dean feels his arousal kick in, he breaks the seal of their lips and pulls Cas in closer to just hold him for a minute.

“You gotta tell me if I’m screwin’ up, Cas. If you ever feel like you’re not the whole freakin’ world to me you gotta let me know, ‘cause that means we’re not doin’ the whole communication thing very well.”

Cas’s eyes are shining when he looks Dean in the face but Dean pretends not to notice. Cas says, “I love you. Thank you for making sure I know.”

“Ready to go get your ass kicked?” Dean asks, trying to lighten the mood.

“I was just about to ask you the same question,” Cas teases.

“How about we both team up against Jo?” Dean offers and Cas laughs.

“I like the sounds of that.”

They walk back down the hallway holding hands again and find everybody waiting for them in the kitchen. “Told you they weren’t having a quickie,” Charlie says to Kevin.

“How do you know they aren’t that fast?” Kevin says.

“I am sad to say that I know what my brother looks like right after sex, and this ain’t it,” Sam says and Dean laughs.

“I don’t know if I’ve ever had so much interest in my sex life before,” Dean says. “You guys are kinda creepy.”

“Try being me,” Cas deadpans, and everybody laughs. “Everybody grab some food and their drinks so we can bring them downstairs and I’ll show you the theater.”

“I’ll bring the cooler down,” Dean offers and Cas nods.

A few minutes later, they’re heading downstairs and as his friends’ excitement reaches it’s peak, Dean has the pleasure of seeing pure happiness spread over the face of the man he loves. Finally this room is filled with friends, laughter, and excitement, the way it always should be, and he was able to give that to Cas. If he has his way, Cas will never feel lonely another day of his life.

Cas gets the game set up, and they let Kevin, Charlie, Sam and Jo play the first round. Dean laughs his head off when he sees Cas pull out a white erase board on an easel. Cas draws out a little map so that he can keep track of who wins each game, and then who will play against each other next. “You are such a fucking nerd,” Dean says affectionately.

“I’m efficient,” Cas argues, smiling.

“Go put your glasses on,” Dean says as seriously as he can. “You probably need them to read the board, right?”

“Good try,” Cas laughs. “You know, I should go put them on while everybody is here. Teach you a lesson.”

“You wouldn’t,” Dean says, trying to ignore the twitch in his pants hearing Cas talk teacher to him.

“You better be on your best behavior then,” Cas warns in his teacher voice, and now Dean knows the fucker’s doing it on purpose.
“I need another drink,” Dean says, and Cas can’t stop snickering.

“Why don’t you get those Jello shots you insisted I make?” Cas asks.

“Why don’t you come with me?” Dean tries.

“I think I better intervene or we’re never gonna see those shots,” Jess interrupts.

Cas laughs some more and Dean says, “Cockblock.”

Jess smiles winningly and Dean can’t help it, he likes her. They walk up the stairs to grab the two trays full of shots, and then come back downstairs to hand them out.

“Think you made enough?” Sam asks sarcastically.

“I wanted two flavours,” Dean explains.

“None of us are going to be able to drive home,” Kevin says, knocking back his second shot already.

“I have two spare bedrooms that Dean and I got ready earlier, and there’s also the couch in the living room that I’ve slept on numerous times. Everybody is welcome to stay,” Cas offers.

“I have the breakfast shift tomorrow, so I won’t be able to stay. I have to take off soon, actually,” Jo says. Neither Cas or Dean comments, but they both knew she wasn’t going to stay regardless if she wanted to or not.

“I guess I’ll take her shots,” Charlie jokes, pretending to be put upon.

“You’re such a good friend,” Jo jokes, and Dean thinks it’s the first time he’s seen her smile since she got here.

When Dean looks back at Cas he sees three of the little plastic shot cups empty and stacked in his hand. “Dude, slow down. You’re gonna be hammered!”

Cas shakes his head. “I have a very high alcohol tolerance,” he explains. “Besides, it doesn’t taste like there’s much alcohol in these.”

“Which is exactly what makes them so dangerous,” Dean explains. Then he stops. “You know what? Go for it. Get hammered. I kinda wanna see this.”

“Me too!” Charlie exclaims. “I bet he’s adorable.”

“I am already,” Cas says with a small giggle, and Dean laughs. This is going to be fun.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhh! We hit 100k guys! This is officially my longest stand-alone story!

Thank youuuuu all so much for your encouragement!!!

Also wanted to say that I received an overwhelming amount of comments not pleased with Jo being at Cas's house, so that's why I added in that extra scene. I felt like it was clear that Dean was just trying to protect Cas from scrutiny and embarrassment from his
friends, but I guess that didn't come across. I hope it does now :)

Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

Drunk Cas! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Castiel is having more fun with this group of people than he’s had in years! He’s lost count of how many Jello shots he’s had, and other than Dean giving him an amused look every now and then, he thinks he’s holding his alcohol juuuust fine, thank you very much.

He lost in Super Smash Bros a really long time ago, probably because he wasn’t being as conscious of the Poke Balls as he should have been. That’s okay though, he thinks he’s having more fun just talking and laughing with his friends than he would trying to concentrate on the game anyway!

“Hey Dean?” he says, smiling wide.

“Yah Cas?” Dean laughs at him.

“Do you know I have friends now?”

Dean keeps smiling at him, and he doesn’t know why. “Yah, buddy. I did. It’s somethin’ huh?”

“It’s amazing!” he exclaims, and Dean laughs again. “Why do you keep laughing at me?”

“Because he looooves you,” Charlie answers for him. “And you’re a really cute drunk, Cas.”

“Hey Dean? Charlie thinks I’m cute!” Castiel whispers.

“I think you’re cute, too, Castiel!” Jess adds.

Castiel feels his smile widen. This is nice. He has friends, and his friends think he’s cute. And Dean. Dean! “Dean! Do you think I’m cute, too?”

“Yah, Cas. Doesn’t get much cuter,” Dean says.

“My new friends are really nice. Charlie! You’re like… really, really nice. Did you know that?”

“Aw, thanks Cas! Not everybody thinks I’m nice. But I am pretty nice!” Charlie says. “Besides. You make my little Deannie happy, so how could I not be nice to you? You don’t even know how grumpy he was ‘til you came along. He was like, the real life version of Grumpy Cat,” Charlie says, laughing.

Charlie’s funny.

“Dean’s not grumpy!” Castiel argues.

This time it’s Sam’s turn to start laughing. “Believe me, he used to be.”

“Grumpy like you are when you first wake up?” Castiel asks. “When we don’t have…” Castiel lowers his voice to a whisper, “morning sex.”
“Wow, if he thinks that was quiet he’s even more drunk than I thought he was,” Sam says, laughing.

Castiel frowns. “I’m not *that* drunk. I’m just happy!”

“Happy because you’re drunk,” Jess says, and Castiel laughs. He likes Jess.

“I like you!” Castiel says to Jess.

Jess smiles. She’s really pretty when she smiles. “I like you too, Castiel.”

“I like that you call me Castiel. Nobody ever calls me Castiel anymore.”

“When we met you said nobody ever calls you Cas!” Dean says.

“Nobody did. Now everybody does!” He hears himself giggle. “Isn’t that funny?”

“Hilarious,” Dean says, but Castiel can tell he doesn’t think it’s funny.

“Stop being grumpy, Grumpy Cat Dean.”

Dean glares at Charlie. “Look what you did!”

Charlie laughs. Everybody is laughing soooo much and that must mean they’re having fun! “Is everybody having fun?” Castiel asks, raising his voice to carry through the room.


“I… am,” Jo says, but not convincingly.

“Cas,” Dean says, and it sounds like a warning. But he doesn’t get it. He didn’t say anything!

“I thought you said you had to leave soon,” Castiel says to Jo.

Jo looks uncomfortable but meets Castiel’s gaze anyway. “So we can talk now that you’re drunk?”

“Jo,” Dean says, and now he’s warning her. This is weird.

“I don’t really want to talk to you either way,” Castiel says.

“At least he’s finally being honest,” Jo says to the room in general.

“I *knew* I missed something,” Charlie says.

“Can we not do this right now?” Dean says. “Jo, cut it out. You know he’s drunk.”

“Well, so-rry,” she says, dragging the word out. “I’ll just keep sitting here silently then.” Castiel hears her mumble something but doesn’t catch it.

“What was that? I couldn’t hear you,” he asks.

Charlie answers for her, “She said, “God forbid I hurt your -”

“Charlie!” Jo cuts her off.

Dean stands up. “I think it’s time for you to leave,” he says to Jo. She stares him down and Castiel automatically stands up to be closer to Dean, sensing trouble. “You have to work early anyway,
“Right?” he says, reminding her.

“Fine,” she says standing up. “This went about as well as I thought it would.” She softens her voice and looks at Castiel and says, “Thanks for trying though. I didn’t necessarily deserve it.”

Castiel doesn’t respond. “Charlie, maybe you could walk her out for me? I’m not feeling very host-like at the moment.”

“Yay! I can totally be the hostess. That means I get to pretend I own this house right?” she says, jumping to her feet and then stumbling a little.

“Yes!” Castiel says, loving the idea of pretending. “That sounds fun!”

“I’ll uh, see you around,” Jo says, stuffing her hands in her back pocket and walking up the stairs.

“Don’t let the door hit you on the ass on the way out,” Castiel says, and he hears Dean try not to laugh at him.

“You are such a little shit,” Dean tells him.

Castiel’s mouth drops open. “I did nothing!” he argues.

“Still nicer than I would’ve been,” Sam says quietly.

“I don’t think he needs your encouragement, Samantha,” Dean says. Castiel laughs.

“Samantha because of the hair, right?” Dean smiles and laughs, and Castiel loves the laugh that’s dancing in his eyes, too. “That’s funny! Hey Dean?”

Dean runs his hand across his face. “Yah, Cas?”

“Your eyes are really green. Did you know that?”

“Okay buddy,” Dean agrees, and steers him back down to the double chair at the back of the row. “I think you’ve had enough to drink.”

Castiel frowns at him. “I want more.”

“Don’t be a party pooper!” Charlie says, squeezing in between them.

“Ohhhh no,” Castiel says, and he crawls over top of Charlie to sit himself right on Dean’s lap, legs dangling over Charlie’s. He hears Dean’s muffled complaints, but he also feels his hand come up to rest on his hip, on his skin, under his shirt. So he’s obviously only complaining for show. It’s so cute that Dean wants to pretend like he doesn’t like him sitting on his lap. “You’re not splitting us up again,” Castiel says, wagging his finger at Charlie.

“When did I split you up before?” Charlie asks.

“First time you came to my other house. Dean’s house. And you sat between us, and then Dean grabbed my ass in the kitchen and called you a cockblock! And you are!” He pokes her in the shoulder and turns to look down at Dean. “You were right! She is a cockblock!”

“I can’t help it!” Charlie says, smiling. “I’m a lesbian! I autotamically block cock!”

“Autotamically?” Dean repeats, and then they all crack up laughing, Charlie eventually wiping tears away by the time she’s done.
“You two are the biggest dorks,” Dean says affectionately.

“Probably why we’re your two favourite people in the whole world,” Charlie says.

“Besides Sam!” Castiel adds. “Sam is number one. Sam’ll always be number one,” he says seriously.

“We can be tied for number two,” Charlie offers.

“I will take it! Number two for life!”

“Are you guys talking about pooping?” Kevin asks, popping his head over the chair in front of them and Charlie and Castiel start laughing again. “Oh my God. Is Cas seriously sitting in your lap?”

“Charlie tried to cockblock me,” Castiel tells him.

“And now it all makes sense,” Kevin laughs. Then Kevin holds up his phone and he takes a picture of Castiel sitting on Dean’s lap. “Squeeze in there Charlie,” Kevin says. Then Charlie climbs on top of Castiel’s lap, and now they’ve made a weird little stack of people sitting on top of Dean and they’re all laughing again until Charlie topples over and starts falling off the seat. Castiel makes a great effort to catch her, but somehow follows her down on to the floor, where they both end up sprawled on their backs side by side.

Castiel is laughing more tonight than he thinks he’s ever laughed in his life. Next thing he knows, Jess is there. She helps Charlie up, who goes to sit with Kevin next, and then Jess smiles at him and says, “I brought you another shot, handsome!”

“You’re so pretty,” he says to her, sitting up and taking the shot.

“Hey Dean, reel your boyfriend in. He keeps hitting on my… on Jess,” Sam says, fumbling over his words.

Castiel giggles. “I think he wants to call you his girlfriend,” Castiel says to Jess.

“I think so, too,” Jess says back. Then she looks at Sam and says, “But he’s going to have to ask me, first.”

“You should ask her Sam!” Castiel says. “Boyfriends are the best,” he tells Jess.

“Thanks for the vote of confidence,” she laughs, going back to sit beside a very red-faced Sam.

The Jello is stuck to the inside of the little cup, so Castiel runs his tongue around the inside of it, getting it off, before he wraps his lips around the cup and throws his head back to knock back the shot. He chews a little bit before swallowing it down, and when he looks up again he sees Dean’s eyes trained on him, with what he recognizes as arousal behind them.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Castiel asks, his voice quiet, knowing he shouldn’t say that too loudly.

“Why don’t you come sit in my lap again and find out?” Dean says, winking at him. And then Castiel hears himself giggle again.

“I love when you wink at me,” he says, obliging Dean and straddling his lap.

“I love seeing you work your tongue around that little plastic cup,” Dean whispers. “Reminds me of something.”
“Something you like to do a lot,” Castiel says.

“Something I wanna do right now,” Dean agrees, running his hands up the back of Castiel’s shirt.

“We should go upstairs,” Castiel says, shifting slightly on purpose and making Dean’s breath hitch.

“If you’re too drunk I’m going to kill you,” Dean says.

Castiel grabs Dean’s hand and places it on his lap, pushing down quickly before Dean snatches his hand away. Castiel raises his eyebrows at Dean.

“Let’s go,” Dean says, his voice a little lower than usual.

Castiel stands up, and that’s when he realizes he has guests. He forgot.

“We have company,” Castiel says to Dean.

“They’re as close to grown up as they’re getting. They can figure it out,” Dean says, pressing himself up against Castiel’s back. Castiel feels Dean’s hard length nudging into his hip. Oh. Okay.

“Is anybody else leaving or are we all staying tonight?” he checks. “I’d like to set the alarm system if we’re all staying.”

He gets nods of assent from everybody and then Dean says, “We’re uh, gonna go to bed.” Castiel sees four sets of eyes rolling at the same time and starts giggling again. They know they’re not going to bed. “So you kids enjoy yourselves. And don’t come find us if you need anything,” he adds, with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

“Real subtle, Dean,” Sam frowns.

“Wasn’t goin’ for subtle. Was goin’ for clear. See you guys in the morning,” Dean says, and he pushes Castiel to start walking up the stairs.

“But the mess…” Castiel says.

“Will still be there in the morning. Let’s go, Casanova,” Dean says.

“Ha! Get it! Cas-anova?” Castiel says, laughing. “That’s a funny joke.”

“Yah, I’m hilarious,” Dean says dryly, still pushing Castiel up the stairs.

“You’re going to make me fall!” he hisses at him.

“I’m sure it’ll be all my fault,” Dean agrees. “Your ass looks amazing in those jeans by the way.”

“Wait until you see it out of my jeans,” Castiel says.

“Oh my God,” Dean says dramatically. “Stop talking before I think I’m gonna be taking advantage of you or something.”

“I really want you to,” Castiel tells him.

“You go to the bedroom, I’ll set the alarm, and meet you there, okay?” Dean says, leaning in to capture Castiel’s lips. Castiel sinks into it, plastering his body against Dean’s and groaning into his mouth. Dean pushes him away, but Castiel can see the desire all over his face. “Room. Now.”

“I’m gonna start without you,” Castiel laughs, already undoing his jeans as he walks towards his
bedroom. He lets them fall far enough down to reveal the crack of his ass and he hears Dean swear under his breath, the beep of the alarm, and then his feet pounding the floor behind him as Dean runs to catch up.

Chapter End Notes

I wonder what's coming next?... *evil laugh*
Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

Man, I am spoiling you guys!!! This is three chapters today! I am on a roll!

(PS. Don't ever expect this kind of treatment on any other future stories of mine lol this is a shitton of writing done really quickly. I'm not usually anywhere close to being this fast!)

Even Dean is laughing at himself as he runs down the hallway after Cas. Cas is just as fun drunk as Dean thought he would be, and a hell of a lot cuter than he expected. He tried to keep up his tough guy act in front of his friends, but if he and Cas had been alone, he’s pretty sure he would have made a complete idiot of himself fawning over just how adorable he is. He still let him sit on his lap in front of Kevin and he knows he’s not going to live that down anytime soon, especially with the picture, but he can’t find it in him to be mad about that right now.

Right now he has a horny, drunk, adorable Cas waiting for him in the bedroom. Or should he say not waiting for him, as Cas was so willing to show him before he disappeared behind the door to his bedroom. There’s a part of Dean that wants to leave him to his own devices because how hot would it be to watch Cas touch himself? But the other part really wants Cas on top of him just like he was downstairs, minus the clothes. And the audience.

When he opens the door, his jaw just about hits the ground. Cas is naked on the bed, legs spread wide, hand flying over his dick. Wish granted. Cas's head is thrown back, and Dean can almost feel his own blood heat up just watching this magnificent display of sexuality. This man. His man, is absolutely breathtakingly gorgeous. He locks the door behind him, something he's never had to worry about before but also something he’s never had to worry about before but also something he isn’t willing to risk. Nobody but him should ever get the pleasure of seeing Cas like this.

The lock clicking into place is enough to get Cas’s attention.

“Don’t stop on my account,” Dean tells him honestly, tugging his own shirt over his head and pulling off his pants and boxers as he walks towards the bed.

“Told you I’d start without you,” Cas says, his voice low and rough the way Dean likes it.

“Didn’t know you'd get yourself halfway there,” Dean says.

“I was thinking about you,” Cas admits.

Dean feels his own erection harden further. “Tell me,” Dean tries.

“Your back,” Cas says, hand starting to move again, but slower this time. “God, I love your back. So strong and masculine.”

“I love your hips,” Dean says. “I could spend days worshiping the jut of your hips, Cas.”

“You could start now,” Cas suggests, and Dean laughs.
“You look like you’re doing just fine on your own.”

“I want you to fuck me,” Cas says.

Dean nods, and walks over to hand Cas the lube. “How about you get ready for me, babe?”

Cas stops moving. “You want me… to prep myself?”

Dean nods. “I think it’d be really hot. I’d love to watch you. But I can help too if you want.”

“Not like I haven’t done it before,” Cas says, squirting the lube on to his fingers. He gets to his hands and knees on the bed, ass facing Dean, and braces himself on one elbow while the other hand comes around to stroke his hole. Dean watches anxiously as Cas’s finger teases his hole, running his finger up and down but never pressing in. He pays particular attention to the way Cas keeps prodding his perineum, noting that he himself doesn’t play there nearly enough for Cas if the way he’s moaning is any indication of how much he likes it.

“You like that, Cas?”

“Feels amazing,” Cas answers, voice breathy.

“Want you to push into your hole now,” Dean prods. Cas listens immediately, sinking one finger into himself, first only the tip, then pressing harder until he’s buried in past his second knuckle. “You look so hot, baby.”

Dean takes himself in his hand now, unable to hold out anymore. He uses the precome that’s collected at his slit for lube, and when that’s lacking, he spits into his hand twice and then gets back to business. Watching Cas’s fingers disappearing into himself is one of the most erotic things Dean has ever seen. From a few feet away, Dean isn’t as lost in sensation. He can watch without distraction, he can hear every little sound Cas makes, and somehow it heightens the experience for him.

“You have no idea how fuckin’ sexy you are, Cas. Everything. Your face, your body, your voice, the way you taste. I love the little sounds you’re making. The way you’re opening up yourself so nice for me. How much do you want me, Cas?”

Cas adds a second finger and Dean moans watching the way Cas's ass stretches around them and then sucks his fingers inside. He knows how that feels on his cock and he wants nothing more than to bury himself inside.

“Dean, please,” Cas begs.

“You’re gonna need at least another finger before you’re ready for me. Need you nice and stretched for me so I know I’m not gonna hurt you.” Dean can see by the way Cas’s wrist is turning that he’s scissoring himself open and stretching himself as quickly as he can. “Don’t go too fast,” he warns.

“I want you so bad. I want you all the time. Every time you touch me I just want more. More and more until you’re splitting me open,” Cas gasps.

“Don’t you dare come without me, Cas,” Dean barks at him. Cas whines and pulls his fingers out, grabbing the lube again and adding more to his fingers before he pushes his third finger in. Not as deep this time, Dean notices. Not enough that he’s gonna hit his own prostate, just enough to stretch him open. “So good for me,” Dean praises. “I can’t wait to watch you ride my cock. You don’t know how good you look on top of me, babe. Unbelieveable. Every time I don’t know what I did to deserve you.”
“You are beautiful,” Cas groans. “And kind. And smart. And funny. And the best sex I’ve ever had. You deserve everything,” Cas says, each word punching out of him one at a time.

“You’re everything,” Dean tells him. Right now it’s true. He can see Cas's fingers pushing in easily and he knows he’s almost ready. He goes to the bed and adds his mouth to Cas's fingers. He drags his tongue around the rim of his ass, absolutely loving the desperate whine he drags from Cas’s mouth. Cas pulls his fingers out, and Dean replaces them with his tongue, pressing into him as far as he can. Twisting his tongue, twirling it inside of him. Cas is less inhibited right now than he’s ever been with Dean before, and he pushes his ass into his face shamelessly, begging for more. Dean loves seeing him needy like this, and he moans into him, letting him feel the scruff of his face and the vibrations of his voice.

“Dean,” Cas chokes out.

Dean licks his way up Cas’s spine, draping his body over top of Cas’s like a blanket until he’s pressed against him. Cas whines again, but Dean just rolls off of him on to his back beside him. Cas is on him instantly. Finally, their lips crash together, and Cas moans into his mouth. Dean knows Cas can taste himself, and he thrusts his tongue into his mouth further, forcing the taste into his mouth. Cas is straddling him, his hips likely moving mindlessly, catching his dick on Dean's stomach every few strokes, dragging throaty moans from Cas.

Dean lets his hands drift down the sides of Cas’s body, landing on his hips. He applies pressure, letting Cas know it’s time to lift up. Cas reaches down between them, holding Dean’s erection in place, and then Dean feels indescribable pleasure as Cas envelopes his cock in wet heat. He sinks down on to him, inch by inch, dragging it out as much as he possibly can. Dean knows his fingers are digging into Cas’s hips way too hard, but he can’t loosen his grip. Finally, Cas is resting on Dean’s pelvis. “You feel amazing,” Dean praises him. “Always so, so good, Cas.”

“Every time,” Cas agrees. Dean looks up at his lover and takes in the picture he makes over him. His hair is absolutely wild, pushed back from his face more than normal and sticking straight up in the front, but off to the sides everywhere else. Looks like he’s ran his hands through it or has been rolling around on a bed, both of which are probably true. All it makes Dean want to do is run his own hands through it. Cas’s face is flushed, from alcohol or desire, or a combination of both, he doesn’t know or care right now. The pink of his cheeks makes the small bright blue ring of his eyes stand out more, only a border around his lust blown pupils now. His bottom lip is pulled between his teeth, and Dean can see the blood pooling there, making his lips look more plump and more kissable than ever. Then Dean lets his eyes drop lower, to the perfect body on top of him. His chest, his stomach, the leaking cock bobbing between Cas's legs. He’s perfect.

“You’re perfect,” Dean tells him. “I wouldn’t change an inch of you.”

Cas starts rocking his hips, and Dean momentarily loses the power of speech. Cas looks so good riding him. Every time his hips move his muscles twist, and Dean is mesmerized by the display. “Fuck that’s hot,” Dean growls. “Move for me, Cas. Wanna see your body move.”

Cas indulges him. He lets his whole body get in on the movement of his hips, and Dean watches as his body writhes above him, muscles bunching and rolling while Cas rides him. Suddenly he picks up his pace, and Dean rocks up into him unexpectedly, making him fall on top of Dean. Dean kisses him, taking advantage of the opportunity, and he lifts his hips, helping to make sure he doesn’t slide out. Cas pulls away, scraping his teeth over Dean’s bottom lip as he breaks the seal of their lips, then he braces his hands on Dean’s chest and starts bouncing on his cock.

Dean throws his head back, lost in the overwhelming friction. “Look at me,” Cas says. Dean opens his eyes and watches. He watches the way Cas moves. He watches the way Cas’s eyes drift over
Dean’s body. The way Cas reacts to any little sound he drags out of Dean. He watches the way Cas’s thick thighs keep him moving, and he’s never been more thankful for Cas’s running as he is right now. He feels the slick slide of Cas bouncing on to his cock in quick, purposeful movements. “Move with me,” Cas pants. “Want to feel you fuck up into me.”

So Dean does. He raises his hips and meets Cas as he slams on top of him. Cas’s moan is loud and low, and Dean thinks he could come from the sound alone. Dean meets him again, thrusting into him, hard and fast, and he knows this isn’t going to last now. He moves one hand down to Cas’s cock and starts stroking it in time to his thrusts. Dean feels his balls draw up closer to his body and then he comes into Cas, filling him with release, grunting through every spurt. Cas rocks him through it, and it’s then Dean realizes Cas hasn’t come yet.

Dean sits up, grabs him around the back and turns him until Cas is flat on his back. He kisses his way down Cas’s chest and then grips his cock and takes as much of Cas’s cock into his mouth in one shot as he can. He feels it nudge into the back of his throat and he hears Cas curse above him. He lets his jaw go slack, and Cas knows what that means by now, because he starts thrusting into his mouth. Dean feels Cas’s hands bury themselves in his hair, and then he’s grabbing his head and moving it just the way he wants to. And way sooner than Dean would have wanted, Cas comes down his throat choking out his name between his yelps of pleasure. Dean sucks down every last drop, and laps around the tip until he knows he’s milked him dry, and then he collapses into Cas’s arms.

This is the first time they haven’t come at the same time during sex, and Dean knows it’s because Cas was so drunk. When he can catch his breath again, he says, “Note to self: Cas lasts longer if he’s shitfaced.”

“I’m not that drunk,” Cas tells him.

“I’ll believe that in the morning,” Dean smiles. He gives it a minute before he gets up to get a cloth for Cas, and he brings him a glass of water and two aspirin from the medicine cabinet. “Take these. And drink the whole glass.”

Cas scowls at him but sits up to do as he’s told. Dean gets him into pajama pants, and puts some on himself, and then unlocks the door. He told everybody not to interrupt, but he wants them to be able to come in now if they need anything. They flip off the lights and climb back into bed together, under the covers this time.

They’re both quiet for a few minutes, but then Cas breaks the silence. “Are you mad at me about Jo?” Cas checks.

“I really can’t blame you for anything you said. I get it. I shouldn’t have invited her in the first place,” Dean says, gathering Cas close against his chest. “You probably pissed her off enough with your last comment that she won’t want to come around for a while anyway.”

“She’s going to spit in my food on Sunday, isn’t she?” Cas grumbles. Dean barks out a laugh.

“We can switch burgers just in case,” he says, laughing at the idea.

“I had a lot of fun,” Cas tells him.

“Yah, I kinda got that,” Dean says, still smiling. “You were so fucking cute. I swear to God. Never in my life have I wanted to snuggle and bone something so bad both at the same time.”

Cas laughs this time. “That’s quite a dilemma,” he agrees.

“It’s never been like this for me before. I know I keep sayin’ shit like this, but I don’t think you get it.
I wanna protect you, and cuddle you, and do sweet shit for you all the time just to show you how much I love you and how much you mean to me. Then you look at me a certain way…”

“Or take my clothes off?” Cas adds.

“Or take your clothes off,” Dean agrees, “and I want to split you open and come all over you.”

Cas laughs and Dean laughs with him. “I feel exactly the same way,” Cas agrees. “It doesn’t seem like the two extremes would go together, but they just somehow do with you.”

“Hey Cas?” Dean says with a smile on his face, thinking of how many times Cas said the same thing to him tonight.

“Mmm?” Cas answers.

“One day... when we’re ready... do you think you’d leave this kick ass house with the pool and the theatre and the really awesome shower to come live with me? I like your house better, but I…”

“Can’t leave Sam behind. I know,” Cas says, and Dean feels a kiss to his throat. “Of course I’d leave this behind for us” Dean picks up on how Cas changed the pronoun and smiles. He wouldn't be leaving the better house for Dean, he’d be doing it for Dean and Castiel. He likes that. “It’s not even a question for me.”

Dean feels his heart fill, and even though he knows it’s crazy, and Cas is a little bit drunk, and the timing is all wrong, he says it anyway. “I think... I might be ready sooner than later. If you are,” he adds.

“We haven’t spent a night apart in more than a week,” Cas says. “I'm ready. But just to take some of the pressure off, why don’t we do a little trial run?” Cas asks.

“How do you mean?”

“I’m just throwing this out there,” Cas begins, “But what if I pack enough stuff to come stay for a few weeks so I don’t have to come back and forth all the time. But I keep my house so it isn’t quite so scary right off the bat. And if it works out then I can move in for good, and if not, we can continue splitting our time between the two houses. Because we already know that works okay.”

Dean’s feeling emotional knowing Cas would give up all of this for him already. His voice is a little thicker than it was a while ago, but he says, “I think that would make me really happy, Cas.”

Cas pushes up on to his elbows and kisses Dean. He meets his eyes and then says, “Me, too. You always make me happy.” He kisses him once more and then lays his head back on Dean’s chest.

“If it’s okay with you, I say we stay and take advantage of the huge shower and the pool for the weekend, then we can pack up some shit and head to my place on Sunday. What do you think?”

“Our place,” Cas corrects him. “Our place on Sunday.”

Dean’s smile is almost splitting his face, and his heart is racing in his chest when he says, “Yah, I think I like the sounds of that, Cas. Hey uh, you’re gonna remember this in the morning, right?”

Dean checks

"If not, you'll just have to ask me again. You already know what I'm going to say. I'll always say yes to you,” Cas says.
"Yah, okay."

“Goodnight, Dean,” Cas sighs

“Love you,” Dean says quietly.

“I love you, as well,” Cas murmurs, and they both drift off to sleep happily minutes later.
Chapter 37

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Castiel wakes up the next morning with Dean plastered to his back as usual, and an extremely full bladder. He untangles himself quickly and bolts to the bathroom, only mildly surprised when he feels a twinge of a headache between his eyes. He takes some painkillers, drinks down a glass of water, and then brushes the disgusting taste out of his mouth. He doesn’t remember brushing his teeth last night, and he guesses that explains that. When he goes to climb back into bed he’s surprised to see Dean’s eyes open.

“You don’t have to wake up yet,” Castiel offers.

“The mess,” Dean explains, and Castiel remembers now how Dean said they should leave it for the morning. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but he definitely isn’t thrilled with having to go clean it up now.

He sighs, resigned to being awake and not overly pleased with it, and he and Dean slip into some sweatpants and t-shirts before they make their way downstairs. The kitchen and living room are clean. Castiel doesn’t remember if it was clean when he walked past them this morning, but when he turns to Dean, he can see by the expression on his face that they weren’t. They go downstairs to check out the theatre room and that’s where he finds Sam and Jess with a garbage bag in hand.

“I almost forgot you’re a weird morning person,” Dean says to Sam in greeting.

“You didn’t have to do this,” Castiel says, horrified that they’ve been cleaning his house while he slept. “Please, let me finish,” he insists.

“We were just about to come upstairs,” Sam says, smiling. “We’re done.”

“Everything is good as new,” Jess says, smiling brightly despite the early morning. She is no less beautiful this morning with leggings and an oversized t-shirt on with her hair tied in a messy knot on top of her head than she was last night in a dress and her hair spilling down her back. Sam’s a lucky man.

“I appreciate it, but really, I was going to clean it up,” Castiel explains.

“We know, man, don’t sweat it,” Sam smiles.

“It was the least we could do after you bought all the food and invited us all over,” Jess says.

“I was happy to do it,” Castiel begins, but Jess cuts him off.

“And we were happy to pitch in on the cleaning,” she finishes.

“Besides, we didn’t think you’d be feeling all that great this morning,” Sam says, smiling.

“I’m fine,” Castiel tells them. He gets disbelieving looks and adds, “I do have a bit of a headache, but I assume coffee and the painkillers I took will get rid of that momentarily.”

“Coffee?” Jess asks, obviously interested.

“I even gave him the good stuff,” Dean says, and Jess smile widens. “The good coffee, perv,” Dean
laughs. “I’ll make a pot,” he offers.

“Allow me to cook breakfast to thank you for cleaning,” Castiel says.

“I never say no to a good looking guy cooking for me,” Jess says, slinging her arm around him companionably and steering him up the stairs. Castiel hates that he blushes, because he isn’t nervous or uncomfortable, just unused to the easy display of friendship. She notices and says, “Aw, not so flirty now that you’re not drunk?”

Castiel’s face reddens further and he glances behind him for Dean, hoping he’ll rescue him, but Dean is talking with Sam and not paying any attention. “I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable last night. I didn’t mean to flirt with you,” he says seriously.

“You didn’t make me uncomfortable, but I think you did mean to flirt with me, cowboy,” Jess laughs.

Cowboy? Castiel doesn’t understand why she would call him that. “I’m gay,” he clarifies.

Jess laughs and says, “I know.”

“Cas,” Dean says, “Just because you flirt with somebody doesn’t mean you want to sleep with them. Relax.”

“I’m confused,” Castiel admits. “I thought that’s exactly why people flirt.”

“Sometimes, sure,” Sam says. “But not all the time.”

“Sometimes it’s just for fun,” Dean says. “Like me and J…” Dean stops. Castiel rolls his eyes, annoyed with the slip and even more annoyed that Dean was about to admit to flirting with Jo.

“You were definitely flirting with Jess last night, but nobody cares because we know it was just for fun,” Sam says, smiling.

Castiel looks at Dean. “Do you flirt with people you don’t want to sleep with, just for fun?”

Dean looks around the room. Sam won’t meet his gaze and Jess has a much too wide smile on her face. “Nah, not anymore,” Dean answers easily and everybody laughs. Is he kidding?

“Don’t worry, Castiel. It was pretty clear who you both wanted to sleep with when you sat on his lap,” Jess says, winking at him. “You two couldn’t be more obviously into each other if you tried.”

“Especially after we heard Cas moaning and groaning all night,” Charlie says, entering the room and the conversation, not looking nearly as cheerful as she usually does. “It’s always the quiet ones that manage to surprise me in the sack.”

“How do you know it wasn’t Dean?” Castiel tries to defer the attention away from himself.

“I know he’s pretty full of himself, but I don’t think he was calling out his own name,” Charlie smiles.

Castiel is sure his face can’t go any more red.

“We have awesome sex. Don’t like it, don’t stay over,” Dean says easily. Castiel wonders if he will ever be able to discuss sex with people other than Dean as easily as he does. He doubts it.

“Did somebody say something about breakfast?” Sam says desperately.
“Yes!” Castiel says, jumping on the chance to change the subject. “How does everybody feel about pancakes?” Everybody nods their agreement so Castiel gets to work mixing the batter.

“Want me to cut up the fruit?” Dean asks.

“That would be great, thanks,” Castiel smiles at him.

“Wait. You got Dean to eat fruit?” Sam asks, surprised.

“Yes,” Castiel says. “If I put it on his plate, he eats it.”

“You try vegetables?” Sam asks.

“No,” Castiel says, but the way he catches Sam’s eye lets him know there is more to the story than he is willing to say in front of Dean.

“I’m not as dumb as I look,” Dean says.

“You don’t look dumb!” Castiel says automatically.

“I know you put green shit in my food when I’m not cooking with you,” Dean says.

Castiel freezes. “You do?”

“I’m not stupid,” Dean laughs. “I see the shit you buy at the grocery store, and I see it disappear from the fridge even if I don’t ever see you cook it. I’m not stupid.”

“So you willingly ate vegetables?” Sam checks.

“However Cas adds them into the food, I don’t taste them. So no big deal,” Dean answers.

“I didn’t know you knew,” Castiel admits.

“I know,” Dean smiles.

“You’re not mad?” Castiel checks.

“That you’re trying to take care of me? ‘Course I’m not mad.”

“Awwww,” Jess smiles.

“Shut up,” Dean tells her.

“Where’s Kevin?” Castiel asks, suddenly aware that he isn't here with the rest of them.

“He sleeps in to the extreme on his days off. I’d be surprised if we see him before noon,” Sam explains.

“He’s gonna have to figure his own shit out, ‘cause Cas and I have stuff to do today, don't we Cas?” Dean asks, grinning.

“I swear to God if you're talking about sex again…” Sam starts.

“Well, that too,” Dean smirks. “But uh. We decided to give the whole moving in together thing a shot.”

Castiel catches Dean’s eye and they’re both smiling like idiots.
“Seriously?” Sam asks.

“Just a trial run,” Dean answers. “Be better than having half of our shit spread between two houses all the time.”

“That's great, guys! I'm so happy for you!” Jess says, and Castiel can see she's genuine in her declaration.

“It's a little fast, isn't it?” Sam says.

Dean frowns. “What happened to the whole, 'Who knows how long we have' spiel you gave me when I was freaking out about being in love with him?”

“Well,” Sam flounders. “You can love a dozen people in your life, right? But that doesn't mean you should move in with them all. Moving in should be permanent. I hope I only ever live with one woman,” he says.

“Yah, me too,” Dean answers, and Castiel snorts. “Don't worry, Sammy. I'll still be next door, Cas'll just be with me.”

“Very funny,” Sam says sarcastically.

Dean gives him a look. “There's no joke. We’re moving into my place,” Dean explains.

It sounds like there's an echo in the kitchen when Castiel hears three versions of no said all at the same time.

“What the hell?” Dean asks.

Castiel's mind starts racing as he pours the batter into the pan. If all of Dean’s friends and his brother don’t think they should move in together then surely Dean isn’t going to. He tries to scramble for something to say but all he can feel is this crushing sensation in his chest and his throat starting to close up. How is he supposed to sit here with all of them after knowing they disapprove of their relationship? Castiel is just about to fake feeling ill to get a minute away when Charlie interrupts his thoughts.

“We finally know somebody who has a pool and you’re going to make him sell his house and the pool with it?” Charlie says, voice dull and face pale, but still obviously upset.

“Why wouldn’t you choose the nicer house?” Jess asks, curious.

Oh. So this isn’t about Castiel at all. Only about their choice of house. He takes a deep breath, calming himself.

The beat of silence seems to be all Sam needs to draw his own conclusion. “Don’t… Dean,” he starts, and Castiel can see his anger simmering under the surface. “If you say this is because of me I swear to God I’m going to kick your ass!”

“Sammy,” Dean says, his tone a warning.

“No! Don’t Sammy me!” Sam says, obviously upset. “I’m not eleven years old, Dean. You don’t need to take care of me anymore!”

“You’re my responsibility,” Dean begins but Sam laughs darkly, cutting him off.

“I’m 23 years old! I’m not your responsibility anymore! I never should have been to begin with!”
“But you were!” Dean says. “And just because I’m in love with Cas doesn’t mean I’m gonna pack up and move away from you.”

Sam runs his hands through his hair, obviously flustered. “He lives less than ten minutes from me! It’s not like you’re moving hours away or something! Don’t be stupid!”

“You’re stupid,” Dean shoots back automatically and Sam huffs.

“Let me know when the house is up for sale, Cas. I like it. If my brother’s too fucking pigheaded to move in here, then maybe I will,” Sam says.

Castiel is suddenly pulled into the middle of this argument and he isn’t sure what he’s supposed to say. “It won’t be for a few more weeks in any case…” he tries.

“He’s not buying this house!” Dean says, raising his voice.

“Excuse me,” Castiel says, voice hard. “I don’t believe I’ve done anything that warrants you raising your voice to me. If you’d like to continue to yell at your brother go ahead, but leave me out of it.”

“Sorry,” Dean says gruffly. “Didn’t mean to yell at you.”

“Apology accepted,” Castiel says, flipping the pancakes in the pan in front of him.

“You can’t tell me what to do, Dean,” Sam continues. His voice softens when he says, “And you can’t keep screwing up your life for me. Don’t you think you’ve given up enough?” Dean doesn’t say anything, and Castiel considers comforting him when he sees Dean’s eyes glued to the floor.

“If I can interrupt,” Jess says, voice comforting. “Sam told me you’re the only parent he’s ever known. I know you gave up high school and a real education to work to support him.” Dean starts to say something but Jess holds up a hand and keeps talking, “And I know you’d do it all over again if you had to, because you love him. But Sam’s grown up now. You raised a good, man, Dean. But you can just go back to being his brother now. He doesn’t need you to take care of him anymore.”

“Perhaps Dean doesn’t want to live here,” Castiel offers.

“Don’t be stupid,” Dean huffs.

Castiel is aware of everybody in the room watching him, so he doesn’t say anything else right now.

“You know I’m not going to stay in my place forever, right?” Sam says. “I want to have kids someday. There’s not enough room where I am for that. You give up a kick ass house like this and I move away three years from now you’re gonna be pissed.”

“You want to have kids within three years?” Jess asks.

Sam looks at her and grins. “One family drama at a time, okay?”

Jess grins back and busies herself by opening cupboards looking for plates. “I got it,” Dean says, grabbing a stack and placing them on the counter beside Castiel.

“What do you think?” Dean asks Castiel.

“I don’t have family to take into consideration as you do,” Castiel says. “If Sam is truly okay with us staying here, I would prefer that. I like this house.”

“Why didn’t you just say that?” Dean asks.
“I want you to be happy,” Castiel answers honestly.

“And I want you to be happy. You can’t just give me what I want all the time without thinking about yourself too. You’ll end up hating me eventually,” Dean says. Charlie and Sam exchange an amused look, which Dean catches. “Shut up,” he says.

“What?” Castiel asks.

“I said shut up,” Dean says playfully, poking him.

Castiel smiles. “I don’t have to listen to you.”

“You literally have no idea how different Dean is since you met you,” Charlie says. “It’s like he went from…”

“Grumpy Cat Dean?” Castiel offers, smiling.

“I’m never going to live that down,” Dean grumbles, and Castiel laughs.

“Not only that, though,” Sam says. “He was kinda a dick before.”

“Hey!” Dean says, insulted.

“It’s true,” Charlie agrees. “I mean, we loved you anyway, but it was kinda ‘me, me, me’ with Dean. Other than being an annoyingly protective big brother, he just did whatever he wanted whenever he wanted to and didn’t care. He’s basically the reverse of Anakin Skywalker to Vader.”

“I was not Vader! And Anakin was a whiny bitch,” Dean argues.

“I understand the reference,” Castiel says. “I didn’t know the Vader Dean you’re talking about, but he’s very sweet and attentive to me now. When he’s not a dick accidentally,” Castiel jokes.

“He’ll probably never outgrow it completely,” Charlie agrees.

Dean brings the plates to the kitchen table, and Castiel loads up one of them with all the pancakes from the pan. He grabs the pot of coffee, Dean gets the cream and sugar, and everybody grabs a mug, and then they gather around the kitchen table. “Save Kevin some pancakes,” Castiel says to the room at large.

“Was I really a dick?” Dean asks.

“We still loved you,” Charlie says. “Would I have put up with you all these years if there weren’t some redeeming qualities?”

“I dunno. I feel kinda bad about myself now,” Dean laughs, but Castiel can tell he doesn’t really think it’s funny.

“I love you,” Castiel offers with a smile.

“He loves you enough to move out of this house and into yours,” Charlie reminds him. “I told you he was a keeper.”

Castiel smiles at the term and watches Dean as he takes him in. “So you wanna stay here?” he asks. “You want me to move in with you?”

Castiel’s smile grows. “You just want me for my shower,” he teases.
“As long as I supply the coffee,” Dean teases back. “Looks like I’m movin’ in, babe. Good luck gettin’ rid of me now.”

Jess eyes Sam and says, “Relationship goals, Sam.”

Sam laughs around a mouthful of pancakes. “This is like the Twilight Zone,” he says finally, and Charlie agrees with a laugh of her own. Her colour is starting to come back after the coffee, Castiel notices.

“I’m happy, shut up.”

And they do.

The next day, they do groceries together, and afterwards Castiel stays home to do their laundry while Dean goes to pack up some stuff from his house to bring over. He’s been gone just over an hour, and Castiel is both excited and nervous, worrying that maybe he’s changed his mind as he folds their laundry. He knows he’s being silly, but he also knows this was a big step to make, even if they are trying to make it easier by saying this is a trial run.

Castiel is surprised when his phone chimes in his pocket. He pulls it out and sees a picture message from Dean.

DEAN: Last chance to back out!

Castiel laughs at the picture of Dean in front of his packed car and the warning. Maybe Dean’s nervous as well, he realizes.

CASTIEL: I miss you already. Hurry up!

DEAN: We really are pathetic :) Be there soon!

Castiel brings the folded laundry upstairs to their bedroom and then decides to really play up the pathetic angle and waits on the front step for Dean to arrive. He doesn’t care how cheesy he feels when he sees the smile on Dean’s face as he pulls into the driveway with a dopey smile on his face.

He goes to assist with some of Dean’s stuff, and then they walk into the house one after another. Castiel knows he’s gonna get made fun of again, but as soon as they drop the boxes in their hands, he leans across and kisses Dean softly. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the spare key he already had, and holds it out for Dean. Dean grabs it with a smile on his face and Castiel’s smile is just as big when he says, “Welcome home, Dean.”

“You’re such a sap,” Dean teases him, but he’s already adding the key to his key ring. “Let’s go get the rest of my crap,” he says, pocketing the keys and taking Castiel by the hand to tug him back outside.

Hours later, after they’ve found a spot for everything Dean brought over, added more of his clothes to Castiel’s dresser, and they’re laying in bed wrapped up in each other after making love for the first time in the house they now think of as theirs, Dean drops a kiss on to the top of Cas’s head.

“Doesn’t get much better than this,” Dean says.

Castiel agrees. “I honestly never thought my first one night stand would turn into this,” he says.

“I don’t think you can call me that, Cas,” Dean laughs. “Two weeks later and we’re living together.
I’m the two-week stand.”

Castiel laughs with him. “I never liked the idea of one night stands anyway.”

“Good, ‘cause you’re not havin’ anymore,” Dean says.

“I love you,” Castiel sighs.

“We’ll see how much you love me when I wake you up at five,” Dean teases.

“I will kill you,” Castiel deadpans.

“I love you, too,” Dean laughs.

Castiel falls asleep hoping he’ll always be this happy, and absolutely certain that Dean is the key to staying this way.

Chapter End Notes

You guys really had so little faith in me ditching the house with the pool that I was almost insulted! :P
“Would ya look at those two idjits?” Bobby says to Ellen from behind the bar at the Roadhouse.

Ellen’s smile is genuine when she replies, “It’s hard not to.”

It’s Sunday night and Dean and Cas are at the Roadhouse for their weekly dinner with Sam. Sam hasn’t arrived yet, though, and it’s just the two of them looking at each other with those googly eyes she truly never thought she’d see on Dean Winchester’s face. They’re sitting close enough together that their shoulders touch, and though she can’t see from where she’s standing, she’d bet the bar on the fact that one of them has his hand on the other’s knee. The two of them radiate happiness, and she is so thankful for that boy making Dean smile like this she could buy him the world and it still wouldn’t be enough.

“Guess shakin’ up hasn’t put a stop to the doe eyes,” Bobby grumbles.

“Did you think it would?” she asks, knowing the answer.

“Somethin’s gonna set off the panic button. Been too easy. Dean don’t do easy real well.”

“I think it might be different this time,” Ellen disagrees.

Bobby side eyes her. “You wanna put your money where your mouth is, kid?”

“Robert Singer. You want to bet on how long it’ll take for Dean to get cold feet about this?”

“I’ll get in on that,” Jo says, leaning beside them.

“From what I hear, you’ve already been there and done that,” Bobby says.

“Oh, can it Bobby,” Jo laughs, used to his teasing at this point. “I’m with mom on this one.”

“Won’t be the first or last time ya both hand your money over to me,” Bobby smiles. “A hundred bucks.”

“You’re shittin’ me. I don’t have a hundred bucks!” Jo whines.

“We can split it,” Ellen says. “How long you givin’ him?” She asks Bobby.

Bobby watches the two of them. “A hundred bucks says Dean’s back here alone drownin’ his misery in a bottle after pushin’ Prince Eric away within a month.”

“You’re on,” Jo says. It’s getting a little bit easier to see them together every time.

“No cryin’ to your mom when you give me all your tips, princess,” Bobby tells her.

“Funny, I was just about to say the same thing to you,” Jo says, head tilted.

“Don’t you got tables to serve?” Bobby says, shooing her away.

“He’s happy, Bobby,” Ellen says.

“I got eyes,” he agrees. “You think he’s the one?”

Ellen nods. “I do. Don’t know if Dean does, but he’s always been a little slow when it comes to
feelings.”

“We done good with that boy,” Bobby says, proud.

“Yah, we did,” Ellen smiles happily. The door chimes and Ellen sees Sam holding the door open for Jess. “That one, too,” she nods.

Jo walks by and purposely bumps into Sam on the way by, knocking him into an empty booth and cackling as she keeps walking past. “Well, two outta three ain’t bad,” Bobby quips and Ellen rests her head on his shoulder and laughs and laughs.

“Heyya, Sammy!” Dean says, smile bright when he spots his brother. “Miss me?”

“Yes. The two days since I saw you last have been the longest of my life,” Sam deadpans.

Dean grins at Cas, “He’s just trying to look tough in front of his girlfriend.”

“When you’re as tall as Sam is I don’t believe you have to try to look tough,” Castiel disagrees.

“Yah, Dean. Some of us are naturally tough and don’t have to overcompensate with muscle cars and leather jackets,” Sam laughs.

Dean slaps two hands to his chest like he’s been shot. Castiel laughs.

“That was a low blow,” Jess says to Sam. “Dean looks hot in leather.”

“And in his car,” Castiel agrees. “Actually, Dean in leather driving Baby…” he wiggles his eyebrows and Sam face palms.

“You’re even doing the eyebrow thing now,” Sam grumbles.

“They’re rubbing off on one another,” Jess smiles, happy for them both.

“As often as we can,” Dean agrees, giving them a shiteating grin.

“Nice,” Jess laughs, appreciating the joke. “Well I haven’t seen you guys since before you moved in together. Two weeks now, right? How’s it going?”

“Great,” Dean answers easily.

“There have been some hiccups, but it’s to be expected,” Cas adds.

“Oh yah? Like what?”

“Cas thinks I’m a child,” Dean smiles, not looking apologetic in the least.

“At least you’re being yourself,” Sam says, smiling back.

“What do you mean?” Jess asks.
“Dean wants my undivided attention and acts childish when I need to work,” Cas says, but he says it with affection and exasperation. “As soon as I pull out my briefcase he starts trying to distract me.”

“And the guy is like one of those guards with the fuzzy hats who aren’t supposed to smile. He won’t crack! Once he gets the briefcase out it’s like he’s got laser focus!” Dean tells them.

“Which just makes you want to break his concentration even more,” Sam finishes for him. “Yah, he used to do that to me when I was in school, too.”

Castiel chokes a little on the drink he just took from his iced tea. “I can guarantee you he didn’t try to distract you the way he tries to distract me,” he says, face slightly pink.

“You fucking love it,” Dean smiles, his eyes dancing.

Castiel shakes his head. “Other than that, we seem to be getting along fairly well.”

“Cas doesn’t nag as much as I thought he would. So long as I do things in his geeky, orderly way, anyway.”

“Like routine,” Castiel defends.

“And he did tell me that right when we met. I just didn’t know the extent of it at the time,” Dean agrees. “It’s lucky I don’t really give a shit about most stuff.”

“Two control freaks wouldn’t really work, huh?” Jess says.

“I am not a control freak,” Castiel argues.

Dean guffaws. “I watched him pour out the milk this morning because it expires tomorrow.”

“Why would you pour it out already?” Sam asks.

“Because -” Castiel begins.

“Because it’s almost expired,” Dean finishes.

“But it isn’t yet,” Jess says. “Not until tomorrow.”

“What time tomorrow?” Castiel asks, and Dean leans back in his seat and starts grinning. “Is it when it turns midnight tonight, or half way through the day tomorrow? And if it’s midnight tonight, is it still good at 11:59 and then suddenly expires at midnight? Or is it more likely that it’s slowly going bad the closer we get to the expiration date? And if that’s the case, why would I want to drink milk that’s already going bad?”

“It doesn’t go bad the day it expires. It’s just best before,” Jess argues.

“I prefer to be more cautious,” Castiel says simply.

“Are you like that with everything, or just milk?” Sam asks.

“Everything,” Dean answers, still smiling like he thinks this is the most amusing thing in the world. “Caught him checking the expiration date on granola bars the other day,” he laughs.

“They go bad!” Castiel insists.

“Isn’t he adorable?” Dean asks.
Jo swings by to take their orders, and while it’s a little awkward, it’s better than it was last week, and that gives them all hope. Once she leaves, they jump back into the conversation.

“Okay, but there’s gotta be something that drives you nuts about each other. There always is when people move in together,” Sam says.

Castiel answers quickly. “He leaves his socks all over the house.”

Dean shrugs. “It’s true, I do.”

“I know,” Sam agrees. “And they reek!”

“He got me spray for my shoes,” Dean laughs.

“Every day I would walk into our house and all I could smell was his shoes!” Castiel explains, and Sam laughs.

“I know exactly what you mean,” he says.

“What about Cas?” Jess asks Dean.

“Cas has a place for everything,” Dean says.

“And how is that a bad thing?” Castiel asks.

“It’s not bad, it’s just weird. I put the ketchup in the wrong place in the fridge and then he bought more at the grocery store because he thought we didn't have any left, and then I had to listen to a lecture about how important it is that everything goes in it’s rightful place,” Dean says, clearly amused.

“Now I have an extra bottle of ketchup and nowhere for it to go,” Castiel explains, as if this is a real problem.

“Wow,” Sam laughs. “I don’t know if your relationship can withstand that kind of tension.”

“He doesn’t flush the toilet, either,” Castiel says.

Dean bursts out laughing. “Are you still going on about that? It’s pee, Cas. Who cares if I don’t flush it every time?”

“It's unsanitary!”

“Are you eating in the bathroom? No. So who cares!” Dean says.

“I care, obviously,” Castiel answers.

“If it’s yellow let it mellow,” Dean disagrees.

“I swear to God, if I have to hear you say that one more time…”

Dean laughs. “What’re you gonna do about it?”

“Withhold certain... favours,” Castiel says between clenched teeth.

Dean throws his head back and laughs. “Yah, we’ll see about that.”

“They're still disgustingly cute together,” Jess says to Sam.
“I noticed,” Sam agrees.

“How are you two doing? You seem happy,” Castiel says.

“Jess is the best,” Sam says, smiling.

Jess tilts her head to the side, “I am the best.”

“When are you gonna realize you can do better than my Sasquatch of a brother?”

“I’m just waiting for you to dump your boyfriend, handsome,” Jess shoots back.


“He probably has to say that at least once a day,” Castiel says.

“You’re the one with the work girlfriend!” Dean says.

“Work girlfriend?” Sam asks.

“She’s not my girlfriend,” Castiel argues.

“She wants to be,” Dean insists.

“Too bad I’m gay,” Castiel says.

“There’s always one who wants to turn the gay guy straight,” Dean tells him.

“Who is she?” Jess asks.

“Her name’s Hannah,” Dean says. “She’s cute in like, the girl you wanna bring home to mom kinda way. Has a huge crush on Cas.”

“And you work together?” Jess clarifies.

“She my EA. She doesn’t have a crush on me, she just looks up to me professionally,” Castiel clarifies.

“No wonder you were single when we met,” Dean says. “You’re clueless.”

“Good thing nobody else was as obviously into me as you were when we met,” Castiel shoots back.

Dean smiles, but blushes, too. “You’re fuckin’ hot, Cas. What can I say?”

“He’s okay,” Jo says with a wink as she brings over their food. “By the way, Bobby’s taking bets on how long it takes for you to freak out about being with Cas.”

“Are you shitting me?” Dean asks.

“Nope. Me and Ellen are on your team so don’t fuck it up or I’m out fifty bucks.”

“You bet on Dean and I staying together?” Castiel asks.

“Well, Dean basically told me he was going to marry you weeks ago, so yah,” Jo says, winking at Dean and then leaving him there sputtering as she walks away.
“I think I liked her better when she was trying to break us up,” Dean says, fully aware that his face is a whole new shade of red.

“I didn’t,” Sam laughs. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you more embarrassed. I should take a picture.”

“I’ll break your phone on your stupid face,” Dean says angrily and Castiel laughs. Dean goes to shoot him a dirty look but he’s distracted by the huge smile on his face. “Why are you so smiley?”

Castiel leans in and kisses him quickly. “Because I’m so happy.”

“Maybe they should be taking bets on a wedding date,” Jess whispers loudly to Sam.

“I’d get in on that,” Castiel laughs.

“Yah?” Dean asks, quietly hopeful.

Castiel looks at Dean and can see hope mixed with doubt all over his face. “Don’t ask me tomorrow or anything… but yah,” he says seriously.

Dean leans in and kisses Cas again, bringing his hand up to cup his face, and lingering until Sam clears his throat obviously.

“Not even sorry,” Dean says, kissing Cas once more just to prove his point, and then biting into his burger.

“Cas, I almost wish you had known Dean longer. If you could have seen how many times he avoided any conversation with the words marriage, engagement, rings, wedding, or forever anytime Lisa brought them up, you would know how surreal this is,” Sam says.

Dean laughs, remembering. “I was the master of dodging that conversation,” Dean agrees.

“I liked to bring it up just to see him try to wiggle out of it,” Sam laughs. “Lisa was like a dog with a bone.”

Dean laughs, too. “She just really wanted Ben to have a real dad, I think. I don’t think it had too much to do with me.”

“You don’t seem to be avoiding it with Cas,” Jess points out.

Dean shrugs and bites into his burger again. “Not so scary when I think about it with Cas,” he says around a mouthful.

“If you smile any bigger I think you might break your face,” Sam says to Cas.

“Dean has that effect on me,” Castiel answers.

“And this is even after he lets it mellow,” Jess reminds him, and they all laugh.

“Even when he’s mad at me he still thinks I’m adorable,” Dean grins.

“I’m working up an immunity slowly,” Castiel insists.

Dean snorts. “He’s really not.”

“So have you talked about making the move permanent yet?” Sam asks.
“Not really,” Dean answers. “Though I found a buyer for my place when the time comes.”

“And you weren’t going to run it by me first?” Sam asks, immediately pissed.

“Nope,” Dean grins.

“Who is it?” Sam asks.

Dean smirks, “Kevin.”

“Seriously? Kevin’s finally going to move out of his mom’s?” Sam laughs.

“Says so,” Dean explains. “And Mrs. Tran likes you. I think it’ll be good for both of you. You can help keep an eye on him and he won’t really be alone with you next door.”

“I think it’s a great idea,” Jess agrees.

“So do I,” Castiel says. “You know you can officially move in whenever you’re ready,” he tells Dean. “It’s going well, isn’t it?”

Dean smiles and covers Cas’s hand with his. “Course it is. We gotta talk money first though,” he says.

“I don’t need your money,” Castiel says.

“And that’s why we need to talk about,” Dean argues. “I’m not just living with you for nothing. I want to be your partner. Do it together for real.”

Castiel nods. “Okay. I’ll make an appointment to add you to the mortgage title,” Castiel says.

Dean’s heart flip flops in his chest. “Just like that?”

“Once you sell, I’ll remortgage for what’s left on the principal, and we can split the expenses. Make it officially our house,” Castiel says.

“I fucking love you,” Dean tells him.

Castiel smiles wide. “I know.”

“You know with the money you make from selling the house you’ll actually be able to pay off Ellen and Bobby?” Sam says.

Dean’s grin widens. “I know. I thought I’d be paying them off forever. It’s incredible. I’ll be able to hire somebody new full-time, maybe a management position, and I won’t have to work if I don’t want to.”

“You could sleep in,” Castiel says.

Dean laughs. “He just doesn’t want me to wake him up at five anymore,” he says to Sam.

“He’s right though. You hate working mornings. You could hire somebody to do the opening and just work the same hours at Cas if you wanted to.”

“Yah, except Cas is done working next week,” Dean pouts.

“But then we’re going to go on vacation together!” Castiel reminds him.
“Have you even had a vacation before?” Sam says, thinking.

“Never,” Dean confirms.

“That’s so exciting! Where are you going to go?” Jess asks.

“We haven’t decided,” Castiel says.

“Somewhere hot with a swim up bar,” Dean says.

“And gay-friendly,” Castiel says. “I’m not going somewhere that we’d have to hide being together.”

“I’d like to see you try,” Jess smiles. “You’re almost always touching one another. It’d be impossible.”

“Plus, then we could see a bunch of lesbians making out in bikinis,” Dean says.

Castiel rolls his eyes and Sam says, “You’re still a pig.”

“Some things never change, Sammy.”

“But we can hope,” Castiel adds, and they laugh.

Sam and Jess left a little while ago, but Dean and Cas remain at the table. Bobby meanders over to give them a hard time, for old times’ sake. “You girls just about done holding the table for the night?”

“Aw, c’mon Bobby. We know we’re your favourite customers,” Dean smiles.

Because Castiel actually looks sorry, he addresses him personally. “How you doin’ kid?”

“I’m good, sir, thank you for asking,” Castiel answers.

“You’re not lettin’ my boy get away without doin’ his share of the housework are ya?”

“No, sir. Dean’s actually very helpful around the house. You raised him well,” Castiel says seriously.

Bobby grunts to hide a wave of emotion. “He did most of that himself, no matter what he tells ya. Make sure he treats ya right, ya hear?”

“Shouldn’t you be on my team?” Dean asks, amused.

Bobby snorts. “What d’ya think I’m doin, son? You’d never be happy with somebody who lets you walk all over them, no matter how big the hearts are in his eyes when he looks at ya.”

“Believe me, Cas doesn’t need a bigger backbone,” Dean laughs. “He’s almost as stubborn as I am.”

“I wouldn’t go that far,” Castiel disagrees.

“See you boys next week?” Bobby asks.

“We’ll be here,” Dean answers.
“See ya 'round. Take care a him for me,” Bobby says to Castiel, placing a hand on his shoulder and giving it a little squeeze.

Bobby walks away thinking he might be out $100 after all, but he’s never been happier about losing a bet.
Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

The kink chapter many of you have been waiting for...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

SIX WEEKS LATER

Dean had a shit day. The stupid fucking cappuccino machine stopped working again, right in the middle of the afternoon when people splurge on a fancy drink to go with their mid-afternoon snack, and it took more than an hour of banging on the stupid thing, and taking it apart and putting it back together twice before he got it working again… and he still has no idea what the fuck he did to fix it. He had to do a bank deposit on his way home, and the online systems were down when he got there, so while there were only a handful of people in the line in front of him, it took for fucking ever. It’s more than 45 minutes later than when he usually gets home, and he’s in a shit mood on top of it all.

He walks in their house to find Cas pacing in front of the door. He is still in full teacher clothes, which is unusual but fucking hot. A pair of khakis, a crisp white dress shirt, a blazer with the fucking elbow patches on it, a bow tie, and his glasses. He can tell Cas has been running his hands through his hair because it’s wilder than usual. Dean can barely look past the truly fuckable vision of his boyfriend’s clothing choice, but he does manage to notice that he looks different somehow.

“You’re late,” Cas says, and it’s in that too-serious voice Cas sometimes uses that Dean likes to think of as his teacher voice. Dean should feel bad, but all he’s thinking about is being bent over Cas’s desk.

“Sorry man, shit day,” he explains, slipping his shoes off and mentally giving his head a shake.

“I wanted to see you after class today,” Cas says.

“Huh?” Did they have an appointment or something?

Cas’s lips quirk but he rearranges his features back into his serious face and says, “Can I see you in the bedroom?”

Then he turns and walks away. Dean gets an eye full of Cas’s tight ass as he walks up the stairs, and he sees those elbow patches again, too. Why are those so fucking sexy? It doesn’t make any sense.

“Take a seat, Winchester,” Cas says, gesturing to the bed. Winchester? Since when does Cas call him Winchester. “We have a few things to go over today, and I’m only going to tell you once, so pay attention.”

It clicks. Holy shit. Cas is doing the teacher thing on purpose. For Dean. Dean feels his dick start to thicken just thinking about this. Holy shit! Cas is never still in full teacher clothes when Dean gets home. He never wears his glasses unless he’s reading, and he never calls him Winchester. He’s made Dean wait for almost two months, but he’s finally giving him his teacher fantasy. And Dean's totally making the most of this.

He pulls out his cell phone and takes a picture of Cas. Cas is crossing his arms and looks pissed. And
sexy as hell. “Cell phones are not permitted in class, Winchester. Hand it over.” Cas holds out his hand, and not knowing what else to do, he stands up and brings it over to him.

Cas takes a step forward when he gets closer and lowers his eyes. He gives Dean a small smile and whispers, “I feel like an idiot. Is this what you had in mind?” Dean smiles and grabs the hand Cas had held out and presses it against his almost fully hard dick.

“What do you think?” Dean says.

Cas’s eyes widen, like he’s surprised he’s doing this okay. “Do you want me to keep going?”

“Fuck yes,” Dean growls, and Cas nods.

It’s even hotter to watch Cas go from regular Cas to seriously hot teacher Cas in a split second. Teacher Cas is back now, he can tell even before Cas uses his teacher voice again to say, “You may return to your seat now.” Dean smirks but listens nonetheless. “We’ve been over this several times, and you still seem to be unable to follow my simple directions. Pay attention, because I’m not going to tell you again.”

Dean sits up straighter and bats his eyes.

“Do you think it’s a mature, responsible decision to be forty-five minutes late for class without notifying anybody?”

Shit. Cas hates when he doesn’t tell him he’s running late. “Not really,” Dean answers.

“Do not address me so informally,” Cas reminds him. “It’s not appropriate.”

Dean smirks again. “Not really, Mr. Novak.” Just saying the words is enough to get him fully hard.

“Thankfully, I am not an unreasonable man. I will allow you to earn extra credit,” Cas looks nervous now, but Dean nods to tell him to keep going. “Get on your knees,” Cas says, and Dean feels his mouth drop open slightly before he happily listens and drops to his knees on the carpet. His dick is straining against his pants in this position, and he’s already throbbing for release. He licks his lips purposely, trying to show Cas how much he’s loving this.

Cas removes his blazer, folds it, and places it on top of his dresser. He opens his dress shirt at the wrists and rolls it up until it’s just below his elbows. He still looks sexy as fuck with his bow tie and glasses on, and Dean’s actually panting, waiting for Cas to open his pants.

Cas takes off his belt and lets it drop to the floor. He unbuttons his pants and opens them, then lets them drop as well and steps out of them. He plunges his hand into his boxers and makes a clicking sound in his mouth. “I’m not quite ready for you,” Cas says, and Dean knows for sure now that Cas isn’t nearly as into this as he is. “Do I have anyone who’s willing to volunteer to assist me?”

“Please,” Dean asks, already desperate to taste Cas.

Cas closes the distance between them so that Dean can easily reach out and touch him, which Dean does immediately. He runs his hands up Cas’s muscular thighs but Cas captures his wrists. He sounds like Cas again, his voice gentle, when he says, “Tell me you want this.”

Dean nods, “I want you, Cas.” Cas lets go and nods, and Dean changes his words to, “I want you, Mr. Novak.” Dean emphasizes his words by running his hand over Cas’s dick on top of his boxers. He palms him, applying pressure when Cas’s hips tip forwards, feeling his cock start to plump up under his hand. He dips his fingers into the waistband of Cas’s boxers and pulls them down in one
quick movement. Cas steps out of them, and Dean leans forwards, placing a chaste kiss on the inside of his thigh, and letting his face nuzzle into the skin, feeling Cas’s cock brush his face. Cas makes a breathy little sound, so he turns his face into it, now rubbing Cas’s quickly hardening cock against his cheek. Unable to wait anymore, he plants soft kisses along his length, continuing to nuzzle into the curly hair that frames his boyfriend’s waiting cock. He takes Cas into his hand, steadying his erection, before he licks a wet, hot line from the base of his balls all the way up the underside of his dick, pressing his tongue to the sensitive skin just under his head. Cas’s hands come up and caress the back of his neck. Dean takes the subtle hint for what it is, and finally takes the tip of Cas’s dick into his mouth, flicking his tongue across the slit and tasting his lover there.

“Dean,” Cas breathes, and something in Dean’s chest clenches. Knowing Cas didn’t want to do the teacher thing, knowing he didn’t get off on it at all, felt dumb doing it, but still went ahead and did it for Dean anyway is enough for Dean to want to make this the best damn blow job Cas’s ever had. He opens his eyes and looks straight up at Cas, still thinking how unbelievably sexy he looks with that dorky bow tie on, and how he finally gets to have his dick in his mouth while Cas is wearing those glasses, and he can’t hold back anymore and sinks down onto Cas’s dick, taking him as far as he can in one shot. Cas’s hands move up to tighten in his hair, and Dean moans. He loves it when Cas tugs on his hair, and knows Cas knows it, too.

Dean moves his hands around to cup Cas’s ass, and drag him in closer. He pulls him in a few times, until Cas starts thrusting into his mouth the way he wanted him to. He doesn’t like thinking about this all that much, and they’ve never talked about it, but he fucking loves just giving himself over to Cas like this. He gets off on it. He opens his mouth as wide as he can and just lets Cas fuck into his mouth however he wants to. He lets Cas pull him by the hair, angling his head the way he likes it so he can nudge against the back of his throat. Dean’s getting good at fighting his gag reflex now, and the further Cas pushes in, the prouder he is for not gagging. One day he’s going to get his entire length down his throat.

“So good for me, Dean,” Cas praises him, and Dean feels the roughness of Cas’s voice all the way down to his cock. He squeezes Cas’s ass again and then runs fingers down the crack. Dean can hear the way Cas’s breath hitches and wishes desperately for lube so he could finger him while he sucks his brains out. All he can do without it is put pressure on his hole, but it’s enough to make Cas pull on Dean’s hair even harder, drawing a moan out of Dean in the process. Cas hasn’t even touched him but Dean can feel how close he is to the edge. As if Cas can read his mind, he says, “Take off your pants.”

Dean gives his ass one more squeeze, and without letting Cas’s dick fall out of his mouth, he undoes his pants and pushes them down far enough to let his rock hard dick out. He flicks his eyes back up to Cas for permission and Cas nods once, “Yes, Dean, I want you to touch yourself.”

Dean grips himself hard in his hand, and starts stroking himself quickly. He’s already so close to the edge. Too close. So he slows down, needing to get Cas there first. He slides his lips back up Cas’s cock, and steadies him with one hand as he darts his tongue across the head of his penis. Cas’s fingers dig into his scalp, and Dean loves the little burst of pain he feels as Cas's blunt fingernails pierce his skin.

He sinks down onto Cas again, pushing until his nose is buried in his pubic hair, and he swallows around his cock. “Dean,” Cas groans. “Just like that, Dean. Fuck,” Cas pants.

Dean picks up the pace of his hand, knowing Cas only swears when he’s getting close. He follows Cas’s advice, and bobs his head twice, twisting his tongue around him, before sinking back down to swallow around Cas again and again.
“Ugh, fuck, fuck, yes,” Cas shouts, “Dean!”

Cas grabs him by the back of his head and holds him in place while he comes hard down the back of his throat. Dean’s overwhelmed by the flood of come into his mouth and tries to pull away, but Cas holds him there, and he coughs and sputters on his come. Cas has never been this rough with Dean before and for some reason Dean doesn’t really want to look into too closely, it sends Dean slamming into his own orgasm with a groan muffled by Cas’s cock, and he comes all over the floor between them as Cas continues to pulse into his mouth.

When Cas’s hands loosen, Dean pulls off, gasping for air and slumping sideways onto the floor. Cas falls beside him, and pulls him onto his chest. A few minutes later, after Dean can form thoughts again, he laughs, amused, when he feels the bow tie pressed into the side of his face. He tugs it between his teeth and Cas laughs, too.

“I’ve never even worn this before,” he admits.

Dean chuckles. “I’ll never be able to look at it without popping a boner.”

“I’ll remember that,” Cas says. “Did you like it? The whole teacher thing?”

“Even better than the porn,” Dean says. “Hottest fucking thing that’s ever happened to me.”

“Really? I felt a little creepy,” Cas says.

“Creepy? Why?”

Cas shrugs as much as he can while Dean’s on his chest. “For me to be the teacher, you have to be the student. When I think student, I think my students, and then I feel creepy.”

“You’re overthinking it, babe,” Dean says. “Besides, you weren’t turned on until I turned you on. It was me who was all hot and bothered by the teacher thing, not you. I fucking loved it, but I’m sorry if you felt like it was something you had to do.”

“No, I wanted to. For you. The most enjoyable part for me was seeing you so turned on,” he says, and though Dean can’t see him, he thinks he sounds like he’s smiling now.

“You had really great timing, too. I had a terrible day. And you made it so much better,” Dean says. “I’m not gonna forget this anytime soon, Cas. It was amazing.”

“I figured when you were late and didn’t text me about it again - even after I’ve asked you to repeatedly - it meant you were overly busy and in a bad mood. You tend to brood when you’re grouchy and push me away. So I did something I knew you wouldn’t be able to push away from.”

“I changed my mind, you are creepy. You know me too well,” Dean says. He doesn’t really feel like it’s creepy though, he feels loved. The same way Cas always makes him feel, whether it’s bitching about him being late because he knows Cas was worried, cooking dinner for him, or role playing teacher/student even though he doesn’t want to just to make Dean not wallow for the rest of the night in his bad mood.

“I’m afraid I’m only going to get creepier, then,” Cas says, unapologetic.

“I can’t wait,” Dean answers.

Cas gives Dean a little push and sits up. He surveys the mess on the floor and says, “We’re going to have to hire somebody to clean the carpet.”
“Oops?” Dean tries.

Cas laughs. “It needs to be cleaned anyway. I’ll have somebody from the cleaning company I use to do it while we’re gone.”

Dean smiles and gets to his feet. Cas takes off the bow tie and dress shirt (and Dean is truly sad to see him slip off his glasses), and they both change into their lounge pants and old t-shirts.

“Three days. Three days until we’re outta here for ten glorious, sunny, days, Cas,” Dean sighs. “That’s what I was chanting in my head while I was fighting with the stupid fucking cappuccino machine again.”

“Again?” Cas asks, surprised. “This is the third time in two weeks! Why don’t you just replace it?”

“I like fixing stuff,” Dean says.

Cas laughs. “It doesn’t sound like you like fixing it.”

“That’s because it’s possessed or something!” Dean argues. “Of all the times I’ve ‘fixed it’ I still have no idea what I actually do to get it running again. It’s like it just randomly decides to turn back on whenever the fuck it wants to. I hate that thing!”

“Your stubbornness knows no bounds,” Cas comments.

“Can it,” Dean tells him. “What’s for dinner?”

“I ordered pizza,” Cas tells him. “Should be here within a half hour.”

“Comfort food and role play. How did I get so lucky?”

“Remember that when I ask you to dress up like Luke Skywalker,” Cas jokes.

“That’s what I was for Halloween last year! I still have the costume!” Dean laughs, excited.

Cas gives him an appraising look. “I was joking… but that could work for me.”

Dean laughs. “Seriously. I love you. Thank you for making my day better. I can’t wait to spend our three month anniversary together in Mexico.”

Cas’s smile is huge when he pulls him in for a hug. “I can’t believe you want to celebrate every month we’re together.”

“I know, I’m adorable,” Dean jokes. He pulls away, keeping his arm around Cas’s waist. “Wanna watch Stranger Things while we wait for the pizza?”

“I’d love to. I had a hard time resisting watching it without you.”

“You’re lucky you did.”

“I’m lucky in many ways,” Cas says, bumping into Dean.

And Dean gets that. He’s the lucky one. Truthfully, he’s about a billion times happier than he ever thought he could be, and if he could get away with celebrating every day being together with Cas, he would. So he’ll settle with doing it monthly.

And a week from now, when they’re in Mexico on the night of their three month anniversary, more
relaxed than ever, happy and in love, he’s going to get down on one knee and ask the love of his life to marry him.

Chapter End Notes

EEEEK!!!

I hope you enjoyed this one, guys! I know a lot of you wanted something a little dirtier but it just isn't something I can write, or something I think is true to these characters and their relationship. I hope it still worked for you!

Who's ready to see these two on the beach, shirtless, tipsy, and romantic? *raises hand* That's what's up next!
Chapter 40

Chapter Notes

Okay, I gotta warn you now... this is not the proposal. This chapter came to me last night and I couldn't NOT write it once I saw it in my head.

This chapter has my first *CONTENT WARNING* for homophobic slurs.

If that kinda thing upsets you, just feel free to skip this chapter and move to the next when I post it. You won't feel lost, I promise.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Castiel sits in his car for a moment, taking in a few deep breaths as he usually does to calm himself, and then finally, he opens the door and crosses the parking lot into the Roadhouse. Sam is already waiting for him at the bar, talking to Bobby. Perfect.

“Hey, Cas,” Sam smiles.

“Thanks for meeting me,” Castiel says. He looks at Bobby. “Is there somewhere a little more private we could talk?”

Bobby nods, grabs a glass and fills it full of beer. “Look like you could use this, son,” Bobby says, handing it to Castiel. Castiel nods, thankful. “C'mon then, I ain't got all day,” Bobby tells them.

Both he and Sam follow Bobby into the back. Castiel has a moment of panic when he remembers Jo and Dean in here, but Bobby keeps walking until they come to the door of a small and messy office. Books are everywhere, Castiel notices, and for some reason it calms him.

“What’s up, Cas?” Sam says. Castiel notices Sam and Bobby share a knowing look between them, and it looks like Sam’s trying to hide a smile, but Castiel takes a long drink from his beer before he begins the speech he has prepared in his mind anyway.

“You both know how much Dean means to me,” he says, and they nod. “I am not under the impression that Dean would appreciate this conversation very much, and I know perfectly well that I do not require permission from either of you, as Dean is very much his own man. However, as a courtesy, I would like to ask you both if I have your approval to ask Dean to marry me.” Sam smiles, but Bobby doesn’t, so he keeps talking. “I love Dean very much. I know I can make him happy. I want to, desperately. I want to make him smile until we’re both old and gray, and I want to live the entirety of my life with him by my side.” He takes another deep breath. “Do you think I can make him happy?”

“You already do,” Sam smiles. “I’d love to see you marry my brother. I think you’re good for him, Cas.”

“Ya can’t ask him to marry ya,” Bobby says, and Castiel’s heart drops like a stone. He wasn’t exactly prepared to be told no. That was stupid. This whole thing was stupid.

Castiel clears his throat, and sits up straighter, but try as he might, he can’t seem to meet Bobby’s eyes. “I’m sorry you feel that way. But as I said, I don’t actually require your permission. I love
Dean, and I’m sorry you can’t see that, but I want to spend the rest of my life with him.”

Bobby snorts. “So ya do have a bit of a backbone after all. That’s not what I meant, ya idjit.” Castiel smiles at this, having learned by now that this term is a form of an endearment. He meets Bobby’s eyes finally. “I only meant that you can’t ask Dean. You gotta let him ask you.”

Sam nods, “He’s right. You may not have noticed, but Dean has a bit of a thing with being manly and macho. And he would be humiliated if you proposed to him, because to him…”

“That would make him the girl,” Castiel finishes. He should have already known that. “Of course. I don’t know why I didn’t think of that,” Castiel thinks aloud.

“I think you were probably just excited,” Sam answers for him. “And I can’t promise anything, but I’m pretty sure Dean’s on the same page. You just have to wait him out.”

Castiel nods. “You’re right. I should wait for him to ask me. He always does everything first, anyway. I think it’s the way he prefers it.” He looks at Bobby again. “You do think I can make him happy, then?”

“Couldn’t’ve picked better for him if I tried,” Bobby says. “Now let me get back to work, and don’t make me bring the spray bottle out there to split the two of ya up again.”

Castiel and Sam laugh, more as a release of tension for Castiel than actual humour. When they stand and Sam pulls him into a tight hug, Castiel feels his eyes water and he hugs him back as well as he can with a glass in his hand. “You’re going to make him so happy, Cas. Thanks for loving my brother, man.”

“It’s impossible not to,” Castiel answers easily, and Sam pats him on the back a few times before he lets go, wiping at his own eyes.

“Managed to make it thirty years in this office without anybody boo-hooing in here. Go braid Sam’s hair somewhere else,” Bobby says, shooing them out.

Castiel chuckles at the running joke at the expense of Sam’s long hair, and follows Sam back out into the bar. The door swings open and Sam freezes in his tracks. “...Dad?” Sam says tentatively, and Castiel looks around him to see a dark haired man perched on a bar stool.

“Sam,” John Winchester nods, a large smile spreading across his face. “Good to see ya, kid.”

Sam smiles, but Castiel sees the stiff way he’s holding his shoulders. “Yah, you too, dad. Uh,” he looks back at Castiel awkwardly.


Sam looks back over his shoulder again at Castiel and gives him an apologetic look before he says, “This is Castiel.”

John laughs. “What the hell kinda name is that?” Castiel feels his back go up automatically. He’s used to being made fun of for his name, but it’s worse somehow coming from Dean’s father.

Castiel swallows his pride and takes a step around Sam to hold out his hand to John. “Pleasure to meet you, sir,” he offers.
John snorts, very much like Dean, he notices, and takes his hand loosely, barely shaking it at all before he lets it go. “Yah, sure. You too,” John says, not sounding sincere in the least. “Stopped by your place before comin’ here,” he says to Sam. "Obviously you weren’t there, and there was some Asian kid at Dean’s?” he asks.

"Kevin," Sam corrects automatically. "Dean doesn’t live there anymore," Sam explains. “He moved a few months ago.” Sam eyes Castiel again, and Castiel can read don’t say anything yet in his eyes. “He’s got a bigger place now.”

“Oh really? My fancy-pants son finally made something of himself. I’d be proud if it didn’t take him damn-near 30 years to get there,” John says. Castiel does not like this man, and he certainly doesn’t like him speaking that way about Dean.

“Dean’s accomplished quite a bit in 26 years,” Castiel says. “His business is very successful. You should be very proud.”

Castiel sees Sam stiffen beside him. John smiles, showing teeth, but somehow it isn’t friendly at all. “You think you know my son better than I do?”

Yes.

“No, sir, I just wasn’t sure you were aware of how well Dean’s done for himself.”

“Speak of the devil,” John says, and he stands to meet Dean as he walks through the front door.

Castiel takes one look at Dean’s face when he takes in the sight of his dad: the way his jaw tightens, the way his eyes dart to Castiel and the way his shoulders hunch as if he’s defeated just by his father’s presence, and Castiel thinks it again: I do not like this man.

“Hey, Dad,” Dean says, very obviously forcing a smile, and giving John a quick and brief hug. Castiel takes a step forward to comfort him, raising his hand to place it on his back, but Dean takes a very deliberate step away from him. Castiel lets his hand fall awkwardly, and something in his stomach falls at the same time. “You just stoppin’ in for a drink or are you hanging around for a little while?” Dean asks.

“Tryin’ to get rid of me already, huh?” John asks. He’s doing that thing again when he’s smiling but it just doesn’t look friendly. Dean starts sputtering some kind of an apology (Castiel has never seen Dean look so unsure of himself) but John cuts him off, “I’m takin’ off soon. Just wanted to stop in and check on my boys. Heard you’re a hotshot now.”

Sam bristles and Dean frowns, “I dunno what you mean.”

“Sam told me you bought a bigger house. Rolling in the dough now, huh?” John asks.

“No, it’s not like that. I mean, yah, I got a bigger house, but uh, I’m not rolling in the dough,” Dean explains, glancing awkwardly and quickly at Castiel. Why is nobody mentioning that he and Dean live together?

“John Winchester, I’ll be damned,” Bobby says, coming up to the bar in front of him. “Long time no see, old man.”

John actually does seem to offer Bobby a genuine smile, completely unlike the way he smiles at his own sons, and Castiel is surprised how much it changes his features. He looks almost handsome now. “Was beginnin’ to wonder if I’d ever get a second drink around here,” John says, sliding his glass across the table.

“Why don’t you boys go grab a table and I’ll get John another drink so we can catch up?” Bobby
says, giving Dean a meaningful glance.

“Save me a seat, though. I can talk with Bobby later. Now that you’re all rich and successful, you can buy your old man dinner,” John says to Dean. It sounds like a challenge.

“That’d be great, Dad,” Dean says, but he doesn’t sound like he thinks it’s great. Castiel sees the disappointed look on Bobby’s face and knows he was trying to keep John away from them.

Castiel, Dean, and Sam go to sit in the booth they sit in every Sunday. Castiel feels odd putting so much space between him and Dean while they walk but he knows his touch isn’t welcome. Dean slides into the booth and Sam slides in across from him. For some reason, Castiel looks at Dean for permission to sit beside him and Dean bows his head a little when he says, “Maybe you should sit with Sam tonight.”

Castiel feels hurt swirl inside of him, but he does as he’s asked.

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” Sam says, by all appearances absolutely pissed.

“Can it, Sam. I’m not doing this tonight when he’s just gonna leave and not come back for another three months anyway.”

“And when he comes back and wants to see your house and sees you’re living with Cas, what are you gonna do then? And the next time, and the time after that?” Sam asks, and Castiel feels a surge of affection towards Sam for having his back like this.

“We can be roommates. Right, Cas?” Dean asks. Dean’s pleading with him to understand with his eyes, but Castiel can’t. Castiel wants a lifetime with Dean, and Dean won’t even tell his father that they’re together? “Just for tonight. For an hour. Please, Cas,” Dean begs.

Castiel doesn’t have a chance to answer before John’s sliding in the booth to sit across from Castiel.

“So, tell me what I missed. It’s been, what, a month or so since I’ve seen you boys?” John asks, sipping on what looks like soda, but Castiel knows is mixed with alcohol.

“Try almost four months,” Sam corrects him.

“Guess time flies when you’re havin’ fun, huh, Dean?” John laughs.

John gives him a dirty look for correcting him, but he slings an arm around Dean for a second saying, “Guess time flies when you’re havin’ fun, huh, Dean?”

“Guess so,” Dean says, and he sounds so absolutely miserable that Castiel can feel something shift inside of him. Yes, he’s angry with Dean, but there is something about his father that makes Dean look like a shell of the man he’s so used to seeing that it physically hurts to look at him.

“How many girls you got on the go this time, huh? Still jugglin’ them like your old man? Makin’ me proud?” John laughs.

Sam scoffs beside him, shaking his head and turning to look out the window rather than partake in this conversation. Castiel doesn’t understand why Sam is like this with John but Dean isn’t.

“Uh, no special ladies on the go right now,” Dean answers, eyes down, not looking at anybody.

“That’s my boy. Don’t let any of them be special. They’re all the same anyway. Don’t even bother with their names as long as they’re pistols in the sack, am I right?”

“Jesus, Dad,” Sam chastises him.
“Sorry, Sam, forgot the good son was here for a second there,” John laughs, and Castiel sees the way Dean flinches beside his dad. The good son. Meaning Dean’s the bad one. How dare he speak to Dean in this way. He can feel anger boiling inside of him and he’s surprised when he feels Sam’s hand rest on his knee for a moment. It’s a gesture he’s grown so used to getting from Dean that it doesn’t startle him the way it would have before. But this is Sam. Sam doesn’t usually touch him. But when he meets Sam’s eyes, they’re sad, and Castiel understands Sam’s trying to comfort him in a tiny way. He smiles, thankful for the gesture, and that’s when John pipes up.

“Don’t tell me I got two boys part fag now,” John says, laughing meanly. Sam pulls his hand away like he’s been burned and they both glance at Dean, whose jaw is tight again. John continues, “One’s bad enough. Don’t know if I can handle both of ya.” His eyes turn to Castiel with obvious contempt and he says, “Could see it all over this one the second I looked at him. Something feminine about him, ain’t there? Looks like he’d beg for something shoved up his...”

“Dad, stop it!” Sam says angrily.

Castiel takes one look at Dean, sees the way he’s looking down at the table instead of coming to his defense, and he knows he can’t stay here anymore. “I’m sorry, I’m not feeling too well. I’ll see you back at… later. I’ll see you later,” he stumbles to the table at large, and he’s up and out of his seat, making a break for the door.

“Cas, hold on, boy,” Bobby calls to him, but Castiel just keeps walking.

How could Dean just sit there and let John speak to Sam like that? How could he let John speak to him like that? Castiel doesn’t even know who was sitting at that table with Sam, John, and Castiel, because that is not the man Castiel knows and loves.

“Cas!” He hears behind him, and he doesn’t need to turn to know that it’s Dean chasing after him. “Cas, wait!” Dean shouts again.

Castiel has a feeling of deja vu while he waits against his car for Dean to catch up to him in the parking lot again. What is it with the Roadhouse and their worst arguments taking place here? The only difference is this time he is angry with Dean, and hurt, too. He hasn’t been hurt like this in ages, and never by Dean. He didn’t think Dean would ever hurt him this way.

Dean finally reaches him and pulls Castiel into his arms. Castiel allows himself to be clung to, and his arms go around Dean automatically, but they don’t hold him the way he usually does. “I’m sorry, Cas. Fuck, I’m such a fuck up.” Dean squeezes harder for a second and then pulls away to search his face. “Please don’t hate me,” he begs.

Castiel rolls his eyes. “I don’t hate you.”


“Why?” Castiel asks, needing to understand.

“He… he’s not a nice guy, Cas. He’s gonna be a dick to you.”

“He was anyway,” Castiel points out.

Dean closes his eyes. “I know, I’m so sorry, Cas.”

Castiel grapples for patience and understanding. “Dean. Try to understand. I walked away from my entire family because they were ashamed I’m gay. I don’t care what your father says to me. I’ve
heard it all a thousand times before. But I am building my life with you. I love you. But I won’t hide what I am for anybody, not even you,” Castiel tells him, and his voice is much steadier than his hands are.

Dean’s eyes go wide. “No. No, I don’t want you to. I’m so sorry. Fuck. We’ll fix this, okay? We’ll go back in there right now and I’ll tell him. I don’t want to hide anymore either. But I need you to come with me. Please. I know I fucked up, and you can be mad at me later, I know I deserve it, but I need you. I… I can’t do this without you.”

Castiel lets his hand come up to brush Dean’s face, giving him as much tenderness as he can in this moment. Because he is pissed, but if Dean needs him, then he’ll be there for him. “Of course I’ll go with you. And we will fix this,” he promises. He sees relief all over Dean’s face and leans in to kiss him softly. “I’m not leaving you.”

Dean’s voice is rough when he says, “I don’t deserve you.”

“But you have me anyway,” Castiel tells him. “If you’re sure you want to do this, I will go with you.”

“I’m sure. Just… stay close to me okay?”

It’s a bit of a strange request, but Castiel agrees anyway. “Of course,” Castiel nods, and Dean seems to steel himself, and then he takes Castiel by the hand and they walk back into the diner where Sam and John are obviously in the middle of an argument. They’re both out of their seats, almost nose to nose against the bar.

“You can’t talk to people like that!” Sam exclaims. “I’m not bisexual, but if I was, it doesn’t make me any less of a man! Cas is a good guy!”

“Agree to disagree,” John snarls.

“You don’t even know him!” Sam shouts.

Castiel feels so thankful for Sam in this moment, defending him against his own father the way Dean didn’t even do. Castiel has a true friend in Sam, and he has underestimated how much Sam must care for him. As Dean crosses the restaurant towards his dad, still holding Castiel’s hand, Castiel catches Bobby’s eye and he sees a small smile on his face. Bobby is proud of Dean, he can see it. He also sees Bobby put down the rag in his hand and how he comes around the bar to follow closely behind them. He looks angry, too, Castiel realizes.

Castiel can see around Dean, and he sees the moment John takes in the two of them holding hands. His face hardens, but then he smiles. “Well ain’t that sweet,” John says sarcastically, but Castiel can see the disgust in his eyes.

Dean squares his shoulders and says, “Cas is my boyfriend. We’ve been living together for almost two months, and the new house I have is ours. We own it together.”

Sam takes a step closer to them and stands beside Dean, slapping a hand down on his shoulder and squeezing it, offering support. They’re almost forming a semicircle around John now. Castiel, Dean, Sam, and Bobby circling John as he leans against the bar.

“You always were a disappointment,” John snarls. Castiel squeezes Dean’s hand, knowing how much those words must hurt coming from his father.

“John,” Bobby growls, obviously a warning.
“You knew about this and you didn’t tell me?” John demands of Bobby.

“Course I knew about it. I got eyes, don’t I?” Bobby drawls, speaking calmly despite the way his body has tensed. “And it ain’t my place to tell ya. If you wanna know what’s goin’ on with them so bad, all you gotta do is come ‘round and see ‘em.”

“Don’t start, old man,” John snarls.

“Just callin’ ‘em like I see ‘em,” Bobby answers.

“I didn’t raise you to be a fuckin’ fairy,” John spits at Dean.

“You didn’t raise him at all!” Sam argues.

“You shut your mouth until you can speak to me with respect,” John says to Sam. “You teach him it’s okay to talk to me like that?” John says to Dean.

“I taught him to stand up for what he believes in, yah,” Dean says, and Castiel thinks he sounds a lot more like Dean than he has so far.

“You’re an embarrassment,” John says to Dean.

“Dean’s ten times the man you are!” Sam shouts at John.

John snorts. “Believe me, if Dean was anywhere close to the man I am his little boyfriend wouldn’t be walkin’ so well.”

Castiel feels rage boil inside of him, but Dean moves lightning fast, stepping into John’s space and grabbing him by the front of the shirt, but John grabs him by the shoulders and slams Dean into the bar faster than Dean can defend himself. Dean flinches, screwing up his face like he’s bracing himself against the blow he knows is about to come. Like he’s done this a hundred times before, and suddenly Castiel can feel the truth of that down to his soul. No. No, he will not let this man hurt Dean again. Before he can intervene, Bobby’s grabbed John by the back of coat and is pulling him roughly off of Dean, then shoves him further away. Castiel moves to Dean’s side instantly, pulling him against his body and holding him there as if he can protect him like a shield.

“You lay a hand on him again and so help me God, I will bury you,” Bobby growls, eyes furious, hands shaking. “I always suspected you were a coward, but I never knew for damn sure until right now. Get the hell outta my bar and don’t you ever step foot in here again, you hear me?”

“They’re not your boys, Bobby, they’re mine and now you’ve gone and fucked them up! How am I ever gonna make a man outta Dean now that everybody in town knows he’s fudge packer?”

This time it’s Sam who gets to him first, and Castiel feels a sick surge of satisfaction when he hears the bones crunch in either Sam’s hand or John’s nose. Blood spurts from John’s face and Sam shakes out his hand. “Don’t you ever talk to him like that again,” Sam seethes.

“You turned them against me!” John says to Bobby, still stumbling from the force of Sam’s punch.

Bobby shakes his head. “I almost wish I could take credit for that, but you did it yourself. Now get out of my restaurant, and don’t make me ask you again.”

John stumbles out of the Roadhouse, shooting loathing looks at all of them and grumbling profanities under his breath, but thankfully, he leaves.
Castiel wraps both arms around Dean and holds him tight. “Are you alright?” He pulls away to look him in the eyes, but all he sees is shame and hurt. *Oh, Dean.*

Dean shakes his head and rolls his shoulders. He looks at Sam. “You okay, man?”

“I think I might’ve broken something in my hand,” Sam admits, smiling sheepishly.

Dean snorts. “Thought I taught ya how to throw a better punch than that,” he says.


“If you didn’t, I would have,” Castiel admits. “Thank you.” He steps up to him and pulls him in for a hug. “Thank you for standing up for Dean, and for me.”

Sam thumps him on the back once. “You’re family, Cas.”

“Your father…”

“He is *not* my father,” Sam corrects. “The only two father figures I ever knew are right there,” he says, gesturing to Bobby and Dean.

Dean shakes his head, shrugging off the compliment. “Let’s get you up to the hospital to get your hand checked out,” Dean offers.

Ellen steps forward with a phone in her hand. Castiel realizes he didn’t see her at all through any of this, but she seems to know exactly what went on. She says, “I got that, Dean. You go home with Cas.” She pushes two boxes in his hand. “Got your food here. Go home and eat.”

“But -” Dean starts and Ellen stops him with a hand on his arm.

“I said go,” she insists. "And if I hear you let that jackass ruin your vacation tomorrow, you’re gonna hear from me, alright?”

“Yah, okay,” Dean relents. He turns to Castiel and Castiel can see how worried he looks. “You comin?”

Castiel nods and begins to follow him out. “Cas?” Ellen calls.

Castiel turns to Dean, “Just one second,” he says, and goes to her.

“You take care of him. I’ll never understand it, but he’s always worshiped that man and this is gonna hit him hard. Never seen him stand up to him like that before, either. You oughta know he did that for you a hell of a lot more than he did it for himself.”

Castiel nods, knowing the truth of her words. “I’ll take care of him. Thank you. And thank you for the food.” He digs into his back pocket, opening his wallet for money.

“Don’t even think about it,” Ellen tells him, shoving him lightly. “Go take care of Dean. And have a great vacation! You deserve it.”

When Castiel walks to his car he sees Dean still waiting at Baby, looking anxious. “I’m coming home, Dean. I’ll see you there,” he assures him again, and Dean nods, climbing into the car.

It’s only a short drive home, and when he gets there, Dean’s waiting for him with their food still in his hands. It’s like he doesn’t want to go inside without him. Castiel places his hand on his back and
they walk into the house together silently. They remain silent as they get plates and meet at the table with a beer in front of each of them.

“Cas…” Dean begins.

“He was abusive to you when you were growing up?” Castiel asks. Dean drops his eyes and nods. As if he’s ashamed. “Did he hit you? And Sam?”

“Never Sam,” Dean says fiercely, meeting his eyes. “I never let him hit Sam. I always stepped in, made sure he hit me instead. He never laid a finger on Sam.”

That explains why Sam is so much more willing to speak out against his father.

“You knew. You knew when you told him about us that he was going to hurt you, didn’t you?” Castiel asks, afraid to hear the answer but needing to know. Dean drops his eyes again and nods. “Why didn’t you tell me?” Castiel asks. “I never wanted you to get hurt, Dean. You didn't need to tell him if it was going to cause you physical pain. I would have understood if you just explained it to me.”

Dean shakes his head. “No. I deserved it. I know I hurt you, and you're the best damn thing that ever happened to me. The only good thing that I've ever had, and I was still willin’ to let him fuck it up for me. I deserved to be punched in the face. Wouldn't be the first time,” Dean says.

Castiel gets out of his chair and goes to Dean. He gets down on his knees in front of him and holds his face in his hands, forcing Dean to look him in the eyes. “You do not deserve to be hurt.” Dean’s eyes flick away, and Castiel waits until they meet his again. “Nobody does. Least of all you. I knew you were the best man I’ve ever met, but even I had no idea of all you’ve been through. I’m so sorry you weren’t loved the way you were meant to be as a child, and I swear to you I will spend every day for the rest of my life making it up to you. I promise you a day will never go by when you don’t know just how loved you truly are.”

Dean’s eyes fill with tears and he blinks them away, sniffling. “Don’t deserve you,” Dean whispers, his voice broken.

“You do. You deserve everything. I’m not angry with you, Dean. I was, but I didn’t understand before. I understand now. The bravery you showed standing up the man who has hurt you for your entire life is beyond comprehension.”

“I did it for you,” Dean tells him. “Sam was right. I couldn’t - I didn't want to hide you forever, Cas. And I would’ve had to, ‘cause I know I’m not goin’ anywhere.”

“Neither am I,” Castiel reassures him. “We’re going to eat dinner, and then we’re going to talk about this and I am going to hold you as long as you’ll let me, or until you’re feeling better. And then we’re going to put it all behind us so we can go back to being excited about flying to Mexico tomorrow morning, okay?”

Dean gives him a watery smile, and says, “We’re still goin’?”

“What part of ‘I’m not going anywhere’ don’t you understand?”

Dean lets out a shaky breath and nods. He seems to be pulling himself together, Castiel notices. He’ll allow it for now, knowing he’ll hold him while he falls apart again later. Castiel stands and goes back to his seat beside Dean. He aims for humor, hoping to see Dean smile again. “So, it seems like Sam needs a refresher course on how to punch somebody without breaking his hand, huh?”
Dean laughs softly and Castiel sees some of the tension leave his shoulders. “Huge fucking Sasquatch like that and he’s never hit anybody before in his life,” Dean says, some of the sparkle coming back into his eyes. He takes a bite of his burger and Castiel considers that a success.

“I hope Bobby and Ellen have security cameras. I’d really like to see that again in slow motion,” Castiel quips, and Dean smiles around his mouth full of food.

“God, me too,” Dean chuckles, and Castiel knows he’ll be alright if he can laugh about it already.

They’ll be alright.

Ten days of relaxation and being completely wrapped up together without a worry in the world sounds better than it ever has before. He can’t wait until the morning.

Chapter End Notes

I promise the next few chapters will be fluffy!

Edited to add: There are so many comments about people being upset about Sam and Bobby telling Castiel not to propose and how dumb that is... Just wanted to point out that although I haven't posted them knowing about this yet, Sam and Bobby both already knew at this point that Dean wanted to propose to Cas and Sam was there when he picked out the ring. They only told Cas not to propose because they knew Dean wanted to! I thought a lot of you would catch on that Sam and Bobby already knew, but I obviously didn't make it quite as clear as I should have!

Don't want anybody mad at Dean for no reason, so I wanted to add that tidbit in there :)}
Mexico is **beautiful**.

The plane ride blew (who knew Dean got motion sickness from being on a plane?) but the minute they stepped onto the resort grounds, the three hours Dean spent fighting against nausea was forgotten.

Cas couldn’t have picked a better resort. This is Dean’s first time out of the United States, so his first resort, and it’s perfect. Dean read about some really big resorts where you have to wait for a shuttle to bring you from building to building or down to the beach, but he didn’t want that. He wanted something a little smaller, where it’d be a five minute walk or less from their room to a restaurant, to a pool, or to the ocean. And Cas found him all of that.

Akumal Bay Beach Resort and Wellness Spa is perfect. Every room has a view of the ocean, a hot tub on the balcony, and each of the five buildings has it’s own infinity pool, plus there’s the bigger communal pool, too. The resort is known for being the home of many sea turtles, and if they’re lucky, they might even get to see some hatch right on the beach! There’s five different restaurants, and while they’re only four days into their trip, Dean isn’t anywhere close to being sick of the food yet. In fact, he’s still managing to surprise Cas with just how much he can pack away at the buffet.

He promises himself that he’s going to start eating a little better when he gets home. He hasn’t been hitting the gym nearly as often as he used to now that he has Cas to come home to every day, and he’s already noticing his stomach is starting to get a little soft. Cas doesn’t seem to mind… in fact, it’s actually the total opposite. If the amount of time Cas spends kissing his stomach or with his face pillowed on his belly these days is any indication, he enjoys the little bit of extra flab. Dean doesn’t want to let himself go too much though. He doesn’t want Cas to ever stop looking at him the way he does.

Cas and Dean are doing an excursion today. It’s a nice balance of the things Cas likes to do and the things Dean likes to do. It started out with the boring shit (as far as Dean’s concerned) and they went on a tour of the Mayan ruins in Tulum. Cas was pumped and hasn’t stopped babbling about the cultural significance of the ruins since they got to Mexico. Dean doesn’t give a crap about this kind of thing, but he was happy enough to listen to Cas talk about it… especially since he seems to slip into his teacher voice when he does it.

Their tour guide (his name is Alejandro, but he told them to call him Alex) was really great, and actually pretty cool. He gave a thorough but abbreviated version of Mayan history that made Dean understand more of what Cas had been babbling about earlier, and he talked about it in a way that made it all seem interesting instead of just a bunch of boring shit. If it wasn’t the hottest Dean has ever been in his entire life, he might have even enjoyed it. There was no shade at the ruins, and the sun beating down on them was intense. Dean’s entire body was covered in sweat, and his face was actually dripping. Cas didn’t seem quite as affected for some reason, but his hair was still wet and curly at the back with it. Dean loves those little curls.
He followed Cas around as he looked at all the ruins, faked smiles so Cas would think he was enjoying himself, and took dozens of pictures of Cas in front of all the different ruins as he wiped the sweat off of his face. Finally their free time was up, and it was time to meet back in the bus. Alex made fun of Dean and told him that he looked like he was about to pass out. Dean took it stride because he figured he was probably closer to the mark than he was willing to admit. He hated every minute of the stupid ruins and was more than ready to get to the fun stuff!

They got to drive through the jungle in a Jeep, go rappelling down into some underground cenotes, had a traditional Mayan lunch in the middle of the jungle, and though he was scared shitless at the beginning, Dean even managed to zipline through the jungle! It was amazing!

On the bus on their way home, Dean and Cas both agreed that this was the best day of the trip so far, and made sure to look into doing something else like this again before they left.

They’re both exhausted after such a physical day spent out in the sun, and Cas falls asleep on Dean’s shoulder on the bus ride back to the resort. Tomorrow is their three month anniversary, and every quiet moment they have, Dean runs through his plan in his mind. He’s nervous, but he’s really excited, too, now that he’s found the perfect ring.

For what feels like the hundredth time, his mind drifts back to just how he found the ring, and how weird it was...

---

He was nervous, but the best kind of nervous. He brought along Sam, of course, and once Charlie got wind of it there was no way in hell she was ever gonna let it go if she didn’t come along, and that meant Kevin was coming, too. Jo was there when they planned it, but she said she was busy and couldn’t come. Since Dean was the one who taught Jo how to lie with a straight face, he knew she was lying - and she knew that he knew she was lying - but he was glad that she understood Cas wouldn’t want her involved in this and backed off voluntarily. Things were going to be okay between the three of them eventually, he was sure of it.

They hit the mall, and the four of them walked into the first jewelry store they saw. Charlie, unsurprisingly, was the voice of the operation. She flirted outrageously with the saleswoman, and she showed them to the selection of rings for men.

Dean looked through the glass and immediately felt overwhelmed. They all looked the same. He asked for her to bring a tray out, hoping he’d feel differently once he got a closer look, but he didn’t. Everybody took turns pointing out rings they liked, and they were nice rings, sure, but none of them felt right to him. He was embarrassed when he had to tell the lady that he didn’t think he saw the right one there, but she was supportive and understanding and told him to come back if he changed his mind.

Dean let out a big breath as they walked out of the store. “I don’t think I can do this,” Dean admitted.

“Of course you can, young Winchester,” Charlie answers.

“All the rings looked the same, and none of them looked right,” Dean argues.

“That was only one store, man. There’s lots more to look at!” Kevin says, giving him a little thump
on the back.

“Do you have any idea of what you’re actually looking for?” Sam asks.

Dean shakes his head. “No. I just… I dunno. I guess I thought I’d know it when I saw it, ya know?”

Charlie’s eyes light up. “Maybe it’s like Harry Potter. The wand chooses the wizard, Harry.”

“Yah, I guess I thought it’d be somethin’ like that,” Dean says.

“It will be,” Sam promises. “We just have to keep looking.”

They suffer through two more stores, and every time Dean looks at the rings he feels the same emptiness as the time before. “I dunno,” Dean says as they leave the third store, annoyed now. “Maybe this is a sign.”

“Don’t be such a grumpy gus!” Charlie tells him. She pulls him until they’re sitting on a bench.

“Finally,” Kevin says, taking a seat beside them. “My feet are killing me.”

“Dean’s being a trooper,” Sam says. “If we’re more than a half hour in WalMart he starts whining about his feet.”

“See, maybe that’s a sign of just how much you love Cas,” Charlie says, and Dean gives her a small smile for trying to make him feel better. “Okay, listen. We tried it your way, and now we’re going to try it my way. So do as I say, and don’t hold back, okay?”

At this point Dean’s pretty desperate, so he shrugs for show and says, “Fine.”

Charlie gives everybody a severe look and says, “And no comments from the peanut gallery. Capice?” Everybody nods their understanding. “Close your eyes.” Dean glares at her, and she crosses her arms and glares back. Suddenly Dean remembers just how scary she can be, so he listens and closes his eyes with a huff of annoyance.

“Think about Castiel. About Cas,” Charlie corrects. “When you think about a ring on his finger, do you see gold or silver?”

“Silver,” Dean says automatically.

“Good! That’s good! That eliminates all the gold ones,” Charlie says. “Getting closer, right?”

Dean starts to open his eyes but her hand clamps down on his shoulder. “Don’t open your eyes yet!”

“Jeeze, sor-ry,” Dean says, “I thought we were done.”

“Patience, grasshopper,” Charlie says, and Dean smiles in spite of himself. He really loves Charlie. “When you think about Cas, what’s the first thing you see?”

Castiel’s eyes blazing in his head is the first thing he sees flashing in his mind, so he says, “Blue.”

“Blue?” Charlie asks.

Dean sighs. “Blue like his eyes,” he says. He hears the beginning of a laugh which he assumes is coming from Kevin, and then a short scuffle and a gasp of pain.

“I can’t believe you kicked me!” Kevin whines.
“I told you no comments from the peanut gallery,” Charlie reminds him, and Dean is full-out grinning now.

“Last question. Tell me the first word you think of to describe the way you feel when you’re with Cas?”

Dean hesitates. “I don’t wanna say, ‘cause Kevin’s gonna be a dick and laugh at me again.”

“He won’t. He won’t, will he, Kevin?” Charlie says.

“He won’t,” Kevin answers.

“Warm. Safe,” Dean adds, even though it’s two words.

He opens his eyes and Charlie doesn’t hit him or anything, so he assumes it’s okay now. He glares at Kevin and Sam, daring them to say something, but he’s taken aback when he sees both of their faces are softer than usual. Sam’s giving him the goddamn puppy eyes and even Kevin looks kinda touched.

“You broke them,” Charlie smiles.

“What’d I do?” Dean asks, confused.

Sam shrugs. “You just… love him.”

“Well, yah.”

“I mean, we’ve all heard you say it, and we see the way you look at him… but just, I don’t know. Hearing you talk about him like that…”

“I know I give you a hard time, dude, but I’m like… really happy for you,” Kevin says.

Even Charlie’s eyes are looking a little wet and Dean can’t handle all of these emotions all at the same time. “Be happy for me if I find a ring. Otherwise I don’t get to do this,” Dean points out, trying to bring them back to what’s really important.

“I think we should look for a ring with blue on it,” Charlie says. “You haven’t looked at anything with colour yet,” she points out.

“Is that even a thing?” Dean asks. “I was thinkin’ it’d have to be plain.”

“Of course it’s a thing. We just weren’t looking at the right rings, because we didn’t ask the right questions first. I know exactly the place, but… Well, how much money do you have to spend? Because it’s a nice place.”

Dean looks awkwardly at his friends. “I don’t really wanna go more than four digits,” he explains.

“High four digits, or four digits that start with a one?” Charlie checks.

“High is fine,” Dean says. Sam lets out a low whistle but Dean ignores him. He sold his house, paid back Bobby and Ellen, and still has a good chunk of change in his bank account. With him and Cas sharing expenses, he’s paying less for the bigger house than he was when he had to pay everything on his own. He can afford a $10,000 ring if that’s what the right ring will cost, and he doesn’t give a shit about what anybody else has to say about it.

“Okay, come with me,” Charlie says, hopping to her feet and pulling Dean up. She loops her arm
around his, and then starts walking.

She stops in front of a new-agey lookin’ place. “Rowena’s Coven?” he asks Charlie. The window display is full of crystals, and books, and what looks like wands and cauldrons. “I don’t think this is a jewelry place, Char.”

Charlie rolls her eyes at him. “I’m actually insulted! Have I ever steered you wrong?”

“I know you have, but examples just aren’t coming to mind.”

“Pish-posh,” she waves him away. “C’mon.”

She pulls him into the store, Kevin and Sam following behind them silently, and Dean is overwhelmed by the way it smells inside. There’s gotta be incense or something burning because it reeks. “Hey, Rowena,” Charlie says brightly. Dean turns to see a truly breathtaking redhead in a long, emerald dress.

“Hello dear,” Rowena says, and Dean hears an Scottish accent. “What can I help you with today? More crystals or candles?”

“No, not today. This is my friend Dean, and he’s looking for an engagement ring for his boyfriend,” she explains. “We’re looking for something silver or white gold with a little bit of blue. He uh, he said Cas makes him feel warm and safe, if that helps at all.”

Rowena’s eyes roam over Dean from head to toe, and then she takes a step closer to him and says, “May I see your hand, dearie?”

Dean looks at Charlie and Charlie nods encouragingly. He holds out his hand, and she takes it between her hands and closes her eyes. He doesn’t know if it’s this place or this woman or if he’s nervous or what, but her hands feel unnaturally warm. When she opens her eyes again, she says, “I have just the thing. Wait here, please.”

“Isn’t she great?” Charlie asks.

“I can’t believe you waste your money on candles and crystals in here. None of it’s real magic, Charlie,” Sam says seriously.

Charlie lifts her eyebrows. “And I suppose you’re an expert on real magic?”

Kevin snorts. “You can’t actually believe in this crap.”

“She’s a witch,” Charlie explains, and Dean has to work to keep his face blank. Charlie’s always been a little out there, but this is way outside his comfort zone. He decides to just go with it, look at whatever Rowena has, and then get the hell out of here before he has to put up with anymore of this shit.

“Here we are,” Rowena says as she glides back into the room with a smile on her face. “All of our pieces are handmade, and made with organic materials taken directly from Mother Earth. With her permission, of course,” she smiles.

She places what looks like a little treasure chest in Dean’s palm, and he has to admit that’s kinda cool for a ring box. When he flips it open his breath catches. His eyes lift to meet Rowena’s and she has a small smile on her face. He looks back down at the ring in the box and he can feel his heart beating extra fast. This is perfect.
He can see himself sliding it onto Cas’s finger, and he can see it on his hand every day for the rest of their lives. How he’s been to three different stores and looked at hundreds of rings without feeling anything and then this woman brings him out the perfect ring on the first try he will never know. But he knows with everything that he is that this is the ring for Cas, and he doesn’t even care how much it costs, he wants it.

He looks up again to meet her eyes and he says, “This is the one. I’ll take it.”

“Dean,” Sam says, nudging him, “You don’t even know what it’s made of.”

“I don’t care,” Dean says.

“Or how much it costs,” Sam says, this time under his breath.

“Still don’t care.” He looks up at Rowena again and says, “Can you resize it if it doesn’t fit?”

“It will fit,” she assures him. “It was made for him, after all.”

Dean looks at Charlie, who is beaming, and then back at Rowena. “I’ll take it,” he says, not willing to argue over how impossible it is for a ring to be made for Cas without anybody asking for it.

She presses a few buttons on the cash register and tells him the price. He balks. “Wait. You’re missing a number, I think,” he says. Sam elbows him and Dean gives him a dirty look.

She smiles at him again. “This is the price for you.”

Dean hesitates. “I want his ring to be really nice, you know. I don’t know if that’s enough to spend on an engagement ring.”

She holds up a finger, asking him silently to wait, and begins flipping through a binder. She stops on a page and pushes the binder towards him, leaving her hand covering the top of the page. He sees a photo of the ring he’s buying, along with a description of it. “This has meteorite in it? And dinosaur bone? That can’t be real,” he scoffs. She quirks an eye and points to the embossed seal, proving its authenticity. Then she drags her finger down the page and lets it rest on the appraisal figure. Dean’s jaw drops. “If it’s worth this much then why are you selling it to me for just over a thousand dollars? I can pay full price,” he says, though the thought makes his stomach churn.

“It’s on sale,” she says simply. “It’s meant to be yours, Dean.”

Dean doesn’t remember telling her his name, but she probably heard Sam say it. Or something. He hands over his credit card and signs the slip. “Thank you,” he tells her. “Seriously. This is perfect. I didn’t think I was going to find the right one.”

“Tell your boyfriend to come back when he’s ready to buy yours. I have it waiting for you, too,” she smiles.

“I will,” he says, “thanks again.” He holds out his hand to shake hers, and when she lifts her hand from where it was he sees the name of the ring typed in big, bold letters across the top of the page.

He takes her hand in a daze, and shakes it, and then catches Sam’s eye and gestures to the book. Sam’s mouth drops dramatically and they scurry out of the store.
“No wonder it was perfect,” Sam says, “Charlie told her what to make.”

“What?” Charlie asks.

“It’s really perfect, Char. You did a great job. Couldn’t have done it without you, really,” Dean praises her.

“I didn’t do anything!” she insists. “Well, other than know the right place to go. Which I will take full credit for, because it was genius.”

Dean laughs. “Cut the crap, we saw the name of the ring. It was made for Cas, like she said.”

“The name of the ring? What was it called?” Charlie asks.

“Stop playing dumb, Charlie. Dean’s not mad,” Sam tells her.

“What was the ring called?” Kevin asks.

“Angel of Thursday,” Dean says.

“What’s that have to do with anything?” Charlie asks.

“Stop it, Charlie,” Dean says, annoyed now. “You know what it means. You’re the one who told her.”

“You’re starting to piss me off, Winchester,” Charlie says. “I don’t know what the hell you’re talking about!”

“That’s the meaning of Castiel. Where his name comes from,” Dean explains. “Castiel, Angel of Thursday.”

Charlie’s mouth drops. “You’re shitting me.”

Dean looks at Sam, who’s shaking his head. “We all know you did this!” Sam says, frustrated.

“I told you she’s a real witch!” Charlie exclaims.

“You’re pathetic,” Sam says.

“Listen up, Chewie. I will show you both my entire tracking history on my cell phone. I’ll show you my call log, I’ll show you my browser history, and I’ll show you my sent folder in my e-mail. I have never talked to Rowena about a ring before today.” Dean can tell when Charlie’s lying, and unless she’s changed her tells… she’s not lying right now.

“What the fuck,” Dean breathes, looking down at the treasure chest in his hand again.

“Guess it really was made for Castiel,” Charlie smiles. “Talk about a sign,” she winks.

It’s been more than a week since he bought the ring, and Dean still doesn’t know how he feels about the way he got it, but he does know that it’s perfect and that Cas is going to love it.

They pull into the resort again, and Dean wakes Cas, and they go right up to their room to shower and lay down again. It’s almost dinner time, but they had a late lunch, and one of the best parts about
“Cas?” Dean asks to get his attention. They’re curled up together on their bed, just laying there listening to the waves outside their room. “You ever think about how every time we had a fight or whatever it was because of me?”

“That’s not true,” Cas says, pushing up to his arms and looking at Dean, worried.

“Think about it. The whole Jo thing…”

“Was not your fault,” Cas interrupts.

“No, but inviting her over when I shouldn’t have, that was on me. Asking you to give up your house to move into my dinky little house with Sam, that was on me, too.”

“We didn’t argue over that,” Cas says. “I would’ve been happy to move in with you in your old house.” Cas tilts his head, “Did you want to move back there?”

“No, no, that’s not what I meant. I just fucking did that. It was dumb, you know? I should’ve been thinkin’ about you too and not just myself and Sam. And then all that shit with my dad… I just pretended like you were Sam’s friend and like you weren’t the most important person in my life.”

“We talked about that, Dean,” Cas says, “I understand why you acted that way.”

“It just… I want you to know that I think about that stuff. The times I screwed up. When you add it all up like that it makes me feel like I haven’t been doin’ all that good of a job showing you how much I love you.”

“That isn’t true,” Cas disagrees. “You show me constantly. All the time. Every single day.”

Dean shakes his head. “I’m still not really used to the whole relationship thing. I’ve been focused on Sam my whole life, and then finally got to think about myself for a little bit, and I feel like I’ve been having a hard time adjusting from that to including you in my thought process, ya know? But it’s important to me that you know, uh, how important you are. I don’t know if you remember when you were all hammered and you and Charlie talked about being tied for second place. Do you remember that?”

Cas smiles, laughing at the memory. “Yes, I remember that very clearly.”

“It’s not like that. You know that, right?”

“It’s not like what?” Cas asks.

“It’s not like… like Sam’s number one and you’re number two,” Dean tries to explain.

“Dean, it’s alright,” Cas assures him.

“It’s not alright,” Dean interrupts, sitting up on the edge of the bed now. “I don’t want you to think that because it isn’t true. It’s not that Sam’s more important than you. I mean, yah, he’s my brother and my best friend, and in some weird way he’s also kinda like my kid or something because I changed his diapers or whatever. But Cas. You’re my partner. You’re not just some boyfriend. You’re… you’re it, ya know? You and Sam are both gonna be the only two constants in my life from now on, and you need to know that you’re just as important to me as he is now.”
Cas pulls himself up to sit next to Dean and places his hand on Dean's lower back. “You don’t have to say that. I understand that he’s your family, and family’s different.”

“You’re my family, too,” Dean tells him, catching his eye and making sure he understands. “Well, I want you to be,” he admits. Cas’s eyes are blazing at him again and the ring pops into his mind. “Ya know what, I wasn’t gonna do this today but…” He stands up and goes over to his duffel bag in the closet and pulls out the little treasure chest that he had stuffed into one of his shoes. He puts it in his pocket and walks back over to Cas. “I had this whole thing planned, ya know? But I need to tell you this, and I need you to understand.” He stands in front of Cas and takes his hand. He looks down at him and says. “I want to spend the rest of my life with you. I want you to be my family, like Sam, and Ellen and Bobby. I want you by my side every day forever.”

“Dean,” Cas says softly.

“I never want you to feel alone again. When I think about you feeling lonely before I came along, my heart breaks for you Cas, and I never want you to feel like that again. I want to be everything you’ll ever need, and I promise I am going to do whatever I can to let you know how much I want and need you in my life. I know I’ve done a shit job of showing you that so far -”

“You haven’t,” Cas insists, squeezing his hand.

“And I know I’m still gonna screw up, but God, Cas, I love you with everything that I am.” He can feel his eyes tearing up and he tries to blink them away, but it just forces one to spill over and onto his cheek. “Before you… I never thought I was worth anything, and I never thought anybody would ever be able to make me feel this way. You make me feel like I’m worth something…"

“You are worth everything to me,” Cas interrupts, tears falling fast down his face too.

“You make me feel like I’m worth loving, and I will never be able to thank you enough for making me feel this way. For the first time in my whole life I feel loved for who I really am, and it’s all because of you, Cas. I want to spend the rest of my life making you feel as happy as you make me.” He drops to one knee, and pulls out the little treasure chest. He pops the top and looks down at the ring once more before he looks into Cas’s eyes, shining and wet, but blue and Dean feels warmth explode inside of him again. “You make me feel safe, and you make me feel loved, and every time I’m with you, I feel like I’m home.” Tears are streaming down both of their faces now, and Dean finally gets the words out, “Castiel Novak, will you marry me, and be my family?”

Castiel launches himself at Dean, wrapping his arms around his neck, and the force of his hug knocks Dean right off his feet and onto his back. Cas lands on top of him and covers his face in kisses, kissing his way through the tears and gasping and laughing.

“Yes, Dean,” Cas breathes, “I’ll marry you. Of course I’ll marry you!”

Dean thinks his chest might actually explode from happiness, and he grabs ahold of Cas and hugs him to his chest, rocking him back and forth and letting the tears fall freely now. “I love you,” he gasps into Cas’s neck.

“Oh Dean, I love you so much,” Cas echoes.

Dean feels the box still clenched in his hand and laughs. “Let me up so I can give you your ring,” Dean says, pushing him up.

Cas rolls off of Dean and sits on the floor, cross legged. Dean does the same, and their knees brush as Dean pulls the ring out. He takes Cas’s hand in his, but Cas pulls away. Dean’s heart drops into
his stomach, thinking he already changed his mind.

“Wrong hand,” Cas smiles, putting his other hand forward, and Dean lets out a nervous laugh.

“Shit,” he chuckles.

Cas’s other hand cups his cheek, wiping another tear away. “It’s okay,” he promises, smiling through his tears.

Dean nods, and slides the ring onto Cas’s finger, and he is not surprised in the least to see it slide into place and fit perfectly on his finger.

Cas’s eyes meet his again as he flexes his fingers. He wipes his tears away and says, “You know my ring size?”

Dean shakes his head, smiling, and wipes his own tears away. “It’s a long story.”

“I love it. It’s perfect. Dean, I can’t even begin to find the words to tell you how happy I am right now. I love you so much.”

“Stop,” Dean laughs, “You’re gonna make me cry again.”

“Sorry,” Cas laughs, his smile as big as Dean’s ever seen it.

“I was gonna do this tomorrow, on our anniversary, ya know. I had a whole thing planned. Nice dinner, fancy clothes, walk on the beach, get down on one knee at sunset in front of everybody at the main beach. Make it really special, ya know?” He shakes his head. “Even screwed that up.”

“No,” Cas disagrees. “This was perfect. It was genuine, and it was even more special because it was just you and I. I wouldn’t have wanted to share this moment with anybody but you.”

Cas leans in and kisses Dean. He kisses him like he’s never kissed him before, and Dean knows it’s cliched, but he swears he can feel the love in this kiss. Cas pulls away a little and smiles. “Besides, now I can get you naked and make love to you immediately.”

Dean smiles and stands up, pulling Cas up with him. “I wanna see you wearing nothin’ but my ring, Cas.”

“You’ll have to give me a hand with that,” Cas teases as he climbs on to the bed.

In this moment, Dean doesn’t think he wants anything more.
They’ve only had sex like this a few times before, like it’s extra special, and Castiel knows before it even begins that he will never forget this night.

Dean’s body covers his on the bed, and Castiel basks in the familiar weight on top of him. He’s Dean’s now, and nothing could make him happier. He sighs into the kiss they’re sharing, letting their lips and tongues slide together in a slow but passionate dance. Dean knows the way Castiel likes to be kissed now, and he’s able to take him apart with well-timed nibbles, sucking on the tip of his tongue, and pulling his bottom lip between his teeth. Castiel is groaning into his mouth before Dean’s even touched him.

Castiel’s hands move from Dean’s face to slide down his body. He moves them across Dean’s wide shoulders, down to his back, and right down the beautiful curve of his lower back. He tugs at his shirt, lifting it out of the way so he can find purchase on his bare skin. Yes, he thinks as he finds it. This is right. He pushes into the curve of his back, pressing their lower bodies together more firmly, and a flare of arousal burns through his body when he feels their growing erections align. He pulls up on Dean’s shirt, and Dean takes the hint and sits to lift it over his head. Castiel sits up to cover his bare chest with his lips, flicking his tongue over his nipples before nibbling on them, all the while allowing his hands to trace the shape of Dean’s strong back. Dean tastes like saltwater and sweat and sun, and Castiel could feast on this exact taste for years and never tire of it. Dean tugs on the hem of Castiel’s shirt and Castiel lifts his arms, tearing his lips away from Dean’s body reluctantly and only for the moment he needs to, before kissing and licking his way back up to Dean’s neck.

“You’re fucking mouth,” Dean pants as Castiel works on adding a new mark to the pile already there. They both find it more thrilling to know everybody here will see the marks when they’re swimming.

Castiel thrusts upwards roughly, making Dean lose his balance. He grabs him around the middle and flips them so that Dean’s pinned beneath him by his hips. He rolls his hips deliberately, dragging a groan from Dean. Dean loves when Castiel throws him around, and Castiel knows the noise is just as much from that as it is from them rutting together. Castiel kisses his way down Dean’s chest while he pulls down his shorts. His mouth trails lower and lower, his tongue dipping into his belly button and earning a small laugh from Dean. He kisses his belly around his navel, nibbling the skin and nuzzling into him. Showing him he loves him no matter what his body looks like. “You’re so perfect,” Castiel says, kissing his belly once more before continuing his way down until he takes Dean’s cock in his hand and strokes him gently.

“Cas,” Dean gasps, and Castiel feels so powerful. How many times has he touched Dean like this? How many times has he held him in his hand and taken him into his mouth like he’s about to? And still, he gets this reaction from Dean every time. Castiel will never tire of making this man feel good. He opens his mouth and takes in the head of Dean’s cock, loving the way Dean’s breath comes out fast and hard, and the way Dean’s fingers cord through Castiel’s hair, loving him, caressing him, showing him how good he’s making him feel. Castiel takes him further into his mouth, pressing his tongue down against the vein on the underside of his cock the way he knows Dean likes so much. Dean’s hips come up off of the bed underneath him, but Castiel was expecting it. He flicks his eyes up to meet to Dean’s, trails a single finger down to his hole and then Dean’s reaching for the lube to squirt on to Castiel’s fingers. The fact that they can communicate in bed like this with no words is something Castiel has never shared with anybody before - and he suddenly realizes, something he’ll never share again.

He takes Dean into his mouth further, encouraged by the knowledge that nobody but him will ever
have Dean this way again. He pushes his a single digit into his lover, and it slides in easily. Likely
due to the fingering he already got this morning in the shower. It's only a minute before he adds a
second finger, and Dean’s already pushing down onto his hand. “C’mon, Cas. You know I'm
ready.”

Castiel pulls himself off of Dean’s cock and kisses along the inside of his thigh. “I'm enjoying this,”
he tells Dean. “We’re engaged,” Castiel smiles. “Nobody else will ever touch you like this.” Castiel
spreads his fingers, stretching him open further to prove his point, even knowing it's not necessarily
needed. Dean’s opened up for him so nicely already.

A smile spreads across Dean’s face even as he pushes down for more friction. “Only you,” Dean
agrees. “I'm yours, Cas.”

“And I'm yours,” Castiel tells him, smiling again, and giving in to add a third finger. He crooks his
finger to stimulate Dean’s prostate, and watches as Dean comes alive beneath him.

“Shit, fuck, yes! Cas,” Dean moans, and Castiel laughs quietly against his skin at the enthusiasm.

“Oh, how I love you,” Castiel teases.

“Want you, Cas. C’mon, baby, please,” Dean begs. Castiel removes his fingers and kisses his way
back up to Dean’s mouth.

“How do you want it?” Castiel asks, dragging his lips along Dean’s jaw. The longer they’re together,
the hotter their sex life gets, and Castiel knows some of Dean’s favourite positions are… enthusiastic,
but he doesn't know if he wants this time to be slow and sweet or if he wants Cas to pound into him
on the edge of the bed. Dean’s hands are on Cas’s back, tracing the lines of his body.

“Just like this,” Dean answers, moving his hands back up to stroke through his hair again. “I wanna
see you. Be close to you. Share this with you,” he explains, turning his face to chase Castiel’s lips.
Castiel meets his mouth, and they lose themselves. He could spend hours, days, years just kissing
Dean. It always amazes him how much he can feel from just kissing him. Dean’s hands in his hair
finally tug his mouth away, and Castiel sucks in air while he gets an eyeful of Dean’s typically pink
lips kissed swollen and a much darker colour than usual. His cock jumps with interest when he
thinks, I did that. Dean squirts lube onto his hand and wraps his fingers around Castiel's cock, and
Castiel is reminded just how hard he is. Dean strokes him, spreading the lube all over him and
dragging quiet sounds of pleasure from Castiel as he does it.

Then Dean spreads his legs wider and guides Castiel down between them. He lines Castiel up at his
waiting hole and wiggles his ass, offering himself with a smile. Castiel leans in once more and kisses
him, but their lips fall apart as Castiel enters Dean. Dean’s eyes drift closed for a moment while
Castiel gets seated, but when they open again Castiel is lost in the sea of green. Dean cups Castiel’s
face with one hand and kisses his forehead. “I love you, Cas,” he whispers, and Castiel would swear
he can feel his heart grow. Castiel starts thrusting inside of Dean, and the two of them set a slow and
easy rhythm, allowing them both plenty of time to lavish kisses and gentle touches all over each
other. As the minutes tick by, Castiel’s entire body is thrumming with love and desire, and a part of
him never wants this to end, though he feels himself getting close, sweeping Dean along with him
with every thrust of his hips.

Dean meets his eyes and Castiel sees his throat move to swallow before he says so low it's almost a
whisper, “You were the only one.” Castiel feels the words surround him like a blanket. Nobody else
has ever been inside of Dean like he has, and now that they're going to be married, nobody else ever
will. “You’ll always be the only one,” Dean gasps.
“I will always cherish you sharing yourself with me, Dean. You don’t know what it means to me,” Castiel tries to explain. “I love you so very, very much.”

Dean smiles and kisses Castiel for the thousandth time. “Only you, Cas. How it was always s’posed to be. Forever.”

Forever.

Dean’s never said it to him before like this. When Castiel knew that he truly meant it and it wasn’t just said in the heat of the moment. Dean’s promised him forever with a ring on his finger, and as if Dean can read his mind, he brings Castiel’s hand to his lips and kisses the ring on his finger. The gesture is so sweet and so thoughtful Castiel can feel his eyes fill with tears. Castiel laces their fingers together and braces his upper body weight on their entwined hands, allowing his lower body to rest on Dean’s. Dean starts thrusting against Castiel’s stomach and groans.

“I’ve never loved like this,” Castiel tells him, voice rough. “I can’t give myself to you the way you did to me, but if I could go back again and wait for you I would, Dean. I would,” he promises. “I’d meet you sooner and love you longer. Every day for the rest of forever just isn’t long enough.”

Castiel is getting closer, and after dragging this out so long he wants his orgasm badly.

“I’m going to be your husband,” Dean gasps.

Castiel’s eyes spill over. His husband.

“And I yours,” he croaks.

“Forever. I’ll love you forever, Cas. Every day,” Dean promises, leaning up to kiss him again, his own eyes shining with unshed tears.

“Yes,” Castiel breathes. That’s all he's ever wanted. “You are everything to me,” he says. He can feel his orgasm coming, but there's still so much he has to say. His hips speed up, and he can feel Dean’s dick sliding against him, he can hear Dean’s breath getting ragged. He talks between kisses.

“Everything, Dean. You are good,” kiss “and kind,” kiss “and selfless,” kiss “and perfect,” kiss “and I promise to always make you feel loved.” Castiel angles his hips so that he thrusts up before he comes, and he sees Dean’s tears falling down his face before he has to burrow into Dean’s neck to hold on the few extra thrusts he knows Dean needs.

“You do,” Dean gasps. “Aw fuck,” he gasps as Castiel hits his prostate. “You. Ugh. Cas. Castiel. I love you. My -” Castiel feels it when Dean’s muscles clench around him - “Oh God,” he moans, sounding wrecked both physically and emotionally, his voice cracking. “My fiancé,” Dean finishes, and the emotion in his voice, his ass clenching around him, and hearing Dean call him his fiancé for the first time has them both tumbling over the edge and coming together.

Castiel kisses Dean’s neck and shoulder and collarbone, and doesn’t stop until he can breathe again. He feels Dean’s chest stop heaving and goes to pull out to move away.

“Not yet,” Dean tells him, wrapping his arms around him tighter and hooking his chin over Castiel’s shoulder. “This is the happiest moment of my entire life. I have never felt more loved than I do right now and… and I don’t want this to end,” Dean confesses. “And when you move, it will.”

“No, Dean,” Castiel tells him softly. “This moment, yes. But it was perfect; the happiest moment of my life as well. All of this was better than I ever could have imagined. But there’s more. I want to shower again, and get dressed, and go downstairs for dinner. I want to show everybody this ring on my finger and drink champagne and celebrate the fact that our love is forever.”
Dean squeezes him once more and then lets him go. “That does sound kinda nice. I wanna show off my fiancé to anybody who’ll listen.”

“I really like the way that sounds,” Castiel says.

“My fiancé?” Castiel nods. “God, me too. I might never call you Cas again,” Dean jokes.

“Come wash my back,” Castiel says, tugging on Dean’s arm.

“Yah, okay,” he relents. “But when we got clothes on again we gotta FaceTime Sammy. He’ll be surprised coz I'm a day early.”

“Come on, then.”

A short time later they’re both dressed, freshly shaved, and looking happier than ever. Dean holds his phone out to frame both of them in the video call, and then FaceTimes Sam.

Sam picks up relatively quickly, and they can see that he’s at his place with Jess by his side. “Hey guys! How’s Mexico?”

“Amazing,” they both say together, and then they all laugh.

“What’re you doin, Sammy?” Dean asks.

Sam pans the phone around and they see all of their friends waving to them. Kevin, Jo, Jess, and Charlie are all there and they wave back enthusiastically.

“You’ve having games night without us?” Dean checks, irritated.

“You’re in Mexico, dude, I think you’re still winning,” Sam laughs.

“You two actually get sick of each other?” Jo calls out.

“No,” Dean smiles, and Castiel can’t help but smile just as big. “Actually, I wanted to call to tell you…” Dean grabs Castiel’s hand and holds it up to show the ring on it. “HE SAID YES!” He shouts.

Everybody claps and cheers (yes, even Jo) and Castiel was wrong - this is the happiest moment of his life. Seeing the friends he has for the first time in years be happy for him to the point of actually cheering for his engagement is almost surreal. He never thought he'd have this.

“Congratulations!” they finally hear Sam say over everybody else.

“We’re all so happy for you guys!” Jess adds.

“Way to put a ring on it, Winchester,” Charlie yells and Dean laughs. Castiel hears him sniffle and he knows he’s as touched by his friends’ reaction as he is.

“Hey wait, isn’t your three month anniversary tomorrow?” Sam says, just realizing that now.

“Uh yah, but I kinda got carried away and ended up spilin’ my heart out in our room,” Dean begins.

“After sex, right Deannie?” Charlie yells again.

“Actually, no. But I just kinda went with it, and got down on one knee and asked him, and he said yes,” Dean says, as if he still can’t believe Castiel said yes.
“Was there really any doubt I would accept?” Castiel asks.

“Yes!” Dean answers honestly. “How would I know?”

“We knew!” Sam says and Dean shakes his head.

“Nobody knew what he was going to say. You were all just guessin’ and hoping, like me,” Dean says.

“No, we actually knew,” Sam says, smiling. “Cas talked to me and Bobby about proposing to you. He wanted to ask you, but you already bought the ring for him, so we told him that you’d be mad if he popped the question ‘cause it’d make you look like the girl,” Sam laughs.

“You what?” Dean says. “That’s such bullshit! Neither of us are the girls, we’re both guys, and got dicks to prove it.” He looks at Castiel. “You’re not the girl just because I asked you. You know that, right?”

“I know,” Castiel smiles. He turns his face to Sam. “You are an excellent liar,” he tells him. “I had no idea that’s why you and Bobby said what you said.”

“Should’ve been a lawyer,” Sam jokes.

“He never said anything to me about it either,” Dean says, eyeing his brother. “When did you talk to them about it?” he asks Castiel.

Castiel looks at Dean and grimaces. “The day your dad was at the Roadhouse.”

Dean drops his head. “Well, that sure was a shit day for you, huh?” he says.

“Today was the best, though,” Castiel reminds him.

“Did he really get down on one knee?” Charlie asks, and she has obviously grabbed the phone from Sam since they can see her now.

“He did,” Castiel smiles.

“Did he cry?” She asks.

Castiel looks at Dean. “Yah, I bawled like a baby,” he confirms.

“So did I,” Castiel admits. “It was beautiful, Charlie. Absolutely perfect.”

“Man, I can’t believe you bagged Dean Winchester,” she smiles mischievously. “None of us saw you comin’, dude. I’m really, really, like, Patronus-making level happy for you guys.”

“Thanks, Char,” Dean smiles.

“Tell me about all the engagement sex when you get back, k?” Charlie asks excitedly.

“Ya know, I think the days of us gossiping over my sex life are over, Charlie,” Dean tells her with a small laugh.

She pouts for a minute but then perks back up, “There’s always my sex life though, right!?"

Dean glances at Castiel quickly, amused, but agrees. “Sure,” he says, as enthusiastically as he can.
“Give me that back, you thief,” Dean hears Sam say, and then Sam’s back on screen with Jess beside him. “Five more days and then you’ll be home, right?” Sam asks.

“Yep,” Dean answers.

“Wow, I can’t believe our vacation is half over already,” Castiel says.

“We can’t wait to see you,” Sam says.

“And hug you both!” Jess adds.

“We should all get together at the Roadhouse or somethin’ the day after we get back,” Dean suggests.

“Let's do it!” Jess smiles happily.

“Have a good time guys, and we’ll see you soon. We miss you,” Sam tells him.

Castiel hears a chorus of similar sentiments from behind the camera and he and Dean both smile. Dean says, “We miss you guys too. We’ll see you soon,” he echoes, and then the screen goes dark.

“Ready for food?” Dean asks. “I’m starving!”

Castiel laughs and nods his agreement. Some things can change for the better in a moment, but some things don’t change at all, and he’s thankful for both.

They share a nice meal together, drink champagne like they wanted to, and get drunk on the bubbles and each other.

It’s late now, way after midnight, and Castiel holds Dean close while they dance on the beach to the soft music of the faraway house band. He suddenly realizes that three months ago, he had one of the most boring Saturdays in his life. He left his house seeking a one night stand, just mindless sex, because he was desperate for any kind of human interaction and was wishing desperately for friends, family, or love.

Tonight, three months later, it occurs to him he’s holding all three in his arms, and it’s better than he ever could have dreamed.

Dean is his best friend, the love of his life, and is about to become his family, and he knows taking a chance on that one night stand was the best decision he ever made. Especially since it ended up being not just a one night stand at all.

It ended up being his happily ever after, and he can’t wait to live every day of it with Dean by his side.
Okay... so I had another thought. So I wrote it out and added it to the original story. I don’t think anybody’s gonna be mad about it though, right?

Dean had no idea that post-vacation blues were a thing. But man, is he feelin’ it right now. Waking up plastered to his fiance and then indulging in truly amazing morning sex is never a bad thing. But waking up plastered to his fiance and then indulging in truly amazing morning sex in Mexico was so much better.

They got home in the evening last night, and after unpacking, buying groceries so they’d actually have food to eat, and starting a week’s worth of laundry, they collapsed into their own beds and fell right to sleep.

Now, it’s the their first morning back, and they’re eating waffles together and Dean is missing the sound of the waves and the smell of the ocean something fierce.

“Dean, did you know Sam published an engagement announcement in the local paper?” Cas asks happily, pulling Dean into the present.

Dean’s eyes go wide. “He what?”

Cas smiles wide and turns his iPad towards Dean. Dean starts reading:

Sam Winchester is thrilled to announce the engagement of his big brother, Dean Winchester, to Castiel Novak. Dean is the owner of local business Twiggs Coffee Roasters, and Castiel Novak is a teacher at Widdfield Secondary School. All of their family and friends, along with myself, send our most heartfelt congratulations. No date is set yet, but knowing these two love birds, it won’t be far away!

Dean runs his hand down his face. “Jesus Christ,” he says finally. “I can’t believe he did this.”

Cas looks at him kinda funny. “Are you… mad?”

“No, I’m not mad. I’m just… overwhelmed? I didn’t know he was gonna go tell the whole freakin’ city.”

Cas takes his iPad back. “I thought it was a very thoughtful gesture,” Cas says, and Dean notices his words are a little clipped. “Although I don’t have a problem with the whole city knowing I’m going to marry you, so I suppose that’s the difference.”

Well crap. “I didn’t say I have a problem with the city knowing,” Dean corrects him.

“That’s certainly how you made it sound.”

“Seriously? We’re home one day and you’re pickin’ a fight with me already?” Dean asks, feeling the beginning of his temper flare.
Cas shakes his head and doesn’t respond. Great. Dean finishes his waffles in silence, sneaking glances at Cas, but Cas doesn’t meet his gaze even once. He sighs. “C’mon, Cas. I don’t wanna fight with you.”

“Then don’t,” Cas says simply.

“You’re pissed.”

“I’m not,” Cas argues. “I’m not pleased, but I’m not pissed.”

“You’re just picking my words apart. I didn’t even say anything,” Dean defends himself.

Cas takes a deep breath and runs his hands through his hair. “You’re right. I apologize. I was excited when I saw the announcement and when you didn’t respond in the same way I overreacted.”

Huh. That was easy. “I am excited,” he says.

“This is probably my own issue more than it’s yours, I just felt like for a second you didn’t want people to know you proposed. Like you were ashamed of me for some reason.”

Dean feels something in his chest wrench, and reaches out to take Cas’s hand. “Course I’m not ashamed of you, baby. I love you. I asked you to marry me, remember? You’re wearing my ring on your finger, and I never wanna see you take it off. I’m excited,” he repeats. “I just wasn’t expecting something like this and it threw me off a little bit.”


“Think this is in the actual paper version, too? I want a copy so we can keep it,” Dean says, gesturing to the iPad again.

Cas smiles for real now, and Dean feels better. “I imagine it will be,” he says.

Dean nods. “I’ll grab a copy when I go into work this afternoon.”

Cas frowns. “I don’t want you to go to work. Going back to work means vacation is really over and I have to share you again,” he admits.

“I’m not even scheduled for the next three days. I just wanna pop in and see if there’s anything I need to handle before I’m supposed to really start. I’ll be in and out,” Dean promises. “Besides, aren’t you sick of me yet?” he smiles.

“Are you sick of me?” Castiel says back, smiling because he knows the answer.

“Not even close,” Dean says honestly. He leans across the table to kiss Cas and he feels butterflies in his stomach. Three months and he still feels like this every time they kiss. He hopes it never goes away.

The majority of the next three days before Dean goes back to work are spent in his fiance’s arms, and making up for lost time spent with Sam and Jess. He’s never seen his brother so happy, and he knows now that Sam was right. He’s going to marry Jess, and Dean couldn’t be happier to have a girl as great as Jess as an honorary sister. She fits right in, and every time she gives Dean shit for something he grins and falls a little bit more in love with her.

On Monday, he smiles when he wakes up at 7:20 instead of 5:20. Kevin might hate him for not having to work the early mornings anymore, but screw it, he’s the boss, and he’s already loving his
new shift before it’s even started.

When he gets to work, he jumps right into helping out at the cash register, and it’s almost as if he’s never left. Almost every customer who comes in congratulates him on his engagement, and he’s smiling so much it makes his face hurt. Not a single person has a negative thing to say - not even Gary, he notices with a smile - and he’s beaming when he serves the next customer.

Dean knows right off the bat that this guy is new here.

“Wellcome to Twiggs, what can I get for you?” he says with a smile.

“Would you look at those cheekbones? I’m impressed,” the guy says with a wink.

Dean gives him a tight smile and says, “Coffee?”

“Sure,” he smirks. “I’m looking for a dark roast. About this tall,” he says, holding his hand about four inches over his short frame. “He has the sexy teacher thing going on. Totally brainy, significantly awkward, and bright blue eyes. I think you might’ve put a ring on it,” he grins. “Ringing any bells?”

Dean shoots Kevin a look a look and then Dean gestures to the new customer to follow him to the side and get out of the lineup.

“Who the hell are you?” Dean asks, voice probably harder than it should be.

“Hot damn, you really have the whole sexy smoldering thing down,” he says. “I can’t believe my baby brother bagged such a hottie.”

Dean’s jaw drops. “You’re Cas’s brother?”

The stranger frames his face in his hands. “I’m hurt. Can’t you see the family resemblance?”

Dean knows he has to be joking, because there’s literally nothing about this guy that looks like Cas. He's short, with a pointy chin, impish smile, sandy blonde hair that's short in the front and longer in the back (does that count as a mullet?), and his eyes are a golden brown colour - nothing like Cas’s bright blue.

“No exactly,” Dean says honestly. “Cas said he doesn’t have anything to do with his family because you’re all a bunch of homophobic douchebags.”

The stranger snorts out a laugh. “And he’s not wrong about most of us. But he didn’t even give me a chance to show him that I don’t care if he eats dick for breakfast before he up and disappeared. I’ve been looking for him for years.”

“How’d you find him now then?” Dean asks, suspicious.

“Google alert for his name. Surprised the shit outta me when it popped up in a wedding announcement, I gotta admit. Then I got my first look at you and it all made sense.”

“If you’re gonna keep hitting on your brother’s fiance then maybe you’re a douchebag after all,” Dean says, crossing his arms in front of him.

The guy barks out a laugh and holds his hand out. “Gabriel Novak. Pleased as fuck to meet you, Dean.” Dean kinda wants to punch the guy in the face. He just has that look about him. But he holds out his hand and shakes it anyway. “Now what do I have to do to get you to point me in the direction
of my dorky little brother’s house?”

“I can call him,” Dean offers.

Gabriel shrugs. “I’ll take it.”

Dean eyes the guy. “Wait here.”

Dean goes into his office and closes the door before he pulls out his phone and calls Cas.

“Dean?” Cas answers immediately. They hardly ever call each other, so he knows something’s up. “Is everything alright?”

“I’m fine,” he starts off, “but there’s somebody here who wants to see you.”

“That’s odd. Who is it?” Cas asks.

“Do you have a brother named Gabriel?”

“Gabe is at your shop?” Cas asks, surprised.

“Short guy. Makes me wanna punch him in the face. Keeps hitting on me,” Dean explains.

Cas laughs. “Yes, that does sound like him,” he says.

“He, uh, said he doesn’t care if you’re gay and that the rest of your family are douchebags.”

“Well, they are,” Cas agrees. “I haven’t spoken with him since before I moved in with Balthazar.” Dean can’t help himself, he still scoffs at the stupid guy’s name. “How did he even find me?”

“Wedding announcement, apparently. He wants to know where we live so he can come over. Should I tell him?” Dean asks.

There’s silence for a moment and then Cas says, “No. Why don’t you see if he can meet us for dinner tonight? Then if I don’t want to see him again afterwards he won’t be able to just show up at our house whenever he wants.”

“That seems like something he would do,” Dean says.

“You have no idea. Call me back if you need anything else,” Cas says. “Love you.”

“Love you, too,” Dean says and then hangs up. He walks back out to the shop and sees Gabriel obviously checking out Kevin’s ass as he bends to grab a muffin. “Seriously?” Dean says. “No wonder you don’t care Cas is gay.”

Gabriel just smiles. “A nice ass is a nice ass,” he says.

Dean nods his head in agreement. “Are you free for dinner tonight?”

Gabriel sighs with his entire body, head rolling on his shoulders dramatically. “If that’s the best you can do, Winchester, then I guess so.”

“Gimme your number, and I’ll text you when we come up with a plan.”

“So bossy. Never would’ve thought little Cassie would be into that kinda thing.”

“God, you’re an annoying little shit, aren’t you?” Dean can’t help saying.
Gabriel’s smile is bigger than he’s seen it so far. “I like you, Dean. I think we’re going to get along just great.”

Dean shakes his head as Gabriel rattles off his number. “I gotta get back to work,” Dean says. “Did you actually want a coffee before you go?”

“Nah, I’m good, Dean-o, but thanks. I’ll see you later,” he says as he starts to walk away. “Don’t bail on me. I know where you work!” he calls over his shoulder.

Dean shakes his head at him again and get back to work. What a freaking weirdo.

He gets home just after three, and Cas is waiting for him on the couch. Dean means to kiss him quickly, but he finds himself drawn in, and before he knows what’s happening, he’s right in Cas’s lap and Cas’s hands are on his ass.

“How was your day?” Cas asks, and Dean slides off his lap reluctantly.

“What a freaking weirdo.”

He gets home just after three, and Cas is waiting for him on the couch. Dean means to kiss him quickly, but he finds himself drawn in, and before he knows what’s happening, he’s right in Cas’s lap and Cas’s hands are on his ass.

“How was your day?” Cas asks, and Dean slides off his lap reluctantly.

“Hello to you, too,” he says against Cas’s lips, and Cas laughs before squeezing his ass one more time.

“How was your day?” Cas asks, and Dean slides off his lap reluctantly.

“Weirdest part was having your brother show up,” he says.

“I still can’t believe he did that,” Cas tells him. “I’ve been thinking about it all day, and I’m disappointed in myself for just assuming that Gabe felt the same about me as my parents do.”

“Caught him checking out Kevin’s ass earlier. So that probably explains that,” Dean says, smiling.

“Really?” Cas asks, clearly surprised. “I had no idea he was attracted to men. He hid it well.”

“I dunno, man. He was pretty obvious about it at the shop,” Dean says. “I told him I’d text him about dinner. Where do you wanna go?”

“Let’s just keep it simple and go to Greco’s. That way if it’s awkward we don’t have to stay long,” Cas suggests.

“That works for me.”

Two hours later, Dean and Cas are walking hand-in-hand into Greco’s. They get a nod from the waitress, who recognizes them now, and they find a booth to sit in. Cas has his hand on Dean’s thigh and is squeezing a little bit more than usual.

“You nervous, babe?” he checks.

Cas nods. “I am.”

“Don’t worry. He’s only like, five-five. I can take him, easily,” Dean promises, leaning in to kiss his cheek.

“Aw, look at you two love birds,” Dean hears, and turns to see Gabriel sliding into the booth. He didn’t see him come in. Gabriel smiles at Cas, and Dean notices it appears to be an actual smile instead of one of the little smirks he was getting from him this morning. “Long time no see, Cassie,” Gabriel says.

“Hello, Gabriel,” Cas says formally. “Nice to see you again. You’ve already met my fiance, I understand?” he asks.
“I did, and I gotta say, nice catch. Congratulations, by the way,” he says, looking at both of them now.

“I appreciate that,” Cas says.

“So, catch me up! What did I miss in the last ten years after you disappeared and never contacted me again even though we’re related by blood?”

“Watch it,” Dean says, not liking his tone. Gabriel holds his hands up in defeat but smirks.

“The important part is that I’ve lived here for almost a year now. I acquired a full-time teaching position at the local high school, which is very fulfilling, and three months ago I met Dean. Now we’re engaged to be married.”

Gabriel lifts his eyebrows. “A bit of a whirlwind romance. Not that I can blame you,” he says, eyeballing Dean.

“Dude, I already told you, knock it off,” Dean says.

“Don’t take it personally, Dean. He’ll only increase his flirtation the more you complain about it. He’s contrary like that,” Cas explains.

“You mean he’s a dick,” Dean says, looking right at Gabriel.

“Guilty as charged!” he smiles brightly. “Besides, it’s pretty clear you only have eyes for Cassie, here. You should’ve seen him at work this morning,” he says to Cas. “Grinning that boner-inducing grin of his like a lovesick puppy every time somebody congratulated him on your engagement. Which was about every minute and a half. Knew I liked him before I even spoke to him. You did good,” he says more seriously now. “You looked happy before I walked in here and dragged you down,” he adds.

“Dean has made me happier than I’ve ever been in my life,” Cas says seriously. “I’m pleased you’re able to see that.”

They continue the small talk until they put in their pizza order, and then Gabriel gets to the good stuff. “So. You wanna hear about the rest of the family, or what?” Gabriel asks.

Castiel’s hand tightens on Dean’s thigh again. “I suppose I can’t deny that I’m curious.”

“Mom and dad are the same. Nothing’s really changed much except they flinch like somebody slapped them anytime your name comes up,” Gabe begins. Dean sees Cas’s shoulders slump and he wraps an arm around him protectively. “You knew Luci was about to be married before you bailed, so obviously he’s married now.”

“You have a brother named Lucy?” Dean asks. “What’s with your parents?”

“It’s short for Lucifer,” Cas explains.

Dean’s sure the way his eyes bulge out of his head must look comical, and Gabe laughs, so it probably is. “Are you shitting me? Your parents named a baby Lucifer?”

“I shit you not, my friend,” Gabe says, clearing loving this. “He lives up to his name, too. Complete and utter asshole. They’ve been trying to have a baby but it isn’t working, and I’d like to think it’s the universe just not allowing him to pass on those genes to another generation,” he says. “Then there’s Michael. Also married, baby on the way. Which means if you two get hitched before me, I’ll
be the last man standing.”

“Are you seeing somebody?” Cas asks.

“God, no. Do I look stupid to you? Why would a fine looking specimen like myself get tied down when there’s so many people with low self-esteem just waiting for somebody like me to come around and take advantage of them?” Dean rolls his eyes at him, and Gabe catches it. “From what I heard, you were just as big of a man slut as I am once upon a time, Dean-o.”

“That’s different. I was a kid,” he argues.

“I gotta say, I don’t know if little Cassie here can keep up with a sex drive like that. I foresee marital problems,” Gabe teases.

Dean snorts. “You clearly don’t know Cas as well as you think you do.”

Cas elbows him in the stomach and he realizes he got dragged into admitting that when he didn’t mean to. This guy’s a serious pain in the ass.

“Oh-ho!” Gabriel exclaims, clearly impressed with Dean’s slip. “Maybe we share some genetics after all,” he says, wiggling his eyebrows.

They finish their dinner, and Dean’s proud that he’s managed to keep his cool and not punch Gabriel in the face even though he wanted to several times throughout the meal. Gabriel and Cas exchange phone numbers, agree to keep in touch, and Cas even lets Gabriel hug him (though it seems a bit reluctant on his end) by their car before they climb in.

“Well he’s somethin’,” Dean says.

“I appreciate you not losing your patience with him,” Cas says smiling. “He’s best handled in small doses.”

“I can see why,” Dean agrees.

“He’s annoying, but he’s always been that way. It was nice to see him, though. As much as your family has become my family since we’ve known each other, it was really nice to be with somebody from my own family for the first time in years, too.”

“I’m glad you’re happy, babe,” Dean says sincerely.

“Can I bring up something potentially heavy?” Cas asks.

Dean nods. “Okay, shoot.”

“Gabriel mentioned my brothers having children, and I realized that’s something we’ve never talked about. Do you want children, Dean?”

Dean’s been thinking about it. This is what happens, right? First comes love, then comes marriage, then comes the baby in a baby carriage.

“Honestly? I could go either way,” he confesses. “I don't feel like I have to be a dad, but I don’t think I'd say no if that's what you want. What do you want?”

“I love children,” Cas says. “I think of you with a baby in your arms and I won't deny it gives me a mushy feeling inside. But I have never had the desire to have children. I will, and I will love any child of ours with my whole heart if you decide you want to go that route, but it isn't something I
Dean lets out a deep breath. "Kinda nice to know we’re on the same page, here. Sammy’s always said he’s gonna have a bunch of kids, and I think I could be happy just being the favourite uncle,” he smiles. “Come to the rescue, babysit, pack ‘em full of sugar and send them home.”

“I would like that very much,” Cas smiles. "Agree that if either of us changes our mind to bring it up again?"

"Agreed," Dean says with a nod.

“I should have brought this up months ago. But I was afraid we wouldn't agree and it would be a deal breaker.”

Dean turns to glance at him before he looks back at the road. “There's nothing I wouldn't give you, Cas.”

Dean knows Cas is smiling when his hand finds Dean’s and he says, “I love you.”

Maybe being home isn't so bad after all, he realizes with a smile of his own.

“I love you, too.”

Chapter End Notes

*shrugs*

Hope you guys liked this!

I LOVE writing these two, so if you have ideas for what else you'd like to see (I know you all want to read about the wedding but I can't see it in my head yet - sorry!) let me know and maybe it will trigger something! :)}
Castiel is home alone, and definitely not watching the clock waiting for Dean to get home. He
definitely doesn’t know he’s coming home in the next twenty minutes. He definitely hasn’t been
sitting on the couch trying to grade papers but truthfully doing absolutely nothing for the last hour
other than watching the minutes tick by. He’s even given up and taken off his glasses, no longer
needing them if he’s not going to read.

Dean and Castiel have been together more than six months now, and there’s no way he still wants to
spend every minute tangled up in Dean’s arms. Nope. That would be unrealistic. That kind of thing
doesn’t happen in real life.

When he hears a car pull into the driveway, he absolutely does not have a moment of pure
excitement before he realizes the car isn’t Baby because he doesn’t hear the distinct rumbling of her
engine.

But he does get up, maybe less excited than he was a second ago, and looks out the window to see
who’s here to visit him. His face lights up again when he sees Charlie. He wasn’t expecting her, but
he always enjoys spending time with Charlie.

He opens the door before she even knocks, and her smile is contagious.

“Heyya, Cas,” she says, skipping the last few steps to throw herself into his arms. He’s
almost used
to her easy displays of affection now. He knows enough to expect them, anyhow.

“Hello, Charlie,” he says, smiling, returning her hug. “I wasn’t expecting you.”

“I know,” she replies, strolling past him and into the living room. “I knew Dean wouldn’t be home
yet though, so I thought I’d catch you before you were busy,” she says, putting emphasis on the last
word as if she knows he was counting down the minutes until he could throw himself at his fiance.
He doesn’t know what he’s supposed to say, so he just follows her into the living room and sits
beside her. “I want to talk about the wedding.”

“Oh,” he says, surprised. “I’m not sure there’s much to talk about. We haven’t really discussed
anything about it.”

“Exactly why I’m here, my friend,” she says. She pulls a laptop out of the rainbow-striped bag slung
over her shoulder and continues, “I’m here to help. We need to pick a date, and a location, nail down
the invite list - though I think I have most of that taken care of already - your wedding colors, and the
rest of the wedding party.”

Castiel’s mind is spinning. “Um… shouldn’t Dean be here for this?”

Charlie waves him away. “Please. We both know Dean’s just going to agree with anything you say
anyway. Am I right?”

“I’m not sure. As I said, we haven’t discussed any of this. Perhaps he has very strong views on his
wedding. Which wouldn’t be unwelcome since I’m hoping this is the only wedding he has.”

Charlie narrows her eyes at him. “I don’t know why I thought you’d be easier to convince into doing
this than Dean would be. He *has* alluded to the fact that you’re a stubborn bastard on more than one occasion.”

Castiel snorts. “I’m not at all surprised to hear that.”

The next fifteen minutes go by quickly, and soon Castiel does hear the unmistakable sound of Baby pulling into the driveway. He is up and out of his seat and waiting by the door for Dean without thinking about it. Dean’s smile is genuine when he sees Castiel, and without saying a word they mutually move together to kiss each other hello. Dean must be in the same kind of mood as Castiel, because his hands are on his hips, and Castiel is being pushed against the wall before he can find it in himself to stop Dean. When Dean’s mouth breaks away to start nibbling against his neck he finally finds his voice. “Dean,” he begins.

“Been thinkin’ about you all day, babe,” Dean answers, focusing his attention on a sensitive spot behind Castiel’s ear.

Castiel feels lust run through him and a tiny whimper might escape, but he does find the strength to push Dean away. “Dean,” Castiel tries again. “Charlie’s here.”

Dean stops and turns around to see Charlie watching the two of them from around the corner with a huge smile on her face. “ Didn’t see my car?” she asks.

Dean clears his throat and takes a step back from Castiel, but not before raking his eyes over him still pressed up against the wall. He leans in for one more chaste kiss this time before he turns away and walks towards Charlie. Castiel just stays where he is for now. He needs a few seconds.

“I forgot,” Dean finally answers Charlie.

“Wall sex’ll do that to ya,” Charlie says, still smiling. “So just out of curiosity… how often does this exact scene play out? Asking for a friend,” she jokes.

Dean smirks as he sinks into the couch beside her. “What do you think?”

“I thought you guys didn’t talk about our sex life anymore?” Castiel checks, walking over to join them on the couch.

“Old habits die hard,” Dean says, but his eyes are dancing and Castiel knows he’s joking. “What’s up, Char?” Castiel leans against Dean’s side, and Dean’s arm comes around him automatically. Usually, they’d be leaning back and taking up the whole couch, but generally this is how they sit together.

“I planned to ambush your fiance into planning your wedding, but he refused to plan anything without you,” she explains. Dean smiles warmly at Castiel and plants a kiss to the side of his head.

“And I know how hard it is to say no to you,” Dean says.

“Cas is made of tougher stuff than you are, Winchester,” Charlie smiles. “So. Now that I have my favourite couple all to myself, let’s talk wedding.”

There’s a crazy gleam in Charlie’s eyes that Castiel is not at all familiar with on her, but he and Dean are certainly not going to accomplish this on their own, so he goes with it.

“Where do you want to get married?” she starts.

“No idea,” Dean says.
“Me neither,” Castiel agrees.

“Okay. That’s okay!” Charlie reassures them. “Inside or outside?”

“Inside,” they both say, and then they smile.

Charlie claps her hands together excitedly. “You just made your first decision!” she exclaims. “In a church?”

They both vehemently say no.

“Hotel?”

“Seems like that’d be fancy,” Dean says. “Not really looking for fancy.”


“Hmmm,” Charlie says. “Table the location for now. Season?”


“But you’ll be inside,” Charlie reminds him.

“Still feels weird,” Dean insists.

“Okay, one of three seasons down,” Charlie says, looking to Castiel. “Any input?”

“I would prefer fall or winter,” Castiel admits.

“Fall’s almost over, so unless you want to wait another year…” Charlie says.

“Winter works,” Castiel says quickly, and Dean and Charlie laugh.

“Okay, but seriously, if you want to get married this winter we have got to get our shit together. You’re only giving me a few months to get this whole shindig together.”

“We don’t want it to be a shindig,” Dean expresses again. “Simple, Charlie. Small.” He looks at Castiel. “Right?”

Castiel nods. “I don’t have many people I would invite even if you wanted a large ceremony,” Castiel admits.

“Small,” Dean reiterates, finding Castiel’s hand and squeezing it in support.

“Pick a month, guys,” Charlie begs.

“I would have to take an entire semester off if you wanted to have any kind of honeymoon,” Castiel tells Dean. “Vacation isn’t exactly available when there’s already every summer off.”

“Can you do that?” Dean asks.

“I believe it will be okay. Hannah could easily take over for me,” Castiel says. “I’ll have to look into it. Barring any unforeseen circumstances, I’m trying to say that I’m available anytime after Christmas.”

“December and January are always really busy with the holidays,” Dean says. “How about February?”
“Ooooh Valentine’s Day wedding!?” Charlie asks, excited.

“Uh, no. We’re not douchebags,” Dean answers, and Charlie’s face falls.

“Besides, Valentine’s Day is on a Wednesday this year and we’d have to do it on a weekend, right?” Castiel interjects.

“How can you possibly know that off of the top of your head?” Dean asks.

Castiel shrugs. “I may have had a thought or two about how to celebrate our first Valentine’s Day together,” he admits.

Dean’s smile is soft but when he looks back at Charlie he says, “Maybe we are kinda douchebags.”

“You’re sweet, not douchey,” she corrects. “Saturdays are the 3rd, 10th, 17th, or 24th. Any of those dates make a difference to you?”

Dean looks at Castiel again. “The 3rd?” he asks.

“Fine by me,” Castiel answers.

Charlie claps her hands again. “We have a date guys! You just picked a wedding date!” she says again, and Dean and Castiel both smile. “Well, assuming the venue is available that day, of course. You gotta pick the venue next or we can’t go any further.”

“I don’t even know where to begin,” Castiel explains.

“Well, let’s try to think about what you want the reception to be like,” Charlie tries. “What do you think about food?”

“Food is good,” Dean says quickly.

Charlie laughs. “Obviously I’m aware of your love affair with food, Dean. I meant, what kinds of food do you want to serve?”

“Shit, I dunno,” Dean says, checking with Castiel.

“Me neither,” Castiel says.

Charlie rests her forehead against the screen of her laptop for a second and then takes a breath. “Dean, close your eyes,” she says.

“Not this again,” Dean says dramatically. Charlie just glares at him, and he complies with a sigh of his own.

“What’s happening?” Castiel asks, confused.

“This is how we picked out that ring on your finger,” she explains. “So I’m giving it another shot. Don’t say anything,” she warns. Castiel thinks this is all a bit dramatic for his tastes, but he sits quietly nonetheless. “Dean, when you think of Castiel, what’s the first food that comes to mind?”

“Whipped cream,” he says instantly, but the grin on his face is proof that he’s joking.

“You’re such a child!” Charlie berates him.

“I know you are but what am I?” Dean says back. Because his eyes are still closed, he doesn’t see
the whack coming to the back of his head, and he says, “Ow!” indignantly, but Castiel notices he still doesn’t open his eyes.

Charlie’s voice is more serious when she says, “What’s the first food you think of when you think of Castiel?”

“Pancakes,” Dean answers honestly.

Castiel sees the big smile spread across Charlie’s face and then she throws herself at Dean, catching him off guard again, but she’s laughing and her arms are around Dean’s neck and his eyes open. Dean looks to Castiel but he has no idea what’s going on.

“Dean, I got it! I got it!” she repeats. “Don’t say anything until I’m done.” Dean and Castiel both nod along. “Sunday morning wedding. The air is crisp, but the sunshine streaming in through the windows is warm and bright. You get married at the Roadhouse, because that’s the first real home Dean ever knew, and Bobby and Ellen love you both like you’re their sons. We move the tables out from in front of the big window at the back, and hang twinkling lights and an arch for the two of you to stand under. Get some table cloths and flowers for the tables. Then we have a breakfast buffet afterwards! Pancakes, waffles, bacon, scrambled eggs, sausages, pastries, fresh bread and fresh fruits. You can serve mimosas with coffee! We can set up a little dance floor where the band usually plays, and you guys can do the first dance thing there,” she says.

“We could have a cake made out of donuts,” Dean says to Castiel, half joking.

“Then the whole wedding thing can be done by mid afternoon, and you two can have the evening to ourselves to have a romantic dinner and lots and lots of sexy time,” she says.

“I love it,” Castiel says honestly. He can see it all in his head.

“Really?” Dean asks, skeptical. “You wanna get married in the Roadhouse?”

Castiel nods. “Yellow and baby blue,” he says.

“YES!” Charlie agrees, excited.

“Huh?” Dean asks, lost.

“Colours,” he explains. “Charlie was asking me about colours before you got here. Yellow and baby blue,” he says again.

“I would look good in yellow,” Charlie says hopefully.

Castiel feels nervous, but he blurts, “Would you be my best woman, Charlie?” She doesn’t say anything so he keeps talking. “I know you were Dean’s friend first…”

Charlie’s eyes look a little wet, but her smile is breathtaking when she reaches out to put her hands on top of Dean and Castiel’s clasped hands. “I would be honoured,” she says, and Castiel knows she means it. “Some people are just meant to be besties, Cas, and I knew you were one of mine right from the start.”

“Fine,” Dean relents. ”But I get Sam and Kevin,” Dean says.

“I suppose I can ask Gabe to even it out,” Castiel says.

“WE DID IT!” Charlie says, bouncing up and down in her seat. “I’ll talk to Bobby and Ellen for you
two dweebs and secure the date. The only jobs you have left is picking out your suits, the flowers, and I need a copy of the guest list from you by the end of the week. I can find the addresses,” she says, closing her laptop and stuffing it back into her bag. “I just need first names and last names. Capice?”

“We got it, Charlie,” Dean says. “Hey, uh, thanks for helping with this. I don’t think we ever would’ve come up with this on our own.”

“Like you even had a choice,” she smiles, getting to her feet.

“Even so, we very much appreciate your help,” Castiel adds.

“My two favourite little hornbags,” she says, head tilted. “I love you guys.”

“We love you, too,” Dean and Castiel say together.

“Feel free to continue the hot wall sex now that I’m leaving,” she calls over her shoulder. She throws them a kiss and then a peace sign with her fingers, and the door snaps shut behind her.

“She really does have the best ideas,” Dean says to Castiel, and he leans over to kiss him, and then pulls Castiel down on top of him.

Castiel starts pushing Dean’s shirt up over his head. “I’m glad the wedding planning has begun,” he says, kissing Dean’s adorably soft belly and then up Dean’s muscular chest. “But I thought she would never leave.”

“Less talking, more kissing,” Dean begs, pushing his head back down to his chest.

“Were you really thinking of me all day?” Castiel asks, taking Dean’s nipple into his mouth.

Dean arches his chest towards him. “All day. Kept thinking about letting you fuck me,” Dean admits.

“Mmmm, yes,” Castiel says, “I want that. I want you.” He rolls his hips between Dean’s legs and feels the bulge in Dean’s pants. He snakes his hand down between them and presses his hand against the outline of Dean’s erection. “You’re so hard for me already,” he says, voice rough.

Dean starts pulling at Castiel’s shirt and Castiel allows him to pull it off for him. “Fuck, you still make me so hard, Cas. Never stop wanting you. Your body,” Dean groans, running his hands up and over his chest and onto his back.

“Your hands,” Castiel counters.

“Take off my pants,” Dean says desperately, and Castiel lets out a soft chuckle at his neediness, but begins unfastening his black jeans.

“What’s the rush?” He teases Dean.

“Want you to fuck me, Cas. Now,” he adds, working on Castiel’s pants too.

Soon they’re pressed together again completely naked and thrusting against each other. “Lube,” Dean demands, and Castiel sits up to grab it from the wicker basket where the tv remotes are. When he turns back to Dean, Dean’s smiling with Castiel’s glasses in his hands. He must have taken them off of the coffee table, Castiel realizes. Dean reaches up and slides them onto his face and groans in appreciation.
“Come on, Cas, fuck me like this. You're so fucking hot. I need you,” he begs.

Castiel sighs but leaves the glasses on. Dean’s already worked up so much he figures he might as well really fuck his brains out. And there’s no denying Dean’s begging has a profound effect on him. Dean figured that out in Mexico and has been using it against him ever since. Not like their sex life needed any extra help, but he’s certainly not complaining.

Castiel spreads the lube on his fingers and presses into his fiancé. He’s not trying to pleasure him, just prepping him, but Dean’s cock is heavily flushed and Castiel knows how turned on he is anyway. Soon, he has four fingers sliding in and out of Dean, and his own cock is throbbing just from watching the way they disappear into his tight hole. Dean’s voice is hoarse from begging, and Castiel can’t possibly hold back another moment.

He pulls his fingers out, slicks himself up, and wipes the mess on to Dean’s discarded shirt (he doesn't want to make a mess on the couch).

He hooks Dean’s legs up over his shoulders and watches as Dean’s eyes go wide. He knows in this position he’s about to get fucked hard and his eyes are blazing with lust. “C’mon Cas,” he urges him. “You know I want it.”

“Tell me again,” Castiel asks.

“Fuck me, Cas. I want you to fuck my ass. Fuck my ass hard, baby,” Dean pants.

Castiel feels a rush of adrenaline and pure lust floods his system. He will never get used to this unbelievably attractive man begging for him, and he's powerless to resist him. He lines his aching cock up to his lover’s waiting rim, and as he puts pressure on Dean's body, all but bending him in half, he thrusts in and bottoms out in one powerful stroke. Dean cries out with what sounds like a mixture of pain and pleasure, and Castiel waits, buried to the hilt and fighting the urge to fuck into him like a madman.

“Sorry, shit,” he breathes. “Too much?”

Dean’s head shakes side to side. “No. So good. Again,” he tells Castiel. Castiel complies, pulling out and then slamming back into him again and again with a groan.

“Dean,” he pants. “So fucking good.”

Dean’s eyes are glued to his face when they would usually be squeezed closed with pleasure. He knows it's because he's getting off on his glasses. Knowing that Dean finds him so attractive only makes him hotter, and he fucks into his lover hard and fast, quickly nearing his release. “Do you like the way I look fucking you?” He rasps, knowing the answer but wanting to hear it anyway.

“Fuck yes,” Dean groans. “You look so hot, Cas. You're gonna make me come so fucking hard.”

Castiel absorbs every word and it adds to just how close he is. “I'm so close, Dean,” he warns. “You’re so tight like this.”

Dean doesn’t need any further encouragement and grabs ahold of his dick and starts fucking his fist. Castiel watches the head of his cock push through his hand and then disappear again with a moan, transfixed on the sight, and only seconds later Dean explodes onto his chest, come splashing onto his bronze skin. Dean’s ass pulses around Castiel, squeezing his orgasm out with a guttural moan from Castiel. He rolls his hips, keeping himself buried deep inside of his lover, and fills him with his release.
He helps Dean lower his legs and then collapses on top of him, so used to the sticky mess between them that he doesn't even give it a thought. His glasses press uncomfortably into his face and he pulls them off and places them back on the coffee table.

“God that was hot,” Dean breathes, wrapping Castiel up in his arms.

“I enthusiastically agree,” Castiel says and Dean huffs out a laugh.

“I'm so glad we decided to start stashing lube all over the house,” he sighs.

“One of my brightest ideas, yes,” Castiel mumbles, extremely comfortable in his current position and suddenly fighting off sleep.

“Cas? I can't fall asleep when I'm all sticky,” Dean warns him.

“Shhh,” Castiel says, already more than halfway there.

“I’m serious,” he says again, but Castiel ignores him in favour of staying comfortable. “You're such a dick,” Dean says softly, kissing the top of his head, and Castiel smiles as he falls asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo... I figured out the wedding :D

I'm changing this fic to incomplete again, because I know what the next few chapters are going to be and I want them all part of this story instead of a separate part.

Sorry for being all over the place, but I guess that's what happens when you post as you write! :)
Chapter 45

Chapter Notes

Two small Time Stamps posted together as one chapter. One half from Dean's perspective and the other from Castiel's.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

EARLY DECEMBER:

There is nothing like having his Baby out on the open road. This is a short trip, but the longest he's been with Cas in the car, and he’s lovin’ every mile and every minute. He's concentrating on enjoying the drive instead of the destination, because honestly, he isn’t looking forward to dinner with Gabriel again. He knows he’s the only member of Cas’s family he still talks to and he tries to be on his best behaviour... but he still has a hard time not punching the guy.

They’re almost there now, and Cas has been pointing out places as they drive by. So far he’s seen where he used to do his groceries, his favourite pizza place, and the school he used to teach at. He keeps looking for signs of sadness, because there’s just no way he can see all this stuff and not be reminded of the life he left behind, but so far he hasn’t seen anything. But he’s gonna keep watching just in case.

“We still have about twenty minutes before we’re supposed to meet Gabe,” Cas says. “We made great time.”

“I still can’t believe we drove two hours just to see your brother,” Dean replies.

“I thought you loved road trips?” Cas reminds him.

“I do. Just don’t love the destination,” he quips and Cas rolls his eyes at him.

“Gabe has already made the trip to see us twice, I thought it was only fair that we make this trip before he has to come back for the wedding. Besides, if we don’t go with him to have his tux fitted we both know he’s going to show up wearing something absolutely ridiculous.”

“I still wouldn’t put it past him,” Dean admits.

“At least this way we know what he paid for,” Cas says. “It’s just up here,” he gestures. Dean parallels parks in front of the tailor like a pro, because he can fucking drive, thank you very much, and then they get out of the car.

“There’s a bakery just down the block,” Cas says. “They make the world’s best cinnamon buns. I never tried their pie, but...”

“Pie?” Dean interrupts, suddenly interested, and Cas laughs at him. He takes him by the hand and leads the way.

“You’re adorable,” Cas tells him.

“I probably shouldn’t even eat pie anymore,” Dean grumbles.
“Why would you say that?” Cas asks, clearly surprised.

Dean feels himself blush but says, “You know why. I know you noticed, ya know, my belly.”

“And if you noticed that I noticed, then I would have thought you’d noticed that I like it,” Cas says. Dean snorts. “Yah, I’m sure my super hot, ridiculously cut boyfriend - fiancé - likes that I’m already getting fat and we’re not even married yet.”

Cas’s eyebrows do that squinty thing. “This is a joke, right? This is one of those jokes of yours that I don’t understand? A movie reference perhaps?” Cas checks.

“What? No. You can’t honestly tell me you want me to be fat.”

Cas stops walking and says, “Dean Winchester. You are nowhere close to being fat. Instead of your stomach being as hard as a washboard, it’s soft and cuddly. And I adore it, okay?” Cas’s eyes are boring into his, and even if Dean doesn’t get it, he knows Cas isn’t lying. “Eat as much pie as you want to. I don’t care. And for the record, even if you did become overweight, I would still love you just the same.”

“Yah, right,” Dean disagrees. “The only reason you talked to me in the first place is because you thought I was hot.”

“And I still think that,” Cas confirms. “But I’m attracted to you now for more than your pretty face, Dean. You don’t fall in love with somebody because of the way they look. I love you for who you are and how you treat me. And if you insist upon being superficial, which I know you’re going to, you should know the physical things I am most attracted to you for will not go away regardless of how much you weigh. I love your eyes, and your smile, and your freckles, and the sexy way you wink at me,” Cas tells him, flushing slightly. “None of that will change.”

Dean smiles despite himself. Cas has told him before that he loves those things, so he knows he isn’t making it up. He swings their hands between him and starts walking again. “I always kinda thought you had a thing for my back,” Dean admits.

“Am I that obvious?” Cas laughs, and Dean’s smile widens.

“I like getting you all worked up,” Dean says seriously. “I don’t want that to go away.”

“I can assure you that we are in no danger of that happening any time soon. Okay? I couldn’t possibly be more physically attracted to you. You are very literally the hottest person I have ever seen, and I get to make you come whenever I want,” Cas smiles wickedly.

“You uh, really think I’m that attractive?” Dean asks.

“How could you seriously doubt that? I’ve had more sex since I met you than I have in my entire life,” Cas tells him.

Dean pulls him in for a quick kiss, and then they walk into the bakery.

“This is my Heaven,” Dean says loudly. The people behind the counter smile at him and he gives them a little nod. “God, it smells amazing in here.” Cas is clearly familiar with the set up, and he walks directly to a table where the cinnamon buns are he was talking about earlier and grabs a six pack. Dean checks out the pie and after several minutes of indecision, he tells Cas to pick because he just can’t do it. Cas picks apple, and Dean’s suddenly pretty fucking pleased with the way this trip is going. Cas pays (though they share a bank account now anyway) and as they walk out the door, Cas
leading the way with Dean’s hand on his lower back, Cas freezes.

Dean looks ahead and sees a douchey looking guy walking their way. He’s wearing a vee neck shirt that goes way lower than it should, a blazer, a scarf, and fucking skinny jeans. His face seems to tighten when he sees him and Cas, and Dean wonders who this guy is. Maybe somebody Cas used to work with?

“Cassie, what a pleasant surprise,” the guy says, and Dean’s forced to admit he rates a little higher in the looks department just because of his accent. “I thought I heard you skipped town?” he says, and Dean really doesn’t like the way he rakes his eyes up and down his fiancé’s body, very obviously checking him out.

Dean watches as Cas squares his shoulders and nods. “I accepted a full-time teaching position a few hours away, yes.” Dean doesn't like the tone of Cas’s voice, so he reaches around his waist to pull him a little closer. “Forgive my poor manners,” Cas says. “Balthazar, this is my fiancé, Dean. Dean, Balthazar.”

Dean’s glad he’s got a killer poker face, because he knows without it Balthazar would be able to see how much he hates him for hurting Cas. Dean catches the way Balthazar’s eyes flick to Cas’s hand and sees his ring there, and Dean feels a pulse of possessiveness run through him.

He holds his hand out anyway, and when Balthazar takes it they exchange a tight smile instead of the typical, “Nice to meet you.”

“Fiancé?” Balthazar says to Cas, completely disregarding Dean. “Congratulations are in order, then. I hope you’re happy,” he says, but it comes out like a question.

“Never been happier,” Cas answers, and Dean smiles warmly at him. “How’s Meg and the baby?”

Balthazar looks at the ground and murmurs, “I suppose you haven’t kept in touch with anybody.” Cas shakes his head and then Balthazar says, “Meg didn’t make it to full-term. She had a miscarriage. We are no longer involved.”

Dean’s first thought is, karma’s a bitch, isn’t it? But he knows better than to say anything like that out loud. “I’m sorry to hear that,” Cas says, and Dean’s surprised and impressed that he sounds genuine.

“I somehow doubt that,” Balthazar replies with a sad smile. “But it looks as though everything worked out well enough for you,” he says, raking his eyes up and down Dean this time.

“Ya, man, really wanna thank you for being such a dick to Cas,” Dean says, smiling wide. “Worked out really well for me.” He gives the douchebag a little wink and isn't surprised at all when he sees him flush. Dean’s good at that.

“Dean,” Castiel says under his breath.

“This is the kind of man you’ve tied yourself to now, Cassie?” Balthazar sneers. “How has it been slumming it with the middle class?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Dean asks.

Balthazar laughs a smarmy laugh. “I suppose if he had those looks and a brain he wouldn’t be with the likes of you, would he?” he says, raising his eyebrows to Cas.

“I think we’re done here,” Cas says, gripping Dean’s hand in his and taking a step around Balthazar.
“I knew he was gonna be a douchebag,” Dean says to Cas, quietly, but loud enough that he knows Balthazar can hear him.

“I hope you enjoy having missionary sex every other week for the rest of your life,” Balthazar calls to Dean.

Dean’s eyes go wide and he turns around to see if that’s supposed to be a joke, but he can see by the look on his face that Balthazar thought that was some kind of burn. Dean can’t help but throw back his head and let the laugh roll out of him. Cas tries to pull him along, but once he can catch his breath he looks at Balthazar and says, “Shit, dude. I’ve come four times since lunch yesterday,” he laughs, and has the sincere pleasure of watching the dick’s face fall. Cas elbows him and Dean shoots him a smile and kisses him on the temple. “Seriously. Thanks again for fucking up. Good talk,” he says sarcastically, still unable to keep his laugh out of his voice.

Balthazar turns and stalks away, and Dean is still snickering when Cas knocks into him with his shoulder. “I can’t believe you told him we’ve got off four times since yesterday. That’s private!” Cas says.

“Oh lighten up,” Dean says, waving him away. “In case you didn’t notice, he tried to make me think the two of you only ever had sex once every two weeks. At least I wasn’t lying about it!”

“He wasn’t lying,” Cas admits.

Dean thinks his eyes might bug right out of his head. “Are you kidding me?”

“That’s why he cheated on me,” Cas says, and Dean wants to go back and punch the guy in the fucking face.

“He tell you that?” he asks.

“Not in so many words, but it was implied, yes.”

“That’s a load of shit, Cas. If you have a problem in the bedroom you don’t go and get somebody else to fix it. And even if not enough sex was the reason he cheated on you, you don’t wanna be with a guy who only uses you for a convenient hole to fuck anyway. And besides, you couldn’t have been all that happy with him if you weren’t even having sex regularly,” Dean points out.

“I hardly ever wanted to,” Cas tells him. “Until I met you, I thought there was something wrong with me.”

Dean bumps into him with his shoulder this time. “Believe me, there isn’t a damn thing wrong with you, babe. You were just saving all the good stuff for me,” he teases. Cas smiles and Dean thinks his job here is done. “I just knew he would be a dick. Nobody can have a name like that and not be a dick.”

“He probably would have been perfectly polite if you hadn’t thanked him for breaking up with me,” Cas says.

Dean laughs. “It was funny.”

“And you were right,” Cas says. “It did work out really well for us.”

Dean suddenly has a thought. “Cas… you don’t only have sex with me so much because you’re trying to like… hold on to me or something, right?”
It’s Cas’s turn to snort. “No, Dean. I have sex with you so much because I can’t keep my hands off of you,” he smiles.

“Well that’s more than I needed to hear about by baby brother,” Gabe says, wincing.

“Maybe if you didn’t lurk in an alley like a creeper you wouldn’t hear shit that’s none of your business,” Dean says severely.

Gabe’s smile is wide when he says, “I missed you too, Dean-o.”

Dean takes a deep breath. Literally been around this guy for ten seconds and he already wants to punch him.

“Gabe, give him a break. He just won a round with Balthazar,” Cas explains.

“I hate that guy,” Gabriel says, and Dean laughs.

“You and me both,” Dean agrees. “I knew I hated him before I met him. But now I really hate him.”

“Tell me you punched him,” Gabe says, eyes bright with excitement.

“Maybe next time,” Dean says wistfully.

“He thanked him for breaking up with me,” Cas divulges.

This time it’s Gabe that laughs. “Ha! Knew I liked you.”

Dean smirks. If Gabe likes him and hates Balthazar, maybe he’s not all that bad after all. “Let’s go get you fitted for your tux, favourite brother-in-law,” Dean says, slinging an arm around his shoulders and walking into the

“To be,” Gabe says.

“Only eight weeks to go, Gabe, I think it’s safe to say it’s happening,” Cas says.

“Still holding out hope he’ll dump you for me,” Gabe answers his brother with a wink in Dean’s direction.

“Dream on, shorty,” Dean says.

It doesn’t take long to have Gabriel fitted into the same style of tux Kevin and Sam have already picked out, and soon they’re off to have dinner.

It’s a fancier restaurant than Dean’s used to, but he’s charming enough that even though he makes a few faux pas, he recovers well. Cas is helpful, placing a hand on his knee when he’s about to do something stupid (he must have a built-in radar at this point), or demonstrating clearly which utensil to use without making it obvious to anybody other than Dean. It’s small things like these that make Dean aware of how differently Cas and Gabe were raised than the way Dean was, but he tries not to let it bother him since Cas is very obviously happy with the way things are now.

In eight weeks Cas will be his husband, he reminds himself, and nothing else matters.
“I don’t like this,” Castiel says, walking into the mall with Charlie on one arm and Jess on the other.

“You love your ring though, don’t you, Castiel?” Jess asks.

“Of course I love it,” he says, looking down at it with a smile on his face. “It’s perfect.”

“You know she says she made it for you,” Charlie reminds him.

“What is creepy because we all know she’s never met me,” Castiel adds. “And it fits perfectly. It
doesn’t even wiggle. It’s like…”

“It was custom made for you!” Charlie finishes, and her grin is huge.

“I feel like I’m cheating,” Castiel confesses.

“Cheating how?” Jess asks.

“Dean had to go to so many stores and look so hard, and here’s this woman professing to be a witch
saying that she already has Dean’s ring picked out. It feels like this is so much easier on me than it is
on him. I should’ve had to do the hard part. I would have just so he didn’t have to,” Castiel says.

Charlie and Jess look around him to meet each other’s eyes. “Aw,” they say in tandem, and Castiel
laughs. “This is the gayest thing I’ve ever done,” Castiel says, then realizes how much he sounds like
Dean.

“You two spend way too much time together,” Charlie says, echoing his thoughts.

“I just had the same thought,” Castiel confesses and they laugh.

"You only have four weeks left, Cas. You'll be glad picking out the ring is off your plate once we
get it today," Charlie says, sounding much more sure of that than he is.

They stop in front of Rowena’s Coven. Castiel takes in the display case and makes a disgusted look
on his face.

“Stop that,” Charlie says, giving his bottom a light smack. She pulls him along and says, “Come on!”

Castiel walks through the open double doors and is hit with a wave of something that stinks. “What
is that?” he whispers.

“Incense,” Charlie says, laughing. “Dean had the same reaction.”

Jess laughs, too. “You really are made for eachother,” she adds.

“Would you two stop that,” he says, chastising them gently. They keep giggling. Girls, he thinks
fondly.

“Good afternoon, Charlie,” Castiel hears. He spins to find the beautiful Scottish accent, and is
surprised when the woman is as beautiful as the voice. “Angel of Thursday,” she says, smiling and
taking a step towards him. “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Charlie nudges him and he holds out his hand. She shakes it and then lifts his hand to her face so she
can inspect it.
“I trust it fits well?” she asks.

“Very well,” Castiel says, finally finding his voice. “Perfectly, in fact. It’s a beautiful ring.”

“I’m very pleased you think so,” she says, smiling at him. “I’m guessin’ you came for its mate?”

“I heard you had one you wanted me to see. I’d like to take a look if it’s not inconvenient,” he says diplomatically.

“Can you tell me what you had in mind?” she asks.

“I thought it was already made?” Castiel replies.

“Humour me,” she says, and Castiel finds he can’t say no.

“Dean said mine was blue because of my eyes, so I was thinking green for his. But it’s not just any green. It’s a mossy, earthy, forest-like green. That’s important. And he was so excited about the dinosaur bone thing, I think it would be nice if his ring could have the same.”

“Anything else?” she asks.

Castiel looks at his feet for a moment because he did have another thought but wasn’t sure if he was going to say anything or not. “Our wedding colours are blue and yellow,” he says. “I don’t want a yellow gold ring, but maybe if there was a hint of yellow on it somehow?” he ventures. “I’m not sure. Green and yellow seem like they would be too much together…” he trails off.

Her smile widens. “I’ll go get Dean’s ring for you,” she says.

Castiel lets out a breath he wasn’t aware he was holding.

“Oh my God she really is a witch,” Jess whispers to Charlie.

“I know, right?” she says. “What’d you think, Cas?”

“There’s definitely something about her,” he admits.

She breezes back into the room with a small velvet bag in her hand. “Come,” she says, and walks behind the counter. Castiel follows her. She puts out a thick black piece of cloth and then drops the ring on to it.

Castiel’s heart stops.

This is it.

It’s perfect.

It’s literally everything he just said, and he knows nobody tipped her off because he had never said any of that out loud until two minutes ago.

“How?” is all he says to her.

She gives him a small smile. “Do you approve?”

He looks at it again and nods. “This is it exactly. This is exactly what I wanted.” He swallows
thickly. “I’ll take it.”

She gives him a small nod. She pulls out a binder from beneath the counter and presents it to him. “The appraisal,” she says.

Castiel can’t stop looking at the title of the ring. “The Righteous Man?” he asks.

“Do you disagree?” she asks.

Castiel thinks of everything Dean has been through in his life and the man he turned out to be. “No,” he says, “I couldn’t possibly.”

He keeps reading down the page, absorbing the information, but his eyes bulge at the appraisal number. But it doesn’t matter. This is the ring, and he’ll take it regardless of how much it costs.

He gets out his wallet and holds out his credit card. She rings it up but the price isn’t right. “I’m sorry, but I believe you made a mistake,” Castiel tries.

“No mistake, dearie. It’s on sale,” she insists.

“Ninety percent off?” he asks incredulously.

She shrugs. “Perks of being the jewelry maker and the owner.”

“That isn’t necessary, I can pay full price,” Castiel insists. Rowena catches Charlie’s eye and they both laugh. “What’s so funny?” he asks.

“Nothing, angel,” Rowena says and Castiel bristles at the name.

“It’s just that this is almost exactly how it went when Dean was here. She said your ring was on sale too, but Dean tried to pay full price,” Charlie explains.

“I don’t want Dean’s wedding band to be cheap,” he says.

Charlie’s smile only gets bigger. “That’s what Dean said, too.”

Castiel looks back at Rowena and she nods her head. “I felt it would be important to have you both pay the same price, so you go into this union of souls as equals.”

Castiel can hear Jess whisper, “Union of souls?” behind him and smirks.

“Yes, Castiel, union of souls,” she repeats. “Surely you must’ve felt that Dean and yourself are soulmates?”

What a ridiculous notion. “May I pay for the ring now, please?” he asks.

She takes his card. She places the receipt for his signature on top of the open binder. He signs his name and then as he pushes the receipt back to her his hand stops. He looks at the date of manufacture and then back up at her, and back down again, and he can feel himself start to sweat.

“Don’t overthink it,” Rowena says. “Go. Bind yourself to your soulmate and take comfort in the fact that you will love him forever as you do now. You are blessed Castiel, Angel of Thursday, and the Righteous Man was always meant to be yours alone.”

He nods his head stiffly, stuffs the ring back into the little bag, and backs away. “Thank you,” he says, voice tight, backing away quickly now.
She can’t. That’s not what she meant. There’s no way she could possibly know that he was Dean’s one and only. It’s impossible. And the manufacturer’s date… it’s impossible.

He bursts out through the doors and spins to find Jess right with him.

“Castiel, honey, are you okay?”

“No,” he says.

“You look like you’ve seen a ghost,” she says, taking a step closer.

“I… I need to sit down.”

“Okay, honey, let’s get you sitting down then,” she says calmly. She moves him to a bench and they sit together. “Castiel? Can you look at me?” Castiel drags his eyes to focus on hers. “Take a deep breath in for me, Castiel. Can you do that?” He nods, and follows her advice. “Now out,” she commands him. He does. “Good, Castiel. That’s really good. Concentrate on matching your breathing with mine, okay?” He follows her advice, and soon he feels like the world isn’t closing in on him anymore.

“Water?” Charlie asks, holding out a water bottle to him. He takes it and indulges in a long drink.


“Yes,” he says, but his voice is shaky. He tries again, “Yes. I’m okay now. Sorry. I just panicked for a moment.”

“What happened?” Charlie asks.

“I think she’s a real witch,” he says quietly.

“I told you!” Charlie says.

“Why do you think that?” Jess wants to know.

“The ring…” he begins.

“It’s perfect, right? I knew it would be!” Charlie says, bouncing beside him.

“You were surprised, but okay when you saw the ring. It was whatever you saw in that binder,” Jess says. She’s more observant than he thought.

“It’s insane,” he says. “It can’t be possible.”

“What?” Charlie and Jess both say at the same time.

“The day my ring was made… the manufacturer’s date on the appraisal paper…”

“What?” They both say again.

“It was the day I met Dean.” April 15th, 2017. He’d never forget it.

Both of their mouths drop.

“She… she said that we’re soulmates, and the ring was made the day we met,” he says again, beginning to feel panicked again.
“More water?” Charlie offers, and Castiel nods. He drinks again, and again, he calms down.

“It’s impossible,” he reiterates.

Charlie quirks an eyebrow at him but Jess glares at her. “Maybe it’s just a coincidence,” Jess offers.

Castiel nods. Yes. It could just be a coincidence. That’s true. “Yes, that’s far more likely than Rowena being an actual witch.”

Charlie lets out a little laugh and says, “Whatever helps you sleep at night, Cassie.”

Chapter End Notes

I actually had no intention of writing in how Castiel picked Dean's ring, but because so many of you wanted to see it I decided to write it in. I hope you like Dean's as much as you all seemed to like Castiel's!

I *think* I have one more chapter to go, and then the wedding. And then probably a chapter for the honeymoon, and that'll be it.

Prepare yourselves. The real end is almost near :(
“I still can’t believe there’s two dudes with actually functioning dicks in the world who don’t want a Bachelor party,” Gabe pouts, opening bags of potato chips and dumping them into bowls.

“I can’t believe you’re still fuckin’ going on about this,” Dean grumbles, setting out the trays of fruits and vegetables. “Either shut your cakehole or go do something else.”

“See, Dean-o, strippers would help you deal with all that pent-up rage,” Gabe replies.

“So would punching you in your annoying stupid face,” Dean says, slamming a cupboard door shut just to get out some of his anger.

“Okay, time to separate you two again,” Sam says with a sigh. “Gabe, why don’t you go help Cas in the kitchen?”

“Fine. I know when I’m not wanted,” Gabe says. “You should really come with me though,” he adds, wiggling his eyebrows.

“Back off, Gabriel. I will fight you for him,” Jess says with a too-sweet smile.

“Got your girlfriend fighting your fights for you now, Sammy?” Dean asks.

“Fiancé,” Sam corrects, smiling. It’s been two weeks, Dean realizes, and he’s still not getting over his baby brother being engaged any time soon. “Besides, she’s way scarier than I am,” Sam says, kissing her cheek.

“Believe me, I know,” Dean answers.

“You’d both be lost without me, admit it,” Jess says.

“Aww, you softie!” Jess smiles.

“Who, Dean?” Cas asks coming in from the kitchen. “I hardly ever see him soft.”

Jess and Dean laugh but Sam grimaces. “I’m never going to get used to you two,” Sam says.

“Everything good in the kitchen?” Dean asks Cas.

“Burgers prepped and fries ready to go down,” Cas confirms. “Thanks to Ellen. I’m not sure I did anything more than be in the way.”

“You can come be in my way,” Dean offers, winking. Cas crosses to him and presses their lips together. Dean is just sinking into the kiss, audience be damned, when he’s interrupted by a slap across the back of the head.

“How many times I gotta tell ya, boy, no funny business behind the bar,” Bobby growls from behind Dean. “Don’t care if you’re gonna be married on Sunday or not. Rules are rules.”
Dean smirks. “You tryin’ to tell me you and Ellen never…?”

“Finish that sentence, Dean. I dare you,” Ellen says, coming up behind Bobby and crossing her arms. Dean clamps his lips closed obviously.

“Idjit,” Bobby says, shaking his head.

“Bobby, Ellen, I really want to thank you again for not only allowing us to get married here, but for offering up the space for our rehearsal dinner slash non-Bachelor party as well,” Cas says. “None of this would have been quite right without all of your assistance.”

“Don’t go getting all formal with us, Castiel,” Ellen says, smiling at him. “We couldn’t be happier for the two of yas. We’re damned pleased to be able to help out.”

“People are pullin’ in,” Bobby says, nodding to the parking lot which had familiar cars driving in. “Anything else you need us to do before it gets crazy?”

“You’ve already done more than enough,” Cas answers, and Dean wraps his arm around him. He’ll never get tired of loving Cas.

“Come hunt us down if you need anything,” Ellen says. “Have fun, you two.”

“Just not behind my bar,” Bobby reminds them, eyebrows up, and Dean smiles sheepishly until he walks away.

“It’s adorable how you still act like a little boy in trouble in front of him,” Cas says, nuzzling into his neck.

“Shut up,” Dean laughs, pushing him away. “Here comes Kevin and Jo. Time to get the show on the road,” he says to Cas.

Soon, the Roadhouse is filled with all the people they love most. There’s Dean and Cas, of course, Ellen and Bobby, and Jo. Charlie, Kevin, Sam, Jess, and Gabriel. They had agreed to issue an invitation to John, but nobody expected him to show. Their party was small, but it was for them, and everybody who meant anything to them was here. In two days, on the day of their wedding, it would be the same crowd, but with a few coworkers of Dean and Cas’s, and some regulars from The Roadhouse Dean has known his whole life. Neither of them had many friends and neither of them had an extended family, but both of them had everything they needed.

They had burgers and beer, and they talked and laughed and joked, and basked in the happiness and love they felt all around them. They hardly ever stopped touching each other, both feeling safe and happy here, and even though they were teased for it, neither of them cared.

They had just finished their meals, and Jo and Charlie were clearing the plates when the bell over the door rattled.

“Perfect timing, Jody,” Dean beamed as she walked in. “Come on in,” he gestured. She gave a smile and walked over to his table. The conversations around them basically died so he went ahead with the introduction. “Everybody, this is our officiant, Jody Mills. Jody, this is… everybody,” he finishes lamely.

She laughs. “That’s okay, Dean, I’ll get more specific names later. Thanks for having me. Are we ready to get down to business or do you need some more time first?”

“We’re ready,” Cas answers.
“Show me where you’re getting married,” she says, pushing to her feet. Dean and Cas get up and explain the layout. “That will look beautiful in the morning light,” she says, nodding. “Who’s waiting at the altar and who’s walking down the aisle?”

“Actually, we’re gonna meet at the start and walk down together,” Cas says. “If that’s alright?”

“Only way we can guarantee Cas won’t trip halfway down,” Dean explains, smirking at the idea.

“Hey, it’s your wedding, I’m just here to make it legal. For what it’s worth though, I think that’s a great idea. Beginning as equals,” she smiles. “I need the best man and best woman,” she says, looking at the guests.

“I will never get tired of answering to that,” Charlie answers.

“And the rest of the wedding party?” Jody asks. Kevin and Gabriel get to their feet. “Okay, let’s do a walk-through.”

So they do. They walk-through the wedding twice, and then Cas asks for once more (because he’s a bit of a perfectionist) just to be sure. Jody has them each read through their vows once more to make sure they’re exactly right, and then she leaves and says she’ll see them on Sunday.

“Now the party can officially begin,” Jess announces to the room, and there’s a cheer that rolls around the room. “Got those first set of shots ready, Jo?” Jess asks.

“Oh no,” Cas grumbles, and Dean laughs.

“Damn right,” Jo smiles. “First rule with the shot menu me and Jess planned is we all do every shot. Whenever one person is ready to stop, we all stop. You can do extras on the side whenever you want, but you still have to do the list we prepared. Got it?”

Everybody nods their assent.

“First shots,” she says, grabbing a loaded tray from the fridge. “Blow Jobs.” Each shot glass is two layers of alcohol topped with a tower of whipped cream.

“First time for everything,” Charlie says at the table across from them, and Dean and Cas both laugh.

“For those of you who’ve never had a Blow Job before -” Jo begins.

“Ya poor bastards,” Dean quips, and most everybody laughs.

“Yeah, Dean, we’re all aware how much you like dick,” Jo continues, and then she looks at Cas and tilts her head and says, “some of us more than others.” Dean laughs but sees a flash of something in Cas’s eyes that he’s gonna have to ask about later. “This shot has to be done with no hands.”

“Now that’s no way to give a blow job,” Gabriel says.

“Like there’d be room for hands with you,” Dean jokes.

“Why don't you stay right there while I prove you wrong,” Gabe says, standing up and reaching for his fly.

“Woah, woah, woah, keep it in your pants, man,” Jo says. She looks at Dean and Cas as she passes them their shots. “I thought I'd only have to say that to you two tonight.”

“You just don't know Gabe as well as we do,” Dean answers as she turns away.
“Hey, Jo?” Cas calls to her as she turns away. She looks back. “Thanks for the Blow Job,” Cas says with a big smile on his face.

“So many jokes, so little time,” she answers back, shaking her head as she passes out the rest of the shots. Dean considers again how lucky he is that the two of them managed to work through most of their issues and can be easy with each other again, for the most part anyway.

“I’ve never actually done this shot before,” Dean says to Cas. He looks at it and then looks at Cas. “So I’m supposed to wrap my lips around it, then tip my head back and let it all slide down my throat?” Cas’s eyes are fixed on him and Dean feels colour come to his cheeks when he sees the want all over his face.

“You should be very good at that,” Cas answers, voice lower than normal. Dean leans in a little closer and whispers into his ear, “I bet you taste better.”

“Don’t make me get my spray bottle already, you two,” Bobby says from across the room. Dean looks up to see eight pairs of eyes trained on him and Cas. He clears his throat and puts an extra inch of space between them.

“They’re disgusting,” Sam says.

“Shut up, Sam, I’m happy,” Dean barks.

“Okay, okay. Let’s do this! On the count of three, everybody take their shots. One, two, three!” Jo says.

Despite the warning from Bobby, Dean waits for Cas to meet his eyes before he does exactly what he said he was going to do. He wraps his lips around the shot glass, making sure to create a tight seal. His eyes bulge slightly when Cas does the same thing and he can feel his breathing increase just a little bit. The amount of times he’s seen Cas’s lips wrapped around him like that…

He gives himself a shake mentally and then tips his head back and lets the liquid and whipped cream pour into his mouth. He swallows easily and grabs the glass out of his mouth.

“Not bad,” Dean says appraisingly.

“Dean,” Cas says. The hand on Dean’s knee slips to the inside of his thigh and up to cup his dick softly. “You have a little whipped cream on your lip,” he says. The fucker even leans in and licks it off of his mouth before he closes his lips, turning it into a wet kiss. Again, Dean’s mind goes to all the times the two of them have cleaned up each other’s messes this way, and he can feel his dick twitch with interest. Cas’s hand leaves the same second his lips do, and Dean has to fight not to groan out loud.

“You fucking tease,” Dean mouths at Cas, and Cas grins and moves both hands on top of the table innocently.

“Were you just feeling him up under the table?” Charlie asks, eyes wide. Cas widens his eyes dramatically. “What!? No!” he says indignantly.

“You little shit,” Charlie says back, but her eyes are glittering with laughter. “I like it.”

“You know you’re supposed to be on my team, right?” Dean checks.
“Don’t even try to tell me you’re complaining, Deannie. I know you too well to buy into that,” Charlie retorts.

“Time to get the grooms-to-be hammered,” Jess says, back behind the bar with Jo. “Come on up here, guys.”

“Great,” Dean says under his breath, but he gives everybody a smile anyway.

“Pick your poison,” Jess says, gesturing to the bottles.

“Tequila,” Cas says.

Dean nods. “Sure, me too.”

“Limes or lemons?” Jo asks Cas, already knowing Dean will choose the lemon.

“Lemon is fine, thank you,” Cas answers.

“Okay, here’s the game. I sent you both lists of questions earlier this week, and now we’re going to see just how well you two really know each other. You get the answer wrong, you have to take a shot. Ready?” Jess asks.

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” Dean answers as Cas nods his assent.

“First question is for Dean,” Jess says, holding up little note cards in her hands. “How old was Castiel when he had his first kiss?”

Dean has no idea. “Fourteen?”

“First shot,” Jess says, smiling.

“Seventeen,” Cas says to Dean.

“How are we related?” Gabe asks to the room in general.

“Some of us have standards,” Cas replies and everybody laughs. Dean knocks back his shot.

“Your turn, Castiel,” Jess says, quieting the room. “What’s the name of Dean’s first girlfriend?”

“Rhonda,” Cas answers easily.

“Why am I not surprised that Cas listens and Dean doesn’t?” Sam says.

Dean gives him the finger lazily. “Dean,” Jess says, “What did Castiel say his favourite body part is of yours?”

Dean looks at Cas for a clue. He wouldn’t really say his dick, would he? Cas must be able to read his mind because he shakes his head. “No, you perv,” he says.

“No hints!” Jess interrupts.

“My back then,” Dean says confidently.

Jess nods. “Castiel, same question?”

This time Cas looks at Dean and Dean tries to hold back his smile but can’t, so he looks away.
“Sorry Sam,” Cas says, looking like he’d do anything to disappear right about now. “My penis.”

Dean bursts out laughing. When he can talk again he says, “That’s not even true, I just -”

“Wanted to make me say it in front of everybody. I’m well aware of how immature you are,” Cas finishes for him, but he’s smiling at him fondly so Dean doesn’t think he’s in that much trouble. “He actually loves my eyes the most.”

“He even wrote that in his answer,” Jess says, holding the card out to show him.

“Adorbs,” Charlie says from her seat.

“Next question for Dean,” Jess says. “What’s the very first thing you bought for Castiel?”


“Shot number two!” Jess says.

“No, he’s right,” Cas interjects. “I was wrong.”

“What did you say?” Dean asks.

“Oatmeal Raisin Cookies. I completely forgot about the bar,” he explains.

“Hate to break it to ya, Cas, but if the cookies were from Twiggs Dean doesn’t pay for shit from there anyway,” Sam says.

“Yah, but he did buy those cookies,” Kevin says. “Was weird about it. I remember.”

“I thought your first date was at the Roadhouse?” Bobby asks.

“It was,” Dean says. “So what?”

“So, you paid that night, ya idjit.”

Dean snaps his fingers and points at Cas. “I bought you dinner! That was before the cookies,” Dean says. “You were wrong twice! He has to do a shot, right?” he asks the room at large.

“Well, that wasn’t in the rules when we made them, but it seems unanimous. Shot, Castiel,” Jess says.

Cas shrugs good naturedly and takes his shot. “Who said I love you first?” Jess asks Cas.

“That’s easy, Dean did.” There’s a chorus of, “Awww,” from Charlie and Gabe. Dean suspects only one of them is sincere. “I thought it first, though,” Cas says.

“I doubt that,” Dean counters.

“Ooooh I so wanna hear this,” Charlie says. “When did you know, Dean?”

“The day before I told him. We, uh, were in bed… and I told him I thought I could fall in love with him some day,” Dean looks at Cas. “But I knew when I said it that I already was.”

“I’d bet my browser history that you remember that day, huh Cas?” Charlie asks.

“Of course I remember,” Cas says.
“What’s in your history?” Gabe asks, curious now.

“Wouldn’t you like to know,” she says, smiling. “When did you know Cas?”

“About five minutes before he told me he thought he could love me,” Cas admits.

“Shut up,” Dean says, laughing. Cas just raises his eyebrows at him. He’s not lying. “We… literally fell in love the same day?” he checks. “God, we’re disgusting. We should’ve gotten married on Valentine’s Day. We’re like, the Romeo and Juliet of gay people. People will write books about us.”

Sam snorts, “That’s a terrible example of a love story.”

“Shut up,” Dean laughs.

“Okay, one more each and then we’re done with this,” Jess says.

“Good, it’s getting a little too mushy for me,” Ellen says.

“Not sure you’re going to like this any more than the mushy stuff,” Jess prompts. “What’s Castiel’s favourite way to have sex?”


“Do I have to answer?” Dean asks, embarrassed.

“I had to answer it when they asked!” Cas reminds him, which reminds Dean he had to answer it, too. Fuck.

“I volunteer to take a shot so I don’t have to answer this,” Dean tries.

“Come on!” Charlie says. “Since when are you a prude when it comes to talking about sex?”

“I knew more than I ever wanted to months ago,” Jo says, and Cas snorts. Jo blushes after that. Huh.

“Fine! Me… on top,” Dean answers. “You sick fucks.” There’s a smattering of laughter.

“Hmmm,” Jess says. “You know, that can mean a lot of things. You’re going to have to be more specific.”

“Oh, fuck off,” Dean says lightly.

“Hey,” Sam jumps in. “Don’t swear at her!”

“Down Sam, he was teasing,” Jess laughs, rolling her eyes. “You know, if you don’t answer more specifically I’ll have to say Castiel wins and you lose.”

He glares at her, knowing that she knows his competitive nature. “Fine. Me… bottoming from the top,” he explains.

“Ding ding ding,” Jess says, smiling.

Gabriel nods appreciatively. “I bet that’s quite a sight,” he says.

“You better shut your trap over there, funny boy,” Bobby growls at him. “Bad enough I gotta hear what I gotta hear already. You ain’t helpin.”

“He’s such a fuckin’ creeper,” Dean agrees. “Can I have another shot anyway?”
Jo smirks and pours it for him. “You’re gonna need it when Cas answers the same question,” she says.

“Jesus Christ, we should’ve just gotten the strippers,” Dean says before he downs the shot.

“Same question?” Cas checks with Jess, and Jess nods. “Does it have to be actual sex… or…?”

“Depends what you classify as sex,” Jess answers.

Cas looks at Dean but this time he knows his face doesn’t give anything away. “Sixty-nine,” Cas says, looking right at him.

Jess nods her head.

“Am I the only one sweating over here?” Charlie asks, fanning her face.

“Definitely not,” Dean answers, and Cas laughs.

“Ended up being a tie, you each had to take a shot for getting the answer wrong. Thanks for being such good sports,” she says, reaching over to ruffle the hair on their heads. “Next round of shots is coming around for everybody to help most of you forget everything you just heard.”

“Thank God,” Sam and Bobby say together.

Dean pulls Cas back to the booth they were sitting at earlier with Gabe and Charlie. He can barely look Gabe in the face, but Charlie is smiling way too big to ignore. “You always liked seeing me squirm,” he complains to her.

“What are besties for?” she laughs. “How are you doin’, Cas?”

“You mean after discussing our sex life in front of Dean’s entire family and what’s left of mine two days before our wedding? Peachy,” he says, pouting.

“More shots over here,” Charlie calls loudly, and Jo comes over with a new tray.

“We remembered how much you liked these ones,” she smiles, putting a few Jello shots in front of him. Dean reaches for one and she slaps his hand away. “Cas gets two. You get one,” she says, giving him one.

“Aw, why does he get more?” Dean says, taking his turn to pout.

“Because you’ve had your whole life to get used to most of us, and he’s had less than a year. He needs all the help he can get,” she says, smiling.

“Thanks, Jo,” Cas says, and he sounds like he really means it.

“You got it, buddy,” she says, and Cas smiles back at her.

Half an hour later, Ellen and Bobby have retired to their apartment upstairs to “let the kids get crazy”, and Dean can tell just by looking at Cas that he’s starting to feel a little bit more than tipsy. Jo kept bringing him more Jello shots. Kevin is right there with him, Charlie’s at least as drunk, if not more. Dean’s feelin’ it a little bit, but mostly he’s just really happy he gets to have this.

Sam brought in a little kid’s basketball net and set it up in the corner of the room. They’re all taking turns taking shots at the net, and anytime one of them manages to sink a shot, the deal is they get to pick who takes an alcoholic shot. Since Sam brought the net, most people seem to be picking him,
and Dean’s pretty sure this is the most drunk he’s ever seen his brother. It’s fucking hilarious.

By the time 10:00 rolls around, none of them are sober, but all of them are having fun.

“This was the best idea we’ve ever had!” Charlie says excitedly, dancing with Dean and Cas to her own playlist.

“This is so much fun!” Cas agrees.

Dean’s having a hard time tearing his eyes away from his fiance. He doesn’t know how it’s possible, but he somehow forgot that that this dorky guy can fucking move. Dean’s eyes are glued to his hips, and all he can think about is the way those hips move when they’re riding him. Which should definitely be happening right now.

“You are so fucking hot,” Dean tells Cas.

Cas keeps dancing but says, “No, you are! Hottest thing ever. Can barely keep my hands off of you!”

Charlie giggles. “You guys are getting married in two days!” she yells, like they forgot somehow.

“Yah we are!” Dean shouts back. “I’m the luckiest son of a bitch alive.”

“Wrong!” Sam says, coming out of nowhere and putting his face way too close to Dean’s. “I’m the luckiest son of a bitch alive!” Sam spins in circles, his head bobbing side to side. His version of really drunk dancing, Dean guesses.

Dean shakes his head, and feels the room spin when he does it. “Nope. You deserve Jess. She’s awesome, and you’re awesome, and you’re perfect for eachother. You’re not lucky, Sammy. You’re a damn good guy and you got exactly what you deserve.”

Sam stops dancing and gives Dean a big dopey smile. “I love you man!”


Sam’s eye suddenly catch on Cas. “How do you do that?” Sam asks.

“How do you do that?” Cas asks.

“Move your hips like that, man. Look at you go!” Sam says, gesturing to him dancing.

“Lots of practice,” Cas says, and then he dissolves into giggles. He stumbles, and Dean rushes forward to grab him before he falls.

“Too drunk or clumsy?” Dean checks.

It seems like it takes Cas an extra second to focus on him, but when he does, Dean would swear that he can see his pupils dilate. “Both,” Cas says. “You… you are an extremely attractive human being.”

Dean snorts. “I’m glad you think so.”

That’s all Dean can get out, because Cas turns around and backs into him, pressing his back to Dean’s front. His hips keep moving to the beat of the music, and his ass keeps brushing against Dean’s dick. Dean looks around and sees that nobody’s paying much attention to them right now, and really, everybody’s so drunk that he doesn’t think anybody will care anyway. He lets his hands fall to Cas’s hips and feels the way they sway in his hands. He tugs, and Cas falls half a step
backwards so that he’s pressed up more firmly against Dean’s quickly hardening cock.

Cas looks over his shoulder at Dean and bites down on his lower lip. Dean leans forwards and trails his mouth down the side of Cas’s face and nibbles on his ear while Cas keeps pushing his ass against him. After one particularly dirty move, Dean groans into his skin. “Fuck, Cas,” he breathes. “You’re gonna make me come in my pants.”

Cas turns around and loops his arms around Dean’s neck. He straddles Dean’s thigh and keeps bending and swaying to the music. Dean can feel that Cas is just as turned on as he is. He captures Dean’s lips in a firm but short kiss, nibbling on his lip before backing away. “How early is it acceptable to leave your own party?” Cas asks, his eyes boring into Dean’s.

“Right the fuck now,” Dean says.

He breaks away from Cas, hoping his jeans hide his erection, and looks around for Jo. He’s surprised when he sees her coming into the room with Bobby. “Saw you dancing and figured you’d be ready to take off soon,” Jo says.

“Yah,” Dean answers stupidly. “You our DD, Bobby?”

“You so much as hold hands in the back of my truck and I’ll throw you both out on your ears,” Bobby warns. “I don’t care if you are getting married Sunday, no funny business from my boys in my car. Understood?”

Cas tries and fails to hold in a giggle but Dean can see amusement in Bobby’s eyes. “Yes, sir,” he says seriously.

“Let’s go then. I ain’t got all night,” Bobby says, strolling out the front door.

Dean wonders how he’s going to say bye to everybody in the next second, but then Cas’s voice raises above the music and he says, “We’re going home to have sex now!” he announces to the room in general, to a chorus of half laughter and half sounds of disgust. “Thank you sincerely for the party! We love you!” he says, and he bows to the room dramatically.

Dean can’t help but laugh at him, and he waves to his friends as he pulls Cas out of the Roadhouse. Tonight’s gonna be fun, he smirks, as he drags Cas to Bobby’s running truck.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to leave you guys hanging :P

If you have never had to answer embarrassing questions about your sex life at an engagement party, Bachelorette party, or wedding shower... you are luckier than I am! LOL I hope you enjoyed me putting our boys and their families and friends through it!

I think the next chapter is the wedding!!! :D
Dean wakes up on the morning of his wedding day in Sam’s spare room and without Cas by his side for the first time since they moved in together. He thinks to himself for the hundredth time since last night how the fact that he almost literally could not fall asleep without him is a huge sign flashing at him at just how right he was to make this man his husband. Still didn’t help the panic he fought against from the minute the light went out, though. He wasn’t worried about Cas. He was worried about the wedding. He was worried about everything being perfect, because he wants this day to be everything Cas ever dreamed it would be.

He hears his phone vibrate on the end table beside him and realizes that must have been what woke him up. He smiles when he sees it’s a text from Cas.

Cas: Happy wedding day :) Look under the pillow on my side of the bed.

Dean frowns and rubs some sleep out of his eyes, and then does as Cas asks and checks under the pillow. He finds an envelope with his name written in Cas’s handwriting addressed to My Future Husband. He smiles as he tears it open.

My dearest Dean,

Today is the day I join myself to you forever. Today is the day you make every dream I ever had come true.

I have never been so certain of a single decision in the entirety of my existence. I was meant to be yours, and I know that with every fibre of my being, every breath I take, and every beat of my heart.

I wish I had the words to explain to you how long I feel like I’ve waited for this day. How long I have waited for you. How lonely my life has been and how long I’ve felt so empty. And now, how I have never felt alone for a single moment since we met. If you knew how badly I wanted somebody exactly like you to come along and change my life the way you’ve done, I know you’d feel as certain as I do.

In fact, I hope you do anyway.

I know by the time you’re reading this I will have already worn through the floors in our bedroom pacing back and forth, counting down the minutes until I pledge myself to you, and only you, for the rest of my life.

You feel like home, Dean, and I can’t wait to be back in your arms where I belong in a few hours.
I never knew that I could love anyone so much.

Endlessly yours,

Castiel

Dean wipes the tears from his eyes and has a single moment where he’s thankful they didn’t decide to write their own vows, because there’s no way Cas wouldn’t have put him to shame. Every doubt he woke up with about the wedding this morning has vanished just reading these words from Cas. It’s like he knew he needed to hear them, to feel Cas even though they agreed not to see each other until the wedding today. He types out a quick reply, knowing it doesn’t do the letter any justice but also knowing he never will no matter how much time he spends on it.

Dean: There’s no words, Cas. You’re everything I’ve ever needed. I can’t wait to marry you <3

Cas: I’ll see you soon, my love.

Dean pushes himself through the motions of the morning, Sam and Kevin are there with him every step of the way, and after choking down a piece of toast because Sam insisted he eat *something* before they get dressed no matter what his stomach was feeling (which was a terrifying mix of nerves and anticipation), he closes himself in the bedroom to put on his tux.

He and Cas agreed on the matching slate grey suits, white dress shirts, and jet black vests. Dean is wearing a pale yellow tie, and Cas is wearing the baby blue tie. Dean knows it’s going to make his eyes pop, and he can feel anticipation growing in his stomach when he thinks about it.

There’s a knock on the door behind him, which pulls himself away from his thoughts.

“Yah, come on in,” Dean calls.

Sam walks in, looking dapper as fuck in his own grey suit, just a shade darker than Dean and Cas’s. He has a yellow vest on, and a blue and yellow striped tie, just like Kevin and Gabriel will.

Their eyes meet in the mirror in front of Dean and Sam’s smile is blinding. “Lookin’ good, Dean,” Sam says.

“Right back at ya,” Dean tells him.

“How are you holding up?” Sam asks.

“Every minute that ticks by brings me a little bit closer to the toilet bowl,” he admits.

Sam chuckles. “I’d be more worried if you weren’t nervous. I came to help you make sure you didn’t fuck up your tie.”

“Thanks,” he says. He turns to face Sam and watches his face as he ties it. Once it’s in place, Sam smooths it down and takes in the sight of Dean standing in front of him.

Instantly, Sam’s eyes start water.

“Dammit, Sam,” Dean says, turning away.

“Don’t,” Sam insists, grabbing his shoulder and turning him back to face him. “If I ever get to have a
fucking chick flick moment it’s on your wedding day, so you’re just gonna have to man-up and listen for a minute.” Dean’s eyebrows shoot up because Sam hardly ever talks to him like this, and he knows that means he has to listen. “I am so unbelievably happy for you. You know I looked up to you my whole life, and we both know I wouldn’t be who I am or where I am today if it wasn’t for you. You deserve every single moment of happiness you’ve had since you met Cas, and every single moment of happiness you’ll have with him today.” His voice cracks and Dean looks at the floor, unable to look at him in the face right now. “I thank God every day that you met him because for the first time in my life I’ve seen you be genuinely happy and I know it’s because of him. I couldn’t have picked a better person for you if I tried. I love you both so much. You are the best man I have ever known, and I am so honoured to stand beside you while you marry Cas. I just need you to know that.”

Dean pulls him in for a hug, crashing their bodies together and holding him tighter than he has since he was a little kid. “I know, Sammy. Thank you. I love you, man,” Dean chokes out through his own tears. After a long moment, they finally break apart, and wipe the tears from each other’s faces. “We’re done with that shit now, right?”

“At least until it’s time for my speech,” Sam says, and they both laugh.

There’s another knock on the open door and Kevin pokes his head in. “Lookin’ good, boss,” he quips. “Charlie just texted me to make sure we’re on our way out the door. You need anything or are we ready to go?”

Dean looks at Sam, “You got Cas’s ring, right?”

Sam pats his jacket pocket. “I got it. You ready to go get married?”

Dean looks at himself in the mirror once more and nods. “Let’s do this.”

“I can’t stop staring at how freaking blue your eyes are,” Charlie says, smiling at Castiel.

“Nobody’s even going to be looking at us. You’re radiant, Charlie,” Castiel tells her.

Charlie is wearing a deep yellow dress. It has one shoulder strap and an empire style waist. It falls to the floor and floats around her baby blue sparkly sandals perfectly. The sparkles of her sandals match the ones dangling from her ears and the thin row of jewels around her wrist.

“Are you kidding? I could stand beside you naked wearing nipple tassels made out of bacon and Dean still wouldn’t see me. He only has eyes for you, Cas.”

“Is he nervous?” he asks, knowing how silly he sounds asking that as he paces the kitchen in the Roadhouse over and over.

“Kevin said he just about puked up the toast they tried to make him eat, but that once he was in his suit he was solid. It’s going to be fine. I promise,” she assures him.

“I couldn’t have done this without you. Literally. The Roadhouse is perfect in every way because of you. You were the best wedding planner we could have asked for, and we will never be able to repay you for everything you’ve done for us,” he tells her sincerely.
Charlie gives him a big smile. “You have no idea how much you changed Dean. I would have done anything to make this day happen for you two because you make him happier than I’ve ever seen him. You deserve the best, and well, I am the best,” she laughs.

“You absolutely are.”

“What am I, chopped liver?” Gabe asks from beside him.

“You’re my favourite brother,” Castiel tells him, smiling.

Gabe shrugs. “I’ll take it,” his face turns serious then and he says, “Listen, bro. I don’t wanna get all sappy on ya here, but I just wanted to say that I’m real proud of you. You stood up to mom and dad so you could be yourself. You walked away from one of the world’s worst breakups with your head held high, and you rebuilt your life into something you should be damn proud of. You scored yourself one hell of a guy, and I’m really, really happy for you, Cassie.”

Castiel is taken aback by this serious side of Gabriel that he hardly ever sees. He knows that he’s being genuine, though, so he pulls him in for a hug. “Thank you, Gabriel. That means a lot to me, really.”

Even with the Roadhouse filled up with people, Castiel can hear the rumble of Baby’s engine as she pulls into the parking lot of the Roadhouse. His heart starts racing again and he’s filled with warmth knowing that Dean is here.

He pulls away from Gabe and meets Charlie’s eyes. “They’re here!” she gasps before he can say anything, and she is literally bouncing with excitement.

Jody Mills walks in, squeezing through the door so it doesn’t open wide enough for everybody to see inside. “How you doing in here, Castiel?”

“Just fine, thank you,” he answers.

She nods at him. “There’s always one steady one,” she smiles. “Your husband-to-be just arrived, so we’ll be starting any minute. You’re ready?”

“Born ready,” he answers with a big smile.

“See you in a few minutes then,” she says with another nod. She turns to Charlie. “Keep your ear out for the music. Any minute now.”

“Eeeek! I’m so excited!” Charlie squeals, and Jody and Castiel both laugh at her. Her excitement is infectious and so much better than nerves. He couldn’t ask for a better best friend.

It’s only minutes later when they hear the instrumental version of Thank You For Loving Me by Bon Jovi start up.

Charlie pushes Gabriel to the door, listening for his cue. When the time comes, she taps him on the shoulder and he goes out to walk down the aisle beside Kevin. Just before he walks out he shoots Castiel a cheeky wink, and then he disappears through the doors. Castiel hears laughter from inside and wonders what Gabe has done to poor Kevin to make everybody laugh.

“You got this?” Charlie asks Castiel quietly, bringing him back to the present.

“Never been more sure of anything,” he says steadily.
She pushes to her tiptoes and kisses him on the cheek. “Kick it in the ass,” she says with a smile, then floats through the door to walk down the aisle with Sam.

He listens with his ear at the door, waiting for the music to kick it up a notch, and moments before he knows his cue is coming, he takes a deep breath to calm himself, and flings open the door.

Dean’s timing is almost exactly the same, and as they step through the doors, their gazes lock for the first time. Castiel feels his heart overflow when he takes in the absolute perfection of Dean before him, and they both smile at one another as their tears begin to fall after only one look.

This is everything both of them ever wanted, and finally, they get to have it.

Dean had no idea Cas’s eyes could look so incredibly blue. He’s hot as fuck, always is, and Dean’s heart beats frantically in his chest just looking at him. He needs to touch Castiel, to ground himself, to really believe he gets to have this.

Castiel had no idea Dean’s face could show so much love. He is absolutely breathtaking in his tux, and the yellow of his tie makes his tanned skin look like it’s glowing. He still has no idea how he ever managed to get a man so unbelievably gorgeous, inside and out, all to himself.

Their feet start moving to carry them towards one another, and though it’s only a few steps, it feels like it’s forever before Dean holds his arm out for Castiel with a wink, and Castiel loops his arm through it with a watery laugh.

“Heyya, Cas,” Dean whispers, eyes locked on his, tears spilling down his cheeks.

“Hello, Dean,” Castiel whispers back, squeezing his arm as tight as he can and never wanting to let him go.

Dean feels the tears streaming down his face as he walks down the aisle with Cas on his arm and he isn’t even a little bit embarrassed about it. This is what happens when two people in love get to marry each other, and he’s never been more proud of the man by his side as he is right now.

They finally make their way down the aisle and come to stop in front of Jody. They let their hands fall between them, and their fingers lace together the way they have a thousand times before. It seems to ground them both, and the tears stop for now.

Jody begins to speak. “On behalf of Dean and Castiel, I want to welcome each of you and thank you for being here with us today. They’re delighted that you’re all here to share in their joy during this wonderful moment in their lives. By gracing them with your presence, you celebrate with them the love they have discovered in each other and you’re showing them that you support their decision to commit themselves to one another for the rest of their lives.”

“Today their relationship changes. All of us know it will grow and become stronger and better after today. Indeed, this is a day of hope. A day in which Dean and Castiel demonstrate their commitment and devotion to one another. You who are gathered here as witnesses are called to continue to support and encourage Dean and Castiel as they unite in marriage and begin their lives together. We all know they’ll need some help now and then,” she says, and the room chuckles along with her.

“Dean and Castiel have chosen a dear friend of theirs, Jessica Moore, to share a reading with you that they selected about love. Jessica?”

Jessica stands at her seat and begins to read in a clear, strong voice.

“‘Love Is Friendship Caught Fire’, by Laura Hendricks.
Love is friendship caught fire; it is quiet, mutual confidence, sharing and forgiving. It is loyalty through good and bad times. It settles for less than perfection and makes allowances for human weaknesses. Love is content with the present, hopes for the future, and does not brood over the past. It is the day-in and day-out chronicles of irritations, problems, compromises, small disappointments, big victories, and working toward common goals. If you have love in your life, it can make up for a great many things you lack. If you do not have it, no matter what else there is, it is not enough.’’ She ends with a smile aimed at both of them and sits back down.

Jody says, “Thank you, Jessica, that was beautiful.” There’s a short pause while Jody refocuses on Dean. “Dean, you have chosen Castiel to be your husband. Will you love and respect him? Will you be honest with him always? Will you stand by him through whatever may come?”

Dean’s voice is loud and clear when he answers, “I will.”

Jody continues, “Castiel, you have chosen Dean to be your husband. Will you love and respect him? Will you be honest with him always? Will you stand by him through whatever may come?”

Castiel’s voice is deep and rings with certainty when he replies, “I will.”

“We now come to your vows. May I remind you both that saying your vows is one thing, but nothing is more rewarding than living them day-by-day. What you promise today must be renewed tomorrow and each day that stretches out before you. Please turn and face each other and hold hands while you repeat your vows.”

Castiel and Dean turn towards each other as they were asked, and their eyes lock for the second time that day.

“Dean, please repeat after me,” Jody says.

Castiel allows himself to get lost in the deep green of Dean’s eyes when Dean repeats after Jody.

“I, Dean, take you, Cas, to be my husband.” Castiel smiles when Dean shortens his name even though Jody didn't, because that’s just who Dean is. “I offer you my love. I offer you my strength. I offer you my weaknesses.” Dean’s voice cracks as his tears start falling again, and Castiel squeezes his hand to offer him comfort. “I offer you my support. I offer you my faith, and I offer you my loyalty for as long as we both shall live.” He smiles at Dean as big as he can, showing him in the only way he can right now how much those words mean to him.

“Castiel, repeat after me,” Jody says.

Dean watches as Cas’s eyes turn liquid in front of him. He repeats the same words as Dean, but hearing them feels so much different than saying them, Dean realizes. He knows Cas means every word, and he absorbs them greedily as they leave his lips and can feel his heart fill with each one. Dean kind of wants to kick him when he realizes Castiel somehow managed to make it through without crying, the bastard.

“May I be presented with the rings, please?” Jody asks. Sam and Charlie step forwards to hand the rings to Jody, and Dean sees his brother for the first time since he walked down the aisle. He feels immediately better about crying when he sees Sam’s eyes red-rimmed and puffy. *Sammy to the rescue*, he thinks to himself, and has to fight back a laugh. Now’s not the time.

“The wedding ring is an outward and visible sign of an inward and intimate bond which unites two hearts in endless love. Let these rings continue to be a symbol of the value, the purity, and the constancy of true wedded love as you begin your lives together,” Jody says. “Dean?”
Dean reaches out with shaky hands and plucks Cas’s ring out of Jody’s outstretched hand. He recites the words they agreed upon months ago.

“On this day, I marry my best friend.” He has never said words more true than the ones coming from his mouth right now. “Cas, you are more precious to me today than yesterday, and you will be more cherished tomorrow than you are today.” He pauses to slip Cas’s ring back onto his finger where it belongs, and stares into Cas’s too-blue eyes while he says, “Please wear this ring as a symbol of my eternal love for you; a love that transcends all of our yesterdays, all of our todays, and all of our tomorrows.”

“Castiel?” Jody says, and Castiel reaches out for Dean’s ring.

He takes a moment to take a deep breath to calm himself and begins the words he chose to recite to Dean. “On this day, I marry my best friend,” Castiel says, feeling himself almost glowing with happiness, knowing how rare their love is. “Dean, you are more precious to me today than yesterday, and you will be more cherished tomorrow than you are today.” Castiel gets to watch Dean’s jaw drop as he takes in the ring he chose for him for the first time. He smiles, his heart bursting, eyes watering, as he slips it onto his ring finger for the first time. “Please wear this ring as a symbol of my eternal love for you; a love that transcends all of our yesterdays, all of our todays, and all of our tomorrows.”

They smile at one another like they are sharing the world’s best secret between just the two of them, and they know without having to say it that neither of them has ever been so happy.

“May you wear these rings forever with the smiles on your faces now,” Jody says to them quietly. She addresses the room, “We have heard their promise to share their lives in marriage. Due to the overwhelming sincerity of your words to one another today, it is my genuine pleasure to pronounce you officially married. You may now kiss your husband,” she says smiling.

Dean’s hands come to fall on Cas’s hips to pull him in the way they have a thousand times before. Castiel runs his hands over Dean’s strong shoulders to loop around Dean’s neck like they always do, and their lips meet in the middle. This is love. This is home. This is everything.

Their lips glide together sweetly as they both pour their love for one another into this kiss: their first kiss as married men. They said they would keep it chaste, but Dean can’t help running his tongue along the seam of Cas’s lips, tasting him just once before they reluctantly break away. Their eyes lock, wet again as their happiness spills over, and they mirror each other’s giant smiles as their arms stay wrapped around one another.

Jody’s voice raises as she says, “It is my personal privilege and a great joy to be the first one to introduce Dean and Castiel Winchester. Please join me in congratulating them!”

The room fills with applause, and U2’s Beautiful Day blares on the speakers as they walk back down the aisle hand-in-hand. Dean finally has a moment to take in everybody he loves watching them, smiling at them, some of them waving and giving them the thumbs up as they walk by. He sees the table cloths on the tables like they talked about, topped with a perfect mix of blue roses and happy looking daisies. The bar is draped in tulle, yellow fabric, and fairy lights, and if he didn’t know better he’d never guess it was a bar at all. Dean catches a glimpse of their donut cake and and the warming plates for the buffet before Cas holds the door open for him and they walk out of the Roadhouse to wait in front of Baby (Dean’s chosen backdrop) for the receiving line of their family and friends.

Castiel isn’t surprised when Dean pushes him against his car, capturing his lips in a heated kiss, and cupping his face gently in a heart-filling contrast. They break apart to rest their foreheads together and Castiel notices again that Dean’s smile is breathtaking.
“Hey husband,” Dean says, laughing at the novelty of the word.

“Hey to you,” Castiel responds, barely even able to form words through his overwhelming happiness.

“I am so fucking happy,” Dean admits, still laughing. The stress and worry over having the perfect day is gone. He’s married to the only person he’ll ever love and now the only thing he’s feeling is happiness, relief, and a sense of completion. They did it. They’re married!

“I had no idea I could even feel this happy,” Cas agrees, laughing with his husband.

“My ring, Cas,” Dean begins, looking down at it again. “It’s perfect. I love it. I love you!” he gushes, kissing him again quickly.

“I love you,” Cas repeats. “I’m so glad you like it.” He leans in and kisses him again, unable and unwilling to stop being exactly as affectionate as he wants to be. It’s his wedding day and if he wants to spend the entire day with his lips pressed to Dean’s, that’s exactly what he’ll do.

The door of the Roadhouse swings open and their guests start to pour out. “Time for the family stuff,” Dean says with a wink, and Castiel feels his heart stutter in his chest, knowing absolutely that he will feel like this every time Dean winks at him for the rest of his life.

Chapter End Notes

I hope this is everything you were hoping for <3

Just a quick note to add that I am battling Carpal Tunnel, likely from typing so much so quickly. I’ve been asked to rest my wrist for the next two weeks (though I’m not sure if I’m going to be able to resist that long). All of this to say, I’m SO SORRY but you're going to have to wait the longest you’ve ever had to wait so far for new chapters.

There is still the reception coming, and the honeymoon. But it'll be a while. Again, I'm really sorry guys! <3
Sam’s voice booms loud and clear over the voices of their family and friends in the Roadhouse. “Everybody put your hands together for The Winchesters!”

Dean and Cas walk back into the restaurant hand in hand, both of their smiles blinding and radiating happiness. They walk over to the little table that’s now set up for them in front of the arch where they were married not long ago and take their places.

“Oh, okay,” Sam says to calm everybody again. “Before we get to the good stuff - the food, that is - you have to suffer through the boring part, and that’s the speeches. And since I get to be the best man today -”

“First and only time, Sam,” Jo pipes up from her table and everybody laughs.

“I get to go first,” Sam finishes, smiling bigger because of the interruption. “All of y’all know that in every way it counts, Dean was the one who raised me. Everything I’ve ever had and everything I am today is because of everything he gave up for me. He hates when I say stuff like this, but it’s true.”

Dean bristles at the words, and Cas’s hand finds its way to his knee in a gesture of comfort. “If it wasn’t for him, and then for Bobby and Ellen in the last few years, I would have been raised in Foster Care away from the only family I've ever known, and no matter how long I live or how many times I say it, I'll never be able to thank him enough. I watched him struggle through working two jobs and trying to go to high school at the same time. I watched him not eat anything for days because he wanted to make sure I had enough and we didn’t have any money to buy anything else. I watched him take every hit so I didn’t have to,” Sam’s voice cracks and Dean feels it straight through is heart, “and as much as I hoped, a part of me never thought I’d get to see him truly happy after that. Now, because of Castiel - or Cas, as we say now - “ he amends, and his smile is warmer and less troubled now, “I got to watch him as he fell in love.” He pauses as he lets the words sink in. “I had to watch while Dean gave up everything for me, and I got to watch as he gained everything back. I got to watch when he really smiled and started laughing again. I got to watch him as he changed his entire life’s focus from work and me, to Cas. And I’ve never seen him happier. Cas, you helped put my brother back together when none of us even knew he was broken. Thank you for always being exactly what he needs… especially when that means kicking his ass sometimes.” Dean huffs out a laugh and a lot of the people in the audience do, too. “Welcome to the family, officially, Cas. I couldn’t be happier to have another brother. I love you both. To Cas and Dean,” Sam finishes, raising his glass full of champagne.

Gabriel stands at his table next and everybody quiets down again. “Well, Sam made it hard for me to follow that, but somebody’s gotta do it,” he starts, flashing a grin at the audience.

"Stand up, boy," Bobby says loudly, barely hiding his grin.

"I am standing up, Singer," Gabe says through clenched teeth, and everybody laughs. “Cassie’s always been my favourite brother. Hard not to be, when he’s the only one who isn’t a big bag of
dicks,” he adds and Dean shakes his head at him, but Cas is smiling fondly. “Anywho, Castiel’s always been a good kid. He was always the first one to have my back when I got into trouble - and let me tell you, that was a lot - and he was the first one out of any of us to stand up to our parents, even though he was the youngest. Me and him went through a bit of a rough patch for a while, but I’m real glad to leave it behind us where it should be. I gotta admit I was pretty skeptical of Ken Doll here when I first laid eyes on him,” some people laugh at the nickname but Dean just wants to punch him again, “but after seeing him with Cassie, the only complaint I have is that I didn't get a crack at him first.”

Gabriel wiggles his eyebrows in Dean’s direction and Dean can’t resist calling out, “In your dreams pal!”

“You have no idea,” Gabe replies quickly and Dean actually face palms. “In all seriousness, Cassie found everything he wanted in Dean, and I think it’s disgustingly obvious to all of us just how much these two knuckleheads love each other. So, raise your glass once more to my baby brother and his new husband. Dean and Castiel: May all of your ups and downs be in between the sheets!”

“Oh my God,” Cas groans to Dean, but Dean laughs because that was actually pretty funny. He kisses Cas on the cheek to let him know it’s okay, and Cas smiles again.

“I love you,” Cas says.

“I love you,” Dean replies.

“Oh, time for food!” Sam says. “Dean and Cas and the rest of the wedding party will go first, and the rest of you can go table by table, starting at the front moving to the back.”

Dean and Cas go to fill up their plates and Jo brings them both coffee to their table for them before they even get there. Dean notices Cas looking around on their way back and asks, “What’re you looking for?”

“The orange juice,” Cas says. “I noticed nobody was drinking mimosas during the toasts and didn’t know why.” He spins around again and Dean hears a note of panic in his voice this time when he says, “Dean. Where’s the orange juice?”

“Hey, relax,” Dean says calmly. “I’m sure Ellen just forgot to put it out or somethin’. I’ll go check, k?”

Dean puts his plate down and goes to find Ellen. He finds her in the kitchen and says, “Hey Ellen. Everything looks great, but Cas was asking about the orange juice? Where’d you stash it?”

He watches as her face goes blank and her jaw drops. “Oh my God,” she breathes. “Dean! We forgot the orange juice!”

“JO!” Ellen yells, and Dean jumps because that woman’s got a set of pipes. Jo comes barging through the swinging door. “We forgot the orange juice!”

Jo’s jaw drops just as fast as Ellen’s and Dean has a fleeting moment to recognize just how similar their looks of panic are before she says, “I’ll be back in ten minutes. Don’t tell Cas!” and runs out the door.

Dean snorts. Like Cas is going to care about waiting a few minutes for the orange juice. “Really,
Ellen, just relax. No big deal, okay?”

“Just go back and enjoy your husband,” Ellen says, running her hands through her hair. “Everything’ll be alright in just a few minutes. No need to panic,” she says. Dean thinks she’s gotta be tellin’ that to herself so he just nods and makes a break for it before she starts crying or something.

He goes back to join Cas at his table and digs into his breakfast, suddenly starving now that he’s not so worried about the ceremony.

“Where’s the orange juice, Dean?” Cas asks, his eyes a little wider than usual.

“They forgot to buy it,” Dean says with a mouthful of food. “Jo’s gone to grab some now. She’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“Dean!” Cas gasps. “This is a disaster!”

Dean snorts, but when Cas doesn’t say anything else he swallows his mouthful and checks his face. He looks like he’s about to freak out. “Babe?” Dean says gently. “It's... it's just orange juice. Jo’ll be back in no time. Don’t worry about it, okay?”

“Don’t worry about it!??” Cas echoes incredulously. “Mimosas were a major deciding factor for me when we settled on a breakfast wedding. I had such a clear vision of everybody drinking them that without them I feel like the entire day is ruined!”

Cas’s voice is higher pitched than Dean has ever heard it, and Dean’s pretty sure he’s having some sort of meltdown or something. Dean softens his voice and turns his whole body towards Cas. He places his hands on Cas's knees and says, “We’re still going to have mimosas, Cas. Jo will be back any minute.” He nods to the line up at the buffet. “Look. Most people haven’t even gotten their food yet. By the time everybody’s seated, Jo will be back and she’ll be able to deliver the juice to each table. Nobody’s even going to notice, okay?”

Cas has visibly relaxed a tiny bit. “This is very important to me,” Cas says, eyes still a little wider than usual.

“I know. I understand,” Dean says, even though he doesn’t, “Just a few more minutes.” He leans in and presses their lips together. He nibbles a little on his bottom lip and says, “I could distract you until then?” Cas presses harder into his mouth and his tongue snakes between his lips. Dean tastes syrup and coffee and Cas, and he just lets Cas take what he needs from him right now. He knows probably everybody is watching, but fuck it, it’s his wedding day, and his husband needs this.

Dean’s hands are in Cas’s hair when he hears, “Use this to cool off, ya idjits.” They break apart with a sucking sound and Bobby’s lips are twitching trying to hide a smile when he places a jug of orange juice in front of them. “You’re welcome,” he says as he turns to walk away.

“There, see!” Dean says excitedly. “Crisis averted.”

Dean pours them both a mimosa, heavy on the champagne, and Cas smiles sheepishly as he accepts it. “I believe I may have overreacted,” he admits.

“Ya think?” Dean says, smiling at him.

Cas takes a deep breath. “I apologize. I am feeling more like myself again,” Cas tells him.

“Good. It got pretty scary for a second there. You were starting to sound like you sucked in helium or some shit,” Dean laughs.
“Thankfully, you can be very distracting,” Cas answers, finally eating some of his breakfast.

“I can’t wait to distract you for real a little later, Mr. Winchester,” Dean says, winking playfully at him.

“I’m never going to get tired of that,” Cas smiles.

“Good, ‘cause I’m never gonna tired of saying it. I love that you took my name, Cas.”

“I’m not likely to forget that anytime soon after you pounded me into the mattress when I first suggested it,” Cas smiles, remembering.

Dean can feel the blush rise to his cheeks, and avoids answering by taking a huge bite of scrambled eggs into his mouth.

Once everybody is done eating, Sam stands and tells everybody it’s time for Dean and Cas to have their first dance. Dean can feel his palms start to sweat, and his heartbeat picks up and he’s already turning towards Charlie to try and telepathically tell her to go with Plan B, but she is suspiciously not meeting his eyes no matter how obvious he’s trying to be.

Fuck, fuck, *fuck*. This was a stupid idea.

Bobby and Kevin are going to razz him about this for the rest of his life.

“Dean, are you alright?” Cas asks.

“No, I’m freaking out,” he admits.

“Why?” Cas asks. “Are you nervous to dance in front of everybody?”

Dean laughs darkly. “I *wish* that was my only problem.”

Cas looks worried. “Talk to me,” he says.

“You’ll see in a minute. It’s fine,” Dean says, knowing there’s no going back now and walking to the tiny dance floor with Cas.

“Dean has a surprise for Cas,” Sam says, and Cas’s eyes narrow. “Cas thinks their first song is going to be Inspiration by Chicago since Dean was a stubborn pain in the ass when they were fighting over this,” Sam laughs. “But it’s not. If anybody ever needed proof that Dean’s crazy about Cas, this is it. Listen carefully, because I can guarantee the only one who will ever hear this again is Cas. Hit it, Charlie,” Sam says. Cas and Dean wind their arms around each other like they’ve danced a hundred times before, and Charlie’s grin is wide when the intro to *Heaven* by Bryan Adams starts up.

“Dean,” Cas gasps. “You said you hated this song when I suggested it!”

“I did,” Dean agrees. “But it’s his voice I hated. The words I kinda liked, once I listened to them.”

“You didn’t have to -” Cas starts, but then the words start, and Cas stops. His eyes go wide and he stops moving. “You - you - you recorded this for me?” Cas whispers with awe in his voice.

Dean drops his head to look at the floor, his face tomato red, knowing that everybody he knows is listening to him singing a love song to his husband. Dean feels Cas’s fingers on his chin and he allows his face to be pulled back up to meet Cas’s eyes.

“This is the sweetest thing anybody has ever done for me,” Cas says.
“I know I’m not that good -” Dean begins.

“You know I love listening to you sing,” Cas argues, and he seems to have his wits about him again because they start dancing again.

When the chorus kicks in, Dean sings the words softly to Cas.

“Baby, you’re all that I want when you're lyin’ here in my arms. I'm findin’ it hard to believe. We're in heaven. And love is all that I need, and I found it there in your heart. It isn't too hard to see: we're in heaven.”

Cas’s tears are falling freely down his face, and Dean wipes the freshest one away.

“Don’t cry baby,” he says.

Cas just smiles and mouths the next words to Dean,

“Oh, once in your life you find someone who will turn your world around, bring you up when you're feelin' down.

Cas leans in to capture Dean’s lips quickly, and Dean can feel his own eyes fill when he thinks about Cas being so lonely before he came along. They rest their foreheads together and Cas keeps mouthing the words to him. By the time the chorus starts up again, they’re singing to each other softly, and neither of them are aware of the cameras flashing around them, or that there isn’t a dry eye in the entire building. The entire world is condensed to just the two of them in this moment, and nothing could be better.

When the song ends, Cas kisses Dean once more, softly, and says, “Thank you.” Two small words, but there’s so much feeling behind them, and Dean knows the embarrassment was worth it to see Cas so happy.

“Allright,” Sam says to the room in general again, and Dean is amused to see his eyes are red and his voice is a little shaky. “Give us all a minute to blow our noses and wipe our eyes, and then I want the wedding party up on the dance floor with their dancing partners.”

Life After You by Daughtry starts playing a minute later, and Cas and Dean are joined by Jess and Sam, Charlie and Kevin, and Gabriel and Jo.

“Told you he'd cry,” Charlie says when she catches Dean eye as they spin beside one another.

“Fuck, even I cried,” Kevin says. “I had no idea you had pipes like that!”

Dean scoffs, embarrassed. “In another life, you could’ve been a rock star,” Cas says, smiling.

“Yah right,” Dean says laughing. “You’re just biased.”

“I’m the luckiest man alive,” Cas says seriously.

“Tied,” Dean argues. Cas smiles one of Dean’s favourite gummy smiles and Dean feels that warmth inside of him again. “I love you so fuckin’ much,” he says.

Before the next song starts up, Sweet Child of Mine by Guns N Roses, Sam calls for everybody else to join them on the dance floor.

Dean and Cas break apart as previously discussed, and Dean goes to find Ellen. “Come on, Ellen. Dance with me,” Dean says, embarrassed but determined to do this. Ellen is surprised but she lights
up and is on her feet pulling Dean towards the dance floor immediately. They start dancing and she says, “You know how proud we are of you, right kid?”

Dean feels his throat close up, so he nods. “I know,” he manages. He clears his throat and looks determinedly over her shoulder as he says, “I uh, wanted to let you know that I wanted to do an official mother/son dance with just you and me tonight, because uh, of everything you’ve done for me, ya know. But Cas doesn’t have any family he could dance with, and I didn’t want him just sittin’ on the sidelines watchin’ at his own wedding. So uh, yah. This song is s’posed to be for that. For me and you. Just so you know.”

She pushes up to her tiptoes and kisses him on the cheek gently. “I love you like you’re my own. Thank you for thinking of me on your day.” Dean nods, not able to say anything back. “If your momma was here, she’d be damn proud of you, too. She’d love Cas, and she’d be real happy to see you smiling so big today. She loved you boys so much,” Ellen says.

Dean can’t help it anymore, and he gives in and just wraps his arms around her, holding the woman who’s been a stand-in mom to him for most of his life. “Thank you,” he whispers. That’s all he can say. Nobody else ever brings up his mom like she does, and he’s so thankful to have this small moment with Ellen because right now it feels like it’s him, Ellen, and his mom here with him.

“It looks like your boy toy found somebody to dance with after all,” she says to Dean, making him break away to look for Cas. He finds him in a fit of giggles with Charlie. She’s twirling him and he is laughing his adorable head off.

“God, I love her,” he says, looking at Charlie fondly.

“You’ve found yourself one hell of a family, boy,” Ellen says, nodding.

He looks around at all the people he loves most, dancing at his wedding and having fun, and he can’t help but agree. “Yah,” he smiles. “You’re right. Family’s more than blood, and I got some of the best.”

The rest of the day passes in a blur of dancing, drinking, talking, kissing, and happiness. He’s sure they speak with every single person in the building at some point. He’s glad to see so many of Cas’s coworkers there - even Hannah - though he notices how shy and awkward Cas is in front of them. He’s still adorable, though. They cut their donut cake, and Dean and Cas smash glazed donuts into each other’s faces even after promising each other they wouldn’t. Dean could see the gleam in Cas’s eye half of a second before he got donut up his nose, and then it was on. Sam had to step in between them to get them to stop… and regretted it instantly when Cas and Dean both smashed what was left of their donuts into his face. They ran away pretty quickly after that to get each other cleaned up and avoid the wrath of Sam, and God does he hope Kevin got some pictures of the look on Sam’s face!

It's on the way back from the bathroom that Dean sees his dad lurking in the very back of the restaurant. Cas sees him too, and tries to pull away from Dean, but Dean holds on to his hand and approaches his dad.

"Dad?” he says.

John doesn't look at Cas, Dean notices, but he looks at him. "Congratulations," John says, and Dean's surprised it sounds as sincere as it does (though still not completely sincere). "Hell of a wedding," he nods.

Dean looks at Cas and then back to his dad. "You were here the whole time?"
"Yah," he shrugs. "Sorry I didn't say anything sooner. Tryin' to take it all in, ya know?"

Dean nods. "Thanks for comin' at all. Didn't know if you would," he says honestly.

"Didn't know if you wanted me here," John replies gruffly.

"You're family," Cas says, speaking for the first time, and the rush of affection Dean feels towards him is almost dizzying.

John flicks a glance at him and nods. "You boys go enjoy the rest of your wedding day. Don't worry about me. I'll catch up with you another time."

Dean lets go of Cas's hand to pull his dad into a tight hug. He knows his dad still isn't okay with him and Cas being together, but he came anyway, and it's more than Dean ever expected out of him. "Thank you for coming," Dean tells him.

"Know your mom would've come back just to kick my ass if I didn't," he says, patting Dean on the back.

"Sounds like mom," Dean says, smiling.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Winchester," Cas says. "I know you being here means a lot to Dean, and I'm grateful to you for that."

John just nods his head again. "Get outta here, now. Go have fun," John says, and Cas and Dean go to join the rest of their family and friends.

A while later, Sam’s voice booms across the room again. “It’s almost time for the married couple to take off for the rest of the day. Before we do that though, we have one more thing we need you to do! We’re going to play a song, and the goal is for every person in here to have their picture taken with Cas and Dean before the song is over. Kevin’s going to take the pictures, so everybody get in a line and let’s do this!"

Everybody lines up, some begrudgingly, and then Charlie starts playing Can’t Stop The Feeling by Justin Timberlake and the craziness begins. Cas and Dean stand together and couples, friends, and families all arrange themselves around them quickly. People knock into each other, shove each other out of the way, and good-naturedly tell each other to get a move on, and that helps Dean and Cas laugh their way through it. Dean doesn’t think he’s ever smiled so many times in just four minutes. The last picture is taken by Jo, and it has Kevin in it. The music stops only seconds after the flash goes off, and the room cheers at their success.

Everybody follows them out to Baby, and when they finally pull out of the Roadhouse parking lot, hands gripped together on the bench seat, they’re waved off by everybody they love. As they make their way to the cabin they’ve rented for the night, both of them are thinking about how perfect their wedding was, and both of them really looking forward to their wedding night.

Chapter End Notes

I'm SO SORRY for taking so long to post this! Today is the first time I've written anything since I last posted, and so far my wrist feels okay! I still think it will be a few days before anything else goes up, but hopefully not as long as it took for this one!
Thanks for sticking with me!
Castiel stays in the car when Dean goes into the lobby to check them into their cabin for the night. He pulls at his tie, hating how constricting it is around his neck and suddenly very thankful that he doesn’t have to wear one every day at work. He sighs, running his hands through his hair nervously, and then curses himself for messing it up for what is likely the hundredth time already today. He’s sure it’s an absolute mess. He’s both anxious and nervous for his wedding night.

He doesn’t even understand why. It’s not as if he and Dean are a couple of nervous virgins. He doubts there’s even a way to have sex that they haven’t already explored. He laughs at the thought, and then is distracted when he sees Dean come out of the lobby and back to the car. He’s been looking at him all day in that tux, and he still takes his breath away.

Dean climbs into the car and says, “Just a little bit down this dirt road and then it’s the last one on the left, apparently.” They follow his directions and Dean pulls into the parking spot beside the cabin. They get out and Castiel takes in the view of the lake in front of them. He’s glad they got the last cabin, because it’s closest to the water, and the view is absolutely beautiful here.

“Nice, huh?” Dean asks, smiling.

Castiel turns back to him and sees he’s holding their overnight bag and their garment bags for their suits. “Let me help you,” he says, taking a step towards him.

“I got it. But can you get the door?” Dean asks.

“Where’s the key?” Castiel checks.

Dean smirks, “Front pocket.”

Castiel smiles back and reaches into Dean’s left pocket. He feels around and lets his hand drift a little further inwards than is absolutely necessary and Dean chuckles. “Whoops, must be in my other pocket.”

“It’s not exactly warm out here, you know,” Castiel chastises him.

“I dunno about that, man. I’m feelin’ pretty hot,” Dean answers.

“You are such a child,” Castiel says, dipping his hand into Dean’s other pocket. This time he finds the key easily, but still makes sure to cop a feel before he pulls his hand out.

“And you are a fucking tease,” Dean groans at him.

Castiel laughs again. “It’s not teasing if you’re going to deliver. And seeing as it’s our wedding night, I think you can rest easily knowing you’re going to get some.”

Castiel moves to put the key into the doorknob, and Dean presses into him from behind. “God, I hope so. It’s been the longest… 40 hours of my life.”

Castiel snorts. “I hardly think you’re deprived after no sex for one day.”

“Tell that to my dick,” Dean says, laughing.
“I will. I’ve spoiled you both,” Castiel answers, pushing the door open.

Wow. This cabin is beautiful. And he’s suddenly really nervous again.

The first thing his eyes settle on is the giant jacuzzi in the center of the room. There’s rose petals and tealight candles scattered all around it, a bottle of champagne on ice, and chocolate dipped strawberries on a silver platter waiting for them. He tears his eyes away from the jacuzzi and sees more rose petals on the king size bed in the back corner of the room, a fireplace with a pile of thick blankets beside it, and a door which must lead to the bathroom. Everything is decorated like a cabin, and Castiel absolutely loves the rustic feel to the place combined with the indulgences they’ve been provided with.

“This is perfect,” Castiel says to Dean, meeting his eyes and smiling. “Thank you.” He goes and lays on the bed, relaxing for the first time all day.

“Sammy’s the one who found it, but I knew it was right as soon as I saw it. Glad you like it, babe,” Dean says. Dean hangs their bags in the closet and drops their bag on the floor beside the bed. He digs out the lube and places it on the bedside table. “Sooo, what do ya wanna do?” he asks, wiggling his eyebrows at Castiel.

Castiel sighs. As amazing as Dean looks in his tux, Castiel hardly slept at all last night without Dean, and he’s absolutely exhausted. He doesn’t want to hurt Dean’s feelings, but he just isn’t ready yet.

“Dean, I’m sorry. Would you mind if we waited until before bed?” he asks, nervous.

Dean’s face immediately schools itself into a hard mask. “Seriously?” he spits out. He begins pacing. Great.

“I’m sorry, I just…”

“If you apologize again, so help me Cas,” Dean growls.

Castiel doesn’t know what he’s supposed to say, so he just sits on their bed quietly.

“You don’t have to apologize for not wanting to have sex right now. God,” Dean says angrily. “Have I ever made you feel like you had to, Cas?”

“What? No, of course not!” Castiel answers honestly.

“So why would this be any different?”

“I’m not sure. I just felt like walking in here with you looking like that after our wedding that it was just… expected?”

Dean crosses the room and crouches in front of Castiel, holding his gaze. When he starts speaking, his voice is obviously softened compared to a moment ago. “It’s never expected, okay? You tell me you don’t wanna do anything sexual tonight, and we don’t have to. I’ll lay here and hold you all night and still fall asleep knowing I’m the luckiest son of a bitch alive. I swear.”

Castiel smiles. “I do want to later. I do. I just want to relax first.”

Dean stands, wincing when his knees crack. “Then let’s relax,” Dean says easily. “Don’t take this the wrong way, but I swear to God I’ve never wanted to get out of clothes more than I do right now.” He begins by loosening his tie and Castiel stands to do the same as he starts laughing.

“Right? These suits look amazing but they’re terribly uncomfortable.”
“Hottest you’ve ever looked,” Dean tells Castiel.

Castiel can’t even hide his smile, “Really?”

“Especially once you started running your hands through your hair. You know I love the just fucked look on you,” Dean says, shooting him one of his flirtiest smiles.

“I’m aware,” Castiel answers. “I can’t believe I didn’t trip over my own feet when I first saw you. You have no idea how gorgeous you are.”

“Stop it,” Dean says, waving him away as his suit jacket drops off his shoulders.

He’s so adorable that Castiel can’t help but close the distance between them with a few short steps and slot their mouths together. He winds his arms around Dean’s neck, feels Dean’s hands go to his hips, and just allows himself to be held and be close to Dean for the first time today without fifty pairs of eyes on them. They both open their mouths for each other, and it’s a nice moment of togetherness without any heat or pressure to take it further. When they pull apart, Castiel smiles at Dean and says, “I’m so in love with you.”

“Me more,” he argues, leaning in for another soft kiss. They both continue to strip down until they’re in just their dress shirts and dress pants.

“What time is our dinner reservation?” Castiel asks.

“About an hour and a half from now.”

“Any objections to soaking in the giant jacuzzi before we go?” Castiel asks.

Dean raises his eyebrows. “Nope. Just keep your hands to yourself if you don’t wanna do anything. You know how hard you are for me to resist,” he adds, smiling.

Castiel nods. “Agreed.” He walks over to the jacuzzi and starts up the water. It fills faster than he thought it would, and soon he’s stripping everything off and climbing in.

Dean comes over and lights the candles around the edge of the tub. He looks shy when he asks, “Can I take your picture?”

A laugh bubbles out of Castiel. “I’m naked!”

“You can’t see anything though,” he assures him. “But the trail of clothes leading to the jacuzzi, the rose petals and candles all around you… you look like the cover of a romance novel or somethin’. Please?”

Castiel rolls his eyes and Dean knows that’s a yes. Dean pulls out his phone and Castiel just looks at him. “Feels weird to sit here alone naked and smile at you,” he confesses.

“Don’t smile then,” Dean answers.

Castiel knows there’s a ghost of a smile on his face when Dean snaps the picture, and then he lays back against one of the jets and lets the water drag away all of the stress from today. It’s only a minute or two before Dean joins him, and they let their legs tangle lazily as they lay side by side in the tub. “Holy shit, this feels amazing,” Dean sighs.

“We need to buy a hot tub,” Castiel agrees.

“Mmmhmmm,” Dean moans.
Despite not wanting to have sex right now, Dean’s moan sends a shiver through him. “No sex noises,” he tells him, and Dean lets out a huff of air in amusement.

“Should we pop open the champagne?” Dean asks.

“Why not? The restaurant is just across the street so we can walk if the bubbles go straight to our heads,” Castiel answers. Dean opens it for them and pours them each a glass.

“To forever with you,” Dean says, holding his glass up.

“To forever with you,” Castiel replies, tapping his glass to Dean’s.

They sip in silence, enjoying the peace and quiet, and it isn’t long before Dean’s refilling both of their glasses.

“What was your favourite part of the ceremony?” Dean asks.

Castiel thinks. “Seeing you with my ring on your finger,” he decides on. “I’m more possessive with you than I ever have been before. It was killing me that I had no visible claim on you like you had on me while we were engaged.”

“You think it’ll stop people hitting on me?” Dean asks.

“ Likely not,” Castiel says. “With a face and body like yours, people would happily take whatever they could get.”

“Which is nothing,” Dean reminds him. “I’m yours now.”

Castiel smiles. “What was your favourite part?”

“I was gonna say the ring, too. But since you already did, then just… I dunno. Finally saying the vows we picked out in front of everybody we love, I think.”

“You could barely even choke them out through your tears,” Castiel reminds him with a friendly jab to the ribs.

“Shuddup,” Dean says, but Castiel can hear the smile in his face. “Not like you were manly and dry-eyed.”

“We were both pathetic. The minute we saw each other -”

“The waterworks started,” Dean finishes for him. “Actually, I cried reading your letter this morning, too.”

“I cried writing it,” Castiel says, and they chuckle at each other. “Did you sleep at all last night?”

“Maybe an hour or two. I’m fuckin’ lame, but I swear I couldn’t sleep without you,” Dean answers.

Castiel downs the rest of his glass of champagne and then scoots a little closer to twine their fingers together. “I was the same. I don’t know how long-distance couples do it. Our bed was endlessly empty without you in it.”

“And it was even your bed long before it was mine,” Dean reminds him.

“I don’t think of it that way anymore though. It’s ours. I missed you,” Castiel says softly.
“I love you,” Dean answers. “I know I keep sayin’ it, but I swear I’m like, filled up with it. It’s all I can think about today.”

“I don’t mind hearing it,” Castiel replies.

“I’m such a sap,” Dean groans.

“I won’t tell,” Castiel promises.

“Pretty sure the cat’s outta the bag after today,” Dean sighs.

“Do you know how happy you make me being a sap?” Castiel checks. He looks at Dean and is overwhelmed by how good his husband looks in candlelight.

“Why do you think I keep doing it?”

Castiel shuffles closer. It’s like he can’t resist touching more of him. “Dean?” he says.

“Yah, Cas?”

“I know I said no sex, but…”

“But!?” Dean says excitedly.

“I want to be close to you.”

“You can be as close as you wanna be, babe. No pressure,” he reassures him.

Castiel feels love surge through him and he follows his instincts and climbs on to Dean’s lap, straddling him. He can immediately feel that Dean was already half hard, and he quirks a brow.

“Really?” he asks.

“Pfft,” Dean responds. “You're hot, you're naked, and it's been 40 hours, Cas. Not even sorry.”

“Well, it's your lucky day, Mr. Winchester,” Castiel says as he starts rolling his hips on top of him. He leans in to trace the line of Dean’s jaw with his tongue, ending up just behind his ear. He whispers, “I don't think you’ll make it to hour 41.”

Dean groans but says, “You said you were too tired. We don't have to.”

“I overestimated my self-control. There’s a reason we never go a day without coming all over each other, you know.” Both of their cocks are quickly hardening from the way Castiel is moving on top of Dean. “I can't keep my hands off of you.”

“Can I touch you, Cas?” Dean asks, and Castiel’s heart fills that he asks him this. That he's naked and grinding on top of his husband and he still asks to make sure it's okay.

“Touch me,” he answers, voice deeper already. Dean’s hands find his hips under the water, and Castiel says, “Show me how you want me to move.”

Dean’s hands guide him until their hard cocks are lined up against each other, and then he places a hand on his lower back to pull him in closer. When Castiel starts moving again, their cocks press tight together and between each other’s stomachs. The friction, the hot water, and the jets feels amazing all together. They both make deep sounds of appreciation.

“God Cas,” Dean breathes. “Feels so good.”
Castiel roams Dean’s face and neck with open mouthed kisses, concentrating on the special spots he knows really work Dean up. Dean’s mouth trails down Castiel’s chest, and his teeth find his nipple ring and tug. Castiel throws his head back in pleasure, arching towards him for more. Dean’s relentless now that he knows how much Castiel loves having his nipples stimulated, and he doesn’t move his mouth away for a long time while Castiel continues to grind on top of him. When Castiel whimpers his name, Dean finally grabs him by the hair and pulls him back to his mouth, where their lips meet in a searing kiss. It has Castiel groaning again, and picking up the pace of his grinding. Dean gasps under him, and Castiel hears himself say, “More, Dean.” Dean’s hand comes up between them and grips their cocks together in his hand. “Ugh, yes,” Castiel gasps.

“Like this, Cas?” Dean asks, stroking them together hard and fast.

“Yes,” Castiel answers breathily. Dean’s thumb drags across his sensitive slit and he jerks into his hand further. He’s desperate for his release already. He doesn’t know if it’s the buildup of love from their wedding day, or the fact that this is the longest he’s gone without an orgasm since he and Dean moved in together, but Castiel wants his orgasm quickly. “Faster Dean, I want to come,” Castiel begs. Dean follows Castiel’s prompting and his hand speeds up. “Yes! Yes, Dean. Oh God, it feels so good. Are you close?” Castiel asks.

“Kiss me,” Dean says, “hands in my hair.”

That means no. Not yet. But Castiel can get him there. He sinks his hands into Dean’s hair like he asked, and tugs hard to force his mouth up so he can kiss him. He uses every dirty little trick Dean’s taught him with his tongue, and when Dean groans into his mouth, he tightens his hands in his hair and pulls again. “You gonna fuck me later, Dean?” he asks against his lips, and Dean nods as much as he can without completely breaking their kiss. “You gonna make love to me nice and slow until I’m begging you to let me come? Or are you gonna fuck me on the edge of the bed and split me open with your huge cock?”

“Fuck, Cas,” Dean pants. They both know how much Dean gets off on Castiel talking dirty. “Close,” he says, and Castiel smirks.

Castiel drops his hand to add it to Dean’s, and together they thrust into the wet tunnel they created until Castiel feels his orgasm coming. “Dean,” he groans. “Gonna come.”

“Yah baby, come for me, Cas,” Dean answers, and Castiel can’t help but listen to the command. He feels his body tense up, and then he’s coming between them.

“Fuck,” he gasps. “I love you. Love you, Dean.”

Dean’s hand is still stroking them together, and Castiel lets his hand fall away from himself to take Dean into his own hand and finish him off. “Yah, Cas, like that,” Dean tells him. “Always feels better when it’s you. Only you,” he mumbles when Castiel captures his lips again.

Castiel can feel it when Dean’s muscles start tightening, and Castiel can feel his dick pulsing in his hand as Dean finds his release. Castiel pumps him through it gently, and then drops his head on to Dean’s shoulder, mouthing at his neck lazily.

Castiel doesn’t know how long they stay with him on Dean’s lap, kissing each other, and roaming their hands over each other’s wet bodies. Dean finally breaks the silence between them when he says, “We are definitely getting a hot tub.”

Castiel chuckles. “Come on, we have to get dressed again if we’re going to make our reservation.”
Half an hour later, they’re both back in their tuxes but decide to leave the jackets behind and just wear the vests and ties.

They walk hand-in-hand to the restaurant, and Dean tells the hostess they have a reservation under Winchester. Castiel feels his heartbeat pick up, knowing that he’s a Winchester now, too, and he smiles as Dean.

They’re led down a short flight of stairs and they have a nice booth tucked away in the back. A blonde waitress greets them and hands them their menus as they sit down. “Welcome to Churchills. I’m Lilly and I’ll be your waitress for tonight.” She takes in their suits and says, “You two look awfully dressed up for a Sunday night. What’s the special occasion?”

Dean and Castiel clasp hands in the middle of the table and Dean smiles directly at Castiel when he says, “We’re celebrating. We got married this morning.”

The waitress’s eyes just about bulge out of her head. “Awww, really? That’s so exciting! Congratulations!”

“Thanks,” Dean says.

“Let me bring you a glass of champagne to start off with, on the house. I’ll be right back,” she says.

“She did seem genuinely excited,” Castiel comments.

Dean shrugs. “Probably don’t see people in a restaurant on the day of their actual wedding all that often.” Castiel realizes Dean’s right. This is unusual, but nice all the same. She returns quickly with a tall flute of champagne for them both.

“Here you go,” she says, smiling widely. “You don’t have to tell me of course, but I’d love to hear about your day. How did you two end up here?”

Castiel answers, “We had a morning ceremony and a breakfast buffet.”

“Awww,” she interrupts again. “That’s so creative!”

“It was beautiful,” Castiel agrees. “We did our dancing and had our cake, and then we came to the cabins across the road. We’re celebrating with a nice dinner together tonight, and then we have the rest of our evening to just the two of us,” he finishes, his face reddening at how she knows what they’re going to be doing later.

“Hell yah we do,” Dean says, winking at him, making him flush even deeper.

“I love that! It all sounds so romantic,” she gushes. “I’ll leave you two newlyweds to each other for a few minutes and will be back to take your orders whenever you’re ready. Please take your time,” she says. “Enjoy each other.”

“Well, she’s getting a huge tip,” Dean says, and Castiel smiles. It’s nice to be made to feel special.

They peruse the menus, and they both decide on steak and baked potatoes. When they finish their champagne, Lilly recommends a bottle of wine and they order it as well.

Each time the waitress comes back she seems to have more questions about the two of them. How they met, who proposed, how long have they been together, where was the wedding. Again, she seems genuinely interested and all the attention lavished upon them helps to make them feel truly special. They do end up drawing the evening out, drinking a little bit too much wine, and staying to
split a piece of cheesecake between them.

By the time they leave, Castiel has added Lilly to Twitter so she can see their wedding pictures, and they do indeed leave her a large tip. They’re both tipsy, giggling, and full of love as they walk back to their cabin.

Castiel hates his clothes all over again, and starts stripping as soon as he walks through the door. “That’s what I’m talkin’ about!” Dean says enthusiastically.

“Don’t be silly,” Castiel laughs, digging through their bag for his pajama pants. “Let’s lay in front of the fire for a bit.”

“Kay,” Dean answers happily, also changing into pajamas. The temperature has dropped with the sun, and it is a little cooler in their room than it was when they left. They use the blankets and Castiel snuggles up to Dean, laying his head on his shoulder as they watch the flames dance in the fire.

“Did you miss your family today?” Dean asks.

Castiel shakes his head. “No,” he answers simply. “I have a new family now, because of you, and I felt like everybody who was supposed to be there was. I was very surprised to see John there, though.”

“You ‘n’ me both,” Dean says. “Shit’ll never be good with us, but I’m glad he was there anyway. It’s weird,” he admits.

“Was it everything you dreamed it would be?” Castiel asks.

“Never dreamed about it at all until you,” Dean answers. “I could’ve married you on the side of the road and I would’ve been just as happy as I am right now. Wasn’t ‘bout the wedding for me, Cas, it was about who I married.”

“Dean,” Castiel says softly.

“Was it everything you wanted?” Dean asks.

“Absolutely everything,” Castiel promises. “Just think, if we had a regular afternoon or evening wedding, we would still be surrounded by people and it would be several hours before we would be together like this.”

Dean kisses the side of his head and sighs happily. “This is perfect.”

They lay there listening to music and enjoying each other’s company for a while until they eventually start kissing. Castiel pulls away and says in his most seductive voice, “Let’s consummate our marriage, Dean.”

“I love it when you talk dirty to me,” Dean replies and they’re both still laughing when they fall on to the bed together.

They take their time. Neither of them have shirts on, so they take advantage of the bare skin. They take turns covering each other’s bodies in kisses, licking and sucking absolutely anywhere that will bring either of them pleasure. They don’t hold back their words, and dozens of declarations of love are exchanged between them.

Castiel is under Dean on the bed, and their bodies are moving against each other slowly as they continue to kiss each other, unable and unwilling to break their lips apart. Finally, Dean pulls away
to slide Castiel’s pants over his hips, and then shucks his own pants off as well.

“I will never get used to how gorgeous you are,” Castiel tells him.

“Good, ‘cause I’m all you get for the rest of your life,” Dean answers. He grabs the lube from the table beside them and covers Castiel’s body again. The first brush of their naked cocks together brings a jolt of electricity to Castiel’s body and he hums into Dean’s mouth. “I want you so much,” Castiel tells him. Dean answers by slicking up his fingers, and circling his hole slowly. “Dean,” Castiel whines, already knowing Dean’s going to drag this out and unhappy about it.

“Wanna make this last, Cas. First time making love to my husband,” he says sweetly, still rubbing circles around his entrance.

“I love you,” Castiel murmurs, trying to concentrate on anything but the need to have his husband inside of him.

“I’m gonna make you feel so good baby,” Dean promises, kissing him passionately.

Finally, he presses his single finger into Castiel. Castiel moans his appreciation. Even though it’s nowhere close to what he needs, it’s something, and it’s still good. Dean surprises him by only waiting another minute to add his second finger, and then he’s being stretched out slowly and deliberately while Dean grazes his prostate over and over.

“You tease,” Castiel gasps and Dean chuckles. He finally presses into his prostate directly and Castiel feels the familiar but still intoxicating bolt of lightning to his system.

“Better?” Dean asks. Castiel loves how deep and rough Dean’s voice is already. He knows Dean wants this as much as he does, but still, he’s drawing it out, trying to make it special. Castiel couldn’t love him more if he tried.

“Yes,” Castiel breathes in relief. Dean preps and stretches him so well that Castiel barely even feels it at all when Dean adds his third finger. His fingers slide in and out easily, and Castiel is so past needy at this point, he tries to fuck himself on Dean’s fingers.

“Hey, hey, slow down,” Dean admonishes him.

“Don’t want to slow down,” Castiel grasps. “Want you inside me. Please, Dean!”

“You want me Cas?” Dean teases, pressing his fingers in harder, directly against his prostate.

“Uh, yes! Please!” Castiel shouts.

“Shh, I got you, babe. You’re ready for me, and I can’t wait anymore. Want you so fucking bad it hurts,” Dean confesses.

Finally, finally, Castiel feels Dean’s cock nudging against his entrance. He pushes past the tight ring of muscle, and then slides into Castiel easily with one fluid movement. Castiel lets out a sigh of pleasure at the perfect feeling of being filled up by his husband.

“Mine,” Castiel breathes.

“Forever,” Dean answers. He brings their lips together again and Castiel wraps his legs around Dean’s waist, urging him to start moving. Dean does, nice and slow. He pulls almost all the way out, and then sinks back in slowly. It’s exquisite and Castiel closes his eyes to soak up every bit of the feeling.
“You’re so good, Dean. So perfect. Feels exactly right,” Castiel tells him.

“You always feel so good, Cas,” Dean answers, fucking into him nice and slow. “Could drown in you,” he says. “In your eyes,” he continues, and Castiel opens them for him. “In your mouth,” he says, and he kisses him deeply. “In your arms,” he adds, and Castiel pulls him closer to him. He lowers his head to Castiel’s chest and says, “In your heart.” He places a chaste kiss over his chest where his heart lays and Castiel is blinking back tears again.

“You’re everything, Dean. Everything to me,” Castiel repeats, desperate for him to understand.

Dean rests his forehead on Castiel’s and finally starts picking up the pace. The harder he thrusts, the bigger he feels. “You’re so big,” Castiel says, knowing Dean loves to hear him say it.

“Feels good, Cas?”

“So good,” Castiel answers immediately. “Harder, please.”

Dean gets up on his knees a little bit more and lifts Castiel’s hips before he starts thrusting into him like he means it, and the new angle has him pounding into his prostate with every thrust. Castiel has words he wants to say but they just won’t come out. Instead, some needy little sound makes its way out of his mouth and Dean picks up the pace even more hearing it.

“Love the sounds you make. Love making you make them,” Dean grunts.

“You fuck me so good,” Castiel tells him. “Can’t help it.”

Dean’s pounding into him now, and Castiel loves every second of it. He couldn’t stay quiet if he had to, and he loves knowing the sounds he makes turns his husband on even more.

“Touch yourself for me, Cas. Not gonna last,” Dean warns him, still fucking into him hard and fast.

Castiel wastes no time and snakes his hand between them to take himself in his hand. He matches his strokes to Dean’s thrusts and feels the familiar warmth gathering in his stomach.

“Dean,” he warns.

“Yes, want you to come, Cas. Wanna see you come. Missed you,” Dean says.

“God, yes, I missed this, too. I love you,” he gasps.

“Love you so fuckin’ much,” Dean agrees.

When Dean hits his prostate once more, Castiel sees white as he spills all over his hand crying Dean’s name. When he finally opens his eyes he sees Dean’s eyes fixed on the come splashed all over his chest, so he lifts his hand slowly, watching Dean track the movement, to lick some of it off.

Dean drops his head with a choked groan and Castiel feels it when he pumps him full of his come. “Jesus fucking Christ,” Dean gasps as he falls on to Castiel’s chest.

Castiel says, “Not bad for a bunch of married folk.”


Later that night, when they’re cleaned up and laying in each other’s arms with the lights out, Dean says, “I still can’t believe I picked you up in a bar.”
Castiel’s smile is big when he answers, “Got a little bit more than you bargained for, huh?”

“Only everything I’ve ever wanted,” Dean answers.

“Me, too,” Castiel answers.

“I’m gonna love you this much forever,” Dean says, words slurring a little from how tired and comfortable he is. “Sammy was right, Cas. You fixed me.”

“You fixed me,” Castiel argues.

“S’like we were supposed to meet that night, you know? To fix each other. You ever think about that?”

Castiel thinks about Rowena and laughs. “More than you know. I never imagined going to a bar by myself on a Saturday night would be the best decision I ever made, but that led me to you, and I’m entirely certain this is exactly where I was always meant to be.”

Dean mumbles something that Castiel can’t even make out.

“Sleep, Dean,” Castiel says gently. “I’ll still be here when you wake up.”

“Every day,” Dean mumbles.

“Forever,” Castiel promises. “I love you so much.”

“Love you,” Dean answers.

On their wedding night, Dean and Castiel both fall asleep knowing with absolute certainty that taking a chance on a one night stand was the beginning of their happily ever after, and neither of them would change it for anything.

It’s true what they say after all, love finds you when you least expect it.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all SO MUCH for sticking with me through this. I’m overwhelmed with gratitude that you fell in love with this version of Cas and Dean as much as I did. It’s going to be hard saying goodbye to these two.

Thank you again for all of your support. Your comments helped me get through this so quickly <3

If you haven’t already, please come find me on Twitter!

https://twitter.com/tricia_16_

I love you guys! <3
Chapter 50

Chapter Notes

Get ready for some adorable fluffiness full of Dean and Cas with a beautiful little baby!

Just as a heads up, there's no smut in this (sorry!!), but I think you'll like it anyway!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Three(ish) Years Later:

“Cas, seriously man, the house is good. Stop it,” Dean urges him.

“I want to be absolutely certain that there’s nothing that could potentially harm Brynlee,” Castiel replies, finding another tiny piece of lint and bending over to pick it up.

Dean admires the view of his husband’s backside and debates whether or not he should stop him. He does. “She doesn’t even move yet!” Dean reminds him.

“She rolls,” Castiel disagrees.

“You tryin’ to tell me you’re gonna put her down long enough for her to roll? Really?”

Castiel’s body relaxes slightly. “You raise an excellent point,” he says. “Maybe I’ll just come be lazy with you instead.”

Dean pats the couch beside him invitingly. “Always room for you, babe,” he teases. As Cas crosses the room to sit beside him, Dean says, “I thought about not saying anything ‘cause your ass looked damn good in those pants when you were bending over.”

Castiel lets out a puff of air in amusement. “We’ve been married almost three years and you’re still sexually objectifying me at every opportunity,” Castiel scolds him.

Dean leans over and nuzzles into a sensitive spot behind Cas’s ear. “You wouldn’t want me any other way,” he says against his skin. He can feel a small shudder work its way through Cas’s body and he smirks to himself. Serves him right for getting out of bed before me this morning, Dean thinks.

Castiel lets out a puff of air in amusement. “We’ve been married almost three years and you’re still sexually objectifying me at every opportunity,” Castiel scolds him.

Dean leans over and nuzzles into a sensitive spot behind Cas’s ear. “You wouldn’t want me any other way,” he says against his skin. He can feel a small shudder work its way through Cas’s body and he smirks to himself. Serves him right for getting out of bed before me this morning, Dean thinks.

Castiel’s hand falls on the inside of Dean’s knee and runs up his thigh seductively. “How long until they get here?” he asks breathily.

“We got time,” Dean answers. “Half hour at least, if they get out the door on time.”

“I missed you this morning,” Castiel admits, turning his face towards Dean to press their lips together. When Dean opens his mouth for Castiel, Castiel knows he has permission to do whatever he wants to do, and he follows his instincts to turn to straddle his husband’s lap. Dean’s hands fall to his hips, and he encourages him to start rocking on top of him while their kiss suddenly turns from languid to frenzied.

“Show me,” Dean murmurs against his lips, and Castiel groans, thrusting against Dean more
Dean’s answering moan is cut short by a knock on the door.

They break apart with a wet pop.

“What the fuck?” Dean curses.

Castiel gets off of Dean’s lap and Dean tries to pull him back in but Castiel just gives him a look and Dean knows the moment has passed. Unfortunately, his dick needs a little bit of time to process that before he can get up.

Dean turns to see Castiel adjust himself before he opens the door to a smiling but exhausted looking Jess, and Sam behind her holding the car seat.

“Hey Castiel! Sorry we’re a bit early, we were just really anxious to get over here,” Jess explains. “I hope you don’t mind?”

Castiel steps away from the door to let them inside. “Not at all!” he answers and Dean sniggers a little bit. Cas catches his eye and Dean thinks it’s safe to get up now.

“You always were a cockblocker, Sammy,” Dean says in way of greeting.

“Have a baby and then talk to me about that,” Sam says dryly.

Dean looks at Cas. “See? Babies are the worst,” he tells him.

“But look how adorable she is!” Castiel says, using his own frightening version of babytalk Dean has somehow gotten used to over the last three months, and unbuckling her from her car seat to take her into his arms.

“We’ll see how adorable you think she is by tomorrow morning,” Jess says, humour written all over her face. She walks over to the fridge and starts unloading bottles of milk into it. Then she starts with the instructions, “Her next bottle should be in about two hours, around 8:00. She usually eats at least every three hours, sometimes more frequently if she’s having a hungry day.”

“Sounds like Dean,” Castiel offers and Sam and Jess both laugh.

“Ha ha,” Dean says, amused but hiding it.

“You can’t microwave breast milk,” she reminds them. “Warm it up using hot water and shake it well to make sure there’s no hot spots. And test it out on your wrist first to make sure the temperature’s okay.”

“That’s disgusting,” Dean blurts.

Jess’s eyebrows just about disappear into her hairline. “Excuse me?”

Dean’s not sorry. “Listen, I love you like a sister, but there is no frickin’ way I’m putting your breast milk on my wrist.”

Jess laughs. “What’s the big deal? All milk comes from breasts, you know.”

“Not from yours,” Dean argues. “And can we stop talking about your… ya know? God.”

Sam smirks. “I kinda like them. Especially now,” he says, kissing her on the cheek with a big smile
on his face.

“I’m surprised you even remember what they look like,” Jess answers sadly.

“The minute we get home…” Sam says not nearly quietly enough.

“Okay, time for you leave” Dean interrupts loudly.

This time it’s Castiel that laughs. “Don’t worry, Jess. I can be an adult and I will make sure Brynlee’s milk is at the correct temperature before we give it to her.”

“Thank you, Castiel. What would I do without you?” she asks, and Castiel smiles. “She goes down for the night around 11, and most nights she’ll only wake up once around 3 and then not again until 7-ish, and then she’s up for the day,” Jess continues.

“But she still sleeps after every bottle,” Sam adds. “She’s not literally up for the day.”

Dean quirks a brow at him. “You know I’ve been at your house before, right? I know she sleeps most of the day.”

“I’m just trying to be clear. We’ll be back before lunch anyway,” Sam says.

“You’ll know if she has a dirty diaper,” Jess says. Castiel makes a horrified face at the mention of poop and Dean can hardly wait to make him change the first one like the adult he says he is. “If she’s wet, the little stripe down the front will turn blue.”

“Seriously? Never had shit like that when Sam was a baby! How cool is that?” Dean says, impressed.

Sam and Jess look at each other, amused. “Kinda cool, I guess,” Sam shrugs.

Jess puts the diaper bag down on the kitchen counter and says, “Everything you need’s in here. Soother, change of clothes, diapers, wipes, Baby Tylenol, gripe water, burp cloths. You name it, it’s in here.”

“Got it,” Dean nods.

“She’s a pretty good baby, so I think you two are gonna be just fine,” she says to them. “If you need anything…”

“Do not call us,” Sam interjects. Jess whirls to give him a look but he keeps going. “Seriously. Don’t call us unless she needs to go to the hospital. We haven’t had a full night’s sleep in more than four months and we’re exhausted.”

“You have no idea how much we appreciate this,” Jess says, tearing up a little bit.

“We are more than happy to help out,” Castiel says, rocking Brynlee gently in his arms. “I’ve been looking forward to more time with my niece since the day she was born. She’s already getting so big!”

“You know he’s not gonna put her down all night, right?” Dean says to Jess.

“I don’t even care,” she says, waving the warning away. “I get to sleep!”

Dean laughs. “Okay, you crazy kids. Get outta here already.”
Sam steps forward to plant a kiss on Brynlee’s head. “Daddy’ll be back tomorrow, okay, sweetheart? Keep Uncle Dean and Uncle Cas up all night long for me, okay?”

“Screw you, Sam,” Castiel says lightly, pushing him away from his own daughter. Sam cackles as he walks away.

Jess comes over and kisses her as well. “Mommy loves you. Be a good girl, okay? We want them to do this again, remember?”

Dean thinks her voice sounds a little wetter than usual, but he doesn’t say anything. She’s halfway to the door before she stops.

“Sam. I can’t,” she says.

“What?” Sam asks, obviously confused.

“I… I can’t leave her. She’s too small. She shouldn’t be away from me already,” she says, and her voice is sounding more and more panicked with every word.

“Jess? I’m only doing this because I love you,” Sam warns her, and then he scoops her up and throws her over his shoulder and starts walking towards the door.

“SAM!” Jess yells, wailing on his back with her fists. “I will *kill you* if you don’t put me down right the fuck now!”

Sam gives a lazy wave over his shoulder as he walks out the door and closes it behind him.

Dean is laughing when he turns to Cas. “Wow, he’s a lot braver than I thought he was,” he says.

“Stupider than I thought he was,” Castiel answers. “Let’s wake her up!” he says excitedly, looking at Byrnlee.

“Nooo way,” Dean intervenes. “Rule number one of babysitting: never wake a sleeping baby.”

“But I want to play with her!” Castiel whines.

“I’m telling you. Don’t wake her up,” Dean warns.

“Uncle Dean is boring, isn’t he Brynlee?” Castiel whispers to the baby.

“You were up so early, why don’t you go lay down with her and have a little nap? Babies are the best little space heaters. Always made me sleepy,” Dean remembers.

Castiel contemplates. “That doesn’t sound like such a bad idea. I think I will. Thank you, Dean.”

“Yah, yah. Don’t say I never did anything for ya,” he says as Castiel retires to their bedroom.

Dean watches an episode of Dr. Sexy and then tiptoes to their bedroom to check on Cas and Brynlee. Cas is laying on his back with Brynlee on his chest. One hand is resting on her bottom and the other is on her back. Brynlee’s forehead is tucked into the same nook of Cas’s neck that Dean himself likes to sleep in, and the sight absolutely makes his heart melt. He creeps around the bed and takes a few pictures of them with his cell phone.

He sneaks back out of their room, but it’s only a few minutes later when he hears the sounds her waking up and Cas talking to her. Cas comes back into the living room and sits on the couch. He lays her across his lap and puts his fingers out for her to grasp on to. “Hello, pretty girl,” he coos at
her. “Did you have a good sleep with Uncle Cas?”

She makes some kind of excited sound, and Dean goes to sit beside Cas to get a look at her. Her dark blue eyes are round with awe and her little feet are kicking up a storm against Cas’s belly.

“Don’t kick there too hard, honey, or you’re gonna want a new seat pretty quick,” Dean jokes, and Cas scowls at him.

“You are not going to make her into a pig like you and Sam with your never ending fart jokes,” Castiel says firmly.

“Fart jokes are funny,” Dean argues.

“When you’re twelve,” Castiel agrees. “Besides, she’s a lady.”

Dean takes in the sight of her again. She has the thickest, darkest, most unruly hair on such a small child that he’s ever seen. “I know I’ve said it before, but it’s ridiculous how much it looks like her hair could’ve come from you,” Dean says.

“I assure you I did not have sex with our sister-in-law,” Castiel says, tickling Brynlee’s belly and getting absolutely no response from her.

Dean rolls his eyes. “Obviously. That’s not what I meant. I just meant her hair kinda looks like what I imagine your baby’s hair would probably look like.”

Castiel turns to look at Dean. “You think about what my baby would look like?”

Dean shrugs. “Sometimes, I guess. I’ll see a kid with crazy Cas hair or bright blue eyes and it’ll make me think of that.”

“You haven’t…?” Castiel starts.

“Changed my mind about babies? Nooo way. Not unless you have?” Dean checks.

Castiel shakes his head. “I love Brynlee more than I ever thought I could love something instantly. But once she starts crying…” Castiel says making a face, and Dean laughs.

“For what it’s worth, I think you would’ve been a great dad,” Dean offers.

“Maybe a little overprotective and neurotic,” Castiel admits, and Dean’s grin is huge and sincere.

“Maybe just a tad,” he answers.

Dean’s too busy looking at Cas to notice what Cas is looking at. “Wow, look how red her face is going,” Castiel says absentmindedly.

Dean looks down and sees her face screwed up and barely has time to muffle his laugh before a loud squirting sound is heard and Castiel goes stiff as a board and looks first at Brynlee and then at Dean in absolute horror.

Dean’s chuckling and Brynlee turns her head at the sound and makes some happy sound back at him. “That feels much better, doesn’t it, Brynlee?” Dean asks, laughing.

“Here,” Castiel says, picking her up and handing her to Dean.

“No way,” Dean says, backing away. “You were holding her. You change her.”
Castiel’s eyes go impossibly wider. “Dean, no. Please. You know I don’t like this kind of thing.”


“Dean, please,” Castiel says, picking Brynlee up to hold her against his chest as he also gets to his feet. A wave of the stench of what’s inside Brynlee’s diaper hits his nostrils and he turns his face away from it hurriedly. “I can’t. It smells so bad.”

“Gimme a break. All the kid gets is milk. It won’t even be solid.”

“That’s even worse!” Castiel says, his voice hitting a higher octave than usual.

“You’re doing this. I won’t always be here and you need to know how if I’m not, right?” Dean asks.

“Why don’t you do this one and I’ll do the next wet one? You know, start me off easy or something. Work up to the hard stuff,” Castiel offers.

“Nice try. She might not poop again while she’s here. This might be your only chance,” Dean says, bringing a diaper, wipes, diaper cream, and a change pad to lay on the floor for him.

“That’s a chance I’m willing to take,” Castiel says seriously.

“You’re such a baby!” Dean teases him. “C’mon, lay her down here and get her little outfit off of her.”

It’s harder than it looks. Babies don’t necessarily help with getting dressed or undressed and Castiel is incredibly nervous he's going to break a bone or something. Finally, Brynlee is down to just her diaper.

“Take a good look, Cas, because this is what a diaper should look like when you've got it back on,” Dean tells him. He presses his lips together, hiding his smile when Cas inspects every inch of the diaper slowly.

Castiel nods his head. “Got it.”

“Alright. Get in there,” he says.

“Bite me,” Castiel replies, but he pushes his sleeves up and and nods determinedly.

He opens the flaps of the diaper and pulls the front of it down. He reaches for a wipe, and that’s when the smell hits him again. He makes a sound of disgust and turns his face away.

“Can't clean her up if you don't look at her, buddy,” Dean teases.

“Shut up. And I'm not your buddy, I am your husband,” Castiel replies. Dean always forgets how much he hates it when he calls him that. Especially in public.

“Sorry,” he says quickly. “Grab her ankles in one hand and use the front of the diaper to wipe her once before you use the wipe,” he says.

Castiel begins to follow his directions but when the diaper opens completely he gags. “Oh my God,” he says, clearly disgusted.
“It's not *that* bad,” Dean says.

Castiel makes choking and coughing sounds, trying to keep the smell from hitting his nose again. “You grew up with Sam!” Castiel reminds him.

“Exactly. Compared to Sam, this isn't that bad.”

Castiel begins to clean her up with the wipes, and she starts crying almost instantly. “I'm doing something wrong. Am I hurting her?” Castiel asks, nervous now.

“Nah, they're just a little cold on the tush,” Dean explains. “You're doing great.”

Dean opens up the next diaper for Cas and wraps up the dirty one once he hands it over. He has to admit it smells a hell of a lot better closed up again.

“How do I know if it's too tight?” Castiel asks.

“They're stretchy. It won't be too tight. I'd be more worried about making sure it's tight enough. It would suck for everything that was just in that diaper to be all over her clothes if it's not,” Dean points out.

Castiel gags. “That would be horrific.” He makes sure it isn't too loose, and he even makes sure the little ruffle part around the butt is fluffed out the way it was the first time. Dean doesn't think diapers had those back when he was changing Sam, so he isn't sure if he would have noticed that himself. A few minutes later they have her back in the same outfit they took her out of, and Dean gives Cas a kiss on the cheek and a pat on the back.

“Well, done,” he says, nodding his approval. “I gotta say, a part of me was hoping you'd blow chunks.”

“You're just so good to me,” Castiel replies and Dean grins.

“My turn to hold my niece. Hand her over.”

“But-”

“You already had her for more than an hour napping,” Dean reminds him.

“Fine,” Castiel relents unhappily. “But I get to feed her the bottle.”

“Deal,” Dean agrees, holding his hands out eagerly for his favourite girl in the world. Once he finally has her, he swings her up in the air and she rewards him with a gigantic drooly smile. “Hello, my beautiful girl,” Dean coos to her, kissing her noisily on the cheek. “You are the prettiest thing in the entire world, aren’t you? You’d never know there was some moose in you, huh? I love you so much, pumpkin. Yes, I do. Yes, I do,” he repeats, smiling widely at her.

“I might be a little jealous,” Castiel teases.

“You wanna be a pretty girl too, Cas?” Dean jokes back.

“I would be, you know,” Castiel says, and Dean can't tell if he's joking or not.

“That… would not surprise me,” Dean settles on, and Cas laughs softly.

“Seriously though. I imagine having a baby in our arms all the time would really cut into the amount of time you and I would spend touching each other,” Castiel says. “I might actually get jealous.”
“You heard what Sam said about this little munchkin being a cockblock,” Dean reminds him.

“That would not be pleasant,” Castiel says. “Though I'm sure it doesn't last forever.”

Dean huffs. “No, but still. Imagine a month with no sex. A week even.”

“I could do it,” Castiel insists.

“Dude. Don't even joke about that. I enjoy blowing my load once a day, thank you very much.”

“Dean! Don't talk like that with Brynlee in your arms. It's crass,” Castiel chastises.

“Please. She has no idea what I'm saying. And it's not like Jess has a clean mouth,” Dean reminds him.

Brynlee starts fussing a little bit so Dean rocks her back and forth. It works for a little bit and then she starts up again, more insistent than before. “I'll go warm up a bottle,” Castiel offers.

“Thanks, babe,” Dean says, walking around with Brynlee to try and keep her calm. She's obviously hungry though, rooting around on his chest for a nipple. “Sorry sweetheart, I don't exactly have the parts you're lookin' for,” he chuckles. It isn't until now that Dean fully appreciates the convenience of nursing. Food ready to go at any given moment. Handy.

Then he realizes he's thinking about breast milk again - milk that comes from his sister-in-law’s breasts - and he makes his mind think of something else.

Brynlee’s really worked up now, and even though Dean was used to the screaming at one point in his life, he isn’t right now, and it’s kinda stressing him out a little bit. He walks closer to Cas. “How’s that bottle coming?” he shouts over her crying.

“Slowly but surely,” Castiel responds, looking concerned at the sheer volume of Brynlee’s cries.

“She’ll be fine once she eats,” Dean says. “Screaming her head off is the only way to get what she wants, and babies want what they want immediately.”

“The more you tell me about babies, the more it sounds like you have in common with them,” Castiel says.

Dean rolls his eyes, and he feels a bead of sweat roll down his back. “Man, she is pissed,” he comments.

Castiel picks up the bottle, shakes it, and drips some breast milk onto his wrist. “Not too hot, and not cold,” Castiel says. “Probably good.” He licks the milk off of his wrist and gestures for Dean to hand the baby over but he's distracted by the look of disgust on his face. “What?” he asks. “Oh God, do I have baby poop on me somewhere?” he asks, checking his hands and arms.

“You licked the milk off of your arm,” Dean says.

“So? It’s milk,” Castiel responds, taking Brynlee and going to sit down on the couch.

“It’s breast milk!” Dean corrects him. “How are you not getting how weird this is?”

“It’s not like I’m drinking it directly from the source,” Castiel defends.

A mental image of that comes unbidden to the forefront of Dean’s mind and Dean slaps a hand over his forehead. “Oh God. That’s just wrong, Cas. I’m never gonna get hard ever again.” That’s when
he realizes Brynlee hasn’t stopped screaming yet. He walks over and sees Cas trying to put the bottle in her mouth and her moving her head to avoid it. He tries again, she sucks the tiniest bit, and then spits it out and starts screaming all over again. Impossibly louder than she was a minute ago. “Huh. Maybe she’s not hungry?” Dean says.

“Maybe it’s not the right temperature?” Castiel suggests. Brynlee is absolutely hysterical at this point and Dean can tell it’s starting to affect Cas the same way it got to him earlier. He thinks about Cas’s previous comment ‘directly from the source,’ and has a thought.

“Do you want me to try?” he asks, not wanting to overstep but also not wanting to do nothing.

“By all means,” Castiel replies, gesturing for Dean to come and get her.

“I’m just gonna grab a receiving blanket,” he says, running over to pull one out of the diaper bag. “Probably smells like home, it might help,” he says, grasping at straws. “Don’t judge me,” he warns, pulling his shirt up and over his head. Castiel does look confused by the turn of events, but then Dean throws the receiving blanket over his shoulder. He takes Brynlee and pulls her close to his chest like he’s seen Jess do a thousand times, and then Cas hands him the bottle. He places the bottle against his chest and leaves the nipple just out of her reach. She turns her little head and starts suckling on it, then latches on, and other than her tiny little breaths hitching, there’s silence for the first time in twenty minutes and it’s the best thing he’s ever heard.

Castiel comes to stand behind Dean and they rest their heads together, looking down at how peaceful Brynlee looks now that she’s being fed. Hard to believe she caused so much trouble a few minutes ago. “You have the magic touch,” Castiel says quietly, planting a kiss to Dean’s cheek. He somehow ends up leaving a soft trail of kisses up to the bolt of his jaw and Dean closes his eyes, utterly and completely happy.

“Chicks dig me,” he answers, and Castiel gives him a light shove.

“Too bad you’re mine,” Castiel replies.

“Nothin’ bad about it,” Dean argues.

Brynlee almost finishes her entire bottle, leaving less than half an ounce behind, and her eyes are droopy again already. Castiel offers to burp her but then Dean mentions baby puke, and suddenly Cas disappears down the hallway to use the bathroom acting like Dean doesn’t know he’s running away. Dean doesn’t mind though, so he lets him go.

Soon, Brynlee is dead weight in his arms, and he goes into the smallest spare room they have set up with a bassinet, mobile and baby monitor for when she comes to visit. He places her gently in the bassinet and takes a minute to just look at how perfect she is in her sleep, then he turns on the mobile and grabs his end of the monitor, and closes the door behind him gently.

He finds Cas in the kitchen, bringing two beers out to the living room. Dean snickers. “Less than three hours of watching a baby and we both need a beer,” he says, happily taking it from him.

“Honestly, it’s harder than I thought it would be. I can’t imagine doing this all day every day. Jess and Sam are amazing,” Castiel declares.

“Especially Jess. Choosing to stay home all day with her. Man. She must get lonely,” Dean realizes. “We should offer to do this more often.”

“It might get easier,” Castiel says.
“It will. The older they get, the easier they get. Until they hit puberty. Then we’ll be wishing she was a baby again, believe me,” he says severely, taking a long pull from his bottle and snuggling against his husband.

“How long do you think she’ll be asleep?” Castiel asks.

“She slept with you for just over an hour, so probably around there,” Dean guesses. “Then another diaper change, another bottle, another burp, and she should be almost ready to go down for the night.”

Castiel lets Dean soak up the physical attention he craves so much, and after the episode of whatever Dean was watching is over, he says, “Maybe we should pick up where we left off when we were interrupted by Sam and Jess?”

Dean stretches lazily. “I dunno man, I’m pretty tired. Not all of us had an hour nap this afternoon,” Dean jokes.

“Are you open to allowing me to change your mind?” Castiel asks.

Dean snorts. “Pretty much always, Cas.”

Dean can see the wheels turning in Cas’s brain for a second, and then Cas takes another pull from his beer, and licks around the tip of the bottle obscenely, licking up the drips he allowed to spill down the neck.

Dean chuckles. “Really?”

Castiel shrugs, unashamed. “You seem to like watching me when I do it to you,” he answers.

“You could just do it to me, you know. I bet that’d get me in the mood,” Dean says, bouncing his eyebrows.

“That is an excellent idea,” Castiel says, perking up immediately. He places his beer bottle on the table in front of him and drops to his knees in front of Dean. He runs his hands up the inside of his thighs, then back down to his knees, and back up the outside of legs to cup his ass.

Dean’s voice is slightly raspy when he says, “You may have changed my mind.”

Castiel’s smile shines with satisfaction. “Good.” He motions for Dean to lift his hips and he pulls his sweatpants down over his hips and tosses them on the floor beside him. Dean’s cock is beginning to plump up, but it’s nowhere near as hard as he needs it to be. “That’s not going to cut it,” he says, feigning disappointment. He runs his hands up the inside of Dean’s bare legs now, and Dean’s cock is growing harder quickly the closer his hands get to it. “Better,” he says, smiling up at Dean.

Just the sight of Cas kneeling between his legs is enough to get Dean worked up. His hands on him is something else entirely. When Cas finally takes him in his hand, he lets out the small groan in his throat because he knows how much Cas likes hearing him.

“It’s very arousing to feel you get harder in my hand,” Castiel says. His eyes are getting darker, and Dean can see how much he wants this.

“Try it in your mouth,” Dean offers, and Castiel licks his lips before he leans in and does just that. He licks from base to tip up one side, back down, and up the other side. By the time his tongue reaches the tip, Dean’s fully hard in his hand.
“That was easy,” Castiel teases and Dean laughs.

“That was easy,” Castiel teases and Dean laughs. “Can you really blame me? You’re so fucking hot,” Dean praises him. “Open up your pants, Cas. Wanna see you hard for me.”

Dean’s biting his bottom lip in anticipation as Cas reaches down to release himself from his pants. He sees the tip of his cock when all of the sudden a cry rings out from the baby monitor.

“Fuck,” Dean curses, feeling like somebody just threw ice water on his dick.

“I’ll get her,” Castiel offers, up on his feet and out of the room faster than Dean can get up and pull his pants up.

“She really is Sam’s kid,” Dean grumbles to himself, pissed about getting hard for nothing twice already today.

Then he hears Cas’s voice come through the baby monitor on the coffee table. “Good morning, little Brynlee. Did you have a good sleep in your pretty bed? Hm?” Castiel asks. “You know your Uncle Dean isn’t going to let you stay here anymore if you keep having bad timing like this.”

Dean smiles hearing his husband baby talk his niece.

“He’s right, you know. You are the prettiest girl in the whole world, aren’t you? Aren’t you, Brynlee? I love you so much, sweetie,” he coos at her.

Dean leans over to turn off the monitor when he hears the door open, but he can’t wipe the smile off of his face when Cas comes back in the room with her cradled in his arms. “Why are you smiling at me like that?” Castiel asks.

“Because you’re adorable, and really, really good with her,” Dean answers. “And I really love you. Like a lot.”

Castiel’s answering smile is small but sweet. It’s his eyes softening that give away the emotions he’s feeling. “I love you too, Dean. After all this time I still can’t believe you gave me all of this.”

Dean raises an eyebrow, “Brynlee actually had very little to do with me specifically.”

“It’s because of you that I have the privilege of being cockblocked by this little angel twice in one night,” Castiel disagrees, joking to attempt to lighten the mood. It doesn’t work. “I didn’t think I’d ever get the chance to see a child grow up like I’m going to with her. Because of you. Because you made me your family.”

“I wouldn’t change a minute of it for anything. This is everything I ever wanted. You’re everything I ever wanted,” Dean amends.

They find each other’s lips and kiss gently, which Brynlee seems to find entertaining based on the little sounds she makes. The next two hours pass quickly with changing two more diapers, feeding her another bottle (Cas takes his shirt off this time and it works just as well as it did with Dean, much to his pleasure), and getting her into the tiny little pair of Star Wars pajamas they’d found for her online. Dean poses for a picture holding her in his own Star Wars sleep pants, and Castiel instantly changes it to the wallpaper on his phone, grinning like the dork that he is the whole time.

Her eyes start dropping again, and Dean carries her into her room since he was so successful last time. This time, her big blue eyes pop open the minute he lays her down. He places a hand on her stomach and starts singing gently. The first song that comes to mind makes him smile and think about
his husband listening over the monitor like he knows he is.

“Oh thinkin’ about all our younger years...
There was only you and me.
We were young and wild and free.
Now nothin’ can take you away from me.
We’ve been down that road before,
But that’s over now.
You keep me comin’ back for more.
Baby, you’re all that I want,
When you’re lyin’ here in my arms.
I’m findin’ it hard to believe,
We’re in heaven.
And love is all that I need,
And I found it there in your heart.
It isn’t too hard to see,
We’re in heaven.”

By the time he’s finished the first verse, her eyes are closed again, and his own eyes are a little wet. No matter how much he used to hate that song, it fills him with love and happiness now every time he hears it (even if he does still hate Bryan Adam’s stupid voice) and it always makes him think of his husband.

When he leaves the nursery, Cas is standing right in the hallway waiting for him. Dean isn’t surprised to see Cas’s eyes aren’t exactly dry either. He closes the door behind him, and he is surprised when Cas pulls him into his arms and starts spinning in a slow circle… clearly dancing with him right in the middle of the hallway.

He’s even more surprised when Cas keeps singing their song in a quiet, very low voice.

“Oh once in your life you find someone,
Who will turn your world around,
Bring you up when you’re feelin’ down.
Yeah, nothin’ could change what you mean to me.
Oh there’s lots that I could say,
But just hold me now.
’Cause our love will light the way…”

There’s a part of Dean that wants to die from the intimacy and sheer corniness of this moment, but his heart is so fucking full with his husband in his arms and his niece sleeping peacefully in the room next to them, he joins his voice to Cas’s and they sing the rest of their song together, sometimes laughing as they fumble through it together, but mostly crying together and laughing at that, too.

When their song is over, they wipe each other’s tears, and Cas pulls Dean back into their bedroom. They undress each other slowly, and worship each other’s bodies in a way they don’t take the time to do nearly as often as they should. Castiel is two fingers deep in Dean’s willing hole and Dean’s whining for him to get a fucking move on already when Brynlee wakes with a cry.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Dean growls.

Castiel drops his forehead to Dean’s in obvious frustration himself and says in a deadly serious voice, “Promise me we’ll never have babies.”
Chapter End Notes

That's it! As far as I know, this is the end for these two characters. I hope you enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it, and again, I can't thank you enough for your support!

Love you guys! <3
Five Days

Chapter Notes

Sorry in advance to anybody who got an update e-mail from this. I just decided to add the time stamp I wrote to this story instead of leaving it as a series.

Castiel doesn't know what exactly is going on with Dean lately, but he knows it’s something. They’ve been married five years next month, and the last four days is the longest they’ve ever gone without having sex or getting off together some other way. They haven’t showered together in a week, and Castiel keeps waking up to an empty bed in the morning. Dean still snuggles up on Castiel's chest every night before bed, but he just isn’t interested when Castiel tries to do anything more than kiss him.

Castiel is trying to give him space and not be too demanding. If Dean doesn’t want to have sex right now, for whatever reason, then that’s fine. He just wishes he would tell him why. Thankfully, Dean’s still affectionate with him. They curl up together on the couch, and Dean never turns away from a kiss. But after more than five years of getting off almost every day, Castiel’s starting to feel a little bit frustrated, sexually and otherwise.

Why won’t Dean talk to him?

That night in bed, Castiel kisses along his neck, hoping for some kind of reaction from him, but Dean just rolls away.

“Is everything alright?” Castiel finally asks.

“Just tired, babe,” Dean answers.

“All week?” Castiel checks.

“Yeah. Sorry,” Dean replies, but honestly, he doesn’t sound all that sorry. He sounds awkward. Like he’s dodging the question.

“You’re not mad at me for something, are you?”

Dean huffs out a breath of air, obviously annoyed. “I just don’t want to have sex right now.”

Castiel kisses the back of his neck. “Can I try to change your mind?” he whispers.

“Not tonight, Cas. Maybe tomorrow.” Castiel knows he sounds like he’s complaining when he lets out a long sigh, but he is frustrated. “Love you,” Dean says quietly.

“I love you, too, Dean,” he answers. Because he does. He just wishes he knew what was going on.

The next day is a Saturday, and Castiel purposely grades papers and leaves his glasses on for longer than he needs them, hoping he’d be able to entice Dean to making a move. Dean barely even glances at him though, and Castiel finally acknowledges the pit of fear that’s been in his stomach since last night. This is five days now, and he knows something’s going on.
“I don’t really feel like eating anything at home tonight,” Dean says later on. “Would you mind going out to pick up some food?”

“I can do that,” Castiel answers easily. “What were you thinking?”

“Chicken?” Dean suggests, and Castiel nods his agreement.

A half hour later, Dean is putting laundry away in their bedroom, and Castiel goes to tell him that he’s going to pick up their dinner and that he’ll be back soon. Dean kisses him goodbye the way he always does and Castiel walks out to the car. He’s lost in thought on the drive, and doesn’t realize until he’s almost halfway there that he forgot his damn wallet by the door. He hits the steering wheel in an uncharacteristic fit of rage, and pushes away the thought of just how frustrated he is with what’s going on between him and Dean.

When he gets back in the house, he’s surprised that he doesn’t find Dean in the kitchen or living room. He’s walking up the stairs to check on him when he hears a moan coming from their bedroom. Castiel has heard Dean moan like that enough to know exactly what’s going on in there. He feels anger spread through him quickly, and he dismisses the fleeting thought that maybe Dean’s got somebody else in the bedroom with him. Dean would never do that.

He tiptoes towards their bedroom with his heart racing and peeks in through the crack of the door. Dean is face down on their bed, fingers buried in his ass, with his cell phone in his other hand. Castiel tries to ignore the wave of desire he feels seeing Dean in such a state, and disregards his quickly hardening cock in his pants, because he’s hurt. Castiel has been trying to get Dean interested in sex with him for days and Dean kept turning him down, and then Castiel leaves for ten minutes and Dean is fingering himself?

Dean is fucking back against his fingers as they slide in and out of him, and ruts against the sheets underneath him. He looks amazing like this, and Castiel can hardly refrain from joining in. Instead, he’s rooted to the spot. He doesn’t know what to do. He doesn’t understand.

Why would Dean be acting like this? Is he not attracted to him anymore? Maybe he's looking at women on his phone. Maybe Dean’s finally tired of being with a man and is missing the way he's turned on by women. That's why he isn't interested in sex with Castiel, because he doesn't have what Dean wants right now. Castiel can't even find it in himself be angry about that. It's who Dean is. He just wishes he had told him. He could never share Dean with another woman, but they could go to a strip club or watch porn together or something. Castiel would do almost anything for Dean.

His thoughts are interrupted when Dean moans his name. “Caaaas!” Dean says, dragging the sound out.

Castiel thinks for a second he’s been seen and he freezes, but then Dean starts chanting his name. “Fuck, Cas. Cas, Cas, want you, Cas.”

Without thinking about the consequences, Castiel pushes the bedroom door open and walks into the room. Dean startles at the sound of the door being pushed open and is beginning to stutter through some kind of explanation but Castiel cuts him off as he undoes his pants and drops them to the floor.

“We will talk about this, and you will explain yourself, but right now I'm hard and horny from watching you and I'm going to fuck you until you can't even form my name on your lips,” Castiel
tells him, his voice low and rough.

“I - I want you,” Dean replies, obviously embarrassed but still turned on.

Castiel pulls his shirt over his head and approaches the bed. He grabs Dean’s phone to move it out of the way and sees a photo of himself covered in Dean’s cum. “You were looking at this?” Castiel asks.

“What else would I look at? You're what gets me hard, Cas,” Dean breathes.

Castiel lowers himself on top of Dean and crushes their lips together. Dean immediately starts thrusting up against him and Castiel groans at the pleasure of finally having Dean in his arms again.

“Need you to fuck me, Cas,” Dean begs. “Please. Want you so fucking bad. Need you.”

“I'm going to fuck you hard and fast, and then I'm going to choke on your cock and you're going to come all over me like in that picture,” Castiel warns him, hips still thrusting against him.

“Jesus Christ, yes, please,” Dean whines.

Castiel flips him over so that he's on his stomach again, and drags his ass up in the air. “You looked so fucking hot fingering yourself like this,” Castiel says. He reaches for the lube that's already on the bed and slicks up his cock. “Two fingers?”

“Yes,” Dean breathes, getting up on all fours and wiggling his ass in invitation.

“It's gonna burn, but you can take it, right, Dean?”

“Please, Cas. Want it to hurt. Fuck me hard, babe,” Dean encourages him.

Castiel grips Dean by his hip with one hand and lines himself up with the other before he pushes inside of him hard. He can feel the drag and knows that had to have hurt, but all Dean does is whine with pleasure. He wants it rough, Castiel reminds himself. He waits only a moment to get seated before Dean starts thrusting back against him for more, and then he lets go and thrusts into him deep again.

“Ah!” Dean calls out. “Yes! More!”

Castiel grips Dean’s hips harder and pulls him back against his cock as he thrusts into him, slamming their bodies together again and again, hearing the slap of skin against skin as Dean whines and pants under him.

“Missed you, Cas. Missed you every damn day,” Dean admits, voice broken.

Castiel feels that hurt and anger rise inside of him again, and drapes his body over the curve of Dean’s back and pushes his head into the mattress. He buries his hand in his hair, and pulls hard as he fucks into him even harder.

“Yes, yes, Cas. Just like that. Wanna feel you,” Dean says, encouraging him to go harder and letting him know it's okay to be rough.

Castiel closes his eyes and completely loses himself in the hot, tight pressure around his cock as he pounds into his husband. He knows he isn't going to last much longer, and he fucks into Dean like a wild man chasing his orgasm.

“So fucking hot,” Dean groans under him.
“You like it rough,” Castiel reminds him.

“Yes,” Dean answers quickly. “You're so fuckin’ strong. Love how you make me feel.”

“Small,” Castiel finishes for him. “Like I can do whatever I want to you and you just have to take it.”

“Fuck yes!” Dean groans. “Yours, Cas.”

“Mine!” Castiel growls. “Tell me you want me.” Castiel asks, needing to hear it after being turned down time and time again for the first time in years.

“Always. Always want you. So hard for you. Want you to fill me up, Cas,” Dean begs.

Castiel feels his orgasm building and bends over Dean further to place a hand on his shoulder and pull him back into his cock as he thrusts frantically, completely focused on his own pleasure and not thinking about Dean at all. His orgasm rips through him, and he bites down on the skin of Dean’s muscular back as he pumps him full of his cum.

Dean cries out when he pulls out, and he knows he's sore. He flips him back over onto his back and nibbles up the inside of his leg.

“Going to make you feel good now, baby,” Castiel promises. Dean’s cock is flushed a deep red and he can see how hard he is. This won't take long.

Castiel darts his tongue across the head of Dean’s cock, and Dean thrusts into it immediately.

“Please, Cas,” Dean whines, already desperate.

Castiel follows his lead and takes him into his mouth quickly, sinking all the way down on his thick cock and letting him bump against the back of his throat. Dean chokes out a sound of pleasure above him and Castiel does it again. Dean’s hands come up to rest on his head, and Castiel lets his jaw go slack so Dean can fuck into his mouth the way he obviously wants to.

Dean hitches his bowed legs up on Castiel’s shoulders and thrusts into his mouth without restraint. Castiel follows his lead and takes him into his mouth quickly, sinking all the way down on his thick cock and letting him bump against the back of his throat. Dean chokes out a sound of pleasure above him and Castiel does it again. Dean’s hands come up to rest on his head, and Castiel lets his jaw go slack so Dean can fuck into his mouth the way he obviously wants to.

Dean hitches his bowed legs up on Castiel’s shoulders and thrusts into his mouth without restraint. Castiel keeps stimulating Dean’s prostate with his finger, and wraps his other hand around his cock, stroking him hard and fast. Dean pushes himself up onto his elbows to watch, and calls out as his first hot spurt of come hits Castiel right on his cheek. Castiel closes his eyes and opens his mouth, continuing to jerk Dean as he comes with rope after rope all over Castiel’s face and neck. When he doesn't feel anything else, he opens his eyes again to see Dean sitting up. He licks his lips, cleaning up what he can while he maintains eye contact with Dean.

Dean grabs him by the face and pulls him in to lick up the mess he made, causing both of them to groan through their panting. Castiel will never stop thinking this is the dirtiest, hottest thing Dean has ever been willing to do for him, and he captures his mouth enthusiastically, indulging in the taste of Dean on his tongue.

Dean breaks away and grabs a discarded towel from beside their bed and wipes the sticky, slobbery mess off of Castiel’s face for him before they both collapse on to the bed.
They catch their breath, and Castiel turns to face Dean and is just about to ask what’s been going on when Dean says quietly, “I have epididymitis.”

“What?” Castiel asks, surprised.

“That’s why I haven’t been able to have sex.”

Castiel is shocked. “I’m not even sure what that is. Are you alright?”

“Infection in one of my balls,” Dean says, and Castiel notices his face is a violent shade of red. “I uh, noticed it was sore one night when we were fooling around, and then it was even worse the next day in the shower, and after you got out I checked it out and saw it was all swollen. So I went to the doctor.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Castiel asks, making his voice soft instead of accusatory.

“I didn’t want to freak you out at first. I Googled it and was half-convinced it was cancer or something and I didn’t want you to have to worry with me. Then I found it was just an infection, but it was fuckin’ embarrassing to talk about. Still is,” Dean grumbles.

“Are you okay now? What caused it?”

“Bacteria,” Dean shrugs. “Apparently not uncommon for guys who have anal sex. I’m okay now. I’ve been horny for days, and when you put on your fucking glasses this afternoon I could barely even look at you I was so turned on. The only reason I was jacking off is because I wanted to make sure it didn’t hurt before I asked you to touch me. Didn’t want to get you all worked up for nothin’, you know? Then I kinda got carried away,” he says, blushing again.

Castiel pulls him into his arms and hugs him tightly. “God, Dean. The things I was thinking,” he confesses.

“What were you thinking?” Dean asks.

“It’s silly. When I first heard you up here I had a split second when I wondered if you were cheating on me,” Castiel says quietly.

“I would never do that to you!” Dean says passionately.

“I know,” Castiel agrees, kissing his forehead. “It was only for a second. Then when I saw your phone in your hand... I began to speculate that you might be indulging in a fantasy of you and woman. That perhaps I was no longer arousing you because you’re also attracted to women.”

“Cas,” Dean says softly. “I was lookin’ at you. You’re pretty much the only thing that ‘arouses me’ now. Man,” he breathes. “We’ve been together more than five years, babe. I don’t want anything else. Only you. You’re everything I’ve ever wanted. I don’t need women to get me off anymore. Just you.”

Castiel can’t help smiling at his words, allowing them to chase away the doubt he felt earlier. “It was childish for me to worry about that. Until this week, I’ve always been confident that I was satisfying you.”

“Because you were. You are. The last five days have been the hardest of my fucking life,” Dean reminds him. “I couldn’t even touch myself.”

“But you’re obviously feeling better?”
Dean nods. “Five days into the antibiotics. Five days left,” he answers.

“I wish you had told me,” Castiel repeats. “You should be able to tell me anything.”

“Yah,” Dean says quietly. “I will if it ever happens again, or if anything else like it happens again. Now that I know how crazy you get in that pretty little head of yours.” Castiel smiles softly, ashamed of the things he was thinking. “I can’t believe you still don’t believe it’s only you for me.”

“I do believe it,” Castiel insists. “I was just so confused. You wouldn’t talk to me. I didn’t know what else to think.”

“I’m sorry, baby,” Dean says. “I promise I’ll never let you feel like that again.”

Castiel leans across to kiss him gently. “Promise me you’ll never leave me in the dark about your health again, either. Even if it was cancer, I am your husband and it’s my job to share your worries with you, Dean. Promise me you will never shut me out like that again.”

“I don’t want you to -”

“Dean,” Castiel interrupts. “What if it was the other way around? What if I didn’t tell you if I was ill?”

“I’d want to kick your ass,” Dean answers begrudgingly. “Now I get why you wanted to fuck me so hard,” he says with an amused smile. And then he nods. “I get it. I won’t do that again, no matter what. I promise.” He scooches forwards and puts his face in the nook of Castiel’s neck, and Castiel feels him kiss him gently on his skin. “I’m sorry, baby. Really.”

Castiel kisses the top of his head and pulls his arms around him tighter. “I’m sorry I was rough,” he says quietly.

Dean laughs. “I’m not complaining. I might be tomorrow, but it was good. Really good. You know that I, you know, like that sometimes.”

“Mmmhmm,” Castiel agrees.

“I missed you,” Dean admits. “I didn’t know how much I would miss not just the sex part, but this part, too. The snuggly part.”

“I missed you, too, Dean. Every day.”

“What do you say we order pizza in so neither of us has to leave the house? We can make up for lost time now that my nuts aren’t sore anymore,” Dean suggests.

“I’d say you’re a genius, and that I love you.”

“I love you, too, babe,” Dean says, and Castiel can hear the smile in his voice.

Castiel smiles in response, knowing that he and Dean are good again, and basking in the relief he feels.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!