Like I'm Flying

by UnfortunatelyObsessed

Summary

Castiel has felt down lately, and Dean knows just how to cheer her up.

Notes

For apocryta on Tumblr. Enjoy!

"Dean-

"For the fifteenth time, Cas, stop asking. I'll tell you where we're going when we get there!"

Cas huffed and crossed her arms. "That doesn't make any sense."

"Shut your piehole and help me air up this damn raft."

Dean wiped the sweat from his forehead and looked up at the noonday sun. He hoped Castiel liked where they were going. It was a stretch by any means, especially since he wasn't sure if this place even existed.

Cas had been feeling really down ever since she lost her grace. It was hard to tell unless you really knew her, though. The small frowns, the usually-neat hair messy and knotted all down her back. Even her trench coat had a few stains, but that was probably because she refused to take it off to even wash it. It was like it was her only tie to her home.

Dean knew that feeling.
Cassie began pumping up the raft while Dean discreetly checked the map one last time. If you could even call it a map; it was mostly just a rough sketch from local legends.

"I have finished," Cas announced, clapping the dirt off her hands. "Now what?"

Dean pushed the raft into the nearby lake. "Now we get in." He flashed a winning smile at her before settling into the back of the raft. She eyed him suspiciously before climbing over him to the front.

They began rowing, not in any rush. Castiel was rambling about ecosystems and lakes, but Dean wasn't really listening. He tried to; he really did. But... Castiel was shining like a star in the noonday sun. Her hair was radiant, as was the soft smile she threw back at him every so often. Her skin was tan from Chuck-knows-what, and her lips chapped and pink and oh-so-alluring.

And Dean should probably stop that train of thought right there.

Because she? She was his best friend. She was the person that watched Dr. Sexy marathons with him and told him outright when he did something wrong and stayed up late into the night to keep his nightmares at bay.

"Dean?" She jerked him out of his thoughts.

"Hm?"

He looked at her carefully, at her wide eyes and white-knuckled grip on her oar. "We're headed for that cave. We need to change course."

"That cave is our course."

Cassie almost whacked him with her oar as she spun around. "WHAT?!"

"Watch where you're aiming that thing! Yeah, buddy. That cave."

She glanced back at it. "I... have an aversion to caves."

"What? Why? You love nature!"

She chewed on her bottom lip. "They're... small. Confined. I can't spread my win-..." she trailed off, and the tension grew heavy as both remembered that wasn't a problem anymore. "Okay," she finally whispered, turning back around and paddling.

Dean really hoped his spot existed.

He watched as she grew tenser and tenser the closer they came to the cave mouth. He finally grunted, "C'mere."

She looked back at him with wide eyes before sliding towards him, curling up between his outstretched legs. Her eyes looked all around in terror as Dean steered them into almost-absolute darkness.

He kept rowing, even as he began to lose sight of the front of the raft.

"Dean," he heard a soft voice mumble, "how can you see?"

"Just trust me."
The darkness became absolute, and the only sound was that of oar hitting water. Cas's hands were gripping Dean's shirt tightly, and he felt her hair tickle his cheek. After nearly twenty minutes of rowing, he stopped.

"Dean?" that small voice questioned again.

He brought a finger to her lips, then let out a whooping yell. It echoed all around the cave and he listened closely before turning the raft and paddling again. Within the minute, they hit shore.

"Dean." The voice was irritated now. He merely grabbed her hand and led her up a steeply sloping spire of rock.

"Dean." Pissed.

"DEAN."

"Shh, babe. You'll scare away the dark."

He could almost hear her scowl. "I am not a babe."

Dean snorted.

They almost slipped a few times before they abruptly came out in pure light. Dean shielded his eyes from the sun as Cassie buried her head in his shoulder with a groan.

When Dean had blinked the shock away, his face split in a wide grin. "Cassie! Cas, buddy, you gotta see this!"

She grumpily opened one eye, then slowly opened the other in awe.

Before them was a medium-sized lake in a microhabitat of sorts. Grass grew on the cave floor around it, and sun warmed it from a hole in the ceiling above.

"This is... beautiful, Dean," Cas said levelly, taking a step forward towards the water. "This is where we were going?"

Dean nodded, unable to force words out.

Cassie studied the water for a minute before turning back to Dean. "But... Why here?" She tilted her head to the side.

He cleared his throat. "Um just... Just follow me." He led Castiel to the water.

"Oh, are we getting in?"

"Mhm."

There was a shuffling sound, and Dean turned back to be greeted by the sight of Cassie stripping herself of everything but her undergarments.

"Woah! Hey! Cas, man, you can't just... strip like that!"

"I have no gender, and I don't want to get these clothes wet."

Dean sighed, mentally braced himself, and stripped down to his boxers.
Cas seemed unfazed, merely raising an eyebrow at him. "Are we going in yet?"

Dean's lip twitched upwards. "Cool it with the sass, Cas." He almost jumped when she slipped her hand into his, but covered his motion by leading her into the lake.

"It's warm," Cas noted with surprise.

Dean took a deep breath and looked down. Yes. Okay. He could do this. "I um... I brought you here so... So you could um..." He coughed a few times.

"So I could what, Dean?" Her azure eyes met and held his.

"Fly," he whispered finally.

She stilled, slipping her hand out of his. "I can't fly, Dean. I lost my wings."

He couldn't get words out through his nerves, so he instead pointed down. She followed his lead and gazed into the lake, eyes growing wide.

The lake was beyond clear. It looked like they were floating five hundred feet in the air, small fish swimming every which way beneath them, clouds of moss floating by.

She looked up at Dean for barely a millisecond before she dove, darting around beneath the water and through the clouds. He watched her, smiling at the wide grin plastered on her face. He helped put that there.

She surfaced and gulped in huge lungfuls of air. "That... was...spectacular!" With barely another breath, she dove and started all over again.

From under the water, she looked up and caught him staring at her. Cas made a 'come here' gesture, to which Dean shook his head. She rolled her eyes and surfaced beside him. "Come on, Dean! It almost feels like flying!"

Dean laughed nervously. "That's uh... That's why I'm staying here."

She tilted her head. "You're shaking."

He gulped and looked up. "Your thing, not mine."

Soft lips brushed against his jawline. Dean snapped his head to look at Cas in awe, his jaw already tingling where angelic lips had met unholy stubble. Cas, in turn, was looking at him with something new in her eyes. She swam closer and ghosted her lips over his. "Would you like me to kiss you now, Dean?"

Here was his chance. He could tell her no, deny his feelings, and go on living as normal a life as he could. "Yes," he breathed.

She smirked. "Then come and get me." Without so much as a peck, she dove back under the water.

"Goddammit, Cas!" Dean cursed.

"Language," he heard from behind him, turning just in time to see Cas slip under again.

He would be fine. He didn't need a kiss. He could live a long and happy life without ever knowing those chapped lips on his own, those gentle hands running through his hair, those-
Yeah, he was gonna call bullshit on his own thoughts.

With a quick prayer to whatever, he dove after Castiel.

He forced his eyes open under the water and had to restrain himself from gasping. It was even more beautiful under the surface, like he was hovering, or... falling...

He felt himself start to panic just before a pair of soft arms wrapped around him from behind. Lips peppered kisses across his neck and shoulders, leading a trail up the side of his neck. He turned to face the gorgeous blue eyes, crinkled in a smile, shining in the pure sunlight. She leaned forward slowly before pressing her lips firmly to his.

His lips parted against hers, his hands gently resting on her hips. She tasted like everything he had ever wanted, every dream he had ever had, every wish he had ever made. She tasted like hope.

They kissed, long and slow, hovering over an ocean city, seaweed wrapped around Castiel's shoulders and flowing out, reminiscent of her faded wings.

All too soon, Dean felt his lungs begin to burn and broke off from Cassie's lips, pointing up. She nodded and they both emerged from the lake, breathing hard. Dean collapsed on the shore, Cassie on top of him. They both took a moment to catch their breath.

"How... How was it?" Castiel gasped out, burying her face in Dean's neck.

"It... Like... Like I was flying."

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