Days With You

by omgbubblesomg

Summary

Dean’s almost tragically offended when he moves into a new apartment and despite his absolute best efforts he can’t win more than a smile from his devastatingly handsome neighbour.

Notes

Happy schizophrenia awareness day! I read a post where Maya pointed out that there are never any cute schiz fics and we don’t get to see headcanons or posts where canon schiz characters are represented like other mental illnesses get. Maya you’re the sweetest fucking thing on this planet and you deserve so many fluffy fics. Sorry that schiz representation is so lacklustre. Have some destiel <3

Many thanks also to Mayal for betaing and making sure I was representing Cas accurately. Any remnant mistakes are all mine.
Day 1

Dean’s flirted his way into bars, clubs, and even the backstage of a gig. He’s flirted his way into people’s pants and their beds. He takes great pride in being able to flirt into—or out of—any situation he damn well wants. Which is why he’s almost tragically offended when he moves into a new apartment and despite his absolute best efforts he can’t win more than a smile from his devastatingly handsome neighbour.

“Have you tried just asking him out?”

“Sam you literally could not be more useless. Ask him out. Are you insane?”

“Well what’s the worst that could happen?”

They’re sitting in the poky lounge room and Sam is offering life-ruining ideas under the guise of helpful advice.

“He could say no, for one.”

“But he might say yes.”

“Sam you’re not listening. He might say no.”

Sam sips his organic pharmy-shwarmy tea and shrugs. “Well at least then you’ll know.”

“That’s hardly any help.”

“You can’t just sit around moping after him on the off chance he doesn’t wanna bang you, too.”

“What would you know about banging,” he sulks. He throws himself over the side of the couch to sprawl like one of the dramatic-ass damsels in Cas’s art books. He just needs a gigantic goblet of wine and half a dozen naked babies holding crossbows and then he’s set.

“If he says no I’ll lose my reputation,” he tells the upside-down face Sam is making at him. He flips back upright to grab Sam’s arm. “If he says no I’ll never be able to show my face ever again.”

“That might be an improvement honestly.”

Dean chalks a pillow at him. “I have no brother,” he mutters.

Sam smiles into his tea and shrewdly stays silent. The clock on the microwave dings to announce the hour and Dean groans. 4pm is his favourite time of the day but it also always heralds another afternoon spent in anguish. He rolls to his feet and slumps to the door.

“Use protection!” Sam calls cheerily after him.

“Dude, go to hell.”

He’s nine kinds of mopey but by the time he reaches Cas’s door he’s already perking up. So what if Cas is oblivious to his charms? Their afternoons together are still the best part of his day.

He knocks on the door and lets himself in. He’s instantly assailed by the drowsy smell of weed and he follows his nose to the kitchen where Cas is wearing an apron and nothing else. Dean wolf-whistles behind him and Cas turns toward him with a dazzling smile.
“Dean! You’re here!”

“Same as every day, hot stuff. Nice apron.”

Cas remains steadfastly unaware of Dean’s patented let’s-fuck smoulder and straightens his apron. “Thank you! Would you like a brownie?”

“I’m not taking your medicine,” Dean scoffs, even though he’s done it before. “Besides I don’t want to get too high and miss your handsome face.”

That one blows over Cas’s head, too. Cas just beams and cuts himself a slice, bringing it to the study where he paints every afternoon. As usual the place is an absolute mess, but it’s the only room where Cas absolutely refuses to let Dean do any cleaning. There’s a still-wet smear of blood orange on one of the walls. The two furthest walls are mostly glass, to let the most amount of light in, but they have their fair share of paint smudges, too.

“How do you want me?” he asks.

Cas considers it like an actual question instead of the double-entendre Dean obviously meant it as.

“If you stand in front of the window then I can get the balloons going past, too.”

Dean looks out at the bustling city outside. The sun is low in the sky and everything is golden. “There aren’t any balloons going past, buddy.” Sometimes Cas sees things that aren’t really there.

Cas squints out the window again. “Really?” He shrugs. “What a shame. You would look good with balloons.”

“I’d look even better without a shirt.”

Cas smiles benignly. “Okay then. Without a shirt. By the window. No balloons.”

Dean strips easily and drops his shirt to the side. He reclines against the windowsill, finding a pose he can hold for a while. Most of the time Cas ignores how he’s posed, anyway. He focuses in on Dean’s hand, or the hair above his ear. It was frustrating when he first started modelling for his eccentric neighbour, but now he mostly finds it endearing. Cas can switch from unfocused to hyperfocused and back again in the space of a single conversation, but he’s lovingly rendered every part of Dean’s body for weeks now and Dean’s so smitten he doesn’t know what to do with himself.

He relaxes into his chosen pose and lets Cas get to work in the silence. Cas makes some broad strokes with a brush in one hand and his brownie in the other. Through half-lidded eyes Dean watches Cas as Cas watches him, getting angles onto the big page he’s chosen for the session. Dean can’t see what he’s painting from here but he’s more interested in Cas’s face, anyway. Sometimes Cas gets distracted by the weirdest things but here, in this room, he’s a craftsman.

“I’m going to be a famous artist one day,” Cas confides, as he sometimes does when he’s a little bit high and he’s got a brush in his hand. “I’ll have my own gallery, you’ll see.” He smears red paint into orange until he gets the colour he’s after.

“Yeah,” Dean agrees, a little sadly. He has no doubt that Cas will make it big someday, but he also knows that there isn’t any place for him in the big-shot world of fame and money. His own acting career had floundered before it had even started and he barely makes ends meet with modelling gigs.

But Cas? Cas is talented. And smart, and, fuck, so gorgeous Dean sometimes thinks he can’t be real. His hands are large but his fingers are long and sure where they grip the brush, twirl it delicately to
get a new colour. They would do absolute wonders around Dean’s dick, but Cas is yet to show any sign of even knowing Dean’s dick exists.

Time passes way too fast and suddenly it’s been thirty minutes. There’s a ding from the clock in the kitchen and, like always, Dean offers to stay. “If you want to finish I can hold this pose a bit longer. I don’t want you to miss my beautiful face.”

Cas smiles. Another missed flirtation. “No,” he says, “I think I’ve got what I need.”

Dean rolls his shoulders and stretches a little as he falls out of the pose. He should probably just give up with the flirty stuff but it’s like he literally can’t help himself around Cas. He walks around Cas’s back to see what he’s done.

Like always, it floors him.

“Do you like it?”

“Yeah,” he breathes. “Yeah Cas it’s… it’s beautiful.”

Dean’s face is just a sketch, a barely-there hint of an outline. But his lips are parted and heated with colour. Orange and pink to match the sun that Cas has captured blazing behind him. There are blue and grey smudges of shadow beneath his chin, and in dots behind the outline of his face. It takes him a moment to identify them.

“I thought you weren’t going to include the balloons,” he says, laughing. They’re whimsical and airy and he’s glad, suddenly, that they’re there, right alongside the almost-coloured shine of Dean’s eye.

“I was right,” Cas says smugly. “You look good with balloons.” He uses a knuckle to smudge a line beneath the painted eyebrow. He does it so cautiously, like he’s trying to make sure he doesn’t miss, or like he’s trying to make Dean perfect there, too. The sun is lower, now, and it’s turning the side of Cas’s face golden. There’s a smear of red paint on Cas’s cheek and Dean’s caught on it. He wants to kiss it.

“Go on a date with me,” he blurts. Cas blinks up at him owlishly but Dean’s in too far to back out now. “There’s a bee farm out of town,” he says quickly, “and they’re open on weekends so I was thinking if you’re not busy you could…” he shrugs lamely, “go on a date with me?”

Cas squints at him. “Are you having an episode?”

“Am I having a—no? I’m trying to ask you out you idiot.”

“Whenever I act strange you ask me if I’m having an episode.”

“Cas I’m not acting strange. I want you to bring your stupid big easel and go to a bee farm with me and paint honey in my hair while I try to flirt. Is that so much to ask?”

“Can I have a moment to think about it? This is all so sudden.”

Dean throws up his hands. “I’ve been trying to ask you out for weeks, Cas.”

“Were you being subtle? I’m not very good at subtle.”

“You’re not very good at blindingly obvious, either.”

Cas scowls at him, but his scowl turns delighted. “Do you think they’ll let us watch the bees work?”
“Is that a yes? Are you saying yes to this date?”

“Are they native bees or European bees? We should get a—” he picks up his paintbrush then puts it back down and then abruptly walks out of the room and Dean’s left standing there with the sketched-out imitation of him.

“Did I just get snubbed?” he asks his portrait. His face gives nothing away.

Cas comes back in a minute later. He’s got his phone pressed to his ear and he pulls it away when he addresses Dean.

“Gabe wants to know if you like me.”

“You rang Gabe?” Dean sits on Cas’s painting stool and rubs his face. “Yes, okay. Yes, I like you, and I want to go on a date with you.”

Cas talks back into the phone. “He says he likes me.” There’s a muted voice on the other end and Dean watches dazedly as Cas nods at whatever Gabe’s saying. Then Cas hums and looks back at Dean. “Gabe wants to know if I like you.”

Dean stares back at him, halfway between laughing and crying. “Well… do you?”

Cas frowns at him. Opens his mouth. Goes back to the phone. “He says he likes me.” There’s a muted voice on the other end and Dean watches dazedly as Cas nods at whatever Gabe’s saying. Dean watches dazedly as Cas nods at whatever Gabe’s saying. Then Cas hums and looks back at Dean. “Gabe likes the idea of a bee farm.”

“So we’re going? Why did you ring Gabe?”

“I thought maybe I’d imagined you asking.”

“You and me both, buddy.”

“You should give me more warning next time.”

“More warning next time I plan on asking you out? Yeah, whatever you say, Cas.”

“More warning when you want to do something unexpected, at least.”

“Would I have to give you warning if I wanted to kiss you?”

Cas frowns as though he’s considering it. “Maybe a bit of warning,” he concedes.

Dean grins, and steps off the stool. “Consider this your warning.” Cas’s eyebrows go way up, and then way down as he glances to Dean’s lips. The lips he had just spent thirty minutes painstakingly painting.

“Oh,” he says, soft and wondering. “Oh, yes, okay.”

Dean kisses the taste of chocolate and weed out of his mouth, and then keeps kissing him until he tastes just like Cas. Cas makes a surprised and delighted sound like it’s completely new to him, and Dean is never going to get tired of that. He smooths his fingers through Cas’s hair and rubs his thumb on the smear of paint on his cheek.

“You’re full of surprises,” Cas laughs, and Dean laughs with him.

“I won’t be subtle next time,” he promises, and kisses Cas again.
“Happy Anniversary, babe.” Dean lays stretched out on the bed in nothing but his boxers and the yellow socks Cas gave him for Christmas. He props his head on his hand and winks. “I’ve got a present for you.”

Cas has only just returned home and he peers at Dean suspiciously. “Is it another skin mag?”

“No it’s not a—I told you not to go through that drawer!” He waves his hand. “Never mind. Don’t get distracted.” He tries to get his smoulder-face back on track. “Why don’t you come up here and I can show you your present.”

Cas climbs onto the bed and Dean hauls him up until he can kiss him like he’s been hungry for the past year. Cas fits in his arms and tilts his head into it. Some days they have to battle to communicate but this? This they can do. Kissing on the bed with Dean’s arms around Cas’s shoulders and Cas’s hands on his waist.

“Dean,” says Cas, smiling against Dean’s mouth. “Is the present sex?”

“God, you’re so smart.” He kisses Cas again. “It’s just one of the many reasons,” kiss, “why I abso-fucking-lutely,” kiss, “adore you.” He moves from Cas’s lips down and across his jaw, stopping to bite at the sensitive spot beneath his ear.

Cas squirms and squeezes his hips, leaning back to look down at him.

“Do you like the socks?” he asks.

“Do I huh?”

“They’re designed to support your arches. They’re good, aren’t they?” He looks a little smug. Dean drops his forehead to Cas’s clavicle, which is as far south as he’d gotten before the interruption.

“The socks are great, Cas. Even in yellow.” He blinks up at him pointedly.

“Oh, right. Sex.” Cas waves his hand as if to say Go on.

Dean goes on. He’s memorised a speech and everything. He pulls Cas’s shirt open and kisses the skin above Cas’s heart and then, because he’s so close, he closes his lips around Cas’s nipple and tugs gently. “You’re smart,” he says once he’s released his hold. “And you’re sexy, and you—”

“Are you hungry? I’m a little hungry. Do you want a sandwich?”

“Can it wait like twenty minutes?”
“Oh right, yeah. Of course.” Dean resumes his path downward.

“—and sexy, and you—”

“I think we have leftover pasta in the fridge,” Cas muses.

Dean gives it up as a lost cause and rolls onto his back. “Come on,” he says morosely, “let’s find something to eat.” It’s a mark of how long they’ve been dating that he doesn’t even try to turn it into an innuendo.

Sam’s sitting on the kitchen counter eating rabbit food and he raises an eyebrow at Dean’s outfit choice.

“Sexy,” he remarks drily.

“Go to hell.”

Sam shrugs. “How’s the anniversary blowjob going?”

“Sam!”

“What? I found your speech.” He whips a crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket. “I didn’t know you were such a poet, Dean.”

Cas climbs up to sit next to him, a bowl of cold pasta in his hands. “What’s it say?”

“Sam, give it back!”

Sam holds it out of reach and starts reciting Dean’s dot-point list. “Smart, sexy, funny, handsome, isn’t that the same as sexy?”

“S_A_M!”

“Out of curiosity, how did you plan on saying all this during a blowjob?”

“Sam I swear to God—”

“I mean now I know why you’re the actor and not the writer.”

Cas reaches out and snags the paper. “Dean, is this for me?”

“Well, yeah. Kinda.” Cas reads through the list and Dean gets the urge to explain further. “I mean, it’s our anniversary and I know you sometimes don’t believe me when I say all this chick flick stuff, so I thought if you could see it too, maybe you’d…” he shrugs and tapers off. Cas blinks at him.

“Dean if I were hallucinating you saying nice things I could probably hallucinate seeing them, too.”

Dean waves at Sam. “Go on, Sasquatch. Tell him it’s real.”

“Oh trust me, Cas. I could not make this shit up if I tried. Look, he’s underlined sexy. _Twice._”

Cas gets a goofy smile on his face. “You think I’m sexy?”

“Well he hardly thinks he’s sexy.” Sam waves a hand at Dean’s ensemble.

“Shut up, Sam. The grownups are talking.” Dean squishes up to Cas until Cas opens his legs so Dean can get even closer. “I think you’re the sexiest thing on this whole goddamn planet,” he says
fervently. Cas looks like he’s about to kiss him but then he opens his mouth and eats another mouthful of pasta instead. Dean keeps talking anyway.

“And God, Cas. You’re so talented. Six pieces sold in a month! And a that portrait in the gallery next June! You’re so brilliant.”

“Incredible’s next,” says Sam, leaning over to read off the paper.

“Damn straight it is,” Dean says, not even looking at his brother. “You are incredible, Cas. One whole year together and I can’t fucking wait for the next one, and the one after that, and the one after that, and the—” Cas finally gets with the program and kisses him.

“I love you too,” he says quietly, and scoots to the edge of the counter so they’re even closer. Sam makes a gagging noise from nearby. Cas looks over at him. “Dean likes the socks,” he says conversationally, like Dean isn’t licking a stripe up his neck.

“Tap out,” Sam mutters, holding his rabbit food away like it might get contaminated.

Dean’s been bulking up for his newest gig, which means he’s absolutely able to haul Cas up off the counter. Which he does. Cas makes a gorgeous *eep* sound and wraps his legs around Dean’s waist while Dean carries him back to the bedroom.

“Oh, I like these a lot.” He’s got his hands on Dean’s biceps, holding on as best as he can while Dean walks backwards into the room.

“I’ve got something else you’ll like,” Dean murmurs darkly, and for once Cas blushes. Dean tosses him onto the bed and crawls on top, kissing his heated cheeks. Cas moans loudly and wriggles until he’s comfortable. He spreads his legs a bit further to make room and then he pokes Dean’s bicep.

“Real?”

It’s a game they sometimes play if Cas thinks he’s seeing something. “Real,” Dean confirms. He worked *hard* for them.

“You’re going to give me a blowjob for our anniversary?”

“Real.” Dean kisses down his chest again. “Very real.”

“Sam’s standing in the doorway?”

“Not real.” He looks over his shoulder. “Wait, real! Dammit Sam, what the hell?”

“I’m trying to close the door you guys are really *loud*.”

Dean throws a pillow but Sam’s already slammed the door shut.

“We’re moving out,” he tells Cas.

“This was my apartment first.”

“Then *Sam’s* moving out.”

Cas wiggles his hips, where Dean had only gotten halfway through unbuckling his slacks. “Stop getting distracted.”

“Ha! Says you.” He finishes what he was doing and peels Cas’s pants down. Cas lifts his hips so
Dean can get everything off, and he dumps it all on the floor. Cas’s dick is soft against his stomach, but Dean knows exactly how to fix that.

“Happy Anniversary, babe,” he whispers, and then makes very sure that Cas can’t get distracted for the rest of the night.

Chapter End Notes

The tumblr link is [here](#).

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Day 730

Chapter Summary

The second anniversary :)

Chapter Notes

Hello friends! Happy Schizophrenia Awareness Day 2019! It’s been a long year with many ups and downs, and you all deserve some stupid dorky fluff. Plus… we have now earned ourselves an E rating! 😊😊 (Please also mind the new tags.)

I wasn’t going to write anything for this year, but then I reread the comments from the last chapter and got all kinds of gooey exciting feelings (aka I plumbed ideas directly from the comments section and I have zero remorse). Unfortunately because I was so late this chapter didn’t get a Mayalaen-approval stamp so if there’s anything incorrect or misleading it’s 100% on me. I tried my best but google can only impart so much. Please please point something out if you notice it as I don’t want to misrepresent Cas (or anyone).

By their second anniversary he’s more prepared. There will be no distractions, food related or otherwise. He wants to get this right. He makes breakfast before Cas is even awake and arranges flowers on the tray. Sam eyes it critically and pokes at the mountain of food.

“Is that for both of you or just Cas? You’re going to give him a heart attack if you feed him all that bacon.”

“It’s energy food,” he says defensively.

“Why do you need to… Oh.”

Dean grins and hefts the tray, cocking his hip at Sam. “We’re going to need so much energy,” he says, and then he throws in a saucy wink for good measure.

Sam puts his half-drunk smoothie back on the bench. “You know what,” he says, “I’m gonna go for a run.”

He laughs as Sam sprints for the door without even putting on his shoes. “Take your time!” he calls, then he heads up the hall towards his room where Castiel Novak, love of his life and cutie extraordinaire, is still asleep.

He sets the tray down on the bedside table and snuggles back under the blankets, curling up close to Cas’s warmth. Cas mumbles something and rolls into him, his lips parted and his breaths coming in very faint little snores. His hair is sticking up in every direction and there’s a spot of drool on the pillow beneath his head. Is it possible to be in love with the way someone sleeps?
Ah, Christ. Dean is going to ravish him.

He considers the extremely appealing option of lying there and watching Cas wake up slowly, but he’s tingly with excitement and there’s a second, equally appealing option. One that doesn’t require waiting.

He ducks his head beneath the blanket and shimmies down the bed until he’s in between Cas’s legs. He carefully rolls Cas onto his back, delighting in all the snuffy almost-awake sounds of his boyfriend. He carefully situates himself and pulls the waistband of Cas’s pants down. Cas’s cock lies soft and inviting against his thigh. Dean licks his lips and gently tongues up the side of it. Cas’s legs shift minutely and he grins before licking again, following a path along the vein before sucking a soft kiss beneath the head. Cas groans in his sleep and Dean takes that as his cue to ease the tip of Cas’s cock past his lips, mouthing at him happily.

It takes Cas maybe two full minutes to wake up completely, and then another minute before he pulls back the blankets and blinks down at Dean, lines in his cheek from where he’d been sleeping on the edge of the pillow.

Cas’s cock is almost all the way hard, and Dean gives it a deep, slow suck before pulling off and smiling. “Morning,” he says. His voice sounds well used. Like he’s had… well, like he’s had a dick down there.

Cas blinks down at him, halfway between asleep and turned on. “Real?” he asks.

“Oh, honey,” Dean laughs. “Your imagination isn’t this good.” He licks up the underside of Cas’s cock. Cas hums dubiously and Dean pulls off again. “Do you want me to stop?”

“Absolutely not.”

Dean smiles and gets back to work. It’s possible that Cas still thinks this is a delusion, but from second-hand experience he knows that imagined orgasms are just as good as real ones. And they’ve got the whole day ahead of them this time. They can always do this again later.

He spreads his legs, one knee going off the side of the mattress and the other propping him up slightly so he can get a hand into his boxers. He squeezes himself gently, in time with his sucks. When he knows he’s got Cas’s attention he swallows him down as far as he can and looks up at him through his eyelashes. Cas’s mouth parts on a groan. Dean knows exactly how good he looks with his mouth stuffed full. Cas has painted him like this before, with Dean on his knees looked glaze-eyed and adoringly upwards, mouth stretched and lips cherry-pink.

“Chartreuse and umber,” Cas whispers, halfway asleep and halfway aroused and apparently zero-way awake.

Dean pulls off far enough to blow air on Cas’s cock, which strains towards him. “Naming palettes in bed is Not Sexy,” he lies.

“Rose and rosemary.” Cas says with a laugh. Dean pinches him on the hip for being cheeky and Cas squirms in place, digging a hand into his hair to draw him back into place. Dean goes willingly. (He always will.)

He brings them both up to the brink and tips Cas over first, letting him shoot wetly over his lips before fisting himself and following him over. When he opens his eyes Cas is replete beneath him, limbs spread out like a starfish. An extremely sexy starfish. He’s very clearly not all-here, so instead of telling him that he looks like an indecent crustacean Dean takes the opportunity to go to the
bathroom and splash water on his face. He wipes up the mess Cas left on his chin and grins when he sees his reflection. The day’s only just started and he already looks well-used. He touches his pinked lips and blows a kiss to the mirror, then puts his hand in his pocket, touching the surprise he’s left there for Cas to find later.

In the bedroom, Cas is still mostly starfished. He looks exactly as shattered as always. Like his brain’s exploded out through his dick. His head rolls towards where Dean’s standing in the doorway and he makes an adorable questioning sound.

“Real,” Dean tells him, grinning.

“Oh!” comes Gabe’s voice. “You smooth fucker!”

Dean snorts and looks around for Cas’s phone. Sure enough it’s held loosely in his hand on the mattress.

“I didn’t realise we were inviting Gabe to bed with us,” he says pointedly, kissing Cas on the nose and settling on the other side of the mattress so Gabe can hear them both. Cas makes another bleary sound and lampreys onto Dean’s side.

“Had to check,” he mutters, nuzzling into Dean’s side and poking him in the ticklish spot beneath his ribs until he lifted his arm to let Cas get even closer.

“And the conclusion?”

“Apparently,” Gabe pipes up, “you’re some kind of sex god.”

“Mnh? You said that, baby?” He puts a kiss in Cas’s sex-ruffled hair. “If you’re trying to compliment your way into my pants, it’s working.”

Cas beams up at him. “Really?”

Dean gives him a real kiss this time.

“Ugh. I can hear you! Get a room.”

“We’re in a room,” Cas says amicably, and Dean kisses him again.

“Well as much as I love being the call-guy whenever you two have sex—”

“You are not,” Dean laughs.

Gabe continues like he didn’t hear. “I have a gallery to attend to.”

“Ooh, another incredibly talented and attractive artist to show to the world?”

Cas looks at Dean with betrayal and Dean can’t help but laugh. “That’s you, idiot.” He hugs Cas sideways. Cas snuggles into him with a sigh.

“Whatever,” Gabe says. “Now get your manscaped butt back to bed and wake my brother up properly this time, okay?” He hangs up without explaining just how he knows Dean’s butt is manscaped.

“Cas,” Dean says slowly. “Do you send my photos to Gabe to check if they’re real?”

“Is that bacon?” Cas asks with obvious delight, wriggling out of Dean’s hold to grab the tray and
bring it onto the bed. Dean can’t tell if he’s deliberately ignoring the question or if he’s been genuinely distracted by Dean’s cooking. Either way he doesn’t mind. He touches the box in his pocket again. If all goes according to plan, Gabe will be his future brother-in-law by the end of the night.

“Good?” he asks, as Cas ferrets around for all the side rashers first. Cas pauses only long enough to plant a greasy salty kiss on his cheek before attacking his mountain of food again, which Dean takes to mean Yes.

He thumbs the ring box and gets giddy all over again. “Happy Anniversary, babe,” he says.

They take the bus, because Dean still hasn’t convinced Cas that Ubers aren’t the scourge of all evil. And besides they both like sitting up the back in the dark and watching the streetlights pass. Cas is in the only suit he owns: a dark blue number that never fails to make Dean think about everything underneath it. He can’t help but stare at his (hopefully) future fiancé out of the corner of his eye. (It’s almost a shame that they have to get off, but not turning up to your own exhibition would be a bit odd, even for them.)

The first thing he sees when he walks in is his own face staring back at him at ten times the size. His mouth is parted and there’s a flush on his cheeks that makes him blush even now. There’s honey on his lips and one of his eyes has been smeared out into a riot of hexagons and wings that extends out past the border of the canvas to drip onto the floor in puddles of golden paint. The canvas itself is one of his all time favourites, painted the day after their first date.

“Welcome to Angel’s Art,” Gabe says behind them in an exaggeratedly snooty voice. “I see your eye has already been taken by the Dean Winchester Honey Orgasm. An exquisite piece with—”

“It is not called that!” Dean interrupts, shoving Gabe in the side and laughing.

Ah, my mistake,” Gabe says, still with the same fake accent. “It is of course titled Dean’s Erotic Discovery of the Orgasmic Effects of Honey when Applied Directly to the—”

Dean slaps a hand over Gabe’s mouth and pushes him into a table.

“That’s actually not a bad name,” Cas whispers to him as they walk away. “I mean, we did put the honey—”

“Oh God, not you too.”

“Not you too what?” Sam asks, appearing behind them. He gooses Dean in the ribs and sidesteps him to get to Cas. “Congrats on your big fancy exhibition,” he says, then stage whispers, “And even more important, congrats on putting up with my brother for two years.”
Cas beams up at him and then gets on his tip toes to quietly tell Sam, “There’s bacon in the fridge.” To his credit, Sam barely even blinks. Long-since accustomed to Cas’s seemingly random thought process he grins back and says, “I told Dean he made too much.”

“I made the exact right amount, thanks. Spare bacon is the opposite of a problem.”

“Whatever. Congrats again, assholes.” Sam punches him in the shoulder then leans way down to peck Cas on the cheek.

Gabe materialises out of nowhere. “I heard there were Sam kisses on offer,” he says brightly, somehow looking hopeful and lecherous all at once.

Dean grabs Cas by the arm and steers him away while Sam turns magenta.

“We should probably try and stop that,” Cas says as he’s towed towards the drinks table.

“We are not getting involved. Sam’s a big boy. He can tell Gabe to back off whenever he wants. Besides…” He finds an unoccupied table where they can people-watch. “We have more important things to focus on.” His heart does a sickening flip-flop and he squeezes the little box through his trouser pocket.

“I know her from somewhere,” Cas says, eyeing a woman who’s standing in front of one of his portraits.

Dean hands him a pastizzi in the hopes of drawing his attention away before a potential distraction occurs. Cas chews it thoughtfully.

“Did I meet her at yoga?” he muses.

Damn.

He fingers the box again. He doesn’t want to give it to Cas when he’s engrossed in something else, but he’s also about to jump out of his own skin with excitement, and he doesn’t think he can wait.

“So it’s our anniversary today,” he says out loud and—success!—regains Cas’s attention. “And I have something special for you.”

Cas leans forward. “Did you write me another anniversary poem?”

“That wasn’t a poem oh my god I just—” He makes himself stop before he gets caught up. “No, I got something else this year.” He hesitates for a moment and then relents. “Although, I think what I said last year bears repeating, actually.” He’s pretty sure his heart is beating so hard in his throat that his words are coming out staccatoed, but Cas doesn’t seem to notice. “You’re still as talented and sexy and handsome and creative and—”

“Handsome was twice,” Cas corrects eagerly.

“I stand by that.”

Cas makes an adorable giggly sound and Dean wants so bad to kiss him, but he makes himself wait. The next time he kisses Cas he wants to be kissing his fiancé. He puts his hand in his pocket and clenches around the box so hard he’s scared it’ll break.

“So, um. Anyway, I, uh.” Oh great, he’s regressed two years and he’s back to his stutter-inducing infatuation. “I got you, an, uh.” He clears his throat and drags his hand out of his pocket. For a
moment his fist catches on the pocket edge and he flashes to himself fumbling and dropping the box down a drain or something. Which is absurd because there are no drains here, god dammit, Dean, pull yourself together.

He gets the box out and then he’s shaking so bad he can’t open it properly.

“This,” he says breathlessly, finally opening the damn thing and holding it out. Inside there’s a sleek golden ring, with two tiny jewels embedded on one side. An emerald and a sapphire. He appears to have regressed so far back in time that he’s not even capable of one-word sentences anymore, because all he manages to do is hold the box out and look at Cas beseechingly.

Cas gasps and puts both hands around Dean’s, drawing the box closer.

“Dean…” he says. He pulls the ring free and looks at it in awe and then tries to put it on his thumb. It doesn’t fit, so he tries his index, then his middle finger, and at last his ring finger. It slides on perfectly, because Dean’s organised when he wants to be and he’s had Cas’s measurements memorised for months.

“What do you like it?” he manages.

“It’s gorgeous,” Cas breathes, holding his hand out to look at it.

“Is… Is that a yes?”

Cas looks at him in confusion, then his face clears and he holds his other hand up. “I’ve got it,” he says. “We met during my Masters.” Then he gets off his stool and jogs over to the woman he recognised from earlier.

Dean sits there for a moment, dumbfounded, and then he can’t help but laugh. Oh God. Of all the ways he had imagined this fucking up, this is the last thing he had expected.

Cas and the woman are chatting animatedly, and Dean watches as Cas holds out his hand to show her his new ring. As though he’s standing right next to them, Dean can hear her say, “Congratulations!”

The confusion on Cas’s face is beyond description, and Dean waves at him from across the gallery. He’s still laughing when Cas’s mouth drops open and he looks down at his hand before looking back up at Dean, still shocked. He runs back over.

“Dean!” he says urgently. “Dean, are we engaged?”

Dean tries to surreptitiously wipe his eyes on the tablecloth. “Would you, oh my god, would you like to be engaged?”

Cas launches into his arms, and though his mouth is very quickly occupied, Dean’s pretty sure he fits a Yes in there.
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