But First Let Me Take a Selfie

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But First Let Me Take a Selfie

by thatwriterlady

Summary

Cas is shy and introverted, and his best friend Sam tries to get him to come out of his shell a bit by posting pictures of himself on Facebook, he decides to do it. Making that decision while drunk was probably not his best idea, especially when he takes the picture in his bathroom, where there's a perfect view of his shower behind him. His shower, where there's a giant rubber dick suctioned to the wall for all the world to see.

And of course the first person that happens to see the picture is Sam's insanely attractive brother, Dean, who he'd just met earlier that night, and who he couldn't stop thinking about. Great way to make a first impression...

Notes

This story came about after I saw a picture and ended up cackling like an idiot when I saw the dildo suctioned to the shower wall behind the woman in the picture. I got this idea that just started formulating in my head and I had to write it. I do hope you like it. It won't be nearly as long as the last one, but it's still sweet. Thank you for joining me on another
wonderful journey. I apologize for not getting the first chapter up yesterday, but it was a bad pain day for me. I mostly stayed in bed, and in my room I have no wifi. Every time I got out of bed to go use the bathroom, I wanted to just scream, my body hurt so much, especially my knees. They both hurt horribly now. I see the ortho Thursday. Hopefully he doesn't blow me off like they've been doing for everything else. I might just snap if they do!

I hope you enjoy this story. I'm going now to curl up under my nice, warm blankets with my soft, fuzzy sock in my bed and watch horror movies while I work on my Christmas fic. I hope to have the next chapter up Wednesday.

See the end of the work for more notes
“Cas, you don’t have any pics on your Facebook. You need to put one up and stop relying on people to tag you to pics they took of you. I mean, I know I took a couple, but you need a few of your own. You’re a good-looking guy, and I know a few men that might be interested.” Sam set a beer down in front of his friend before sliding into the seat across from him with his own.

“I don’t understand the obsession everyone has with Facebook, and I don’t see it as a possible place to meet men. Is it not for friends? How could it possibly be a place for me to meet men when I am highly selective about who I add to my friend list? I have 25 friends currently on there, none of whom I would date.” Cas took a sip of his beer and looked around the bar. The place was starting to pick up. His eyes fell on the bartender, watching the man move about as he poured drinks and talked with customers. Sam followed his gaze, smirking when he realized what his friend was looking at.

“You like the bartender?”

Cas blushed and quickly pulled his eyes away from the man behind the bar.

“I don’t know him.”

Sam watched the bartender for a moment before looking at his friend again.

“But you think he’s attractive? It’s just a question.”

Cas picked at a nick in the wood table top for a moment. “Yes, he is very attractive.”

“Well, I happen to know him.”

Cas’ eyes widened as he looked up at his friend.

“You know him? In what capacity?”
Sam smirked around the rim of his beer mug. “He’s my older brother.”

“You can’t be serious.” Cas looked horrified. “Tell me you’re joking.”

“I’m dead serious. That’s Dean. I’ve told you about him.” Sam pulled his phone out and went into his own Facebook, searching until he found a picture of him and Dean with some of their friends from the summer before. He turned the phone around so Cas could see. Slowly the color began to drain from his friend’s face.

“Please, do not embarrass me. I implore you,” Cas begged. Sam could see the fear in his friend’s eyes and his own amusement at the situation disappeared. He reached across the table to pat Cas’ hand.

“I wouldn’t do that; you know I’m not that type of person.”

He looked over at the bar and caught his brother’s eye. Dean quirked a brow in question but Sam gave a tiny shake, letting his brother know that he wasn’t on a date. Dean’s head jerked up once in acknowledgement before moving on to the next customer. When Sam looked at Cas again, he found blue eyes watching him intently.

“He’s wondering if this is a date,” he explained. This time his friend’s eyebrows shot up.

“A date? With you?”

“Gee, try not to hurt my feelings,” Sam said dryly.

“I’m sorry, but I couldn’t. I don’t see you that way,” Cas apologized.

“That’s fine, because I don’t see you that way either.” Sam took another sip of his beer and looked around. The bar was pretty busy for a Thursday night.

“Is, um, your brother on Facebook?” Cas asked. Sam forced himself not to smile as he looked his friend in the eye.
“Sure, he has one, mostly because his friend Charlie talked him into one so she can share video game memes and stuff with him. He doesn’t use it much though. Probably about as much as you do.”

Cas sighed. “Yes, well, I like the memes, but the politics and the stories of rape, murder, and other atrocities are very upsetting. My friend Meg keeps sharing stories about abused animals, and those articles have pictures. They make me cry every time. I know these things happen, and I volunteer at the animal shelter to do what I can to help, but I hate seeing the images on my phone or on my computer.”

“Yeah, Dean says the same thing. His friend Benny is a cop, and he’s always sharing horrible stories that bother my brother so much. He hides the articles when they come across his wall,” Sam said. “I stopped following Benny. He’s on my friend list, too, but those stories are painful to see.”

Cas sipped at his beer as he pulled his phone out and brought up the Facebook app.

“How do I block just the posts that bother me? Meg shares pictures of her family and other things. I don’t want to miss out on those.”

Sam was walking him through how to hide posts from pages that shared the truly disturbing posts when Dean appeared.

“Hey, Sammy.”

“Hey. You on your break?” Sam asked. Dean nodded.

“Yeah. Can I sit for a few?”

Sam moved over and Dean sat down next to him.

“Who’s your friend?”

“This is my friend Castiel; we work together. Cas, this is my brother, Dean.”
Cas looked like a deer caught in the headlights, but Dean took it in stride. His smile was charming as he reached across the table and offered his hand.

“Nice to meet you, Castiel.”

Cas snapped back to himself and looked down at the hand for a moment before taking it and shaking it firmly.

“You can call me Cas, everyone does. It’s very nice to meet you as well.”

“I think Sam mentioned you a few times.” Dean sat back, stretching his arm across the back of the seat, his green eyes trained on Cas. It was almost unnerving. From a distance the man was attractive. This close up though? Cas could see the freckles that spilled across his nose and cheeks, the fullness of his lips and the long thick lashes that touched his cheeks every time he blinked. He was absolutely gorgeous.

“He talks about you as well, quite fondly. You’re an engineering major? Put off your schooling until Sam was finished, if I remember correctly.”

Dean looked away, clearly embarrassed. “Yeah, it’s a bit humiliating being 30 when everyone else in my classes is in their early 20s, but I made Sammy a promise. I’m almost done.”

“It’s admirable. Sam is one of the best lawyers at the firm, and he’s climbing the ladder faster than most.”

Dean turned to look at his brother and the pride he felt was visible, even to Cas.

“Sammy’s a genius, and he works like a dog. I don’t expect anything less from him.”

“Dean is rather modest, Cas. He’s at the top of his class but likes to tell everyone that I’m the brains in the family. I had a 3.7 GPA though. His is 3.9,” Sam said. Cas was more than a little impressed.
“That’s fantastic. How long until you’re done with school?”

“I’m in the tail end of my last semester. I’m so ready to be done. I’m holding down a full time job, going to school full time, and I have a part time job working on cars. It’s not cheap to live in this city.”

Cas snorted and took another sip of his beer. “Tell me about it. Until last year I was still working two jobs. This last promotion made it possible for me to quit my management job at the Gas ~N~ Sip.”

Dean quirked an eyebrow, clearly not expecting that.

“You’re a lawyer, and you managed a gas station?”

“And I had a roommate, until she got engaged and moved out.”

“I live alone since Sammy moved out. Rent here is ridiculous.” Dean sighed.

“You didn’t have to come to California to go to school,” Sam said, but there was nothing but fondness in his voice. “You could have gone to school in Kansas.”

“And do what? You’re my family, Sam. I wanted to be where my family is.” Dean checked his watch. “I’m so ready to be done with tonight. At least I get off at 11. Since Lenny made me head bartender, I get way better hours. I can go home and study before I crash, then in the morning I have a Buick I need to finish the transmission on.”

“Don’t work yourself to death. One more semester, then you’ll have your dream job,” Sam told him. Dean nodded.

“Trust me, that’s the mantra I have running through my head.” He dropped his arm and dragged himself back to his feet. “Well, it was nice meeting you, Cas. See you later, Sammy.”

Dean headed back to the bar, and Cas didn’t even realize he was staring at the man’s ass until Sam coughed lightly to draw his attention. He quickly looked away.
“He’s single,” Sam said, unable to hide his smile this time.

“And most likely straight,” Cas assumed. Sam laughed.

“Dude, no. My brother? He is definitely not straight.”

Cas found himself watching Dean again. Not straight. That could mean a lot of things. The question was, did he want to learn the meaning?

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After a couple of beers followed by some shots of Fireball, Cas was feeling pretty good. He and Sam shared an Uber to go home and when he walked into his apartment, the urge to pee hit him hard. Humming the theme song to “American Hero” since it was stuck in his head, he made his way to the bathroom to relieve himself. After, as he was washing his hands, he caught his reflection in the mirror. He looked pretty damn good in his gray, V-neck tee shirt with his hair all mussed up. Maybe Sam was right, he should put more pictures of himself up instead of posting pictures of bees, flowers, and other things he came across on his morning runs. Opening up the camera app on his phone, he struck a pose. Was it sexy? He had no clue, but he aimed for smoldering anyway and snapped the picture. Squinting to bring the picture into focus (ok, maybe five beers and six shots was a bit excessive) he decided it looked good. Pulling up his Facebook profile, he posted the picture, even figuring out how to tag Sam to it.

“Look Sam, I took a selfie. Happy now?”

Pleased, he closed the app and shuffled into his bedroom. At least tomorrow was Saturday and he could sleep in. That was his last thought as he collapsed face first onto the bed, forgetting to even take his shoes off. Sleep claimed him quickly, and his thoughts were of green eyes, freckles, and the lips he’d been fantasizing all night about having wrapped around his dick.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Seriously, if anyone decides they want to do art for this, I welcome it with open arms, because I can't draw for crap, but I have this vision of Cas standing in his bathroom, taking his selfie...well, read the chapter and you'll see...

Sam and his absolutely gorgeous friend were still knocking back beers when Dean left for the night. His brother had sworn they were calling an Uber, so he wasn’t too worried as he made the drive home. Around 2 a.m. he got a jumbled text from Sam stating that they’d shared an Uber as promised, and he was now home safe and sound. That put Dean’s mind at ease, and he was better able to concentrate on his textbook. Book. That got him thinking of Facebook. He wondered if Cas was on Facebook. Deciding to take a break from his reading, he pulled the website up on his computer.

Mostly it was memes, and about 80% were posted by Charlie. He scrolled through them, liking a bunch before he started seeing posts from other people. Jo had put up a picture of her with her new boyfriend, Dave. He liked the picture. Benny had put up a picture of him and his partner, Gilda, at an awards ceremony. They’d recently prevented an abduction, and the city was awarding them for their dedication and service. He heart reacted that one. Donna put up a picture of donuts she’d just bought; he heart reacted that one too because: donuts. His ex, Lisa put up a picture of the house she had just closed on. She was standing in front of it with her husband Mason and her son Ben. There was the briefest stab of jealousy, but he quickly pushed that away. He’d left her, not the other way around. He had no right to be jealous. She’d moved on, and she was happy. They’d managed to stay friends, and it was fantastic that she and Mason were finally able to buy their own home. He heart reacted the picture and commented.

“Congrats! Place looks great!”

Moving on, he came across a selfie Sam had taken after getting home and collapsing into bed drunk.

“Never drinking Fireball again!!”

Dean chuckled and laugh reacted that one. Yeah, right, he knew how much his brother loved the stuff.

The next picture that came up gave him pause. It was a selfie of Cas, standing in his bathroom doing
some version of the same “Blue Steel” look Dean liked to do in pictures. But they weren’t friends on Facebook so he didn’t understand why he was seeing it on his wall. Then he read the caption and saw that his brother was tagged.

“Look Sam, I took a selfie. Happy now?”

Dean studied the picture for a moment. The man was clearly drunk, but that didn’t make him any less gorgeous. Holding up the camera at that angle meant that the gray tee shirt Cas was wearing had ridden up slightly, revealing a glimpse of a very appealing snail trail, and that seemed to catch his dick’s attention, because it throbbed dully in his pajama pants. The edge of the sink cut off the rest of Cas’ body, so he focused instead on the bulging biceps, the messy hair, the smoldering look, and before he knew it, he was hard. Not what he’d planned for his evening, but hey, he wasn’t complaining too much. His attention was pulled away from Cas, and he looked at everything reflected in the mirror behind the man. It was clear he had a much nicer bathroom than Dean did, and he assumed a much nicer apartment as well, if the slate tiled shower and marble sink were anything to go by. Something in the shower caught his attention though, and his eyebrows shot almost completely up into his hairline. Clicking on the picture to enlarge it, his jaw dropped in surprise. There, suctioned to the shower wall, was an absolutely enormous dildo.

“Holy shit!” he gasped. Did Cas realize he’d caught that in the picture? Probably not. He likely hadn’t intended to angle the camera so that his shower was in the picture at all, but there it was, a big, thick, rubber cock, just hanging off the wall. Laughter bubbled up in his chest, he couldn’t help it. Idly, he felt almost smug because even as big as the dildo was, he was bigger. It confirmed what he’d thought earlier that night, when he’d caught Cas watching him several times. The man was definitely not straight.

As funny as this was, it also had the potential to be humiliating, especially since Cas was a lawyer. So he decided to be a decent person and left a comment on the picture.

“Hey, this is Sam’s brother, Dean. While you look hot as hell here, you might want to take this picture down, and the sooner the better. Just looking out for you, man.”

After that, he messaged Sam to tell him to get Cas to remove the picture as soon as he could. Even after drinking, Sam was an early riser, and he hoped his brother would call Cas to tell him what was in the picture. By that point his dick had decided to go dormant again, and he was actually glad. He had a test Monday to study for, and there was no time to pleasure himself, not if he wanted to get an A.

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Sam’s head was splitting when he woke the following morning, and he groaned as he rolled onto his
back. It took effort to actually force himself out of bed and after relieving himself (and pissing out the remaining beer and whisky from the night before), he found the aspirin and swallowed some down. He went back to the bedroom to grab his phone before heading to the kitchen to make coffee. There were a handful of notifications, so as he stuck a K-cup in his Keurig, he started scrolling through them, eliminating them one by one until all that was left were the ones on Facebook.

Benny had tagged him to a meme about lawyers being sharks. Ha ha, he thought drolly. There was a new picture of Jo and Dave, Cas’ brother Gabe had posted some pics of himself on vacation, and he’d been tagged in one where Gabe was standing next to a really tall statue of a man with hair styled much like his own.

“I found your twin, Samsquatch. He’s huge!”

Sam rolled his eyes, even as the corners of his mouth quirked upwards. It made him kind of happy that Gabe was off in Europe somewhere, and still thought about him. He heart reacted the picture and left a comment.

“That might be, but I’m still better looking.”

Moving on, he saw the picture Lisa had put up, and Dean’s comment. He was glad his brother wasn’t bitter. It hadn’t been a bad breakup; Dean had just realized after a year of trying hard to make things work between them that he wasn’t in love with Lisa. They were happier apart, and he was glad she was so happy with her husband now. The house looked great. He heart reacted the picture and kept going.

The picture of Cas had him chuckling. Clearly he’d taken it last night, after getting home from the bar. He looked drunk, but he looked confident too. Usually his friend was extremely shy and introverted. The tag had him laughing. Glancing up at the corner of his phone, he realized he’d missed the text his brother had sent, so he opened that up. He frowned as he read it.

**Dean:** For the sake of your friend’s job and to avoid humiliation, you might want to tell Cas to take down that picture he put up after you guys left the bar. It’s sort of inappropriate, though I don’t think he realizes that. I’d hate to see something like that cost him his job.

Puzzled by the message, he went back to the picture. Cas didn’t look *that* drunk. He was fully clothed, even if his shirt had ridden up a few inches. How could Dean think it was inappropriate? He clicked on it and enlarged the picture. *That’s* when he realized what his brother was talking about.
“Oh, shit!”

He hurried to dial his friend’s number, tapping his foot impatiently as he waited for him to pick up. When the line finally connected, he heard the man actually growl.

“You better be dying, and there’s no one else willing to drive you to the hospital. If not, I will come over and shove your head in the toilet.”

Sam barked out a startled laugh before he caught himself. “Uh, no, this has to do with the picture you put up last night. You may want to hurry up and take that down.”

He heard shuffling and a few choice swear words. Something thumped on the floor, and then came another thump. It dawned on him that Cas had probably fallen into bed fully clothed, and apparently with his shoes still on as well.

“What? What the hell are you talking about? What picture? And why is that so damn important at…” Another noise followed by another curse. “Half past eight on a Saturday?”

“Cas, you put up a picture of yourself last night when you got home from the bar.” Sam kept his tone even as he added cream and sugar to his coffee.

“The hell I did,” Cas grumbled.

“But you did. I was just looking at it. You took the picture in your bathroom. I can see everything in the room just over your shoulder. You know, like your open shower?”

“What?”

Sam rolled his eyes and sighed heavily. “Put me on speaker phone and pull the damn app up.”

“I hate you right now, you know that?” Cas complained, but a moment later the speaker phone came on. “I’m opening the stupid app.”
Sam waited patiently as Cas pulled the app up and went to his own profile.

“Huh, I don’t remember taking this. I look a little drunk, but it’s not a bad one. You told me to take more selfies, so why are you telling me to take this one down?”

“Because the giant dick stuck to your shower wall is in the picture.” Sam replied bluntly. He heard the sharp intake of air on the other end of the line.

“Oh my God! Dean saw this!”

“Yeah, I know, he messaged me last night to call you and tell you to take it down so you don’t get in trouble at work.”

“No, Sam, Dean commented on my picture!”

Sam put his own phone on speaker and pulled the picture up again. Sure enough, there was a comment from his brother.

“Oh, yeah, I see that,” he said lamely.

“Sam! He…”

“Dude, relax. His first thought was about your job, not about your private life. Does it even matter that you have one? Cause I don’t care, and I’m pretty sure Dean doesn’t either.”

“I am not ashamed that I have sex toys, Sam. I have needs. I am embarrassed that your ridiculously attractive brother told me I look hot! He’s making fun of me, right? He can’t possibly be interested…can he?”

Sam frowned down at the phone. That wasn’t the reaction he’d expected. Cas was worried Dean was just saying he was hot without actually meaning it, but he wasn’t worried at all about the GIANT FUCKING DILDO HANGING ON THE SHOWER WALL?!
“Uh…do you want me to ask him if he’s serious?” He ventured, asking the question slowly.

“No! Well, maybe. Do you think he could be?”

Sam chuckled. “You have a crush on my brother.”

Cas scoffed at him. “I am 34, Sam. I am too old for crushes.”

Sam shook his head. His friend was an idiot.

“Dude, I have a crush on your brother. And he has one on me too, so don’t give me that crap. You’re perfectly capable of having a crush.”

“I took the picture down. I will try to crop it later and put it back up. This is too much stress for a Saturday morning.” Cas groaned. “Why the hell am I still wearing jeans?”

“I wanted you to take that down, especially before Meg saw it. I know she can be cruel sometimes,” Sam said.

“Good point. She’d probably send me a bigger dildo for my birthday.”

Sam choked on his sip of coffee and sputtered. “She wouldn’t.”

“Oh, she would. She’d send me a box of them, complete with confetti, and probably with a guy delivering them dressed as a giant phallus. You underestimate her.”

“Tell me again, why are you friends with her?” Sam had met Meg once, and once was enough.

“She’s my oldest friend. We met the first day of kindergarten,” Cas replied.
“Right. When she declared that you two would one day get married.”

Cas yawned before chuckling. “Well, to be fair, I didn’t know I didn’t like girls because I was gay. I just thought they were all gross back then.”

“Well, do you want me to find out if my brother really likes you? I’m pretty sure if he’s saying that on your post, he’s being honest, but I can ask, just to be sure.”

Cas was quiet for a moment. “I think I’ll leave the decision up to you. I feel anxious thinking about you asking him, so I’ll pretend I don’t know what you’re doing while you go call him.”

Sam laughed. Cas cracked him up in moments like this.

“Ok, well, I’ll play along. See you Sunday for Game of Thrones?”

“I’ll be over. I’m ordering pizza this time,” Cas replied.

“Ok, see you then.”

“At least text me later.”

“You got it.” Sam hung up and finished off the last of his coffee. His head already felt better. A check of the time told him calling his brother would be pointless; Dean would already be under the hood of whatever car he was working on and wouldn’t stop to answer his phone. That meant a trip down to the garage. Yeah, that wasn’t happening without a shower and brushing his teeth first. He rinsed his cup out and set it in the dish rack before heading for the bathroom. It was time to play matchmaker.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

I meant to get this chapter up yesterday but I'm on day 5 of another of my constant migraines and yesterday was the worst of it, plus I'm back on antibiotics for another infection, this time for a UTI (doc thinks my immune system crashed after the last round of antibiotics since I barely got over the sinus infection/bronchitis before this happened. Except these antibiotics are making me sooooooo sick. It's like a nuclear time bomb in my gut every time I take them. I didn't leave my bed yesterday, and that meant no wifi. Sorry. But here's a nice, long chapter for you. Next one goes up Wednesday. And get ready, my Christmas fic is about to go up too! It will go up in increments each day leading up to Christmas. Lots for you all to read!

“Dean, your brother’s here.”

Dean stood up, placing his hands on his lower back and stretching until his back popped. When he peeked around the hood he could see Sam standing in the lobby. His brother waved, and he gave a wave back.

“I’ll be back in five; I’m almost done,” he announced before heading for the lobby.

He pushed through the door with his shoulder, already pulling the rag out of his pocket to wipe the oil off his hands.

“Hey, what are you doing down here? Did you tell Cas about that picture?”

“I did. His response wasn’t exactly what I’d expected, but he did take it down,” Sam replied. Dean cocked his head, curious as to what he meant.

“What was his reaction?”

“Is there somewhere we can talk? Privately?” Sam looked around at the various people waiting in the lobby. No way did he want to talk about this in front of them!
“Sure, follow me.” Dean led him through a door and down a narrow hall to what he realized was a break room. It was empty. Dean closed the door and turned around to look at him. “So what brought you all the way down here?”

“I was actually on my way down to Browne’s bookstore, but I figured this was a safer conversation to have in person rather than someone like Charlie potentially hacking in and finding anything we deleted.” Sam moved over to one of the folding chairs that sat by a card table where a half finished game of solitaire still sat. He lowered himself down into the seat. Dean arched an eyebrow as he crossed over to the other chair and joined him at the table.

“Paranoid much, Sammy?”

“When it comes to careers possibly getting messed with, yes.”

Dean frowned. “He’s not getting in trouble by your bosses, is he?”

“No. He has hardly any friends on Facebook, and the account is set to private, so it’s doubtful anyone but the people on his friends’ list or mine saw it. It’s mine that I’m worried about; I have over 300 friends. When I looked though, it said only three people had seen it. So that’s you, me, and I don’t know who else. I called him as soon as I realized what your text was about and got him to take it down.”

Dean relaxed and nodded. “Good, that’s good. I don’t want you or anyone else getting in trouble for stuff like that.”

“Thank you for the heads up. I would have told you to just call me the moment you saw the picture last night, but I wasn’t sober and he definitely wasn’t sober. He didn’t even remember taking it when I called this morning.”

“Was he embarrassed? I’d have been embarrassed,” Dean asked.

“Actually, not about the dildo.” Sam scratched nervously at his neck which intrigued his brother since that wasn’t normal of him to do.

“He wasn’t upset about the dildo?”
“He wasn’t upset at all. More like... he was flustered. You said he looked hot in the picture. He thinks you can’t possibly be serious, and well, he’s shy, introverted, and kind of adorkable in his own way.”

“Adorkable?” Dean squinted in confusion. “What the hell?”

“He’s a dork but he’s an adorable dork,” Sam clarified.

“Oh. I mean, I didn’t see him as a dork, but he’s seriously hot. How are you not interested in him?” Dean asked. Sam chuckled nervously.

“Ah, no, he’s not my type. Kind of too much like me for my own taste. And he’s just ok looking. We don’t see each other that way. I’m, uh, interested in his brother Gabe.”

“I heard you mention that name. I didn’t realize that was his brother.”

“Yeah. Gabe’s a big goofball. He makes me laugh.” Sam’s cheeks tinged red at his confession, and while Dean wanted to tease him about it, he didn’t. His brother actually liked someone, and that was a big deal. After losing his girlfriend in a fire five years earlier, he hadn’t dated much. Gabe was the first person he seemed truly interested in, in years.

“Do you think Cas might be interested? Or did I freak him out with my comment?”

“Oh, he’s definitely interested, but he think you’re so gorgeous you couldn’t possibly interested in him. He’s a little clueless when it comes to guys.”

Dean was thinking about that when Sam made a suggestion.

“You know how I watch Game of Thrones every Sunday?”

“Sure, I watch it too, the show is fantastic,” Dean said.
“Well, since it came back on this season, I’ve been inviting Cas over. We switch up whose turn it is to provide dinner. He’ll be at my place tomorrow night with pizza. You could join us. I won’t tell him you’re coming though. If I do, he’ll freak out and probably show up in a business suit with some fancy wine. The trick is to catch him off guard and get him to relax.”

“I’m not working tomorrow. I plan to study, I have a big test coming up Monday, but I guess I can be by your place say…8:30?” Dean figured that would give him time to do his laundry, study some more, and get a shower in before heading over to his brother’s. He doubted Cas knew that he lived right across the street from Sam.

“Yeah, that’ll work. He doesn’t live very far, only a couple of blocks away, so he usually walks to my place. You’re always so busy studying that I didn’t want to bother you by making you come over to watch,” Sam explained.

“Yeah, I pretty much know all of the material already, but I like being extra sure right before a test. My goal is to graduate top of my class so I can get a really good job.”

“I know, and you’re doing great. A night to relax would be good for you though, and hey, free food, good company, and maybe you’ll get a date out of it. I know he’ll say yes if you ask.”

Dean rubbed his chin as he thought about that. Could he even fit dating into his already busy life? Probably not til after graduation.

“Yeah, not sure I have a whole lot of time for dating right now, but I can swing GOT once a week for now. Maybe down the road I could ask him out.”

“After graduation?” Sam asked. Dean nodded.

“Yeah, so…seven weeks?”

“I think he would wait,” Sam said.

“Really? But why?”
“I’ve worked with the man for three years now. He had a boyfriend when we met, a real jerk, and after they broke up, he didn’t date. So for at least two years now, he has not dated anyone, unless he was set up on a blind date, and those never went past a single date. But he saw you last night and he kept staring, so I called him out on it without telling him that you were my brother. He commented on how attractive you were, and sure, he freaked out when he found out you were my brother, but even this morning he was asking if I thought there was a chance you could really be interested. I think he likes your work ethic, and you didn’t treat him like he was odd. Both are big pluses in his book,” Sam explained. “He’s a good guy that gets shit on. Once he warms up though, he’s as goofy as his brother, but with a more wry sense of humor I think you would appreciate more than I do.”

“Hmm. Well, I gotta get back to work; I get off in two hours, and I’m starving. I don’t want to do overtime here and put off a meal any longer than I have to. I’ll see you tomorrow night.” Dean got to his feet and Sam stood up too.

“Sure.”

Dean walked his brother back out before heading back to finish the tune up he was doing. He contemplated the whole turn of events as he completed the tune up and moved on to a brake job. By the time he was ready to go home, he found that he was actually looking forward to going over to his brother’s place tomorrow night.

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Dean was in the kitchen pouring himself a glass of sweet tea when someone knocked.

“I’ll get it,” Sam said before heading off to do exactly that. A few seconds later he heard the deep rumble of Cas’ voice talking to his brother.

“I ordered ahead, and the pizzas should be here before the show starts. I don’t have court tomorrow, and my first client isn’t until 10, so Naomi said I don’t have to be in until nine, since I already have all of the necessary documents for trial on Tuesday.”

“Mmm, I have court at nine, one, and again at three tomorrow. Two custody cases and the same child neglect case I’ve been in court three times already for. I’m ready for that one to be over with already,” Sam was explaining. Dean could hear them getting closer as they walked towards the kitchen, and suddenly his heart began to race. What if this was a bad idea? What if Cas panicked and left? What if-
“Oh, by the way, my brother’s going to be watching with us tonight,” Sam said casually as they walked into the kitchen. Cas froze, eyes wide when he spotted Dean leaning against the counter with his glass of tea.

“Oh, hey.” Dean nodded in greeting. Cas glanced at Sam before turning the bluest eyes Dean had ever seen on him once more. He tugged a bit at his tee shirt. Five Finger Death Punch. Nice. “Cool shirt,” he added.

“Oh, thank you.”

“You a fan?” he asked. Cas nodded.

“I am. I have a rather wide taste in music.”

“I like classic rock mostly, but I can get behind bands like that.” Dean pointed at his shirt. “I concede that there is some good music out there that is more modern.”

“By modern he means he’s a huge Taylor Swift fan,” Sam said as he pulled the pitcher of iced tea from the fridge to pour himself a glass. He pointedly ignored the death glare his brother sent him. Cas, however seemed amused.

“Taylor Swift? Really?”

“Her music is good,” Dean said defensively. No one was going to make him be embarrassed because he liked her music.

“I agree, it is,” Cas admitted.

“Would you like some tea?” Sam asked, holding out the glass he’d poured for himself, in case Cas wanted it.

“Thank you.” Cas accepted it and took a sip before turning his attention back to Dean. “So, do you
watch Game of Thrones?"

"I do, but most Sundays I’m studying or doing homework, even as I watch it. Sam convinced me to put my textbook down for one night. He knows if I’m here watching the show, I won’t be at home, opening up the book. I know all the material already, but I like going over it all right before a big test."

“So you’re just here to watch the show?” Cas took a few steps into the kitchen, but the room wasn’t really big enough for three grown men and the kitchen table in the center.

“Not just the show,” Dean replied, offering his most charming smile. Cas definitely seemed more interested. He offered a shy smile in return.

“Can we take this conversation to the living room?” Sam asked as he put the pitcher back in the fridge.

“Sure.” Dean pushed off the counter and strode out of the room, keenly aware of how intently Cas was watching him.

“Just tell him you like him.” Sam patted his friend on the shoulder as he followed Dean out. Cas sighed deeply and went after them.

Usually Sam and Cas sat on the couch together, but at opposite ends. Tonight though, Sam sat in his recliner, kicking the footrest up and getting comfortable. That left the couch for Cas and Dean. Dean was already sitting, leaning against the armrest, describing a funny story that had happened the day before down at the auto shop where he worked. Cas sat down at the other end of the couch and ran his fingers through his hair. He hadn’t shaved because it was the weekend, and he’d worn his most comfortable jeans. If he’d known Dean would be here, he’d have dressed nicer. At least his tee shirt was clean.

“You get any flack for that picture?” Dean was suddenly looking at him, and he felt pinned under the man’s gaze.

“No, I did not. Thank you both for your warning. I had too much to drink Friday night, and I didn’t even realize I’d taken that picture. I did take it down though, just in case. Hopefully no one from work saw it, not that I think they’d say very much. Naomi might warn me to be more vigilant about what I choose to post, but that would be about it, and she’s not even on my friend list. I’m very
particular about who I will add on there,” Cas replied.

“Cool. I was afraid it might come back to bite you. Both of my bosses are on my friend list so I have to be careful what I post on mine. I never insult either job, or talk about anything stupid I do, in case one of them sees it.”

“Stupid?” Cas cocked his head. “Such as?”

“Such as accidentally running a red light one night and getting pulled over. Or complaining about how exhausted I am after working a double shift at the bar, and then getting called into the shop to cover a shift first thing the next morning, when all I want to do is sleep in. They haven’t done that in a long time, now that I’m the senior bartender, but before? It was a nightmare, and I’d be in class half awake. How I didn’t fail any classes, I have no idea.”

“Coffee. That’s how you survived,” Sam said with a chuckle. Dean grinned.

“Yeah. I’m not as young now, and trying to keep this kind of schedule is exhausting. A few more weeks and I am free. My schedule will ease up, and I’ll be able to breathe again.”

“What kind of engineering degree are you working on?” Cas asked.

“Chemical. I have a second interview coming up in a few weeks. I’m pretty sure that with my GPA, my solid work history, and my dual major in chemistry and biology, they’ll hire me. It’s a six-figure job.”

Cas’ eyes widened. “Seriously?! I think I went into the wrong career!”

Dean and Sam both laughed.

“You went into a career where you could help people, same as I did,” Sam said. “And we make good money.”

Cas shrugged. “I don’t think it’ll ever be six-figure good though.”
“But is it satisfying?” Dean asked.

“Oh, most definitely. I take on child welfare cases, handling the legal aspect of placing children taken away from their parents with new, responsible legal guardians. I also handle adoption cases. Seeing children happy with their new parents is one of the best things in the world.”

“See? Maybe it’s me that went into the wrong line of work.” Dean winked, liking how rosy the other man’s cheeks got. When someone knocked, Cas jumped up to get the door. He came back a minute later with a stack of pizza boxes.

“You ordered all of this just for you two?” Dean’s eyes bulged out when he saw there were three large pizzas.

“We splurge once a week, and the leftovers become our lunches for the rest of the week,” Sam explained as he put down the foot rest so he could reach into the box Cas opened and grab a slice of supreme.

“They all supreme?” Dean asked.

“No, one is meat lovers and one is pepperoni.” Cas replied.

“Can I get a couple slices of the meat lovers?”

“Of course. We always order a bit extra just in case someone came to eat with us and watch the show. Once or twice my brother has shown up.” Cas pulled out the meat lovers and handed the box over so Dean could help himself.

“Nice. Thanks.” Dean grabbed a slice and sat back to eat it. Cas got up to grab the paper plates in the kitchen, and when he returned he handed one to each of the other men, along with napkins. They all settled back to watch the episode and eat their food.

It was distracting having Dean here, watching the show with them. As much as Cas wanted to pay attention to the amazing storyline, he couldn’t resist sneaking frequent glances over at Dean. The man was as engrossed in the show as Sam was, and they murmured back and forth about what they thought might happen next on occasion, but he wasn’t sneaking glances back at Cas, as far as he could tell.
When the episode drew to a close, Sam started cleaning up. Cas sat quietly, watching a commercial on the television, unsure of what he should say, or if he should say anything at all.

“Bad ass with the dragons, right?” Dean asked.

“Oh, yes, most definitely. I am glad they’re still part of the show. It bothers me immensely that they have killed off nearly all of the wolves. I love the wolves,” Cas replied. Dean made a humming noise as he nodded.

“I root for House Stark. Jon Snow is badass. The Khaleesi doesn’t know what she’s going up against.”

Cas had to agree; he was right about that.

“So, Cas. Uh, Sammy told me you thought I might just be saying that on your picture last night. About you being hot. I wasn’t though. You looked really good. Still do.” Dean said, and he was looking right at him again.

“Seriously? I look like I just woke up,” Cas argued.

“You look relaxed. That’s more attractive than fancy business suits any day. Is this normally how you dress?”

Cas nodded shyly. “The suits are the worst thing about being a lawyer. I hate them. I’d much rather wear jeans and a tee shirt.”

“You look really good.” When he looked up he noticed Dean nodding approvingly at his choice of apparel. Maybe the tee shirt and jeans weren’t such a bad idea.

“Thank you.” He took a better look at what Dean was wearing and blushed at the instant arousal that seemed to course through him, and the guy wasn’t dressed in anything fancier than a pair of jeans and a black tee shirt. Still, he was unbelievably hot. “Y-you look very nice as well.”
Dean flashed him a smile that made his heart race and when he winked, Cas was pretty sure his heart stopped. Why was he acting like a hormonal teenager suddenly? He was a man in his mid 30s!

“Thanks, Cas.”

“So, did you want to take any of this home with you?” Sam had come back with several containers to store extra pizza in, and Ziploc bags.

“I mean, I could, if it’s not going to mess you guys up for lunch,” Dean said.

“Nah, not me.” Sam handed him one of the giant bags.

“No, it’s fine, take some,” Cas encouraged. Dean bagged up four slices of the meat lovers before deciding to add two of the pepperoni.

“Same time next week?” Sam asked them. Cas looked over at Dean, his blue eyes wide in anticipation of his answer.

“I mean, if I’m not interrupting your night. It’s better than watching it alone,” Dean replied.

“Nah, it’s fine with me.”

“Me as well,” Cas added quickly. Dean smiled as he got to his feet. He stretched, popping his back and sighing with the relief that brought.

“Ok, well, I have class in the morning, so I gotta run. I’ll see you guys for sure next Sunday, unless you stop by the bar.”

“Maybe. Later.” Sam waved his brother off. Cas gave a small smile before Dean was leaving, closing the door behind him.

“You didn’t tell me you were inviting him!” Cas rounded on Sam as soon as he was sure Dean was gone and wouldn’t hear him. Sam chuckled as he slid pizza slices into the containers he would be
taking to work during the week.

“Know I didn’t. If I’d told you, you’d have dressed up, and that’s not how Dean is. It’s not how
you are. You don’t need to impress him like that. Trust me, he already likes you.”

“But…he didn’t ask me out,” Cas pouted.

“Yeah, about that. He’s interested, he just literally doesn’t have time to date right now. At least not
for a few more weeks. Remember, he’s going to school full time and working two jobs. What little
time he does get is spent studying, doing homework, or sleeping. I had to pull him away from
studying tonight. Usually he works Sundays till like, six, but he had the day off, and his nose was in
his textbooks the entire day. Give him a few more weeks. At least he’s willing to tear himself away
from studying for an hour a week. That right there tells me he’s interested.” Sam closed his
containers, leaving the rest for Cas to bag up for himself, which he started doing.

“What you think I should ask him out?”

“I think you should. He’s done with school in seven weeks. Graduation he opted to skip and just
get his diploma. He’s going to do the second interview and if he gets the job, he’ll start the month
after next. So, September. After that, his schedule will free up completely because he’ll be quitting
both jobs so he can concentrate on his career. That means he’ll be working daytime hours like you
and me, and his evenings and weekends will be free. If you don’t ask him, I guarantee someone else
will.”

Cas felt something hot and burning flare up in his chest at the thought of someone else asking Dean
out.

“Ok, I’ll do it.”

Sam grinned at his friend. “Good.”
Neither Sam nor Cas saw Dean that week, but come Sunday night, he was there at his brother’s, tired but ready to watch the show. Cas had decided to listen to Sam, and he stuck to a more casual dress code. The weather had been hot lately so he wore a pair of low-slung basketball shorts and his flip flops to Sam’s that night. His tee shirt showed off his muscular arms, and he felt a sense of pride when Dean couldn’t seem to stop staring.

“I ordered Mexican tonight,” Sam announced as they all sat down, just like they’d done the week before.

“Sounds good, Sammy. I’m starving. I didn’t get to eat after I got out of work; I came straight here,” Dean said.

“I figured, which is why I ordered double the tacos for you.”

Dean smiled gratefully at his brother. “Thanks, man.”

“How did the test go?” Sam asked.

“Aced it. Knew I would. I’m pretty sure I’m the professor’s favorite. Ticks off everyone else.” Dean chuckled.

“Well, you work hard, of course they’ll admire your dedication.”

“Are you still maintaining a full course load?” Cas asked. Dean shook his head.

“No, I’m down to my last four classes, two on Tuesday/Thursday, two on Monday/Wednesday/Friday. I have my first class at 8 a.m. Mondays, and I’m at work by 2. I work til 11, go home, study, wash, rinse, repeat. Weekends, I work at the garage, unless I’m urgently needed during the week for something, then I squeeze hours in after school, but before the bar.”
“You really don’t even have time to breathe, do you?” Cas marveled.

“Not really. I swear, I’m close to dropping. I seriously can’t keep doing this much longer. I’ve been at it for four years now, and I’m about to collapse.”

“Six weeks. That’s all you have left, Dean,” Sam said encouragingly. Dean took a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

“This is about the only fun I actually get to have during the week. I appreciate you guys inviting me over.”

The food arrived, and Dean was so hungry he tore into the tacos placed in front of him. Cas and Sam watched with amusement as he practically inhaled the first three before he finally slowed down.

“Would you like a beer? I brought some a few weeks back and there are a few in the fridge,” Cas offered.

“Please, that would be great.” Dean said as he started on his fourth. Cas got up, heading for the kitchen, and Dean found himself staring at the man’s ass.

“Calm down, boy,” Sam joked.

“He’s fucking hot and you expect me not to look?” Dean kept his voice low so Cas wouldn’t hear. The apartment was not very big.

“I know you like him. You should tell him though.”

“Isn’t flirting enough?” Dean asked. Sam snorted as he added sour cream to his second taco.

“Not with Cas. He needs actual confirmation.”

Dean was still considering that when Cas reappeared, holding three open bottles of beer. He passed one to Sam and another to Dean who thanked him before taking a long swallow to wash the meat.
“This is good beer. I expected something fancier, but I like Corona. It’s appropriate for Mexican food anyway.”

“Just because I dress up in suits every day doesn’t mean I’m high society. I’m as broke as the next person living here. I’ve been contemplating moving somewhere less expensive. It’s a frequent conversation between myself and Sam,” Cas said before taking a sip of his own beer.

“Dean’s job interview is in Kanas, back where we’re from,” Sam volunteered. “That’s why I applied to a bunch of firms back there. If he’s leaving, I’m not staying. He’s my family. There’s really nothing much here for me.”

“What about Gabe?” Cas asked. He noticed the way his friend blushed at the question.

“He’s, uh, flexible, as he says.”

Cas took a bite of his second taco and chewed thoughtfully. “Our family is back in Illinois. I only came out here for school, and then after I graduated, I applied to local law firms, even though I didn’t want to stay in California. It’s really just too expensive to live here. I could have a house on my salary if I went back east.”

“Back to Illinois?” Dean was looking at him, his green eyes intense.

“Not necessarily. If my brother follows Sam, I think I will as well. Sam is my best friend, after all.”

That seemed to please Dean, and he smiled before clearing off his fourth taco.

“Awesome.”

The show started, and they all turned their attention to the television. Dean managed to finish off six tacos before he finally felt full, and he drained his bottle of beer too. When it was over, they all helped with the cleanup. Dean still had four tacos left, and he intended to take those for lunch tomorrow.
“So, next Sunday, I’ll supply dinner,” he said.

“Oh?” Cas asked.

“How does barbecue sound?”

“Yeah, I haven’t had that in a while,” Sam agreed.

“I love barbecue,” Cas said.

“Cool. I’ll get Sam a menu and you guys just let me know, and I’ll get them to deliver right before the show.”

This time Cas got up to leave at the same time as Dean, and they headed for the door together.

“Where do you live, Dean?”

“Across the street. My apartment is a little bigger than this place, but Sammy insisted on having his own space, and I don’t mind since I’m hardly ever home anyway.”

Sam bid them goodnight and they headed down the stairs, stepping out into the warm summer night. Before turning to head to his own place, Dean moved to stand in front of Cas.

“In case I didn’t make myself abundantly clear, I like you, Cas, a lot. It’s just not a good time for me to be dating. I really want to take you to dinner, but I also really want to sleep. Maybe in a few weeks you’ll let me?”

Cas smiled wide and nodded. “I’m in no rush; I can wait. It’s nice getting to see you at least once a week for this.”

Dean smiled back, pleased that he and Cas were on the same page.
“Awesome. I’ll see you Sunday then?”

Cas nodded and watched as he started backing up towards the curb.

“See you Sunday.”

He watched as Dean jogged across the street to a six-story apartment complex. Briefly he wondered if Dean and Sam could see each other from their places. It was a stupid thought as he started his walk home. At least he knew for certain Dean was interested, and they sort of, tentatively had a date set for after the man was done with school. He found that he couldn’t wait.

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Sam and Cas stopped by the bar that Friday, and it was clear Cas was in a bad mood as they sat down at a booth. Dean made a point of bringing their beer out to them himself.

“Hey. Why the long faces?”

“An adoption I worked very hard to secure fell through today when the biological mother decided to contest it on the claim that she was forcibly coerced into signing away her guardianship by the state. She is an alcoholic and drug addict that didn’t even want children, but someone told her that she’d get more money from the state if she had her kids, so she’s contesting it. No, she is not clean, but the courts tend to like keeping children with their biological parents whenever possible, so everything I set up is crumbling. I tried to introduce evidence that she had overdosed just two weeks ago, and it was dismissed. This is a two-year-old little girl and a one-year-old little boy. They’ve been with their foster parents since the boy was born, and they’re the only parents these children have ever known. And she wants to rip these precious babies from them for her own greed. I hope the judge sees what a mess she is and shuts her down, once and for all.” The words were out of Cas’ mouth before he could stop them. Dean placed a hand on his shoulder and squeezed gently.

“If she’s as bad off as you say, I’m sure the judge will side with the adoptive parents. They can provide the stable, loving home these kids need to thrive. She obviously can’t. Just find the angle that will work so the judge makes the right decision. You care about these kids. It’s not just a job, and it’s not just about money. That’s the kind of representation they need. Don’t give up.”

Cas smiled gratefully up at him. “Thank you, I needed to hear that. I don’t think the judge would be
so foolish as to believe she could provide a better home, but the adoptive parents are so scared. They don’t want to lose their kids. We have court again next week. Maybe she’ll screw up between now and then. In the meantime, the children are staying with their adoptive parents, not her.”

“Good, that’s good.” Dean dropped his hand and shoved both into his back pockets. “You guys need anything else?”

Both men shook their heads no.

“Alright then. Well, Tessa will be your server, but if you need me, I’ll be up at the bar.” Dean was looking at Cas as he said that. Sam snickered into his mug of beer and the sound was lost behind the loud music that was playing.

Dean walked back to the bar and of course Cas stared.

“You going to ask him out?” Sam asked.

“He asked me out. Sort of. He told me that when he’s done with school and he has more time, he wants to take me to dinner,” Cas replied, still watching Dean as he poured drinks for a couple that had just sat down at the bar.

“You look like you want to eat my brother alive,” Sam joked. It really did look like his friend wanted to bend Dean over the bar and have at him right here, right now. Cas simply shrugged.

“It’s been a while. With another person,” he added.

Sam felt a little green around the gills as he picked up his beer. No filters with this guy, that was for sure.

“Who’s she?” Cas asked suddenly. Sam looked up, seeking out the woman in question.

“I don’t…” The words died away as he spotted the woman standing at the bar, flirting shamelessly with Dean. “Oh.”
Cas turned to look at him, frowning. “Oh? What does that mean?”

“That’s Cassie. Dean dated her for a couple of years. They broke up though, about six years ago.” Sam was watching as Cassie flirted with his brother but he knew Dean, and he knew his brother’s body language.

“He’s not interested.”

“How can you tell?” Cas asked.

“I know how my brother flirts, and I know his body language. He’s not interested in her, but in this line of work he’s not allowed to ignore her. It could mean his job. That’s his boss over there.” Sam nodded towards a heavily tattooed man who was chatting with a customer as he poured them a shot of whisky. He looked like he belonged in Sons of Anarchy and despite talking with the customer he was serving, he was watching Dean interacting with other customers.

Dean managed to get away from Cassie by moving farther down the bar to serve another customer, but she was watching him.

“Don’t worry, he likes you,” Sam said. “He doesn’t have feelings for Cassie anymore. They tried twice to make a go of it, in high school and then again a few years ago, but they couldn’t. She tries every few months or so to flirt, but he doesn’t give in. Seriously, just watch. He’ll shut her down subtly, he always does.”

Cas watched as Dean served various people, always smiling politely, while leaving Cassie to be served by his boss. When his break rolled around, he found his way over to their table.

“Can I sit?” He nodded towards the side of the booth Cas was sitting on. The man smiled and scooted over to give him room.

“So I see Cassie’s back,” Sam said once his brother was sitting. Dean rolled his eyes as he stretched his arms out across the back of the seat.

“Not interested.”
“When is she going to get the hint?” Sam wasn’t asking Dean specifically so he didn’t answer. He just shook his head.

“Heads up.” Sam coughed into his hand and nodded towards Cassie who was making her way over to their table.

“Sam Winchester, long time, no see,” she greeted him. He smiled politely.

“Hey, Cassie. How have you been?”

“I’ve been good. Working mostly. How about you?”

He nodded. “Same.”

Her eyes drifted over to Dean, and then to Cas. Her smile slipped as she saw how close they were sitting. Dean had scooted close enough to Cas that their thighs were touching, and he’d brought a hand down to rest on the other man’s knee. Cas didn’t seem to mind and if anything, he was leaning into Dean’s side as he looked up at her.

“Who’s this?” she asked.

“This is Cas. Cas, this is Cassie.”

“Cas.” She quirked an eyebrow, clearly skeptical.

“Castiel. My name is Castiel, but most people call me Cas.”

She frowned slightly and Dean knew she was dying to ask what Cas was to him but considering that he didn’t even know what Cas was to him, he wanted to avoid that question.

“Who’s getting dinner next Sunday, you?” Dean leaned close so only Cas would hear. The man
“Yes. How does Italian sound?”

Dean squeezed his knee and returned the smile. “Sounds great. I’ll eat just about anything.”

“Fettucine?” Cas asked.

“Sure. Or lasagna, or whatever.” Dean shrugged.

“I’ll figure it out.” Cas placed a hand tentatively over his and Dean turned his own over so he could squeeze it.

“I’ll take chicken parmesan,” Sam piped up.

“Oh, that sounds good too.” Dean said. They laughed, and Dean realized Cassie was still standing there, her expression no longer happy and friendly. Instead she looked disappointed.

“I’m going to use the bathroom before my break is over. I can’t hold it until the end of my shift.” Dean gave Cas’ hand one last squeeze before he slid out of the booth and stood up. He stopped in front of Cassie. “It was good seeing you again. Tell Lenny to give you a free beer, on me.” He winked before heading for the bathroom.

Cassie watched him for a moment before turning to look at Cas again. She shook her head and turned to stomp back to the bar.

“Well, I think Dean made it crystal clear that he’s not interested in her.” Sam laughed.

“He wasn’t just touching me to make her mad, was he?” Cas frowned. He didn’t think Dean was the type to use him, but he wasn’t 100% sure either.

“No, I think he was looking for an excuse to touch you. She just gave him one. He likes you a lot,” Sam said. Cas chewed on his lower lip for a moment before getting to his feet.
“Cas?”

“I’ll be back in a moment.” Cas said as he started for the bathroom. Sam shook his head and laughed. Dean was in for a surprise.

Dean zipped his pants up and walked over to the sink to wash his hands. The door opened behind him, and he spun around when he heard a familiar voice.

“Dean.”

“Cas, you need to use the bathroom?”

“No.” It only took three steps before Cas was right in Dean’s space. He stared deeply into the green eyes watching him, but there was no apprehension. If anything, they were filled with interest, curiosity, and best of all, desire.

“Cas?”

He crowded Dean back against the counter before grabbing the front of his shirt and kissing him. There was a moment of surprise and then Dean was kissing him back, grabbing onto his hips and dragging him even closer. He opened up easily, letting Dean slide his tongue into his mouth, and a deep moan slipped passed his lips when Dean grabbed his ass and squeezed.

“Fuck!” Dean gasped when they finally came up for air. Cas’ eyes fluttered before opening fully. He smiled almost shyly.

“Should I apologize?”

“Hell no!” Dean huffed an exasperated laugh. “It was unexpected, but hot!” He pulled Cas close again. “What was that for? Did Cassie get you jealous?”
Cas scoffed and turned his head. “No.”

Dean grinned as he brought a hand up to cup his face and turn it back so he could look into those blue eyes again.

“You don’t have to be. That ship sailed a long time ago, and the only one trying to rekindle things is her. I’m not interested. I happen to like this lawyer. Pretty hot guy, great kisser, likes Game of Thrones and has the most amazing blue eyes.”

Cas smiled again. “Well, that’s good to know. I happen to like this insanely gorgeous bartender with piercing green eyes and a body to die for. I’ve been waiting patiently for him, but well, I wanted to kiss him, so I did.”

“Man I wish I didn’t have to go back to work.” Dean sighed and checked his watch. Three more hours before the end of his shift. “I’m tempted to ask you to wait so I can take you home with me later, but that’s not the type of guy I am. I still want a proper date first.”

Cas melted into him when Dean pulled him in for another kiss. It ended much too soon, though. Dean turned back to actually wash his hands.

“How about you come to my place Sunday? For dinner. I’ll let Sammy know to go ahead and eat before we go over to watch the show with him. I’ll make us dinner.”

Cas leaned back against the counter next to him. “You mean I don’t have to wait weeks for that date?”

Dean grinned. “No, you don’t. How do you like burgers?”

“I love them.”

“Good. I make a mean one. Don’t go dressing up either. It’s just burgers. In a few weeks, when I have more time, we’ll go out somewhere. I’ll even dress up for you.” Dean winked, making Cas’ stomach do flips again.
“I look forward to that. What time should I be at your place Sunday?”

“Be there at 6:30. You know where I live already, but my apartment number is 218.”

Cas pushed off the counter as Dean started for the door and followed. Before he opened it though, Dean grabbed him and kissed him again.

“One for the road.” He winked again and pulled the door open.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, Cas got a little jealous here, lol.
Cas looked quite pleased with himself as he made his way back to the table. Dean looked like he’d just had a rather epic make-out session as he stepped back behind the bar, and even Cassie was frowning deeper as she took in his kiss swollen lips and the Cheshire cat grin on his face. Cas slid into the seat across from Sam and picked up his beer, draining the rest of what was in his mug.

“I see you and Dean are getting along even better,” Sam teased. Cas laughed and arched one eyebrow playfully.

“I should tell you now, we won’t be having dinner at your place Sunday. I hope that’s not a problem. He invited me over for dinner. We’ll still be at your place by 8:30 as usual though.”

“That’s fine by me. You guys enjoy your dinner. Gabe was thinking of coming over. I’ll see if he wants to come for dinner.” Sam didn’t think he’d ever seen his friend this happy. It was a good look on him.

“Is Dean bisexual? Since he dated Cassie and all,” Cas asked.

“He doesn’t really like labels. His friend Charlie describes him as pansexual. He prefers the term “equal opportunity lover.” All I know is that he has dated people of all orientations. If they have a pleasant personality and catch his eye, he’ll show interest. But he doesn’t play the field. He’s interested in one person at a time.” Sam replied. That made Cas happy. He wanted Dean to be interested in only him.

“I can’t wait until Sunday.”

Sam sipped at his beer and looked over at his brother, watching the way he kept sneaking glances over at Cas. Yeah, the idiots were hooked on each other.

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Sunday Dean got off work at five and raced home to shower and get started on dinner. Burgers thankfully didn’t take long, and he had just moved them to a back burner to stay warm until the homemade seasoned fries were done in the oven when someone knocked. He hurried to get the door, not even checking to make sure it was actually Cas before yanking it open. It was though, and
he looked…incredible. How could one man look so damn good in jeans and a tee shirt?

“Hey, gorgeous.” He greeted as he stepped aside to let him in. Cas smiled wide at his greeting as he came into the apartment.

“Hey, yourself.” He was looking around the living room, taking in the décor, the furniture, and just…everything. Suddenly Dean felt self-conscious about all of the science fiction stuff that filled his shelves, and the posters that covered his walls.

“Sorry, I’m a big sci-fi buff.”

Cas turned back to face him, a soft smile on his lips that made him even more beautiful.

“Is that Buck Rogers? That one has to be worth a small fortune. I love that show and have it on VHS and DVD.”

Dean relaxed. Cas was even cooler than he’d thought.

“Yeah, it is. I paid a small fortune for it. I have the show too.”

“Something smells amazing.”

Dean pointed in the direction of the kitchen before he started walking back that way.

“Burgers are done, fries are almost finished.”

They stepped into the kitchen and Dean opened the fridge, grabbing out two beers and offering one to his date.

“Thank you. This place is bigger than Sam’s,” Cas noted.
“Yeah, and I pay about $175 more a month in rent as a result. Despite this being such a big building with so many apartments, each unit on the first two floors is 1,000 square feet. The upper levels are a mixture of one bedrooms and studio apartments, but the very top floor has a series of lofts. I think there are six in total. Like, 1,500 square feet each. Those are expensive as hell. I’m already paying almost two grand a month for this place.”

Cas gaped at him. “That’s ridiculous!”

“Now you know why I want to go back to Kansas. A 1,000-square-foot apartment in Lawrence would be about $650. I can afford to get a nice sized house, and my mortgage would be a third of what this rent is.”

“I want to leave as well. I pay $1,500 for my one bedroom, plus utilities and a parking spot. It’s ridiculous,” Cas said. “This place is nice though. Do you have just one bedroom?”

“No, it’s a two bedroom. The second room doubles as my office and a guest bedroom. I bought a futon and if people stay with me, that’s where they sleep. My best friend is out in Massachusetts, which really isn’t much if any cheaper than here, and she has come to visit once in all the time I’ve been out here. So the futon is really just there for show.” Dean pulled the tray of fries out and set it on a trivet on the counter.

“Come on, I’ll give you the ten cent tour.” He pulled his oven mitts off, tossing them on another counter before holding a hand out to Cas. Sliding their fingers together, he led the man down a short hall.

“Bedroom slash office.” Dean opened the door to his office, blushing when Cas stepped into the room instead of just glancing in. There were even more collectibles lining the walls here.

“This is amazing. Your collection is fantastic.”

Dean relaxed again. “Most people don’t think this is. Sam tells me I’m immature because I enjoy this stuff. It’s, uh, been a big reason why people have dumped me in the past.”

Cas walked back over to him, a slight frown on his face. “I happen to like this kind of thing. I have always wanted to dress up and go to a convention, but the only person I’d be able to go with is my brother, and he does everything over the top.”
"I love doing cosplay. I have several costumes I made myself. I haven’t been to one in a while though, no time," Dean said.

“We should go once you’re done with school.”

Dean smiled wide. “Yeah, that would be awesome. I bet we could even talk Sammy into it. He’d definitely go as a GOT character.”

“Oh, that would be fantastic! There are so many good characters from that show. I think I would go as Robb Stark.” Cas tilted his head as he thought about it. “I could definitely make or purchase fake armor, and add some fake furs to put over it.”

“You’d make an amazing Robb. I don’t know who I’d be. I have a homemade Ironman costume. My best friend helped me make it, so it’s really freaking accurate.”

“Oh, I’d love to see that! I’d prefer to dress as an Avenger anyway. Maybe as Hawkeye.” Cas exclaimed.

“You get cooler by the minute, you know that? Totally changing my view of lawyers.” Dean grabbed the man by his hips and dragged him closer.

“I may be a lawyer, but I try not to be uptight.” Cas looped his arms around Dean’s neck. “I’d like to see the rest of your place.’

“You mean my nerd den,” Dean joked. Cas’ laugh was a full body thing that had Dean holding him tighter just to feel how his muscles flexed and moved under his hands.

“I love your nerd den so far.”

Dean drew back, taking his hand again and leading him back out into the hall. The next door was the bathroom.

“Oh my God, where did you get Captain America towels?” Cas gasped. Dean wasn’t quite as self-conscious about his choice in décor now.
“I ordered them online. When I saw them in a magazine last year, I just had to have them. They’re my decorative ones, but the main towels are blue or red to match. For the theme,” Dean explained.

“I’d do towels in all of the Avengers colors. Red with gold trim for Ironman, green for The Hulk, black maybe to bring Bucky into the mix, since he and Cap belong together and it would feel wrong to leave him out. I’m not sure what I’d incorporate for Black Widow…” Cas tapped his chin thoughtfully as he looked around. He spotted the Captain America mug being used as a toothbrush holder and grinned. Dean was definitely his type, there was no question about it.

“Black, or rust gold for her hair.” Dean was thinking about it too. “But when I get a bigger place. There’s not enough room in the linen closet for more towels. I want a house with at least two bathrooms. One can be neutral for guests but the other one, I want to elaborate on this theme. I also want a real office, one people don’t have to sleep in when they stay over, so I can get my stuff out of storage and actually put it on display.”

“What kind of stuff do you have?” Cas asked as they stepped out into the hall, and Dean opened the door across the hall.

“A life-size Captain America statue, his shield, some autographed pictures that I framed, and some stuff I bought on eBay that came from the movie sets. Stuff like that.” Dean stepped into his bedroom knowing Cas would want to come in and see what he had on his walls.

“I half expected a Captain America comforter on the bed.” The man teased. Instead, the comforter was the fluffiest thing Cas had ever seen, and was in various shades of gray.

“I thought about it, but this is warm and was a gift. I like it too much to replace it,” Dean said. There were some autographs in here, and a picture of Dean posing with Mark Ruffalo and Jeremy Renner. It was signed.

“This is so cool, I’d love to meet them,” Cas gushed.

“I sort of have a crush on Jeremy, so it was a dream come true meeting him.” Dean blushed and scuffed his bare toes against the carpet.

“Same. He just seems like such a nice guy,” Cas said, turning to face him again.
“He really is. They both are. Mark is a sweetheart, so soft spoken and polite. I have one with Robert Downey Jr. too, and one with Chris Evans and Sebastian Stan. I legit fangirled when I met them.”

“I want to go to a convention more than ever now,” Cas pouted. “I’m not too old, am I?”

“Nah. Sure, there are a lot of young kids, but there are plenty of people of all ages. They’re so much fun. We should totally go to one together.” Dean liked the idea of getting this hot lawyer all dressed up as one of the Avengers. “You should totally wear my Ironman costume. You make a much better Tony Stark than I do.”

“Cause of my dark hair and eyes or my snark?” Cas asked with a grin. Dean chuckled.

“Both. But mostly the hair and eyes. God, your eyes are so gorgeous.” Slowly he pressed Cas back against the wall and stared into his eyes. “So gorgeous.”

Cas had never been one to hesitate. He grabbed the back of Dean’s head and pulled him into a kiss that rivaled the one they’d shared on Friday night. Except now he didn’t have to go back to work, or worry that someone might walk in on them. They did, however, have to worry about dinner getting cold.

“I could do that forever, but dinner will get cold and then I won’t be able to impress you with my cooking skills.” Dean said, stepping back and taking him by the hand again. Cas didn’t argue. He’d skipped lunch, and he was more than just a little hungry.

In the kitchen they worked together to bring the rest of the food to the table, and then sat down to build their burgers and eat. Cas moaned around the first bite.

“So good…” His eyes fluttered before locking on Dean who was staring with one eyebrow cocked.

“I can tell.”

Cas smiled around his second bite, swallowing it before speaking again. “I love burgers, but most of them are pre-made patties that lack any real flavor. These are not lacking in anything, though I find
myself wondering how they would taste on a grill.”

“Fantastic, that’s how. I plan to invest in a big grill once I get my own house.”

“I like the idea of an outdoor kitchen, where the grill is built in and everything is stone, with granite counter tops and an overhang so you don’t boil when you’re cooking. Mini fridge and small oven built in too,” Cas said.

“That’s a dream come true. I’d love to have that.” Dean could picture it, on a couple acres of land, with a fire pit not too far away.

“You’d look wonderful cooking out there,” Cas told him.

They ate their burgers and were down to only a few fries left for each of them when Dean brought up something from Friday night.

“So Cassie stuck around Friday night. I think she was waiting you guys out so she could ask me who you were. She practically pounced the moment you and Sam walked out the door.”

“What did you tell her?” Cas asked.

“I told her my life is none of her business. She admitted to being jealous of you. I told her she had every right to be because I like you. A lot. She ended up leaving with one of the regulars, a guy named Cole. It was probably just a one night stand, but I hope that if it wasn’t, that he treats her right.”

“Are you upset that she left with him?”

Dean shook his head. “Nah, I haven’t had feelings for her in years. She can date or sleep with whoever she wants, as long as she realizes it’s not going to happen with me.”

“Sam said you are pansexual. I had to look up the specifics on that. It’s not a term I was terribly familiar with. I brought it up to my brother yesterday though and he says he’s pansexual too. I’d always assumed he was just bi.”
Dean shrugged before popping his last fry in his mouth. “I don’t much like labels. I guess I always thought of myself as bisexual, but really, I will date anyone that has a decent personality. I used to be more attracted to women but the older I get, the less I find that I have in common with them, and I’m more physically attracted to men now. I still occasionally date women, but I don’t do relationships with them anymore. Labels just make things more difficult, for me at least. I just…like what I like. And I happen to really like you.”

“I understand that. I have dated women in the past, kissed them, and done certain other stuff to please them, but in general I am not really physically or sexually attracted to them. There have been two women in my lifetime that I felt actual attraction to, and neither stuck around long. They both accused me of being an in-the-closet gay, and I didn’t appreciate that. Back then I didn’t really identify as anything, but having people bitterly tell me what I was, I found it ignorant. In recent years, when people would ask me, I would tell them I’m gay. It’s easier than trying to explain and have them just say ‘Oh, so basically you’re just gay.’ I don’t pay too much attention to labels though, they tend to trip people up. I just know what attracts me and what does not.” Cas finished the last of his fries and stood up to carry his plate to the sink. Dean followed with his plate.

“We have an hour before we have to be at Sam’s.” Dean said as he loaded the dirty dishes into the dishwasher.

“What did you have in mind?” Cas asked, knowing full well that the hungry look in Dean’s eyes meant sitting and shooting the breeze was probably not what he was thinking.

“Well, the thought that crossed my mind is something I don’t think either of us are ready for, but…” Dean pressed the button that would start the machine before taking Cas by the hand and leading him into the living room. He’d actually thought Dean would take him back to his bedroom but the living room was infinitely safer, he supposed.

Dean motioned for Cas to sit on the overstuffed couch, and then sat down next to him.

“We could watch a movie,” he suggested.

“Or you could spend the next hour exploring my mouth with your tongue and my body with your hands,” Cas countered. Dean threw his head back and laughed.

“You got me. I want to do that, but I also don’t want that to be the only thing there is between us.”
“It won’t be, I promise. We’ll be going on more dates. The really heavy stuff can wait until you graduate though. Once you have the extra time, it’s doubtful that I’ll let you out of my bed for several days.” Cas moved closer, straddling Dean’s lap and pushing him back so that he was laying down. He didn’t give the man a chance to respond before he had his tongue down his throat and his hands tangling in light brown locks.

Dean liked the weight of Cas’ body on top of his. The man was bossy, but he didn’t mind someone else taking control once in awhile. He’d already realized that while Cas might initiate things, he was highly agreeable when the tables were turned. He slid his hands under Cas’ tee shirt, running them up his back as they shared a slow, lazy kiss. There was no rush, but he was looking forward to Cas’ promise to keep him in bed for days.

He explored with his hands, mapping out the strong muscles, squeezing the firm ass tucked into jeans that seemed to be molded to Cas’ body, and lazily rutting his throbbing erection against the matching one above him. All of the sweet little noises Cas made, he tried to memorize. They were all ones he wanted to hear again later. He managed to flip them, laying a very aroused and very clingy lawyer out underneath him. It didn’t take a genius to know that it had probably been just as long for Cas as it had been for him, and the man craved being touched and kissed. He had missed it just as much and had no issues with running his hands over every inch of Cas’ body that wouldn’t lead to them having actual sex. When the alarm he’d set on his phone beeped, he groaned and forced himself to sit back. The grumpy look on Cas’ face was almost comical.

“It’s time to head to Sam’s.”

Cas covered his face with his hands and groaned loudly. When he dropped them, his eyes opened to stare up at the ceiling.

“I don’t want to miss this episode, but I don’t want to stop what we’re doing either.”

Dean chuckled as he climbed off the couch. “Yeah, I know what you mean, but I don’t think either of us are quite ready for sex. It would feel too casual, and I like you too much for that.”

“Agreed.” Cas palmed at himself for a second, mostly to readjust so sitting up wouldn’t be as painful, then swung his legs over the edge and got to his feet.

“Fuck you’re hot like that.” Dean dragged him close again and kissed him.
“Mmm, feeling is mutual,” Cas murmured against his lips.

I’m going to go straighten up the kitchen so I don’t have to do it later, then we can get going.” Dean backed up out of his reach and started for the kitchen.

“I will help. It’s less for you to do later,” Cas told him as he followed him.

“Thanks, I have class at eight in the morning. The less I have to clean up, the better.”

“How about we do this again next Sunday? My place this time. I’ll try to impress you with my cooking. I’m a pretty decent cook,” Cas said as he wiped the kitchen table down.

Dean smiled as he rinsed their empty beer bottles and tossed them in the recycling bin.

“That sounds great. I can be there at 6:30.”

Sam wasn’t sure they’d show up, so when someone knocked, he was honestly surprised to see his friend and brother standing there when he opened the door.

“And you got here before the show started. I’m impressed. I thought you had more stamina than that,” Sam teased as he stepped back to let them in.

“Ha ha, bitch.” Dean shoved his brother playfully as they came into his apartment.

“We didn’t have sex. If we had, he most certainly wouldn’t be walking right now,” Cas said casually as he closed the door. Dean gaped at him for a moment before shaking his head. Even Sam seemed momentarily stunned.

“Well that was too much information,” Sam said as soon as he regained his composure.
“We’re talking about Cassie’s sex life?” Gabe popped his head up from the couch. Dean cocked an eyebrow at the shirtless man.

“Uh, no, but let’s talk about yours.”

Gabe laughed as he shrugged his shirt back on. “Get your mind out of the gutter. I just got a new tattoo and my shirt was irritating it. Sam was nice enough to bandage it for me since I can’t reach it.”

“Tattoo? What did you get?” Cas came around to sit next to him on the couch.

“Finally got my wings.”

Cas grinned. “About time. I got mine six years ago.”

“Wings?” Dean looked at them, puzzled.

“We were named after angels. Gabriel is one of the archangels and Castiel is a variation of the angel Cassiel, the angel of Thursday. I was born on a Thursday. We also have a brother named Michael and a sister named Anael, but she just goes by Anna. When we were kids we decided we’d all get wings tattooed. The deal was, whatever way we felt was appropriate for us, as long as we all have wings tattooed somewhere on our body,” Cas explained.

“Cas here was the first one to get his. He was braver than the rest of us. Anna went next. Michael got his about four years ago. I put it off, till now.” Gabe turned and pulled up the edge of his shirt so his brother could see the bandage on his back. It was low and wide.

“Fucking hell, Gabe, you got a tramp stamp?!” his brother cried. Gabe cackled as he dropped his shirt back into place.

“Where’s yours?” Dean came around to sit next to Cas. The man smiled coyly over his shoulder at him.
“You’ll find out eventually.”

Dean laughed as he settled back against his seat. Cas moved closer and leaned into his side until he circled an arm around his waist.

“What about your brother and sister? Where did they get theirs?”

“Mmm, well, Anna got hers on her thigh. We teased her that she’d do a tiny, ankle tattoo and she got mad and got a huge one on her thigh. It wraps all the way around and extends almost down to her knee. Mike got his across his chest, from shoulder to shoulder. Anna has gray wings, Mike has white with silver. Mine are black.” Cas played with the fingers Dean had draped over his shoulder as he talked and looked over at his brother.

“Did you get gold like you said?”

“Yep. Laced with touches of white,” Gabe replied.

“Sammy and me, we have a matching tattoo also,” Dean said. Both Cas and Gabe turned to look at him.

“Oh?” Cas was curious. Dean grinned.

“You’ll get to see it eventually.”

Cas laughed. “Touché.”

Sam sat down in his chair and grabbed up the remote. It was time to watch the show.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

***SMUT***

Chapter Notes

I'm off my schedule, but things have been hectic here. Have a chapter! My holidays weren't holidays, they were just days, we were too broke to celebrate Christmas and it was too cold by New Year's to even think of going out (below zero), so I kicked back, piled a ton of blankets on me, put on my thickest socks, had a mug of hot cocoa, and watched horror movies until it was past midnight. I know, you're probably doing a "wtf" in your heads. If you knew me though, you'd know it was totally normal, lol. I think I watched the Purge movies and Insidious that night. I own all of the Purge movies. 2 and 3 are my favorites. The family annoys me in part one, especially the son.

Ok, enough about my boring life. Here's the chapter I'm sure you've all been waiting for. Enjoy!

Dean didn’t have a whole lot of extra time to spare, especially not with finals coming up, but he managed to find a bit extra to spare for Cas. It wasn’t enough time to have a sex life, but Cas wasn’t pushing for anything more than what they currently had. Sometimes he felt guilty because he couldn’t give the man more than a few hours a week, but Cas didn’t seem to care about that. He was content just to be near him as he studied or wrote his papers.

When the finals ended and Dean was done with his classes, he took two weeks off from both jobs to make the drive to Kansas for the second job interview. He’d mentioned it a few times to Cas in the weeks leading up to the trip and decided to invite the man along for the ride. They were set to leave the day after the finals, and with the freedom to do what he wanted when he wanted, Dean slept in, and they didn’t hit the road until 3 p.m.

Cas had never been on a real road trip before, but he found that Dean was pleasant company. While they hadn’t really talked about it, he thought of Dean as his boyfriend, and he cared a lot about him. The idea of both Sam and Dean moving to Kansas made his heart ache, and he’d decided he wasn’t letting either man just walk out of his life. For weeks now he’d been applying to law firms as close to Lawrence as possible. So far a few had seemed interested. He had a teaching degree too so he’d applied to a few high schools as well, in case he got to teach some sort of law or government courses. Dean was happy he wanted to come with when they moved, but Cas was determined to make his own way once they were all there for good. He’d made it clear that he would be getting his own apartment, and they would continue to go on dates and see one another as often as possible. Dean was completely on board with that.

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The night they arrived in Lawrence, Dean first took a drive past his childhood home. The place
looked nice, well-kept and lived in. That made him happy. His mother had loved that house very much. From there, they grabbed something to eat and headed to their hotel. He’d sprung for a hotel rather than one of the shitty motels that he’d spent entirely too much time in as a kid. There was a lot about his and Sam’s childhood that Cas still knew nothing about. If they kept going in the direction that he hoped they were headed in, then this too was something he would need to open up about. For the moment, though, he was exhausted and needed sleep.

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After eating a quick dinner of burgers and fries, Dean ended up passing out on the bed. Cas didn’t blame him though. Dean had shouldered all the driving for the trip, which was quite long, so he did what he knew was best. He pulled the covers out from under the sleeping man and tenderly tucked him in. After brushing his teeth and stripping out of his own clothes, he crawled into the bed and wrapped himself around Dean. They still hadn’t had sex, but that was ok. He knew it would come in time, when they were both ready.

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Dean woke before the sun was fully up, rising slowly out of a deep sleep that held dreams of dark, messy hair and penetrating blue eyes. He blinked as he opened his eyes, letting the room come into focus in the early morning hour. A check of his watch told him it wasn’t even six yet. There was a warm body pressed against his back and an arm strewn loosely over his waist. He could feel the even breaths against the back of his neck that told him Cas was still sound asleep. He was uncomfortable though, but not because of Cas. It was due to the fact that he’d fallen asleep in his jeans and a flannel, and he still had his belt on. Very carefully he extracted himself from the bed and started stripping down. After a trip to the bathroom where he relieved himself and brushed the horrible taste out of his mouth, he returned to the bed. Cas was lying half across his spot and it took some careful nudging to get the man to move. Almost as soon as he laid back down, he had nearly six feet of gorgeous, clingy man wrapping around him again like an octopus. He didn’t mind too much though.

Cas woke first the second time. With a groan he flopped onto his back and squinted angrily at the window where the curtains didn’t quite meet. A strip of bright sunlight was spilling in, hitting him right in the face. He had a traveling tip for that though. Tonight he would be clipping the curtains with clothespins, a trick his mother had taught him years earlier. Turning his head, he saw Dean still asleep next to him, lying on his back with one hand splayed over his bare chest. He smiled when he spotted the tattoo on his chest. There was another on his shoulder as well. As much as he wanted to study the tattoos more, the need to pee was rather urgent, and he forced himself up and out of the nice, warm bed.

When he returned to the bedroom, Dean was awake, one arm behind his head, the other hand still resting on his stomach. He smiled when he spotted Cas.

“Hey, gorgeous.”

“I need coffee,” Cas grunted before collapsing back onto the bed. Dean chuckled and scooted closer so this time he could be the one to wrap him up in his arms.

“There’s a Keurig. I can make you a cup.”

“I need more than a single cup, Dean. I am not a morning person.”

“Well, we can get dressed and go get some breakfast. My interview is not until tomorrow, so we have the entire day to do anything we want.”
Cas was about to complain and say he wanted to go back to sleep, but there was something hard pressing against his hip, distracting him completely.

“Huh?”

Dean chuckled as he pressed soft, slow kisses to Cas’ neck and jaw. His hips pushed forward, and yep, that was definitely a dick shallowly thrusting against him.

“I said, we have the whole day to ourselves. We can do anything we want.” A warm hand slid under his shirt to stroke against his skin, making it pebble and causing him to shiver. He was slowly becoming more awake, even without the coffee.

“Did you have something specific in mind?”

Dean’s fingers had slid far enough up that he was able to pinch and rub at one nipple. Cas’ body was now fully on board.

“There are a few things I can think of.”

“Does it start with sex and end with waffles and bacon?” Cas asked. Dean laughed as he leaned his head on Cas’ shoulder. When he looked up, his green eyes were sparkling with merriment.

“It definitely can.”

“Then I think we should talk for a moment. Not trying to ruin the moment, because I’m definitely up for this, but…” Cas rolled onto his side so he was facing Dean. “Were you wanting to top?”

Dean’s cheeks flushed and he sucked his lower lip into his mouth for a second before answering.

“I mean, I’d like to, but if you want to…”

“No, I’m good with you topping, but that means I need to excuse myself for a few minutes. Did you bring condoms? Lube?”

“Yeah, I did. I didn’t want to make any assumptions but I figured if it happened, I wanted to be prepared,” Dean replied.

“Good. I brought some too, just in case. I’m going to go get ready. You better be naked and ready when I get back.” Cas flung the covers back and got up from the bed. He was aware of Dean’s hungry gaze following him as he went first to his bag to grab a few things, and then as he walked to the bathroom.

Alone, Dean flopped onto his back and stared at the ceiling for a moment. This was it; they were about to have sex, and Cas didn’t just want quick hand jobs for their first time. No, he wanted actual sex. Why was that so freaking hot? He got up and went to his own bag, searching until he found the box of condoms and the cherry flavored lube. There had been so many fantasies about going down on Cas, or eating him out, but the truth was, as much as he loved making a partner writhe under him by just using his lips and tongue, he hated the taste. Flavored lube went a long way towards making it a pleasant experience for them both.

After locating the condoms and the lube, and placing them on the nightstand, he went to open the door and peek out at the parking lot. It didn’t look like they had neighbors, and that made him feel a little better. If they didn’t have to be quiet, he didn’t want to be. He stuck the “Do Not Disturb” sign on the door before closing it. Cas still hadn’t come out of the bathroom but that was ok. He took the time to stretch before ridding himself of his boxer briefs and folding back the covers on the bed. The
towels were hanging by the sink, which was outside of the bathroom, so he grabbed one of the bigger, thicker ones and spread it across the bed. Clean up was easier if the bed wasn’t wet with come and lube. He laid back in the bed to wait.

When Cas finally emerged from the bathroom, he was naked. Dean’s erection had disappeared during the long wait but the moment he saw all of that firm, glorious skin just begging to have his mouth and hands on it, he quickly sprung back to life.

“Fucking gorgeous,” he growled as Cas approached the bed.

“You have more tattoos than I thought.” Cas now saw another one on the bicep of his other arm, and words written on his ribs. There was another one on his thigh.

“Do you not like tattoos?”

Cas shook his head. “On the contrary, I love them. Are there more?”

“I have a couple on my back.”

Cas smirked as he knelt down on the bed and crawled up to where he was laying back.

“I have four. I’d like more.”

Dean couldn’t get enough of looking at Cas’ body. It was perfect. He could see a tattoo over Cas’ heart, words written in what looked like Latin, and on his shoulder was a rather ornate bouquet of flowers done in shades of black and gray. There was a scale on his hip, no doubt a representation of his status as a lawyer, but he didn’t see the angel wings he knew were somewhere on his body. He figured they were probably on the man’s back.

There was so much skin to touch without clothing between them, and Dean wanted to touch it all. As Cas leaned closer to kiss him, he ran his hands down the man’s back until he could cup his perfect ass and grind up against him. Cas kissed him eagerly, and when Dean maneuvered them so he was the one lying back against the pillows, he went easily enough. He responded with eager moans and words of encouragement as Dean peppered his jaw and throat with kisses. Dean grabbed the lube before he started working his way down and across the man’s chest. He sucked one nipple into his mouth, and then the other, working each one into a stiff bud before making his way farther down. Fingers carded gently through his hair as he took Cas’ leaking cock into his mouth. It was thick and heavy against his tongue, velvety smooth as he swallowed it down, inch by inch.

“So good, sweetheart, you’re so good to me.” Cas praised him over and over as he licked and sucked, swirling his tongue around the head before rubbing at the glans just to see how close he could push him to the edge. When the fingers in his hair tightened before gently tugging him back, he pulled off with an audible pop.

“You have me so close, baby. I don’t want to come until you’re inside me.”

Dean moved back up the bed and kissed him again, deep, filthy, and full of need.

“Roll over, angel,” he told Cas. Sitting back to give him room, he watched as he flipped from his back to his stomach. And there it was, the last tattoo. It was a masterpiece that spanned almost Cas’ entire back, huge black wings that spread from elbow to elbow, and from shoulder to tailbone. Dean couldn’t even imagine how many hours went into creating something so intricate, or how much it must have hurt. He traced his fingers along the perfectly inked feathers. Done in varying shades of black, the tattoo was so well done that the wings looked real. It was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen.
“God, you are so fucking perfect.” He grabbed the box of condoms and plucked out one little foil covered square. As he tore it open, he studied the tattoo. They’d been done in such a way that they actually looked like they were coming out of the man’s back. It was gorgeous.

He stroked himself a few times before sliding the condom on and popping the top on the lube.

“Did you open yourself up in the bathroom?”

“A little. I want you to split me open with your huge cock. I’m open enough already. Fuck me, Dean.” Cas looked back over his shoulder and caught the heated look in Dean’s eyes.

“Yeah? I can do that.” Dean nudged Cas’ legs apart but when he tried to get up on all fours, a firm hand in the center of his back kept him in place.

“Don’t move. I’m going to fuck you exactly like you are. More friction, more pressure, it’s going to feel so good.” Dean purred as he slid two slick fingers easily in. After making sure Cas was slicked up, he spread more of the lube down his own cock and lined himself up.

Very slowly and very carefully, Dean pressed in. Cas groaned at the sheer size of the cock sliding into his body, and when Dean draped his body over him and linked their hands together, he closed his eyes. Dean hadn’t been kidding about the pressure, and soon he was stuffed so full he thought he might burst. Then Dean began to move, slowly at first, in short, shallow thrusts that quickly turned into long, deep ones that shook his entire body and made his own leaking cock rub hard against the bed. The friction was exquisite, but this position wasn’t doing enough for him. He suspected the point was not to bring him to climax, at least, not yet.

“Dean, I need more!” he whined.

“I know, baby.” Suddenly the feeling of fullness was gone as Dean pulled out, but then the man was sitting back on his heels and grabbing at Cas’ waist.

“Come here, get on your knees.”

Cas did, and he sighed with relief as Dean lined himself back up and slid in again. At this angle he was able to meet every thrust, and soon he was being pounded into, pulling screams of pleasure from him every time his prostate was hit. The grip Dean had on his hips was for sure going to leave bruises, but he wanted them. In fact, he was tempted to run around with low slung shorts and no shirt on so people would see the bruises. Every few thrusts Dean would press in as deep as possible and grind his hips against Cas’ ass, rubbing against his prostate and driving him so close to the edge.

He was close, but he knew Dean was too. When a firm hand closed around his leaking cock and began to stroke, he nearly fell on his face. Dean’s free arm came under his chest, pulling him up and back so he was pressed against Dean’s chest.

“Fuck, so fucking beautiful,” Dean panted against his ear. A few more strokes and another hard grind against his prostate had him screaming as he came, harder than he had in years. Behind him Dean picked up his pace but only lasted another minute before he was wrapping his arms around Cas’ chest as his entire body tensed. He shouted as he came, and he clung to Cas as his orgasm pulsed through him.

“That was fantastic.” Dean pulled out slowly, feeling Cas flinch, and then collapsed onto the mattress next to him. “Come here, gorgeous.”

He grabbed Cas and practically dragged the man on top of him.
“Dean, I’m covered in semen.” Cas grimaced as the fluids made his skin slide over Dean’s stomach. It wasn’t wholly unpleasant now, but it would be once it started to dry.

“Who cares, that’s what showers are for,” Dean murmured.

Cas relaxed, laying his head on Dean’s shoulder and deciding he was right, it was natural, and they’d just take a shower together in a little while. He pulled the condom off and tied it before tossing it in the general direction of the garbage can. If it missed, he figured he’d find it later and throw it out.

“Dean?”

“Hmm?”

“Can I ask, what are we, exactly?”

Dean’s arms came up and around him, one hand running lightly up and down his back while the other reached over to rest on his hip.

“I don’t want to see anyone else, Cas. I happen to be crazy about you.”

Cas smiled softly. “Can I refer to you as my boyfriend then?”

Dean chuckled. “You better, cause I definitely think of you as mine.” Cas snuggled closer, ignoring the cooling fluids on his skin.

“I care about you very much, you know that, right?”

“Of course I do. I care just as much.” Dean paused for a moment. “I’ve sort of been thinking about that. You see, every relationship I’ve been in before this one, we ended up in the bedroom pretty early on. Feelings sort of get muddled and hormones can make a person think they’re feeling something they’re really not ready for, especially when sex is involved. But with you, I got to know you first. For two months I got to know what made you tick, where your interests lie, and what it was like just spending time with you. I found that even with all of the studying I was doing, I wanted to spend as much time as possible with you, and frankly, I never really had that before. It feels more real with you. Maybe that’s because we didn’t just jump right into bed together, but mostly I think it’s because you’re an amazing guy. Falling in love with you has been easy, but I know that’s what it is. There’s not lust clouding it, and I haven’t second guessed a single moment with you.”

Cas lifted his head to look him in the eye. “You’re falling in love with me?”

“How could I not? You’re the most amazing guy I’ve ever known. The mind blowing sex is just an added bonus. I really do like just spending time with you, talking, watching TV, sleeping, whatever. It’s the nicest relationship I’ve ever been in.”

Cas smiled so wide his cheeks hurt. “I’ve never really been in love, but if I had to label the way I feel about you, that’s exactly what it is. My last boyfriend made it impossible to love him. He was condescending, insulting, and went out of his way to tear me down. It was impossible by the end to feel anything except contempt for him. With you I’m nothing but happy, and I’m more content than I think I’ve ever been in my life. This is definitely love, and I’m so very glad that I get to experience it with you.”

“How does a shower sound? I’m getting chills from the sweat drying on my skin,” Dean said. Cas sat up so Dean could do the same.

“A shower sounds great.”
Chapter 7

Rather than waste the day in bed, they showered, got dressed, and went out for breakfast. After they had eaten, they decided to look for apartments in the area. Dean and Sam had agreed to co-habit a place again until they had both saved up more money, and Cas wanted a place close to wherever they decided to live. They managed to do a walk-through of two apartments before they saw a duplex that was up for rent. Both units were available, so they called the number. A woman by the name of Missouri told them if they gave her ten minutes, she’d be there to show them both apartments. They leaned back against the Impala to wait for her arrival.

“Do you think Gabe will want to stay with me when he’s here? This place has how many bedrooms each unit?” Cas asked.

“I don’t know, but it says each side is 1500 square feet, so that has to have more than one bedroom. Place looks big. I don’t want to go peeking in the windows though, in case there are still tenants.” There were blinds up anyway on the windows that faced out over a large front lawn and the driveway, so it wasn’t like they could see in. The rent was right though. Only $600 per unit, plus all utilities except water.

“The price has me a little in shock. Even if I found work making the same as I’m currently making, I could literally save a fortune each month.” Cas turned to look out at the neighborhood. It was quiet, a mix of houses and apartment buildings. There was another duplex across the street too.

“I like that there’s space between this building and the ones on either side of it. We can be a little loud and no one will hear us, unless we open the windows,” Dean teased. Cas chuckled and leaned into him when Dean snaked an arm around his waist.

“What if she’s homophobic?”

“There are other places available,” Dean reminded him.

“This would give us our own space, yet we’d still be close. I don’t think we’d find anything this convenient. Plus it’s less than five minutes from where your job will be.”

“We don’t know that I’m going to be hired though,” Dean said. Cas waved a hand dismissively at him.
“You’ll be hired.”

When a red Ford Escort pulled into the driveway behind them, they both stood up, turning to watch the woman that climbed out. She walked right up to them, thrusting a hand out first to Cas, as he was the closest to her, and then to Dean.

“You must be Dean and Castle.” She greeted them. “My name is Missouri.”

“It’s actually Cas-tiel. But most people just call me Cas.” Cas felt bad about correcting her, but she just smiled.

“Sorry, it sounded like Dean said Castle on the phone. So, you’re looking to move into one of the units? Together?”

“Not exactly.” Dean glanced at Cas before continuing. “See, I have a second job interview tomorrow for an engineering job. If I get it, I’ll need a place here ASAP. My brother is a lawyer, and he’s moving in with me. Cas here is also a lawyer and would be interested in the second unit. His brother may or may not come to stay with him. Eventually, at some point, Cas and my brother will switch places, meaning he’ll come live with me and my brother will move into the empty unit. Until we decide on a house.”

She nodded and motioned for them to follow her to the front door of the unit on the left. “So you two are a couple then.”

“Yes, ma’am. I hope that’s not a problem,” Dean said.

“No, why would it be? I don’t have any problems with anyone. I’m guessing it’s a fairly new relationship if you two aren’t ready to move in together.” She looked back at them, arching an eyebrow in question. They both nodded.

“We wish to give it more time, get to know one another better before we make a commitment like that,” Cas replied.

“That makes perfect sense.” She opened the door and they all walked into a pretty spacious living room. It was an open floor plan so they could see into the kitchen as well. Dean liked the layout, and there was a fireplace in the living room.
“Well, each unit has 1500 square feet, two bathrooms, and three bedrooms. There is a basement as well, with hookups for a washer and dryer down there.” She was explaining as they checked out everything from the electrical sockets to the appliances. While Dean checked the windows, Cas tested the locks.

“We live in Palo Alto, and unfortunately the crime rate is increasing. Makes me a bit paranoid,” Cas explained.

“Makes sense. This is a good neighborhood though, and the crime rate is low. I installed deadbolts on front and back doors, and I’m ok with you getting an alarm system as long as they do not damage the property while installing it,” she said.

From there they moved on to the bedrooms. Dean liked the size of the rooms.

“I could make one just for all of my collectibles.” He was almost giddy as he thought about where he could put everything. “Can I put up shelves?”

“Sure. Just make sure they go into the studs,” she replied.

There was a bathroom in the master bedroom and a main one in the hall. Dean claimed the master for himself. He’d just tell Sam that later. Everything worked properly and to both of their delight, when they stepped out the back door, there was a patio and beyond that, a large, enclosed backyard.

“We could grill,” Cas said. Dean grinned wide.

“Damn right we can.”

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The second unit was a mirror image of the first, and both men knew it was exactly what they wanted. Dean called and left a message for his brother, and sent him the dozens of pics he’d taken during their tour. At the end of it they promised to get back with Missouri as soon as Dean knew about the job.
“If they hire me, I’ll have the first and last month’s rent by tomorrow afternoon,” he promised.

“And I can do the same,” Cas added. She was delighted over how serious they were, and told them she believed they would be responsible and respectful of her building.

From there they went out to dinner, and then Dean took Cas on a driving tour of the city. After they had driven around for a while, they headed to a bar to get a drink but as soon as they saw the Confederate flags that filled the place, they quietly backed out and found another, friendlier place to get a beer. By 10 they were back at the hotel. Dean made sure his suit was free of wrinkles and his shoes perfectly shined before deciding to take a shower. His logic was that it would be one less thing he would have to do come morning.

Cas was kicked back in the bed, flipping through the television channels while Dean ironed his dress shirt and shined his shoes, but by the time Dean had showered and joined him, he was exhausted, yawning so much it looked like he was crying. Dean was yawning too as he slid under the covers. Cas got up to pee and brush his teeth, and then he was back in the bed, wrapping himself around Dean’s already sleeping form. It was only minutes later before he was sound asleep too.

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The following morning Dean was up early, starting the Keurig machine before heading down to the conference room to grab some of the continental breakfast the hotel offered. He was just walking back in with bowls of oatmeal, toasted bagels with cream cheese, fresh fruit, and more, all piled up high on two carefully balanced plates, when Cas finally stirred. Dean set the food down on the table and added a cup of coffee for Cas before his boyfriend finally got up. Cas stumbled into the bathroom to relieve himself before making his way to the table and dropping into the chair opposite Dean. Without a word, food was placed in front of him, and he looked up gratefully at his boyfriend.

“Interview is at one, right?” His voice was still thick with sleep and it took several attempts at clearing his throat before he didn’t sound so raspy.

“Yes. It’s still almost a half hour from here though in traffic, and I don’t want to risk getting lost or stuck in traffic, so I’m leaving here by 11:30.” Dean replied. Cas nodded.

“Makes sense. I’m going to check out some law firms in the area while you’re gone. I’ll apply online. When you get back I’ll go check with the two firms that have already shown real interest.”
“Sounds good. I should hopefully be back by about three. Do you want me to bring lunch?” Dean asked him.

“That would be nice.”

After eating, Dean headed to the bathroom to begin his grooming. He shaved, styled his hair, cleaned all traces of grease or dirt out from under his nails and brushed his teeth. Once all that was done, he started getting dressed. By that point Cas had finished eating and pulled out his laptop.

“You look amazing.” Cas told him as he took in the sight of his boyfriend dressed in his suit. He was positive it wouldn’t matter what Dean wore, the man would be absolutely drop dead gorgeous. Dean flashed him a smile, winking as he straightened his tie.

“Thanks. I’ll be back in a few hours.” He leaned down to kiss Cas, and then he was grabbing his keys and wallet before striding out the door.

Cas busied himself with applying to more than a dozen law firms and three different high schools in the area. He used up the last of the coffee pods in the Keurig before deciding to go get something else to drink. The need to stretch his legs and get some fresh air was intense, so he got up and took a walk to the McDonald’s he’d seen at the end of the street when they’d gone out the day before.

The early afternoon air was warm and the walk itself was pleasant. Since Dean had promised to bring lunch back, he chose simply to get a large iced tea and an M&M McFlurry. He ate his ice cream as he made the way back to the motel, and then he was back, filling out applications for more jobs. By the time Dean came back, he actually had two interviews lined up for the following morning, and another two for the morning after that. He liked his prospects, especially for the firm that basically handled the same cases as the one he currently worked for. The pay was something not mentioned yet, but he expected it would be comparable to other firms that did the same thing.

Dean came walking in with several bags of food and two bottles of tea, setting everything down on the table.

“How was your job hunt?”
“Good, I have four interviews set up over the next two days. Possibly more than that, but I’m waiting to hear back from quite a few places. I need to stop and get a suit; I didn’t bring one.” Cas turned away from the laptop to watch him pull food out of the bags.

“That’s awesome! Do you want to wear my suit? It might fit.” Dean set a Styrofoam container down in front of his boyfriend before taking a second one out for himself.

“I don’t think that will work. We’re not built the same,” Cas replied. “It’s fine, I can just pick up a nice one for interviews.”

“Well, we can go do that when we’re done eating, but I’m changing out of this monkey suit first.” Dean flopped into his seat, loosening his tie as he pulled his food closer.

“Oh, you got Mexican!” Cas exclaimed as he opened his container to see two steaming hot enchiladas inside.

“Yes. There are tacos and some other stuff in the other bag. This alone is never enough to fill me up.” Dean said as he grabbed his fork and dug in. He ate quickly but carefully so he didn’t get any food on his clothes.

“So? What happened at the interview? Did you get the job?” Cas asked him. Dean grinned wide.

“Damn right, I did. I start in a month. They’re giving me relocation time. When we get back I have to pack everything up and arrange to drive it all out here.”

Cas was thrilled. “That’s fantastic! We need to call Missouri and give her the deposit so we don’t lose the apartments.” Dean nodded in agreement.

“Yes, I can do that while we’re out getting your suit. I have to still let Sam know, so he can start packing too.” When he had eaten his enchiladas and two tacos, he got up to change. Cas finished his own food and cleaned up all of the garbage. The remaining food he put into the mini fridge before putting his flip flops on. This was a vacation, as far as he was concerned, and he only planned to wear his gym shoes if absolutely necessary. To his delight, Dean went for his track pants and his own flip flops, and he topped the look off with one of his well-worn AC/DC shirts. This was how Cas loved seeing him the best.
They checked in at three shops before they found one that could do on the spot tailoring. Dean sat back to check his messages while Cas got fitted for a black suit. He made the call to Missouri and arranged to meet her the next day with a money order that would cover first and last month’s rent for both units. She was quite ecstatic about that, but Dean was just glad that both units were less than the rent on where he currently lived. Sam was thrilled and he’d already told Gabe, and Dean was betting that’s why Cas’ phone was ringing like mad. He was holding onto it while Cas was getting fitted, though.

“Dean, who keeps calling me?” Cas asked.

“Your brother. Sam told him we’re moving.”

Cas sighed and rolled his eyes. “Can you answer it?”

Dean nodded accepted the call the next time it rang.

“Hey, Gabe.”

“Dean? Where’s Cas?”

“Getting fitted for a suit at the moment. He has a couple of job interviews tomorrow,” Dean replied.

“Wow, you guys sure are moving quickly.”

“He’s getting his own place, you realize that, right? Sam’s living with me. Cas is going to be living on his own.”

“But he’s moving down there with you guys.” Gabe was practically pouting.

“You do know that Sam’s his best friend, and your job has you traveling so much that he doesn’t want to be away from his best friend. He’ll be lonely, and frankly, I don’t want my boyfriend to be halfway across the country from me, and he doesn’t want that either. We’re still building on our
relationship but dude, we’re not walking down the aisle or anything. We’re still getting used to one another, and that’s a little hard to do when we’re not even in the same state.”

Gabe snorted on the other end of the line. “Yeah, I’ll give you that. I’m planning to travel a lot less. I guess Cas will be closer now to Mike and Anna, they’re both in Illinois. I barely get to see them at all anymore.”

“Well, I don’t know how serious you are about Sam, but I think he’s seriously thinking that you’re going to come here, maybe eventually get into a real relationship with him.”

“Yeah, that’s sort of been on my mind too. I have stuff to do at work first, to reduce how much I have to travel.” Gabe paused for a moment. “I care a lot about him.”

“Good, cause you’re the first person he’s cared about in years,” Dean said. “Don’t fuck it up, that’s all I ask.”

“So, you got the job.” Gabe switched the conversation back to the reason why he had called.

“I did. I start in a month.”

“Yeah, that’s what Sam texted me. What about my brother? Are you moving him or leaving him to move on his own?”

“Well, I hope not. That’s why he’s doing the interviews now, he’s hoping to line something up with a law firm or a school. I can’t wait to see how they go,” Dean replied.

“I hope he gets something. He’s crazy about you. I know you make him happy. This is the happiest he’s been in years. Whatever you’re doing, keep it up.”

Dean smiled softly. “I plan on it. So when are you going to come out here? Cas thinks you’re going to move in with him. Each apartment has three bedrooms. There’s space for you both and then maybe later, space for you and Sam.”

Gabe chuckled. “That sounds pretty great. Why don’t you guys send me some pictures?”
“Will do. We’re going to speak with the landlord tomorrow. I’ll go take more pictures at that point.”

“Sounds good. Tell Cas to call me when he has the chance.”

“Sure will. We’ll be done here in maybe another hour.” Dean looked over to see Cas getting his inseam measured. There was a click as Gabe hung up, so he lowered the phone back to his lap. When Cas caught his eye, he winked. His boyfriend smiled back.

“Everything ok?”

“Yep. He was just looking out for you. I’d expect nothing less from a big brother. Call him later.” Dean told him. Cas nodded and turned away when the tailor asked him to.

“We’re almost done with the measurements. After that, we can go sightsee for an hour or so.”

“Sounds good.” Dean went back to finish updating everyone on what was going on. He knew exactly where he was taking Cas when they got out of here.
Chapter Notes

Well, we're at the end. I'm sorry that it took me so long to get this last part up. Things are really bad at home. I'm not going to get into the details, but my mother may not be around much longer, her health is getting worse, and I've been focusing on her lately. Beyond that, we are quite possibly staring down the barrel of homelessness because the place where I live has jacked up our rent and enforced a ridiculous amount of new rules that they're evicting everyone left and right for if they don't follow them exactly. I'm doing rent to own and this place will be mine as of July, if they don't evict me first, but it's falling apart so bad that I plan to turn around and junk it, then move. I'm not sure my mom will still be around by that point. If she is, I want to get her into a nursing home where she can get proper care. I can't lift her or turn her, my joints dislocate and my tendons/ligaments tear if I try. I cannot take care of her anymore. It's killing me. If she's not, then at least she won't be in pain anymore.

I thank everyone that stuck with me through this story. There are other ones coming, I just don't know when. I have signed up for a few challenges, but I'll drop them all if things get any worse at home. Writing is my sanctuary, so I won't stop, but just know that if you don't see any new stuff from me for awhile, there's a reason.

Some of you may know me on FB in certain groups, or even be friends with me on there. I am not announcing my mother's health issues on there because I'm not on speaking terms with most of my family. They're on a need to know basis, and right now, they don't need to know. So if you know me on there, you can private message me. You can also message me on Tumblr. I'm doing ok for the moment, but I'm not going to guarantee that I'll remain ok, not if things go south.

Well, enough of that, I'll get this last chapter up now. I hope you enjoy it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Cas was finished, they were on their way, heading to the one place Dean was excited to go.

“Where exactly are we going? We have to be back by six to pick up my suit.” Cas checked his watch. It was already a quarter to five.

“I know, sweetheart, but I have some people I’m dying for you to meet. They’re…family.”

Cas tilted his head, watching the excited expression on Dean’s face.

“Then it would be my privilege to meet them.”
Dean smiled and reached over to take his hand. “They’re going to love you.”

A few minutes later they pulled into the parking lot of a very run down looking saloon. Cas couldn’t help the frown that appeared on his face.

“Where are we? Are we getting drinks?”

“We can, but that’s not why we’re here,” Dean said as he pulled into a spot by the door. The lot was nearly empty so he wasn’t too worried about his car getting dinged. They’d be gone before the place really started to pick up.

“So who is here?” Cas asked as they got out and started for the door.

“Ok, so I know I haven’t told you a whole lot about my childhood, but my mom died when I was really little, and my dad spiraled after that. He had a severe drinking problem, and my brother and I ended up almost getting taken away. Before that could happen, he brought us to his best friend, Bobby. Bobby lived in South Dakota at the time. When he came out here to get our stuff from the house, my dad introduced him to another family friend. Let’s just say, sparks flew. Bobby still has the house back in South Dakota, but he fell hard for the lady you’re about to meet, and he ended up staying here, and raising us here, in our hometown. They got married, he took temporary custody of us, and well, Ellen became the mom my brother and I so desperately needed. She pushed us to finish school, to make something of ourselves, and so yeah, I stuck by Sammy, I put him through school, and then I started on my degree. When I was fifteen, we went back to live with our dad. He was sober, had a decent job as a mechanic, and was able to take care of us properly, but Bobby and Ellen always stayed in our lives.”

Dean explained all of this before actually opening the door and walking in.

“Where is your father now?” Cas asked.

“Oh, he’s out in South Dakota, running the salvage yard and auto shop for Bobby,” Dean replied as they walked in. He looked around. The place looked exactly the same. A girl with long blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail was waiting on a table in the far corner and when she noticed them, she did an actual double take.

“Dean Winchester? Is that really you?”
Dean grinned and held his arms out as she practically jumped into them. He swung her around in a full circle before setting her down and planting a kiss on her forehead.

“Hey, Jo, how have you been?”

She punched his arm, hard enough to make him wince and cringe back.

“I’d have been better if you actually kept in touch! Asshole!”

Cas’ jaw dropped, but Dean just laughed.

“I was going to school full time and working two jobs! I barely had time to sleep! And I texted you; don’t pretend like I was completely out of touch.”

She scowled at him for a moment before noticing Cas. “Who’s this?”

“This…” Dean hooked his finger in one of Cas’ belt loops and dragged him closer, “is my boyfriend, Cas.”

“Oh, you have time to get a boyfriend, but not to call home,” she chided.

“To be fair, I mostly got to see him for one hour a week, until he started letting me come around while he was studying or doing homework. Mostly I kept him fed.” Cas offered his hand. She smiled as she shook it.

“Well, glad someone was trying to keep his sorry butt alive so he could come visit. It’s nice to meet you. Since Dean doesn’t do proper introductions, my name is Joanna Beth, but everyone calls me Jo. This is my mom’s place.”

“Yep, shortie here is Ellen’s girl. And I got a surprise for you,” Dean said. She looked up at him expectantly.
“Well? What is it?”

“I’m coming home. To stay. Got a nice place lined up, and I start my new job next month,” he replied. Her ear-piercing screech before throwing herself in his arms again had both Cas and Dean cringing. It was also loud enough to draw people out from the back.

“Dean! Is that you, darlin’?” A woman with long brown hair came over, pulling Dean into a tight hug the moment Jo let him go.

“Hey, little mama. How’ve you been?” He placed a tender kiss to her forehead too, and Cas smiled when he saw just how much love there was between Dean and these women. They might not be blood, but they were definitely family.

“Been good. What brings you back home?” she asked.

Dean explained to her the same thing he’d told Jo, though Ellen’s reaction was much more subdued. She openly cried as she pulled him into another hug. When they parted, he grabbed Cas’ hand and pulled him closer.

“I want you to meet Cas, my boyfriend. He will be moving here too, but we’re not moving in together. Yet.” He glanced over at Cas, who smiled sweetly at him.

“You in engineering too?” Jo asked him.

“No, I’m a lawyer. I actually work with Sam, that’s how I met Dean. Sam is actually my best friend,” Cas explained.

“Oh, and Sam’s moving back here too. I followed him to Cali, he’s following me back here. He misses you guys too. Sam and me, we’ll be sharing an apartment,” Dean added.

“Oh, my sweet boys!” Ellen grabbed Dean’s face, squishing it as fresh tears filled her eyes. “I am so glad to have you back here!”

“We’re glad to be coming back. California is ridiculously expensive. I have to hold down two jobs
just to make ends meet, and sometimes that is really hard to do. As soon as we get back, I’m going to start packing. I’ve already given my notice at both jobs. Tomorrow we put the down payment on our new apartments. This time next month, we’ll officially be Kansas natives again.” Dean slipped an arm around Cas’ waist and drew him closer.

“Well, it’s good to have you boys here. You thirsty? I’ll get you both a beer!” Ellen declared before making her way behind the bar. Dean guided Cas over to the stools there and they sat down. Ellen was placing a beer in front of each of them a moment later.

“So, tell me, where is this fantastic place you’re moving to?” She leaned her elbows on the bar top and watched them sip at their beer.

“Mmm, it’s this massive duplex, maybe more like a townhouse, but it’s great. Has a basement, each side has three bedrooms and two bathrooms, and a big living room and kitchen. There’s a huge, enclosed backyard too. I’ll be living on one side with Sammy, Cas will have the other unit to himself. His brother might move in with him later. It’s on Bishop Street. Lady by the name of Missouri Mosely owns it,” Dean replied.

“Oh, I know Missouri! I know the place in question too. She had a family in one side, but their baby was diagnosed with a hereditary kidney disorder and was moved full time into the hospital, so the family got a place closer to the hospital to be nearby in case something happened. The other side has had a few families come and go over the years. She’s actually thinking of selling and moving to Florida.”

“Hmm.” Dean caught the way Cas glanced over at him, almost like he could read his mind. He knew Dean was considering possibly buying the place, if they liked living there.

“So, how long are you in town?” she asked.

“Well, we both took two weeks off work, and then when I get back, I have two weeks left at both jobs, then another two weeks to get everything I own from California to here. We were planning to do some sightseeing, but now that I for sure have the job, we have some important things to do, like finding a bank in the area, signing up for utilities, getting internet, stuff like that. I think, at least for me, I will sell my furniture or donate it in California and buy all new stuff out here. That means a smaller moving truck. I’ll bring my bed, cause it’s memory foam, but my couch is old and needed replacing anyway.”

“I am not giving up my furniture. I need to get a big truck to bring all of my stuff. My living room furniture is almost brand new. I’m still making payments on it. I don’t know what Gabe will bring.
I will have to talk to him about it,” Cas said. “But there are some things I don’t need to bring, like my kitchen table.”

“You boys will figure it all out,” Ellen assured them. Dean smiled and took Cas’ hand.

“We sure will.”

Ellen was sad to see them go, but they promised to stop in at least once more before they headed back to California, and they had to promise to come in and see her regularly once they had moved to town. They made the drive back to the tailor and Cas tried on his newly tailored suit. He looked fantastic. Once that task was done, they went out for dinner. It was after nine by the time they got back to the hotel, and they were both tired. They curled up in bed together to watch a movie.

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The following morning was spent with Cas getting ready for his interviews. Dean drove him to the first one, waiting in the car for Cas to be finished, and then they were on their way to the second one. While Cas was doing that one, Dean stopped at the bank across the street to check the rates and interest. Cas was smiling when he came out of the second interview.

“They pay very well, and they offered me a position. I told them my time frame for moving and the only issue is that they would like for me to start as soon as I’ve put in my two week notice at my job. So I would have to come out here before you.”

“That’s fantastic though. Is the pay close to what you were already making?” Dean asked.

“No, it’s about $40,000 less, but it’s well above what I could survive on here, and it’s only temporary. I would be reviewed in six months and again at the one year mark. Once the second review is done, I’ll be getting $20,000 more a year. That will put me at roughly $75,000 a year. If I don’t like the firm, I can apply elsewhere, but it’s a good offer. I told them I will get back to them with a decision tomorrow. I’m pretty sure the first interview, I will not receive an offer. Tomorrow I will see how those go and then make a decision.” Cas loosened his tie as he talked. “I have a good feeling about them though.”

“Good. I checked out the bank across the street. I don’t recommend them. High rates, a lot of fees tacked onto accounts. We can check other banks in the area.”

Cas shrugged out of his suit jacket and began unbuttoning his shirt. He didn’t want it getting
wrinkled, not when there were more places to interview with. Dean handed him the pair of shorts he’d brought with once he was down to his undershirt and dress pants. Once he had them on, he switched into his flip flops and laid the suit out in the back seat so he could hang it all up later.

“So, now we meet with Missouri?”

“Yep. Maybe we can even get the keys today.”

Cas smiled wide. “I like the sound of that.”

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The interviews the following day were promising, and Cas got an initial offer of $60,000 from one of the law firms, with a review in 90 days for an additional $10,000. There was another review at six months, and then one at a year that would offer him another $25,000. When they told him they could work with his time frame for moving to the area, he accepted their offer on the spot. He’d be back doing what he loved, helping settle kids with their newly adopted families. The best part was that they had another position open, and he managed to arrange a Skype interview for Sam for that afternoon.

They lined up a bank and set up utilities, and by the time they headed back to California, they had the keys in hand to their new apartments. Sam, as they soon learned, had already put in his two week notice, and was half done packing his apartment. He had arranged to sell most of his furniture on Craigslist, and what didn’t sell, he planned to donate. His lease was nearly up too, so the timing was perfect for moving. While Dean and Cas stayed behind to pack their places up, Sam rented a truck and drove out to Kansas.

Dean had never been in Cas’ apartment for longer than it took to actually pick him up, so his first time really being in there, he took his time looking around. There were framed prints from some of Cas’ favorite comics on the walls, an X-Men throw blanket on the couch, and more books than he’d ever seen outside of a library (well, save for maybe Sam’s collection). Cas had been picking up boxes, at stores, and he’d also bought some from places that sold them, and they littered the living room, kitchen, and more were stacked in the hallways, leaning folded against the walls. He’d come over to help his boyfriend start packing, and as he soon learned, the man had way more stuff than he did.

They spent the first day packing the living room. Cas handled anything breakable, carefully wrapping the items in newspaper or bubble wrap while Dean packed books, candles, and pretty much everything else. They worked during the day and spent their evenings packing, sometimes until the early hours of the morning. Dean quit his mechanic job first so that he’d have his full weekends to pack, and he alternated between packing at his place and packing at Cas’. It was exhausting, but they had a lot to do.
For two weeks they spent every spare moment packing, and they managed to get most of the stuff already packed onto the truck Sam had rented. It was a huge one, and they all shared in the cost. The little stuff was left for them to take themselves. Cas sold his car, intending to buy a new one once he got to Kansas, and they had plans for Dean to follow Cas in the Impala, and switch off if they needed to.

Dean had completely forgotten about the dildo on Cas’ shower wall until the day came to finally pack up the bathroom. He walked in with two boxes, using one for the towels and linens, the other for all of his boyfriend’s soaps, razors, knick knacks, and other things. When he opened the shower to take down the caddy suctioned to the wall along with the shampoos and conditioners, the sight of the massive plastic dick startled him. He barked out a surprised laugh that brought Cas hurrying to find out what was going on.

“What on earth-” His eyes widened as he watched Dean pull the dildo off the wall with a loud “pop.”

“Babe, I forgot you had this. The shower door is always closed when I’m here, so I didn’t realize you still had this up.” Dean was laughing so hard he had tears in his eyes. “Fuck, do you still use this thing?”

Cas blushed hard. “Do you honestly think I have time to? I haven’t used it in weeks. Between sex with you, traveling, packing, and work, there hasn’t been time or desire to. You’re infinitely better.”

Dean couldn’t resist smiling smugly. “Thanks for the ego boost, babe.”

Cas chuckled as he crossed the room. He took the rubber phallus from his boyfriend’s hands. “I seriously doubt I’ll need this where we’re going.”

“So you’re going to throw it out?” Dean asked, arching an eyebrow. Cas smirked at him, his blue eyes twinkling before leaning around him to drop it in the garbage can.

“I have something much better now.”

Dean’s laughter rung through the small space, louder than before. “So do I, babe. So do I.”
Thank you to everyone that read this story. You're all amazing and I love you guys. ❤

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. Thank you so much for reading. Kudos and comments are always welcome.

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