Love Me Tender

by Superwho_Scribblings (PrepareToBeMildlyEntertained)

Summary

Sometimes Dean and Cas have trouble sleeping so they do something else instead. Just an intolerable amount of fluff.

Notes

This is such a ridiculous amount of fluff I can't even believe I wrote it. I have no excuse. Just enjoy the fluff.

See the end of the work for more notes

It happened every now and then. In the middle of the night, when neither of them could sleep. Dean would be staring up at the ceiling, trying not to think about what a shit-hole of nonsense their lives had become and Cas would be kept awake by Dean’s fidgeting. The bed was big and soft, but not enough to keep the angel unaware of Dean’s movements. Not that Castiel didn’t have his own thoughts and nightmares to keep him awake from time to time; he was just better at hiding it.

But tonight was one of their nights.

It had started about a month earlier when Dean had woken up from a particularly terrible nightmare. He sat up straight in bed, breathing hard and sweating. Usually he would just try to go back to sleep, Cas rubbing his back and whispering calming words in Enochian in the hunter’s ear, or sometimes he would go to the kitchen and get a cup of water to get his heart rate back to normal
without disturbing Castiel’s sleep as much. But this time when he went to the kitchen to get his water, his angel followed him.

“Are you alright, Dean?” the soft voice surprised Dean and he almost dropped his water.

“Jesus, Cas, don’t sneak up on me like that,” he said. His heart rate was still erratic from the nightmare and now it jumped more heavily in his chest. “I’ll be fine in a minute, just go to sleep.” Castiel walked up and put his arms around Dean’s waist softly, laying his head against Dean’s neck and just breathing.

“They were bad again tonight,” Cas said. It wasn’t a question. Dean paused for a moment before nodding. Cas breathed in deeply against Dean’s neck.

“Do you mind if we do something?” he asked hesitantly. Ever since then, any night that involved one of them falling to insomnia involved their little ritual. Usually it was Cas that asked, but tonight it was Dean shaking the angel’s shoulder lightly.

“Cas, are you awake?” he whispered. The angel shifted slightly and opened one eye.

“I am now,” he said with his unique wry lilt that always made Dean laugh.

“I can’t sleep,” the hunter muttered. Cas lifted one corner of his lip.

“Alright,” he muttered back. The other blue eye opened and he leaned up, putting himself in a sitting position. He turned to hold a hand out to Dean. “Let’s go.”

Together they snuck through their door and headed down to the open living room of the bunker, carefully making sure to remain quiet. That had been the unspoken rule: Sam never finds out about this little ritual. Luckily the living room was far enough away from Sam’s room that the music wouldn’t wake the Sasquatch up. Because Dean had been the one to do the waking up, Cas got to go and choose one of the old records from the large cabinet next to the record player. He flipped through them for a moment before he pulled one out and put it on. He put the needle down against the black material and the soft noise of guitar bled out from the player. Dean sighed.

“You always pick this one,” he said, but there was a light smile on his face.

“It is my favorite,” Castiel replied. He was never one to feel self-conscious about their secret activity. He wasn’t one to feel self-conscious about anything, really. The lyrics wavered across open air as Cas took a couple of steps forward and stopped in front of Dean.

Love me tender, love me sweet, never let me go.

Elvis Presley’s cool voice crooned from the record player as Cas placed his arms around Dean’s neck and Dean’s arms wound their way around Castiel’s hips. They pulled tightly together and swayed to the music, not speaking.

You have made my life complete, and I love you so.

The hunter and the angel leaned their heads against each other and spun slowly, their rhythm matching nicely. Cas’s gravelly voice hummed the music softly in Dean’s ear, tickling the hair against the hunter’s neck which brought a smile to both their lips. Both men were in nothing but light T-shirts and boxers, but it didn’t feel like it mattered. Dean closed his eyes and let the next words fly softly from his lips.

“Love me tender, love me true, all my dreams fulfilled,” he sang. Cas’s lips widened into a more full smile and he leaned his face more against Dean’s shoulder breathing in his scent. His favorite part was always when Dean sang. He only did it sometimes, but his soft voice was so soothing. Castiel continued to hum as Dean sang the next line. “For my darling, I love you and I always will.”
Dean spun Castiel in a more grand way which got him a deep laugh. They swayed together to the end of the song, humming and singing respectively, just feeling the warmth from each other’s bodies.

“Thank you, Cas,” Dean said as the song ended. The record skipped and stopped, the music over, but the two men still swayed together.

“I would never say no,” Castiel said with another smile. He smiled more when they danced together than any other time and Dean couldn’t seem to get enough of it. They rocked back and forth together without music for another few minutes, each of them humming a light tune now and then without much sense. Eventually they pulled apart and Dean put away the record before grasping Castiel’s hand tightly in his own and sneaking back to their room to lay back in bed.

They curled around each other, Dean wrapping an arm around Cas and pulling him close. Dean drifted off almost immediately, the warmth of the angel in front of him radiating through his bones. Cas turned slightly in bed to look at his hunter and smiled. He turned back around and curled in as tightly as he could before he sang in a whisper as the song still ran through his mind.

“Love me tender, love me dear, tell me you are mine. I’ll be yours through all the years, ‘till the end of time.”

End Notes

The song (in case you somehow don't know it) is Love Me Tender by Elvis Presley.

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