**Doctor AU**

by **Dean can ride my impala**

**Summary**

Dean Winchester has been in love with his roommate for years now. He thinks he will never reveal his feelings for Castiel, but his mind changes when Castiel is in a car accident and hurt. Deciding that he will get Cas to fall in love with him, Dean now has to deal with his own insecurities, an angry demon-woman pining after Cas, divorcing parents, a new brother, a heart-broken moose, and gossiping nurses.

**Notes**

guys this is a work in progress. I want to create a story with an intricate plot (at least create personalities and story lines for each character). I will try to update once a week, though I don't promise anything. Thanks for reading, and please leave me comments to better my writing.
Dean was a pretty light sleeper. He had to be, considering his profession. Since he didn’t live down at the firehouse, he had to be ready at a moment’s notice in case there ever was an emergency, and that was kind of hard if he can’t hear his phone ring. He had been woken at all hours of the night, so he was pretty used to short sleeping hours.

Still, when he woke up and it was still dark outside, he was pretty pissed. Tomorrow—or maybe today, since it was already past midnight—was his first day off in three weeks, and he’d promised his best friend Jo that he would spend it in her classroom, talking to her kids about the joys of being a fireman. He hadn’t been woken by a call, nor by his alarm clock. He was woken by the sound of footsteps.

He frowned, glancing at his clock. It was three a.m. in the morning, and the last time he checked, his roommate had been fast asleep in his room. Still hesitant, but now more alert, he quietly stepped out of his room, and inched towards the sound of someone moving in the kitchen.

“Heard you,” he wondered, and his eyes fell on his well-dressed roommate. He immediately noticed the lack of scrubs, meaning his doctor friend had not been at work. Instead, Cas was wearing black slacks that were just a tiny bit too big and a white dress shirt. He kind of looked like a waiter because of his prim bow tie.

“Dean, I didn’t mean to wake you,” Cas said softly, loosening his tie. “I merely meant to grab a glass of water before heading to my room.”

Cas also had strange hours in his line of work, even more so than Dean, so he hadn’t found it all too strange when he came home at six in the afternoon to find him fast asleep. He had never thought it meant he had plans at a later time.

“Heard you,” Dean asked. “One of the nurse asked me out for coffee. Her shift ended at midnight, that’s why the meeting took place so late.”

Dean raised an eyebrow. He had been friends with Cas since they were teenagers, and had been neighbors even before that. Cas had been in the same class as his younger brother, Sam, and when both boys had been assigned a project together, they had worked at the Winchester house, Cas’ brothers too raucous to provide a study-friendly environment. Dean had quickly taken to the younger boy, despite his awkward social skills and small shyness. Since then, they had been inseparable, even when Cas left for five years for his studies (Dean thanked his lucky stars that Cas was a genius and had finished med school super early).

Never, in that time, had Dean ever heard of Cas going on a date, or even be remotely interested in anybody. Truth be told, Dean thought of Cas as asexual, since he was sure his friend was still a virgin.

“You went out on a date?” he asked.

Cas spluttered and looked up at him with wide eyes. “I went out with a friend. Dean, do you believe this was a date?”

Dean couldn’t help it. He burst out laughing. “Yeah, Cas. I think it was a date. What’s the lucky gal’s name?”
“Nurse Masters,” Cas replied, brooding over the newly revealed fact. “I was not aware this had been a date. I behaved towards her like a friend, not like a potential sexual partner.”

“Hold up, there, partner. This was your first time, right?” Dean asked quickly. He tried to rack his brain for any instances when Cas had acted strange (or at least stranger than usual), but couldn’t come up with anything other than his sudden love for Neil Diamond. Talking about Neil, Dean really needed to introduce Cas to good singers. Some Foreigner or Zep might do him some good.

“Yes.”

“Then it’s totally fine you were friendly with her,” Dean smiled. “Don’t want to bring out sex until after the fifth date, right?”

“But you often engage in sexual activities even without a first date,” Cas said, cocking his head to the side in that adorable way he had. “Sometimes, all it takes is a beer, and you’re already sleeping with some random woman.”

“That’s because I’m a slut,” Dean grinned. “You’re a prude, so stick to the five date rule. Trust me.”

Cas frowned, but nodded thoughtfully. “We should go back to sleep. We have Joanna Beth’s Career Day tomorrow.”

“I still can’t believe she roped us into that,” Dean groaned. “That is the last time I play poker against her as a bet.”

“At least next time, don’t add me to it,” Cas grumbled.

Growing up, Dean would have never imagined Jo becoming a teacher, less alone Kindergarten. She was too rough, too much of a fighter. But he had to admit, she was perfect. All of the kids loved her, even despite her numerous threats to hurt them in increasingly imaginative ways. However, kids were good judges of character, and had quickly discovered her to be the tough love kind of person.

There were other adults in the room, some of them friends of Jo she had roped in, others parents to the little tykes.

“Hey, what are you?” Dean whispered to the shorter blonde to his right. Cas was busy reading a medical book. Dean still found it hard to believe that Cas, despite not being in school anymore, still had to regularly study and learn about more diseases and illnesses.

“Journalist. You?” the guy asked. His breath smelled slightly of tobacco, which Cas noticed, going by the wrinkle on his forehead.

“Fireman,” Dean replied.

“I’m a cop,” a second man said. He gave Dean a little smirk, and Dean bristled. He was friends with a couple of officers—Victor and Jody being the main two—but he was well aware that some cops thought firemen underneath them. Perhaps it was because of the ongoing battle between Firehouse 14 and Station 17. Perhaps it was because they were pretentious assholes.

“Alright, boys, let’s tuck them away before they hit someone,” Jo said, stepping in front of them and giving Dean a hard look that clearly told him make a scene in front of my kids and I’ll shove
“Mr. Walker, why don’t you start?”

The cop stood up, all smiles and fake laughter, and explained about his job. Dean had to admit the guy had charisma, and he seemed to enjoy his job (maybe a bit too much, if his anecdote was anything to go by). After Walker, it was a lanky guy named Garth Fitzgerald who talked to the children about the joys of being a dentist. The kids (and Dean) were mildly horrified by his over explicit enthusiasm, and they unsurprisingly, but politely, declined the sugar-free candy he brought. Cas, always the gentleman, took one.

A pretty bartender was up next that Dean recognized from the Roadhouse, Jo’s family bar. After her, an old accountant took the stage, and then a clown. A couple of girls cried during the clowns performance, prompting Garth the dentist to bring out a sock puppet that calmed down everyone’s nerves (Dean would never admit to liking Mr. Fizzles) and then it was Dean’s turn.

“Students, this is my good personal friend, Dean Winchester. Please treat Mr. Winchester with respect.”

“Mr. Winchester’s my dad,” Dean laughed then internally cringed when Jo gave him a sly smirk. Damn, I’m turning into one of those guys.

“Alright, dudes and dudettes. I’m a fireman, pretty awesome job, if I do say so myself. I work at Firehouse 14, the large, red house five streets over. And I also get to ride in the big, red fire trucks and ring the siren.”

“Do you have a dog?” a short kid with unfortunate bowl cut hair asked excitedly.

“Nah, Benny’s allergic. But as soon as we find a dog that won’t make his head explode, we’ll get one.”

Jo sent him a sharp stare, and Dean chose to ignore her by turning to the pretty girl with pigtails enthusiastically raising her hand.

“Do you slide down the pole?”

“Only all the time,” Dean laughed. “It’s like my favorite thing to do.”

“I bet it is,” Walker smirked and Dean glared his way.

“Of course, it’s not all fun and games,” Dean said seriously. “We all have to be ready at a moment’s notice, in case there’s a fire. We can’t be twenty minutes late to a call, like some other departments.” He smirked at the sour look in Walker’s face.

“So you fight fires?” a little boy asked, awed.

“Yeah,” Dean nodded. “We have these larges hoses, like in your house, and we spray the fire until it dies. Sometimes, though, we have to go inside burning buildings to rescue the people inside.”

“I’m going to be a fireman!” a little girl shouted.

“Girls can’t be firemen!” a boy shouted. Before Dean or Jo could contradict him, he elaborated. “You’re going to be a firegirl.”

“Isn’t that from Sharkboy?” Dean wondered.

“That’s Lavagirl, Dean,” Jo rolled her eyes. “Go sit before you hog all of my students. Mr. Pretty
Blue Eyes, you’re up top.”

“Is that me?” Cas asked, confused.

Dean smiled. “Yeah, Cas. You’re the only one with pretty blue eyes.”

Cas nodded and took his place up front, completely missing the dark blush that had taken root in
Dean’s face. Jo, unfortunately, latched on to it and sat on Cas’ vacated spot as the doctor
awkwardly began his presentation.

“Aw, baby Dean things Cassie has pretty blue eyes?”

“Shut up, Joanna Beth,” Dean growled.

“Ooh, my full name. Someone’s embarrassed,” Jo grinned. “When are you going to grow some
balls and tell Cas how you feel?”

“We’re in a classroom.”

“My kids aren’t homophobic.”

“I was talking about the balls comment.”

“Dean! You’re in a classroom!”

Dean sighed. Okay, so yeah. He had a crush on Cas. A slightly large crush. Fine, he was in love
with the guy! He had found out three months after Cas left for his international studies. Being apart
from Cas for that long… it had been torture. He had finally had to admit his feelings to his brother,
who calmly explained to him that what he was feeling was called love. Dean had been twenty and
in the middle of a gay crisis. If Cas had come back quickly, he might have ignored his feelings and
continued on pretending to be completely straight. But Cas hadn’t come back until fire years later,
and by that time, Dean had come to terms with his bisexuality. However, that didn’t mean he was
all too keen on revealing his feelings for Cas.

After all, Cas was a freaking doctor and he was only twenty seven. Dean, however, was twenty-
nine, a high school drop out with only sixty dollars to his name and an affinity to surviving
dangerous situations. There was no way he and Cas could have a future together. And definitely
not now that Cas had found an interest in women.

“He went on a date this morning,” he murmured to Jo. Cas was in the process of being interrogated
by six year olds, and he seemed more overwhelmed than when performing bypass surgery.

“This morning?”

“Freaking medics,” Dean shrugged. “They operate at weird hours. Anyway, Nurse Masters asked
him out and he even dressed up and everything.”


“I know.”

“I wanna be a doctor!” the girl who had wanted to be a firegirl said.

“Traitor,” Dean muttered.

Cas looked up at him and beamed, clearly happy to have made an impression on the kids.
“Pretty blue-eyed traitor,” Dean mumbled.
since I know nothing of hospitals, I have taken my cues from Scrubs. I know hospital environments are not how they are pictured in that show, but it is totally hilarious and I'm going for funny here, people. So, Cas' hospital is a mixture of Scrubs and Dr. Sexy M.D.

After successfully escaping Jo’s classroom and their macaroni and glitter assignment, Dean headed to Sam’s. Today was the guy’s first day in his new job, a job Castiel had helped him bag by being the brother of the Chief of Medicine. Dean hadn’t really spoken to Michael since the older man moved out of his parents’ house. In fact, the only one he still spoke to was Gabriel, and only because he owned Just Desserts, a small coffee shop that was blooming with business both from the doughnut-loving cops and the coffee-craving medics that crowded his shop at every hour of the day. Dean had to admit, Gabe had chosen a hell of a location.

Anyways, he was happy to see his brother put in use the degree that had cost him endless of hours and Dean countless of extra shifts to help him out with the costs. At first, Sam had wanted to go into criminal law, intending to use his knowledge to put the bad guys behind bars. But after Michael had made it clear that Sam had a position as Medical Attorney in Sacred Heart, he had been more invested in the legal side of medicine, and seemed to enjoy it.

Still, despite the Valedictorian speech he had given at his graduation, Sam seemed intent in doubting his every decision, which was the reason why Dean was climbing the set of flights to Sam’s apartment, a salad on his hand.

“Dean, what are you doing here?” Sam asked when he opened the door. His long hair was swept back to give off the small sense of professionalism Dean was totally planning on catching Sam sleeping one day and shave his head. The last time he’d tried, though, he had discovered Sam was just as light a sleeper as he was and had ended with a penis drawn on his forehead. He still hated the day when Sam shot that extra inch above him back in high school. It probably was all that fake meat he ate. Hippie freak.

“Well, I know how nervous you’ve been about this new job, and I know you probably forgot to eat or whatever it is you do with all of that rabbit food in your fridge—seriously man, do you rub lettuce on your body and absorb the nutrients or what? How can you be bigger than me when all you eat are carrots?—anyway, here’s a salad.”

Sam took the container, a bitch face already set at the lettuce comment, and moved so that Dean could enter the cramped room.

“Should have already left for work,” Sam muttered, taking a seat on the dinner table—it really was more of a tall coffee table, too small to be considered an actual dinner table.

“Should have?” Dean wondered, glancing around the place. The place was looking unhealthily clean—yes, that was totally a thing. It meant Sam was obsessing over something and he was taking it out on the cleaning materials.
“Technically, I’m ten minutes late,” Sam said, idly playing with his food. One of those small tomatoes that made Dean think of tiny famers working on tiny vegetables farms was trying to escape the plastic spork coming his way. Dean tried to suppress the urge to take the damn mini-tomato and pop it inside his brother’s mouth.

“That’s not the best way to impress your new boss,” Dean said, finally taking a seat in front of Sam. His knees didn’t quite fit under the table, so he had to spread his legs. Sam, who seemed used to it, had his legs so far apart that they covered half the floor (not really, but Sam really did have a small apartment, and Dean loved to exaggerate, especially regarding the size of his gigantic brother).

“I don’t really think I’m cut out for this,” Sam sighed. “With my new job at Sacred Heart, I will be basically working the hours of a doctor. Dean, I just basically took on about 3000 new clients. If anyone in the hospital is in legal problems that are directly involved with the hospital, and I mean anyone, I am responsible for representing them. That’s a lot of responsibility! I mean, there are only ten people in the legal department, and that’s including me!”

“Sam, calm down,” Dean said loudly, stopping what was sure to be a full-blown panic attack. Sam had stopped having tantrums early in his childhood, but he had replaced them with ridiculous scenarios where he had to face decisions or events that were totally unlikely to happen. “You’re going to be awesome, man. Besides, you’re a newbie. They’re not going to give you the hard cases head on. Besides, you’re going to have Cas there with you. It’s not going to be that bad.”

“Not that bad? Dean, have you ever been to Sacred Heart?” Sam asked, incredulous.

Dean shrugged. “I’ve never been seriously hurt. There’s a small clinic by the firehouse I go to when I get banged up. So no.”

“It’s like…I really don’t know how to explain it. Every time I step inside, it’s like I’ve stepped inside that show you love so much…what is it called? Dr. something M.D?”

“Dr. Sexy M.D.,” Dean said quickly, ignoring the small smirk Sam sent his way.

“Yeah, that. I walk in and the walls are covered in handprints. Apparently, one of the doctors in the pediatric ward encouraged the children to let their inner painters out.”

“That actually sounds pretty cool,” Dean shrugged. Sam rolled his eyes and finally skewered the cherry tomato.

“Do you really think I can do this?” he asked softly, and Dean knew he was expecting a serious answer. So he did the exact opposite.

“Of course not. I mean, the only reason why you’re in is because Michael knows you. I mean, the man use to chase behind you trying to put your diaper back on back in your streaking days. But that’s why you don’t have to worry; he won’t fire you because he likes your cute butt.”

“You’re an asshole, you know that?” Sam said, but there was a small smile on his face now. “What am I doing? I already ate, I don’t need this salad. You, make sure you lock the place when you leave. And don’t take all my food.”

Dean grinned as Sam moved about, fixing his tie and picking up his suitcase from the bed.

“Like I would touch your rabbit food. I don’t want to turn into a douche.”

“Too late.”
Sam was not really bothered by the technical side of his studies. He knew the subject, and was fairly certain that if he was quizzed, he would pass. No, what had him worried, what he would never tell Dean in a million years because it would only give him enough embarrassing ammunition to last a lifetime, was that Sam was worried about seeing that pretty blonde nurse.

The first time Sam had set foot inside Sacred Heart, he had been still in law school and with much longer hair (he had trimmed it, even if Dean insisted that he still looked like a Drag Queen Princess with too hairy legs and not enough make up). Michael had invited him to get a feel of the place, and he had enjoyed the hospital. He had learned of the ongoing battle between Internal Medicine and Surgical Medicine, of the slightly scary psychiatrist that flirted with everyone, to the point of inviting Sam to a threesome within a minute of talking to each other, the pretty OB-GYN that made women slightly ashamed of their bodies just by standing near her, the reputation Cas had unwittingly gained as a scary and icy doctor, and most of all, he had learned about Jess.

Jess was…well, she was beautiful. Her long, blonde hair fell down her shoulders in curly waves, framing her slightly freckled face. She was short (everyone was short to Sam), but she was feisty and strong-willed. Sam had made a complete full of himself in front of her when he dropped coffee on his pants and had a completely oblivious Castiel check his thighs and show him the proper way to apply the ointment.

He definitely wasn’t going to tell Dean any of that. So, he plucked courage from somewhere, and stepped inside the busy hospital. He was completely relieved when he didn’t have to interact with Jess, even if it did involve hiding inside a recycling bin when he caught sight of her.

Frank Devereaux, his new boss, was seated on his desk, furiously typing on his computer when Sam walked in. Frank was as much of a techno-lover as Sam, so much that if Frank weren’t a lawyer with an irrational paranoia towards the government, Sam would have become quick friends with him. Sam had tried to point out the irony of Frank relying on the law of the government he hated to make a living, but Eleanor, one of the other attorneys, had quickly stopped him.

“How’s Alastair?” Sam whispered to Lenor as the pretty brunette helped him pick up the mess.

“Baddest, meanest malpractice lawyer in the block,” she shrugged. “He’s taken millions off our hands and pocketed it.”

“And that’s my first case?” Sam asked, aghast. “It’s my first day here!”

“Don’t be late next time,” Frank growled. “Study up. The Chief stuck his neck out for you, don’t make the Board think twice about his decision.”

Sam gulped, aware that this was a favor from Michael, and he wasn’t only fighting to pull his own weight here. Michael’s—and even Cas’— name was on the line, and Sam didn’t want to disappoint
him. Especially not when his brother would kill him if he so much as ruffled Cas’ hair.

He smirked, thinking of his brother’s super gay, super girly crush on the doctor. He remembered hiding from Jess inside a trashcan and the smirk disappeared from his face.

God, he was turning into his brother.
Even though Castiel mostly dealt with surgeries and the diagnosis of serious illnesses, he was still a doctor, so he was required to have office hours. Not many people came to see him, though, so that little fact had escaped his mind. Well, at least until Nurse Richardson paged him to his office three days ago. He had been quite surprised to find the Winchesters accompanied by a young man he was not familiar with. His surprise had only increased when John requested a DNA test to verify that the boy, Adam Milligan, was indeed his son. Because of the oath he had taken when he became a doctor, Cas was forbidden from speaking about his patient’s affairs outside of the office. So even though he knew this was a serious breach of loyalty towards Dean, he kept quiet.

He sometimes wondered if his friend was aware of the ever-increasing fights between his parents. He knew Sam had talked to his mother about a divorce, having been present for that particular conversation. He was also there when Mary screamed at John that he didn’t deserve a son like Adam and that if he didn’t want the boy as a son, she was more than glad to take him in. Adam was nineteen, however, so he didn’t need a legal guardian to take care of him. Castiel had wondered about pointing that out at the moment, but he kept quiet. He had never been able to capture the mood of a room, or decipher a person’s words correctly, and often created awkward situations with his ineptness.

Adam had revealed to him that he had called John to let him know that Kate, Adam’s mother and John’s mistress, had died. Apparently, Adam had no idea that John was married and had another family, so when Mary answered the phone and asked about Adam’s relationship with John, Adam had answered honestly. Not even two days later, Mary had driven to Adam’s house, cooked him a warm meal, and consoled him while he cried for his mother. Castiel was not surprised by the turn of events. He was well versed in the kindness flowing out of Mary Winchester, having experienced it first-hand plenty of times.

It was because of this that he wasn’t fazed by the fact that Mary and Adam were holding hands in his office while John stood against the window. He had asked them to come today since he had gotten he results back from the DNA test.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Winchester. Mrs. Winchester. Mr. Milligan.”

“Cas, sweetie, call me Mary,” Mary said, throwing her husband a dirty look.

“Do you have the results or not?” John asked, tapping his fingers nervously on his sides. Castiel thought of Dean, who had the same nervous habit.

“If he didn’t have the results, he wouldn’t have called us,” Mary rolled her eyes.
“Well?”

“Adam is your son,” Castiel said without fanfare. John’s shoulder sagged and he let out a long breath that Cas couldn’t interpret. Was it relief or disappointment?

“Really, this was just a waste of time and money,” Mary sighed. “How can you doubt he is your son? He looks so much like Sam and Dean.”

“The last time I saw Kate was twenty years ago. I didn’t even remember sleeping with her!”

“Wow, thanks Dad,” Adam said with what Castiel assumed was sarcasm. “I can totally feel the love.”

“Adam…don’t start. You can’t really blame me for doubting you! I mean, what would you do if some kid suddenly came up to you and said he was your son? Take his word for it?”

“You didn’t have to take his word for it,” Mary said icily. “But at least you could have been there for him. He came looking for comfort about his mother, John, and you pushed him away and called him a liar.”

“Well, now that everything is resolved, I trust you will be speaking to Sam and Dean about this?” Castiel cut in softly. He didn’t like keeping secrets from Dean. It made him feel, for some strange reason he had yet to understand and not from lack of trying, dirty.

Mary and John both turned to look at him, mouths slack.

“Uh…well, we haven’t yet decided anything—.”

“I’m waiting for the right moment….you know how Dean can be…and Sam just started his new job…”

Castiel raised an eyebrow, surprised. “You are getting a divorce, correct? I’m sorry if I’m overstepping my boundaries or misunderstood, but it seems like this is the direction your marriage is taking.”

“Oh definitely,” Mary said quickly, ignoring John’s sharp gaze. “But I haven’t even gotten a lawyer yet.”

“And how do we even go about telling Dean he has a younger brother?” John cut in. “I mean, he’s not exactly the most open of people. I’m not worried about Sam, really; he might be upset for a little while, but he would never take out on Adam…Dean worries me.”

“I think you underestimate Dean,” Castiel replied icily, beginning to get angry.

“I…I know how Dean can be…” Mary cut in softly. “I mean, he’s going to love Adam, he was born to be an older brother…but we have to think of both of them. Adam is getting an older brother, too, and not just any older brother: he’s getting Dean. You know how he is, Castiel, especially with Sam. He’s overprotective, possessive, and just a bit nosy. Even if Dean accepts Adam immediately, he can’t treat him like he treats Sam…Adam is not used to that level of dependency.”

“We could still meet,” Adam said softly. “I mean…maybe before getting to be brothers, we can try being friends.”

Castiel beamed at him, but Mary and John shared a quiet look.
“Yeah, maybe,” Mary agreed hesitantly.

“Well, at least we can tell Sam first. He’ll know what to do about Dean,” John shrugged.

“We’ll invite him to dinner tonight,” Mary nodded. “Adam, sweetie, do you want to move in with me or do you want to stay at your hotel? I don’t mind either way, honey, so make whatever decision you want.”

“Thanks, Mary,” Adam smiled softly. “But I actually transferred to U of H and will be staying at the University’s apartments.”

“U of H? What are you studying?” Castiel asked curiously. Sam had attended Stanford, and Castiel had gone to Oxford, but U of H was still a very good university.


“Tell me about it,” Castiel smiled.

“Mary told me you graduated two years early.”

“My family owns Sacred Heart, Adam, I basically grew up here,” Castiel shrugged. “You know, if you want, you can come in and listen in on the Interns’ lessons. Have you decided on a field?”

“Not yet,” Adam admitted.

“Well, you can talk to the interns and learn about all the fields in here. I think it’s better to decide if you actually see what it is that doctors do,” Castiel said kindly.

“Are you sure?” Adam said excitedly.

Castiel noticed amusedly that Adam seemed like an eager puppy, much like Sam did when confronted with exciting news.

“Sure.”

“Thanks, Castiel,” Adam grinned. “I will definitely come!”

“Doctor, the results from Mrs. O’Donovan’s tests came in,” Nurse Castro said, knocking on his door before opening it.

“Thank you, Nurse Castro,” Castiel turned to the Winchesters. “I hope you resolve the issue. If you want, Sam is in floor three, in the legal department. I’m sure the nurses will show you the way if you lose your way. Now, if you’ll excuse me…”

Castiel enjoyed giving good news, so he was quite glad to see that Mrs. O’Donovan didn’t have lung cancer, like his intern had foolishly diagnosed. After reassuring the O’Dovans that their mother wasn’t going to die, he walked back to the Nurses’ Station.

Castiel was aware that most of the other employees found him cold and uncaring, mostly because he found it hard to express his emotions. He had never disrespected a nurse, or ever yelled at an intern, but the fact he was unaware of people’s ‘personal space’, like Dean liked to call it, seemed to freak them out. That was one of the main reasons why he had accepted coffee with Nurse Masters. She was quite popular, always surrounded by a group of friends despite her crass personality and rude attitude. He didn’t know what to make of the news that she was looking for a sexual relationship with him, but he still needed to talk to her.
So, taking advantage of one of the rare moments of peace in the hospital, he waited for her at the Nurses’ Station, oblivious to the fact that all conversation had died when he had stepped within hearing distance.

“Clarence! Shouldn’t you be doing your rounds?”

Castiel turned to stare at Nurse Masters. She insisted on calling him Clarence, even when he had told her his name was Castiel on numerous occasions. He didn’t know where the nickname came from. Dean’s was at least a shortened version of his name.

“Good afternoon, Nurse Masters—.”

“Meg, Clarence, I told you to call me Meg,” Nurse—no, Meg—said.

“Very well. Meg, I came to apologize about my behavior this morning. I have realized that maybe I didn’t act the way you wished me to.”

Meg smirked, if it could be called that. It reminded him of the way predators showed their teeth before they bit down on their prey when he watched Animal Planet.

“Is that right? Well, maybe you can take me out again and show me the correct way to behave,” Meg grinned.

“I am aware that you seek a sexual relationship with me. However, a good friend of mine had made it clear that I am—what was the word?—oh yes, a prude, so I should wait until the fifth date.”

He heard someone snort behind him, but he ignored them, his attention captured by the comical way Meg’s eyes had widened.

“I—okay. You sure know how to make a girl feel pretty,” Meg rolled her eyes. “I guess that innocence can be kind of sexy.”

Castiel frowned. He had never paid much attention to people’s physical appearance other than to assess health. If he were to think back at the first person he had noticed, it probably was Dean. As a matter of fact, Dean was the template of beauty he used to compare everyone else. Meg’s brown eyes and hair were a complete opposite to Dean’s blond hair and colored eyes, but she was still pretty.

“I do find your blue eyes beautiful,” Meg breathed, leaning towards him a little.

“I find green eyes and blond hair beautiful,” Castiel admitted. “And freckles.”

He heard a cough behind him and turned around to see Nurse Moore blushing brightly. Understanding the confusion, Castiel was quick to correct her: “I was not speaking about you, Nurse Moore. While you are quite beautiful, I would never look at you in that way, especially since Sam Winchester, who I consider one of my closest friends, is enamored by you.”

“I, oh…I—thank you, sir,” she spluttered, blushing even brighter.

Castiel nodded and turned to Meg, who was glaring at him. Realizing his mistake, Castiel spoke quickly “you are quite pretty too, Meg. I apologize if I have made you feel otherwise.”

Castiel quietly congratulated himself on the fact that he had been able to correctly assess the expressions of not only one, but two people.
“Well, you’re going to date me, so I’m not worried,” Meg said cryptically. “Just…next time you see that blonde-haired freckled beauty of yours, let her know you’re taken.”

“Very well,” Castiel said, quietly admitting defeat at not being able to decipher Meg’s words. “I have to go on my rounds now.”

Meg nodded and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek. Castiel blinked, surprised, but returned the kiss. He idly wondered if Dean would explain what being ‘taken’ meant once he passed on Meg’s message.
Dean’s much anticipated day off had been a disappointment. After realizing that all of his friends were currently at their own jobs, Dean decided to spend his day relaxing. An impromptu Dr. Sexy M.D. marathon later, Dean had ended falling asleep on his couch, empty bottles of beers and empty bags of chips around him. Cas had arrived sometime after midnight and helped him to his room. Dean didn’t remember much, other than Cas telling him he was taken by Meg. He hoped he had dreamt that last part.

The next morning, he woke up at six and took a long shower to chase away the hint of a hangover. Cas was waiting for him in the kitchen with a strong cup of coffee and pancakes.

“Thanks man,” Dean sighed. He sat down and took a sip of his coffee. Cas was the only one who managed to make it exactly like he wanted it, mostly because Cas recognized the importance of a good coffee.

“Good morning, Dean,” Cas greeted. “How was your day off?”

“Boring,” Dean sighed. “Hey, did you try to tell me something last night?”

“Yes,” Cas nodded, looking up at him. “I spoke with Meg and we both have agreed that there won’t be any sexual relationships between us until the fifth date, like you advised. She also asked me to tell you that I am now ‘taken’. I was hoping you would tell me what it means.”

“I, uh, it means your two are dating. As in exclusive,” Dean coughed, feeling a blush color his cheeks. What had Cas said to make the nurse realize Dean liked him? Did Cas know he liked him?

“Why did she need you to know that?” Cas wondered. “I guess she realizes that you are an important part of my family and wished to inform you.”

“That must be it,” Dean nodded. “I, erm, I’m going to head down to the firehouse, alright? Bobby’s been swamped with paperwork these last past days, and since he is retiring soon, he also has to choose a replacement for Chief.”

“Do you wish to be his replacement?” Cas asked curiously.

“Me?” Dean scoffed. “Nah, man. That’s given to the oldies with years of experience. Maybe later, when I’m in my forties. I just want to lessen Bobby’s load.”

“That is very kind of you,” Cas smiled. “And what are you doing after work?”

“Nothing,” Dean shrugged. “I’ll probably watch some Star Wars before heading off to bed.”

“You haven’t talked to your parents in a while,” Cas said carefully. He knew what a sensitive topic it was for Dean.

Dean frowned, curious as to why Cas was bringing his parents up. “They’re always fighting nowadays. Honestly, I’m just waiting for them to toughen up and tell us when they’re getting the divorce.”

Castiel made a noncommittal sound and resumed eating. Dean frowned, confused as to why Cas had brought up the topic. Dean had dropped out of high school his senior year, much to the regret of his parents. He had gotten his GED, and then spent a year trying to figure out what he wanted to
do with his life. Sam had made it clear that he wanted to go to Stanford at an early age, so he had taken a job as a barista to help him out. But after Sam managed to snag an early scholarship, Dean found himself useless again, so he enlisted. He had left for three years, in which Sam wrote to him weekly. His parents probably thought he knew nothing about the fights they had when he was gone, but Sam had confided in him. And even before that, Dean was not blind. He knew his father had spent more than a night sleeping on the couch after getting too drunk. He knew his mother read the newspaper every day, looking for a job she wouldn’t apply for because John insisted she was a housewife, not a working woman. He knew that whenever a pretty woman took her car to the garage, John would be an extra hour late. He knew as much as Sam did, but he didn’t feel it was his business to tell his parents how to live their lives. He didn’t want to choose sides, but when Sam had told him that mom had spoken to him about a divorce, he had backed her up.

“Cas, if something is going on, you would tell me, right?” Dean asked carefully.

Cas looked up at him, guilt clear on his face. “I…Dean, I’m sorry. But I am a doctor, and I took an oath. I can’t—.”

“I understand,” Dean cut in quickly. “But you can at least tell me that there is something going on.”

Cas looked around, almost as if fearing someone was listening in, then nodded.

“Thank you.” Now he just needed to find out what was wrong.

When his parents had visited him at work with a strange kid with them, he had been too worried about his new case to pay too much attention. He nodded when his mother invited him to dinner (despite his love for healthy food, lettuce and carrots didn’t fill him up completely and he had gone hungry plenty of times) and said hello to Adam. They had left quickly, perturbed by Frank’s crazy theories and Amy’s cold attitude. Sam didn’t think anything could take his mind off Dr. Bradbury’s case, at least until the redhead Surgeon told him about the gossip at the Nurses’ Station. He had been mortified that Cas had revealed his crush to Jessica, but he couldn’t get mad at his blue-eyed friend. Overwhelmed by the adorableness that flowed from Cas (he could totally understand why his brother was head over heels for the doctor, but Sam saw him more like a cute older brother), Sam had left.

Sam had been looking forward to his mother’s wonderful cooking, but when Dean had called him to relay Cas’ warning, he wondered if he should go at all. At the end, an empty fridge was enough to convince him, and he found himself knocking on the bright red door.

“Hey, Sam,” his father said, opening the door. There was a beer already on his hand, and Sam had the distinct feeling it wasn’t his first.

“Hello, Dad.”

“Sam? Is that you?” his mother poked her head out the kitchen entrance and smiled. “Honey, can you help Adam set the table?”

Sam frowned. Adam? What was that kid doing here? He found Adam setting the plates on the kitchen table, and Sam helped him with the cups.

“So…Adam, right?” he asked conversationally. The boy looked up, surprised, and nodded.

“Adam Milligan.”
“So…how do you—I mean, it’s nice to have you over for dinner,” Sam said awkwardly.

Adam glanced at him. “Yeah, thanks.”

“So, how do you know my parents?” Sam asked quickly, before he could back out.

“I, uh—.”

“Sam! Help me with the lasagna.”

“Coming,” Sam called. His mother handed him a hand towel to take the lasagna out of the oven, and he sat it on the cutting board to cool.

“Is Dean coming?” Sam asked.

“He’s at work,” his mom said quickly. “I think he’s eating with Cas. Those boy, they make such a cute couple. I wonder when Dean will ask him out.”

“Cas is dating a nurse,” Sam said, sneaking a bite of the garlic bread. “I guess Dean lost his window.”

“Those kids,” John sighed, entering the kitchen and sitting at the bar. “I guess he took too long to ask. It’s weird how people take too long to do what’s good for them.”

“Yeah, weird,” Sam said meaningfully. Before his parents could say anything, Adam stepped inside the room.

“Mary? The table is set.”

“Thank you, honey,” she smiled. “The food just needs to cool down. You guys head to the table. I’ll bring the food over.”

“Mary—.”

“All of you,” she replied icily, glaring at John.

Sam glanced between his parents, then at Adam, who only shrugged.

His father sat at the head of the table, like always, and Adam took the seat usually saved for Dean. There was a couple of moments of awkward silence until Mary came through the kitchen door with the food.

“So, Sam…did you know Adam is in school for pre-Med? You took a couple of classes, right?” she asked, clearly trying to start small talk.

“Pre-Med?” Sam asked, impressed. “Yeah, I took a couple of classes since I was planning on going into Medical Law. Cas helped me out a bit.”

“He invited me to the Interns’ lessons,” Adam said. “I gotta say, it feels really great to be studying with him.”

“Cas is great,” Sam nodded. “So, what made you decide to choose medicine? With all of the hard work, you have to have a reason to push you through.”

“My mom was a nurse,” Adam admitted. “She thought me basic first aid when I was young, and I have always been interested in helping people. What about you? What got you through law?”
“Same thing,” Sam smiled. “Dean used to get in trouble a lot at school, and I was always bailing him out. I’ve always enjoyed government and I used to watch the news for things like law suits and stuff. Dean was the one who figured it out before me, though, and handed me a couple of pamphlets when I was still in middle school.”

“Dean sounds like a cool brother,” Adam smiled.

“He is, though never tell him that to his face. He’ll never let you live that down,” Sam laughed. He was still confused by Adam’s presence, but he liked the kid. Conversation flowed easily between them, and even his mom pitched in. Sam noticed that John seemed to be drinking a lot, even more than usually, and hardly ever spoke. The conversation landed on Dean and Adam seemed to enjoy hearing about their escapades. Sam didn’t noticed his parents’ discomfort until he asked Adam if he had any siblings.

“I…” Adam glanced at Mary, eyes wide.

“Sam, there is something we need to tell you,” Mary said softly and surprisingly reached out to take Adam’s hand. “This morning, we were at the hospital because your father and Adam took a paternity test. Adam is your brother.”

Sam froze, eyes on their entwined hands. And then, he turned to his father. “Adam is nineteen.”

“Sam—.”

“You’ve been married for thirty years, Dad. You cheated on Mom?”

“We were going through a rough patch!” John exclaimed. “I got hurt fixing a car and met Kate at the hospital she worked at. I never knew she got pregnant! If Adam hadn’t showed up, we wouldn’t be in this mess!”

“It doesn’t matter if she got pregnant or not, Dad! You slept with another woman!” Sam fumed. “It’s your mess! Don’t blame this on Adam. He has a right to know who his father is. He has a right to meet his brothers and have a family. I’m only sorry that his family happens to have you in it!”

“I will not be spoken to like that, young man!” his father yelled, standing up. “You will show me some respect!”

“When you earn it!” Sam yelled back. He was taller than his father, bigger in every way, so when he stood up in anger, John took a wary step back. “Why don’t you find a place to sleep for the night?”

“I will not—.”

“John, I think it’s for the best,” Mary cut in.

John glared at her angrily, then turned to Adam. “This is all your damn fault!”

“Don’t listen to him, Adam,” Mary said once John had left.

“So…my brother, huh?” Sam said, staring at Adam appraisingly. “Well, welcome to the family Adam.”

“Thank you,” Adam smiled.

“Dean is going to be so happy to meet you,” Sam grinned. “I think he’s still pissed at me for
growing up. Now he has another little brother to take care of.”

“Do you really think we should tell Dean?” his mother asked wearily. “I mean—.”

“Mom, it’s fine,” Sam sighed. “Dean knows everything that is going on in this house. Seriously, do you really think he has no idea about your fights?”

“But he—.”

“He’s a big boy now, Mom. Yeah, he might be a little pissed at first, but this isn’t Adam’s fault, and he’s not going to blame him. I think you underestimate him.”

“Cas said the same thing,” Adam laughed.

“They know each other well,” Sam smirked. “Look, let’s just have another dinner and we’ll tell him. Let’s not have Dad, though, or Dean will punch him in the face.”

“I wouldn’t mind seeing that,” his mom muttered.

“Thank you, Sam,” Adam said softly. “You’re kind of cool, too.”

“Me? I’m hella cool, dude!”

“Don’t.”
Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait. I paused this story while I finished Learning From the Best.
Anyway, I hope you guys like it

Just a small note:
some of the things I talk about, especially about being a fireman or a doctor, are
incorrect. For example, Jake Talley could never become a Chief without at least
fifteen years of experience. Also, Dean could never go inside a real hospital to check
on a patient without proving that he's related to him somehow, even if a doctor lets you
in.
I just chose to ignore these facts for the sake of the story. Sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean loved his father. He was a good father, nothing too exceptional, but essentially good. He was
there when Dean needed to talk to someone about girls, strangely absent when it came to feelings,
and a bit of a drunk. But he worked hard for Dean and Sam, and always made sure they had what
they needed.

So yeah, Dean loved his father. But it was Bobby Singer who made him the man he was now. So
even though he had grown up calling him Uncle, Dean viewed the old man more like a second
father.

Even if Dean hadn’t grown up wanting to be fireman, he would’ve probably entered the
profession anyway, to follow in Bobby’s footsteps. Now that the old man was retiring, Dean felt it
was his responsibility to make sure Firehouse 14 retained its spotless reputation, even if he wasn’t
going to be chosen as Chief.

The title would probably go to Martin, one of the older firemen, or perhaps Benny. It wasn’t that
Dean didn’t want the job. Of course he wanted to be Chief. While he was just as good as any other
fireman in the House, he didn’t have enough experience. The other men respected him and viewed
him as Bobby’s second, but it was the City who ultimately decided on the next Chief, and it
usually went to the most experienced. So for now, Dean was content with helping Bobby with his
duties, which included recommending the next Chief.

“Bobby! Hey, got a call for a small fire over on Main St. Some kids messing with fireworks. Sent
Gallagher and Corbett over to check it out,” Dean said as a greeting, making his way inside
Bobby’s office. He sat down on a comfortable chair and put his feet on the messy desk.

“Things are going to get rowdy once summer starts,” Bobby muttered, shoving Dean’s feet off.
“What with teenagers out on the streets and Fourth of July coming up.”

“You sound like a grumpy old man,” Dean laughed.

“Who you calling old?” Bobby growled. “I’ll still beat your ass, boy. What are you doing here,
anyway? Isn’t it your day off?”
“That was yesterday,” Dean reminded him. “I have Gwen and Dorothy on field. If anything major comes up, they’ll let us know.”

“And why are you setting them on field?” Bobby asked. “Isn’t that your job?”

“Yeah, and I don’t usually like paperwork, but you look like you could use some help,” Dean said, nodding towards the piles of papers on the desk. “Any luck on a replacement?”

“Rufus’ trying to get one of his men in here,” Bobby sighed. “Martin, Benny, and Mark all turned in an application, but the City won’t have it.”

“What? Why not?” Dean exclaimed. Martin was a little—okay, a lot—crazy, but he was still a good fireman. Dean didn’t like his cousins very much, with the exception of Gwen, but even he could admit that Mark could be Chief. But then again, Mark had only been a fireman for two years longer than Dean, so he didn’t technically have shitloads of experience. And Benny…well, call it biased, but Dean really hoped Benny would get the job.

“Experience and antiquity don’t mean a thing anymore to these white-collar idjits. It’s all degrees and money with them. They have this guy, Talley, with some fancy degree in Fire Science. None of my boys have anything higher than a high school diploma, and Talley apparently showed ‘great leadership skills’ while he was serving our fine army. They’re willing to forget he only has five years of experience in the field.”

The words were spoken with heavy sarcasm, and Dean winced, remembering how mad Bobby had been when Dean had joined the Marines, like his father.

“That’s bull!” Dean exclaimed. “Benny served for three years in the army, he went to college for two, and the guys love him!”

“Benny didn’t finish college, remember?” Bobby reminded him. “And the City wants someone with a good, clean record. Do you know how much crap they gave me when I hired someone that was known to be in the Old One’s gang? I know Benny gave them up and help incarcerate the bastard, but his record is still tainted.”

“Fuck,” Dean cursed. “So what? We’re getting a fucking newbie?” That wasn’t fair! Dean had seven years of experience as a firefighter, more if you counted the times he had volunteered as a teenager. His grandfather, Samuel Campbell, had been Chief back in the day, so it was kind of the family business. In fact, you could find a Campbell or Campbell-related person in every Firehouse in the State. Sam was one of the few that went for another job, but it sort of made sense. Henry, John’s father, had been D.A. when he was alive. Now, they wanted to put some baby-faced newbie as Chief? What the hell were they thinking? A Chief had to be loyal, he had to be respected and loved by his men. A Chief had the lives of every fireman in his House in his hands, so he had to be respected and trusted by his men. Anyone, anyone, was better than a freaking newbie as Chief.

“I’m trying to fight them on this,” Bobby sighed. “I don’t have a another applicant for the job, so right now I’m trying to get more time, see if I can at least spend a couple of years training this kid before handing over the reins. I’ve met with him a couple of times. He’s a good kid, if a bit ambitious. Can be great if he wants to…but he just doesn’t have what it takes to be Chief right now.”

“Damn right, he doesn’t,” Dean growled.

There was a knock on the door, and both of them looked up to see Dorothy peek in.
“I’m sorry, but…We just caught some chatter on the radio. There was a car accident on the highway and—.”

“Level Five?” Bobby asked. Level Five was the worst kind of accident. It meant there probably weren’t any survivors and they needed firemen on site to clear the wreckage and get the corpses out. Dean hated Level Fives.

“No, I think it’s a Two, I wasn’t really—.”

“Send Martin on point,” Bobby interrupted. “He can take five, six guys with him, see if the EMTs need any help. Now if you could—.”

“Singer!” Dorothy interrupted loudly, making both Dean and Bobby jump in surprise. “If you could just shut up for a second and listen…Jody was on site, the car hit a tree, it’s completely wrecked…they got ID on the driver…Dean, it’s Castiel.”

Dean stared at Dorothy, confused. Castiel? What was Castiel doing on the road? He couldn’t possibly be the one injured. It was ridiculous! Castiel was a doctor, he didn’t get hurt, he did the healing. There was no possible way it could be Castiel…he was safely at work…it couldn’t be him…it just couldn’t….

“Dean!” Bobby shouted. “Go!”

Fuck. Reality came crashing down with Bobby’s words and Dean jumped off his seat and ran out. Usually, he didn’t like getting his bulky and dirty uniform anywhere near his baby, but this time he didn’t think at all, getting inside the car and hightailing out of the House. Quickly, and ignoring every rule he preached, he took his cellphone out and dialed Cas’ number, hoping that he would answer and prove that this was all a huge misunderstanding.

No answer. He tried again. Voicemail.

“Fuck!” he yelled, and threw his phone in the back. “Damn it, Cas, please be okay.”

If he weren’t so worried about Cas, he would’ve thanked God no cops stopped him. He hadn’t lied when he told Sam he had never gone to Sacred Heart, but that didn’t mean he didn’t know where it was. He parked his car in the employees’ parking lot, on the spot that was usually reserved by Cas. The empty spot, right next to the Chief of Medicine’s, was the final blow that made everything real. Cas really was hurt.

He hurried inside the hospital through the emergency entrance and practically ran to the receptionist.

“Castiel Novak,” he said.

“Dr. Novak is currently unavailable for office hours,” the receptionist said without looking up. “If you want—.”

“I’m not a patient!” Dean shouted and the girl looked up, surprised. “I’m his emergency contact, check the damn file!”

“Sir, you need to calm down,” she stammered. “I can’t let you in unless your family.”

“Family? Why don’t you look at the damn file?” Dean growled. “Let me in!”

“Sir, please calm down,” said the security guard. Dean hadn’t noticed him, too busy glaring at the
receptionist. “I will have to throw you out if you don’t calm down.”

“Jennifer, it’s okay. He’s family.”

Dean looked up, and almost fainted in relief when he saw Michael.

“She’s in the E.R,” Michael said directly to Dean. “Just follow the red line on the floor. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have an anemic little girl in dire case of a doctor.”

“Thank you,” Dean said, and quickly followed the red line on the floor. There were other lines, probably leading to other departments, and Dean was thankfully of whoever had thought of that, because Sacred Heart was freaking huge, even more so since it was a teaching hospital and was attacked to the Med School building.

He arrived on the Emergency floor and quickly made his way through the beds, hoping to god that Cas wasn’t too heavily injured. But Dorothy had said his car had been totaled….don’t think the worse, Winchester!

“Excuse men, you can’t be here.”

Dean suppressed a growl and turned to the short, brunette nurse. “I’m looking for someone.”

“Look, if you’re injured, I’ll treat you, but you can’t be back here without a badge, uniform or not,” the nurse insisted. “So see ya, freckles.”

“You don’t understand, I’m looking for my friend,” Dean quickly insisted.

“Badge,” the nurse shrugged.

“Castiel, please listen!”

“Sam!” Dean turned at the sound of Sam’s voice, relieved at seeing his large and very easily visible brother. He ignored the bitchy nurse and hurried towards his brother…who was standing next to Cas.

Dean stopped, eyes roaming over his friend. Cas was okay. He was sitting on the bed, looking quite disgruntled with a bandage around his head and a sling on his right arm. He had a couple of cuts on his face and arms, but the worst one seemed to be the stitched gash on his forehead.

But he was okay. And apparently very annoyed with the group of nurses rushing to help him.

“I said I’m fine!” Cas exclaimed, trying to stand up, but a blonde-haired nurse pushed him back on the bed.

“Doctor, we have to wait for the tests!” she exclaimed. “You could have a concussion or some broken bones, we never—.”

“I don’t have anything!” Castiel insisted.

“You should listen to the nurses,” Dean cut in, unable to keep a giddy smile off his face. Cas was okay. He was okay.

“Dean! What are you doing here?” Cas asked, surprised. “Aren’t you supposed to be at work?”

“Are you kidding?” Dean exclaimed. “I hear you’re in a freaking car accident on the radio, and you expect me to stay put? Your car was ruined!”
Cas allowed a nurse to check the bandages on his head and waited until they had all left to talk. “You’ve warned me about the frailty of my car before,” Cas sighed. “I should’ve listened.”

“You should’ve,” Dean laughed, and leaned in to grab Cas in a hug. He wrapped his hands firmly around his waist and buried his head on the hollow between his neck and shoulder. “Don’t do that again.”

“Sorry,” Cas said, wrapping his own arms around Dean. “I didn’t think you would worry so much.”

“Really?” Dean said, pulling apart to stare at Cas. “Dude, you’re my best friend! What the hell were you doing on the highway anyway?”

“My GPS broke,” Cas shrugged. “My original destination was Gabriel’s shop.”

“Cas, you could’ve just asked me to take you,” Sam laughed. “You know you have the worst sense of direction.”

“I didn’t want to bother you,” Cas shrugged. “Besides, nothing serious happened.”

“Clarence, I have your test results,” said the same nurse that had stopped Dean. She gave Dean a long look, then smirked. “So this is the freckled beauty, huh?”

“Excuse me?” Dean asked, affronted.

“Dean, this is Nurse Meg Masters,” Cas introduced. “I’ve talked to you about her. Meg, this is Dean Winchester. He is my roommate and closest friend.”

“More like closeted friend,” she muttered, so low that Dean doubted Cas had heard.

“Nurse Masters?” Dean asked with fake sweetness. “So this is the lady that planned the one night stand?”

She glared at him at the slut jab. “So he told you about our date.”

“I tell Dean everything,” Cas replied, completely oblivious to their battle. “There’s very little news I keep from him, and mostly because they are of trivial nature.”

“How…nice,” Meg said, obviously thinking the exact opposite. “Anyway, Clarence, I have your chart. Took the liberty of looking it over…no broken bones, no internal damage…you have a couple of bruised ribs, two contusions, and a mild concussion. I suggest taking the rest of the day off, maybe the week.”

“Mild concussion? I think I’ll take the day off and come back tomorrow for the daily checkups,” Cas murmured. “I shouldn’t take on any codes until at least a week has passes and I’ve taken another MRI. I don’t want my judgment impaired when I’m dealing with coding patients.”

“I can drive you home,” Dean quickly offered. “I’ll ask Bobby to give the rest of the day off.”

“I can’t ask you to do that,” Cas shook his head. “I will take a taxi home.”

“Don’t be an idiot,” Dean snapped. “I’m no trusting you to just anybody. From now on, you’re only getting in cars with a driver I trust. And I’m helping you buy a sturdier car, one that won’t lose a fight against a fucking tree.”

“I saw a deer. I wasn’t just about to hit it,” Cas defended himself.
“I can take you home if you want, Clarence,” Meg offered, smiling sultrily.

“Trusted drivers, remember?” Dean snapped. “I just met you. You’re at the bottom of the list.”

“And why are you deciding for him, freckles?” she asked angrily. “Clarence can make his own decisions.”

“Thank you for your concern, Meg,” Cas interrupted softly. “But I will take Dean’s advice. It does very little to object to his commands. Most of the time, Dean is right anyway.”

“Damn right, I’m right,” Dean beamed. He grinned at the brunette until she excused herself and left to check on another patient. Dean:1, Meg: 0.

Even if Cas had disagreed with him, there was no way in hell Dean was going to let him leave alone or with anyone else. He had almost lost him once, and he wasn’t planning on making it a habit.

The fifteen minutes it had taken to arrive at the hospital had been the worst he’d had to experience in a very long time, perhaps even worse than the time a grenade landed next to him in Iraq. But Dean couldn’t keep relying on the luck that had made the grenade a dummy, or that had saved Cas.

No, Dean needed to take matters into his own hands. Because right now, he had Cas and everything was okay and happy. And while Dean wouldn’t lose him to an accident, seeing Meg in the flesh had made her relationship with Cas real, solid. And if that went anywhere, Dean was sure Cas would leave. Because who wanted to grow old in a small, two-bedroom apartment with their good-for-nothing friend?

So there were only two course of actions in front of him.

Plan A: Dean checked up on Meg. Made sure she was right for his friend, despite his personal feelings towards her. Made sure Cas got the girl. Be the best man for the wedding and somehow manage to name their first kid Jim.

Plan B: Dean could get his act together. Confess his feelings for Cas. Work hard to deserve him. Turn his life around. Get a better job. Quit drinking. Essentially, make Cas fall in love with him. And if a kid showed up, name him Jim.

“Dean? Are you ready to go?” Cas asked him softly, cocking his head slightly to the right and crunching up his nose adorably.

“Yeah.” Okay, so Plan B it was.

Chapter End Notes

Just in case some of you guys were confused:

a coding patient is a patient that is dying and needs immediate medical attention. Instead of saying over the speakers that someone is dying and upsetting the other patients, doctors developed a set of color codes and build response teams to deal with these scenarios.

Also, a teaching hospital is a hospital that is associated with a Med school or college, but it doesn't necessarily have to be attached to the teaching building.
While every doctor has to go through eight years of school, four in pre-med, four in Med school, the actual times it takes to become a fully certified doctor varies by specialty.

If anyone is wondering, Cas is an Attending, meaning he has already completed his specialization and is in charge of an unit and a group of interns.

Interns are med students that are in their final year and are going through hands-on experience.

Residents have already graduated so they are technically doctors, but are going through their specialization, like internal medicine or surgery.

Attending are fully certified doctors and have already completed their specialization. Cas took five years to finish school, making him 23 as an intern, 24 as a resident, and 26 as an attending.

and like I've said before, I'm not an expert or anything, and i'm not even sure if you can really finish med school early, but then again, I'm doing this for the sake of a story. Sorry and thank you for putting up with this mess.
Yay! Charlie!!! So, Charlie is totally going to show up more often, and she is absolutely going to find love soon. Don't wanna give anything away...

Oh, and Gabriel is showing up soon...

Meg didn’t grow up wanting to be a nurse. She didn’t have an overwhelming need to help people. If she’d wanted, she could have been anything. But her family was in medicine, and Meg was a family girl above all. Her father, Azazel Masters, was a pediatrician, believe or not. Her uncle, Alastair Masters, was a malpractice attorney, and a pretty good one, at that. In fact, he was currently representing a client against one of Meg’s coworkers, a feisty red-head by the name of Charlie. Meg didn’t like her really much; she was too hyper for her taste.

It was sufficient to say that Meg had many reasons to choose medicine as a profession. But the real reason fell on her brother, Tom.

It’d happened ten years ago. A regular old day like any other had found Meg in Forever 21, wasting her money in clothes she would probably never wear. She had received a call a little bit after lunch, from a nurse at Sacred Heart. The message had been brief: your brother was in an accident, Miss Masters. You are his emergency contact.

That was the first time Meg met Castiel. She was twenty, and he seventeen. She hadn’t paid him much attention, only slightly registering him as a Novak, one of the six heirs to the Novak fortune.

She was informed that Tom had been in a car accident, one that had left him paralyzed from the waist down. Her father had fought hard, pulling all of his scare tactics to give his son the best treatment possible. The Chief of Medicine at the time, a Dr. Higgins, had taken care of her brother personally.

But there was nothing they could do. Tom was, and would forever be, an invalid. So Meg took it upon herself to be there for him. She begin training as a nurse, spending all of her spare time with her brother, taking over his rehab and learning all that she could about his condition. When he committed suicide, six months after, Meg just decided to keep going with her studies and became a RN, getting herself a job at Sacred Heart.

So yeah, maybe she wasn’t the most spirited nurse, or the most kind-hearted, but she was a good nurse, and at the end of the day, that was all that mattered.

Besides, being a nurse meant she could spend a lot of time with the doctors...and boy, did Sacred Heart have some sexy meat. Her first conquest had been an orderly, she could hardly remember his name, and had lasted about a week. From then, she made her way up.

Her first doctor was Dr. Cortese, the cute Radiologist with the long, brown hair and perky boobs. And now, she had Clarence in her sight.

The fact that he might possible be gay didn’t bothered her in the least. He couldn’t be completely
gay, since he seemed to want a relationship with her. But there was something definitely going on between the green-eyed runway model and her angelic doctor. She confirmed it when the two men left together, much to her regret.

“Nurse Masters?”

She turned to the freakishly tall man that was left behind. Sam, was it?

“What is it, Bullwinkle?” she asked, giving him an easy smile. He was totally her type: sweet, naïve, innocent, and totally corruptible. Too bad Moore had a crush on him. Meg had hit on one of the blonde nurse’s boys before, and it had not ended well.

“Are you…related to Alastair Masters?” Gigantor asked, nervously wringing his hands.

“Ah! You’re the new suit-wearing, case-carrying monkey!” she realized, grinning. “So, did they put you up against my uncle for your first round? Teaching you the grace of defeat so early in the game, huh?”

“So he’s your uncle?” he quickly said. “I’m sorry for asking you this, but have you heard from him? It’s just, we were supposed to meet yesterday to discuss options, but he never showed up. He won’t answer his phone, and his secretary won’t take any messages.”

“He won’t talk to you, sweet-cheeks,” Meg explained, taking pity on the over-sized puppy. “This is his game. You’re going to spend the rest of the week scrambling to get a hold of him, while he leans back and enjoys you wasting your time. Intimidation is key, and Alastair is a master. I’m going to give you some advice, since you’re actually kind of cute: don’t trust a word that comes out of his mouth.”

“But…he’s a lawyer,” Sam said confusedly.

Meg laughed out loud at the complete naivety. “Honey, he’s a lawyer. They lie. Better learn how to keep the nose from growing, Pinocchio, because you’re going to have to do it, too.” She blew him a kiss and walked away. She had more important things to worry about than a sad puppy.

She had a man to woo.

Sam frowned at the nurse’s retreating back. When Castiel had pointed her out as his date, he had imagined the woman to be some kind of benevolent, kind-hearted nurse. But she was…well, tough. He couldn’t imagine what a girl like her would want with someone as socially inept as Castiel. But then again, his social-butterfly of a brother was head-over heels for him, too, and they weren’t exactly picture perfect either.

He had been as frantic as Dean when Jess first told him about Cas’ injuries. He had ran from his office, ignoring Michael’s shout to slow down, before he reached him.

Once he had made sure that Cas had not received any major injuries, he worried about his brother’s reaction. It went better than he had expected, honestly.

However, they now had a bigger problem to face. He was actually really surprised Cas had enough sagacity to lie. Because if Dean knew that Cas had suffered his accident on his way to pick up Adam from college, any chance his two brothers had of starting off in the right foot would be lost. It didn’t matter that Adam didn’t have any control over the accident, or that Cas had offered; Adam would forever be in Dean’s black list, and that was one list Sam didn’t want his new brother to be
But Cas had saved the day, and Dean was still thankfully oblivious to Adam’s existence, so everything was okay with the world. Well, almost everything. Sam still had to talk to his client, Dr. Bradbury.

Between trying to catch up with Alastair and find out everything he could about Mr. Roberson operation, Sam hadn’t really had time to speak to her. Unfortunately for him, Frank had found out and tore him a new one.

And that’s why Sam was waiting in front of the Surgeon’s board, the large blackboard where surgeries were posted every day with the name of the patient, the surgeon, and the operation.

“Tonsillectomy? Damn it, they keep giving me the kiddy assignments!”

Sam turned to the shorter woman to his right. She was wearing the standard green scrubs all surgeons wore, but she had pinned dozens of buttons to her lab coat, all of them with little phrases or movie slogans. Sam only recognized Star Trek and Doctor Who, and only because he had seen similar figures in Dean’s room growing up.

“You must be Dr. Bradbury,” Sam realized.

“Charlie. How can I help you?” she grinned, offering a hand.

Sam quickly shook it, surprised by her strong grip. Then again, she was a surgeon. “I’m Sam Winchester. I’m representing you in the Roberson case.”

“Oh, Mr. Arthur Roberson…ever since he sued me, Crowley has been handing me simple surgeries. I think my patients have been turning my services down.”

Sam winced guiltily. He had been too focused on figuring out Alastair’s endgame to start planning what he was going to do for his own defense. He was glad he had talked to Meg; her advice was very helpful.

“Who’s, uh, Crowley?” Sam asked curiously. He thought he had learned most of the doctors already, but there were still a couple he hadn’t met yet.


“I’ll keep that in mind,” Sam murmured. “So, is there anywhere where we can talk about the operation? We’re going to hold a preliminary meeting with Michael in two weeks. If I can convince Alastair that I have at least a fifty/fifty chance of winning, he’ll drop the case. I have it on good authority he doesn’t take a case he can’t win.”

“You don’t have to work too hard, Sam,” Charlie shrugged. “Everyone knows you can’t win against Alastair. Hell, every surgeon with a black mark on his record has met with Alastair. Hospitals just ignore it now. It’s not like Michael is going to fire me. Besides, that’s why the Sacred Heart has insurance. Even if Mr. Roberson wins, we’re not losing anything here.”

“No,” Sam said forcefully. “I’m not just going to roll over and let Alastair win!” What the hell was going on? It was as if everyone was too scared of Alastair to even try to win a case. This was Sam’s first case; there was no chance in hell he was going to half-ass it. He hadn’t spent endless hours studying, Dean hadn’t wasted dozens of weekends working an extra shift, for him to give up.
“Alright, alright,” Charlie said quickly, raising her hands in a placatory fashion. “I get off at five today. Wanna meet at Just Desserts?”

“Yes,” Sam nodded. “Just…can I ask you a quick question? I was reading over Mr. Roberson’ file, and…well, I’m not a doctor, but he didn’t exactly need the surgery, did he?”

“Nah,” Charlie shrugged. “But these up-and-comers don’t want to waste any time. A surgery could already ruin his chances of going pro…but a lengthy rehabilitation? Definitely. We gave him two options, surgery or rehab. He went for the faster route, anything to get him back in the field sooner. Unfortunately, we were quite eager for him to choose surgery, so Alastair is going through the whole ‘doctors are advisors and he just listened to your bad judgment’ route. Doesn’t matter that the patient wanted it as much as we did. We suggested, and he took our advice.”

“But even with surgery, he still needed rehab,” Sam replied, frowning.

“Yeah, but not for so long,” Charlie said. “However, not long for us doctors means five to six months. He thought it was going to be weeks. So not only is he mad that rehab is taking longer than expected, but after four months of intensive rehabilitation, we finally allow him to bat…and he completely burns. I’m talking about a guy with a 97 mph bat speed…and he’s suddenly batting 20s? Nah, at the least, I was expecting sixties. Man, if I ruined his career, I will be pretty depressed…but the surgery went by smoothly. And he didn’t miss a day of rehab. Treatment just…didn’t respond as well as we thought it would.”

“Yeah…must’ve.”

“Well, I gotta go take care of these tonsils. See you in a few,” Charlie said, giving him a fist to pump before walking off.

Sam glanced at the Surgeon board and frowned. He remember Dean playing baseball in high school. He had been pretty good, good enough to bag a scholarship. He didn’t really remember his bat speed, but it had probably been in the high seventies. He also distinctly remember the day when Dean dislocated a shoulder and sprained one of his deltoid ligaments. He had missed days of rehab, preferring to quit the team than put in the effort. Sam now knew that Dean had quit to get a job, but back then, he thought it was because he simply didn’t care.

The strange thing was…Dean still played ball…and while he had stopped going to rehab three months in, his bat speed was now somewhere in the low seventies. So why had Roberson’s changed so drastically?

It probably was like Charlie had said…the treatment simply wasn’t working.
Cas’ injuries were not serious, but they were still uncomfortable. He could feel a sharp jolt of pain on his left side every time he took a step, and his head was thrumming softly, but other than that, he felt fine. Because of his concussion, Dean took his phone away, hid the TV control, kept the lights on low, and forbid him to read. He was acting like a frantic nurse, but it was actually kind of endearing.

Honestly, he was a bit surprised. Oh, he had expected Dean to overreact and pretend that he was dying, but he had never thought Dean would be upset enough to let a blatant lie pass him by. What would a deer be doing in the middle of a crowded city? Also, if he had paid attention, he would’ve realized that Gabriel’s café was so close to the Hospital that Cas wouldn’t have to take his car: he could simply walk.

But thankfully, Dean still had no idea that Cas had suffered his accident on his way to pick up Adam. The only problem now was that Adam had no idea what had happened, and was probably waiting for him right now. He really hoped Sam would think of calling him.

He felt bad to keep Adam waiting, but he really had other things to worry about. Like for example, Dean’s worry.

While it was true that Cas was not very good as deciphering people’s emotions or motives, he didn’t have a problem reading Dean. Maybe because they had known each other for so long. Or maybe because Dean was always openly honest with him. Either way, Cas knew that there was something going on with Dean, something that didn’t have anything to do with his accident.

He waited until Dean had made sure Cas was comfortable to pose his question. “Is everything okay, Dean?”

“What? Yeah, yeah. You’re comfortable, right?” Dean asked, worriedly. “I mean, nothing is hurting? Your head okay?”

“I feel perfectly fine,” Cas assured him, burying himself more deeply into the comfort of his bed and pillows. “Really, you shouldn’t worry so much about me. Are you sure it’s okay for you to be here?”

“Called Bobby,” Dean shrugged. “Gave me the rest of the day off.”

“Hmm. How is he? Has he chosen his replacement yet?” Cas asked. When he first heard about the opening position, he had expected Dean to take full advantage of it. He had been at a charity event, raising money for the Hospital, when he had heard a couple of city officials talking about it. Firehouse 14 was famed for the talent, experience, and morality of its members, and was a place of pride for the city of Houston. Because of it, he didn’t find it strange that news of Robert Singer’s retirement had reached the ears of politics.
“Nah. As it turns out, city officials think no one at the station is good enough for the job,” Dean growled. “They have this kid, Talley, waiting to take the position.”

“Talley?” Cas frowned. He knew that name. *Jake Talley.* Yes, he had heard it at the charity event. He distinctly remembered Senator Green and Chairman Stonewall talking about him. He had been one of the people they thought was good for the job. “I thought Bobby had recommended Benny? And doesn’t Bobby elect his replacement?”

“Well, the higher ups think Benny’s old life is not good enough for a Chief, and if we want to keep getting our funding from the city, we will have to choose Talley,” Dean said. “Right now, Bobby is trying to get us a couple of years, you know, so he can train Talley. That’s the best option right now.”

“ Weird. I thought, if anybody, they would choose you.” He had heard Dean’s name a lot at that event. He hadn’t been that surprised, to be honest. He was always reading Dena’s name in the newspaper, retelling countless heroic acts.

“Me?” Dean gasped, and his eyes widened, as if surprised. “Why would they choose me?”

“I don’t find it surprising at all,” Cas replied, taken aback. “You have been a fireman since you first volunteered when you were fifteen, Dean. You have military experience, not to mention a history of firemen from your mother’s side. And not only that, but your Grandfather Henry used to be a DA, correct? And your father, before being a mechanic, was a very famous Detective. Your last name carries a lot of weight with the higher ups, as you say. That is one of the reasons why Michael didn’t have any problems convincing the Board to let Sam join our legal department.”

“I…well, I don’t…I wouldn’t say famous…but that’s not me,” Dean finally spit out. “Look, Cas, I have a GED. I didn’t even graduate high school. And Talley has some fancy college degree. *That’s* why the want him, and not someone else. They want someone with an *education*, as if a damn book could teach you how to be a good fireman.”

“A degree?” Cas said, surprised. If that was the problem…”Why don’t you just get a degree yourself?”

“Excuse me?” Dean asked, incredulous. “A degree on what?”

“There are many things you could study, Dean,” Cas informed him. “Fire Science, Business Management, EMT…you could probably also join the Nation Fire Academy or study Fire Engineering.”

Dean laughed…but there was something strange about that laugh. It sounded…hollow?

“Yeah, Cas, that sounds good and all, but aren’t you forgetting something?” Dean asked sarcastically. “We don’t have the time! I mean, we only have two weeks until Talley is officially chosen, do you really think I can do any of those fancy classes in two weeks? Besides, I would then have to pass those classes, and I don’t think—.”

“Dean, stop right now,” Cas growled, angry. Dean was doing it again. That thing Cas hated. Belittling himself. “Dean, you are the best fireman in the *State.* Everyone knows that. Do you really think that if you voiced your intent to become Chief, anyone would deny you? And besides, you are a *Fire Captain.* You can pass these classes with your *eyes closed.* And you don’t have to start with long careers. You can first get certified, then, when you have the job, move on to an Bachelor’s degree—or Master’s, if your prefer. And it doesn’t have to end with just being a Chief! You can become an Arson Inspector, you can got into forensic science, even go into Homeland
Dean stared at him, mouth slightly opened and eyes wide, and for a moment, Cas worried that he had said too much. Sometimes, Dean would get uncomfortable when he displayed affection. So, with time, Cas had managed to keep most of his feelings to himself. He loved Dean, he was his best friend, but he knew sometimes Dean didn’t want those feelings voiced. Was this one of those moments?

“You really think I can do this?” Dean asked softly, so much that Cas would have missed it if he weren’t hanging on to his every word.

“I do,” Cas replied immediately and without hesitation.

Dean stared at him, eyes narrowed, and slowly took out his phone. He punched in a few numbers without looking, then raised his phone to his ear. “Bobby? Yeah, is me, Dean. Hey, do I have to write an official letter, or can I just do it over the phone? I want the position of Chief. Yeah, I’m going to enroll in a couple of classes in U of H. Yeah, I’m serious. Alright, see you tomorrow, Bobby.” Dean hung up the phone, and turned to Cas, his face carefully blank.

“So? What did he say?” Cas asked impatiently.

Dean blinked, then smiled impossibly wide. “About time, idjit.”

Adam felt terribly guilty. He was a horrible, horrible person. While Cas had been on his deathbed, the victim of a horrible accident, he had been angry at the man for standing him up. But not only had Cas selflessly volunteered to pick him up from school, but he had also gotten him into the Interns’ classes, classes that Adam had no business taking. And still, Adam had cursed his new friend for his tardiness.

Needless to say, as soon as Sam called him with the news, he’d hopped into a taxi and drove to the Hospital. It wasn’t until he was frantically yelling at a nurse to let him in that Sam found him and patiently explained that Cas was, in fact, perfectly fine and that Adam was an idiot who should let people finish what they were going to say before hanging up the phone.

“So where’s Castiel?” Adam asked once Sam had finished chiding him.

“Dean took him home,” Sam answered. “Oh, and just so you know…Dean doesn’t know Cas was on his way to pick you up. And you’re not going to tell him.”

“Why not?” Adam asked curiously.

“Because if you do, he will kill you,” Sam replied flatly. “Trust me, he once gave me a black eye when I got Cas drunk and left him alone at a party, and he’s known me my whole life.”

“Oh. By the way, when are we going to tell Dean?” Adam asked. He didn’t know much about his newfound siblings, only that Sam was a lawyer and Dean a fireman. At least, he was on talking terms with Sam.

“Well, you should definitely meet soon,” Sam said worriedly. “But…I don’t think we should tell him you’re our brother yet. He’s really worried about Cas, and he might not think things through. We should wait until Cas gets better.”

“I thought you said he was okay!” Adam exclaimed, his mind providing him with a thousand
horrific ways Cas could’ve died.

“Dean’s definition of okay is different,” Sam muttered. “Let’s just wait a bit, okay?”

“Okay,” Adam sighed. “You know him better.”

“Thanks,” Sam nodded. “Do you want me to give you a ride home?”

“No…I, uh, I think I’m going to stay and take the lessons Cas offered,” Adam shrugged. “They should have a doctor replacing him.”

“Oh yeah, Michael. He’s up in the third floor, in the I.C.U.,” Sam said, motioning to the elevator. “I have to go and get some work done on my case. Tell me when you’re ready to go home, and I’ll give you a ride.”

“Thanks,” Adam smiled, nodding. “I’ll see you in a few.”

Adam’s mother had been a nurse before she died, and since being a single mother with sixteen hour shifts was a killer, she had often taken him to the hospital. So it was safe to say that Adam knew his way around a hospital, despite this being his first year in pre-med.

It was highly unorthodox for a student like him to be listening in on the Intern’s round. Of course, he was not going to be taking part in the hands-on assignments, but the information these students were covering was much more advanced than what they were teaching him at school. He didn’t want people to notice him, especially since medicine was becoming an increasingly competitive career and he didn’t want to ruin his before it even started. So, once he caught sight of the group of Interns listening attentively to a tall doctor, he silently approached them and kept to himself.

“…we’ll be making the decision soon. There are seventeen Interns in this hospital at the moment; unfortunately, I only have five open spots for Residency. In these next few weeks, we’ll be paying extra attention and make our decision. If you do not wish to have your Residency at this hospital, inform me now as to not consider you in the process.”

The doctor was quite young, perhaps in his early to mid-thirties. Adam didn’t feel weird admitting that the man was insanely handsome, built like a Calvin Klein model, instead of a doctor. His black hair had been stylishly swept to the side, and his green eyes sparkled from behind half-rimmed glasses. Adam found himself tracing the tantalizingly long line of the doctor’s neck, paying close attention to the bob of his Adam’s apple, stopping at his stupidly bitable collarbones.

He was so lost, in fact, that one of the Interns had to elbow him in the side for him to realize that the doctor was talking to him.

“Thank you, Samandriel,” the doctor said to the adorable-looking intern. “Can I help you?” he said, turning to Adam with a perfect eyebrow raised questioningly.

“Um…I’m sorry,” Adam said awkwardly. “My name is Adam Milligan, I’m a frie—.”

“A friend of Castiel’s,” the doctor interrupted nodding. “Yes, he told me that you were going to be joining us today. My name is Doctor Novak. I am the Chief of Medicine at Sacred Heart, and I will ask you to pay attention to me while I’m talking. I do not waste my words.” He glared at Adam sternly, and Adam gulped. His first day, and already he was in hot waters with the god damned Chief of Medicine!

“I’m sorry, sir—Doctor! Um…it won’t happen again,” Adam quickly said.
Doctor Novak glared at him for a few more seconds. “How old are you?” he finally asked.

“Nineteen,” Adam said. Doctor Novak frowned, and Adam was suddenly afraid that he was going to say Adam was too young to be there. “But I’ll be turning twenty in two months.”

“Congratulations. Remind me to send you a card,” Doctor Novak replied dryly, and a couple of the Interns laughed. “Samandriel, you’re going to partner up with Mr. Milligan. Perhaps, by teaching him, you will be able to retain some of the information I endlessly supply you. Follow me.” He turned away sharply and began to loudly talk about the patient in the room.

“He’s a charm,” Adam muttered to Samandriel, leaning in to speak in his ear. “I’m Adam.”

“Samandriel,” the boy replied, smiling softly. “But my friends call me Alfie. And yeah, Michael can be a little stern, but he means well.”

“Michael?” Adam asked, frowning. Alfie sounded as if he intimately knew the doctor.

“Oh, yeah. Michael’s my cousin,” Alfie answered. “He likes Rachel—that’s my older sister—way more than he likes any of us.”

“So is it like a Novak thing to name their kids with such weird names or what?” Adam whispered and Alfie cracked a smile.

“Overly-religious parents,” he replied through his smile. “Castiel has an older brother named Lucifer.”

“You have to be kidding me,” Adam gasped, quickly covering it with a cough. Alfie grinned at him, and Adam returned the smile. Looking closely, he could see a small resemblance between Alfie and the Novaks he already knew. Of course, he wasn’t as attractive as Castiel, or Michael, but he was undeniably cute.

“Samandriel!” Dr. Novak snapped and both Adam and Alfie turned to look at him guiltily. “Mr. Sanders here is complaining of a belly ache and chronic heartburn. Any idea what it might be?”

“I…uh…” Adam glanced at the patient, who was staring at Alfie with a mixture of pity and discomfort, much like all of the other Interns. It kind of made Adam think this was not the first time Dr. Novak called his cousin out.

Alfie, unfortunately, wasn’t helping himself. He was just staring at Dr. Novak, gaping at him, without making a move to read the patient’s clipboard.

“Um…maybe, gastroesophageal reflux disease?” Alfie said quietly.

Dr. Novak raised an eyebrow questioningly. “Are you asking me?”

Alfie’s eyes widened, and he glanced around the group, quietly begging someone to step in. Dr. Novak sighed and quietly handed Alfie the clipboard and motioned for him to read it. With trembling hands, Alfie obeyed, eyes cautiously scanning the symptoms.

Adam leaned in from the side and instantly looked for the nurses’ notes. His mother had often complained about arrogant doctors that ignored the nurses’ input, even though nurses were the ones that spent most of the time with the patients.
Mr. Sanders had been complaining of a painful hunger, even after a full meal. The man experienced bloating after eating, and his pain often went away after taking an antacid. However, one of the nurses had noted that Mr. Sanders was a returning patient from two weeks ago when he had been admitted for a strong abdominal pain.

“Cancer?” Alfie squeaked at the same time Adam confidently said “peptic ulcer.”

Dr. Novak glanced at him curiously, and Adam could’ve sworn the man smiled at him for like a second, but when he turned to his cousin, his face was a carefully drawn mask of patience and disappointment.

“Adam is correct, Samandriel. Mr. Sanders has been vomiting blood, and a closer look at a stool sample revealed an ulcer. We have already begun giving him antibiotics.”

“Oh.” Alfie blushed scarlet and stared at the floor, embarrassed.

“If you don’t know, ask for help, Alfie,” Dr. Novak said softly, and suddenly, he was no longer the Chief of Medicine, but Michael, Alfie’s older cousin. He patted Alfie’s shoulder awkwardly, then turned to the rest of the group. “Alright. Let’s continue.”

Adam stared after Dr. Novak curiously. He came off a bit of a douche at the beginning, but he had handled Alfie’s situation quite well. It was clear that Alfie wasn’t going to be the greatest doctor, but Dr. Novak wasn’t treating him any different just because he was family. By the way the other Interns quietly soothed Alfie, it was clear that Dr. Novak was harder on Alfie for being a family member. It made sense, of course, as to not make the other Interns think there was any favoritism going on. And yet, still, he had openly shown concern for his cousin, to the point of comforting him in front of the others. It was clear that the doctor had managed to find a way of making the others feel like they were treated as equals to Alfie, while completely showing his affections towards the younger boy. It was strange.

Adam hadn’t noticed that he had been staring again, his eyes obliviously taking in the handsome doctor. He was curious, curious indeed. And well, Adam had always had a very inquisitive mind.
Three days later, Dean woke up early in the morning to the sound of Cas in the kitchen. Almost all of the lights were off, but the TV was turned on to a SpongeBob episode on mute. He found Cas preparing breakfast, already dressed in dark blue scrubs. His hair was slightly wet from a shower, and he was quietly humming the harmony to one of his favorite classical songs.

“How’s your head?” Dean asked, taking a seat on the kitchen table.

Cas glanced at him, then returned to his eggs. “Much better. My ribs still hurt a little, but I don’t think the concussion will cause any problems.”

“I’m glad,” Dean said through a yawn. “Did you make coffee?”

“In the pot,” Castiel answered, nodding towards the freshly brewed coffee. He turned off the stove, scraped the eggs into a plate, and sat in front of Dean. Dean stared longingly at the pot, wondering whether it was worth standing up.

“You start your classes today, right?” Cas asked, distracting Dean.

“Yeah,” Dean sighed. Dean hadn’t been able to sleep correctly for the past days, too worried about his new classes. The day after he had called Bobby, he had taken time from his break to go the University and leaf through pamphlets. A pretty counselor had taken notice and helped him pick his classes. At first, Dean had been worried that he wouldn’t be able to enroll in any classes, since he was coming two weeks late into the semester, but the counselor assured him there were ways for him to gain his degree.

There were a few professors that were willing to admit a student late, especially one with as much experience in the field as Dean. And as for the other classes, Dean could take online courses. And since Sacred Heart was a huge donor to the University, often admitting Med students just from attending U of H, they had agreed to give Dean credit for courses taken at the hospital. Dean was getting a Major in Fire Engineering with a Minor in Emergency Management. Also, he was planning on taking shifts with the hospital’s EMT team, and further his CPR course, giving him the skills to do more than just perform the Heimlich Maneuver or use an AED. Of course, taking so many extra classes would mean less leisure hours, but hopefully, this would just be for a year or two while he completed his classes. Not only that, but Bobby had graciously agreed to giving Dean a block schedule, allowing him to use the early morning and the late evening for his classes.

Dean would have never gone through so much trouble, even with Cas supporting him wholeheartedly, if Bobby hadn’t shown him the letter from City Hall stating that if they could show proof of Dean’s willingness to gain a degree, they would be more than glad to consider him for Chief. It was more than the flat our refusal they had given Benny and Martin, and that, coupled from the support his crew was giving him, was more than enough reason for Dean to keep going. The fact that his CPR course would be with Cas also helped a lot.
“Will I be seeing you tonight at the hospital?” Cas asked, and Dean nodded, and decided the allure of coffee was too much and got up to make himself a cup.

“Yeah. I have four classes in the morning at the University. The first one starts at six, which is in half an hour,” Dean said, glancing at the clock on the wall. He should really be getting ready, but the coffee was too tempting. “What about you?” he asked Cas instead.

“Well, my shift starts at eight today. I have an hour break at three, in which I will take Meg to Gabriel’s shop, then back to my shift, which ends with the CPR class at midnight.”

Dean almost spit out his coffee at the mention of Meg. Setting his cup down before he could burn himself, he turned to Cas, eyes wide. “You’re going on another date with Meg?”

“That is what one usually does in a relationship,” Cas nodded, frowning. “Is it not?”

“Relationship? Who the hell said anything about a relationship?” Dean exclaimed.

“You did,” Cas replied, still confused. “Dean, you said so yourself: when Meg said that I was taken, she made it clear that we were in a relationship.”

Just because Meg says you’re in a relationship doesn’t mean you are,” Dean all but yelled. “You have to want it, too.”

“Well, I do want it,” Cas answered and Dean froze.

His mind quite simply crashed at the words, and he could manage to do little else but to gape at Cas. “You…you want it? As in a relationship? With Meg? You want Meg?” Dean gaped.

“I enjoy her company, Dean,” Cas replied patiently, clearly confused by Dean’s reaction. “She is an attractive woman. Not only that, but she is highly intelligent, interesting to talk to, and…outgoing. I think she would complement me very much.”

“But…what about me?” Dean spluttered before he could help himself.

The look Cas gave him was a mixture of confusion, surprise, and humor. “I think you and Meg would be very good friends as well, Dean.”

“No, that’s not what I’m talking about!” Dean exclaimed. “I mean…what do you think of me?”

“You are my best friend,” Cas answered honestly. “I don’t see—.”

“I don’t mean what you think of me as a friend,” Dean quickly interrupted, his heart hammering. “I mean…what do you think of me…as a partner?”

“As in…sexual partner?” Cas asked, eyebrows raised.

“No! I mean, yes, but not like—I mean, as in boyfriend.”

Cas stared at him, mouth slightly open and eyes wide. “Well…you are a man.”

Dean felt his cheeks flame and he glanced at the floor. In all the time he had worried about Cas not wanting him, he had never thought it would be because of his gender. He had been too worried about his own sexuality to think that his open-minded friend would be strictly straight.

Before he could quickly back out, Cas continued, oblivious to Dean’s discomfort. “It’s true that you are very attractive. You are loyal, kind, intelligent, and funny, which are things one must look
at when searching for a significant other. With that being said, I have never seen you as anything more than a friend. And now that I am in a committed relationship with Meg, I don’t think it’s prudent for me to consider other partners. Fidelity is very important to me, Dean.”

With every word, Dean sunk deeper and deeper into himself. Cas was letting him down easy, way kinder than one would expect from somebody with a complete lack of social skills, but he was still letting him down. He should have never opened his fucking mouth.

“Dean, do you like me?” Cas asked.

Dean evaded the dreaded question. “Of course I like you, Cas. You are my best friend.”

“No,” Cas insisted. “I mean, do you think of me as more than a friend?

Dean swallowed. He had opened this can of worms, and now he would have to reach in. “Well… like I’ve said, you are my best friend. And you’re super hot, so I don’t think it’s too weird for me too feel that way.”

“I’m not saying it is,” Cas said. “But I do know that these situations can cause strains in a friendship. You have taught me as much.”

“Don’t worry about anything,” Dean quickly said, smacking what he hoped was a bright smile to his face. “I’m a big boy. I’m not going to let things get awkward simply because you turned me down. We’re still friends, right?”

“Yes,” Cas nodded. “I would hate to lose your friendship, Dean.”

“Nah man, we’re good,” Dean said, looking for a way out. He found it in the form of the clock. “Well, if I don’t hurry up, I’ll be late for my first class. See you tonight?”

“Well of course, Dean,” Cas said, smiling.

Well, it looked like Dean would have to go with Plan A after all. At least he could still try to name the kid Jim.

It didn’t take long for Dean to get ready, mostly because he wanted to get out of the house as quickly as he could. It was one thing to say he was okay with the whole rejection thing, and another completely to stay in the same room as Cas and pretend he was completely okay. Thankfully, Cas still didn’t know the full extent of his feelings, so he didn’t have to worry about making Cas uncomfortable as well. He was quite sure that Cas had already forgotten about the whole thing, reassured by Dean’s words.

So in a record time of fifteen minutes, Dean was freshly showered and dressed in his least stained jeans and a hunter green Henley. Like a true Winchester, he added a plaid shirt and his old leather jacket, which he would never admit matched the boots he had bought a couple of years back. He also shaved the scruff he had been growing, and it was definitely not because he looked twenty-four without a beard. Hey, it was not like he particularly wanted to broadcast to the entire University that he was almost in his thirties.

Since Dean was a local, his tuition was much less than it would’ve been if he’d come from out of state. Still, he didn’t have money to throw around, so he had allowed Bobby to pull a few strings and bag him a couple of scholarships. Apparently, people loved to cheer for the underdog, and more than one organization had been willing to grant him a scholarship with no strings attached, as
His first stop was the guidance counselor’s office, with Miss Braeden, the pretty brunette that had helped him first. He parked his baby in the student parking, making sure to keep away from corners and heavily parked areas, even if it meant walking a long way to the offices. He didn’t trust these kids with cars, less alone his.

Dean had quickly learned to memorize a building’s layout from one look, a skill that came in helpful during a fire, so he didn’t have any trouble finding Miss Braeden’s office again.

There was a student worker at the front desk, talking loudly on the phone, and Dean had to knock on the desk to make her look up.

“I’m here to see Miss Braeden,” he said politely.

She smacked her gum and gave him a long look. “She’s with someone right now. Sit down and wait, sugar.”

Dean didn’t bother giving her his killer smile. He was too bummed out about Cas, and besides, the girl was like nine years younger than him.

He sat down like the girl said, but he didn’t have to wait long before the door to Miss Braeden’s office opened and a gangly teenager came out.

“…will help you a lot with your classes. You are very lucky, Sacred Heart is a very famous and praised hospital,” Miss Braeden was telling the student.

The kid nodded and scratched the back of his head, embarrassed “Thank you, Miss Braeden. And I promise you, these extra classes won’t mess with my school GPA. If anything, I will make sure to raise it.”

“I have big expectations of you, Adam,” Miss Braeden smiled, and followed him to the exit. She said goodbye and then turned to Dean. “Dean! So good to see you again. Come on in!”

Dean followed her to her office. Miss Braeden was one two years older than him, but she looked like she was in her early twenties. She was totally Dean’s type, but he was aware that this was a professional meeting, so he shook her hand firmly and took the seat she offered.

She sat behind her desk, picked up a manila folder on which Dean could see his name written on the tab, and skimmed through the pages. “So, Dean…well, I must say, your case is highly unorthodox,” she finally said, glancing up at him. “The classes you will be taking are from the Bachelor’s Degree in Fire Engineering, but after two years, we will give you your Associate’s. If you decide to continue with the classes, we will more than glad to give you the Bachelor’s Degree after three years if you maintain a GPA of 3.8 throughout all three years. What do you think so far?”

“It sounds good,” Dean nodded. “But…well, I already am a fireman, so my schedule isn’t what you would call…flexible. I think Chief Singer spoke on my behalf about this.”

“So did Senator Green,” she nodded. “Because of your highly praised skills, the University is willing to give you a test, the one we usually give our graduating students. Depending of the grade you get in this test are the classes you will have to take to earn your degree. Keep in mind, this test is not only written, but also on the field.”

“When will I be taking this test?” Dean asked nervously. He had never been a good test taker. The
only test he had passed with flying colors was his fitness test back at training.

“In a week, on the tenth,” Miss Braeden replied. “You will go to one lesson of each class, just to get a grip of the material being taught. However, because of your amazing resume, we are expecting great things from you, Dean. So you have to understand that you will have to do amazingy in this test if you want us to consider you for early graduation.”

“I understand, Miss Braeden,” Dean nodded.

Miss Braeden smiled, blushing slightly. “Call me Lisa, Dean. Miss makes me feel old.”

“Lisa, then,” Dean said, returning her smile. “I promise you I will do great in this test. Is there anything else I need to know?”

“No, that seems about it,” she said, glancing at the folder. “You aren’t taking any of the basic courses, this semester’s tuition is already paid for, and your first class starts in half an hour.”

She handed Dean his scheduler and he glanced at it, quickly getting overwhelmed by the number of fancy classes. 3D Fire Modeling? PC Applications in Engineering? What the hell? A few of the classes were familiar, though, like the Offshore Fire & Safety Inspection or Fire Protection for Powerplants. He hoped his experience would be enough for this test. He couldn’t afford waiting four years for a degree. Two years was already a stretch. And besides, the test fell on the same day the city officials chose Bobby’s replacement. He needed to come to that meeting with the news that his degree was guaranteed in two years. Otherwise, it would all be a waste of time.
Chapter Notes

I couldn't wait the whole week to update! So here's Cas POV...

One of the things Castiel was most proud of was his friendship with Dean and Sam. He had known both boys since early in their childhood. Even before that lucky school project that had gotten him invited to the Winchester household, he had always been interested in the brothers. And while he considered Sam a very good friend, it was Dean he thought of as his best friend.

Contrary to popular belief, he knew Dean loved him. Oh, Cas would have to be blind to miss something like that. Dean radiated his emotions, even if he was unaware of it. When he was angry, the room became just a little bit darker, the sound quieter, and the air stifling. When he was sad, every color seemed to tint with gray. When he was happy, he became brighter than the sun, pulling everyone into the same euphoric bubble.

But he had never thought Dean loved him in that way. Cas wasn’t ignorant in the matter of sexual attraction. He had lost his virginity early in his college career to a girl named Daphne. Later, he had followed with April, a pretty redhead.

Both times, he had made the first move. Because he knew. He knew was the lingering touches meant, what the sly smiles and wandering eyes led to. He knew what they meant, he just didn’t know why they meant it. Body language had never been a struggle to him. No, what he failed to understand was the reason behind actions. What stumped him was not the how, but the why.

So it wasn’t all too strange to believe that Cas had never noticed that Dean’s feelings ran in a different direction from friendly. Because Dean didn’t give him sly smiles, he gave him bright smiles. His eyes didn’t wander, they stared into his own. His touches weren’t lingering, they were warm.

But perhaps, if Cas were better versed in discerning peoples’ intent, he would’ve discovered Dean’s feelings sooner. Because while Dean’s body language had never giving off that sexual vibe Daphne and April had, his actions suddenly took a deeper meaning under this new light. For example, his inexplicable dislike of Meg. That was jealousy.

Cas didn’t believe for one second that what Dean felt for him could easily be ignored. No, he knew Dean too well to know that he didn’t do anything half-way, including feelings. When Dean hated, it was with burning wrath. When he loved, it was with blinding strength.

But Cas was scared. He was scared because he had never thought of Dean in that way, and now that he was with Meg, he couldn’t think of Dean in that way…but he didn’t want to lose Dean as a friend. And Cas had been there for Dean enough times to know that friendship and rejection did not mix. So here he was, cowardly pretending to believe Dean’s assurance that his feelings were unimportant while having lunch with Meg.

Meg was beautiful. She was bright, funny, strong, and had a strange sense of right and wrong that Cas found if not refreshing, interesting. He could see himself falling for a girl like Meg. She was
just as good as Dean in catching undertones in conversations, which Cas usually missed. She had the same sarcastic tongue, though hers bordered a little on the cynic side, while Dean’s was just a shield.

She was giving him the signs. The signs that she was interested in him. During that first date, he had been too sleep-deprived to pay attention to them, but now, they were obvious. He was a doctor, so he knew the human body very well. His first time had been daunting, but after sleeping multiple times with both April and Daphne, he was confident in his sexual skills.

Still, Cas was not an overly sexual man. He masturbated once a week, well aware of its healthy attributes. But he didn’t do it to thoughts of people. To him, that was rude, and Cas was nothing if not polite. But he did think of sex while masturbating. It was impossible to do it otherwise. It was always a woman on his mind, the face never in focus, but the body always the same. Small waist, hips wide, breasts that he could cup in his hands, short hair, full lips, and long legs.

Because of this, he had always thought himself as straight. It wasn’t like he had anything against homosexuals; both Gabriel and Balthazar had brought enough boys home for Cas to feel entirely comfortable with multiple sexual orientations (to be completely honest, he still didn’t know what Gabriel identified himself as). But, if he were gay, wouldn’t he feel an attraction to men? His masturbating fantasies always featured women, never men. He had never looked at a man and thought, I would like to have sex with him.

This wasn’t to say he didn’t see men as attractive. Both Sam and Dean were very good looking, as were some of his coworkers. In fact, Dean was the most beautiful person he had ever met. But he had never imagined running his hands down Dean’s body.

He had never thought of how it would feel to kiss his plump lips, pulling at them with his teeth, tasting the mouth that always smelled of cherry pie and peppermint. He had never imagined how it would feel to sink his hands into that artfully tousled hair, pulling at the strands until Dean growled in that voice that, while not as low as his, still reminded him of a tiger mid-hunt. How would it feel to push against him, feel his heartbeat through a muscled chest? How would it feel to have those eyes, those beautiful, impossible, chartreuse eyes pinned on him? To have that warmth that seemed to come from somewhere deep inside Dean and felt better than sunlight on skin envelope him in an embrace? To feel skin touch skin, to count with his fingertips the number freckles than ran across his cheeks, to feel muscles gained through hard work and bravery flex under his worshipping hands, to feel the scratch of his beard on the inside of his thigh as he moved closer and closer, hands frantic with the need to touch and hold and—

“Cas? Is something wrong?” Meg asked, leaning in to place a small hand on his wrist.

Cas pulled away, blushing furiously. He had seen Dean naked enough times that the image in his head had not been an imagination, but memory. Well, having Dean laying down on a bed, body sweaty and limbs trembling had been provided by his imagination, but that was not something he was ready to look into.

“Nothing’s wrong!” Cas said loudly, trying to chase the thought of Dean away. This was not the time, nor the place.

Meg leaned back, and blinked slowly at him. “O-kay,” she said, placating. “Food is here.”

Cas glanced at the table, and sure enough, his burger and lemonade had been placed in front of him. He glanced towards the counter, where Gabriel was poorly trying to pretend he wasn’t listening in to his conversation. Even though Cas spent most of his day with Michael, Gabriel was the one that was more invested in Cas’ personal life than any other sibling. Perhaps because his
own social life had become practically non-existing ever since his divorce.

“I’m sorry. I was thinking of something else;” he said to Meg, aware that zoning out in the middle of a conversation was considered rude.

“That’s okay, Clarence,” Meg smiled. “I’m actually glad you asked me out. I thought I was going to have to drag you out again.”

“Well, now that our relationship is exclusive, I will put all my time and effort into making it work,” Cas said seriously.

Meg stared at him, mouth open, and Cas frowned. Had he said something wrong?

“Is something the matter?” he asked worriedly.

“No, not at all,” Meg said, still staring. “I just thought…well, you’re really an all-or-nothing guy, aren’t you?”

“I suppose so,” Cas shrugged. To him, dating was the time for one to see if two people were compatible for marriage. What was the point of dating, if not to grow accustomed to another person?

“So you’re one of those picket-fence guys, huh? Want the whole family—boy, girl, pretty wife—and a front lawn full of freshly cut grass?”

“Yes,” Cas nodded. “Do you not?”

Meg grabbed the straw from her cup and flicked a few droplets on her napkin. “Yeah, family would be good,” she finally answered. She placed her straw down and glance at him, her eyes suddenly intense. “You’re a good man, right Castiel?”

Cas made as if to answer, but Meg continued, “I mean, of course you are. You’re kind. You’re handsome. You’re clever. And I actually like spending time with you.” She leaned back on her seat and stared at the ceiling. “I guess…who better to settle down with than you, huh, Clarence?”

“I still don’t know who Clarence is,” Cas answered.

Meg smiled and Cas was surprised to see that it was almost ninety percent genuine. “It’s an angel’s name, Clarence.”

“But Castiel is an angel’s name,” Cas frowned.

“Yeah, but Clarence is mine,” Meg grinned.

Cas didn’t know what to say to that.

Meg was way too young to be having a midlife crisis. She was barely in her thirties, she shouldn’t be worried about things like forever yet.

She had been in the middle of making out with Crowley again, when a sudden thought hit her. What am I doing?

She had never questioned her actions before, and the intrusive thought had made her take a step
back.

*What am I doing?*

What *was* she doing? Here she was, kissing a guy that she hated, all because the sex was good. Then she would go home, drink a couple of beers, fall asleep, come back to work, and find somebody else to bump uglies with. She left, leaving Crowley hard and confused behind her.

The date with Cas had been a surprise. Yeah, she still wanted to sleep with him, and had actually thought of a plan to get him on her bed, but that thought stopped her again.

*What am I doing?*

The date began awkward. Cas ignored her for most of the time, enough that the short man with gold hair and whiskey eyes manning the counter gave her a sympathetic look from across the room.

She had been in the middle of contemplating the best way to make her exit when Cas dropped the E bomb on her.

*Exclusive? Cas thinks we’re exclusive?*

Yeah, she had practically rubbed herself all over the guy in front of his ridiculously handsome friend, but to say that they were *exclusive*? But the more she thought of it, the more it made sense.

Because *what else was she doing with her life?* This life she was living, hoping from bed to bed, where did it lead?

In five years, what did she have to look forward to?

Meg had never thought of family. It had always been at the back of her head, somehow. She would end up with a husband and a couple of kids in a nice, big house. In her mind, she had always skipped on the *how*, always ending at the whole family-at-the-dinner-table scene.

But here Cas was, offering himself in the a silver platter. And why shouldn’t Meg take him, huh? Cas was a good guy. He was handsome, so much so that Meg didn’t mind having to sleep with only one guy for the rest of her life. He was successful. And more importantly, he was the kind of guy her Dad would approve for.

So why shouldn’t she settle down with Cas? What else did she have to do? Who was waiting out there for her?

And what did it matter if Meg loved Cas or not? Love was overrated, anyways.

*Chapter End Notes*

Don't worry, sweeties, Cas and Meg DON'T end up together. Meg has her own perfect boy coming into the picture soon.

IT'S GOING TO BE SO CUTE!!!
OMG, I’m so mad at Cas!! But I have to write him like this. I promise it gets better. Usually, Dean it's the stubborn one that won't accept his feelings, so I just thought I would change things a bit and make Cas the confused one. I didn't think he would be this infuriating!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Adam didn’t like gifts. Well, not entirely, anyways. He loved giving them, loved the way people smiled when they received something. But he didn’t like getting gifts. So when Castiel had given him the opportunity to study at Sacred Heart, he had immediately offered his time to help Cas with the nightly CPR lessons.

Cas had called him a couple of hours before, asking him to set up the classroom for tonight’s lessons. Something about a date running later than he had expected messing up with his rounds. It was weird, since Adam had just barely met Cas, but the young Doctor didn’t look like someone who went out on dates.

He was in the middle of setting up CPR dummies on the desks when the doors to the classroom opened and a tall man walked in. He was handsome, in a rugged-macho kind of way. He was blonde, but the color had long ago faded with exposure to the sun to a light-ish brown. His eyes, surprisingly bright and oh-so-very green, stood out against his tanned, freckled face like jewels. His features were slightly feminine (the shape of his lips, his cheekbones) but the smear of dirt and dirty state of his clothes gave off the impression that he was used to roughness and added a masculinity to him Adam didn’t see much anymore. He was wearing torn jeans and an old navy t-shirt with a logo on the back that marked him as a fireman. That, and the smell of ash that surrounded the man. He had never thought to call a man beautiful, but the description fit this man like a glove.

“Hey,” he said, and fuck was his voice gruff. “Where’s Cas?”

“He’s gonna be late,” Adam replied, wondering if this was a regular student. “I’m Adam. I’m helping Cas with the lessons.”

“I’m Dean,” the man—Dean—said, and smiled brightly.

Adam was suddenly struck with the brightness of that smile. He had never seen someone smile so brightly, except maybe—“Dean Winchester?” he asked, incredulous.

“Do I know you?” Dean asked curiously, glancing at him from the corner of his eye as he sat his duffel bag on one of the desks.

_Fuck_. If Adam didn’t have confidence issues before, he was going to start getting them pretty soon. Both his brothers were insanely hot, and he felt a bit gross thinking about it, but he was definitely glad he had found out his relationship to the man before he started to shameless flirt with him. He gagged a little, thinking of how horrible that would’ve turned out, and thanked his lucky stars he had caught the similarities between Dean and Sam’s smiles.
“I—um, I’m friends with Sam,” he said quickly, reminded of Sam’s warning. “He and Cas talk about you a lot.”

“Nothing bad, I hope,” Dean smiled.

“Oh no. Just—good things,” Adam replied, and almost fainted with relief when the other students began to pile in, efficiently distracting him from Dean’s presence.

“Did Cas tell you when he was going to get here?” Dean asked after all of the students had taken a seat and been accounted for. He had a book open on the desk, and a notebook with notes written everywhere, including the margins.

“Um, he ran his rounds a little late,” Adam said. “He should be here in a couple of minutes, if nothing comes up.”

Dean hummed thoughtfully, and played with the edges of his textbook. Curiously, Adam glanced the book and was surprised to see the University of Houston’s library tag at the bottom of the cover.

“You go to U of H?” he asked, startled.

Dean glanced at him, eyes narrowed. He pulled the textbook closer to himself and tried to rub away the blush that had colored his neck. “Yeah,” he said, guarded.

Adam realized his mistake too late. “Oh no!” he said quickly, raising his hands as if to physically stop Dean’s embarrassment. “I just meant—I mean, I got to U of H, too. And well, you’re already a fireman, right? And you’re like, really good at it, right? So why the classes? I mean, just wondering?” He shut his mouth audibly, and gulped. Shit, he had never been so nervous in his life before, not even when he asked Stella to Prom. But Dean was his brother, and this was his first impression, and he didn’t want his brother to dislike him.

Thankfully, Dean only smiled and leaned back against the chair, seemingly appeased by Adam’s nervous stance. “I am a fireman,” Dean explained. “But I’m applying for the Fire Chief position. If I want it, I need a degree.”

“Fire Chief? Aren’t you like, thirty?”

“Twenty-nine,” Dean chuckled. “But I’ve been practically working at the station since I was fifteen, so I have more than enough experience. I just need a degree. So hopefully, by this time in a week, you will be looking at the next Fire Chief of the Greater Houston Area.”

Adam’s eyes went wide. Fire Chief. “Wow,” he managed to say, but his voice came out cracked. He swallowed around the knot on his throat, then continued. “Fire Chief. I mean, I knew you were great, since you’re friends with Cas and everything. I mean, Cas is a freaking genius, and Sam is like, the youngest lawyer ever at Sacred Heart, so I knew you had to be great, too. But Fire Chief? I—just, wow.”

“It’s nothing,” Dean said awkwardly, and the blush had returned to his cheeks. The other students were glancing at him, too, attracted by Adam’s voice. It seemed Dean wasn’t used to getting all the attention, and he was trying to avoid everyone’s eyes.

Adam didn’t know what to say. Growing up, Adam had known about his father. Not everything (he hadn’t known about Mary or his brothers) but he had known he was alive and well. So, obviously, Adam had wondered why John wasn’t with him. Why, if he was walking and breathing, wasn’t he with them, his family?
Now, having met both Sam and Dean, he could understand a little. His older brothers were amazing, and Adam felt just a little (a lot) awed by their accomplishments. So of course John had preferred to live with them, instead of Adam. Adam didn’t blame Sam and Dean for his Dad’s absence. He had gotten the impression that John hadn’t been a very good father to his brothers, even if he had been present for them.

When Mary had asked him why he had decided to become a doctor, he had answered with a half-truth. Because, yes, he had first gotten the idea off his mother, but the real reason was John. Some part of his brain had thought that maybe, if John knew that his son was a doctor, he would feel proud and call him son. That he would accept him.

Meeting John had been a disappointment, made worse by the fact that his father didn’t really care for him much. But that was okay, because his father was a dead-beat and Adam no longer felt the need to impress him.

But now, things were worse. Because now Adam had met Dean, and Adam really wanted Dean to like him. He knew it was wrong to switch his expectation from John to Dean, but he couldn’t help it. Because growing up, he had always thought his father was going to be some kind of hero, a great man that others looked up to. And that was Dean.

Castiel didn’t like rushing through his rounds. He was dealing with people’s lives, so he felt they deserved more than just a cursory glance at their clipboard. Mrs. Matthews, the elderly lady in room 2256, had needed a change in her IV dosage, so he had spent a little more time with her than usual.

That was why he was fifteen minutes late to his CPR class.

Upon entering the room, he was painfully reminded that Dean was in the room—with Adam, his assistant. He glanced around the room and his eyes fell on both of them, sitting close together towards the front of the room. Dean was leaning back on his chair, laughing at something Adam had said. Adam was sitting on the desk, having pushed the dummy to the side, and was telling a story, which judging by the energetic movement of his hands and Dean’s laughter, was highly comical.

He took a moment to stare at Dean. He had clearly just come off a shift at the station, judging by the dirty uniform he was still wearing. His hair was darkened with ash, and there were smudges of dirt on his neck and cheeks. Cas remembered hearing about a small house fire a couple of hours ago, and wondered if Dean had been one of the firemen at the scene.

He had been plagued by thoughts of Dean all day. He didn’t understand why he was suddenly thinking of Dean in less-than-friendly scenarios. It was as if Dean’s confession had opened a lock to a door Cas didn’t even know existed.

He didn’t know how to explain it. It was as if his entire life he had been eating cake, aware that there was a piece of pie in the fridge. But since the pie was forbidden, Cas hadn’t wanted it. But now that Dean had told him he could have the piece of pie, he wanted nothing more than to eat it. Which was completely wrong, because he was in a relationship with the cake. Wait, not cake. With Meg.

He rubbed his forehead, confused by his own analogy. He didn’t want to think about how he had just compared Dean to pie, and worse, thought about eating it. Which was just an overly sexual euphemism that Cas didn’t know he was capable of making, least of all about his best friend.
“Cas! Dude, you’re super late.”

Cas was brought out of his dirty thoughts by Adam’s voice. He looked up and met Dean’s eyes. He looked away, fearing that somehow Dean could read his thoughts. Not that Dean would mind, judging by his confession.

“I’m sorry. I was with a patient,” he answered, and his voice sounded lower even to his own ears. He cleared his throat and walked towards the front of the room, studiously ignoring Dean’s gaze.

He turned towards the new students and smiled. “Hello. My name is Castiel Novak, and I will be your instructor tonight. You have already met my assistant, Adam Milligan.” He nodded towards Adam, who waved at the group from where he was still perched on Dean’s desk. “You all already have CPR certifications and are aware of basic First Aid procedures. This class will expand on that knowledge and allow you to gain your license as an EMT-Basic. Tonight, as it is our first day, we will go over the knowledge you already possess, just to make sure we haven’t forgotten anything.”

Cas continued with his lesson, going over simple CPR procedures and First Aid. He was aware that he was avoiding Dean, never once meeting his eyes and moving to the opposite side of the room once they began practicing on the dummies. At one point, he had partnered them up and instructed to perform CPR on each other. Since they had an odd number of students, Dean had been the odd one out. Instead of pairing Dean with himself, as he would’ve normally done, he ordered Adam to do it, ignoring the panicked looked the younger man sent him.

Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation wasn’t as sexual as movies made it look. For one thing, you didn’t actually kissed a person when performing CPR. Your mouth never touched them, unless you were in some isolated area with not access to a mouth guard. But even then, CPR wasn’t kissing. It was opening someone’s mouth and blowing air into their lungs. Literally. There was nothing sexual about it.

But Cas still thought it would be safer to keep Dean as far away from himself as possible. He didn’t trust himself anymore.

He, perhaps stupidly, didn’t think Dean would notice. But he did.

“Cas, can I talk to you?” Dean asked him quietly once the lesson had ended and the other students were walking out. Cas glanced around the room, panicking when he noticed that no one else was in the room with them. Adam was in the storage room, putting away the dummies.

“Can’t it wait?” Cas said, quickly turning away. He yelped in surprise when Dean grabbed his shoulder and turned him around. Cas stumbled on his feet and ended up falling against him, holding on to Dean’s shoulders while Dean’s hands were on his hips, steadying him.

“Cas, are you ok—?”

“I’m fine!” Cas said, perhaps a bit more harshly than he intended, and pushed Dean away.

Dean stared at him, eyes blown wide with surprise and mouth slightly opened. “I’m sorry,” he said, still surprised. “I didn’t mean—.”

“You should keep your distance, Dean,” Cas said quickly. He knew his voice could sound cold and withdrawn at moments, and he used that to his advantage. “I am with Meg. It would be wise for you to remember that.”

Okay, that was just below the belt, and Cas knew that. But he was panicking here, and didn’t know what else to say. He didn’t trust himself to keep away from Dean, so he had to trust Dean to stay
away from him. After all, Dean had apparently spent years wanting Cas and he had somehow managed to keep his hands to himself.

Dean’s face darkened, and Cas could’ve sworn he saw the emotions fall from his face, leaving behind a blank mask he had never seen before. “My mistake,” he said, his voice as withdrawn as Cas’. “It won’t happen again.” He walked past him, careful not to touch him, and shut the door quietly behind him.

Cas stood still in the middle of the room, letting the feelings of shame and disgust at himself wash over him. He couldn’t believe he had just done that! He had just…let all the fault fall on Dean, when it was him that couldn’t keep his emotions in check. He swallowed the bitter taste in his mouth and glanced at the door when Adam opened it to peer at him.

“So…what do you think?” Adam asked, smiling.

“Think about what?” he asked, confused.

“About Dean!” Adam replied. “Didn’t he tell you? The University accepted him! He only has to take a test, and if he passes it, the chances of him getting the Fire Chief job go up by, like, a million! He’s gonna do it, Cas! He’s gonna be Fire Chief!”

Oh, fuck.

Chapter End Notes

So….what do you think? Like Adam? He’s such a cutie pie, he deserves to be loved!!!!
um....plot? heh....

Jody usually wasn’t one to ignore instincts. She hadn’t when she thought her husband had been cheating on her. She hadn’t when she kept her son from riding the bus hours before it crashed and killed five passengers. She hadn’t when they screamed at her to kiss Bobby Singer and say yes to his marriage proposal.

So when her instincts told her to look more closely at one of her cases, she did. And her instincts were right once again.

“You’ve been slaving over this for the last few days,” her Head Detective, Victor, told her. “He told you it was an accident.”

“No, he said he lost control of the wheel,” Jody reminded him. “Wanna look at the file again? His exact words were ‘don’t know what happened. I just lost control of the wheel.’”

“It could’ve been anything,” Victor grumbled, but he grabbed the file and began rifling through the pages. “What are you thinking?”

“I’m thinking I better call a professional,” Jody sighed. “You still have John’s number?”

“Yeah,” Victor nodded. “You want him to look at the car?”

“Yeah. I’ll feel better with him under the hood,” Jody nodded. She didn’t like John Winchester very much, but even she had to admit that he was a freaking good mechanic. Not only that, but he had been a Detective, too, before retiring.

Victor took out his phone and dialed the number. Jody returned to the file, tuning out Victor. She had been the first on site, and had seen the car before it had been scraped off the tree. It was a good thing the driver had gotten off the freeway before the accident, otherwise he would’ve hit one of the concrete dividers instead of a bark tree. That, coupled with the fact that it had been the passenger’s side that had hit the tree, had saved his life.

“Winchester’s gonna be here in fifteen minutes,” Victor told her, snapping his phone shut. “Is it okay for you to open this case up again? Don’t you think there’s a bit of personal interest involved in here?”

“Isn’t your personal interest involved, too?” Jody asked, raising an eyebrow. “Or are you gonna tell me you don’t care?”

Victor grumbled something unintelligible, but he relented. “Alright. Let’s head down to evidence and prepare the car.”

The car in question was a white Toyota Camry. At one point in its life, the car had been well-cared for, with new tires and rims, but now...well, now, it was barely recognizable as a car. It was bended at its side where it had hit the tree, the windshield was completely destroyed, and the top
had caved in. The driver’s side door was leaning against a table on the side, having been ripped off by the firemen on site. There were still splatters of blood on the seats, but all personal belongings had been returned to the owner.

When the driver had said he had lost control of the wheel after trying to avoid hitting a car that zoomed past him, the officer in question had closed the case. But Jody had felt bad about the whole things. Something was just off.

John arrived a couple of minutes later, dressed in the usual torn jeans and oiled-stained shirt. She noticed the bags under his eyes, the stench of stale alcohol than radiated from him, and the scruffy beard he was sporting. She knew Mary had kicked him out of the house a couple of days ago, and Bobby had told her that he was living in his garage. Apparently, he had asked to room in Ellen’s Roadhouse, but she had kicked him out.

Jody felt bad for him, especially since she loved his boys like they were her own. But she knew Mary had a good reason for kicking him out, even if she hadn’t told anyone yet.

“What was it you wanted me to look at, Sheriff?” John asked, coming to a stop in front of her.

“This car. Can you tell me what’s wrong with it?” she asked, nodding towards the destroyed Camry.

“You mean, apart from the obvious?” John snorted.

“Obviously,” Victor snipped. John gave him a sideways glance, then turned towards the car.

“What happened to it?” he asked.

“Do you really need to know?” Victor snapped. Jody kept quiet. She knew Victor was good friends with Dean, almost as good a friend as Benny and Jo. Even if Dean never talked ill about his father, nobody that loved Dean liked John.

“Well, do you want me to check the entire car, son?” John snapped back. “I was a detective, too, boy, so I know what I’m doing. Now, tell me, what happened?”


“Everyone knows to trust Mills’ gut,” John muttered and Jody winced. She knew he was still mad at her for getting the job, even though he was the one who had been Head Detective when they were both on the field.

“Can you check it or not?” Victor grumbled.

“I’ll check it out,” John nodded. “It might be nothing, though.”

Jody and Victor stayed in the room while John checked out the car. Jody knew it wasn’t completely legal to let someone tamper with evidence, even if it was evidence from a closed case. In fact, they were supposed to have given the car back to the owner, but Jody had asked to keep it a couple of more days, just to make sure everything was okay. She hoped, not for the first time, that her fears were unfounded, and that John came up with nothing.

“I’ve found something,” John said after almost an hour. He wiped his hands in a towel that had
probably once been a different color than black.

“What did you find?” Jody asked.

“I don’t know if it means anything, but there was a bolt loose on the steering box,” John shrugged. “It happens, with the wear, you know. The bolts get loose and the steering wheel becomes useless. Even if you turn, the wheels just won’t obey you.”

“Can you tell if someone tampered with it?” Jody asked, hoping that somehow, this still was an accident.

“No really,” John shrugged. “I mean, these bolts are on tight, you know? So it does take a while for the bolts to become loose. I’m talking years here. If this guy takes the car for yearly checkups, then there is no way this was an accident. But if he hasn’t had a mechanic check the car in years, then…anything is possible. Who’s the owner?” he asked curiously.

“Castiel,” Jody gritted out.

John stared at her, then his face darkened. “This was no accident, Mills.”

“What makes you so sure?” Victor asked, and for once his voice wasn’t hostile.

“Because if this car is Castiel’s, then I know for a fact that it gets monthly checkups. For God’s sake, do you really think Dean would have let him drive this thing with a loose bolt? This car was tampered with.”

“Fuck,” Victor muttered and Jody agreed.

“We’re gonna need to call Castiel in for questioning,” Jody murmured, almost to herself. “See if anyone out there has a grudge against him.”

“This is Cas, for heaven’s sake!” Victor spat. “Who’s gonna have a grudge against him?”

“I don’t know,” Jody sighed.

“Well, whoever they are, they messed with the wrong guy,” John shrugged.

Victor nodded. “Dean is gonna be pissed.”

Cas had tried to apologize to Dean the next morning, but when he woke up, Dean had already left. He debated calling him, but at the end was too afraid. He left for the Hospital with a bitter taste in his mouth and an irritable mood.

Cas was not one to get mad easily, and when he did, he was usually able to keep it in check. He had rarely been mad at himself, though and this time, he knew he had made a mistake snapping at Dean.

“Dr. Novak, is everything okay?” Nurse Moore asked curiously.

“I’m fine,” Cas replied shortly. He needed to concentrate on his work. If he talked about his feelings now, things could only end up badly.

He moved on to the next patient and checked his clipboard. “For heaven’s sake—Peterson!”
One of his interns looked up at the name, frowning. “Yes, Dr. Novak?”

“Tell me, Peterson, in what kind of scenario is it okay for you to give 200 grams of penicillin to a patient?”

Lizzie stared at him, mouth open. He had never yelled at one of his interns before, but he felt too tired and too irritated to take it easy on them.

“Sir, it was my mistake,” Nurse Moore said quickly, glancing at the still gaping intern.

“No, your mistake was correcting her these past few days,” Cas snapped, turning to her. “This is not the first time she makes a mistake like this,” he turned to the intern again “and if you can’t bother to take the time to write one puny, little m before your Gs, then I suggest you find a better career, do you understand?”

“Yes, Doctor,” Lizzie whispered, staring at the floor.

“Dr. Novak!”

Cas turned around to see his brother by the entrance doors, Sheriff Mills and Detective Henrickson by his sides.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, coming to a stop in front of them.

“Can we talk somewhere more private?” Sheriff Mills asked, motioning towards the hallway with her head.

“Let’s go to my office,” Michael offered, leading the way.

Castiel quietly wondered what the Sheriff and Victor wanted to speak to him about. It wasn’t strange to see policemen at Sacred Heart, most of the time questioning victims or standing guard outside prisoners’ doors. But it was strange for one to ask to speak specifically with him.

“Now, what seems to be the matter?” Michael asked the Sheriff as soon as they were all inside his large office.

“I think these news should be private,” Sheriff Mills said hesitantly, glancing at Victor.

“It’s fine, Sheriff,” Cas said quickly. “You know Michael won’t leave.”


Cas was about to mention his record, before remembering it wasn’t entirely clean. He and Dean had broken into an empty home when they were teenagers and gotten drunk. They had been arrested by Mr. Winchester, at that time still a cop, and given a warning.

“All right, let’s get this over with,” Sheriff Mills sighed. “Cas, I’ve had a bad feeling about your accident ever since it happened. Turns out, my instincts were right. Someone tampered with your car, Castiel. Someone is trying to kill you.”


“What do you mean, tampered with his car?” Michael asked angrily. “How?”
“One of the bolts in the steering box was loosened,” Victor answered. “With the movement, it loosened enough that Cas lost control of the wheel, causing his accident.”

“Castiel, is there anyone with a grudge against you?” Sheriff Mills asked cautiously. “Anyone who would want to harm you?”

“I—no, I don’t think so,” Castiel said, racking his brain for the memory of someone that disliked him.

“Doctors always have angry patients,” Michael piped in. “There is no one who would want to harm Castiel as a person…but as a doctor…”

“He’s right,” Castiel nodded. “Regardless of my skills, there are things I cannot prevent. Some people do not understand that.”

“Is there one in particular that stands out?” Sheriff Mills asked.

“Not in particular, no,” Castiel shook his head. He had gotten a couple of mad patients, every doctor did, but no one mad enough to kill him.

“We’re gonna need a list of names of your patients from the last year,” Sheriff Mills said briskly. “As well as all your acquaintances. We cannot disregard any one.”

“Should I include you and Victor on my list, Sheriff?” Castiel asked sarcastically. As if one of his friends would try to kill him.

“Anyone is a suspect,” she answered grimly. “I will be in contact.”

She stepped out, and Victor followed after her with a slightly apologetic look in his face.

“Castiel—.”

“I know what you’re going to say, Michael,” Castiel sighed. “Do we really need to tell the others?”

“So you don’t wish to tell Dean or Sam?” Michael wondered, raising an eyebrow. “Shouldn’t your siblings know as well?”

“Balthazar is in England.”

“But Luci and Anna are in the States,” Michael reminded him. “Besides, the more people looking out for you, the better I will feel.”

“You’d think I’d be the one needing to feel well,” Cas muttered.

Michael stared at him, frowning. “Is something wrong, brother?”

“Nothing,” Cas sighed. He need to control his emotions better. Even if he was mad at himself, it was no reason to take it out on others. He would need to apologize to Jessica and Lizzie.

“You will stay with Dean?” Michael asked. “Because you can move with me, if you wish.”

“I think I will be perfectly safe with Dean,” Cas chuckled. “I think Dean worries about me more than you, brother.”

“I doubt it,” Michael smiled. “But I want you to be extra safe, Castiel. Have your car checked weekly, lock your doors, stay away from strangers—.”
“Brother, I am not a child,” Cas said, rolling his eyes. Truthfully, he was more worried about telling Dean of his would be assassin than the actual killer.

He just couldn’t catch a break.
In your Thoughts

Chapter Notes

so....uh yeah? what do you think? just in case, i apologize in advance

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sam had taken Meg’s advice. He had stopped trying to contact Alastair, and instead focused on building his own case. He still hadn’t talked to Mr. Roberson (he wouldn’t for another week, where he would meet Alastair and Arthur Roberson during the meeting with Michael) but he had researched him. Roberson had gotten hurt during batting practice. Unfortunately, he had been practicing at a local field instead of with the team, so the team wasn’t legally bound to pay for his operation. Castiel had been his doctor first, and he had been the one to call on Charlie for a surgery consultant. After talking with Charlie, Roberson had decided to go through with the surgery and had been placed into a fourteen-week rehab program with absolutely no field-batting. Roberson had followed instructions to the letter and attended every single rehab session. But on the first day back at bat, he had crashed. Three weeks later, and his batting speed was nowhere near normal.

Sam still wasn’t sure how he was going to build is case when all evidence backed up Alastair. Charlie didn’t seemed too worried. She seemed to be completely certain that Alastair was going to win, as were Crowley, Frank, Michael, and about every other goddamned person in the hospital.

The only people that believed in him were Cas...and Jessica.

He had tried to interact more with Jess. After all, she already knew he had the biggest crush on her, thanks to a certain blue-eyed doctor. The nurse, however, intimidated him deeply and he had yet to gain the courage to ask her out on a proper date. So far, the only thing they had done was meet at the Nurse’s Station during her lunch break, which they were doing now.

He enjoyed spending time with her. She was funny, smart, and kind. She was quick-witted, and always had a ready comeback, which Sam loved. He could tell the other nurses respected her, including, surprisingly, Meg.

“Meg is a good person,” Jessica shrugged after Sam asked her about her. “But I can’t believe she’s dating Dr. Novak.”

“Me neither,” Sam admitted. “I always thought Cas and Dean were going to end up together.”

“Dean, your brother?” Jess asked curiously. “I wasn’t aware Dr. Novak was bisexual.”

“I don’t know if he is,” Sam frowned. “But Dean has been in love with Cas since they were teenagers. Meg is Cas’ first real relationship, so I think that was a blow to Dean, who always thought Cas would be with him.”

“Ouch, that’s gotta hurt,” Jess winced. “So you think Cas and Meg are better together than Dean and Cas?”

Sam shrugged. Honestly, he couldn’t picture his friend with anyone else, but maybe because he had never seen Cas as happy with anyone else as he was with Dean. But he had yet to see him with
Meg. “I really don’t know.”

“Talk of the devil,” Jess whispered, nodding towards the hall. Sam turned and saw Cas walking towards them.

“Sam. Jessica,” Cas greeted. He looked nervous, his eyes sweeping the floor. “Can I talk to you, Sam?”

“Shoot,” Sam nodded.

Cas frowned, glancing at Jess. “It’s about…it’s about Dean.”

“What about Dean?” Sam asked quickly, jumping to his feet. “Is he here? Is he hurt?”

“No!” Cas quickly said. “No, I didn’t mean…we need to tell Dean about my accident.”

Sam frowned. “But Adam—.”

“Sam, it wasn’t an accident. Someone tried to kill me,” Cas interrupted.

Jess gasped, and Sam stared at him, mouth open. He was sure he had misheard him. Someone tried to kill Cas? That had to be a joke, right? But Cas was afraid. His eyes were wide and nervous, his shoulders were drooping, and he seemed to be crouching on himself, making himself smaller, less noticeable.

“I…I can’t tell Dean,” Cas murmured. “I can’t speak to him. Not after…can’t you tell him?”

“Why?” Sam asked, confused. What could possibly had happened to make Cas afraid of talking to Dean?

“Because he…he told me about his feelings…and I can’t reciprocate them,” Cas said nervously, glancing around the hall. No one was listening in on their conversation, though.

“Oh, Cas,” Sam sighed. So that was why Dean seemed so sad lately. He had finally admitted his feelings, and Cas had rejected him. Sam knew how hard it must’ve been for him. After all, Dean had been battling with himself for almost ten years, always on the edge of telling Cas, before backing up. To finally reveal his feelings, to have them shut down? “I didn’t think you would—you really care about Meg, huh?”

Cas glanced at him, then at the floor. “Uh, yeah. I—I care about Meg a lot. Dean is my friend, but I have never—and will never—think about him like that. No matter what.” The last part was said with an air of finality, and Sam got the sense that Cas was trying to convince himself. He glanced at Jess, so was also frowning while looking at Cas.


“Dean has met Adam already,” Cas said. “They seem to get along. I wouldn’t worry too much.”

“Good,” Sam nodded. At least that was working in their favor. “Well, I’ll see you later, Cas.”

“Yeah, yeah. I will see you later, Sam. Nurse Moore.”

Sam and Jess watched Cas walked away, the usual aura of confidence and calmness surrounding him replaced with worry and nervousness.

“He totally wants to bag your brother,” Jess said suddenly.
Sam grinned. “I know. I saw this when Dean was still thinking he was straight. The whole denial thing.”

“You know how to fix it?” Jess asked him, giving him a small smile.

“Dean confessed, didn’t he?” Sam grinned. “Who you think it’s behind that?”

“Yeah, but it took you ten years,” Jess reminded him, rolling her eyes. “Hang out with me, kid. I’ll teach you’re the ropes. Operation Destiel it’s a go.”

_Damn her and her perfectness._

Cas had expected Dean to yell at him as soon as he heard the news. He expected for him to raise hell and act over-protective, forbidding him from doing a thousand things before asking him to be careful. He had expected Dean to worry…but he didn’t. Or at least, he didn’t _show_ it. And for some reason, that made Castiel upset.

Dean wasn’t talking to him. He acted normal, like he did every day. He cooked for him, he made coffee, he had even checked the new car he had bought and had given him a tiny nod of approval…but not one word. There was no hair-ruffling, no prolonged eye contact, no more hugs, no more sitting on the couch with their legs touching together while Dean tried to convince him to watch Dr. Sexy M.D.

Cas had never realized how much he loved Dean’s voice until now. How much he liked it when Dean gave him a small hug before going to work. He even missed those green eyes of his.

*But you have Meg, he told himself. You can listen to Meg’s voice all you want. Her eyes brown eye are beautiful to look at, too. Her skin is so soft. She’s just as good.*

He convinced himself. He even invited her to another date in Gabriel’s shop.

“Well, isn’t somebody a romantic,” Meg had smiled, and touched the flowers that had been set up on their table.

“Oh, that was Gabriel,” Castiel had admitted. “I told him we were coming, so I guess he wanted to set the mood.”

The mood had been set. After eating, they had gone back to Meg’s apartment. Cas tried to ignore the little voice in his head telling him that this was the third date, so there shouldn’t be any sex. But the constant fantasies that had plagued his mind since Dean’s confession had left him in a state of constant arousal, and Meg had a _very_ talented mouth.

She had climbed him, biting and marking his neck while grounding her hips down. Cas had enjoyed the friction, rutting against her and kissing her. It hadn’t been satisfactory. He had come when Meg wrapped her mouth around him, and he had returned the favor, but it was…disappointing.

He could even go as far as calling it regrettable, especially when he came home and Dean’s eyes finally met his, only to fall to his neck. His face had darkened, and he had left for bed early, too early.

And now, laying on his bed, staring at the ceiling, Cas couldn’t help but imagine how different things would’ve been if it were Dean on his knees, mouth around him. He shouldn’t be thinking
this, not with Dean in the room next to him, but he couldn’t help himself. Dean’s lips were fuller than Meg’s. His lashes were longer, too, so they would brush against his cheeks when he closed his eyes, mouth open and slick for Cas.

“God,” he whined, reaching for the lube he kept on his bedside table. Soon, slick fingers were wrapped around his member, and he began to slowly fuck his own hand. But in his mind, oh in his mind, there was Dean. Dean on his knees, mouth easily taking him. Dean would use his hands, too, to jack whatever didn’t fit on his mouth. He would even grab his balls, rolling them on his hands, move his mouth down to lick them, to suck—

“Oh my god!”

He bit his tongue. He need to keep quiet. Dean was right next door, and the walls were thin. He couldn’t stop, not now, but he need to be quiet. Little whimpers and moans escaped him, though, as he continued.

“Cas.”

He froze. Had Dean—no, he was still alone.

“Fuck, Cas.”

Oh. Dean was thinking of him while touching himself! He thanked god for his memory at that moment, as he recalled that one time he had seen Dean naked during gym shower. He remembered when he was young and he would get into play fights with Dean. Dean was always bigger, always stronger, so Cas was always the one on his back, being held down by Dean.

You like this, huh, Cas?

Cas bit his lip to keep himself quiet, but his hands had not stopped moving. He was so close. He opened his eyes and Dean was there, naked, grinning down at him with a predatory look that made him shiver.

So pretty for me, Cas. Want my mouth on your cock again, huh? It feels better than Meg’s, right? Even just the thought feels better.

Cas moaned, too lost on the fantasy to keep quiet. Dean was on top of him, his fingers wrapped around his cock. Cas could almost feel his weight on top of him, the scratch of is teeth on his neck, his hot breath making him shiver.

I’m right next door, Cas, can’t you hear me? I’m imagining you. All wide and open for me, waiting. Hold your legs open for me, yeah, just like that. You can hear me, right? You’ve seen my cock, right? Do you want it?

Castiel couldn’t close his eyes, couldn’t move them away as Dean sunk inside of him. His breath hitched at the sensation of being filled, and the slight pain made him hesitate, before continuing pushing his finger in. Next to him, Dean’s voice was getting lower, hurried. He was close.

Yeah, I’m close. I’m thinking of fucking you. I’m going to fuck you so hard, while you hold yourself open just like this. This is nothing, Cas. Nothing like my cock would feel. Fuck, I’m going to pound into you, so better work yourself open for me. Or better yet, go next door. I’ll get you ready for my cock. I’m so hard, Castiel, it’s going to feel so fucking good.
There were two fingers inside of him now, something Castiel had never thought would happen in his life. In the next room, Dean’s groans were getting rougher, his moans louder. He bit his lip as he jackéd himself off with his left hand and fingered himself with his right. He was so close, he just needed—.

“Fuuuuuck, Cas!”

He gasped as his fingers touched something inside himself. Pleasure burst behind his eyes, a million bright lights making him lose his sight for a second. He came hard, strings of come painting his chest and hand.

He brought a trembling hand to his face, staring at the sticky substance. This was bad. This was very, very bad.

Chapter End Notes

ugh, i suck at the smutty scenes. this is like literally the second fic i write with smut in it. and this is like PG. ugh...i
When the Levee Breaks

Dean was nervous. And late.

His test had been timed, so it wasn’t like this was his fault. No, his stupid teachers had decided to take over a freaking hour to grade his stupid test, and now he was late to the meeting with Bobby and Talley. He glanced at the text Benny had sent him.

Stonewall and Green will be here in fifteen minutes. Talley is already here.

“Fuck,” he bit out. He had done well in the physical exam. Of that he was sure. Part of being a fireman was training daily, so it wasn’t like he could slack off at any time. And he knew he had passed the written test, too. Maybe not with flying colors, but he knew he hadn’t failed.

Adam had spent hours studying with him, even giving up a couple of his free days to visit Dean at the apartment to go over a few of the classes he was having problems with. He was surprised at how quickly he had become friends with the younger boy, but Adam reminded him a little of Sam. Back when Sam was still an impressionable teenager that doted on his big brother. It wasn’t like Dean had a big ego or anything, but sometimes it felt good to have someone look up to you.

The door to the test room finally opened, and Lisa stepped out.

“Dean? You can come in,” she said, smiling softly.

Dean swallowed hard. He followed her inside the room, where his eight teachers were seated around a large table. He sat down in the only empty chair, after Lisa had taken her seat back.

“So…uh, how did I do?” Dean asked weakly, trying to give them one of his cocky smiles, but he knew it came out more pained than anything.

“You passed the physical test with flying colors,” Professor Harrison replied, glancing at the papers in front of him. “We didn’t really expect anything else.”

Dean nodded. Yeah, the physical test was the easy part. “What about…you know, the other part?”

“You answered over fifty percent of the questions wrong,” Professor Stanley said and Dean felt his stomach drop.

“Oh,” he said. He glanced down at his phone. Talley is already here. Oh. “I failed?”

“Not exactly.”

Dean’s head whipped up so fast his neck creaked a little. “What? But you said—.”

“Well, you did fail the test,” Professor Stanley shrugged. “But you didn’t fail the class.”

“What?” Dean repeated, staring at her blankly. “I don’t understand.”

Mr. Hernandez smirked. “You answered the questions wrong, Dean, but you made us realize we were asking the wrong questions. Your answers, they come from real-life experience. Our questions…well, you can’t always go by the book, right? I think it would be a crime to keep someone as skilled as you from the fire department. No matter what a piece of paper says.”

“So…what you’re trying to say is…?”
“You can get your degree in two years,” Mrs. James replied, smiling at him. “Don’t worry, Dean. The only way you could not get it, is if you didn’t show up for the classes at all.”

“Oh my god,” Dean said, unable to find the right words. “Oh my god. This is really happening. Oh my god.”

“Dean, don’t you have somewhere to be?” Lisa asked, laughing.

“Fuck! I mean, yes!” Dean said, scrambling off his seat. “I—oh my god, thank you! Thank you so much!”

He practically ran out of the room, and towards his car, dialing Sam’s number as he ran.

“Dean? I’m at work, what do you—.”

“Sam! I’m getting my degree!” Dean shouted. “Sammy, can you believe it? In two years, I’m getting my fucking degree!”

“What? Are you serious?” Sam shouted. “They’re letting you take the classes? Oh my god, Dean! Where are you right now?”

Dean climbed into his baby and turned on the car. “Literally getting out of the school. On my way to the station.”

“I will meet you right there,” Sam said quickly. “Dean—I’m so proud of you.”

“Thanks, Sammy,” Dean smiled. “Hey, don’t tell anyone, okay? At least not until we hear what Stonewall and Green have to say.”

“Not even Cas?”

“Especially not him,” Dean said. He heard Sam grumbled something unintelligible before he replied with a quiet “Okay.”

Dean had not spoken to Cas since that day at the hospital. He knew he had ruined their friendship, but he was too much of a coward to confront Cas about it and move out of their shared apartment. It was hard, living with someone you didn’t talk to. The silence had become stifling, and Dean found himself visiting Jo, Benny, and Victor more often. Even Adam was good company.

Cas didn’t mention Meg. He sometimes still spoke to Dean, questions that went unanswered, requests that were unfulfilled. But he never mentioned Meg. Not that Dean wasn’t completely aware of her, especially after Cas came back with hickeys all over his neck one night. He had gotten off hearing Cas in the next room that night. It was sick, especially since Cas had probably been thinking about Meg while doing…that. He had never heard him so aroused before (yeah, the walls were thin and this wasn’t his first time hearing Cas. Shut up).

But Dean had kept his distance, even after Sam told him about the sicko trying to kill Cas. He had seen red, pissed that someone, anyone, would dare to harm his friend, but he had kept quiet. He hadn’t even bitched at Cas or Sam for lying to him about the nature of Cas’ accident. As if he would’ve blamed Adam for something the poor kid had no control over.

He arrived at the station five minutes late. His brother’s old Mustang was parked in the garage, next to a silver Prius that probably belonged to Green or Stonewall. Or maybe even Talley.

Sam was standing with Benny near the fire truck, trying to disguise the fact that he didn’t belong
there by helping Benny clean the truck.

“They’re all in Bobby’s office,” Dorothy told him. “They’re waiting for you.” The entire crew was waiting outside. None of them wanted Talley as they new Chief, and each one of them had personally let him know that they wanted him.

“Good luck, brother,” Benny said. Sam gave him a small smile and two thumps up. Dean rolled his eyes and finally knocked on the office door.

“Come in.”

He took a deep breath and walked in.

He remembered Stonewall and Green from when he was younger. His Grandfather had made him and Sam attend a couple of social events with him, often introducing them around. Before, Dean had never thought much of his Grandfather’s intentions, too busy looking at well-dressed girls. But now he understood, because when Stonewall and Green turned to look at him, there was recognition in their eyes, and their greetings were warm.

“Dean! Look at you, all grown up,” Stonewall said, smiling.

“You got handsome, nothing like your grandfather,” Green joked. “What about your brother? Sam, was it?”

“He is an Attorney at Sacred Heart,” Dean answered, shaking both their hands. “He graduated with honors from Stanford.”

“Smart kid,” Stonewall whistled. “But then again, Winchesters have always been smart.”

“Dean, this is Jake Talley,” Bobby piped in, motioning to the dark-skinned, tall boy standing next to him.

Dean could read the military in him like a book. The way he stood too straight, the way he roamed is eyes over the entire room, marking every exit, every item that could be used as a weapon. Dean knew, because he had done the same thing thousands of times. He still did.

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Winchester,” Talley said formally, offering hand to shake.

“Call me Dean,” Dean said, giving him a small smile.

“Jake,” Talley replied, returning it.

“It’s good that you two get along,” Green said, patting Dean on the back. “Robert talks wonders about you, Dean. Just wonders.”

“I have never seen a better fireman,” Bobby said, shrugging. Dean glanced at him, but Bobby wouldn’t meet his eye. ‘I’m sure Talley here is a wonderful man, but Fire Chief…I don’t think so.”

“How is school so far, Dean?” Stonewall asked, ignoring Bobby. “We talked to the dean already, but I would like to hear the words from you.”

“I enjoy it,” Dean shrugged. “The physical training isn’t hard. The only thing difficult about the classes is the technicality. I’m more used to thinking on my feet, not looking for the answers in a book.”
“And when do you graduate?” Green asked.

“In two years,” Dean replied. “Guaranteed.”

Stonewall smiled. “Good. Good. Jake here wasn’t too kin on becoming Fire Chief, either, you know.” Dean glanced at Talley, but the boy was a stoic as ever. “He seems more interested in becoming one of your men.”

“I have heard a lot about you, Dean,” Talley replied. “I can’t even pretend to know half the things you know, much less lead these men on the field. I see no better candidate than you.”

“Bobby is willing to stay as Fire Chief until you graduate,” Stonewall said. “But I don’t think that’s necessary.”

Dean blinked, not wanting to hope but—“You mean, I’m getting the position?”

“Robert is the one who chooses his replacement, Dean,” Green smirked. “Though, if he were to choose you, we at City Hall wouldn’t mind at all, right James?”

“Right,” Stonewall grinned. “Though I would still feel a bit better if you kept us informed about your classes.”

“I’ll be glad to,” Dean smiled, feeling giddy with excitement. Was this real? He was getting the job?

“Well, we better be going,” Stonewall sighed. “Robert, congratulations on the retirement. Dean, always nice to see you.”

“You too, Senator,” Dean said, still too shocked to do anything but shake his hand.

“Talley, come with us. There are some people we want you to meet,” Green said to the boy.

He nodded, then turned to Dean. “Congratulations,” he said, smiling.

Green held the door open for him, then turned to Dean “See you later, Chief,” he said, before closing the door.

Dean turned to Bobby, mouth agape. “Bobby, I… I mean, we got the… Bobby—.”

“C’mere, you idjit,” Bobby said gruffly, and pulled him into a hug. Dean froze for a moment, before wrapping his arms around him and returning the hug. “I’m so proud of you, Dean,” he heard Bobby whisper in his ear. “So proud, son.”

Dean felt his eyes prickle, and hid his face on Bobby’s shoulder. “Thank you,” he said thickly, trying to stop the tears.

The doors slammed open, and Dean and Bobby jumped apart. Dean could feel tears on his cheeks, but he didn’t really care, not when Bobby’s eyes were shinning, too.

“What—?” Sam stared at them both, smiled, then turned around to shout “He got the job!”

The firehouse erupted in cheers, and Dean suddenly found himself being hugged by his gigantic brother.

“Sam!” he certainly did not squeal, but Sam ignored him, hugging him tighter.
“Oh my god, Dean!” he shouted. “I’m so proud of you!”

“I can’t breathe!” Dean gasped, but Sam only loosened the hug, before Benny was there, hugging him too.

Then Dorothy, and Martin. There was Gwen, and even Chris. Tom, David, Isaac, and every member of his crew was there, hugging him and shouting praise.

Never before had Dean heard so many “I’m proud of you”s or so many “good jobs” before. And if there were tears in his eyes, and his voice broke when he spoke, who the fuck cared?

Because he had done it. He had fucking done it.

The celebration didn’t end at the firehouse. Dean had never stopped to think about how many people he knew, how many he counted as friends, until that day.

Sam had immediately called their mom to tell her the news, and she had taken it upon herself to fill her house with as many guest as possible. When Dean, Sam, and Bobby arrived, the Winchester house was full to the brim.

There was Jody, Victor, Adam, Jo, Ellen, Ash, Garth (who Jo was dating, who knew?), Gabriel, Michael, Jessica, John, Rufus, friends of Sam from the Hospital, friends of Dean from other Firehouses, his grandparents from his mother’s side…and Cas.

Dean had not invited him. He had not talked to him during the entire day. In fact, Dean was avoiding him. Because okay, yeah, he was fine with Cas dating Meg and was even willing to go out of his way to make Cas feel comfortable again…but to invite Meg to his house? What the fuck?

But there she was, talking with Jess and Lisa, laughing and holding Cas’ stupid hand. So yeah, maybe it was a little childish to give Cas the silent treatment, and to avoid him…but Dean didn’t enjoy pain. And it hurt. It hurt to see Meg and Cas together.

“You’re going to have to get used to it,” Sam said, handing him a beer.

Dean didn’t bother asking him how he knew what he was thinking. Sam was weird like that. “No, I don’t,” he said stubbornly.

“Are you planning on never seeing him again?” Sam asked, giving him a bitch face.

“No,” Dean replied petulantly.

“Well, she’s his girlfriend, and you two live together…you are bound to see her, Dean,” Sam shrugged. “Especially with him.” His brother patted his back, then walked away, presumably to meet with his special guest, Jess.

Dean raised the beer to his lips. Sam was right. Things between Cas and Meg looked serious. He didn’t want to admit it, but Cas looked like he enjoyed Meg’s company; he looked, well, happy.

And yeah, Dean wanted Cas to be happy with him, but more importantly, Dean want him to be happy, period. And Cas wouldn’t be happy having to choose either or. No, Cas wasn’t going to give up the friendship they had. Maybe he would put up new restrictions, make new boundaries, but the friendship would still be there.
“Congratulations, Dean,” Lisa said, coming up to him to give him a hug. “You really deserve it.”

“Thank you,” Dean smiled. He looked up and met Cas’ eyes. He was looking at them, an adorable frown on his face. He leaned in to murmur something to Meg, then began walking their way.

“I, uh, I’m gonna go to the kitchen,” Dean said quickly. “Want something?”

“No, thank you,” Lisa said, confused, but Dean was already walking away. Cowardly, yeah, but efficient.

“Dean.”

_Fuck. Shit. Crap._

“But he was still there when Dean closed the door and turned around.

“Congratulations,” Cas said.

“Thank you.”

Dean couldn’t remember having an awkward conversation with Cas, ever, other than when Cas had caught him having sex with a girl. This was worse.

“I…I was with Meg when Sam called,” Cas said, glancing at the door. “It would’ve been rude to come without her.”

“Yeah,” Dean shrugged. “Good manners and all.”

“Dean,” Cas said and his eyes softened. He took a step forward, and holy shit, Cas was going to hug him!

“I’m moving out.”

Cas froze, is arms halfway raised in a hug, and stared at him. “What?” he breathed.

Dean took a deep breath. “I want to move out.”
Near-Death Experiences

Cas had at first thought Dean was kidding. Or overreacting. They had been living together for six years now, and whenever Cas thought of his future, he always picture himself living with Dean, in their apartment.

But it made sense for Dean to want to move out. He was almost thirty. Dean probably wanted to settle down, stop renting and buy a house. He was Fire Chief now, which meant his paycheck was larger. He probably wanted kids, a home, a marriage. The whole nine yards.

Cas should probably want the same things with Meg. He was twenty-seven, and while that wasn’t terribly old, he also knew that his parents had been married and with two kids at his age. Besides, Meg was older than him. Did she want to settle down? Did she want kids?

To be completely honest, Cas didn’t really care. He was more worried about the frightening amount of packing boxes in his apartment. Dean had already found a house (Castiel still couldn’t believe he had found one so fast) and did not longer sleep at the apartment.

Cas didn’t, either. It felt too empty, haunted almost, by the memory of Dean. He had taken Michael’s offer and was currently living with him. Gabriel had taken it upon himself to visit him every day since Anna couldn’t get out of her concert contract, Lucifer had gotten married without telling anyone and was currently on his honeymoon, and Balthazar was in England, directing a new movie.

“So, Cassie, any idea on who wants to off you?” Gabriel asked nonchalantly from his seat on the table. Michael had given him a day off to relax, and Gabriel had invited himself over to watch movies. Michael had taken a break from work to join them.

“Gabriel,” Michael chided softly, but Gabriel only rolled his eyes.

“No, Sheriff Mills is looking into it,” Castiel said simply.

“Well, I for one don’t think you should be taking things so calmly,” Michael said. “I mean, there is a psycho out there that wants to kill you!”

“Yeah, and he’s not gonna stop even if Cas hides himself in a closet,” Gabriel said, taking a bite off his cake.

“As much as it pains me, I have to agree with Gabriel.”

“Wow, thanks, Cassie,” Gabriel said sarcastically. “Besides, you got yourself a hot girlfriend,” he added, grinning at the youngest Novak. “No way are you going to skip on that.”

“Girlfriend?” Michael asked, forgetting everything about Cas’ killer. “What’s her name? Why haven’t we met her? Is it serious?”

“Her name is Megan Masters,” Cas sighed. “Yeah, we are in a serious relationship, and I didn’t tell you because, frankly, it isn’t any of your business.”

“Ouch,” Gabriel said, holding a hand over his heart dramatically. “And here I thought you would end up on Dean’s bed.”

“What?” Cas gasped, and his voice was suddenly high. “What makes you think that? Me and Dean
aren’t...we would never—.”

“Wow, Cas, calm down,” Gabriel said seriously. “It was a joke, alright?”

“Yeah,” Michael added, staring at Cas curiously. “We just thought since, you know, you guys were always really close, that you would just end up dating. I mean, I’ve never witnessed such intense eye-fucking before.”

“Firstly, Michael, never say fucking again, please,” Gabriel said, shuddering. “And secondly, he’s right, Cassie. Dean never—.

“We’re friends, okay,” Cas snapped. “Why is everyone suddenly so keen on getting me to be with Dean?”

“Because you two are kind of perfect together?” Michael shrugged and Gabriel nodded.

Cas stared at them, shocked. “But Meg—.”

“We’re not telling you to break up with Meg,” Michael said quickly. “If you like her, and things with her are serious, then we respect your decision, okay?”

“Yeah, okay,” Castiel said, subdued.

And that was all it downed to, right? Meg or Dean. But it wasn’t as simple as that. Cas couldn’t just go by what he felt, he had to think about his future, about what was best for him.

Being with Dean felt right. He already knew he was in love with Dean. But that had been as friends. Was he really willing to ruin his friendship just to give this newfound lust a try? Because what if it was just lust? Dean was very handsome, Cas had always known that, and maybe he was getting curious, but that was for teenagers. It was true that his newfound attraction to Dean was making him rediscover ways to please his body (every masturbation night now included a set of fingers inside his ass, chasing that amazing orgasm) but Cas was an adult, and he had to think about his decisions logically. He couldn’t just make a decision in the heat of the moment and hope for the best.

Being with Meg was easy. He liked her, and maybe if he spent more time with her, he could love her. Things between them were getting serious, and Cas knew they were physically compatible. Being with Meg meant building a family, having children, living a normal life. He didn’t feel lust for her, so there was no chance his judgment was being clouded.

Dean was familiarity.

Meg was possibility.

His phone rand and when he answered, Meg’s voice reached him.

“Hey, Clarence, I just got off work. Wanna meet at my apartment for lunch?”

This was it. This was the moment. Cas glanced at Michael and Gabriel, who were staring back at him curiously. This was it. “Yeah, I’ll be right over.”

He would decide later.

Dean knew he was being a coward. He didn’t really care though. Sam had noticed, so he was trying
to avoid Sam as well, not ready to suffer through one of his speeches. Adam had noticed as well, since Dean pretended not to hear every time Cas called his name during class, but the younger boy hadn’t said anything to him about it.

He could pretend he was too busy to talk to his best friend. With his new responsibilities as Chief, it wasn’t much of a stretch. Victor had given him the number of a realtor he had helped during a case, and Dean had found himself a house in three weeks. It wasn’t anything too big or fancy, but Dean preferred it like that. He was planning on remodeling it to fit his taste, adding extra rooms as he needed.

Despite the fact that most of his stuff was already out of the apartment and in his new home, the house felt empty. The fridge had a carton of eggs, two beers, and a tomato. His pantry had coffee, sugar, and Coffee Mate, and an old box of mac n cheese. He didn’t even have salt. Sam would’ve been outraged.

Dean could pretend all he wanted that he was okay with Cas dating Meg. Maybe, if he hadn’t confessed his feelings, he would’ve been okay. Cas wouldn’t be uncomfortable around him, and he could still pretend that he had a chance.

He spent countless hours cursing that day. If he had just kept his mouth shut…

He sighed and rubbed his eyes. He really needed to concentrate on his report. Today had luckily been a slow day, so Dean’s team had only answered two calls, and both had been small fires, nothing serious.

Still, reports had to be filled. And anything was better than thinking of Cas. Perhaps he should just forget about Cas. Lisa was kind of cute. He probably could get with her. Yeah, she had a kid, but Ben was kind of awesome, and besides—

The siren surprised him. He actually jumped in his seat, something he hadn’t done since his teenage years.

The door to his office opened, and Dorothy popped her head in. “Sir, house fire on 586 Roseburg St.”

“That’s my place,” Dean said, is brain sluggish for a second.

“What?”

“My apartment,” he repeated, jumping from his seat and rushing out of his office. “Let’s go!”

His crew moved quickly and efficiently, like always. The fire truck was on the street, sirens wailing, in a matter of minutes.

His house was on fire. It was 3:30 which meant Cas would be home for break. Cas, who had a killer on his back. Dean cursed himself for being so careless. Cas had a fucking killer on his trail, and Dean had left him alone. And for what? Because his fucking crush had been denied? Because Cas didn’t like him?

Cas was his friend. Dean should’ve been there for him, protecting him. Who cared if Cas was with Meg? Anything was better than being dead. Oh dear god, please let him be okay.

He saw the smoke before the apartment. People had gathered outside to watch the flames, but they parted when they heard the fire truck. And ambulance arrived seconds after them, and then the cops.
The other four families that lived in the building were outside, safe, but Cas was nowhere to be found.

“Get everyone ready,” Dean yelled to Benny as they began to extend the hoses. “The first and second floor are clear, the fire started in the second floor”

“Where’s Cas?” Benny yelled back.

Why wasn’t Cas out? The fire had started on the floor below their apartment, which meant all the smoke was going directly into their apartment. Most of the time, in cases of house fires, it was the smoke who took more deaths than the actual fire. Their apartment was probably a toxic fume house by now, so then why wasn’t Cas—he was on break. Cas came home to sleep during breaks. He was always sleeping, trying to regain energy from a hard day at work. If the fire had started while Cas was asleep, then the smoke would’ve weakened him. There was no way he was going to be able to get out.

“There’s somebody inside!” Dean yelled, at no one in particular. “I’m going in!”

“Dean, is too dangerous!” Dorothy yelled. “The building is about to collapse!”

“Don’t follow me!”

He knew the building wouldn’t resist much more. The fire was well under way, and the building’s frame was mainly wood. They had arrived when the fire was at its peak, which meant that if anyone was still inside, they were most likely dead.

But Cas couldn’t be dead. No, Dean wouldn’t allow it. He ignored his crew and ran inside the burning building.

The fire enveloped him instantly. The stairs were completely engulfed in flames, but Dean risked them, jumping from step to step until he reached the third floor.

The fire had already spread here. The heat was searing, and Dean was sweating more than a whore in church. The floor underneath him creaked as he stepped, and he could already see a few places where the fire had eaten through the floor.

And there it was. His apartment. There was a wall of flames over the entrance, preventing entrance, but Dean simply wrapped his arms around his head and ran straight through.

“Cas!” he yelled, but his voice came out hoarse. “Cas!”

He could hardly see anything. The wall of smoke was too thick to make out anything other than the first flames of fire beginning to spread. God, no one could survive this smoke for long. Where the hell was Cas?

He would have to dig through the rubble. He glanced at the ceiling, noticing the burning bars. It wouldn’t last much more. The whole building was due to collapse at any moment. But he had to find Cas.

“Cas!” he yelled again. He needed to hear something, anything, to let him know that Cas was okay.

He began to dig through the rubble, ignoring the fire licking at his uniform. He had already inhaled too much smoke. He could feel his body getting weaker. But he refused to give up.

He had to get to Cas. He had to. He had
The sound of wood snapping caught his attention, and he looked up just in time to see the ceiling collapsing. He jumped back, but a bar hit him on the head, sending him crashing to the ground.

“Fuck!” he cursed, feeling wetness start to spread from his head. “Fuck!!” The bar was sitting on top of him, effectively pinning him to the ground. Worse, the fire was quickly moving up the bar, which meant it would reach Dean soon. He tried to push it off, but it was too heavy. He couldn’t do it.

“Cas!” he yelled in desperation. He felt dizzy and nauseous. Wait, those were signs of a concussion. “Cas!” Yep, totally a concussion. He fought to keep his eyes open, knowing he wouldn’t be able to open them again if they closed.

“Dean!”

That wasn’t Cas. It was Benny, and there was Dorothy behind him. Both of them had masks on, which was actually pretty smart. Dean had totally not planned this. If the fire didn’t get him, then the smoke in his lungs could asphyxiate him. Or maybe the concussion would kill him.

“You have to get Cas,” Dean coughed weakly. Benny was so blurry! And was the building already collapsing?

“The apartment is clear,” Dorothy yelled. “Dean, buddy, you gotta help us get this off you.”

Get what off? Oh yeah, the pillar. The burning pillar. Dean half-heartedly tried to push it off, but he wasn’t helping much. Benny and Dorothy were doing most of the work. The fire was licking at their uniforms, and Dean was sure he already had second degree burns on his right arm.

Fuck, this was the worst fire he had been in. He had never gotten this hurt before. And worse, Benny and Dorothy were with him. His first week as Chief, and he was going to die.

“I’m horrible,” Dean laughed. What kind of leader sent his men inside an empty apartment? Oh god, they were all going to die.

“Dean, brother, you have to stay with me,” Benny said urgently. When did they push the pillar off? And why could Dean still not move? He was so sleepy. And it hurt to breathe.

“Benny, he’s going unconscious. We gotta get him out of here!”

This was hilarious. Oh god he was going to die. He was going to die in the home he had abandoned, trying to save the man he loved who neither needed to be saved nor loved him back. Fuck, his life was pathetic. The pathetic life of Dean Winchester. What a sorry show. He just needed to close his eyes. Yes, rest a bit. Just for a little while; the worst thing that could happen was he died. But then again, that wasn’t so bad.

“Dean, you gotta stay awake, brother!”

_Sorry, Benny_, he thought wryly as he closed his eyes. _Guess nobody told you; I tend to disappoint_

His last thought was of Cas, and how pissed he would be that Dean had died in their living room.
Cas Finally Pulls His Head Out Of His Ass

Chapter Notes

So.....What do you think? Oh god, I'm so happy Cas finally pulled his head out of his ass that I had to make it the chapter title. Can't wait for the Destiel that's about to come.

So a couple of good news:
1) I started writing yet another story(sorry, I just love these two), but I won't publish it until I finish this one
2) Because of that ^, I will start posting two chapters a week, instead of one every Tuesday. Maybe I'll make it Tuesdays and Fridays. IDK yet
3) Cas and Dean are about to get together!!! Hopefully, Dean wakes up soon and Jody catches that sonuvabitch trying to kill Cas.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Things with Meg were going well. There was a sense of domesticity in the air that Castiel hadn’t had with any of his past relationships. When he arrived at her house, it was to find her dressed in old, loose clothes, heating takeout spaghetti for dinner. Cas imagined what life would be with Meg, and found nothing to complain about. He could practically taste the routine, and he was perfectly okay with that.

“So how’re you doing, Clarence?” she asked as she took out a plastic container from the microwave. “Any news about your psycho killer?”

“Sheriff Mills thinks it might be an angry patient,” Cas shrugged, accepting the plate she offered. “The car was tampered with at the hospital, and hundreds of people had access to it.”

“You think he did it that same day?” Meg asked curiously.

Again, Cas shrugged. “It could’ve been the day before. I don’t drive that much, only from the hospital to my apartment, so it could’ve taken a while for the screw to loosen up enough to mess with my steering wheel.”

“And nobody noticed?”

“What do you mean?” Cas asked curiously.

“Well…doesn’t Dean check your car regularly? Wouldn’t he have noticed a loose bolt?”

The thought hadn’t entered his mind, and he didn’t waste any time entertaining it. “Whatever you’re implying, stop it.”

“I’m just saying—.”

“Well, don’t.”

Meg raised an eyebrow. “I get all tingly when you talk like that,” she said sarcastically. “Is it really that hard to believe Dean could’ve had a hand in this?”
“Yes. Dean is my best friend,” Cas answered simply.

“Well, he certainly doesn’t think that,” Meg muttered.

“If there’s something bothering you, please say it,” Cas said angrily. He didn’t have the time or patience to be deciphering social cues right now.

“Fine,” Meg spat, straightening in her seat. “You want to know what’s bothering me? Here it is: you can’t decide. You think I don’t notice the way Dean looks at you? The way you two act around each other? Hell, even a blind man could sense that Dean is in love with you. But for some reason, you’re sitting here, with me. So that makes me think that you like me, that you want me and not Dean, and that makes a girl feel special, you know? But Dean keeps popping up over and over, and he’s never not going to be a thing, and I get that. He’s your best friend, and I would never ask you to give him up, as a friend. But these past few weeks have been all about Castiel. All about what you want, and what you feel, and what you are comfortable with. Well, Cas, there are two other players in this game, buddy, not just you. I’m not going to wait forever, you know. You’re not going to have both options forever, so you have to pick one. You have to decide who’s going to be the one and who’s not, and you have to pick now.”

Cas stared at her, surprised. Pick one? Now? He couldn’t do that. He couldn’t give one up. Where would he even start? He couldn’t possibly make decisions like this in the spur of the moment. It was impossible, it was—.

His phone rang, and he answered it mechanically. “Dr. Novak speaking.”

“Cas! Cas you have to come to the hospital!” Sam cried.

“Sam?! Are you okay?” Cas said quickly, forgetting about his problem. Was Sam hurt? Jessica? Adam?

“Cas, it’s Dean. There was a fire, and he’s—he’s hurt. Cas, he’s hurt bad. Please, you have to come.”

He could literally feel his heart stop. White noise filled his ears, and his mind froze at one thought: Dean.

“I’ll be right there,” he heard himself say. He didn’t remember standing up, or walking to the door, until Meg grabbed his shoulder.

“Clarence? What’s wrong?” she asked, her forehead creasing with worry.

“I’m sorry,” Cas said softly. “It’s Dean—he’s hurt. We’ll talk later, okay?”

Meg smiled sadly. “Don’t worry. You’ve already made up your mind, right?”

Cas didn’t answer her. There was nothing more important than getting to Dean. Dean.

Cas was an idiot. Oh god, how could he ever think he could live without Dean? Meg was right; he had been evading the problem, thinking that no matter what happened, Dean would always be there with him, one way or another.

But that wasn’t true. Dean was a fireman. He risked his life every day, any day could be the last day he spent with him, and there was no way he was going to give up one of those days. What had he been thinking?
It didn’t matter that Dean was a man. It didn’t matter that they had a past friendship. It didn’t matter that this was all new and confusing to him. What mattered was that Cas loved Dean, and he was not willing to give him up. He couldn’t let a fear of the unknown keep him from making what could possibly be the best decision of his life.

*Please, god, please let Dean be okay*, he prayed as he drove. *Please.*

The ER waiting room was full when he arrived. The entire Firehouse 14 was seated on the weak chairs. There were a couple of officers that had been on scene and were friends with Dean. Mary, Sam, Adam, and John were huddled together by the receptionist desk. Bobby, Ellen, Ash, and Jo were close by, talking quietly to Benny and Dorothy.

“Cas!” Sam exclaimed when he saw him.

“Sam, what happened?” Cas asked hurriedly, walking over to them.

“You don’t know?” Mary asked softly. Her eyes were red from crying, tear streaks ran down her cheeks, and her hair was messy, probably from running her hands down the length in nerves. John didn’t look better off.

“Know what?”

“Your apartment caught on fire,” Benny called from the other side of the room. He was still in his uniform, as were all the other firemen. He looked worse off, though, since he had his right arm wrapped in bandages, and multiple cuts across his face. Dorothy, next to him, was in a similar state. “Dean thought you were inside. He ran to get you, but a pillar collapsed on him. Me and Dorothy got him out, but he’d already inhaled too much smoke.”

“The doctors won’t tell us anything,” Mary whispered. “Please, Castiel, I need to know…please.”

Cas nodded numbly. Dean had—for him? He had run inside, for him? He ran past the Winchester family and towards the emergency floor. If Dean had been hurt in a fire, then he was in the Burn Center, and he most likely had Dr. Uriel.

Cas cursed low. He hated that man.

“Dr. Novak, over here!”

He turned at the sound of Jessica’s voice, and his heart stopped for the second time that day. Dean was laying down on a bed, hooked up to a heart monitor. He had a few wet bandages covering his right abdomen and right arm. There was a bloodied bandage wrapped around his head, which Jessica was changing, and cuts and bruises littered his body.

“What happened to him?” Cas whispered, reaching to touch Dean’s bed. This was his fault. *Please, please, be okay.*

“Heavy concussion, waiting for the MRI results,” Jessica began. “Second degree burns. We’re fighting off infection already. Heavily dehydrated. Dislocated shoulder, checking for possible deltoid ligament tear. He slipped into a coma, but heart levels are stable. Right now, the major problems are infection, possible airway constriction, and brain swelling.”

Cas grabbed the clipboard at Dean’s feet and read the symptoms Benny and Dorothy had given. “Perform intubation for oxygen therapy. Institute cardiac monitoring, and check blood levels of carboxyhemoglobin. I believe they might be in the forties percent, hence the CO poison-induced coma. Set a notice warning on him, and get me those MRI results.”
“Hold on that, Nurse Moore,” said a low voice behind him, and Cas whipped around. “Dr. Novak, are you diagnosing my patient?”

“He is a friend of mine,” Cas said quickly. “I believe he may have dangerously high levels of carboxyhemoglobin leading to CO poisoning. If we don’t set oxygen therapy soon, we might lose the patient to asphyxiation.”

“I don’t see any signs of CO poisoning,” Uriel shrugged. “And he’s my patient.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” Cas shouted, losing patience frighteningly quick. He didn’t have time for this. ‘He’s a fireman! Smoke inhalation! His symptoms include lethargy, impaired concentration, syncope, atypical dyspnea—it’s right off the fucking book!”

“Don’t tell me what to do, Novak,” Uriel spat, taking a step forward in intended threat.

“Jessica, intubate him, now!” Cas snapped at the nurse.

“Do no such thing, Nurse,” Uriel ordered.

“If this man is not put on oxygen therapy in the next sixty seconds, I will personal endeavor to make all your lives as miserable as humanly possible. There are fifty nurses in this room, and for fuck’s sake, one of you will follow my goddamn orders!” Cas shouted. Instantly, Jessica and two other nurses sprang into action, getting Dean ready for intubation.

“This is my patient and I will treat him like I very well damn please!” Uriel shouted, moving to crowd over Castiel.

Castiel grabbed him by the lapels of his coat, and dragged him forward to growl at him. “Dean is not just your patient. He is my friend. And if I have to physically restrain you to take care of him, I will.”

“Castiel!”

Uriel pushed him away and they both turned to glare at Michael. “What the hell is going on here? I can hear you two shouting in the waiting room!”

“Castiel is personally invested in this patient and he’s making a fool out of us all,” Uriel barked, glaring at Cas.

“Uriel is taking his jealousy and feelings of incompetence over me out on Dean,” Castiel bit out. “He’s going to get him kill, just because he’s petty.”

“Listen here, you fucking—.”

“That’s enough!” Michael snapped. “Castiel, you will not make decisions over Dean. Uriel is right, you are too emotionally invested. Uriel, Dean’s carboxyhemoglobin levels are at 42.3%, and his coma was caused by CO poisoning. He is the Fire Chief of Firehouse 14 and as such, deserves the very best Sacred Heart has to offer. And because he is also a close family friend, I will be taking care of him from now on.”

“Michael—.”

“Castiel, you will talk to Dean’s family and let them know what happened,” Michael interrupted. “They need you,” he added softly.
Castiel nodded curtly. Honestly, he didn’t want to face Dean’s family. He didn’t want to tell them that Dean could very well die, and it was all because of him. None of this would’ve happened if he and Dean were together—or at least talking. And now...now he was losing him.

“Cas, how is my son?” Mary asked as soon as he came into view. The waiting room had dissipated a little. Most of the firemen had returned to the station to take care of calls, and the only cops left were Jody and Victor—though Cas suspected they were there more for him than for Dean.

Cas ran a hand down his face, trying to wipe the exhaustion off his face; he doubted he had much success. “Dean suffered a heavy concussion. We think he might have severe swelling of the frontal lobe, made worse by the carbon monoxide he inhaled. Carboxyhemoglobin levels in his blood are high, and he slipped into a coma caused by CO poisoning. If we don’t get it under control, the possibility of death gets exponentially higher. He suffered from a dislocated shoulder, and he might have torn a ligament during the dislocation. His burns are not severe, but they are infected. If we don’t lower the infection down, they might evolve into third degree burns and leave heavy scarring.”

He spoke quickly and without infliction, trying to disassociate himself from the situation. He couldn’t break now, not in front of Dean’s family. He had to be strong. He had to believe Dean would get better. But it was so much easier to separate himself from the situation when it wasn’t his family laying on a hospital bed, so much easier when he was delivering bad news to strangers.

Sam moved to hug his mother, and he wasn’t trying to hide the tears running down his face. Adam was clear-faced, but he was staring off into space as if he couldn’t really believe any of this was happening. John had his head bowed and eyes closed, and Cas could see his mouth moving quietly as he prayed.

“Sheriff Mills, I hope you have good news for me,” Castiel said, turning away from the heartbroken Winchesters to look at the officer.

She nodded grimly. “The Arson Inspector already called in. We are sure this is the same man that tampered with your car. Luckily, the building in front of yours has security cameras. I have men looking at them already. Don’t worry, Cas. This started off personal, but he just put a city official in the hospital—this is now a city-wide man hunt. We’re gonna get the son of a bitch.”

“It’s going to be okay, brother,” Benny said softly, moving to place a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“This is my fault,” Cas whispered, unable to keep a tear from falling. He wiped it away furiously. “If I had been home...if I had told Dean...”

“Stop it,” Dorothy interrupted. “This isn’t your fault, Cas. If you want to be mad at anyone, be mad at Dean. I’m sorry, but it’s true. He knew better than to go in alone, and he ignored protocol. I’m not saying I wouldn’t have done the same, but this isn’t your fault.”

“Dean is a hero,” Benny added. “He would’ve done the same for anyone, no matter what. If you had been at that apartment, you would be in a bed next to Dean’s, in the same state as him.”

“They’re right, Cas,” Sam said quietly. “If anyone, this is that son of a bitch’s fault. We’re gonna get him, Cas. You’ll see; we’re gonna get him.”

Cas nodded quietly, afraid that if he opened his mouth, he would start crying. He could feel his lip trembling and his hands were shaking. He was going to break. Dean was dying in a hospital bed, and here he was, useless. What good were all those degrees for, if he couldn’t help his friend?
“It’s okay, Cas,” Mary whispered, and she wrapped him up in a hug. “He’s going to pull through, you’ll see,” she whispered. Cas hid his face on her shoulder. Ever since his mother had died, Mary had turned into a second mother. Her hugs, especially, had always calmed him down. “You know how stubborn Dean is. He’s not gonna let something like this end him. You just watch.”

Cas laughed softly, nodding. Yeah, Dean was going to pull through. He was going to be okay. Everything would be okay.

If only he could believe it.

Chapter End Notes

I cannot express with words how happy I am that you all like my stories. Really, you don't know how much I look forward to your comments, and I really take into consideration the things you say (Inferification, I'm looking at you with the whole Dean Might Be Guilty Bit).

Thank you for putting up with Asshole-y Cas. He's about to change, and there will be a lot more fluff from now on (we still have a killer on the loose, so there's gonna be drama and angst) and maybe a little (a lot) of smut. My V-card is still safely secured in my pocket though, and all my knowledge comes from other fics, so I can't guarantee that it's gonna be good smut, but I'll give it a try.

Again, thank you all so much for the kudos and comments. Next Update is coming on Tuesday!!!
I'm not sure how I feel about this chapter....I kinda wanted to skip right into Dean getting better, but it fell a bit too rushed. I think this chapter is more of a filler than anything.

Let me know what you think

The meeting with Alastair had not gone as planned. Sam had expected it to last hours as he and the other attorney fought to reach an understanding before heading to court. However, it was soon made clear that Alastair and his client had no intention of compromising. Mr. Roberson wanted full compensation for the injury that had ended his career, and Alastair was going to make sure he got it.

Sam didn’t have much time to dwell on the fact that he still basically had no defense against Roberson’s accusations, since minutes after the meeting, Dean had called him to celebrate his new job as Fire Chief.

It was this moment that came to mind as Sam watched over his older brother. He couldn’t believe that the Dean that had laughed so loudly, smiled so brightly, was the same man that now laid gray and broken on a hospital bed. It hurt to see him like this.

Sam liked to think of himself as independent. Yeah, Dean had paid for his college, and Dean had helped him find the apartment he lived in now, but Sam made all of the major decisions in his life on his own. At least, that’s what he told himself.

But Dean had only been unconscious for three days so far, and Sam was already breaking. He needed his brother, he needed him to be awake. What would he do without Dean? There would be no one out there to call when he messed up. There would no one out there to believe in him as blindly as Dean did. There would be no older brother to talk to. If Dean died, then Sam would be the other older brother. He couldn’t be an older brother! He wasn’t ready. How could he be to Adam what Dean had been to him? He couldn’t do it. He wasn’t that selfless. He wasn’t as brave. He wasn’t as strong.

He missed his brother. He missed him so much. He wanted to hear him talk, wanted to hear Dean’s carefree laugh. He didn’t know how Dean managed to stay so optimistic despite all of his insecurities, didn’t know how he didn’t let them swallow him whole like Sam’s threatened to do.

“You should rest,” Adam murmured, placing a hand on his shoulder. Sam had not heard him come in, but he hardly noticed things anymore.

Sam fought off a yawn and shook his head. “I’m okay. Michael said I could stay the night if I wanted.”

“Yeah, as a doctor,” Adam snorted. “But as a friend, he told me to come here and kick you out. You haven’t slept in how long?”
“Doesn’t matter,” Sam muttered. “M’okay.”

“Dean would kill you if he saw you right now,” Adam said. “He’s not gonna wake up right now, Sam. His carboxyhemoglobin levels are still pretty high, and his body is still fighting off the infection.”

“You know, he still doesn’t know you’re his brother,” Sam said suddenly, ignoring Adam’s words. “I think he would’ve been happy to know. Dean needs to look after people, and lately, I’ve been trying to branch out. He would’ve been happy to have someone under his wing again.”

“We were friends,” Adam said softly. “We are friends. And we can still tell him. After he wakes up. And then, we will be the ones taking care of him.”

Sam laughed without humor. “You don’t know Dean, Adam. He would never let someone take care of him. Besides, I can’t do that. I still need him. I’m breaking at the seams, Adam, and he’s only been gone three days. I mean, I can’t even fucking do my job right! Lately, I’ve starting to think that I’m not a very good lawyer. I’ve been starting to think that all of that time in Stanford was wasted; I can’t do this! I literally have nothing, Adam! Nothing prepared to defend Charlie, and Alastair is going to wipe the floor with me. And you know what? Dean’s condition hasn’t changed a bit; in fact, it’s gotten worse. Do you think I don’t know? I work here. I know his infection spread. I know the swelling in his brain hasn’t gone down. I know there’s a danger that his right lung will collapse. I know that right now, there’s a 75% chance that Dean is gonna die… my brother is going to die, and I’m fucking feeling sorry for myself.”

“Sam—.”

“I’m—I’m going to head home,” Sam interrupted, standing up. He ran a wary hand down his face, frowning. “You’re right. I need to rest.” He needed to get out. The walls were closing in on him, and he couldn’t do anything. Sitting next to Dean, begging him to wake up, wasn’t going to fix a damn thing. He was useless, and he was in the way. He needed to get out. “Tell me if anything changes.”

He pushed against Adam as he walked out, ignoring his little brother’s saddened face. Yeah, he definitely wasn’t big brother material.

Dean woke up five days after falling into a coma. Well, ‘woke up’ was a bit of an exaggeration. Cas knew that people didn’t just ‘wake up’ from a coma. The brain didn’t suddenly gain responsiveness. There were stages to it. But he still couldn’t help feeling happy when Dean opened his eyes. Mary had cried and tried to get Dean to respond to her, but Dean had only blinked a couple of times, before his eyes fell shut again. But he continued to get better. It was only minor things, like blinking at the lights, or moving his head to follow someone’s movement, but at least it was something. Those were good signs, and the doctor inside Castiel began to feel hopeful.

Michael wasn’t telling him much about Dean’s condition. He knew as much as the Winchester’s did, but as a doctor, he knew that wasn’t all of it. He was only allowed in the room during visiting hours, and only when one of Dean’s family members was present.

He had never hated his brother more, even if he understood why he was doing this.

He had already broken things off with Meg. Two days after the fire, he had gone back to her place and talked things over with her. It was unfair, he had told her, to be with her when he only had Dean in his mind. She had understood, of course, and they were thankfully still friends. Castiel had
already filed the insurance in their apartment, and he had moved all the things he managed to save from the fire into Michael’s guest room.

Things were looking better. Then, six days after Dean’s first sign of consciousness, he crashed.

Castiel dropped everything he was doing as soon as he heard, running from one side of the hospital into the intensive care unit at the other side.

The sight that greeted his eyes froze him in his tracks. Through the glass windows of Dean’s room, he watched as Michael and four nurses worked over Dean’s convulsing body.

He could hear Michael shouting orders, the heart monitor beeping like crazy as two orderlies ran inside to hold Dean down.

“Doctor, you can’t go in!” someone shouted.

Castiel hadn’t felt his body move. He had made no conscious decision to run to Dean’s side, but he was brought back to the present when a set of arms wrapped around his middle.

“Get off me!” he shouted, trying to fight off the orderly restraining him. “Let me go!”

“Castiel, you have to calm down,” Jessica said, appearing in front of him.

“Don’t you tell me to calm down, Jessica!” Castiel spat. “Let go off me!”

“Dean is going into septic shock, Cas,” Jessica said quickly. “Michael has to work quick if we want Dean to make it out okay.”

Septic shock. Caused by infection. The last stage of a three-stage condition. Life-threatening. Possible complications included heart failure, lung failure, and possibly gangrene, leading to amputation. High death rate. Very high death rate. Stage three. Three.

Someone should have noticed it sooner. A nurse. A doctor. Somebody. Dean had infection, they had been fighting it since day one. Someone should have checked his blood for signs of sepsis. Castiel would have done it. But Michael hadn’t. High death rate.

Again, he didn’t feel his body move. He didn’t feel his fist connect with the orderly’s jaw. He didn’t remember opening the door to Dean’s room.

Once again, someone restrained him. This time, he heard a familiar voice.

“Cas, you have to calm down,” Sam whispered.

“This is his fault!” Cas shouted, trying to fight Sam to get to his brother. “Michael!”

“Get him out of here!” Michael shouted. “Nurse, tell Crowley to get the operation room ready. We need to remove the infected tissue.”

“Let go off me, Samuel!” Cas shouted, but Sam was much bigger than him. He struggled as Sam dragged him back, but it was useless. He couldn’t do anything, not one single thing.

“He’s gonna be okay,” Sam whispered. “He’s gonna be okay.”

Cas ignored him, even as he felt his shoulder dampen. He was too angry to care if Sam was crying, too angry to realize that he wasn’t the only who was going to lose Dean.
“Michael!” he shouted at his brother’s retreating back. “You promised!”

Michael whipped around, striding back towards him. “Don’t you dare, Castiel!” he yelled. “Don’t you dare tell me this was my fault.”

“You could’ve noticed sooner,” Castiel hissed. “There are signs, brother!”

“And what are those signs?” Michael snapped. “Tell me!”

“Increased, fever, shortness of breath, lightheadedness, little or no urine, palpitations, rapid heart rate, skin discoloration,” Castiel listed, the answers falling from his lips as if he were reading them.

“Which makes sepsis…?”

“Hard to diagnose. These symptoms are common in most illnesses,” Castiel replied, his shoulders drooping as his mind made sense of the words he was speaking.

“And because of this…?”

“Sepsis is the leading cause of death in the ICU. Over 75,000 people are diagnosed with it every year, and only fifty percent survive.”

“And what do you have to do to fight it?”

“Breathing machine to fight lung failure. Vasopressors such as adrenaline to fight low blood pressure. Other treatments are determined by the number of organs failing. Blood transfusion, dialysis for kidney function, steroids or insulin, extra fluids to—.”

“You’re missing one,” Michael interrupted. “What is the first thing you look for, doctor?”

“Source,” Castiel answered. His mind was clearer now, his breathing back to normal. Sam was no longer trying to hold him down, and the center had quieted down as everyone watched the exchange between Castiel and his brother. “Source control,” he continued. “Control the source of the infection. Draining pus from infected tissue—.”

“But Dean didn’t have any pus, so—.”

“Surgery is required to remove the infected tissue and repair any damage.”

“Exactly.” Michael breathed. “Castiel, you have to think clinically. I know he is your friend. I know you want to help. But you can’t when you’re like this. You’re a good doctor, brother. But you have to think.”

Castiel hung his head in shame. Michael was right. Sepsis was a danger of all infections. Castiel himself had lost patients to it before. Michael had reacted well, starting medical therapy quickly and aggressively. He was surprised, actually, at how well his brother had acted. If it had been up to Castiel…he would probably still be trying to regain the patient through mechanical ventilation.

“You’re right,” he said, the fight leaving him. “I’m sorry, Michael. You’re right.”

His brother had done everything he could to save Dean. Now, they just needed to wait and hope for the best.
Awake

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Most people say that when you’re about to die, your whole life flashes before your eyes like a fast-paced movie. Others say everything suddenly becomes sharper and slower as adrenaline fills your body. And there are even those who say it feels like being suspended in mid-air.

Dean didn’t remember feeling any of that. He could only remember feeling exhausted, feeling unable to keep his eyes open, and panic. Oh, the panic had been the worst. It had felt like drowning, like having your body be dragged down into darkness as your lungs struggled to breathe. And the worst part was that he could feel it, he could feel his body laying down in a bed, could hear the voices around him…he had been buried alive in his own body and the panic was all-consuming.

Opening his eyes again felt like breathing, even if the harsh light hurt his retinas. As soon as his sight was back, every other sense in his body returned in a wave of emotion that had him reeling at the sheer amount of pain. Every sound was too loud in his headache-throbbing head, every touch to his skin a punch to the sensitive muscle. Even his nose was hurting for smelling so many chemicals.

“Fuck,” he groaned, feeling as if he had swallowed sandpaper.

“Dean?”

His eyes instantly zeroed in on the redhead in the room. She had been standing by the foot of his bed, doing god knows what. The green scrubs marked her as a worker, probably a nurse.

“What—what happened to me?” Dean asked her, wincing as a sharp shot of pain traveled from his side to his neck. “Who are you?”

“You can call me Charlie. And as for what happened to you, want the Spark Notes version?” Charlie asked and Dean nodded. “You almost died.”

Of course he had. Dean couldn’t catch a fucking break. “How long have I’ve been out?” he asked instead, rolling his shoulders experimentally. Bad idea, bad idea. He closed his eyes as pain exploded behind his eyelids. Fucking bad idea.

“You shouldn’t move too much,” Charlie said quickly. “How bad is the pain?”

“In a scale of one to ten?” Dean asked. “About a fucking fifteen.”

“I’ll page someone to bring you something for the pain,” she murmured, typing something quick into her pager. “Oh, and you’ve been out for about five weeks.”

“Five WEEKS?” Dean gasped, then promptly hissed in pain. “That’s over a fucking month!” he spat through gritted teeth.

“There were…complications,” Charlie said, hesitating. “I should probably let Michael tell you himself. He should be here any minute.”

“Where’s my family?” Dean asked. His mother was probably dead with worry. He had fucked up.
It had been stupid to go run into the apartment. Cas hadn’t even been inside. Dean had made a fucking fool of himself, and for what? He had almost died, almost made his family go through that pain. He didn’t deserve to be Fire Chief. Biggest fuck up of his life.

“I sent them home,” Michael said, catching them by surprise as he walked in through the door. “They didn’t move for the first few days, but the exhaustion was getting to them. Sam is in his office, though somebody is already on their way to tell him you’re awake.” He took out a small bottle and a syringe from his coat, then proceeded to inject the clear liquid into one of Dean’s IV lines. “Here, this should help with the pain.”

“Did they catch the bastard that did this?” Dean growled. He was sure the fire had been arson. There was no way a house fire could’ve gotten that bad in so little time.

“Not yet,” Michael said. “But don’t worry about that. How are you feeling?”

“Everything hurts,” Dean snorted. “My skin feels like it’s on fire, I have a bad headache, my throat is killing me, and I can hardly move my arms.”

Michael nodded thoughtfully. “You’re still healing from a concussion, hence the headache. We managed to reduce brain swelling, but you should take regular breaks to rest your nervous system. You dislocated your shoulder when the pillar fell on you, but thankfully there was only minimal ligament strain. Charlie here offered to take you through rehab while you were comatose, so it shouldn’t hurt that bad. The coma was caused by CO poisoning, which took a heavy toll in your lungs. Your burns were what complicated things. They were second degree burns, then you caught infection and went into septic shock. We had to send you to surgery to remove the infected tissue. Your wounds are healing nicely, and the infection is gone. It’s still going to hurt for a couple more days, though.”


“Well, I don’t want to rush things. I will keep you another week under examination, and if everything stays the same, we’ll release you on Friday,” Michael explained. “Here, take some water.”

Dean eagerly accepted the water Michael offered, raising his head lightly as Michael poured the drink into his mouth. The cool liquid felt like heaven in his throat.

“Can I see my family now?” he asked as soon as he was done.

“Let Charlie finish checking your wounds, then I’ll send them in,” Michael nodded. “You’ll very lucky to be alive, Dean. I’m glad you pulled through.”

“Thanks,” Dean said, and smiled when Michael patted his leg awkwardly before walking out. He didn’t want to ask him where Cas was. He didn’t want to know why his doctor was Michael, and not Cas. Instead, he turned to Charlie and smiled. “So how long have you been a nurse?” he asked as she softly peeled back the wet bandages on his chest to check the wounds underneath. Dean winced in pain, though it wasn’t as bad as the painkillers were already starting to take effect. He glanced down at his body, and he could see the faint scars that ran up his arm, over his shoulder, and across his collarbones. The skin was lightly raised and slightly red, and it hurt to touch. With slightly damp gauze, Charlie began cleaning the old ointment off.

“I’m a surgeon,” Charlie corrected, moving to grab a couple of dry bandages from one of the cupboards. “Been for about three years now.”
“And they have you in wound duty?” Dean asked, surprised. “Why?”

Charlie didn’t answer at first, instead busying herself by wetting the clean bandages and then squeezing the water out to leave them damp. She laid them over a sterilized board, grabbed a bottle of something from one of the cabinets, then applied a thin, white paste of medicine over his burns. It was cool to the touch and it stung a little, but it also brought with it a strange sense of cleanliness. Once she was done, she grabbed the prepared bandages, then moved back towards him and began laying the dampened bandages on his wounds.

“I wanted to do it mostly as a thank you to your brother,” she finally answered with a shrug. “He’s representing me in a case, and I know the hospital is paying him, but he’s going above and beyond the necessary to help me. Now, I’ll need to test your range in motion a little bit, just to make sure your shoulder is healing nicely. Let your arm hang out from the bed.”

“Oh, I know about that,” Dean said, obeying her orders. The bandages stuck to his skin because of the medicine, but the new position pulled a bit on his skin, and he fought off a grimace. Now that he thought about it, Sam had mentioned the case in passing, but Dean didn’t know much about it. He only knew it involved a surgeon and a bad shoulder injury.

“Besides, I kind of wanted to meet you,” Charlie continued, blushing. She was slowly gyrating his shoulder socket. It felt a bit uncomfortable, but there was luckily very little pain. Whatever Michael had given him worked fast.

“Why is that?” Dean asked curiously. Charlie pressed on the joint, and he winced. That hurt.

“Sorry,” she muttered, soothing the pain with quick pressure. “Well, I’ve never seen Castiel so mad as the day you came in. I swear, he almost punched your last doctor in the face, and he made four nurses cry. He wanted to be your doctor, but Michael took over when it was clear Castiel was too emotionally invested. You must be something special.”

Dean didn’t quite know what to say. A part of him wasn’t surprised. He knew Cas cared for him, that Cas would do anything for him. Another part—the part that was still raw with rejection—doubted her words, doubted Cas’ affections. And yet another part was angry. Because why the hell was Cas acting like this, acting like Dean was the most important thing in the world, when it was clear he didn’t want him?

He switched the topic, his headache too strong to worry about Cas. Luckily, Charlie was as much as a geek as he secretly was and there was no shortage of topics. They talked about Doctor Who, the fact that Spock and Kirk were totally meant to be, and the sexiness and practicality of cowboy boots on a doctor.

He hardly noticed that he was also doing rehab, and only remembered when Charlie clapped her hands and announced they had finished.

“You didn’t lose any range of motion and there is no swelling. There is still a bit of stiffness in the joints, but that’s normal for right now. There is no strain in the ligaments, and the muscles are healthy. You should move your arm around throughout the day to get rid of the stiffness, but no sudden movements, understood?” she said sternly. “Your wounds are healing nicely, and they will hardly leave any scarring. The skin is still a bit tender, and prone to bleeding, so be careful when you’re moving your arm, okay?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Dean said, nodding his assent.

“Alright,” she smiled. “I’ll go get Sam for you.”
“Thanks, Charlie.”

Once alone, Dean checked his body more thoroughly. This was the first time he had gotten seriously hurt, at least for his standards. Yeah, he had gone to the emergency clinic for burns before, the occasional broken bone, or the common dislocated joint. But CO poisoning? Coma? Surgery? It had been so stupid of him to rush into the building.

His body was mostly littered with yellowing bruises and scabs. He touched the back of his head where he was still tender and felt a small bald patch, where he had gotten stitches. He had a couple of bandaged cuts clustered on his right side, running down his leg.

The door to his room opened, and he looked up, expecting Sam, but met with Cas’ clear, blue eyes.

“Shit! I mean, hi, Cas,” Dean said quickly. He glanced around the room, and realized that they were alone. This was bad. This was really, really bad.

“I’m glad you’re finally awake,” Cas said. He sounded weird—what was it? Dean frowned, trying to figure out what was different.

“Yeah, I’m feeling better,” Dean said hesitantly.

Cas hummed in agreement and grabbed the clipboard at the foot of his bed. “Yeah, I see here,” he murmured, eyes scanning the document. He moved closer to the bed, the glanced at Dean with a frown on his face. “You’re still in a lot of pain?”

“Michael gave me something,” Dean said. “It’s making me a little drowsy, to be honest.”

Cas nodded, placing the clipboard back on the bin. “I’m really glad you’re okay, Dean,” he murmured, leaning in a bit closer to him. The smell of coffee and aftershave coming from Cas was a strange relief from the strong smell of industrial cleaners that seemed to be embedded in every freaking hospital.

“Yeah,” Dean breathed, “I’m fine.”

“You really scared me,” Cas whispered. “Don’t do that again, okay?”

“Okay,” Dean found himself nodding. “I won’t.”

Cas smiled and leaned in even more. What was he doing? Dean frowned as Cas’ face came closer to his. Was he about to kiss him? No, no that wasn’t possible. But his lips were so close now, and his eyes were closed shut, and he was almost there….

“Ahem.”

Cas pulled back sharply and left Dean confused, slowly blinking at their new company. Sam and Jess had entered his room, followed closely by his parents, and—weirdly—Adam.

“Don’t mean to interrupt, but Michael only gave us twenty minutes of visiting time,” Sam said, a wide grin on his face.

Slowly, Dean pulled out of the Cas-induced high, and blushed brightly at the knowing looks everyone was throwing at him and Cas. Even his Dad, who Dean never really had actually come out to, was smiling slyly at him.

Dean glanced at Cas, but his friend was staring back at his family with a placid look, as if he
hadn’t just been caught almost cheating on his girlfriend with Dean. Before Dean could go into a self-induced panic about the whole thing, his mother spoke, distracting him.

“How are you feeling, hon?” she asked, stepping around Sam to grab his hand softly.

“Everything hurts like hell,” Dean admitted, shrugging. “Michael gave me some pain medicine, so it’s not as bad.”

“We were really worried about you,” Sam said quietly, taking his natural spot on Dean’s right. “You woke up a couple of times before, but you were never lucid enough to talk.”

“I did?” Dean asked, confused. He didn’t remember anything after Benny and Dorothy dragged him out of the apartment except for the panic of being trapped in his own body. No need for his family to know that, though.

“It’s completely normal,” Jess assured him. “You don’t just wake up from a coma completely okay. It takes time for your body and brain to adjust.”

“You are healing better than anticipated,” Cas added, once again reading his clipboard. “After the surgery, everything went by smoothly.”

“That’s the Winchester stubbornness,” his Dad said, beaming. “I’m glad you’re okay, son.”

“Thanks, Dad,” Dean smiled. He turned to Adam, who was standing against the wall looking like a lost puppy.

“Everything okay, Adam?”

The boy started, surprised to have all eyes on him. “Um, yeah,” he shrugged, uncomfortable. “I—I was doing rounds with Cas when Michael told us you’ve woken up. I—I wanted to make sure you were okay. I can go if—if you want,” he added tentatively.

“That’s okay, dude. You can stay,” Dean said, smiling. He liked Adam. He didn’t know why, but Adam reminded him of a younger version of Sam, a version he missed dearly. Adam beamed at him and moved to stand next to his mother, who gave him a warm smile and grabbed his hand.

“So what do you guys know about the guy who caused the fire?” Dean asked, glancing at Cas. “Was it the same guy who—you know, messed with your car?”

“We don’t know,” Sam answered. “There was video footage of a man entering the building that none of the other tenants recognized, but you can’t really see his face under his hoodie. The fire started seven minutes after he was seen leaving the building, so the police is pretty sure it was him who caused it.”

“He’s someone you know,” Dean said to Cas, frowning. “Most of the time, you’re here at the hospital, but he started the fire when you’re usually at home. He knew you were going to be there, knew that you were probably going to be asleep and unable to get out in time. This is someone who knows your schedule, Cas.”

“Jody thinks the same,” John piped in, crossing his arms. “It was lucky Cas was staying with Michael, otherwise he’d be dead right now.”

Dean glanced at Cas, surprised. He wasn’t living in the apartment? Why not?

“Are you still staying with him?” Dean asked him curiously. “Is it safe?”
“I’ve been sleeping here at the hospital these last two weeks,” Cas shrugged. “There is always someone around, and we have our own security, so I’m completely safe.”

“Here? Why have you been sleeping here?” Dean asked, confused.

“To check on you,” Cas answered simply. Dean exhaled sharply at the confession, but before he could do anything else, Cas leaned in and pressed his lips softly to his. It was simple, it was quick, and it was nothing like Dean had expected. And yet, somehow, that quick press of lips was everything. “I need to do my rounds,” he murmured, his lips brushing against Dean’s with every word. “I’ll see you later, okay?”

Dean didn’t answer, too stunned to do anything but blink, really, but it didn’t look like Cas was waiting for a reply. He gave him a smaller kiss, almost as an after-thought, then straightened up and walked out. The soft warmth of those lips was too quick, but the memory of them seared itself into Dean’s mind.

“Dean, breathe,” Sam laughed. “Are you okay, dude?”

“What was that?” Dean gasped, staring after Cas. “What the hell was that?”

“You can’t really be that surprised, Dean,” his mother laughed. “Everyone knows you guys are crazy about each other.”

“But he’s with Meg!”

“He was with Meg,” Jessica corrected him, sharing a look with Sam. “They broke it off a couple of days after you were admitted.”

“I think you almost dying was a real reality check for him,” Sam shrugged.

And now everything made sense. Cas was guilty! Of course, what other explanation could there be? He felt bad that Dean had gotten hurt, so now he was trying to make up for it. Dean was tempted, just for a moment, to let him. Why shouldn’t he? Cas could be happy with him, of that Dean was certain. And it wasn’t as if his friend had seemed reluctant to kiss him. After all, he had initiated both kisses.

But it wasn’t right. Dean wanted Cas to be with him because he wanted to, not because he felt obligated to. He groaned, knowing he would have to do the right thing. Sometimes, his life sucked.

Chapter End Notes

Dean, why can't you ever accept a good thing? Don't worry, Cas will clear everything up for you next chapter.
Castiel wanted nothing more than to lock himself in Dean’s room and kiss him until his last breath. But seeing as though that was unrealistic, he comforted himself with the thought that as soon as Dean was released, he would finally be able to be with him like he had fantasized for months now.

A crashing patient kept him away from Dean’s room for the next day. He had planned on visiting Dean again as soon as his family had left him, but when he checked on him, Dean was asleep. And on the third day, when he had caught Dean awake and tried to kiss him again, Dean had turned his head and claimed exhaustion. Castiel had left, feeling hurt and confused. Had he done something wrong? Was he too late? Why was Dean rejecting him? Was he…was he giving Cas a ‘taste of his own medicine’? No, Dean would never do that. He had thought Dean would be happy that Cas had finally admitted his feelings—oh.

He froze in the middle of listing the symptoms for Crohn’s Disease, realization hitting him. He hadn’t admitted his feelings. Well, at least not to Dean. He had just kissed him without explanation, then left him alone for two days. For all Dean knew, Cas was just messing with him. He hadn’t even told Dean he had broken things off with Meg! No wonder he was acting strange!

Cas quickly gave his Interns an excuse to leave, ordering them to check on their patients, before he all but ran to Dean’s room. The door was closed, and when he entered, the room was empty. He glanced around the room wildly, but before he could began to panic, the bathroom door opened and Dean walked out. He was only dressed in white cotton scrubs, since his chest needed to be left uncovered to ventilate his wounds. His hair was wet and he had a dirty towel in his hand. He had just finished taking a shower.

“Cas!” he yelped, surprised. “What are you doing here?”

Cas stared as a drop of water ran down his face from his hair, tracing its path down Dean’s neck, running down his chest, before getting caught on the elastic of his scrubs. Every fantasy he’d had about Dean these last past weeks crowded his mind, and he felt heat pool low on his stomach.

“Cas?” Dean asked again, blushing deeply.

“I broke up with Meg,” Cas said, clearing his throat.

“I know,” Dean shrugged. He ruffled his hair with the towel and Cas’ eyes darkened as Dean stretched and his scrubs dragged down to reveal bruised hipbones. “Anything else you need?” he asked, and Cas finally snapped his eyes to Dean’s face.

“What’s wrong?” Cas asked, confused. “I thought you would be happy.”

Dean sighed. “I am,” he answered honestly, and his eyes moved to the ground. “But you don’t have to do this, Cas.”

“Do what?” he asked, confused. Was he wrong? Was Dean unhappy because of him?

“Look, I was stupid to run inside the apartment without knowing if you really were inside or not,” Dean said, talking quickly. “It was my mistake, and you shouldn’t feel guilty. It wasn’t your fault, okay? You don’t have to do this, Cas.”
“I’m not doing anything!” Cas shouted, exasperated. He was starting to get angry. What was wrong? What was bothering Dean? “What the hell does ‘this’ mean?”

“This!” Dean yelled, motioning between the two of them. “You don’t owe me anything, Cas. You don’t have to pretend you want me just because you feel bad, okay? Look, I promise things between us will return to normal, alright? You go back to dating Meg, and I’ll…I’ll be okay.”

Cas stared at Dean, surprise and anger mixing inside him. Pretend? Owe? What the hell was Dean talking about? How could he think he would ever insult him like that? It was so ridiculous—and actually a bit insulting—that he couldn’t believe Dean had actually entertained the thought.

“You are not doing this to me, Dean Winchester,” he growled, finally finding his words. “Don’t you dare think that I would ever pity you. I’m not doing this because of some fucked up sense of obligation. I’m not doing this because I have to. I’m doing this because this last month I’ve been dying to be with you. Because I’ve realized that I don’t want to be without you.”

“Cas, I know—.”

“Let me finish,” Cas cut Dean. He wanted Dean to understand. He needed Dean to understand. “Look, Dean…we’ve never been separated. Even when I was in college, you were always a phone call away. And when you were in the army, we always wrote to each other. So yes, we’ve been apart, but never separated. So I thought it was going to be the same when I was with Meg. Some part of me thought that even if I was with her, you and I would still be together. But I was wrong. And this last month has made me realize that I don’t want to be away from you ever again. I love you, Dean. And it was stupid of me to be afraid of a future with you when a future with you it’s what I had planned all along. The sex is a new thing, of course, but not unwelcomed.”

With his eyes downcast, Cas shrugged and scratched the back of his head self-consciously. He hadn’t meant to say all of that, especially that last part. He and Dean didn’t talk much about feelings. They knew everything about each other without having to actually speak. Cas knew when Dean was upset, he knew when he was happy, and he knew when he just wanted to be left alone. It was one of the reasons why they fit together so well. While Dean didn’t like speaking about his feelings, Cas understood things better when they were expressed without the need of words. So having to spell out things to Dean felt a bit weird, like being exposed. He suddenly admired Dean’s bravery. It must’ve not been easy to reveal the feelings he felt for him when every sign pointed at rejection.

But he had to do this. He had forgotten about Dean’s self-deprecating tendencies (a quality he hated on the man), but he would be damned if he let Dean’s doubts drag this moment along. He wanted his kiss (a real kiss, not a peck in the lips), goddamn it, and he was going to get it.

He looked up sternly at Dean, prepared to make Dean see sense at any cost.

Instead, he was pushed back as Dean leaned in and trapped his mouth in a searing kiss. Instantly, his thoughts crash-landed as every single nerve in his body focused on Dean’s lips against his, his warm tongue licking at his bottom lip. He closed his eyes and grabbed on to Dean, holding his hips tightly as Dean grabbed his face softly, pressing the pad of his thumbs on the edges of his mouth. A sound he had never heard himself make escaped him as Dean pulled his mouth open softly with his thumbs, pressing his tongue inside to taste. Too soon, Dean stopped kissing him, pulling away with a soft nip to his lower lip. He didn’t pull too far away, nor did he let go of his face. Instead, Dean rested his forehead against his as they both tried to catch their breath.

“You don’t know how long I’ve been wanting to do that,” Dean murmured, brushing his nose against Cas’ affectionately. “You don’t know how much I want to be with you, Cas,” he sighed,
closing his eyes. “I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I was being stupid,” Dean continued, and this time pressed tiny kisses on his mouth, each kiss followed by a word. “I was being so stupid.”

“Yeah, you were,” Cas whispered, trying to focus on a single thought instead of the tantalizing touch of Dean’s lips, the scratch of his beard on Cas’ clean-shaven cheeks. This was quickly becoming his favorite thing to do, and he was sure addiction was not too far behind. Unfortunately, it felt too good to care. “Kiss me again,” he ordered, giving up and letting his thoughts scatter.

Dean laughed and Cas smiled as Dean pressed soft kisses below his eyes, then to the tip of his nose. He moved his head so that Dean’s next kiss landed on his mouth. Cas sighed contently at the press of warm lips and the occasional kitten lick. Dean groaned and it took a moment for Cas to realize that it was in pain, not pleasure.

“Dean?” he asked, pulling away worriedly. “Are you okay?”

Dean closed his eyes and shook his head softly. “I think my meds are wearing off.”

Instantly, Cas guided Dean to the bed, and helped him lay down. “From one to ten, how bad is it?” he asked, instantly falling into his training.

“Like a seven,” Dean shrugged, then winced. “Fuck. Please tell me you have some pain meds on you.”

“No, I need to get some,” Cas said, wincing in sympathy as Dean groaned. “I’ll be quick.”

“You fucking better,” Dean muttered. “I feel like my arm is about to fall off.”

“Relax, you big baby,” Cas smiled, leaning in to give Dean a soft peck, thrilled that he was allowed to do this now. “I’ll only be a minute.”

He quickly left, ignoring the knowing looks some of the nurses sent his way as they saw him walk out of Dean’s room with flushed cheeks and swollen lips. He was aware that the entire hospital knew of his feelings for Dean. He hadn’t tried to hide them, and threatening to punch your brother over a patient made it pretty clear where your feelings stood. Still, he didn’t mind. He was actually quite happy that people knew he and Dean were together. It was an unfamiliar feeling of possessiveness, one that wasn’t entirely undesirable.

“You look happy.”

Cas stopped. He hadn’t expected Meg to be in the storage room. Even though they had ended things in good terms, Cas still felt uncomfortable being around her. He hoped the feeling would go away, seeing as he actually liked her, as a person.

“I am,” he answered her questioned, moving past her to look for Dean’s medicine.

“I take it you and Dean patched things up,” Meg said. She didn’t sound upset or bitter. Just slightly curious.

“We did,” Cas smiled. “What?” he asked, noticing the scrutinizing look Meg was giving him.

“Nothing. Well, it’s just… I didn’t know you could smile like that,” Meg shrugged. “Happy it’s a good look on you.”

“Thanks,” Castiel said softly. “And are you? Happy, I mean.”
Meg stared thoughtfully at the wall as if it held all the answers to the universe. “I am,” she finally answered. “Even if we didn’t work out, this whole thing made me realize that I’m ready to settle down. I don’t want to be hopping from bed to bed with people I hardly know or care for. I want…I want to be with somebody who actually cares for me for once.”

“I’m glad,” Cas smiled. “You deserve to be happy.”

Meg grinned. “Don’t worry, I am. I’m happy with myself. Besides, it’s kind of hard to be sad when you’re eating cake, and your brother makes some pretty awesome cake. It tastes even better knowing it’s free. Well, see you later, Clarence.”

“See you,” Castiel replied, frowning. Gabriel was giving out free cake? Hmm, maybe he needed to give Gabriel’s shop a visit.

He’d taken a bit longer than planned, so when he came back to Dean’s room, he wasn’t too surprised to see Benny and Dorothy sitting next to him, but still slightly disappointed.

“Oh thank god,” Dean sighed when his eyes fell on him. “I thought you’d forgotten.”

“I’m a doctor, Dean. I don’t forget my patients,” Castiel admonished. He filled a cup with water and handed it to Dean with two pills. Michael had decided to take Dean’s IVs and catheter off after hours of Dean complaining that he wanted to move about without a tube up his penis. Since Dean was healing faster than anticipated and there was nothing wrong with his legs, Michael had caved.

“Maybe now you will stop whining,” Dorothy joked as Dean swallowed the medicine. “Been laying on your ass for over a month.”

“Yeah, in a coma,” Dean rolled his eyes.

“You woke up right in the nick of time, too,” Benny grinned. “The games are coming up.”

Dean instantly brightened and Castiel rolled his eyes. “Don’t even get excited,” he said. “Your shoulder is not nearly well enough for you to go playing in a baseball tournament.”

“Oh, c’mon!” Dean groaned. “It just hurts a bit. And Charlie says there’s nothing wrong with it.”

“Charlie says what?” Charlie asked, entering the room. “Sorry I’m late, Dean. Had a whiny teenager with a sprain to scare. So what were you saying?”

“Dean thinks he’s well enough to play in a baseball tournament that starts next Friday,” Castiel answered.

“Yeah, right,” Charlie snorted. “I read your file, Winchester. I know you got hurt during a baseball game and didn’t follow therapy all the way through. You’re not going to be at full potential for another two weeks.”

“The tournaments last a month,” Dean said. “You think I can play in the last games?”

“We’ll see,” Charlie shrugged. “Now, who are your friends?”

“Oh, sorry,” Dean said. “These are Benny and Dorothy. Guys, this is Charlie, the kickass surgeon who’s helping me out with therapy.”

Charlie shook hands with both of them, and Cas was sure he wasn’t the only one who noticed the look Charlie and Dorothy exchanged. Sure enough, when he glanced at Dean, he saw the man’s
“So how’s your shoulder feeling today, Dean?” Charlie asked, finally letting go of Dorothy’s hand with a cough.

“It was hurting a bit. Not as bad as before, though, just this really bothersome ache,” Dean shrugged. “Cas gave me some medicine.”

“Don’t lie, Dean. The pain is coming in flashes, Charlie, so he’s not always in pain. But when the flashes hit, the pain is above moderate,” Cas explained.

“That’s understandable,” Charlie nodded. She grabbed Dean’s arm softly and tested the rotation of the joint. “The shoulder itself it’s good. You just have a bit of bone bruising because of the weight of the pillar, and that is what causing most of your pain. I’m more worried about your wounds opening, since they’re starting to scab.”

Castiel leaned in, studying Dean’s burns as Charlie peeled back the used bandages. They were still slightly pink, and in some areas, the skin was already beginning to peel. He noticed Charlie press two fingers softly to one of the less pink areas and was glad to see that Dean didn’t seem to notice. No pain. That was always a good sign.

“So what are my limitations, here, doc?” Dean asked Charlie as she began the process of cleaning his burns.

“Not many,” Charlie shrugged. “Just keep away from sudden movements and heavy lifting. Right now, the only problem is pain and your best medicine is time. You should be okay.”

“That means no sex, Dean,” Dorothy bit in, giving him a wide grin. “I’ve unfortunately heard you having sex, and I’m pretty sure sudden movements and heavy lifting is all you do.”

“Sex is okay,” Charlie answered, oblivious. “Your sexual partner is just going to have to be mindful of your arm.”

“I don’t think that’s gonna be a problem, right Cas?” Dean grinned and Castiel choked, coughing loudly even as his face turned bright pink. Everyone turned to look at him and Castiel wondered if they could notice that his mind was suddenly filled with images of Dean. He seriously hoped not.

“Right,” Cas finally answered, cheeks flaming red. Dean only laughed and the sound was so bright, that he didn’t have the heart to be angry. He was too happy.

Chapter End Notes

Yay! Finally, they're together! There's only fluffy, smutty good times in the future of Dean and Cas! But don't worry, I haven't forgotten about Adam, or the psycho killer after Cas.

Can anybody guess who the killer might be? They already made an appearance in multiple chapters and I've already explained the motive!
How Adam Finally Comes Out

Chapter Notes

I can't believe how nice everyone is! I love you all!!!! So a lot of people have started guessing on the identity of our wanna-be-killer, but not one has gotten it right yet. Hint, hint: he's closer to Dean's side of the family than Cas'. Who could it be?

And I kind of felt it was stupid for Sam to keep Adam a secret from Dean for such a long time, but I was never able to fit in the big revelation into one of the previous chapters without it looking too faked. I hope I was able to do it justice.

Oh, and I've put an excerpt of my next story into the end notes. So...um...what do you think? *waits anxiously for reviews*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean was to be released on Saturday morning. Adam was the first to find out, since he was present when Michael signed the release papers in his office. He wanted to surprise Dean with the good news, so he asked Michael permission to sneak into his room at night to tell him before anyone else could. Instead, he found Castiel asleep in a chair next to Dean, their hands together in a slack hold. He found it so cute, that it really wasn’t his fault that he couldn’t resist calling Sam, Jessica, and Michael in to gush at the couple.

Of course, just because Dean had just woken up from a coma didn’t mean he wasn’t as light a sleeper as before, so they got kicked out when Sam couldn’t resist taking a couple of pictures and forgot to take off the flash.

He wasn’t able to surprise Dean like he wanted to, so he made up for it by being present when Michael gave the news.

“You’re going to have to have regular checkups with Charlie, at least twice a week,” Michael said as Mary helped Dean slip on a shirt. “I’m going to give you a prescription for your meds, and you can go back to work in a couple of days as long as you keep it slow. And—personally, of course—I don’t think you should be living alone.”

“You can come live with me for a while, sweetheart.” Mary said kindly, reaching up to her tippy toes to kiss Dean’s cheek.

“Um, uh, Mom…that would be great and all…but Cas already said he was gonna move in with me,” Dean said, scratching the back of his head awkwardly. “And I mean, he’s a doctor…so it’s kinda perfect right?”

“Yeah, I’m sure that’s the only reason why,” Michael said, catching Adam’s eyes and smirking.

Bastard. What gave him the right to be so stupidly handsome? Adam had been starting to find his eyes wandering to the older doctor more often, especially since he started covering Cas’ classes every time the dark-haired man skipped to visit Dean’s room (which was actually starting to become a problem).
“Oh, so you’ve told Cas how you feel about him, huh? Finally,” Mary grinned. “And don’t think that just because Castiel is a guy that I’m not expecting grandchildren, mister. You can always adopt.”

“Mom!”

“Alright, I’ll stop,” Mary smiled. “But since Cas is still working, you’re coming home with me today.”

“What? Cas is still working?” Dean exclaimed, turning to Michael.

“Yes, he is,” Michael said sternly. “I’m happy for you two, but honestly, Cas has been spending a disturbingly amount of time in your room.”

“Adam, honey, you’re coming home with me, too. You’ve been getting awfully skinny. Are you sure they’re feeding you okay at that school?” Mary asked worriedly, patting Adam’s stomach softly.

“I’ve been eating fine, Mary,” Adam smiled. “But I won’t say no to your wonderful food.”

“We can make it a little get together!” Mary exclaimed. “Adam, go get your bro—go get Sam and meet us by the car.”

Adam nodded, trying not to give attention to Mary’s almost slip-up. Dean was staring between them with a crease in his forehead, so he left quickly before he could ask any questions.

He wanted to tell Dean. Yeah, he was nervous about his reaction…but he really wanted Dean to know that they were brothers. He may not like John very much (or at all), but he wanted to be part of the Winchester family. He wanted to be able to tell people that his older brothers were a hotshot lawyer and a Fire Chief. But most of all, he wanted to make Dean and Sam proud—he wanted them to say ‘look at him. He’s my little brother’. He had grown up an only child with a single mother, and while he was immensely proud of his mother and the things she had accomplished, he had always wanted to have a bigger family.

But he was well aware that he couldn’t tell Dean. He had to wait for Sam to say that it was okay. He could only hope that would be soon.

He found Sam in his office, buried in a pile of papers, asleep.

“Sam?” he said softly, nudging his shoulder. “Sam, wake up!”

“Not my hair!” Sam exclaimed, jumping to his feet wildly. His hair was all over the place, and a piece of paper was stuck to his cheek.

“What is that about?” Adam smirked, grabbing the piece of paper off his face.


“Mary wants us to go to her house and have a get together,” Adam answered. “You know, to celebrate Dean’s release.”

“Dean’s release!” Sam exclaimed. “That’s today! Oh my god, did I miss him?”

“No, they’re waiting for us in the parking lot,” Adam said. “You think you can come?”
“What’d you mean?”

“Well, it looks like you have a lot of work,” Adam explained, glancing at all of the thrown papers. “Is this for your case?”

“Some of it,” Sam muttered. “I’ve been researching some…other stuff. But don’t worry about it, I can get to it later. Let’s go.”

“Is everything going okay with your case?” Adam asked, following Sam out.

“Peachy,” Sam muttered. “Look…we can talk about this later. This is Dean’s day. Let’s just ignore work for a bit, okay?”

“Okay,” Adam answered. He was still worried, but decided to let it go. He and Sam drove in Sam’s car while Dean drove with Mary.

Dean seemed surprised to find out that John didn’t live with Mary anymore, and even more surprised to find out that Adam knew his way around the Winchester house. In fact, he was starting to give Adam strange looks, especially when he was in the same room as Mary.

“Adam, honey, can you take those plates to the table?” Mary said, pointing to the plates on the kitchen island.

“Of course,” Adam smiled.

“I’ll help you,” Dean said quickly, grabbing plastic cups from the cabinet.

“Don’t strain yourself, honey.”

Dean rolled his eyes as Sam and Adam snickered.

“So…how have you been?” Dean asked awkwardly, setting the cups next to Adam’s plate.

“Um, fine,” Adam shrugged. “I’m about to finish off my first year of pre-Med, you know. I’m third in my class.”

“That’s good,” Dean said nonchalantly.

Adam frowned. Sam had hugged him and bought him beer when he told him, but Dean had just said it was…good? Was that a good thing? He had expected more, considering that he and Dean had become good friends these past weeks. At least, he’d thought so.

“I didn’t know you knew my mom,” Dean continued. “That’s a…real surprise.”

“Um, yeah,” Adam nodded. “She’s really nice. And she’s an amazing cook.”

“Yeah,” Dean frowned. “That she is.”

“Um…well, I really happy for you and Cas,” Adam said, trying to find a topic of conversation that wasn’t awkward.

“Thanks. How about you? Interested in anybody?”

Yeah, just a way-out-my-league doctor that probably won’t even give me the time of day since I’m fifteen years younger than him.
“Nothing too serious,” he answered instead. “I don’t think I have a chance with them.”

“Yeah, probably,” Dean muttered and Adam stared at him, surprised. Yeah, he knew he didn’t have a chance, but for Dean to say that? What the hell?

He glared at Dean. “Well, I don’t know about that,” he goaded, trying to see if Dean would correct his mistake. “I think if I told them how I feel, they would at least consider it.”

“Yeah, best not chance it,” Dean said, and while the words were nice enough, they were given as a threat.

And what the hell was that about? Why would Dean care if he dated Michael? Was he like, super protective of Cas’ brothers? Why?

“No, I think I will,” Adam said stubbornly, just to test Dean. “Age doesn’t matter. So what if they’re a bit older than me, huh?”

“What if their family doesn’t approve?” Dean growled.

“Why…why wouldn’t they approve?” Adam asked, surprised. Was this the problem? Was Dean concerned of what Cas would say?

“Um, I think the age difference is a pretty big problem,” Dean said mockingly.

“Dean, is something wrong?” Mary asked, walking through the door with Sam behind her holding a jar of lemonade.

“Yeah, something’s wrong!” Dean snapped suddenly, turning to her. “Why is Dad no longer living with you, huh?”

“That’s not…something I want to talk about right now,” Mary said, sending Adam a panicked look. If Mary told Dean about John’s cheating, then she would have to tell him about Adam.

Dean caught the look and glared at him. “And this is another thing; since when do you hang out with pubescent kids?”

“I am nineteen!” Adam exclaimed. “I turn twenty in three weeks!”

“Twenty? Oh well, excuse me,” Dean said sarcastically. “And what are you even doing here? Isn’t this supposed to be a family dinner?”

“Dean!” Sam exclaimed. “Dude, what gives?”

“Well, I’m not wrong,” Dean shrugged. “I don’t really think he should be here, especially when he’s obviously crushing hard!”

“What does my crush on Michael have anything to do with this?” Adam yelled, exasperated.

“Michael?” Dean asked, mouth going slack with surprise. “You’re crushing on Michael?”

“Uh, yeah,” Adam said, starting to feel the beginnings of embarrassment settle in his stomach.

“I thought you were crushing on my mom!”

“On me?” Mary exclaimed. “Are you serious?”
“Well, you keep sharing looks, he’s keeps calling you Mary, and how in the hell do you even know each other?”

“Because Adam is our half-brother,” Sam sighed, moving around Mary to set the jar on the table. “He’s Dad’s son.”

Adam stared at Sam with his mouth hanging open. Of all the ways to tell Dean, this wasn’t exactly the way he’d pictured it would go.

“What?” Dean gasped, mouth agape.

“Dad cheated on Mom with Adam’s mom twenty years ago. When Adam’s mom died, he contacted Dad. Cas did the DNA test, and it proved positive.”

“Cas? He did…” Dean’s eyes took a faraway look, as if remembering something, then snapped back to the present. “And how long have you all known?”

“Um, a couple of months,” Mary answered, taking a step forward. “Dean, I swear, we wanted to tell you. But we just didn’t know how you would react!”

“React? How did you expect me to react?” Dean shouted suddenly, and Adam took a precautionary step back. Damn, this was going exactly how he’d feared.

“Well…I mean, you’ve always look up to your father…and then with Cas’ whole accident thing…and then you getting the Fire Chief position…”

“Mom, those are just excuses,” Dean growled. “I deserved to know! Since the moment you found out, I had as any right as any of you to know!”

“Dean—.”

“No! What, did you all think I would take it out on Adam?” Dean snapped angrily. “I know Dad is a cheating bastard, Mom, and I’m actually happy you finally kicked him out…and yeah, it would’ve been strange to find out he had another kid…but I mean, I know Adam. He’s a great kid!”

Adam’s head snapped up to stare at Dean, hope blossoming in his stomach. “You think so?” he asked, surprised.

“Yeah, I do,” Dean said, his anger still evident, but not as strong. “Look, I don’t know how you all see me…but if you think that I would mistreat Adam for something he didn’t even do, for something that it’s entirely Dad’s fault…then I don’t think you all know me very well.”

“Dean, that is not what we meant,” Sam said quickly. “We were just…worried. I mean, I wanted to tell you, and so did Cas. But after Cas’ accident—.”

“You thought I would blame Adam. Again,” Dean interrupted. “Sam, do you—do you really think I’m that kind of person?”

“What? No!” Sam exclaimed. “Dean, I love you. You are the most kind, the most optimistic, the most good person I’ve ever met. This was—I don’t know what this was. It’s just—.”

“They were afraid,” Adam interrupted, wincing as every eye fell on him. “Not of you, but for me. Look, I’ve never had brothers before, and this wasn’t just about you finding out…but about me gaining two brothers as well. Dean, I’ve heard so many good things about you from everybody, not just Mary and Sam. And I…well, I was a bit afraid that I wouldn’t be exactly what you would
expect. Sam and Mary were just looking out for me, and then it just…sort of got out of hand. Dean, I already think of you as a brother, and I respect you so much…I just want a family.”

He had only eyes for Dean. He couldn’t read the expression in his face, but was glad that it was no longer anger.

“Adam…I consider you a friend,” Dean began, reaching out to grab his shoulder in a strong grip. “Family doesn’t end with blood…and it does take time for those bonds to build, but we are going to build them, okay? And you don’t have to worry so much about what I think of you, Adam. It doesn’t matter, as long as you are okay with the person you are. Now, why don’t we have this family dinner and you can tell me all about your huge crush on Michael Novak.”

“Oh god,” Adam groaned, but couldn’t keep the smile off his face at the brotherly rib. And as Dean and Sam began to poke fun at him good-naturedly about his schoolboy crush on the Chief of Medicine, he felt that this was a good way to start a family.

Chapter End Notes

Excerpt from My Cover is God

Most people met their Guardians when they were toddlers. Technically, Guardians weren’t truly Guardian Angels until their Charges turned seventeen, but nobody really paid attention to technicalities. Yet, that stupid rule kept Dean’s hopes alive until the very last day of his seventeenth year. He could still picture clearly his father’s disappointment when he turned eighteen and no Angel had shown at his doorstep. Virgil, his Angel, had taken one look at Dean and declared him an Unmarked, a human born with no Angel. It was unheard of, never before seen. But it stuck. Dean the Unmarked. Dean the Freak. Dean the thing. Sometimes, he thought his father had left him and Sam because of him. Because he couldn’t stand to look at an Unmarked human, couldn’t stand the looks everyone threw their way. It didn't matter that Sam had met his Guardian, Ezekiel, when he turned two. Didn't matter than Sam was fourteen and Dean eighteen when he turned tail and ran.

He lived alone now. As soon as Sam had graduated, he had left for Stanford with Ezekiel. He still talked to Dean in the phone, told him all about his new life, his new girlfriend, and his new friends. But Dean was alone. He wasn't too old, just turned twenty-three, but he could already picture the way he was going to die: alone.
Chick Flick Moments

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for not posting on Tuesday, like I promised. Tuesdays is usually my day off, but one of my coworkers got sick, and I had to cover for him. And I can't even lay all the blame on him because I struggled a lot to write this chapter. I mean, I've been building up to this moment for the entire story, and since I'm not a native speaker (English actually being my third language), I thought I wouldn't be able to find the words.

I'm still not sure I did it justice, but if I didn't post it today, I would probably put it off for weeks. So...I hope you enjoy.

p.s: I don't know if you can tell the time, but I was watching the series finale of psych while I wrote this and only read it through once before posting, so I'm really sorry for any grammar errors.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next day, Dean was still pissed that his mother and Sam had kept Adam a secret for so long. He had slept at his mother’s house that night, and returned home the next day to meet Cas for breakfast. He took the opportunity to tell Cas about what happened while he cooked.

“…and they kept thinking I was going to get mad!” Dean finished angrily, setting a plate of pancakes in front of Cas.

“Well, you are,” Cas replied sleepily, sipping on his cup of coffee and staring at the pancakes as if debating whether they were worth the effort of letting go of his cup.

“Yeah, but not at Adam,” Dean rolled his eyes. “I’m just saying…Sam’s known about this for about two months now. He had plenty of time to tell me.”

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you,” Cas said anxiously. “But you know—.”

“I know, I know,” Dean interrupted quickly. “You were under oath. I understand, Cas. At least you tried to tell me. Should’ve paid more attention.”

“I still can’t believe you thought Adam had a crush on your mother,” Cas smirked, finally abandoning his coffee and digging in on the pancakes.

“Yeah,” Dean snorted. “But hey, did you know he has a crush on Michael? Like, come on! Michael?”

“That’s a pretty large age difference,” Castiel frowned. “I hope it’s not too serious.”

“Nah, I think it’s more like hero worship than an actual crush,” Dean shrugged. “I think he’s trying to find someone to look up to, and Michael and I seemed to fit his tastes. But seeing as though Michael isn’t family, it’s showing in the form of attraction.”

“Well, I hope he can deal with it,” Castiel said honestly. “My brother is not one for commitment.
He is too invested in his work.”

“Hmm, speaking about work, you’re off today, right?” Dean asked.

“That’s right,” Cas nodded. “Why?”

“I just…well, I don’t have to go back to class until tomorrow, and I’m off work until Wednesday…” Dean said, trying to appear nonchalant. “I was just thinking we could do something…you know, together.”

“Like…a date?” Castiel asked, a strange expression in his face.

Dean immediately blushed and stammered a response. “Uh…yeah…yeah, a d-date. Or not, I mean, it can be whatever…we could go like friends…or whatever you want—.”

“I would love to,” Cas interrupted with a bright smile. “What did you have in mind?”

“Um, we could go to the park,” Dean suggested nervously. “Or the movies.”

“Sounds like fun,” Castiel said.

Dean breathed out a sigh of relief. He knew he was being stupid. He had grown up with Cas, knew the boy since they were little. It shouldn’t be this hard to hang out with him. But it was different now. Because if Dean messed up, if he did but one mistake…he could ruin more than just a friendship. He didn’t know what he was allowed now. Kissing, of course, made sense. Castiel had greeted him with a kiss this morning, and they had spent a large amount of time making out at the hospital. But what about…the other things? Where they taking it slow? Did Cas want to wait until they’ve dated a bit longer? It didn’t make sense to Dean. He knew everything about the man, they’ve lived together for years…he had dreamt of being with Cas for almost ten years now.

But Dean was willing to wait for Cas. If he wanted to wait a couple more months, then Dean was willing. What were months, compared to years?

“Is everything okay?” Cas asked, frowning.

“Oh, yeah!” Dean said quickly, plastering a smile on his face. “Just…thinking, you know.”

“I think I want to stay in today,” Cas said carefully, eyes inscrutable. “We could watch that show you like so much. Dr. Sexy M.D.”

“You want to watch Dr. Sexy?” Dean asked, surprised.

Castiel, surprisingly, blushed and nodded. “Y-yeah. I…I want things to go back to normal between us, Dean. I—I’ve missed you.”

Dean’s heart jumped to his throat at the words, and he fought to swallow the lump down. His heart was beating like crazy, and he was sure his hands were shaking a little bit. “Cas…can I—can I kiss you?”

Cas’ blushed deepened, and his eyes widened. For a moment, Dean thought he was going to say no, but then the dark-haired man nodded, eyes still trained on Dean.

He didn’t say anything as Dean stood up and walked over to him, didn’t say anything as he leaned in and breathed in the wonderful smell that was just Cas.

“Dean,” Cas murmured, and Dean’s eyes snapped to his.
Fuck. Cas’ lids were hooded, his blue eyes almost black with lust. When he blinked, his lashes brushed his flushed cheeks, and every little breath he let out smelled like coffee and syrup.

“You smell sweet,” he whispered.

“I bet I taste sweet, too,” Cas smirked, and suddenly surged forward, capturing Dean’s lips in a kiss. The kiss was chaste compared to the others. There was passion in it, but it was all controlled movements, slow slides of lips against lips. Dean tasted just the barest hint of sweetness, grabbed the back of Cas’ chair and held on to the table before his knees gave out. God, he was never going to tire of this feeling. Finally, the need of air became too much, and he had to pull back.

“So, ready for a Dr. Sexy marathon?” Dean asked, breathless. He was still close enough to Cas that he could feel his hot breath on his lips, tempting him.

“You get the DVD sets. I’ll start on the popcorn,” Cas replied, voice rough.

“You got it.”

Contrary to popular belief, Dean did not have a crush on Dr. Sexy. He just happened to think that cowboy boots were hot, and if Dr. Sexy happened to wear cowboy boots every day, then there was nothing he could do about it, right? Like, his attraction to cowboy boots wasn’t just because it was Dr. Sexy who was wearing them. They would look hot on anybody. They would even look hot on Cas!

And hot damn, that was a thought. Cas in body-fitting jeans, dark brown cowboy boots, blue denim shirt, chaps, and cowboy hat—and oh god, the hat. Probably the hottest part of the outfit, even more than the boots. No, the boots were hotter. No, the hat. Well…both. Yeah, he could do both. Cas would look so hot in them, riding him.

He stifled a moan as the image of Cas, naked but for a pair of boots and cowboy hat, riding him as if he were a bronco, hair damp with hair, stomach muscles clamping as he bounced up and down on Dean’s dick. And if he wore the chaps, too, just the chaps, and grabbed his hat to wave it above his head and—fuck, he was making himself hard. He was hard on his couch, waiting for Cas to get the popcorn, and this was not the best situation to be in. Especially when the first episode of Dr. Sexy started, and Dean realized that Cas was also a doctor and that just brought with it a whole new batch of fantasies (he was sure that was not the proper way to use a stethoscope).

“Oh, you already started it?” Cas asked as he entered the room, bowl of popcorn in his hands. “First episode?”

“Oh, yeah. Sorry,” Dean said, crossing his legs. Cas didn’t seem to realize anything was wrong and sat down next to him, surprisingly close, and sat the popcorn bowl on the coffee table before leaning back. Dean bit his lip as he felt Cas’ thigh brush against his, and almost died when Cas stretched his arm out to wrap it around Dean’s shoulders lazily. If they were going to do this for all hundred and eight episodes, he was going to die.

It was awkward—or at least awkward for Dean, who was trying to hide a pretty noticeable boner when Cas was just obliviously watching the show, snorting every so often and pointing out mistakes.

“Nobody does that in a hospital,” Cas snorted, watching as two interns made out in a linen closet. “Who has the time?”

Dean decided that this perhaps wasn’t the best time to point out that Cas had skipped out on most
of his lessons to make out with him in his room back when he was in the hospital.

“And doctors would never be allow cowboy boots!” he continued on as the second episode started. “And why does he wear the lab coat everywhere? Doctors don’t do that. You know how many bacteria you can carry on your coat? And how dangerous long, loose clothing is in a medical environment?”

“Yeah, I noticed you don’t wear yours as much,” Dean commented, trying to think back at the last time he had seen Cas wearing his coat. He usually just wore his scrubs.

“I only wear it for meetings,” Cas shrugged. “It’s somewhere in one of those boxes we brought.”

Dean made a sound in the back of his throat, hoping Cas would keep talking and keep his eyes away from Dean’s crotch.

“You know what? You own a pair of cowboy boots, right?”

“What?” Dean yelped, gaping at Cas. What was that supposed to mean?

“I can be Dr. Sexy for Halloween!” Cas said excitedly, turning his whole body to stare at Dean, and that was not good. So not good.

“Halloween?” Dean repeated stupidly. Guys were not supposed to sit with their legs closed. God would not have given them testicles if he meant for their thighs to ever touch.

“Yes, for Jo’s yearly Halloween party,” Cas continued happily. “And you can go as one of those guys from Chicago Fire. Or…and listen to this…you can go as Dr. Sexy and I’ll go as a fireman. What do you think? Think I can fit in your uniform?”

The thought of Cas wearing his uniform should not be that erotic. There was nothing hot about a bulky heat suit.

But if he just wore the thick jacket with the hat…or….or just the pants with the suspenders….or better yet, his formal uniform. Oh, that did the trick. Yeah, that was—completely inappropriate, especially with Cas right in front of him, frowning.

“Are you okay, Dean? You look a bit flushed,” Cas said worriedly, pressing a cool hand to his forehead. “Is your shoulder hurting? Do you want some medicine?”

“No, no. I’m okay,” Dean said quickly, leaning away from the cool touch. It was not helping his predicament. “I took some this morning.”

“Are you sure?” Cas asked, concern still etched on his features. He placed his hand over his heart, and his eyes widened. “Dean, your heart is beating like crazy!”

And that was his cue. Dean moved back, preparing to stand up and run away, but Cas decided to move closer to him at the same time he tried to stand up, so it only made sense that Cas’ knee would end up between his legs, pressing against his raging boner.

He couldn’t keep the moan quiet, couldn’t keep his head from falling back and his eyes from closing.

“Dean?” Cas asked, and his voice sounded small and nervous.

“Cas,” he answered, and his voice should not sound this wrecked already. He took in a deep breath,
preparing himself for the chick-flick moment of the century that was sure to follow.

He felt Cas shift, felt his knee move away, and was about to open his mouth to say something—anything—when he felt a weight settle on top of him and something press down on his erection.

He moaned, eyes snapping open just to get trapped in Cas’ heated gaze. Cas was straddling him, pressing his own surprisingly hard erection against Dean’s, rolling his lips perfectly. And before Dean could say anything and ruin the moment, Cas leaned in and kissed him.

And it was the dirtiest, hottest kiss Dean had ever experienced. His hands snapped to Cas’ hips, pushing down further as the dark-haired man grabbed his tongue with his lips and sucked. He was—and here Dean could literally think of no other word—exploring him, licking every corner of his mouth, tasting him as if Dean’s was the best taste in the world. He whimpered as Cas moved away from his mouth, seemingly satisfied, and moved on to lick, kiss, and suck his way down to his throat, scraping his beard very deliberately against Dean’s cheeks. And then he seemed to remember he had hands, because they were suddenly everywhere. On his stomach, pressing down on his ribs before moving to his back, reaching up to hold on to his shoulders, then trailing down his spine until they reached the dip on his back, and then they were pulling his shirt off. Dean could hardly think of anything that wasn’t the wonderful friction on his cock, the warmth of Cas’ hands on his back as they scratched their mark, the wonderful ocean-mist scent of Cas’ hair on his nose, and the burn of Cas’ beard on his jaw as he sucked a bruise on his collarbone.

It was all too much and not enough all at once. His skin was cold but his touch hot. Dean’s head was foggy with the thought of Cas, his body singing as it finally got the touch of the person it had wanted for years. And perhaps it was a testament to his strength of will—or maybe, more accurately, his stupidity—that he managed to pull back, to break the surface of the ocean that was Cas, to ask the question whose answer was going to solve all of his problems.

“Cas,” he groaned, blinking quickly as Cas’ head moved even lower and latched on to one of his nipples. “Cas.”

“Dean,” Cas moaned, clearly not on with the program. He was trying to ask a question, not moaning his name in some sort of sex-craze (though Dean could understand why Cas would confused the two).

“Cas—fuck!—are you sure….Cas, do you want to do this?”

Cas leaned back instantly, eyes wide and nervous…and he really shouldn’t look like that because combined with his messy hair (which was a fetish of Dean’s all on its own), lust-black eyes, and swollen lips, he looked like the image of sex on legs.

“Do you want to stop?” Cas asked, eyes shifting nervously, and Dean wondered if it hurt his vocal cords to speak in such a low tone.

“No!” he exclaimed, tightening his grip on Cas’ hips. He was going to do this right, even if it meant baring himself open. “God, no, I don’t want to stop. But I want to make sure we’re doing this right. So are you sure, Cas, that you want this? Completely sure?”

Cas relaxed on top of Dean as if it were completely normal for him to sit on Dean’s lap while he was thinking. He cocked his head and stared off to the side clearly thinking hard about what Dean had just said. Dean waited nervously, hands flexing on Cas’ hips.

“Do you remember when I first realized I wanted to be a doctor?” he asked suddenly, eyes snapping to Dean’s.
“Yeah,” Dean said, confused. “You were like, eleven. I didn’t even talk to you that much back then, but you went around telling everyone that you were going to become a big time doctor one day. You spent the entire summer diagnosing people with shit I’m still not sure actually exist.”

Cas smiled, nodding. “Yeah. I’d just come from the hospital and I told Sam all about it. Michael was doing his internship, and he left me with one of the nurses while he did his rounds with Dad. She was so nice…and she actually let me help clean a dressing on a guy with a slashed leg. I felt so good to help, and when the patient called me a brave little man for not getting scared by all that blood, I felt so proud. I knew, right there and then, that there was nothing more that I wanted than to be a doctor, and I focused my entire life on fulfilling that dream.”

“I know,” Dean said softly, thinking back on the little, lanky kid running around giving people Band-Aids.

“Dean, I’ve never been so sure about anything in my life…” Cas whispered. “Until now. You make me happy, Dean. You make me feel good about myself. You are such a good person, and the day we became friends is still my most cherished memory. Dean, I want to be with you. In any way that you will have me. Of this, I am completely and one hundred percent certain.”

Dean swallowed the lump on his throat, and shifted his body nervously. He wasn’t good at this. He didn’t do talks. He always messed these kinds of things up…but he had to try. For Cas.

“Cas, I…I need you.” Dean winced at the words, cursing himself for being such a fucking coward.

But Cas just laughed out loud, a full-body laugh that made his entire body shake with mirth. “I know, Dean,” he said, smiling brightly. “I love you, too.”

Chapter End Notes

And don't worry, I'm not going to leave you hanging with the smut scene. But I'm actually going to switch to Cas' POV for that. And I think...I'm maybe about 97% sure...that we're not going to have any more angst and drama between Cas and Dean. From now on, we're gonna focus on that killer.
Cas felt nervous. He wasn’t scared, and he didn’t want to stop…but he had never done anything like this before.

Dean’s insisting mouth distracted him momentarily, and he closed his eyes as he lost himself in the feeling of Dean’s mouth on his. He could feel Dean’s hardness pressing next to his own, could feel the hot weight of it on his hip.

“Cas,” Dean moaned, releasing his mouth to move down to his neck. “Cas.”

Dean was…nothing like Daphne or April. He wasn’t soft or pliant. He wasn’t quiet or hesitant. He was sure of his movements, sure of the way he moved, of the power his body had on Cas. There was strength in Dean. In the sinuous way he moved, in the way his muscles flexed as he hovered over Cas and pulled his legs apart to fit his body against him even more perfectly.

He was intoxicating. Cas tried to breathe pass the smell of leather, oil, fire, and musk that was Dean. He tried to feel something other than the hot skin touching him, the muscles moving under Cas’ curious hands. He wanted to close his eyes, to see something that wasn’t green fields, pink lips, and tanned skin.

But he couldn’t. Because his entire body was aware of Dean, was aware of the predator above him, of the things he wanted to do.

“Dean,” he said, breath hitching as Dean bit his collarbone. “God, Dean.”

They had moved to the bedroom after they talked. It seemed that now that Cas had made his consent clear, Dean had no problem responding to his advances. He had been foolish to think that he could rile Dean up while maintaining calm himself.

He had tapped into an abounding eroticism that seemed an integral part of Dean, yet Cas had never noticed it. And he was drowning in it. He had never thought that his Dean, his kind and affectionate Dean, would be this kind of being in bed. This lewd and carnal being that unclothed him with darkened eyes and bruising hands.

And much to his chagrin, he loved it. He loved the way Dean looked at his naked body, the way his eyes widened and his hands trembled when he touched him. It made him feel wanted, made him feel desired.

“Fuck, Cas,” Dean growled, leaning down to press a biting kiss to his hips. “You’re so goddamned beautiful.”

Castiel couldn’t answer, and he couldn’t look away as Dean trailed kisses to his swollen erection. He looked up at him, somehow almost vestal in the prurient way he smiled, then ducked down to lick a long stripe along his shaft. Castiel whimpered, trying to keep his hips still, but it was made
almost impossible as Dean took the tip into his mouth and sucked.

This was not how he had imagined it. When he masturbated to thoughts of Dean’s mouth, he was always in control, always the one who guided Dean around his cock.

Dean smirked around the cock in his mouth, eyes closed as he took more of Cas inside his mouth.

“Dean,” he moaned, the word stretched out as Dean hummed a reply. Dean was enjoying this. It was made clear in the way he bobbed his head, pressed the flat of his tongue on the slit to taste the precum that was leaking steadily out of the bulbous head. It was made clear in the way he kept his eyes closed and moaned when Cas twitched inside him, and in the way his mouth was watering, spit running down Cas’ length that Dean then used as lubricant to jack the parts of him he couldn’t reach with his mouth.

How the hell was Dean so good at this?

Dean let go of him with an obscene pop, but before Cas could recollect his scrambled thoughts, Dean’s mouth latched on to the base of his cock, giving it the same enthusiastic attention he had given the rest of his shaft. “Do you like this, Cas?” he murmured as he mouthed around his skin, using his tongue to lick at his balls.

“Y-ye-yes,” Cas stammered. “D-Dean, I’m gonna—fuck!—I’m gonna—!”

“Yeah,” Dean breathed. He grinned vivaciously as he wrapped Cas’ cock in his hand, pumping it eagerly, almost hungrily. He lowered his head low enough that Cas’ cock nudged his cheeks, leaving a trail of precum on his face, and the image of Dean, covered in cum, rose to his mind.

And he was gone. “Dean!” he shouted as his muscles locked in place, and he came on Dean’s face. Fuck, if he were younger, the sight of Dean’s face covered in cum—the sticky white substance staining his red lips, hanging from his long lashes, splayed across his face—would’ve had him hard in seconds again. Even now, after having the best orgasm in his life, his dick twitched curiously at the sight and stayed half-hard. He sighed contently, endorphins flooding his body, and closed his eyes.

He felt Dean move above him, felt the bed shift when he climbed off, then dip when he climbed back on a couple of minutes later. He kept his eyes closed, humming contently, and let his body be maneuvered to the side. He guessed Dean had moved to take off his clothes, because when he pressed against his back, Cas felt the hot touch of his naked skin, the wet slide of his hard erection between his butt cheeks.

"Dean?” he wondered hesitantly, opening his eyes.

"It's more comfortable like this," Dean replied from behind him. "And I get to keep the weight off my shoulder."

That was not the answer he had been looking for, but he guessed it made sense that Dean wanted to do...that. He had asked for consent, after all, and Cas had given it to him.

He would be a liar if he said he hadn't thought about it, hadn't acted on it. He would also be a liar if he said he didn't want it, so he didn't say anything. Instead, he relaxed his body and let Dean grab his leg and drape it over his own, effectively spreading him wide.

"Can you see yourself?” Dean growled. He kissed the back of his neck and one hand moved around to jack him off slowly.
"See what?" Cas asked.

"The mirror. Look at the mirror, Cas."

Mirror? What mirror? He opened his eyes, biting down a whimper as Dean pushed more insistently against him.

Oh, that mirror. The full body mirror hanging from Dean’s closet wall, reflecting the bed.

Cas looked debauched. His hair, usually already messy, was sweat-slicked to his head and sticking out from the back. His lips were red and swollen, slicked with spit instead of dry and cracked. His chest was spattered with bruises and bites, proof of his raunchiness. His cock was hard and red, covered by Dean’s large hand, his legs spread open like a bitch’s in heat. He could see Dean's shaft disappearing between his cheeks as he slid the hard length between them.

"Can you see yourself?" Dean asked again. "Can you see how much you want it?"

"Y-yes!" Cas cried out. "Dean, please...fuck."

"Hold your leg for me, Cas. Hold yourself open," Dean whispered, and Cas obeyed, scrambling to hook an arm underneath his knee, holding his leg up.

Dean's hand disappeared somewhere behind him, and Cas heard the distinct clip of a cap closing, before Dean's hand came into view again.

Cas kept his eyes glued to the mirror, glued to the image of Dean’s hand moving down towards his hole.

He felt it first. Felt the cool, soft touch of the pad of Dean’s thumb. Dean didn’t press in, just massaged the wrinkled skin, the slide slick with lube.

Looking at it, seeing Dean’s hand touching him while his mouth kissed and bit his shoulders, only excited him more. He knew Dean was taking his time, preparing him for the first breaching. He didn't know he had already ruined Cas, had since that moment in the dark when Cas caved and touched himself to the sound of Dean. He didn’t know that he had done it almost every day since, almost always finishing with Dean's name on his lips.

"Dean, please," he groaned out, pushing down on the teasing finger, gasping as it slipped past the tight ring of muscle.

"Fuck, Cas," Dean growled. "It's like you've done this before."

"I—I have," Cas cried out. Fuck, Dean’s fingers were bigger than his, thicker. The hand pumping his cock froze, and he whimpered at the lack of friction. "Dean," he whined, dragging the word out.

"What do you mean, you have?" Dean asked, voiced unnaturally high.

Cas' thoughts were coming in snippets, short bursts of information that seemed irrelevant while the majority of his brain focused on the slack hand wrapped around his cock.

"You," he keened. "Thinking of you. Please, Dean..."

"You've...? Fuck, Cas, you've fingered yourself thinking about me?" Dean gaped.

“Yeah, yes...Dean, please, touch me!” Cas cried, and if he had more focus, had more strength, he
would be worried by the hunger he felt for Dean’s touches.

“You’ve done this, Cas?” Dean whispered in his ear, going back to slowly working him open, slowly jacking him off. “Stretched out your hole thinking about my cock inside you?”

“Yeah, Dean,” he groaned. A second finger worked itself inside him, and this was already a bigger stretch than he was used to. There was pain, not too much since Dean had gone with the honest belief that too much lube was just barely enough. “Been thinking about it. Thinking about you. Heard you.”

“You’ve heard me? You’ve been listening to me?”

Cas blushed, but nodded an answer, because Dean responded to every answer with a kiss to his neck, with a twist of his fingers. “Dean, please hurry. I need you...god, Dean!”

“Gotta stretch you, Cas. Prepare you. I want this to be good. So fucking good, babe. I’m gonna fuck you so good.”

Cas nodded, too far gone. He gave up trying to reserve a manner of calmness, gave up trying to pretend that he wasn’t aching for something inside him. He moaned and whimpered, breath faltering as Dean pushed in a third finger and reached that bundles of nerves that made his entire body go pliant, that shot bursts of pleasure to his brain.

“Dean, Dean! Fuck, yeah, right there! Oh god, Dean!” he blabbered, pushing his body down against Deans’ fingers. It was a terrible cycle of pushing down into fingers that split him open, then snapping up to Dean’s fists fucking his cock, and he didn’t want it to stop. He didn’t want to stop feeling like this, feeling like there was nothing but Dean, nothing but pleasure, nothing but miles of hot skin and rough voices, nothing but the smell of ashes and oil, nothing but green eyes and blond hair, nothing but Dean, Dean, Dean, oh god, Dean!

Dean knew what Cas needed. Cas was sure of it, because just when he thought there was no better feeling than this, no way to feel closer to Dean, he pulled his fingers out. Cas saw himself in the mirror, saw how open and wet he was, gaping wide for something to fill him. And then Dean was lining up, one hand clamped on Cas’s hip, the other holding his flushed cocked steady. Cas snaked a hand back, grabbed on to Dean’s ass and pushed him forward, moaning his elation as the blunt head stretch him open. It was fucking torture, going as low as Dean wanted. He wanted nothing more than to snap his hips back, or pull Dean forward, but Dean was holding him steady, was in total control of the entire situation. He was slow, hissing as inch by fucking inch, he was fully sheathed inside Cas.

And if Cas thought he knew bliss, he was fucking wrong. Because surely there could be nothing better but the hot rod of pleasure stretching wide, the steady throb of a second heartbeat inside him, the feeling of being so full…this was pure ecstasy. And now, if only Dean would move, if only he would inch forward, just far enough to nudge that part of him that made him feel bodiless, made him feel perfect

“Dean! Please, just—fucking move!” he finally burst, crying out as he felt ready to fall off the edge.

“Fuck, Cas!” Dean snarled. “You’re so fucking tight!”

Cas mewled when Dean pulled out, feeling the entire drag in his insides, and this was not how he was supposed to sound. He didn’t whimper, he didn’t mewl. He was a grown man, but oh god, when Dean snapped his hips forward…he didn’t know his voice could go that high.
“Dean!” he shrieked, holding on to whatever he could as Dean began to speed up, began to pound into him with a vigor that was probably not helping his stitches.

But Cas could care less about that, selfish as it may sound. He scrambled to hold on to the headboard with one hand, the other digging into the meaty flesh of Dean’s ass, and he closed his eyes, too stimulated too look at the obscene mirror, to see himself fall so far from the respectable doctor he appeared to be.

His cock was bouncing against his stomach with every pounding, red and angry-looking as thick drips of come dribbled out steadily. Dean was holding his right leg up, hand hooked under his knee to press it almost to his side.

“Feels so good, Cas. You like this? Like my cock in your tight, wet hole? It’s just eating me up. So fucking hungry for it, aren’t you, Cas? Can you fucking look at yourself? Just begging for me to take you. Feels good, Cas? You feel good?”

“Yes, Dean, yes”! Cas sobbed. “So good. Please, don’t stop! Don’t stop!”

“M’not gonna stop,” Dean grinned, whispering in his ear. “I’m gonna fuck you so hard, then come inside you, fill you up till your leaking. You want that, Cas? Wanna feel me inside you, feel me come?”

“Yes, Dean, want you. I want all of you. Don’t—ughh, fuck!—don’t stop! So close, so—ah! —so close!”

“Yeah? Just a touch to that pretty cock and you’ll be coming, right? Spilling all over yourself, getting yourself even filthier? Nobody’s gonna see you like this, Cas. But they’ll all know. Know how ready you are for me, know how much you beg for it.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” Cas chanted, unaware of just what he was agreeing to, knowing only that whatever Dean gave him was bound to be good, was bound to make everything better. He just wanted to come, wanted to reach the peak and burst. He was so ready for it.

He cried when Dean touched him, sobbed as the pleasure increased. And oh, he was gonna die. He was gonna die like this, with Dean fucking into him, and he couldn’t give a fuck. Not when Dean had his hand wrapped around his cock, fist pumping him hard, fast, and crude. But it didn’t need to be a fucking perfect hand job, not when Dean’s cock was punishing his prostrate, was ramming into it with every other thrust.

And everything was so good, and Dean was filling him with everything he had, and it didn’t matter that he couldn’t think, couldn’t fucking talk, because who cared? Who cared if he was begging like a bitch, crying out and whimpering as he was slammed into from behind? Who cared when everything was so fucking good? When Dean was tying them together, getting him closer than he had ever felt, because he was one with Dean, was connected with him in ways he would never had thought possible.

He blacked out momentarily when his orgasm hit him, eyesight going black as his body tightened like a bowstring and strings of come splashed against his stomach. His passaged tightened too, and he gaped as it wrapped around Dean tightly.

And then Dean cursed and something hot and wet burst inside Cas, stuffing him, and he heard a filthy sound as Dean’s come spurted out of him, and his own cock made a second valiant effort to participate, but he was spent, and he only managed a moan that sounded small even to his ears.
It didn’t matter, though, because Dean was hugging him tightly against his body, still inside him as he softened, and was kissing the back of his neck softly.

“That was…amazing,” Dean murmured, nuzzling into him.


Dean laughed, and Cas smiled as he felt the tremors of it against his back. He was dirty; this was the filthiest sex he had ever had in his life, and that included the time when Daphne thought it would be fun to use chocolate in their sex life. But he didn’t care. He had a softening dick inside his ass, come trialing out of an abuse asshole and into his leg, more come cooling off in his stomach, and his body was slick with a mixture of his sweat and Dean’s…but he was perfectly happy to just lay there.

Dean, apparently, wasn’t, because he pulled out, both of them wincing as he did so, and went to the bathroom. Cas moved on to his back, making a face as his muscles complained, and watched from the corner of his eye as Dean cleaned himself off then wetted a hand towel to clean Cas off. He threw the dirty towel in the ground, where it joined their forgotten clothes and laid down next to him, instantly plastering himself against Cas’ side.

“I’m gonna be able to say it. Soon,” Dean said suddenly, and Cas glanced at him, curiously.

“Say what?”

“That I…you know,” Dean shrugged. “I’m gonna say it.”

“I know you love me, Dean,” Cas rolled his eyes. “You don’t have to say it.”

“I do,” Dean insisted. “I want for you to hear it, not just know it.”

“Okay,” Cas said simply. “Would it help if I said I loved you?”

“Probably lots,” Dean smirked. “You love me?”

“I love you,” Cas nodded sleepily. He stifled a yawn, buried his head in the crook of Dean’s neck, and grabbed his hand underneath the covers. “Dean and Cas, sittin’ in a tree, K-I-S-S-S-N-G,” he finished, dozing off.

“You didn’t say it right,” he heard Dean’s voice murmur, but he was already asleep, Dean’s hand wrapped tightly around his own.

Chapter End Notes

Thinking of giving this a proper title....any ideas?
Being with Castiel was easy. Surprisingly so, actually. Dean worried that they were in the honeymoon phase, where everything was glazed with sweetness, but then again, their relationship had always been easy. They had a fifteen-year-old friendship...perhaps sex was not enough to put a damper on that.

And they had sex. A lot, thankfully. Dean was actually surprised by how much Castiel seemed to enjoy sleeping with him, not that he would ever complain. It was kind of hard to find something to complain about when he had Cas in his mouth or bent over the kitchen table. But perhaps thinking about fucking Cas wasn’t the best thing to do when he was in a public place, his friends sitting around him.

It was the 24th Annual Inter-Departmental Baseball Tournament, and it was Dean’s team turn to play. The tournament actually lasted about six weeks, since every Station and Firehouse in the Greater Houston Area participated. Dean, of course, was still not allowed to play so he was stuck in the bleachers with the rest of the spectators, watching as his team stretched in the field.

“So, what are they doing now?” Charlie asked from his right, popping a fistful of popcorn in her mouth.

“Stretching,” Dean rolled his eyes. “Do you really know nothing about baseball?”

“I know the uniforms look hot,” Charlie shrugged. “And I especially like how Dorothy looks in them.”

“I, for one, am glad Charlie is here,” Sam said from the row before them. “If she weren’t here, Dean would already be trying to get on that field, shoulder be damned.”

“I would’ve stopped him,” Castiel said, glaring at Sam. “I’m a doctor, too.”

“Cas, you turn to putty when Dean smiles at you. He wouldn’t even have to ask.”

“That is not true!”

“Totally true,” Sam said, grinning. “Dean’s just the same.”

“You guys are adorable,” Adam grinned, stealing from Sam’s caramel popcorn.

“We are grown men,” Dean complained. “You know what, just shut up and watch the game. It’s starting.”

“You guys haven’t played in this field before, right?” Cas asked curiously. “It doesn’t look familiar.”

“Nah, this place is pretty expensive to book,” Dean said. “But the opposing team put the majority of the money down, so there you go.”

“What’s the name of this place?” Sam asked.
“Stisson Memorial Field,” Charlie answered, surprising everyone. “This is the place where Mr. Roberson used to practice at.”

“The guy from the surgery?” Dean asked, surprised, having heard all about the law suit from Sam.

“Yeah. Veterans get a membership for free,” Sam said. “The guy went into the army right after school, and after his serving time was over, joined the Astros. I had to come here once before, to ask the owners if he had come here to practice at any time during his rehab. No dice.”

“How are you doing with that, by the way?” Adam asked curiously. “You seemed pretty stressed last time.”

“I keep telling him not to worry,” Charlie said, eyes glued to the figure of Dorothy at bat. “There’s no way he can beat Alastair.”

“Thanks for the bout of confidence,” Sam snapped. “And I am doing perfectly fine, thank you. I just can’t talk about it.”

“Charlie is right, Sam,” Castiel said seriously. “Sometimes you just get a losing case.”

“Whatever. All of you, pay attention to the game.”

The other team, Precinct 4, wasn’t very good. Not too fall for stereotypes, but most of the players out there were in the heavier side, having eaten one too many doughnuts. So while Dean’s team only had Benny, Dorothy, and Christian as it’s truly good players, they were easily beating the cops.

“I feel like you’ve played here before,” Sam said. “Are you sure you haven’t?”

“I’m sure, Samantha. Let me watch the game,” Dean complained.

“Jerk.”

“Dean’s just in a bad mood because he had to give his testimony to Sheriff Mills this morning,” Cas explained apologetically.


“The fire,” Cas answered.

“I thought it was already marked as arson,” Adam frowned. “Why would they need to talk to Dean?”

“Technicalities,” Dean answered. “The video of that guy didn’t catch his face, so they police still have squat.”

“So it’s a guy?”

“I don’t know!” Dean exclaimed. “Her face, his face, whatever. Thing is, cops are nowhere near catching this person.”

“Well, who would have motive to kill Cas?” Charlie asked. “He’s a model citizen.”

“The consensus is angry patient,” Cas shrugged. “Though I’m starting to doubt that. Nobody in the hospital should know where I lived, other than Sam, Jessica, Meg, and Michael. I doubt it was any of them that set my apartment on fire.”
“I don’t think it’s a patient either,” Adam said thoughtfully. “I mean, whoever this person is, they must know a little about how cars and fires work, right? I mean, I don’t even know where the steering wheel is, much less how to tamper with it.”

“This guy is an expert on fires,” Dean muttered. He didn’t want to talk about his day with Jody, didn’t want to tell them what he and Jody had come up with. Because the fire had been set methodically. It wasn’t meant to stay quiet, wasn’t even made to look like an accident. Whoever the killer was, he had made so that the flames remained small, but the heat and smoke strong. He had set the fire below Dean’s apartment, so that the heat wouldn’t warn Cas. He didn’t want Cas to burn to death. He wanted him to asphyxiate. People weren’t flammable; most people tended to forget that. In most fires, three out of four deaths were because of the smoke, not the actual flame. It took time for a person to burn to death, and most of the time, the fire was put out before someone actually burned.

So not a lot of people died because of fires. They died because of the heat, because of the smoke, or because of the infection, like Dean almost had. And whoever had done this, whoever had tried to kill Cas, knew this. Knew it as well as Dean did and Jody didn’t. Knew it as well as any of Dean’s coworkers did.

“So basically, the guy trying to kill me knows a lot about cars and about fires?” Cas asked sarcastically.

“That makes it sound like it was Dean who tried to kill you,” Adam said, laughing awkwardly.

“Jody thought so,” Dean shrugged. “If I hadn’t almost died in said fire, I would be behind bars right now.”

Cas rolled his eyes. “If we were going to point fingers at every person who knows about cars and fires, there would be a lot of people behind bars.”

“But if you only count the people that know you—.”

“That makes it Dean, Bobby, John, and Benny,” Cas snapped, stopping Sam. “And I don’t think any of them did it.”

There was an awkward silence where everyone stared at the field, unwilling to talk about the elephant in the room.

“Cas, I didn’t mean anything by it,” Sam said finally.

“I know,” Cas sighed. “But I’m not going to start doubting my friends, Sam. Especially not your brother.”

“Like Dean would ever,” Adam snorted.

“Okay, so we all agree that I didn’t try to kill Cas,” Dean snapped angrily. “Can we watch the game now?”

Everyone quieted down as Dean tried to calm down. This wasn’t a stupid joke. Somebody out there, a friend, was trying to kill Cas. A friend of them, someone they knew and trusted, was the one who had set fire to their apartment. This wasn’t a joke. This was a betrayal, and it was nothing to laugh about.

Dean was fuming, hardly seeing the game as he ran over and over the list of suspects Jody had gathered. Almost as if sensing his anger, Cas shifted besides him, setting his coke on the ground to
grab his hand. He sighed, relaxing as Cas brushed his thumb over his knuckles.

They won the game, of course. Dean didn’t watch much of it, too strung out to really pay attention like he normally would. He only noticed the game had ended because Cas let go of his hand to stand up and cheer with the rest of the crowd.

He tried to school his features into something friendly as they made their way to the parking lot, where they would meet with the team.

The first people to come out where Dorothy and Gwen.

“Congratulations!” Charlie greeted, hugging Dorothy. “You were awesome!”

“You too!” Dorothy laughed. “I could hear you cheering my name all the way down in the field.”

“Yeah, she was scaring the kids,” Sam laughed. “Good job, team.”

“Thanks, cousin,” Gwen grinned. “When are you gonna be able to play, chief?” she asked, turning to Dean.

“Ask the warden over here,” Dean said, nodding to Charlie.

“Give it a couple of weeks,” Charlie said. “You’ll get there.”

“Good, because we have Precinct 8 after this, and those cops don’t like to pig out,” Dorothy said.

“Where’s Benny?” Dean asked, and felt Cas glaring at him.

“I think he already left,” Dorothy shrugged, looking around. “He left before everyone else.”

“What? What about the after party?” Gwen asked. “I was looking forward to that!”

“Party? For winning against Precinct 4?” Dorothy snorted. “This was a warm-up.”

“If there’s no after-party, then I’m heading home,” Sam said. “I think Jessica gets out at five today.”

“But you’re my ride,” Charlie complained. “Come on, Sam!”

“I can give you a ride home,” Dorothy said, smiling at Charlie.

“You don’t’ even know where I live.”

“Trust me, she doesn’t care,” Dean snorted. “Remember girls, no hanky-panky in the car.”

“Shut up, Winchester,” Dorothy said, blushing bright red. “So you want the ride or not?” she asked, turning to Charlie.

“Sure. Let me just—I’ll get my stuff from Sam’s car,” Charlie said, turning to Sam. “Lead the way.”

“See you guys tomorrow!” Sam said, turning to walk with Charlie back to his car.

“What about you, Adam? How did you get here?” Dean asked his youngest brother.

“I got my car,” Adam said, nodding to a blue sedan that had seen better days. “Not the prettiest, but it does the job.”
“Well, if everyone is leaving, we might as well just head home,” Cas said, glancing at Dean. “We still have that—uh, that thing we had to do.”

“Oh yes, the thing,” Dean nodded, blushing. “Let’s—.”

There was a shout, a sudden screech of wheels, and suddenly, everyone was yelling. Dean turned around, catching an old pickup truck speeding away from the parking lot, probably the cause of the screech.

“Sam!” Cas shouted, and Dean froze. What? Sam? No, not Sam. Not—

“I’m okay,” Sam called, picking himself up from where he had jumped to evade the speeding car. He pulled Charlie to her feet, but before he could do anything else, Dean was there, wrapping him in a strong hold.

“Fuck, Dean. I’m fine,” Sam said, patting his back. “It was just some drunk asshole.”

“Are you okay?” Dean asked, ignoring him and searching him for any injuries.

“I’m fine,” Sam sighed, wiping his hands on his jeans. “Like I said, some drunk asshole.”

“I thought I was going to die!” Charlie gasped. “He just came right at us!”

“You’re bleeding a little bit,” Cas frowned, nodding to the gash on Charlie’s forehead. “How are you feeling?”

“No headache, no nausea…I think I’m good,” Charlie frowned, touching her forehead. “Might need stitches—fuck.”

“Want me to take you to the hospital?” Dorothy asked worriedly.

“We’ll drive her,” Dean said quickly. “We might as well take Sam as well.”

“Dean, I’m fine,” Sam said, rolling his eyes.

“Sam, it’s better to be safe than sorry,” Castiel butted in softly. “You hit your head pretty hard. You drive with Dean, and I’ll take your car.”

“Did anybody get the license plates of that truck?” Adam asked.

“No, it was too fast,” Sam said. “But it’s fine. Nobody got seriously hurt. Let’s just go to the hospital. I get to see Jess anyway.”

Dean didn’t say anything. He guided his brother and Charlie to his car, still in silence. He was trying not to think too hard. Because Sam was probably right. It had been just some drunk asshole. Nothing else. He didn’t want to think about the fact that the truck had no plates, about the fact that Stisson Memorial Field didn’t allow beer in the premises. He certainly didn’t want to think about his conversation with Jody, even if this proved all of her theories right. Damn her and her gut.

Because if he thought about it, if he stopped to think that maybe this wasn’t an accident, then he would have to accept what Jody had told him: that the killer wasn’t after Cas. The killer was after the people Dean cared about. This wasn’t a grudge against Cas.

It was against Dean.
So....what do you think about this turn of events? Who is the killer? Is he gonna leave Cas alone and go after Sam?
(I feel like a mustache'd villain twirling said mustache)
Chapter Notes

I know I'm a day early, sorry. I got a new manager, and the guy decided to change everyone's schedules, so from now on, I only have time to post Sunday nights. Sorry!

Good news is, the climax hits next chapter! Yeah! Bad news, we're almost coming to an end. I have three to five chapters left in me and then it's the adios. Always the adios *sigh*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sam didn’t want to call the cops. Even if Dean was acting all mother-hen and blowing things out proportion. There was nothing wrong with him, and nothing wrong with Charlie. Yeah, he had sprained his wrist, and Charlie had gotten a pretty big lump in her head when her skull hit the pavement…but other than that, they were okay. It was just some drunk bastard that had gotten scared and pelted off. Nothing to worry about.

Of course, it was hard to keep things quiet when the accident happened in front of an entire precinct of officers. In less time that it took Cas to bandage his wrist, Sheriff Mills had called him and Charlie and ordered them to the station.

“Did you see a license?” was the first thing she asked when they were seated in the conference room.

“No,” Sam sighed. “I wasn’t paying attention.”

“What kind of vehicle was it?”


“I’ll put an APB out.”

“It’s really not necessary, Sheriff,” Sam sighed. “Just some drunk guy that got scared and ran.”

“Sorry, Sam, but that’s not the way I see it,” Sheriff Mills shrugged. “The accident happened too close to Castiel, who’s got a killer on his back. I’m sorry, but we’re treating this as a high-red alert.”

“Oh my god, are you joking?” Charlie snorted. “Dude, I’m all for getting drunk drivers off the streets, but high-red?”

“Sheriff, we got the tape,” Victor interrupted, walking in through the doors with a tape in his hand. “Pop it in?”

“Go ahead,” Sheriff Mills nodded, motioning to the old fashioned TV at the end of the table.

“Should we be here for this?” Charlie asked hesitantly.

“Stay,” Sheriff Mills nodded. “It’s okay.” She nodded at Victor, who walked forward to slide in the
tape into the videocassette player.

The recording started somewhat in the morning, before the game had started. There were a couple of cars parked in the parking lot already, including the white truck.

“That’s the one,” Sam said, pointing at it.

“Wait…that’s a shot of the license plates,” Victor said, leaning in to squint at the table. “They’re too blurry to see, but I think I can get the last four…F628.”

“We’re gonna have to take that down to Ash,” Sheriff Mills frowned. “See if we can get the rest of it. Double the speed on the tape.”

Victor obeyed then sat back down to watch as the parking lot began to fill with cars. Sam saw himself arrive with Charlie, then Dean and Castiel. He saw Benny, Dorothy, Adam…they all arrived minutes within each other, and it was only until half an hour into the tape that the first sign of anything suspicious came in.

“Slow the tape,” Sheriff Mills said, frowning at the TV screen. “Do you recognize that man?”

Sam frowned. A man had stepped into the parking lot, face covered by a red hoodie. He was walking quickly, keeping close to the cars and with his face turned away from the camera. Sam watched as he approached the truck, took out something from the back and proceeded to take off the license plates.

“Fuck,” Sam muttered. “Is this…?”

“Same guy from the arson video,” Victor muttered.

“But…he came straight at me,” Sam exclaimed, watching as the man climbed the truck and waited. “Cas was nowhere near us!”

“That’s because he went after you, not Castiel,” Sheriff Mills sighed. “I think this is an act against your brother, Sam, not Castiel. I’ve already spoken to your brother about this, and we both came up with a list of possible perpetuators…but so far, we have no leads.”

“We thought it might be Benny,” Victor grimaced. “But he arrived after the truck…and he left the field before your attempted hit and run.”

“But this guy arrived way before Sam and I did…how did he know he was gonna be there?” Charlie asked, eyes on the TV. Sam turned around just in time to see the screen play the scene where he and Charlie were almost run over.

“He’s someone who knows Dean closely,” Victor explained. “He knew at what time Dean wasn’t going to be in his apartment, but Cas would. He probably knew that Dean’s team was going to play at Stisson field that day and arrived early to scout the place.”

“Sam…Dean didn’t want to point fingers. He is too trusting, too loyal to accuse anyone of betrayal…but you and I both know that not everyone was happy to see Dean succeed,” Sheriff Mills said softly. “I think the killer is one of his men…a fellow fireman.”

A fireman? But…but they were all family, they were all friends! None of them would ever dare attack Dean. But then again…they had attacked Castiel. Why Castiel first, and not Sam? Why attack someone, who at the time, had been nothing but a friend? Sam had known of Dean’s crush for years, as had his mother, his father, and a couple of select friends…but to everyone else, they
had been just friends.

Except…

“Mark.”


“Mark, our cousin,” Sam said, wincing as the words spilt from his mouth. “It… it fits, right? I mean… he applied for the Fire Chief job. He has been in that Firehouse for longer than Dean… technically, he is the oldest member other than Martin… the job should’ve gone to him, right? But it went to Dean. Mark knew that Dean had a crush on Cas, knew it since Dean told Gwen and Gwen told all of her brothers. That’s the reason why Dean doesn’t talk to them much anymore. And Mark… he called the day off for the game. He didn’t show up, that’s why they had Gwen on first base… it fits, right? Oh my god, it fits.”

Sam stared at the table, horrified. Mark. His cousin Mark. No, it wasn’t possible. It couldn’t be him… but then again, why not? They weren’t all that close— but they were still family!

“What about the day Dean’s apartment caught fire?” Sheriff Mills asked quietly, staring intently at Sam. This was the last piece. If it fit…

“I don’t know,” Sam whispered. “Dean… he should know.”

“Alright. I will speak to your brother,” Sheriff Mills nodded. “We can’t arrest anyone without sufficient proof… but at least now we have a leading suspect. You and Charlie can leave, Sam.”

“Thanks, Sheriff,” Charlie said, grabbing Sam by the hand.

Sam followed her numbly. He wasn’t all that close to Mark. But he was family. Believing that he was the killer was almost as bad as believing it was Adam. It just wasn’t… it didn’t make sense, at least not to a Winchester.

But there was something else… something he had seen. There was something missing from that tape, he was sure of it. The guy… he was familiar. So familiar that Sam could almost believe that he was family. His gait, his stance… it was all something Sam had seen before, someone he knew. But Mark?

No. It had to be someone else. It just had to.

Dean studied the binder in front of him. Every name was a blurry line, every letter a foreign symbol… except for one.

For insurance purposes, every firefighter had to record his assignments on this binder. You went out to rescue a kitten from a tree? Write it down. You went out to save thirteen people from a burning building? Into the binder it went. It was a good paper trail for health insurances to follow, a good way to make sure Dean’s men got all of the protection they needed.

Dean, Benny, Dorothy, Christian, Ryan, and Steven had all responded to 586 Roseburg St. Gwen, Stacy, John, Carlos, Gio, and Louis had been called to a small building fire in Central Houston. Mark, Jocelyn, Howard, and Ryan had responded to an EMT request for assistance an hour before the Roseburg fire… none of them had marked a return time, except for Ryan, who had immediately signed in an entrance to the Roseburg fire. Which meant that they had dealt with the situation with
the EMTs by the time Dean was called to his apartment. For some reason, Mark, Jocelyn, and Howard had not signed in…at least not until three hours later, when all three of them answered a miss call for 911 assistance.

It didn’t make sense…but it wasn’t enough to point fingers. Yeah, Mark had not shown up for the game, but neither had Howard. It wasn’t strange. The tournament wasn’t mandatory. It was supposed to be friendly competition, a team-building exercise.

But he had to report this, right? Sheriff had called him, asked for proof of Mark’s location on the day of the fire. And Dean had a three hour gap where he didn’t know where three of his men were.

He sighed. He glanced down at the card in his hand with Sheriff Mills’ office number. He had to call her. This was…if it really was Mark, he had to put a stop to it. Cas had almost died. Sam had almost died. He had to do this.

He sighed again, and picked up the phone.

“Sheriff Mills?”

“Speaking.”

“Sheriff…Jody, this is Dean,” Dean said, rubbing a hand against his forehead, trying to will the headache that was coming away. “I, uh, I have no alibi for three of my men for the day of the fire.”

“Dean…I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, uh…Mark Campbell, Jocelyn Ruiz, and Howard West. Three hour missing period between 2:30 p.m. and 5:30 p.m. Roseburg St fire call came in at 3:22 p.m.”

“Jocelyn Ruiz and Howard West?”

“Jocelyn is a newbie,” Dean explained. “Third month in the team, played a hell of a catcher at the game. West didn’t show up for the game, neither did Mark.”

“I will look into both of them. You run background checks?”

“N-nothing deep. We get mostly volunteers,” Dean muttered. “We don’t check too much.”

“Alright. I’ll take care of the rest. If you could keep this between the two of us…”

“Yeah, I sure will, Sheriff,” Dean said. “Anything else?”

“No, that’s all, Dean. Thanks…and again, I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, I’m sorry, too,” Dean sighed, and hung up.

This was fucked up. Everything in his life was going great…he had the job of his dreams, the guy of his dreams…fuck, he even had a new brother! Why the hell couldn’t his life be fucking normal for one day? He didn’t want it to be one of his friends. Mark wasn’t that close to him; he was family just by name…but Dean trusted him with his life. He had to. That was his job. He had trusted him with his life before, and Mark had never done anything for him to doubt that trust. But if he had tried to hurt Cas or Sam…Dean didn’t care who he was, he was going down.

But he really fucking wished it wouldn’t be him. That would just be too fucked up.
Mark? Whaaaaat?

Show of hands, who thinks I have another plot twist coming? Or is the plot twist that there is no plot twist coming? Oh, and the killer...he has an A somewhere in his name. And if you're thinking that I'm thinking about who you think you're thinking...you're thinking right.
Dean had imagined having sex with Cas a thousand times. A thousand different positions. A thousand different places. The first time he had slept with Cas, all of his expectations had been shattered. Cas was—and Dean never imagined he would use this word to describe Cas—bawdy. Obscene. Right down pornographic. Not that he was complaining.

Especially when Cas was between his legs, warm mouth wrapped around his heavy cock. He couldn’t look away, couldn’t keep his eyes off Cas’ lips, wet and slippery with saliva and precome. Objectively, one would think he wasn’t very good. Dean had flinched a couple of times when a scrape of teeth was too much, when a squeeze was too tight. But it was hard not to enjoy it, especially when Cas was sucking and licking at him like he was the best popsicle he had ever tasted, like he couldn’t get enough. Cas was—for a lack of a better word—a cockslut. And just the sight of him enjoying himself, just the way Cas would swallow down as much of Dean as he could, eyes closed in ecstasy only to let go of him, wrap his mouth around the cockhead and suck…Dean could come right then and there.

“You like it?” he asked Cas, breathless. “You like sucking my cock?”

“Y-yeah,” Cas whispered, flattening his tongue to lick at the bead of precome that had run down his shaft. “Taste so sweet, Dean. Can’t get my fill.” He reiterated his words by pressing down on the slit with the tip of his tongue.

“Fuck,” Dean groaned, letting his head fall back against the headboard. Cas moved to swallow him whole again, and Dean moaned when he felt the muscles of his throat working around him. He wanted nothing more than to fuck that hot mouth, to bury himself inside that wet cave. But he didn’t have to, because Cas was doing it himself, moving his head up and down, fucking himself. He apparently had no gag reflex, which he took advantage of and Dean greatly appreciated. With every downwards stroke, he would poke his tongue out to lick at Dean’s balls, and with every upwards stroke, he would swirl his tongue under the head, playing with the sensitive skin. That felt good. Fuck, that felt fucking good, and Dean was reminded once more of Cas ability to learn anything in minutes.

“Cas, I’m gonna come,” he warned, feeling his muscles tighten in anticipation, burying his hands in Cas’ bobbing head. “I’m gonna…fuck, gonna come, Cas.”

“Yeah, come Dean. Come for me,” Cas growled, wrapping a firm hand around him, pumping him furiously. “Come.”

“Fuck!” Dean gasped, stretching the word out as he painted his stomach in white ropes of come.
His muscles locked and his sight blacked out as pleasure over took his body. Cas hands were on his thighs, rubbing up and down the stretch of skin soothingly even as he move to lick up the warm come in his stomach with small kitten licks that left goosebumps behind.

“Cas,” he sighed as he came down from his high, trembling at the sight of Cas licking his sticky lips. “That was…wow.”

“We’re not done, yet, Dean,” Cas murmured. "Now, you gotta stretch me open,” he whispered, moving up, rubbing the entire length of his body against Dean’s.

Dean smiled softly, despite the heated mood of the moment, and squeezed Cas’ perfect ass, pushing his hips down to rub against Dean’s interested length.

“I never thought I would have you like this,” Dean murmured, kissing Cas slowly. “I don’t know what to do with you.”

Cas moved to bracket Dean’s body with his knees, sinking his hips to rub his hard cock deliciously against Dean’s. “You have time to learn,” Cas answered, smiling. “Now, you have to stretch me open in the same amount of time it takes me to get your hard again.” He captured Dean’s mouth in a hot kiss, using his tongue to explore Dean’s mouth. Dean moaned loudly and reached blindly for the lube on his bedside table as Cas took over the kiss.

He knew he was moving too fast, knew he looked like a fucking virgin squirting too much lube on his fingers, but it hardly seemed to matter when Cas breathed out a laugh and move his mouth down to Dean’s neck to suck dark bruises on the skin. His laughter quickly turned into a breathless whine as Dean pressed against his tight hole, massaging the wrinkled skin and teasing it with the tip of his fingers. Cas whined again and shoved his ass back on Dean’s finger, gasping as the index digit slipped past the tight ring of muscle and his ignored cock brushed against Dean’s hardening shaft.

Cas was tight and burning hot around his finger. He let out a dry sob when Dean breached him again quickly after the first finger, sinking his middle finger to the second knuckle. Cas groaned and sunk his nails into Dean’s bicep, pushing his ass down on Dean’s fingers, then rolling up to slide against Dean’s cock.

“Dean,” Cas wailed, moving with lascivious grace as he got caught in the vicious circle of fucking down on Dean’s fingers, then fucking up to the wet friction between their cocks. “Fuck!”

Dean smirked and added a third finger, smile broadening when Cas hands slammed against the headboard, gripping the wood hard as Dean began fucking him with his fingers in earnest, adding to push to Cas’ shove.

“Fuck, fuck, Dean!” Cas gasped, letting his forehead hit the headboard, unaware—or uncaring—of the drumbeat the headboard was making against the abused wall. “A-add another!”

“Isn’t somebody greedy?” Dean grinned. “Were you like this when you fingered yourself? Adding enough fingers to make it feel like a real cock? Like my cock?”

Cas didn’t answer with words, choosing to show his feelings by rolling his hips like a fucking pornstar, mouth opening in a silent scream as Dean mercifully added a fourth digit.

“You look so beautiful like this, Cas,” Dean said, grabbing Cas’ hip with his free hand to push him down deeper. “So fucking sexy.”

“D-Dean, stop,” Cas muttered, letting go of the headboard to push down on Dean’s chest,
surprising him.

“W-hat?”

Cas ignored him, lifting up and wincing when Dean’s fingers slipped out of him. Before Dean could object, Cas stepped off the bed, and grabbed Dean’s thighs, pulling him down.

“Move,” Cas said hurriedly. “Come on, Dean!”

Dean obeyed, catching on quickly to what Cas wanted. He moved until his legs were resting on the carpeted floor, ass and back still resting on the bed. Cas moved quickly, climbing Dean like a cat until he was directly on top of him and guiding Dean’s cock inside himself, moaning at the first breaching.

Dean couldn’t do anything but watch as Cas took complete control, rolling his hips back and forth, bouncing up and down, searching for that spot inside himself shamelessly. He leaned back, resting his hands on Dean’s thighs and his knees on the edge of the bed as he bounced up and down, chasing his own orgasm with disregard to Dean’s.

But Dean didn’t care. Cas could be selfish all he wanted. Dean only needed to see Cas like this, open and needy, body shining with sweat and flushed with heat to feel his orgasm building. He held on to Cas’ hips as a life line, answering every push with a thrust of his own, panting as his breath fled his body.

“Dean! Fuck, right there! Yeah, ugh, fuck!” Cas moaned, eyes closing as he hurried, body rolling sensually. He looked like a fucking belly dancer the way his hips were rolling. He was completely on display, dick rubbing against Dean’s stomach, leaving pearly trails of precome on his shuddering skin. Dean’s thighs were shaking with the exertion of pushing up into Cas, his hands slippery with sweat as they tried to hold on to Cas’ hips.

“You’re gonna come?” Dean growled, grinning wickedly as a certain jab made Cas whimper. “You’re gonna come all over me, Cas?”

“Y-yeah, fuck! Oh god, oh god, Dean! Yes!” Cas screamed, becoming almost desperate in his attempt to come. The bed was groaning under the weight, the frame scraping back against the carpet, the headboard hitting a second, faster beat against the wall, and Dean worried that it was gonna break, but Cas didn’t seem to care.

So he did the only sensible thing. He wrapped his arms around Cas waist and stood up, laughing when Cas squeaked. He was heavy, but not as heavy as the pounds of equipment he had to carry in a daily basis under a forty-five pound fire suit, so it wasn’t hard for him to fuck Cas standing up, to drive up to him while he held his ass open with his hands, fingers digging into the already stretched out, abused rim.

“Jesus Christ!” Cas shrieked, wrapping his legs around Dean’s waist, ankles hooked together and digging into the dip in his lower back; he wrapped his arms around Dean’s shoulders, nails digging into the shifting muscles. “God, Dean! Yeah, fuck yeah! So fucking good, Dean! So good for me.”

“You liked this?” Dean grunted. He nipped and licked at Cas’ jaw, feeling the bob of his Adam’s apple on his lips, the sweat of his skin on his tongue. “You like it when I fuck you? I bet you do, you’re fucking begging for it, Cas. Nothing better than my cock on you ass, right Cas?”

Cas was whimpering and sobbing, hands scrambling to grip at Dean’s skin, dragging them down his back, digging into his sides, scratching at his chest…anything to bring Dean closer. “Yes!” he
cried out at Dean’s words. “Uhh, uhh yes! Fucking love it, Dean. Ungh! Yeah, yeah, just like that! R-right there! Don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t fucking stop! Ahh!”

Dean’s legs were shaking with the strain of Cas weight and his impending orgasm. He had slipped the tip of his fingers into Cas’ fucked out hole, and the feel of the drag of his fingers on the sensitive skin of is cock, coupled with the heat and warmth of Cas’ massaging passage was enough to set him on the edge.

“I’m gonna come!” Cas yelled, arching in Dean’s arms, exposing the long line of his bruised neck.

“Yeah,” Dean smirked. “I’m gonna make you come like this, Cas. Just from a cock in your ass. Think you can do it? Think you’re enough of a cockslut for it?”

“Yeah,” Cas wailed to the ceiling. “Yes! F-feels so good, Dean. Oh god, you feel so good fucking me. Fuck!”

Dean wrapped his arms more tightly around Cas, hugging him so close that he could feel Cas’ dick trapped between their stomachs. Cas stopped talking, gasping and whimpering as he received stimulation from Dean’s cock pushing against his prostrate, and the friction on his weeping cock.

Dean could tell when Cas came close, could tell by his little gasps, by the way his moans hitched at the end, the way his nails scratched Dean’s back. Everything was too much. Cas, all around him, the only sounds a slick, wet slapping, the occasional obscene slurp, and their cries. He felt his balls draw up, felt his stomach muscles tighten, felt Cas’ passage spasm as Cas screamed his orgasm, felt a hot wetness on his stomach, and then he was coming. His orgasm spilled like a fucking tidal wave, spilling into Cas and tainting his walls with his come, marking him from the inside. He felt his entire body shake, and he bit his lip until it bled to keep from falling on the floor. Cas seemed to sense his weakness, though, because he unwrapped his trembling limbs from Dean’s to stand on his own two feet. He ignored the trail of come leaking out of his abused hole and down his leg, and pushed Dean back until they fell on the bed, sprawled and intertwined.

“That…was the hottest sex I’ve ever had,” Cas was the first to speak, his mouth octaves lower from strain. “Thank god I fell in love with a fireman.”

Dean laughed. “It helps that you’re so skinny.”

“I am not skinny. I’m lean. You’re the fucking muscle-head.”

“Cursing, Dr. Novak?” Dean raised an eyebrow. “How unseemly.”

“Says the guy who loves dirty talk,” Cas snorted. “Cockslut?”

“You were eating me up, man! Like you couldn’t get enough of me,” Dean smirked.

“You do eat a lot of pie, Dean,” Cas shrugged. “And your diet affects the taste of your semen. Scientific fact. It also affects your refraction period, so I’m quite lucky you exercise regularly or it would take you hours to become erect again instead of minutes.”

“That is a nice way to cover up the fact that you were sucking on my dick like a straw,” Dean snorted.

This time, Cas blushed. “Don’t be crude,” he muttered. “Shouldn’t you be getting some towels to clean us up? It’s drying,” he said, motioning to the come on his stomach and legs.

“You’re the doctor,” Dean said. “Aren’t you supposed to be all hygienic and shit?”
“I’m the one who was doing all the work,” Cas smirked. “So you do the cleanup.”

“Doing all the work?” Dean exclaimed, insulted despite the half-truth in those words. “I’m sweating like a whore in church from fucking you!”

“Yeah, and you will continue to be able to fuck me as long as you go that bathroom and get a moist towel for us to clean up.”

“Fine,” Dean sighed, getting up to wobbly feet. “But don’t ever say I don’t do anything for you.”

“I’ve never said that,” Cas said, following Dean with his eyes. “You do plenty for me, I can probably make you a list. The mind-numbing orgasms would be pretty high on that list, number one if I’m being honest, but they wouldn’t be the only thing on it.”

“What’s on that list?” Dean asked curiously as he walked back to the bed, already cleaned and with a damp towel on hand. He cleaned Cas gently, smiling at him as Cas stared softly at him, a slight tilt to his head.

“I’ll tell you once it’s written,” Cas answered. “Lay down with me?”

“Yeah,” Dean answered, planting a tender kiss on his forehead. “I can do that.”

Sam was running late for his meeting with Michael. But he wasn’t too worried, not when he had the solution too all of his problems in front of him.

The medical record was the only folder in his desk. All of the other records he had dug up of Arthur Roberson were on his floor, thrown in a fit of jubilation. It had taken him weeks to get his hands on this medical record. The army didn’t release their records easily, but it helped a lot that Dean’s name carried weight in there, not to mention the fact that Sam’s grandfather had been the D.A.

But now he had his hands on it. Arthur Roberson had gone into the army straight out of high school. He had placed higher than normal in the IQ scale, had shown great potential with dealing in high-risk situations. So they had sent him to the Bomb Squad. He never disarmed a real bomb, but he had been too close to one when one went off in Afghanistan. Lost the feeling on his right arm for a week. The doctors didn’t know what was wrong with him, not until they decided to give him a psych evaluation and found out it was all on his mind. Shock. PTSD. Some sort of phantom injury. It had gone away with a couple of therapy sessions, but the symptoms were the same as now.

Sudden motor loss. Lack of recuperation despite rehabilitation. No real physical trauma. All in his mind. All psychological.

“Hey, aren’t you late for something?” Frank snapped, throwing him a pencil from the entrance. “Gotta go lose a case, don’t you?”

Sam rolled his eyes, but didn’t say anything. Now that he knew he was going to win, he didn’t have to try and make everyone believe in him. He would show them. So he grabbed the medical record and hurried out of his office, ignoring Frank and the other lawyers’ curious glances.

He was going to win. He was going to beat Alastair and keep Charlie’s record squeaky clean. This was just what he needed, especially since Dean had called him last night to tell him Mark had been arrested. His brother had sounded upset, but not as bad as he had expected. He supposed Cas had
something to do with that. The dark-haired man knew just as well as Sam how self-blaming Dean could be, and Sam was sure Cas was more than able to get Dean out of his funk.

He was too worried re-reading the medical record to pay attention to where he was going, so he ended with his ass on the floor as he slammed against somebody.

“I’m so sorry!” he said, looking up, then grimaced when his eyes fell on his brother. “Dean, what the hell?”

“You’re the one who hit me,” Dean shrugged, helping him up. “Why’re you in such a hurry?”

“I have a meeting with Michael and Alastair,” Sam said, dusting his pants. “I think I’m gonna win this thing, Dean. I have the Holy Grail in my hands.”

“Wow, Holy Grail, huh?” Dean smirked. “Have you seen Cas? We’re gonna eat lunch together, but he’s a bit late.”

“Yeah, I think he was paged to a crashing patient a couple of minutes ago,” Sam said, glancing at his own pager. “How’re you doing?”

Dean’s expression didn’t change much, but Sam noticed how his smiled dimmed. “Mark is going to be released tomorrow. Jody doesn’t have enough evidence to keep him locked up longer than forty-eight hours.”

“But he has no alibi for the day of the fire or the day of the hit and run,” Sam frowned. “What else does she need?”

Dean shrugged. “I don’t know. But…I don’t think it was Mark, Sam. Yeah, sometimes he’s a dick…but a murderer?”

“Yeah,” Sam frowned. He wasn’t too sure about Mark’s guilt either, but he felt safer with someone behind bars. “But what if he is?”

“Then I’m a suck-ish judge of character,” Dean snorted. “Remember when we were younger, and he used to follow you around? Thought you hung the moon? And now he tries to kill you and Cas? And he doesn’t even care that he almost took out Charlie, too.”

“Yeah,” Sam repeated, glancing down at the medical record. “Charlie…” He froze.


“Sam, are you okay?” Dean asked him, worriedly. “You look constipated.”

“Dean…it wasn’t Mark,” Sam whispered.

“What?”

“The truck…it wasn’t after me. It was after Charlie,” he murmured in the same fazed-out voice. “First Cas, then Charlie. Jody was right. It was a patient. But not one of Cas’ patients. It was Charlie’s.”

“What are you talking about?” Dean asked, confused. “Sam?”

“Arthur Roberson,” Sam said, staring at Dean with wide eyes. “Dean! It was Arthur! He was Cas’ patient first. Cas was the one who asked Charlie to check on him. Cas was the one who made him think surgery was an option first. He was here the day Cas’ had his accident. Arthur was in
Michael’s office, where he keeps the doctor’s personal records. And he is a member of Stisson Memorial. He saw us…he saw us all together and he panicked. It wasn’t planned. Otherwise he would’ve taken the plates off since he arrived, but he didn’t. He only did it after we went in, after he saw us. And the guy in the red hoodie in the fire video…the same hoodie the guy on the Stisson Memorial was wearing.”

“But…Roberson is a baseball player,” Dean muttered. “What does he know about fires? About cars?”

“Bomb Squad,” Sam whispered. “He was in the Bomb Squad in the army. He knows fires. He knows mechanics. A chemical fire wouldn’t be a problem for him. The mechanics of a car would be child’s play. Look at this,” he said, handing him the medical records.

“These are medical records,” Dean said, glancing at the paperwork. “Arthur Roberson. Released from the army for…failing the psychological test?”

“Yes! The injury, his shoulder injury…it’s all a lie! It’s all in his mind. He’s…he’s not right in the head. Dean…Dean, it was Arthur Roberson.”

“Don’t you…don’t you have a meeting with him right now?” Dean asked, eyes widening in realization. “Sam…are you sure Cas was called for a crashing patient?”

Sam gaped at him. “No,” he whispered. “I’m not.”

Dean turned around before Sam could say anything else and ran to the Nurse’s Station at the end of the hall. Sam could heard him yelling at the nurse to call for Cas through the speaker.

He was frozen until someone tapped him in the shoulder. He turned around and saw Alastair, dressed in a sharp black suit like always and a shit-eating grin.

“Mr. Masters,” he breathed out.

“Sam…congratulations on your victory,” Alastair smiled—if it could be called that.

“W-what are you talking about?” Sam stuttered.

“You think I didn’t notice you were digging around Arthur’s past?” Alastair smirked. “Though I’m surprised you were able to get your hands on those records. Didn’t think you had the connections. As soon as I found out about his little head problem, I dropped him. I don’t pick a case unless I know for certain that I’m going to win, and I know a lost cause when I see one. So congratulations, Sam. I see you going places.”

Sam stared at him, mouth open. “You…you dropped him?”

“Yes. He was upset, understandably,” Alastair shrugged. “But I think everything ended well. You win, I win.”

“Sam, they can’t find Cas or Charlie,” Dean said out of breath, and grabbed Sam’s shoulder in a painful grip. “Sam, they’re gone!”

“I-I think we should call Jody,” Sam whispered. “Dean…I think Arthur has them.”

Michael put the hospital on lockdown. Guards at every entrance. No one got out, no one went in
without an urgent need. Walk-ins were denied entrance and directed to the next nearest hospital.

Jody had arrived with six other squadrons and Dean had called on his men to search the hospital from top to bottom. Nothing was found.

“It’s going to take us a while to look through the hospital’s security tapes,” Jody told them. They were in the security office, gathered around the seven screens as they replayed the tapes since morning. “There are several blind spots in your security, and if this guy is as good as the army is saying he is, then he knew about them and knew how to go unseen.”

“But how did he get Cas and Charlie out?” Dean growled. “Someone would’ve noticed.”

“There was chloroform missing from one of the utility closets,” Michael muttered, rubbing a hand against his forehead. “He must’ve drugged them.”

“And then what? He dragged them out?” Dean snapped.

“He probably convinced them to talk to him, maybe even invited them out,” Sam said. “He is charismatic, Dean. Neither Charlie nor Cas suspected him. If he asked to talk to them…they both would’ve gone willingly.”

“We already have people searching his apartment for any clue as to where he might’ve taken them,” Jody said. “I put out an APB for him. He couldn’t have gotten far. Right now, there’s nothing else we can do.”

“Well, isn’t that fucking great?” Dean shouted. “That’s always your go-to answer, isn’t it, Sheriff? ‘There’s nothing we can do. We have to wait’. Don’t you know how to do your fucking job?”

“Dean,” Sam chided sharply.

“It’s okay,” Jody sighed. “Dean, I know you’re upset. I’m trying, okay? But this guy is smart, and these things take time. We are gonna get him Cas back, okay?”

“We better,” Dean growled. Jody sighed again, but didn’t say anything else. Instead, she walked out, motioning for the two officers posted outside the door to follow her.

Dean knew it was Jody’s fault. Fuck, this was nobody’s fault, except that whack job Roberson. Who would’ve guessed he was the culprit? Cas had been his doctor for less than a week…he hadn’t even been present for the surgery or rehab. If he hadn’t gone after Charlie too, they would’ve never caught him.

There was a soft knock on the door.

“Come in,” Michael said tiredly.

“Dr. Novak? I’m sorry, I was—,” Jess stopped as her eyes fell on Sam. Her face softened and she hurried inside to hug him, burying her head in his chest.

To Dean’s surprise, Adam followed closely behind her and went directly to Michael, wrapping his arms around the older doctor in a similar manner. And, surprisingly, Michael went with it, returning the hug just as tightly.

Dean sat down on one of the chairs numbly. Cas was missing. Some bastard had him, some bastard that wanted to kill him. If he lost Cas…
“Fuck,” he muttered, pressing the heel of his hand on his eyes, stopping the tears that threatened to spill. “Fuck.”

“Dean, it’s gonna be okay,” Sam whispered from behind him, reaching out a comforting hand. “We’re gonna find him.”

“Right you are, Bullwinkle.”

Dean’s head snapped up, eyes wide as they fell on Meg…and Alastair?

“Megan?” Michael asked confusedly, moving so that he no longer was hugging Adam but still had his arm wrapped around his waist.

“Dr. Novak,” Meg grinned. “So I heard John Doe got his hand on David Mills, yeah?”

“What do you want, Meg?” Dean growled. “We don’t have time for you.”

“Hey, I’m just trying to help out,” Meg smiled. “We don’t want Clarence to see what’s in the box, right?”

“What are you talking about?” Jessica snapped.

“What’s in the box? Brad Pitt? Never mind,” Meg shrugged. “Uncle, you have something to say to the nice people?”

Dean glanced at the pale man. He was tall and lanky, with a pale sheen to his skin and strange, yellowish eyes. Dean shuddered, feeling a strange coldness from the man, and was glad to see that he wasn’t the only one who reacted badly towards the man.

“When I was digging around Mr. Roberson’s past, I came upon a curious finding,” he said, a sly grin forming slowly as he talked. “I’m surprised Sam didn’t find it, considering how thoroughly he combed through that man’s file.”

“Alastair, I don’t have time for our usual theatrics,” Michael snapped, surprising everyone. “Spit it out.”

Alastair raised an eyebrow. “Very well. Mr. Roberson was raised in an orphanage. One of the main reasons why he joined the army, by the way; needed the money for scholarships, you see. But it wasn’t until he turned twenty-two that he received a letter from a late aunt. She died, here in Houston, and left an old cabin for him. It’s very hard to find, very hard to trace back to him since it’s still under his aunt’s name. Would never have found it if Arthur hadn’t mentioned it in passing. If you want to find him, that’s your best shot.”

“Where is it?” Dean asked quickly, the Impala’s keys already on hand.

“Dean, you can’t go,” Sam said, reaching out a hand to stop him.

“Like hell I can’t!” Dean yelled, shrugging Sam off. “If you think I’m going to just sit around and wait for this bastard to hurt Cas and Charlie, then you’re fucking mistaken.”

“Dean, you’re not the only afraid for Cas!” Michael shouted, finally losing his cool. “We all are! If you go in there, alone, you’re only going to get yourself and the others killed. This man is dangerous, Dean. Think of Castiel. Think of what he would say.”

Dean closed his eyes, fighting to calm his nerves. Fuck Michael, but he was right. If Cas were here,
he would’ve been saying the same thing. Think things through, Dean. Be safe. Do it the right way. Cas would be pissed if Dean put himself in danger, no matter the reason.

He took in a deep breath and opened his eyes. “We need to tell Jody about this. She’ll…she’ll know what to do.”

“I’ll go get her,” Adam said quickly. He glanced at Michael, blushed softly, then hurried out, closing the door softly behind him.

“So what do we do now?” Dean muttered.

“We wait.”

Chapter End Notes

To all the people that guessed Mr. Roberson: you were correct, you wonderful perfect people! But I couldn't comment on your awesomeness without giving it away. (BTW, I know I messed up and called him Robinson in one chapter, so sorry for that. He's Mr. Roberson)

To everyone else, you're guesses were wonderful and insightful. If I hadn't planned to make Mr. Roberson the killer from the beginning, I would've taken advice from you all and made Jake or maybe even Adam the killer. Now that would've been a twist.
Cas woke up in a dark room. Or rather, he thought it was dark at first, then realized his eyes had been covered. He had been gagged, too, and his mouth tasted rotten and dry around the thick cloth. He tried to push it out with his tongue, but it wouldn’t budge. His head was pounding painfully, and he could feel dried blood on his neck and ear. He had been hit on the head.

It took him a couple of moments to remember what had happened. Arthur Roberson had approached him to talk. Feeling sorry that Alastair had dropped his case, yet secretly happy that Charlie wouldn’t get a bad spot on her record, Cas had engaged him in polite conversation. He’d followed the man to his car, oblivious to Arthur’s intent.

Then, there had been a struggle as Arthur tried to knock him unconscious with chloroform. He had held his breath, knowing it would take longer to affect him if he didn’t breathe in the sweet chemical. He had fought back, had tried to yell out…but Arthur had hit him in the head with something hard and metallic. He didn’t remember anything much after all.

He didn’t know where he was, and the panic that his confusion had held at bay was beginning to take over.

_Calm down_, he thought, _think._

There was something hard and warm on his back, perhaps a chair of some kind. His hands had been tied around it, held together with what fell like duct tape. Fuck…he could undo a knot, Dean had taught him how…but he couldn’t rip through tape. His feet had been tied too, held together by the calves and thighs but separate from the chair, so there was no chance of him breaking his bonds by breaking the chair. The gag was probably held down by tape, too, and he had to remind himself to breathe through his nose before his lungs could panic.

He couldn’t see, couldn’t feel anything but the warm wooden chair back behind him. But he could still hear.

There was a soft sound coming from his right, a sort of hiccup that was muffled. There was also the soft swish of clothes moving from in front of him, and even fainter….a slow, lazy song.

“You’re awake.”

Castiel froze and turned his head to the right as he tried to find the source of that hiccupping sound. He recognized that voice, though. That soft, almost kind voice.

“I thought you would bleed to death. I hit you pretty hard, Dr. Novak. I apologize for that.” There was a charged moment of silence, then “Do you accept my apology?”

Cas didn’t say anything, couldn’t say anything with the gag around his mouth. Perhaps, if he staid still, Arthur would take the gag off.

“You don’t have to talk to answer me, Dr. Novak. You can nod or shake your head.”

Cas tried to swallow, found he couldn’t, then nodded jerkily.
“Good. Dr. Bradbury is here with you, too. I didn’t have to hurt her. She wasn’t strong enough to fight the chloroform. She did struggle a little against the tape, so her wrists are bleeding quite a bit. I hope she doesn’t bleed out.”

Castiel exhaled shakily through his nose, closing his eyes underneath the blindfold. Charlie was here, too. Of course Charlie would be here, too. Fuck, they had been so stupid. So blind.

“Do not blame yourself, Dr. Novak. No one would have suspected me when I was your patient for less than a week. It is the main reason why I started with you.”

Castiel heard a soft whimper to his right, followed by another hiccup. That was probably Charlie. Charlie, tied up like him, waiting for this psycho to have his way with them.

“You are both all over the news. Your brother closed down the hospital to look for you, Dr. Novak. A lot of people were denied help. I feel bad they’re hurting because of me. He shouldn’t have done that.”

Castiel shook his head, trying to fight off the dulling effect of Arthur’s voice. The man was soft spoken, kind-faced, and respectful in his speech. No one would think him a murderer. No one would suspect him, ever.

“It has been five hours since I took you. Your boyfriend is probably going crazy right now, Dr. Novak. Dr. Bradbury, I know there’s no one to mourn your death…it is sad, really. I almost wish I didn’t have to kill you. I don’t want you to die without anyone knowing who you were. It is…scary, to have existed without being noticed, isn’t it?”

Dean. Oh god, Dean was probably going crazy right now. He was probably scouring the city for him, putting himself in unnecessary danger.

“I wasn’t going to hurt you at first, Dr. Bradbury. I only planned to kill Dr. Novak. I was going to let you live, even though you were the one who ruined my life. I just…I didn’t want to see you disappear without leaving anyone behind, you know? But then Mr. Winchester began to snoop around my files. He found out my shame. I don’t know why, I don’t know how…but he found out about my dishonorable discharge from the army. And then I realized I wouldn’t be able to hurt you simply by ruining your career. He is the one forcing my hand, Dr. Bradbury, I hope you know that. But don’t worry…I will hurt him, too. I will hurt him, and Nurse Moore, and Mr. Masters….I will make them all pay.”

Castiel fought off the tears demanding to fall from his eyes. No, he wasn’t going to cry. He wasn’t going to give this man the satisfaction. But just to think of Sam and Jessica in this position made him shake with fear.

And Dean…Dean who had struggled with accusing his cousin. Dean who had thought this was all because of him. If he died…if Sam died…Cas didn’t want to think about it. Didn’t want to think about how broken Dean would be after that. Dean, who deep down, Cas knew, still doubted that he deserved Cas.

He knew Dean still doubted him, still thought he was going to change his mind at any moment. It was the reason why he couldn’t say I love you, the reason why he struggled to say the words that would tie them together completely. Because as long as he didn’t say it, he could pretend he was going to be okay if Cas decided to leave him. And now Cas would never get the chance to show him how much he loved him, never get the chance to prove to him that he would never leave him.

“I wanted you both to be awake,” Arthur was saying, voice almost wondering. “I wanted you to
know how I was going to kill you. Not to be mean, not at all! But just so you would know…closure and all, right? But I can’t figure out how I’m going to kill you. It has to have meaning, it has to be respectful…it is a life I am taking, after all. For I’m not only killing you, Dr. Novak. I’m killing your boyfriend as well. I am killing your brothers. I am killing all of those who would be devastated the moment you ceased to exist. And even if you don’t have anyone to mourn you, Dr. Bradbury, I still have to show you respect. Because you did try. You tried to make me better, though you failed. You did make a lot other people better. And I guess they will miss you, for a second or two. But it still matters, right? Even if people will only feel bad for a moment, only when they hear your name on the news and talk about how sad it is that a woman with such a bright future was killed so young. Even if it is for a fleeting moment…that sadness still matters, right?”

Charlie was crying loudly. Castiel could hear her muffled sobs, could hear the rattling breaths. He was numb. He couldn’t move, couldn’t even open his eyes underneath the blindfold.

“It matters, right?” Arthur continued, voice gaining a pitchy, panicked tone. “Of course it does. It has to matter. Because if it didn’t…then how would you explain the horrors of the world? How would you explain war? How would you explain having children die in your hands, having your friends be blown to bits…My mother cared. She cared if I died. My brother cared. My father cared. But when I came home…no one else cared. They would look at me, and they didn’t know I had fought for them. They didn’t know that I had watched my best friend be blown to pieces, didn’t know that I had carried his death in my arm. The doctors thought it hurt for no reason…but I did have a reason. It hurt, because I made it so. Because it wasn’t fair that my friend had died, and I didn’t even have a scratch. It wasn’t fair that three other innocent men lost their lives in that explosion, and I…didn’t. And these people don’t know! They don’t feel sad, they don’t feel anything! But they do when someone tells them. For a couple of seconds, for a few moments…they care about my pain. They feel sad for all of those lost lives. And those seconds matter, right? They matter…because if they didn’t, then why are we fighting? Why are we risking our lives for people who don’t care, but for a couple of fleeting fucking seconds!”

Castiel flinched as a bottle was thrown across the room, glass shattering as it hit the ground. Charlie had cried out when Arthur yelled, but she hadd quieted down quickly, struggling to keep her composure. There was the sound of wood scraping against wood, and then Arthur’s voice sounded from his right.

“Shh, shh. Don’t cry, Dr. Bradbury. I’m sorry I lost my temper. Don’t cry,” he murmured quietly. “I’m going to figure it out, I promise. I will make your death sad. People will mourn you, I promise. I will make sure of it. Don’t cry, please. I’m sorry.”

Let her go, Cas wanted to shout. Get away from her!

His limbs were shaking as he struggled to break free. They couldn’t die now. They weren’t going to die. He was sure of it. Dean would find him, would stop Arthur before he could do anything. But Charlie didn’t know that. And Cas had to show her, had to tell her than she wasn’t alone. She had him. And she had Sam, and Dean, and Dorothy, and Jessica. She wasn’t alone.

“Look, Dr. Bradbury! Dr. Novak cares. He cares about you. Oh, he cares!”

There was the sound of swishing clothes, then Castiel felt a warm hand grab his. He shuddered violently, trying to pull away from the caressing hands.

“Calm down, Dr. Novak. I’m trying to cut through the tape,” Arthur murmured, his mouth too close to Cas’ ear for comfort. “Here.”

Castiel winced as the blindfold was pulled off, and blinked rapidly at the bright light. He was in
some kind of cabin. The house was furnished sparingly, only two wooden chairs on which he and Charlie had been tied to, a third that was against the far wall in front of a table, and a dead fireplace. The light was coming from a window behind him, the only one in the room, but Cas couldn’t turn around to look through it. He had no way of knowing where he was.

“Don’t try to fight me off, Dr. Novak. I am a trained veteran, and I have a loaded weapon. Just follow my instructions, okay?”

Cas nodded, too strung out to attempt anything. He couldn’t do anything, not until he made sure Charlie would be okay.

Arthur helped him to his feet, then leaned down to cut through the tape around his legs, freeing him entirely. Still, he didn’t do anything as he was led to stand in front of Charlie. Cas winced at the sight. Her wrists were puffy and bloodied, she had a bit of dried blood in her lips, and whatever he could see of her face that wasn’t covered with the blindfold and tape was covered in tears.

“Stand right here,” Arthur murmured, letting go of his arm to untie Charlie’s hands. She whimpered and cowered onto herself, trying to fight off Arthur’s hands, but she received the same warning as Cas and let herself be manhandled.

“This is going to be perfect,” Arthur murmured as he helped Charlie sit on the floor. “Come here, Dr. Novak. Sit behind her, hug her. Make it look like you’re protecting her. People always care about heroes. Especially when they fail to protect.”

Cas lowered himself to the floor, sat behind Charlie so that she was between his legs, then wrapped his hands around her stomach, hooked his chin on her shoulder. He felt her freeze up until Arthur spoke again, and she realized that it was Cas holding her, not Arthur.

“Perfect. Hold out your hands, I have to tape them together,” he ordered. Cas obeyed, burying his head on Charlie’s neck in comfort when she sniffled. “It’s going to be okay, Dr. Bradbury,” Arthur murmured kindly, giving them a pitying look. “It’s only going to hurt for a little while.”

Castiel gave him a curious look, trying to convey his questions through his eyes. Arthur didn’t understand…Dean would’ve.

“Are you trying to tell me something?” Arthur asked instead, and Cas nodded. “Oh! You probably want to know what I’m going to do, right?” Again, Cas nodded. “Well, I’m going to burn you.”

Charlie shuddered, and Castiel instinctively hugged her tighter, even as his heart leapt to his throat.

“Yes. I’m sorry, it will be really painful…but that’s what makes it kind of perfect, right? Just imagine the headlines: Castiel Novak and Charlene Bradbury die in horrific fire. It’s made even sadder by the fact that Dr. Novak’s lover is a firefighter. Situational irony, right? The most painful literary device, in my opinion.”

Arthur had moved out of sight, and Cas could hear him moving around in the second room. Charlie was shaking in his arms, but she had fallen silent. He tried to convey comfort through his hug, but it was kind of hard when he was tied to her in a room about to be set fire.

He closed his eyes and pictured Dean. He was never going to see him again. Never see him smile again, never kiss his lips, or watch him fall asleep. He wasn’t going to be able to grow old with Dean, to shower him with affection, and tell him he loved him every night. He was never going to be with Dean again. Never feel the heat of his skin, smell the scent of his neck, never touch the contours of his body. He was going to die, and he was never going to speak to Dean again. But he
could think of him. Think of how beautiful he had looked just one night ago in his arms, how he had whispered his name in reverence, and held him tight. He was going to die, and it wasn’t going to be sad. Because no matter how much Arthur tried, there was no way he could feel sad with Dean on his mind.

The smell of lighter fluid hit his nostrils, and he buried his head deeper in the crook of Charlie’s neck, breathing in the smell of cherries that came from her hair.

Even when the flames started, Dean never left his mind.

Chapter End Notes

I just want to remind everyone that the opinions expressed by the characters in this story are not my own. I don't know how it happens with other writers, but with me, every character has their own voice and their own opinion, even if it contradicts my own.

I know you guys probably know this already, but wanted to add it just in case.
"We have visual."

Dean was biting his fist, forcing his body to stay still. They had the log cabin surrounded. Jody had called in her S.W.A.T. Team as soon as Alastair had given them the location of the cabin. At first, she had tried to keep Dean away, but he was damned if he wasn’t going to be there for when they rescued Cas and Charlie. He had also brought a couple of his men with him, just in case things turned for the worse. Arthur was known for using fires, and Jody’s men were not trained to deal with them. Dean, Benny, Dorothy, Gwen, and Christian were.

“Is Dr. Novak and Dr. Bradbury in the cabin?” Jody asked through the radio.

“Affirmative,” replied the sniper. “The mark is leaving the room. Hostages are on their own. I repeat, hostages are on their own.”

“I’ve got you, you son of a bitch” Jody muttered. “We’re going in!” she said to the team behind her. “Dean, stay behind me,” she added in a quieter voice, giving him a firm look. He swallowed grimly and nodded. They moved quickly and quietly. Dean had not been armed with a weapon, but he could feel the warmth of the officer behind him, who was armed to the teeth.

Jody was on point, followed closely by Dean. He could feel his hands shaking with anticipation. Things were going smoothly, too smoothly for his comfort. He had been trained in the army as well, and he knew better than to grow complacent in a high-risk situation.

A smoky smell filled his nose, and it took him only a second to react. “Get down!” he yelled, grabbing Jody by the waist and pulling her with him as he threw himself away from the cabin. The explosion that followed singed his back as he crouched on top of the Sheriff.

A loud, ringing noise filled his ears, and every sound was muted as his eardrums tried to recuperate from the blast. He could feel various cuts and bruises from the shrapnel bomb that had exploded, though nothing too serious. Slowly, the sound of screams and shouted orders filled his ears, and he let go of Jody as the woman struggled to get up.

He looked up. The explosion had blown away part of the back wall. Arthur must’ve noticed them coming in and set the bombs. Cas and Charlie were in that room, in the middle of the explosion. The bastard had soaked the cabin in lighter fluid and the flames caused by the explosion were starting to eat at the wood.

“Dean, wait!” Jody yelled as he jumped to his feet. He ignored her. He was not wearing his protective gear, but he had borrowed a long-sleeved shirt from Sam and had his leather jacket on. While leather was not fire retardant, it did provide a temporary shield between the searing heat and his skin.

He heard Jody yell again and saw from the corner of his eye as Dorothy and Christian disentangled themselves from the officers they had pulled to safety and followed him inside the cabin. Farther off, he could see Benny and Gwen running to drag away the men that had not been able to avoid the severity of the bomb.

“This place is not going to last much longer!” Christian yelled as Dorothy and Dean kicked their
way through the rubble left behind by the explosion. “We need to hurry up!”

“Charlie!” Dorothy yelled, pushing past Dean and running inside the burning room. “Charlie!”

“Cas!” Dean yelled as his eyes fell on the two forms sitting on the ground. They had been tied together, with Cas covering most of Charlie’s body, protecting her from the main force of the blast. He had managed to pull her down so that most of the flames ate at his back instead of her. When Dean yelled, Cas looked up and Dean saw the make-shift gag covering his mouth.

“Put your head down!” Dean instructed, glad to see that neither seemed to be sporting injuries from the blast, though it was hard to see in their crouched position. “Don’t inhale the smoke!” Cas obeyed immediately, burying his head in Charlie’s neck.

There was a line of fire separating him from Charlie and Cas, probably set that way by Arthur. Dean had not seen the man in the first room, but he was too worried to care. The fire was strong, and the wooden cabin was not going to last much longer. Dean took in a deep breath, seeing from his peripheral vision as Dorothy copied him, and ran through the fire.

The smell of burning leather hit his nose, and he cursed as the flames licked at his exposed face and jean-clad legs. Dorothy broke free from the flames first, and she hurried to Charlie and Cas and began to pull at the tape, to no avail.

“Move away!” Christian yelled over the sound of creaking wood. Dean looked up at him, surprised, and noticed the pocket knife in his hand. He allowed his cousin to approach Cas first and cut through the bonds. As soon as Cas was freed, Dean ran forward, wrapped his leather jacket around Cas, and picked him up, adjusting his grip as Cas wrapped his legs around his waist. He kept the gag on since it kept Cas from inhaling most of the smoke, and moved his head to the side so that Cas could hide his face in his neck. He waited just a moment to make sure that Christian had Charlie safely in his arms, and lead the way out.

He was coughing loudly by the time they ran free into fresh air, and Cas immediately jumped off his arms and helped him stagger away as far away from the cabin as he could.

Cas took off his gag. “Dean, hold on,” Cas yelled. “There’s help on the way.”

And he was right. The ambulances that had been posted farther off were taking care of the officers that had been caught in the explosion. Dean could see Benny arguing with a paramedic as the young man tried to convince him to take his shirt off so he could clean his wounds. Farther off, Jody had her shirt off and was wincing as another paramedic prodded what looked like a bullet wound. His vision was blocked as a familiar face stepped in front of him and offered him an oxygen mask.

“How are you feeling?” Jessica asked, helping him to an ambulance.

“I’m okay. Help Cas first,” Dean said, pushing Castiel forward. Cas stumbled, dizzy from the smoke, and Dean helped Jessica drag him to the back of an ambulance, where he immediately strapped on the oxygen mask and took in deep lungful’s.

“Fuck,” Jessica cursed as she peeled the leather jacket off Castiel’s back. The thin shirt underneath was mostly burnt off, and the skin was an angry red and blistering. “Fuck!”

“I’m—I’m okay,” Cas muttered, letting go of the oxygen mask to fight to stay upright. “I’m—.”

“It’s okay,” Dean coughed, catching him before he could fall. “It’s going to be okay, Cas.” Another cough rocked his body, but he ignored it, holding Cas’ weight.
“We need to get him to the hospital,” Jessica said hurriedly. “Dean, are you—.”

“I’m fine,” Dean snapped, noticing the nurse’s eyes follow the trail of cuts on his side. He could feel a couple of sharp jabs near his ribs every time he breathed, and there was definitely blood dripping down his back…but Cas was worse off. Fuck, Cas was bad. The dark-haired man was breathing shallowly, his chest barely moving, and his back was bleeding freely. He smelled like smoke, and there was dried blood caked in his head, a cut most likely hidden beneath. “What do I need to do?”

“Help me,” Jessica ordered, business-like. She climbed the ambulance and motioned for Dean to help her get the gurney out. He obeyed quickly, moving with practiced ease, and tried not to think of the last time he had been handling a gurney. It had been with Cas, back when he was taking EMT classes. Cas was slumped against the ambulance, barely conscious enough to know that he had to hold his own weight. He tried to move forward, but failed, falling on top of the gurney in an awkwardly heap and grunting when his side hit one of the straps.

“Help him lay on his back,” Jessica instructed, and Dean hurried to lift Cas’ legs and push him until the man was flat on his stomach, back exposed to the air. Then, with Jessica’s help, he lifted the gurney and pushed it inside the ambulance. Hurriedly, Jessica moved to strap on an oxygen mask on Cas again. The doctor closed his eyes gratefully as his lungs breathed in the cleaner air.

Dean watched him worriedly. He was acting the same way he had before, back when he had a concussion after his car accident. He was no doctor, but even he knew that a concussion left untreated could be lethal, especially since Cas had already had one. Before he could voice his concern, however, he caught sight of a black body bag being hurried out of the crime scene, and he froze.

“Jessica…” he breathed, eyes following the rushing paramedics.

Jessica looked up, distracted, and sighed when she saw was had caught his attention. “Arthur,” she murmured, answering the unspoken question.

“What—what happened?”

“Jody went after him,” Jessica said softly. “He tried to escape through the forest. He shot her in the arm, the sniper shot him in the head.”

Dean swallowed down the relief he felt. Arthur’s dead body shouldn’t cause him such happiness…yet, he couldn’t help but feel an overwhelming sense of relief wash over him over the fact that Castiel wouldn’t be in danger any more.

“Shit!” Jessica exclaimed, startling Dean. “He’s unconscious.”

“No,” Dean whispered, watching horrified as Jessica checked Cas’ pulse. “Cas.”

“He’s not breathing,” Jessica muttered, then when she noticed Dean was frozen “Dean! Start the ambulance!”

“But—.”

“Now!”

There was nothing he could do here. It felt like ripping his heart in half, but he turned his back on Cas and hurried to the front of the ambulance and climbed inside. He started the vehicle and put it on drive, trying to concentrate on driving as Jessica worked in the back, trying to get Castiel to
Castiel woke up groggy and with a terrible headache. It took him a couple of disoriented seconds to realize he was in a strange bed, face down in a room that looked somehow familiar. It took him another moment to realize his hand was wrapped in someone’s strong grip, and there was the soft sound of someone sleeping next to him.

His gaze softened as his eyes fell on Dean’s sleeping form, slumped on a chair next to his bed. He was in the hospital, in one of the private rooms. He glanced at the heart monitor, checking his heart rate and blood pressure. They were stable. He tried to move, but froze as dull pain throbbed in his back. In a flash, he remembered his injuries. They didn’t hurt much, but he was probably too drugged to realize the true extent of his injuries and didn’t want to accidentally open a wound or something.

“Dean,” he said softly, squeezing Dean’s hand. “Dean, wake up.”

Dean frowned in his sleep, and startled awake as Cas squeezed his hand again. “Cas!” he yelped, jumping to his feet. “You’re awake.”

“Yeah,” Cas smiled. “How long have I been out?”

“Not long,” Dean said. “About sixteen hours. How are you feeling?”

“Sore,” he admitted. “How bad is it?”

“It’s mostly blisters,” Dean said, hesitating for a second before grabbing Cas hand again and rubbing a comforting thumb along the length of his knuckles. “Michael said it probably won’t even leave any scarring.”

There was something else there, but Cas knew Dean would just ignore it, so he tried to go around it. “And Charlie?” Cas asked instead, remembering how scared the surgeon had been, how her sobs had rocked her entire body.

“Jess wrapped up her wrists. She lost a lot of blood, so they had her on transfusions for a while, but nothing too serious. She’s much better now.”

“And Arthur?”

Dean winced at the name, and Cas felt fear grip his heart. Had he escaped? Had he hurt someone else?

“Arthur is dead,” Dean said flatly. “He…uh, he tried to escape. A sniper took him out.”

Cas felt relieved, then guilty. No matter how bad Arthur had been, he shouldn’t be feeling glad that the man was dead. Dean seemed to notice his discomfort, because he ruffled his hair softly.

“Hey, it’s okay,” he said. “It’s okay to feel relieved. He did try to kill you three times.”

“Did anybody else get hurt?” he asked, ignoring Dean’s words but leaning in deeper into the touch.

“Not seriously,” Dean replied softly. “Everything is okay, Cas. Really, we’re good.”

Cas looked up and met Dean’s eyes. He could see the relief in his eyes, the joy, the barely contained happiness…and he smiled back. He had been so afraid for his life, so resigned to
dying…but he survived. He had survived, and he was going to be able to spend the rest of his life with Dean.

“I love you, Dean,” he said softly, smiling as Dean blushed and lowered his gaze.

“I, uh…me, too,” Dean said, wincing as he stammered over the words.

Cas laughed. “Not yet, huh?”

“Hey, I’m trying, okay?” Dean said defensively. “I don’t want to half-ass it.”

“It’s okay,” Cas smiled. “But I told you…I already know. The way you show me how much you love me means much more to me than when you say the words.”

“You say the words,” Dean argued, but he was smiling too.

“I’m better with words,” Cas shrugged. “I love you. See?”

“Me too, Cas,” Dean said seriously and leaned in to kiss him softly. Cas smiled against the kiss, feeling all of nerves settle at the warm touch of lips.

“Oh my god, that is so cute!”

Dean groaned and leaned away as Adam walked in, followed by a giggling Jessica.

“What do you want, squirt?”

“I’m checking on my patient,” Adam said smugly. “Visiting hours are over, you know?”

“Yeah, I know,” Dean smirked, settling down comfortably on the chair.

“Adam, you’re not even a Med student yet, you can’t be my doctor,” Cas added, frowning.

“I know that,” Adam rolled his eyes. “I was helping Jess out with her patients, and we thought we’d check up on you.”

“How are you feeling, Cas?” Jess asked, moving to check on his vitals.

“Just sore,” Cas said, fighting the urge to shrug. “Dean said the skin is blistering?”

“Yes. Only the upper layer of the epidermis was harmed. It’s going to hurt a bit to move, but there’s nothing serious about the burns. We were actually more worried because of the myocardial infarction.”

“What?” Cas gasped, turning to glared at Dean. “I had a heart attack?”

“Dean didn’t tell you?” Jessica asked worriedly.

“No,” Dean muttered. “I was going to keep it out.”

Jessica frowned, then turned to Castiel. “We first thought the heart attack was brought on by the head trauma, but thankfully, the brain injury wasn’t extensive. Once here, we were able to recognize the signs of chest trauma, most likely caused by the force of the explosion, which brought on the heart attack.”

“You started oxygen therapy in the ambulance?” Cas asked, and Jessica nodded.
“I recognized the symptoms immediately, so I also gave you Ecotrin and Plavix for the blood-clots.”

“Thank you, Jessica,” Cas smiled. “You saved my life.”

“Dean was the one who carried you out of the burning house,” Adam grinned, glancing Dean.

“I know,” Cas smiled. “I remember.”

“So you’re not mad at me?” Dean wondered.

Cas rolled his eyes. “Dean, a heart attack needs extensive rehabilitation even after I leave the hospital. I was going to find out sooner or later.”

“Yeah, I know,” Dean sighed. “I just didn’t want to tell you as soon as you woke up.”

“I know,” Cas said softly, smiling at Dean. “Thank you.”

“Alright, lovebirds,” Jessica interrupted. “Dean, I know you want to spend some time with Cas, but Adam is right,” Jess said, giving Dean a stern look. “Visiting hours are over. You’re going to have to come back tomorrow like everyone else.”

Dean rolled his eyes, but knew better than to argue with the fiery blonde. “Alright, I’m going. I’ll come by tomorrow as soon as I can, okay?” he added, a soft smile in place when he turned to look at Cas.

“I’ll be here,” Cas replied, smiling. Dean grinned and leaned in to kiss him before leaving.

“You guys are so cute,” Adam sighed. “I’m really glad you’re okay, Cas,” he added in a more serious tone.

“Thank you,” Cas said.

“Dean was worried sick,” Adam added. “We all were. But Dean… I thought he was going to do something stupid. He really loves you a lot.”

“Yeah,” Cas said, wondering. Dean did love him a lot. He had proved it so many times. And even though he was struggling to say the words ‘I love you’, Cas what Dean’s feelings towards him were, had known since they were little. And he had been truthful when he told Dean he liked it better when Dean expressed his feelings through actions, mostly because he knew those feelings were honest. Dean was a very good liar, and while he knew Dean had not lied when he said he cared for him, he also knew that words didn’t carried as much weight for him as actions did.

He had told Dean he loved him. Had said it multiple times, and Cas meant them. But he hadn’t shown Dean he loved him. Even though Dean didn’t voice it, Cas knew he was still doubtful. Maybe not all the time, maybe not to the point of losing sleep…but doubts still slipped through his thoughts. He saw it in his eyes. He needed to do something to prove to Dean that he loved him. Something that would leave no doubt in his mind.

An idea formed in his mind, and he smiled, thinking of Dean’s reaction. “Jess,” he said thoughtfully. “Is Sam still here?”

“He’s in his office,” Jess nodded. “The kid is elated. Nobody else can brag they’ve won a case against Alastair, least of all their first case ever.”
“Can you tell him to come here?” Cas asked. “I really need to talk to him.”

“Okay,” Jess said, confused. “I’ll go get him. Adam, can you start cleaning Cas’ wounds? The gloves are in the bottom drawer.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Adam said.

“Oh, and Jess….Can you bring me a piece of paper and a pen?”

Jess nodded again, the confusion still clear in her face, but she didn’t ask Cas to explain himself. He smiled and settled more comfortably in his bed, planning the whole scene in his head. Dean was going to love it.

Chapter End Notes

I was going to stop it after Cas gets his heart attack, but I thought it would be too mean to leave you guys hanging like that again

Believe it or not, I'm more used to writing sad and angst-ridden stories....but I'm not going to be a jerk and kill Cas or Dean in the last minute. Maybe in another fic. Maybe.
Okay so....this is very self-indulgent. Like, tons of it. Sorry if some of the characters are a bit ooc, but I just couldn't help myself. This is just a big ball of fluff and I would apologize, but I had the biggest smile on while I was writing it. Hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cas was acting strange. It took a while for Dean to notice it, especially since Sam was acting strange with him, but he finally realized something was wrong when he came to visit Cas and found Sam and Adam with him. Both brothers looked up at him with twin looks of guilt, then hurried to get out of the room, leaving a nervous Cas behind. Dean decided not to mention anything, for which Cas was grateful, but he still wondered.

What did Sam and Adam had to speak with Cas about?

It ate at him, not knowing, but he kept quiet. If he was meant to know, Cas would tell him. He was sure of it. Instead, he focused on other aspects of his life. Like the fact that his parents had finally gotten divorced. His mom had mentioned it over dinner, shrugging when Sam and Dean exclaimed in surprise and said it wasn’t that big of a deal. It was just a paper, she’d said, we’re still friends, and he’s still a big part of my life. Nothing much will change, just what we call each other.

The other big surprise came with Mark. Dean had expected his cousin to shout at him, to yell for doubting him. But Mark did none of that. Instead, he had come to Dean’s office, Howard close behind him, both men blushing furiously, and explained to him that they were dating. Dean had been surprised, especially since he had never thought of Howard as gay (the man was the physical manifestation of testosterone, but Dean couldn’t really judge if he looked in a mirror) but took it with grace and chided the couple for skipping work in favor of making out.

After the surprise with Mark, Dean went to Michael, not having forgotten the intimate hug he had shared with Dean’s younger brother when Cas had gone missing. He was further surprised when Michael began to blush and stammer out an apology.

Adam had come to the rescue, telling Dean that it was his choice whoever he dated, even if that person was fifteen years his senior. The angry determination in his brother’s stance and Michael’s weirdly touching kicked-puppy face was enough for Dean to relent, but he still gave Michael the mess-with-my-brother-and-your-dead talk, to which Adam rolled his eyes with a pleased glint in his eyes.

When he told Cas about it, Cas had shrugged and said he already knew. Which was, apparently, the reason why he had been talking with Adam in secret so much. Dean still wondered about Sam, but he found out the truth a couple of days later, during dinner. Cas had been released from the hospital a week after he was admitted, when he was able to sleep though a whole night on his back and showed no serious damage cause by the heart attack. They were celebrating his release with a barbecue in the Winchester household, when Sam suddenly stopped the celebration to announce his engagement to Jess. At first, Mary and Jess’ mom had been upset, trying to convince the loving couple that dating for six months was not enough time to know each other, but it was clear to anyone that the couple loved each other.
Gabriel had broken the tension by fake-proposing to Meg, to which the nurse had replied yes, showing off her acting skills with her joyous reaction. The scared look on Gabriel’s face had been priceless, and Dean had almost pissed himself when Meg finally relented and told Gabriel she was joking. It was fun to see someone that could prank the God of Mischief to the point of silence.

But the talk of marriage had made Dean think of Cas, and he glanced at the man, wondering what his reaction would be if were to Dean propose to him. To his surprise, Cas caught his eyes and the fear and surprise in them was enough to sour the rest of the night.

That night, they slept together again. But there was something missing. Yeah, it was especial, since it was the first time they’d slept together since the whole ordeal with Arthur, but Dean didn’t feel connected with Cas. Perhaps it was Cas’ reaction to thinking Dean would propose, or maybe Dean’s suspicion that Cas was still hiding something from him. Either way, that night was the first unsatisfying night with Cas. He came (it was impossible not to orgasm with Cas wrapped tightly around his dick), and Cas had come, too…but there was something missing, some spark. That night, Dean had cleaned them both up with none of the usual post-coital banter, and went promptly to sleep.

Dean wanted nothing more than to ignore it, too aware of his tendency to doubt. But he should’ve known it would catch up to him and ruin everything.

They were in Mary’s backyard once more. Mary had decided to throw another party for Sam and Jess, a real party since the last time had been for Cas, not them. Cas was in an exceptionally good mood, which probably had something to do with the fact that Balthazar and Anna had shown up, having heard about Cas kidnapping on TV. Lucifer sent his regards, but he was in some no-name town with his new wife, doing some kind of charity work.

“I’ve never seen Michael so relaxed,” Anna commented, watching her older brother laugh with Adam.

“Adam has been good to him,” Cas nodded. “He hired two extra doctors to pick up the work he left. It was about time, too. It’s not healthy to spend twenty hours at work every day.”

“And Adam is your brother, too, Dean?” Anna asked curiously, glancing at him.

“Yup. He’s a good kid,” Dean said, smiling. “Not as annoying as Sam was at that age.” Even as he watched, Balthazar approached Adam with the swaggering walk Dean knew the man used when he was trying to seduce someone. Adam answered his questions easily, laughing with him, clearly unaware of the ugly looks Michael was sending his younger brother.

“I better put a leash on Balthazar,” Anna sighed. “That man seriously needs to settle down. You don’t happen to have another brother we know nothing about, do you?”

“Even if I did, I wouldn’t let Balthazar near them with a ten foot pole,” Dean snorted.

“Smart,” Anna smirked, quickly rushing to Michael’s aid when she saw Balthazar plant a quick kiss on Adam’s cheek.

She left behind an awkward silence, one Dean had never experienced with Cas before.

“There’s something bothering you,” Cas said suddenly, giving him a level look.

“Nothing’s bothering me,” Dean lied. “I’m just tired. A lot of work, what with the dry season on us.”
Cas gave him a disbelieving look and held out his hand. Dean grabbed it, letting Cas intertwine their fingers together, and took a sip of his warm beer. It tasted like shit, but it was better than talking.

Cas sighed. “I thought I would have a little more time.”

“More time for what?” Dean asked nervously. To find an excuse to leave him? To find a way of explaining why he thought this was a mistake?

Cas let go of his hand, ignoring the way Dean tried to grab a hold of it again in protest, and struggled to take a piece of paper out of his back pocket. He stood up from his chair, opened the folded paper, and glanced at Dean.

“I have that list ready.”

“What list?” Dean asked around a dry mouth. Was he really going to do it in front of everyone? Didn’t he have the decency to at least do it in private, where nobody would be able to hear Dean’s humiliation?

Instead of answering, Cas took a breath and began to read the list in front of him. “Things Dean Winchester Does For Me,” he began. “Number one: mind-numbing orgasms. Number two: he makes the perfect coffee in the morning. Number three: he does the cleanup, recently without me having to ask.”

Dean gaped at him as he read the list, the list he had promise to write over a week ago. Was this what he had been doing? Cas gave him a small smile, then continued. “Number four: he explains the jokes and references I don’t get. Number five: he laughs at my jokes, even the ones that aren’t all that funny, and it’s really cute because he laughs with his whole body, as if he can’t contain his laughter. Number six: he was the first person to believe me when I say I wanted to be a doctor, instead of thinking it was a joke like everyone else did.”

Dean couldn’t move. He was aware that everyone had stopped to listen to Cas, since the dark-haired man wasn’t being too quiet, but he could care less. Cas had really made him that list.

“Number seven: he bought me my first stethoscope, the framed one that hangs in my office. Number eight: he beat up Douglas Collins when he made fun of my trench coat, and bought me an identical one when Gabriel ruined the first one. Number nine: he said I was his best-friend, when very few people called me friend at all. Number ten: he was the only person that didn’t tell me ‘it’s going to be okay’ when my father died; instead, he let me ruin his favorite Led Zeppelin shirt as I cried for about three hours straight. Number eleven: he looks at me in a way nobody else has before, like he sees me and likes it. Number twelve: he runs his hand through my hair when we’re watching movies, and he doesn’t even know how good it makes me feel. Number thirteen: he doesn’t look away or feel uncomfortable when I stare at him and try to count the number of freckles in his cheeks; I think he has 314, by the way, but I’m not sure because I keep getting interrupted. Number fourteen: he has a way of making me feel like I can achieve anything I want, simply because I know he will be with me no matter what. Number fifteen: when he holds my hand, he brushes his thumb against my knuckles, and it’s such a tender thing, it makes me feel like my heart is about to burst.”

Jess, Mary, Charlie, Jo and Anna were crying, big soppy smiles in their faces. Even Sam’s eyes were shining, the big softy, and Adam had covered his mouth with both hands, eyes wide. Gabriel was smirking, but his eyes were soft, and even Meg looked touched. John was grinning widely, and Benny and Victor were sharing twin evil looks. And yet Dean noticed all of that as if in a memory, because his eyes were glued to Cas’. He was astounded once more by the cheer blueness, deeper
“Number sixteen: he’s always the last one to let go from a hug, no matter how long, and he grips me like he never wants to let go. Number seventeen: he rescues me from burning buildings and doesn’t even care that I never technically thanked him. Number eighteen: he cuddles with me, even though he swears he doesn’t like it, and sometimes he is even willing to be the little spoon. Number nineteen: he doesn’t say ‘I love you’, but when he wakes up and thinks I’m still asleep, he just lays there and stares at me with the brightest, softest smile I have ever seen. Number twenty: he chose to love me, for some unfathomable reason, and he waited for over ten years for me to realize that I love him, too.” Cas looked up, and to Dean’s surprise, he looked nervous.

“I wanted to write a lot more,” he said, shrugging awkwardly. “I could’ve gone for hours. And I wanted to list them in order of importance, but you didn’t give me enough time.” His eyes softened, then, into such a tender look that Dean felt raw and exposed just looking at it. There was love in that look, so much love that for the first time, Dean didn’t doubt what Cas felt for him.

“We’ve been through much together, you and I,” Cas said softly. “I’ll always be there for you, Dean, and I will always come when you call. I love you, far more than any word can express. I have fallen for you, Dean Winchester, in every sense of the word. I cannot think of a world when I can be happy without you, and I don’t want to think of one. Dean, you and I are meant to be, and while a piece of paper doesn’t mean much to me, I want to be tied to you in every possible way.”

Dean felt his heart stop as Cas fell to one knee. His hands were sweaty and shaking, and he could hear his breath stutter as it was punched out of his lungs.

Cas took a plain black box from his pocket, and opened it to reveal a simple silver band, the edges engraved with strange symbols.

“Dean, will you marry me?”

This was happening. He wasn’t dreaming. Was he? Discreetly, he pinched his arm, and ouch, no he wasn’t dreaming. But Cas was starting to get this look on his face, this kind of uncomfortable look with just the tiniest hint of fear and was he regretting this? Oh my god, was he regretting this?

“Oh,” Cas blinked, getting to his feet unsteadily. “Oh.”

Fuck, shit, crap, I’m such a fucking moron! “Shit! No, I didn’t mean—fuck,” Dean cursed, running a hand through his hair. “I mean, I love Sam, right? And I love Mom, and Dad, and Adam….I love a lot of people, Cas, and I can tell them; I can go up to them and say ‘I love you’, and it doesn’t even feel weird. And the reason why I couldn’t do the same for you is because I don’t love you…I am in love with you. I am…devoted. Committed. I am gone on you. Hooked. Swept off my feet, whatever chick flick word you want to use. This, what I have with you, isn’t just something that I just feel. It’s something that I want, it’s something that I need, and that I want to commit to. Loving someone is constant, is something that it’s just there…and that doesn’t happen with you. I don’t just feel…whatever it is I feel, it isn’t just there. Fuck, I’m not good with this, you know I’m not good with words…but it’s like…like I fall in love with you all over again every single day. And those things you said, that list you wrote…I don’t do those things for you, I do them because it’s
you. Because I love it when I wake up and the light hits you just right and it looks like there’s a halo all around you. It makes me feel absolutely giddy when I go to reach your hand and you let me. It always surprises me, and maybe scares me a little, how safe I feel when I’m around you, how comfortable you make me feel. I like teaching you new things, love the way you brighten up when you find something new.

Castiel, you already have my heart; you already have my faith; if what you want is my time, well… I’m not going to say no to that,” Dean grinned, grabbing Cas’ hand and holding it over his heart.

“Is that…is that a yes?” Castiel whispered, rubbing his watery eyes with his left hand.

In response, Dean pulled on the leather cord around his neck, freeing the gold band, and showed it to Cas. “It was my grandmother’s wedding ring. She, uh, was actually the first one to find out that I liked you, back when I graduated. She gave it to me, told me it would look good on you.”

Cas grinned and took the ring, slipping it on his left hand. “She was right,” Cas joked.

“Yeah,” Dean murmured, eyes glued to the gold band around Cas’ fourth finger. It was almost a perfect fit. Cas followed his eyes and smiled softly, then reached out to take Dean’s left hand. He slipped the silver ring on Dean’s hand, matching his own, and raised the hand to his lips.

“It looks good on you, too, Dean,” he murmured. “I’m in love with you, too, Dean.”

Dean laughed, too happy to care that his eyes were watery and red; too happy to care that his family was seeing him like this, vulnerable, raw, and exposed; too happy to do anything else but grab Cas’ face tenderly and kiss him, baring himself even more than he thought possible.

He heard the cheers erupt around him, the sound of Sam and Gabriel hollering, his mother chastising them good-naturedly. Charlie whistled, and Dorothy cat-called, and Dean just smiled against Cas’ lips, feeling Cas do the same.

“I’m never going to live this down,” Dean murmured, only for Cas’ ears.

“I don’t know…we still have our wedding day…our honeymoon…the day we adopt,” Cas grinned.

“Ugh, don’t even say that in front of my mother…I swear she’ll pester me and Sam until we give her a grandkid,” Dean groaned.

“We can get a boy,” Cas shrugged. “Name him James…call him Jim.”

Dean leaned back and stared at Cas in awe, copying his broad smile. “God, I love you.”

“I know.”

Chapter End Notes

A couple of things:
1) This story takes place in Texas, simply because that's where I'm from. Gay marriage, unfortunately, is not legal in my state, but this is an AU where people are not stupid and put laws against love.
2) I know Dean wears Mary's wedding ring, not his grandmother's, but I don't think Cas would appreciate having his engagement ring be the ring of a failed marriage. So I
made it Millie's ring.
3) Yes, Cas does know Dean wants to name his kid Jim. Can anybody guess why Dean likes that name?
4) And did you all catch the reference? Of course ya'll did. Ya'll are super smart, super wonderful people with huge hearts
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update. Mother's day celebration ran a little longer than I thought it would, and I didn't get a chance to post this yesterday.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean didn’t like airports. It made him think of airplanes, and that was the one thing he didn’t do. Castiel could very well enjoy flying as much as he wanted, but Dean enjoyed the feeling of solid ground under his feet. He’d take the Impala over those fancy planes any day of the week.

But this was a special occasion.

“Daddy, why is Uncle Mike so nervous?” Jimmy whispered—or at least he tried to.

“That’s the menopause,” Dean snickered.

“If you’re going to make fun of me, Dean, at least use the correct term,” Michael said drily. “In men, it’s called andropause.”

“You’re going to be fine, Michael,” Cas said soothingly, shooting Dean an ugly look.

“Yeah, Mike. The kid hasn’t left yet,” Gabriel joked.

“What are you doing here, again?” Michael snapped.

“Hey, I like Adam,” Gabriel shrugged.

“Gabe—shut up,” Sam snapped.

“There he is!” Sarah exclaimed, pointing ahead with the hand that wasn’t holding Jess.

Dean turned, and sure enough, there was Adam, trailing a suit case behind him. He was wearing loose jeans and an old Stanford t-shirt, the cloth worn with use.

“Hey!” he yelled excitedly, waving his hands.

“Uncle Adam!” Jimmy yelled, waving his hands excitedly. “We’re here! We’re here!”

“We’re here!” Millie immediately said, copying her older brother.

“Hey guys!” Adam said excitedly, kneeling down to hug Jimmy, Millie, and Sarah. “I missed you!”

“You’re going to stay here now, right?” Sarah asked quickly, frowning. “I don’t like it when you leave.”

“I’m staying,” Adam grinned. “For good.”

“Yes!” Jimmy exclaimed.
“Guys, let your Uncle say hi to everyone,” Jess smiled, reaching out to grab Millie and Sarah’s hands. Jimmy was at that age when he thought holding hands was icky, so the boy quickly hid them on his pockets.

“Thanks, Jess,” Adam grinned. “You got so big!”

“I’m about to pop,” Jess agreed, rubbing her belly. “Any day now.”

“Congratulations! Sam, you too, man,” Adam laughed.

“Come here, man,” Sam grinned, reaching out to grab Adam in a bone-crushing hug.

Adam yelped when his feet left the floor, but before he could recover from the hug, Dean had taken a step forward and trapped him.

“Ugh, guys,” Adam complained. “You’re gonna break my back!”

“We missed you, little bro,” Dean grinned.

“I saw you during spring break,” Adam rolled his eyes, making a show of rubbing his back when Dean and Sam finally let him go.

“Excuse my husband, Adam,” Cas rolled his eyes. “You know how he gets. Congratulations, by the way.”

“Thanks, Cas,” Adam grinned, patting Castiel on the back. “Michael, are you okay?”

Michael jumped, eyes wide as Adam’s gaze fell on him. “M-me? Y-yeah, I’m fine,” he squeaked, then coughed. “I’m fine,” he repeated, voice now normal. “I’m really proud of you,” he added softly.

“Thank you,” Adam beamed. “I missed you.”

“Me, too,” Michael smiled.

Cas sent Dean a knowing look as Adam leaned in to give Michael a quick kiss. They made an odd sight. Michael was freshly turned forty-one, and Adam—well, Adam was twenty-six, and he looked it. Dean could understand the strange looks people gave the couple. He had felt the same at one point. But after watching Adam and Michael fight for their relationship, he was sure that there was no one better for his brother than the older man. He had been worried, especially after Adam was accepted in Stanford’s Med school, that the two wouldn’t last. But Michael had proved him wrong.

So when Michael came to his home two weeks ago and asked his permission to marry Adam, Dean had been more than glad to give it to him.

“Adam’s the one you really have to ask,” Dean had reminded him—which brought them to now.

“Adam—I have something to ask you,” Michael said softly, and took a step back, but kept Adam’s hands firmly in his grasp.

“Is something wrong?” Adam asked curiously, frowning.

“No! No, nothing’s wrong,” Michael said quickly. “I just—Adam, we’ve been dating for seven years now,” Michael began firmly. “And at first—I have to be honest—I was worried. I was worried that we weren’t going to work, that you would grow bored of me—I know better now,” he
quickly said, stopping Adam’s complaint. “There were so many times when I thought about ending what we have, though. I thought it would be better for you. I thought—I thought you deserved someone better. But you, you just kept surprising me. You never showed any signs of wanting to leave. Every time I pulled back, you just pulled me back in. You showered me with affection, so much so that now I crave it. Adam, I want to be selfish for once. I want to think about myself, I want to be happy. And you make me so happy, Adam,” Michel smiled, and to Adam’s surprise, knelt down in front of him.

“Michael, if this is a joke, I’m so killing you,” Adam threatened, voice breaking.

“It’s not a joke,” Michael smiled. “I love you Adam. Will you—?”

“Yes,” Adam said quickly. “Yes, yes, yes!”

“I haven’t asked—.”

“I don’t care. Yes,” Adam said, pulling Michael to his feet to plant a huge kiss on him. “Yes, yes, a thousand times yes!”

“Ew!” Millie exclaimed when Adam deepened the kiss.

“Millie!” Cas chided, but Adam and Michael simply laughed.

“You have to admit, Michael’s a bit gross,” Gabriel joked.

“Shut up, you pest,” Michael snapped, but he was smiling too widely to sound angry.

“Aw, I love you, too, Mikey.”

“They make a good couple,” Castiel whispered to Dean.

“Yeah, but we’re still the best,” Dean grinned, kissing Cas’ temple. This time, Jimmy complained about the kiss, pulling on Cas’ trench coat until the dark-haired man picked him up and sat him on his shoulders.

“Alright, who’s ready to go to Grandma’s party?” Dean exclaimed, and immediately Jimmy, Millie, Sarah, and Adam cheered.

Dean picked up Millie, setting her on his shoulders. Michael grabbed Adam’s bags, and the younger man wrapped his arms around his waist. Sam picked up Sarah, who wanted to be carried around like her cousin’s, and laughed when she realized that she was the tallest.

“Dad, I wanna be taller,” Millie complained, pulling on Dean’s hair.

“Yeah, me too, kid,” Dean muttered. Cas snorted, and Dean glanced his way, gaze softening as his eyes fell on him. Cas’ eyes were bright, and his face was scrunched up adorably, little snorts of laughter leaving him as he tried to cover his mouth. He noticed Dean watching and smiled brightly.

“What’s up?” he murmured, leaning in close to whisper in his ear.

“Nothing,” Dean replied. “It’s just a good day.”

Cas smiled, still a bit confused, but didn’t say anything. Millie and Sarah started fighting about whose Dad was the tallest—an argument Sarah was quick to win—and Jimmy talked Adam’s ear off as the boy asked question after question about life in California.
Michael and Gabriel bickered loudly as Michael chided him for something—Dean really didn’t know what it was, but knowing Gabriel, something childish. Castiel and Sam were talking quietly at the front of the group, probably something baby-related since his younger brother had not grown any less worried about having a baby since Jess’ first pregnancy.

And Dean…Dean simply stared at his family, smiled softly and enjoyed the day.

Chapter End Notes

So...this focused mainly on Adam because I think I wrapped up Dean and Cas’ story pretty good last chapter. I was going to write about their wedding first, but the words never came to me. Besides, I really wanted to write about Adam and Michael. To be honest, the story seemed finished to me last chapter, but I decided to add this anyway. There's nothing too cheesy or too fluffy about this, because let's face it--to the Winchesters, a normal day is the best thing that could ever happen.

Anyway, thanks for putting up with me. (I'm astounded at the number of hits this story got. When I first started, I set a goal of five thousand hits, but six thousand? You guys flatter me)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!