Do It For Science

by robotsnchicks

Summary

When Dean finds an ad offering to pay $500 to committed couples willing to test and review condoms, it seems almost too good to be true. The only catch is that Dean’s been without a partner for a while now. When he convinces his roommate Cas to pretend to be his boyfriend it seems like a perfect solution, but he soon realizes that he may be in over his head.

Notes

Here is my entry for the Dean/Cas Winter Tropefest 5k!

First of all, lots of thanks to a number of people. I was stuck deciding between two endings so I had a whole bevy of lovely folks take a look at this for me and help me decide! A shout out to Wednesday, Saawek (who also helped me with my banner!), Threshie, FlyingCatstiel, and the always there for me noxlee!

Also a huge thank you to my wonderful artist Cryptomoon who always amazes me with the art she produces! (art will be added shortly!)

Also, there is a link in the text of the story for one of the condoms researched, but I will also include it at the end for those of you reading on mobile since I am not sure if it will work for you otherwise. Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes
The ad seems almost too good to be true. It's a lot of money for what amounts to a few hours of interviews about sex, and $250 would just about cover the fender Dean needs to replace.

Unfortunately, Dean is in a bit of a dry spell. He's been so busy with school the last few months that the only person he really sees is his roommate, Cas.

As if on cue, Cas walks in, shoulders slumped and a scowl twisting his features.

“Hey man, what's up?” Dean asks.

“I checked the syllabus for my psych class next semester. She's insisting that we use the latest edition of the textbook only.” He rubs his temple. “It's an extra $150 that I wasn't planning on.”

Choirs of angels sing in Dean's head as everything falls into place.

“Well lucky for you, I just found a solution to your problem.”

Cas reads the ad with a frown. “This is for couples, Dean.”
Dean waggles his finger back and forth between them. “We've roomed together for almost two years now. We definitely know each other as well as most couples.”

Cas squints at Dean with an unreadable expression. “So you're saying we lie about being a couple, pretend to use the condoms and falsify the data.”

Dean nods through the first half of Cas’ sentence but throws a hand up at the end. “Hold on. They're asking for our opinions on condoms right?” He waits until Cas nods to continue. “Well, you’ve used a condom before, right? If not we’re gonna need to have a safe sex talk and —”

“Yes, Dean, I’ve used a condom before.”

“Well then what’s the big deal? We can just tell them about our past experiences! We’re not falsifying data really, we’re just using old data. C’mon it’s easy money. I’ll even let you pick the positions.”

A flicker of interest crosses Cas’ face and Dean barely hides his smirk. He had a feeling Cas might like that. He remains silent though, so Dean sweetens the offer even more. “What if I do your laundry for a week too?” Cas hates doing laundry and Dean knows he’s won when Cas leans over and reads the ad again.

“I suppose it wouldn't hurt to go to the initial intake appointment,” Cas says.

“Awesome! This is gonna be the easiest money we’ve ever made. Just wait and see.” Dean grins and squeezes Cas’ shoulder, coaxing a smile out of him.

And if he's just a little too excited at the idea of pretending he's Cas’ boyfriend, well that’s between him and his raging crush.

The first half of the appointment is a group interview and a piece of cake. Dean plays up the situation, grabbing Cas’ hand and scooting their chairs close enough that they knock knees. He calls Cas ‘pumpkin’ and ‘cupcake’ and smiles serenely when he feels the indignation in Cas’ gaze.

Cas gets him back though. The next stage is a private interview, and when they are asked why they are participating in the study, Cas bypasses their agreed upon answer. Instead, he calls Dean ‘Goldilocks’ and says Dean's always looking for a condom that's ‘just right’. Before he can respond Cas wraps his arm around Dean's waist and hooks his thumb into the pocket of his jeans, his palm cupping Dean's hip.

The gesture is casually possessive and utterly distracting. Dean's pulse increases and he struggles to focus on the interviewer's questions. But with time he finds himself relaxing into the touch and enjoying the way Cas’ arm fits around him just so.

The requirements of the three-week long study are simple. Each week, they'll receive three samples of a condom prototype to test and review. After they've tested and reviewed all three samples, they’ll meet with one of the researchers to discuss their results.

When they have to sign an agreement stating that they can commit to three penetrative sexual acts a week Dean can't resist checking to see Cas’ reaction. He's stoic as usual though as he signs the agreement.

Dean's pretty sure he's not completely unaffected though. Every once in a while Cas’ thumb strokes Dean's hip through the thin cotton of his pocket before he seems to remember himself and stills.
By the time they walk out the door with a large manila envelope labeled *Study Sample #1*, Dean is certain this is the best idea he's ever had.

That all changes once they get home and actually open the envelope. There’s a thick informational pamphlet, a set of surveys, and an envelope with three condoms in it.

Dean pulls one of the condoms out and — “What the fuck?”

Cas raises an eyebrow so Dean holds the condom up so Cas can see. Dean wouldn’t even know it was a condom if it wasn’t labeled. *It’s a long strip shaped like a hammerhead shark* and looks unlike any other condom Dean’s seen.

Cas squints at it and then grabs the pamphlet. He reads in silence and lets out a low laugh. “They suggest you watch their instructional video online. Forgive me — videos, plural.”

Dean shoves his laptop towards Cas. “Be my guest.”

Cas pulls up the website and they are soon looking on in equal parts amusement and horror as an awkward looking researcher demonstrates how to put the condom onto a large purple dildo. When the man assures them that taking it off is ‘just like removing a Band-Aid’ Dean throws the sample down on the coffee table.

“Nope. There is no way I’m putting that on my dick.”

Cas continues to squint at the video. “I definitely have no past experiences to draw data from. Should we drop out of the study?”

Warning bells ring in Dean's head as he sees his opportunity for easy money and his chance to play boyfriends with Cas disappearing. “No way!” Dean pulls the surveys out and sets them on the table in front of them. He points to the range of numbers from 1-10 that follow each question. “Let’s just pick five for everything. That way we won't skew the data too far in either direction.”

Cas picks up one of the papers and frowns. “You don't think it will look strange if we put fives for everything?”

“Nah. We can put a few fours and sixes as well to mix it up.” He grabs a pen and starts on the first survey. “Okay. Let’s make up our sex life! *From behind,* that’s doggy style, right?”

Cas raises his eyebrows as he grabs one of the remaining surveys. “I’d assume so.” He quickly fills out the sheet without any additional commentary and moves on to the next one.

“Hold your horses, buddy! Let me see what you wrote.” Dean peeks at the two sheets and wrinkles his nose. “Missionary on both? Seriously? Way to make us sound boring.”

Cas’ eyebrows take flight. “It’s a perfectly enjoyable position. And you're being awfully defensive about our imaginary sex life.”

Dean sputters but is unable to come up with an appropriate response, instead blurting, “Yeah well, someone’s gotta be!” He rushes on before Cas points out how little sense that made. “Next set of surveys we’re mixing it up. We're not doing missionary every time!”

The corner of Cas’ mouth twitches. “Duly noted.”
Their fake relationship becomes a bit of a running joke between them. When Cas’ hands are full, he’ll bump Dean's hip and say, ‘Can you get the door, dear’ and when Dean is cooking he'll say, ‘Pass me the salt, babe’. Even in public, they continue with the endearments at times. It’s silly and domestic and Dean loves every second of it.

So, of course, the whole scheme nearly blows up in their faces. Things start out well enough at the next appointment, with Dean once again enjoying the extra touches and teasing he’s able to do under the excuse of their subterfuge. It’s a different interviewer this time though, and she seems more suspicious.

After quizzing them on some of the background information they gave the previous week, she turns to their surveys with a small frown. “I have to say I’m a bit surprised by your answers. Most people had fairly strong feelings about Condom Sample One.”

Cas parts his lips and Dean knows he’s about to spill the beans so he speaks first. “To be honest, it was such an unusual shape that it was hard for us to decide how we felt about it.”

She seems satisfied with the answer and files their paperwork, handing over Study Sample #2. “This one should be much more familiar.”

Cas still looks uncertain, but Dean smiles and takes the items from her. “Sounds good!” He stands up and pulls Cas with him, slinging an arm around him. “We need to get going now, but we’ll see you same time next week?”

“Yes, please email if you need to change the appointment time.”

Dean says goodbye and pulls Cas out of the room with him. He keeps his arm around Cas until they leave the building.

Cas levels a disgruntled stare at him. “We’re ruining their data set. We should tell them to throw out our survey results.”

Dean rubs Cas’ back before remembering that they no longer need to pretend to be a couple. “Yeah we kinda blew it, but since we answered right down the middle it’s not really gonna affect it that much.”

Cas slumps against Baby, pausing with his hand on the door handle. “I guess. I don’t feel right completely fabricating results again.”

Dean shakes the bag in his hands. “Maybe we won’t have to. Let’s go home and take a look at what they gave us this time.” He slips behind the wheel and peers up, meeting Cas’ eyes. “If you decide you don’t wanna do it though, no hard feelings. Really.”

Cas nods and ducks into the car. “Alright. Thank you, Dean.”

They spend the drive home in easy conversation as Cas tells Dean about all the different study opportunities he's found since learning about this one. Apparently, there are studies for everything from grocery shopping habits to mobile phone games. Dean wonders if they can find enough of these things to skip getting summer jobs.

The comfortable mood continues as they settle in at home, brushing up against each other with insincere apologies as they make themselves dinner. Once they're done eating they move to the living room and look through their new packet.
Cas pulls out Condom Sample Two. He looks at it for a moment before pushing it to Dean.

This one looks just like a normal condom. Dean puts it back in the envelope and presses closer to Cas on the couch so they can read the pamphlet together.

There's not much to read. It's a standard latex condom except for a new style of flared tip.

Cas sets the pamphlet back on the table and Dean is suddenly aware of just how far he is in Cas’ space. He moves back to a more reasonable distance and clears his throat. “So, what do you think?”

Cas tilts his head back and squints at the ceiling. “I'm not sure. I'm not comfortable with the idea of giving inaccurate information again.”

“They can't be that different from your average Trojan.” Dean searches his mind for anything to help convince Cas. “What if we actually try them on? If we know how they fit we can answer everything pretty truthfully.” He stands up and grabs one of the condoms and tosses the other one to Cas. “Come on.”

Cas’ face runs through a series of expressions too quickly for Dean to catch before settling on mild surprise. He turns the condom over in his hand a few times before looking up at Dean. “You want to do this right now?”

Dean shifts on his feet. It’s a pretty weird thing to suggest, but it’s not that weird. “Yeah man, let’s get it done so we can review these babies and get one step closer to five hundred dollars!”

Cas shakes his head but climbs to his feet. “Alright, Dean.”

“Awesome.” Dean tosses Cas finger guns that he immediately regrets and then retreats to the solitude of his room. It isn’t until Dean is unzipping his pants that he realizes the reason for Cas’ hesitation.

In order for the condom to fit, they’ll need to be erect. And Dean just suggested they go try them on at the same time.

Dean flops backwards on his bed with a groan, but then snaps his mouth shut, afraid Cas will get the wrong impression. He considers calling it off, saying they can just fill the surveys out separately later on, but what if Cas has already started? Will that make it even more awkward? It’s probably better to just get it over with. He licks his lips and slides his jeans down past his hips. As Dean pulls himself out of his boxers it's impossible not to think about the fact that Cas is doing the same thing on the other side of the wall. He tries to force his thoughts away but it’s impossible. A wave of guilt fills him as he can't help but wonder what exactly Cas is doing to get himself hard. Does he like a rough, fast stroke, or a gentle slide? Does he twist his fingers at the end of his strokes or just rub his thumb over the crown?

The illicit thoughts have him half-hard before he even gets a hand around his dick. He closes his eyes as he works his length a few times then squeezes the head until a fat drop of precome rolls out. He slides his thumb through the fluid and then teases at his length, sliding his thumb over the sensitive head a few times until he's fully erect. He’s tempted to keep going but he sticks with the plan and puts the condom on.

He rubs the sensitive skin below the head and wonders if he should come in the condom. He hasn’t noticed much of a difference from your standard condom and it might make for a more accurate review. Cas’ door opens though, and Dean is filled with fresh embarrassment at the reminder that Cas knows exactly what he’s doing. He pulls the condom off and tosses it in the trash, tucking his
painfully hard erection back into his boxers and jeans.

When he walks into the living room he avoids Cas’ eyes. Unfortunately what his eyes catch on instead is the very large bulge in Cas’ pants signalling that he also decided to stop before completion. He quickly looks away only to catch Cas’ eyes darting away similarly.

The absurdity of the situation is suddenly too much and Dean laughs as he throws himself onto the couch. Cas flushes so he hurries to explain. “I'm sorry, Cas. That was really fucking awkward. I didn't think it through.”

Cas’ mouth quirks up into a smile and he shrugs before sitting down next to Dean, wincing a bit as he adjusts himself. “It was definitely... surprising. I even thought it was some strange way of hitting on me for a moment.” He shrugs as if it's a joke but Dean can see the question in his eyes.

It's the perfect opening for Dean to make his interest known but he bungles it by letting out this weird honking sound halfway between a laugh and a snort. Dean’s cheeks heat in embarrassment and Cas tries to hide his own snort behind his hand which sets them both off.

They giggle at each other from opposite ends of the couch until they are both left gasping and holding their stomachs. The awkwardness of earlier has completely evaporated and instead Dean’s left with cheeks that hurt from smiling so much.

Once they calm down, they get to work on the surveys. There’s an extra current of tension to the teasing they do this time. Dean can’t help but notice how Cas marks his opinion of the condom, eyes zeroing in on the checkmark noting the fit as too tight. He swallows and gives Cas a quick once-over. He should have guessed the guy had an extra thick cock just like his thighs.

He redirects his attention to the survey, determined to stop ogling Cas. He checks off boxes quickly, swallowing his wounded pride when he checks off the box marked ‘fit was good’ on his side of the sheet. His thoughts have finally returned to safe territory when — click-click-click.

Dean glares at Cas, but it goes unnoticed. Cas is slumped back on the couch, staring at the paper in front of him while he clicks his pen in a steady, monotonous rhythm that worms its way into Dean’s brain. He grits his teeth and continues checking off boxes and the sound stops. He relaxes but before he can even take a breath the clicking starts back up at a quicker pace. He throws himself backwards into the couch. “Dude. What the hell.”

Cas puts his pen down with an apologetic smile, but a flash of satisfaction in his eyes gives him away. “Sorry. I just can't decide what we should put for our sexual position for this one.”

Dean funnels all of his concentration into keeping his expression blank. Any pretense of it being an innocent question though is belied by the teasing gleam in Cas’ eyes as he looks up at Dean from beneath his lashes.

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Dean licks his lips and thrills when Cas’ eyes drop to follow the movement. “Well, you've definitely gotta put something more exciting than missionary this time. Our fake relationship’s reputation is at stake.”

Cas squints into the distance, tapping his pen against his mouth before turning his attention to Dean, giving him an obvious once-over. He then quickly fills out the survey and lays it on the coffee table.

Dean snatches it, sputtering as he reads the sheet. “Bully? That's just in porn! Real people can't do that!”
“Trust me they can.” Cas stands up and stretches, showing off lean muscles from his daily runs. “Don't worry, Dean. I promise I won't drop you.”

With that Cas heads to his room, leaving Dean alone with nothing but his runaway imagination and a pair of increasingly tight pants.

They play a game of escalations over the next week. The endearments are now joined by a hand to the hip or a squeeze of the arm, and innuendo becomes a way of life. They push the definition of bromance to its limits, yet still manage to keep from stepping over that line completely.

By the time their next appointment rolls around Dean isn't sure if he's being punished or rewarded. The sexual tension is thrilling yet he feels like he will go crazy if it continues much longer. They breeze through the appointment and Dean is nearly vibrating with anticipation when they walk back to the Impala.

He manages to rein in his excitement though and turns to Cas as he gets in. “Same deal as last time by the way. If you wanna quit, no hard feelings.” His heart races as he wonders if Cas realizes that he's not referring to just the condom study this time.

Cas gives nothing away, just nodding. But when he slides in beside Dean, he sits closer than usual, his hand resting on the seat only inches from Dean’s thigh.

When they are about halfway home they hit a pothole that bounces Cas right into Dean's side. Cas apologizes but doesn't move away, remaining close the rest of the drive home.

Dean silently begs Baby for forgiveness as he makes sure to hit a few other bumps on the way.

The air is thick with anticipation as they enter their apartment and take their usual positions on the ratty couch. Dean holds his breath as Cas pulls out the pamphlet for the final prototype.

He reads it silently to himself before turning to Dean. “It's a new material, an alternative to latex.”

Dean's heart sinks. “Alright, if you want we can withdraw tomorrow.”

Cas sets the pamphlet down and stares at Dean, opening his mouth and then closing it a few times before squaring his jaw. “You know, there's another option.”

“There is?”

Cas' eyes flick from Dean's eyes to his lips and then away. “Well, if we wanted to complete the study without compromising the results further the simplest solution would be to, ah, use them as intended.”

Dean stares at Cas, just barely resisting the urge to pump his fist. “Yes, of course. Good point.” He keeps his face serious as he nods. “So we should, uh, do it...for science.”

Cas' lips twitch as he nods. “Yes, exactly. For science.” He closes the distance between them. “I admire your dedication to providing an accurate data set.” He cups Dean's cheek and his lips are oh-so-close and —

“Wait!” Dean jerks his head back, restoring the distance between them.

Cas immediately pulls back, shrinking in on himself. “I'm sorry, Dean. I didn’t mean to —”
“No, it’s.” Dean groans as he rubs at the bridge of his nose. “If we’re gonna do this I just want to
be honest about it. I don’t want to do this,” he gestures between them, “because of some dumb
condom study.” He forces himself to meet Cas’ gaze. “I want to do it because it’s you. And I like
you. And if you’re not okay with that I —”

Cas interrupts by grabbing Dean’s collar and jerking him into a bruising kiss. He eases off after a
moment and the kiss turns softer, almost apologetic.

When Dean finally pulls back for air Cas smiles. “Of course I’m okay with it. I’ve spent every
spare moment flirting with you the past few weeks if you haven’t noticed.”

Dean’s unable to prevent a goofy smile from spreading across his face. “Oh trust me, I noticed.”

Still grinning, Dean stands up, fishing one of the condoms out of the envelope and shoving it in his
pocket. He pulls Cas up from the couch and leads him to his bedroom. Cas’ room may be a bit
larger but Dean's bed is memory foam.

As soon as the door closes behind them, Dean shoves Cas up against it. He trails his lips up Cas’
jaw, humming appreciatively at the rough scrape of day-old stubble against his lips. There’s
something about scruffy men that really gets Dean going.

Cas runs his hands up Dean's sides, lifting his shirt as he goes. Dean obligingly lifts his arms,
letting Cas pull the shirt off of him. Cas immediately runs his hands over his chest, exploring his
skin and thumbing at his nipples.

Dean shudders and closes his eyes, wondering how it is possible to be this hard when all Cas is
touching is his chest. To be fair though, it’s Cas, and after the sexual tension of the last few weeks,
he supposes he should feel grateful that he didn't come just from the kiss earlier.

That reminds Dean that he should be repeating that kiss right now. He opens his eyes just as Cas is
moving in for a kiss of his own and they both freeze.

The corner of Cas's mouth twitches and that's all it takes for Dean to burst into laughter with Cas
following soon after. Once they catch their breath, Dean looks up at Cas. “Is this weird?”

Dean's never been into gummy smiles before but when Cas gives him one he decides it's going
right to the top of his list along with blue eyes and stubbled jaws.

“Yes, I suppose it's weird. But good weird.” Cas places a kiss on the end of Dean's nose. “The best
weird.”

That's good enough for Dean. He takes a step backwards, pulling Cas with him. They fumble their
way to the bed, trading kisses and shedding clothes on the way. Dean remembers the condom just
in time, pulling it from his pocket before collapsing onto the bed.

Cas falls on top of him, catching himself on his elbows just before he crushes Dean. He looks
down at Dean with a glint in his eye.

“What?” Dean asks, unable to read the expression on his face.

“Moment of truth, Dean. It’s our final survey, your choice this time. What position will we be
writing down?”

“Oh my god.” Dean rolls his eyes. He grabs a bottle of lube from beneath his pillow and throws it
and the condom at Cas. “Surprise me.”
Cas seems happy to oblige, kissing and nipping his way down Dean's body, teasing Dean's nipples back to stiff peaks on the way. When he moves lower, Dean lets his legs fall open, ready to get this show on the road, but Cas doesn't seem to get the memo.

Instead, he takes his time, kissing Dean’s stomach and hips, caressing the muscles of his thighs. Right as Dean is getting ready to beg, he hears the snick of the bottle of lube opening.

Cas still doesn't rush though. Instead of cold lube against his hole, Dean jerks as Cas laps at the head of his cock before swallowing it all down at once.

“Oh, god.” Dean’s hands are in Cas' hair before he even realizes that he's moved them. He tries to loosen his grip but it's pointless when Cas is looking up at him like that, eyes dark and cheeks hollowed out as he hums around his mouthful.

When Cas adds his fingers into the mix, thumb stroking behind Dean's balls while his index finger circles his rim, Dean keens. He'll probably be embarrassed later on, but he's too overwhelmed to care right now.

Cas keeps his eyes on Dean as he swallows around Dean's cock, thumb still providing external pressure on his prostate as his fingers slowly open Dean up. It's an impressive feat of coordination, and if Dean was capable of more than moans and grunts right now he might even mention it.

He loses himself in the sensations, Cas’ mouth a hot vice around the head of his cock while every stroke against his prostate sends shockwaves up his spine. It's the best fucking blowjob of his life, and he’s only able to enjoy the stretch of three of Cas’ long fingers for a moment before he’s coming in hot spurts down Cas’ throat.

Cas pulls back and wipes his mouth against his shoulder, leaving a smear of spit and come. It’s utterly obscene and has Dean wondering how quickly he can get it back up again. Cas stretches his fingers once more, before pulling them out and wiping them on Dean’s sheet. He places a gentle kiss to Dean’s hip, and shifts back, rolling the condom on.

After all their joking, Dean prepares himself for whatever crazy position Cas chooses, but Cas keeps Dean where he is, moving up to bracket his body, chests close together as he slides into the V of Dean’s legs.

Dean bites his lip, grinning. “Missionary?”

Cas bumps their noses together. “There’s a reason it was my first choice.” He doesn’t give Dean a chance to ask anything else, sliding his tongue into Dean’s mouth at the same time as he pushes the first few inches inside.

Dean groans into Cas’ mouth as he cants his hips up, urging Cas to move in deeper. Cas trails his lips from Dean’s mouth to his cheek, jaw, and ear, hot breath sending shivers in its wake. He rocks his hips back and forth slowly, inching in and out, but gradually driving deeper.

“Cas, c'mon.” It comes out more desperate than Dean wants, but it works. Cas places one final nip to his ear and then raises himself up on his arms and pushes all the way into Dean in one long, slow, slide. He holds himself there for a moment as they both adjust to the stretch (and yeah, Cas wasn’t lying when he said those condoms were too tight).

Once the burn fades, Dean nods his head, throat too dry to speak. Cas kisses him, soft and fleeting, and sets a slow, driving rhythm. The intimate position keeps them close enough to trade messy kisses, and lets Dean see every emotion that fills Cas’ eyes. It’s a much gentler style of sex than
Dean is used to, and he definitely sees the appeal now.

They trade grunts and groans as they rock together faster, steadily increasing the pace until both of them are gasping. Dean reaches up and fists Cas’ hair, pulling him down for another kiss and Cas shudders, mouth panting against Dean’s as his hips stutter and stop.

He collapses onto Dean, and Dean presses a kiss to Cas’ sweaty hair as he runs his hands up and down Cas’ back. They lay silent and sweaty as they catch their breath, the pounding of their hearts beating a rhythm Dean feels all the way to his bones.

Cas finally rolls off Dean with a sigh, tying off the condom and dropping it on the floor despite Dean’s sound of protest. He grabs some tissues off Dean’s nightstand and does a quick job cleaning them up, then flops back down next to Dean, twining their fingers together.

Dean’s happily basking in the afterglow as Cas’ breath evens out beside him when something occurs to him. “Hey Cas, wake up.”

Cas rubs his face against Dean’s shoulder. “What?”

“Do you think they have any lube studies?”

Cas sighs dramatically as if he’s been a long-suffering boyfriend for years instead of hours. “Goodnight, Dean.”

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End Notes

First- here is a link to the weird hammerhead shark shaped condom. If for some reason you want to try it, please be aware that it actually does not prevent any stds, only pregnancy. I just had to include it once I saw the videos on the site.

Second-I've done two condom studies personally, and they are actually not very invasive about your life at all. If you get the chance to participate and are interested I say go for it! I just played with the idea for this fic.

Thank you so much for reading this! I would love to hear your thoughts. Come say hi to me on tumblr!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!