The Birds and the Bees

Summary

With having grabbed whatever replacement grace, he apparently had to go through the process of ‘becoming an angel’ again.

Yep.
That’s right.

Cas is in angel puberty.

(Set in S.9)

Notes

I wanted to write a one-shot for some reason, and this little gem of an idea has been sitting around for a month or two now since Castiel got his grace (or whatever) back on the show. Thus- the fic/idea was born.

I regret NOTHING.
Oh, and Aussie- I wrote this because I know how much you love wing-kink and all of that, and I felt like since my parents have never taken me to the post office to deliver your package, I'd make up a little bit with some good sex-fic. Hehe. I hope you like it, bby!

Enjoy!~

Dean doesn’t know what’s going on with Cas.

Seriously, dude’s up shit creek right now.

With having grabbed whatever replacement grace, he apparently had to go through the process of 'becoming an angel' again.

Yep.

That’s right.

Cas is in angel puberty.

Dean doesn’t really understand it- doesn’t want to- but with how awkward Cas is getting around him, it’s getting hard to ignore. Apparently, his wings like to pop out of his vessel any time Dean says his name when he wakes up, or when he bends over, or when he stretches. It’s an even longer list than that, probably, but Dean (like it was mentioned before) doesn’t want to know.

However, with how those blue eyes are staring at him currently from across the table, Dean doesn’t think he can really brush this off anymore.

“Cas-” the reformed angel turns pink, flinching as Dean remembers his triggers, “uh, buddy. We need to talk.”
Thankfully, the bunker has hundreds—maybe even a thousand or two—rooms available for private discussions. This means that Dean can pull Cas back into one and bash out this awkward situation until every inch of it is exposed.

Cas follows behind Dean cautiously, and for some reason Dean feels as though they’re teenagers sneaking out of somewhere secret. Which is stupid of course, Dean is over thirty by now.

“Dean…” Cas whispers, his voice wavering slightly, “What is it?”

“We need to get whatever is going on with you and me out in the air, Cas. What’s goin’ on?”

The angel turns scarlet, “What are you talking about?”

The hunter sighs, crossing his arms, “Are you really gonna do that, Cas? Just dance around like this pretending to be a dense idiot? You know exactly what I’m tryin’ to talk about.”

"Dean-

"No, none of that crap, Cas. I just want answers." Dean rubs the bridge of his nose, "Something is goin’ on with you, and I want to know what, exactly."

The angel clears his throat, and Dean realizes then just how many human traits he had picked up over the few short months, it's staggering, "Are you sure, Dean? …"

"Positive I am."

Cas swallows and tries to think of something apparently, blush creeping up his cheeks even though he’s an angel of the Lord again, “This is quite complex, Dean. I am unsure if you will understand.”

“Just say it, Cas. You won’t know for certain until you tell me.”
Cas stares at the floor of the bunker, his new creamier trench coat on his shoulders. Dean misses the old one… However, the hunter can’t get over the fact how small and vulnerable Cas seems at the moment, huddled in on himself and unable to even glance up at Dean because he’s so nervous. The human feels a wave of compassion and pity.

“I believe since my angelic form is coming to age because of the grace I have acquired, my vessel as had some… outward side effects. It seems as though you are something that my body prefers during this transition period.”

Dean blinks. That was an eloquent way of putting it.

“So you’re saying…” Dean trails off for a second, eyebrows raised and eyes widened, “that you’re basically *horny* for me right now?*

Cas turns a darker shade of red, only managing a tight nod and a small, whispered, “Supposedly…”

Apparently, he wasn’t expecting Dean to laugh.

“What is funny?” he prods, tilting his head to the side as Dean giggles.

“Nothing, just- I never expected to be some ‘newfound’ angel’s wet dream, is all.”

Cas blushes at that, looking down in a pout, “You make it sound so crude.”

“That’s because it is crude, Cas.” Dean sighs, “Look, we got a hunt comin’ on soon and we’re gonna need you at a hundred percent, Cas… You think you can manage keepin’ your junk from becoming a flag pole for a day or two?”

Cas is still averting his eyes from the hunter, nodding, “I suppose I can…”

Dean gives a nod of finality, “Alright- good. Get ready to leave after tonight. Sammy’s already got
the Impala ready for the trip, so we should be good on weapons and stuff…”

Cas doesn’t say anything.

“See you tomorrow, Cas.”

“Goodnight, Dean.” the reformed angel whispers, and lets Dean walk away.

…

Dean wakes up to find a body weighing down one side of his bed.

Out of habit, Dean reaches for his Colt lying underneath his pillow, whipping it out and having it ready to fire as he puts the barrel right between Cas’ eyes. His mouth goes dry as his finger stalls in enough time.

“Shit- Cas!” Dean immediately lowers the gun, breathing hard, “You can’t do that!”

“I apologize, Dean…” the angel murmurs, watching the weapon be placed on the bedside table, “I remember our promise about personal space.”

Dean rubs at his face, “Cas- that’s not what I meant… Look, you can’t just sit there and be two inches away from me and expect me to not react when I don’t know you’re there. I could’ve killed you, Cas-”

“I have my grace back now, Dean. The bullet would have hurt, but I would overall, in a sense, be okay.”

Dean groans, getting off of his bed, already dressed in his clothes- an old habit from being on the road and hunt for so long- “Just- let’s go, Cas… We’ve got a nest of vampires to take out…”
Cas catches up to Dean, his skin a few inches away from the hunter’s. Dean wants to say something, to tell Cas to back off a little bit. However, he understands that minus whatever angel puberty may feel like, he can’t judge Cas on being a little… weird- at the moment. Because honestly- who wants to be as large as the Chrysler building and go through all of that? Again?

Dean however, can’t help himself when he feels breathing down his neck.

“Cas-” Dean turns, immediately finding the angel in his face, “we’ve talked about this…”

“Personal space.” Cas takes a step back, “I understand.”

Dean shakes his head.

This is going to be a long hunt after all.

…

Two hours later, Dean is in the middle of fighting a huge nest of vampires.

Sam is busy with two circling him, Cas has five pinning him to the ground and trying to rip into his flesh, and currently- Dean is dealing with the leader of the nest stalking towards him.

“Who would have thought-” the vampire hisses, a smirk stretching over his lips, “the Winchesters themselves… Showing up on my doorstep like a pizza delivery… How- *delectable*…”

“*Dean!*” Cas shouts out, more vampires piling on top of him.

Dean finds his back pressed into a corner, his gun out of bullets but his knife at the ready, “Yeah- I heard I’m pretty tasty.”

There’s a growl from the other side of the room, and the leader grins at it, “Seems like someone isn’t too happy with that fact… Is it true then? *Is* Dean Winchester sweet like candy?”
“I dunno…” Dean murmurs, “Why don’t you come find out, then?”

The vampire springs forth, Dean’s knife trying to sink into the monster, but to no avail. The blade clatters to the ground, the vampire easily pinning Dean to the corners with its strength. It smirks in a sinister way. There’s a louder snarl from the other side of the room, and Dean tries to quell his heartbeat- something he’s sure the vampire can hear- as he swallows in nervousness.

“Look at you, like a little dessert…” he grins, licking a stripe up Dean’s neck, pausing on the pulse point, “I must say, even your sweat is sweet.”

“Thought so- I sprinkle myself with sugar every morning.” Dean hisses sarcastically.

Another feral noise sounds off from a few feet away, Dean gasping as he feels the vampire slide a knee between his legs. There’s a darker light to its black pupils.

“I could make you my pet, my slave… It’s been a long time since someone as special as you crossed my path. However, claiming a Winchester for my own use? Now there’s an achievement not many can say…” there’s more growls now, and they seem closer than before, “How would you like it, Dean, if I showed you a world far better than this? One so much more vibrant and with so much more depth?”

“I wouldn’t like it, asshat-” Dean feels the vampire press closer, “I’d rather die than be owned by you.”

The vampire tilts his head, the fight still going strong behind him and he doesn’t seem to be concerned over it, “Really? Owned? Such a strong word, don’t you think?”

“Bite me.” Dean shakes out.

Lips pull over too-sharp canines as the vampire grins widely, “Oh- I will.”

It’s only a few inches away from Dean’s neck before it screams in agony, eyes turning white as it crumples to the floor in seconds. Dean looks up from the corpse to see Cas breathing hard, glaring at
“Thanks, Cas… I thought he was gonna-”

That’s all Dean manages to say before Cas grabs onto him and they disappear from the cleared vampire nest.

... 

Dean opens his eyes to find that he’s back in the bunker, Cas missing. The hunter looks around, finding his clothes repaired and his wounds healed from the fight. He can’t even smell the rancid scent of the vampire’s tongue anymore. However, that doesn’t change the fact that Cas is missing.

“Cas!” Dean shouts into the air, anger rising in his chest, “Cas- get your feathery ass down here! Now!”

There’s no magical flutter of wings- no sign of the angel anywhere as Dean sighs.

The hunter paces around the bunker for a while, trying to figure out why in the hell Cas flipped out so badly.

Okay- so maybe the vampire nearly changing him is a reason to go overboard, but Dean doesn’t understand why Cas is acting so… possessive? God- he can’t even think of the right word to describe or title this with.

“Dean?” Sammy’s voice rings out, concern evident, “Dean- are you alright?”

“Yeah, Sammy. I’m in here.” he yells back.

Sammy runs into the room and gives Dean a quick bear hug, something they rarely ever do, “God- I thought that vamp was gonna get you… He was literally about to bite when Cas got him.”
Dean bites his lip, “Yeah, I know… It was too close of a call that time… Hey- do you even know where that asshat is?”

“Last I saw he teleported me and the Impala here, and was about to light up the whole nest in holy fire.”

“Sounds a little over the top, but hey- at least we won’t have to worry about them anymore… Any idea when he’ll get back?” Dean subconsciously rubs at his neck.

Sammy shakes his head, going over to one of the couches and throwing himself on it- clothes bloodied and skin bruised- “No idea… Cas looked pissed. He may take his time torching that place to oblivion- who knows?”

“I tried prayin’ to him, but he wouldn’t answer me, so I guess there’s a good chance he’s gonna be venting with fire… What do you want to do until he gets back?”

The youngest Winchester shrugs, “I dunno, I’m kinda tired, to be honest. I think I’m gonna shower and take a well deserved nap.”

Dean runs a hand through his hair, finding that any blood and sweat that had clung to the strands is now gone without a trace, “Yeah- that’s fine. I’ll try and talk to Cas once he get’s back. He needs to explain why in the hell he decided to go all angel torch on things and stuff…”

“Yeah- I’m curious too.” Sam gets up with a grunt, padding to his room, “Lord knows we need answers…”

Yeah… Dean thinks, Too bad he never listens.

…

Cas comes back to the bunker about three hours later.

His clothes are covered in soot, there’s burn marks all over his trench coat, and his eyes look like
they contain flames as he appears behind Dean in the mirror.

Despite himself, Dean jumps at the immediate appearance, “Dammit, Cas!”

“It is nice to see you too, Dean.” he hisses, anger still evident even though he had turned that vampire nest into a huge fire pit.

Dean turns, brows furrowed, “Cas- what the hell is wrong with you? Why all the- I gotta burn everything- mode? You ain’t goin’ rogue or somethin’ on us, are you?”

“No, Dean-” Cas glares, “I am not going rogue.”

“Do we need to get you anger management classes then? Because last time I checked-” Dean gives an empty chuckle, “we don’t go lighting up vampire nests like birthday candles.”

Cas growls, “That vile threatened you- tried to bite you and make you their own- they needed to have their existence eradicated.”

The hunter takes a step back, his heart beating a little faster from the raging angel in front of him, “Way to sound like a politician, Cas… Jesus…”

“Do not bring him into this, Dean.” Cas closes in by a few inches, “He did not sacrifice himself so putrid filth like that could taint you.”

“I’m not some yellow marker, Cas- stop worrying if my tip might get black. I’m already tainted, anyways…”

Next thing Dean knows, Cas has him pushed up against the wall, anger pulsing in the air around them, “Dean Winchester- do not- describe yourself in such a way. Hell has been behind you for a long time, and even when you first stepped back on Earth, I have told you that you are not a bad man. Stop thinking of yourself as dirt.”

Dean lowers his eyes submissively, Cas seeming to move a few centimeters closer, “Okay, Cas… I
won’t.”

The angel backs off, still staring at Dean with heat, “Good.”

There’s silence between them now, and Dean bites his lip as he tries to think of something to say. However, he always comes up blank- like any sentence that is okay to voice decides to disappear before his tongue can form it aloud. The angel however, just keeps staring at him, eyes on the teeth sinking into the hunter’s bottom lip.

Dean just leans off of the wall, still looking towards the floor, “I- uh- I think I’m gonna go work on the Impala…”

Cas doesn’t say a word to that, and just watches the hunter leave with hungry eyes.

...

Dean knows that there’s nothing wrong with his baby, just that he needed an excuse to get out from the room Cas was in. There’s nothing wrong with the angel- Dean can assure you- it’s just… Dean feels so vulnerable around him now. Like someone took away his ability to be comfortable and left him feeling like he was about to be pounced on.

“Get it together, Dean…” he whispers to himself, “You’re just overreacting…”

The hunter grabs the toolbox from the side of the garage, pulling out a wrench and heading over to the Impala and going underneath. He’s tightening bolts and checking for rust or other damage when he hears someone step beside the car.

“Can’t you see I’m busy?” Dean grunts, starting to slide himself out from underneath the car, only to find some man watching him, “Who in the fuck-”

Next thing Dean knows, all he sees is black.

...
“That should do it…” a voice says off to the side, Dean’s head to his chest, arms tied above him, “I think that poor excuse of an angel will be on his way at any moment to save his little bitch.”

Dean tries to squirm, but finds his body too heavy to even imagine twitching.

“You’d think he’d be more cautious…” another voice murmurs.

Dean feels something drip down his skin, and it burns- but there’s nothing he can do. The hunter even tries to open his eyes, finding that he can only keep them open for a few seconds before they shut again.

“Ah, he’s awake.” Dean feels someone step closer to him, “Hey there, little thing. How are ya feelin’?”

Dean wants to snap at the man, but finds himself too weak to do so.

The man chuckles, “Tired already? Shame- we haven’t even started…”

“When your angel figures out what we’ve done, he’ll try to come save you as fast as he can- shame he won’t, really…”

Dean coughs, finding something close to syrup fall over his lips- blood, he recognizes- “Why? …”

There’s a chorus of laughter, “So the whore does speak- how interesting… We were thinking you didn’t have enough in you to manage that, knowing that humans are so mortal and weak.”

Dean sputters again, “Why are you doin’ this? …”

“The famous Dean Winchester doesn’t know? Oh- how delectable!” there’s a chuckle, “You’re nothing but a pawn here, filth, merely getting used so we can kill your precious little… Castiel.” Cas’ name is hissed out like blasphemy.
The hunter shakes his head as much as he can manage, “I don’t.”

“That mistake stole our friend’s grace and kicked us out of Heaven- he needs to die.”

“He deserves it- for all that he’s done to us.” the other voice adds.

The angels circle around Dean like snakes, tongues hissing out words that slither into Dean’s ear, “But there’s only one way to get him anywhere near our blades, and that…” they say together, “is you.”

Dean’s mouth has crimson escape it instead of words.

“There’s only been one person he’s ever been so willing to save from something…”

“Dean!” Cas’ voice thunders out in the room.

The angels snicker, “Just in time…” one murmurs.

The hunter drowsily blinks open his eyes to find Cas looking at him, eyes wide in fear as Dean lowers his head again.

He’s just so damn tired…

“I will skin you alive…” Cas snarls, his voice booming in the room.

“Are you mad that we marked him up first? That we took most of his blood away and left him dry?” one hisses, “It’s quite similar to what you did to our friend when you stole his grace…”

Cas growls, “I’ll kill you for what you’ve done to Dean!”
“And we’ll murder you for slaughtering our friend!” the other yells, “He didn’t deserve what you did to him!”

“Bite me.”

That’s all it takes for Dean to hear the fight break out, and for himself to pass out.

…

“D-Dean? Dean, are you okay?”

Dean feels like he’s being carried, he coughs some more.

“I’m trying to heal you with my grace, but the amount of damage is causing the process to take longer… I apologize…”

Dean can’t respond.

The hunter is set down on something that feels like his bed in the bunker, “I may have to split part of my grace to heal you… You’re almost dead…”

There’s a moment where things go blank for Dean, like someone just numbed everything, until he’s sitting up and screaming at the top of his lungs. His skin burns, his bones feel like they’re snapping, and it feels as though Cas was touching his soul. With what he said earlier- he actually might be.

“Dean- I’m so sorry…” Cas is trying to hold him down while he screams, “You weren’t meant to accept grace like this… You’re not an angel…”

Dean thrashes around, tries to escape this crushing feeling all around him. It’s like the world is in a garbage compactor and he’s right in the middle of it as the walls are closing in. It’s terrifying.
“It will be over soon, I promise, Dean…” Cas murmurs into his ear softly, rubbing into Dean’s skin as the fights against him.

Suddenly, as quick as it came, the pain is gone.

Dean flops onto his bed, exhausted, drained in a way he’s never felt before, and it hurts to even breathe or think. The hunter just has a few more seconds of consciousness before he’ll go under.

“Sleep well, Dean…” Cas whispers, and presses two fingers to the human’s forehead.

When Dean opens his eyes, the world seems to be in a new light.

He doesn’t know what Cas did exactly, but for some reason, he feels as though all of senses are heightened. It’s like getting an energy boost when you were already wide awake.

The hunter leans up on his elbows, finding that the colors of the room are more vibrant and rich, and the smell of fresh ground coffee beans lingers in the air. Dean has to drop a hand to his stomach when he feels it cramp, and he’s guessing that it’s been a while since he last ate, and hunger pains are apparently on the menu for the moment.

“You’re finally awake…” Sammy walks into the room, “You know- I was beginning to think you were honestly in a coma.”

“Coma?” Dean blinks, the teal on Sammy’s plaid shirt popping out like neon, “Damn, Sammy- how long was I out for?”

The younger hunter sits down on the end of Dean’s bed, his hair six different shades of a chestnut brown, “For a few days… Cas told me what happened… Those angels nearly killed you, Dean. If it weren’t for Cas, you would’ve died.”
Dean looks towards his lap, being able to see every fiber of the blanket below without strain, “I think I did for a moment…”

“Do you know how he even brought you back-”

“I split off a part of my grace.” the angel’s deep voice causes Dean to shiver and Sammy to jump, “It was the only thing I could come up with that would keep Dean from dying directly from his wounds.”

Dean looks at Cas- his blue eyes so rich in saturation that Dean thinks it should have its own name- “What do you mean ‘directly’? …”

Cas looks away then, Sammy eager to hear what he has to say, “There was a possibility when I attached the grace to your soul that it would be rejected… Thankfully, however, your soul was able to absorb it and use it to pull you back from the brink of death. The process took about four days.”

“I’ve been out of commission for four days?!” Dean blurts, “Shit- you guys should have fuckin’ woken me up!”

Sammy speaks now, his hazel eyes- Dean notices there’s some brown and blue around the iris- trailing on his older brother, “You looked like a corpse, Dean… I honestly thought you weren’t going to pull through it… Cas and I were having to figure out other ways to try and fix you, but… I’m honestly just glad you’re okay now…”

Dean runs a hand through his hair, feeling every strand brush every inch of his fingers and palm, “Yeah, well… I still don’t like the fact I was out for almost a hundred hours-”

“Ninety-seven and a half, to be exact.” Cas interrupts.

“Thank you, Cas.” Dean sighs, “Look, I’m okay now, so I guess that’s all that matters…”

Sammy tilts his head, his brows furrowing, “You know, you’d think that there would be some issues with you usin’ grace as a battery, right? Cas even said that there was a chance it could have been rejected in the first place. Don’t you think that something might happen? Like a rebound or somethin’ along those lines?”
Dean shakes his head, “I don’t know, Sammy. I never heard of any angel givin’ some of it’s juice to a human soul before, so I don’t know what could happen. What about you, Cas?”

“I have no knowledge of such a thing. I was merely taking a risk because you were about to die. I am honestly surprised it worked out in my favor.”

When Dean looks towards Cas, there’s something there in the angel’s gaze- something like heat and arousal- and Dean flushes red. His heart quickens in his chest, and he realizes that the weird buzz of silence is present in the room.

“Well, uh-” Dean mumbles, “thanks for savin’ me, Cas…”

“That is how we met, Dean.” Cas murmurs, almost like a whisper to himself- yet Dean able to pick up on it as Sam sits there like nothing was uttered.

The hunter rubs at the back of his neck, spine aching, more than likely from laying in bed for so long, “Well- I’m starvin’… Have you guys eaten yet?”

“No.” Sam answers, Dean remembering Cas no longer eats since he gained grace back, “I could make us some burgers, if you want.”

“That’ll work… I’m gonna take a quick shower and I’ll be out after that.”

Dean gets up off of the bed, his shoulders hurting as he forces himself to get up. He notices that he’s wearing different clothes than when those angels dicks captured him, and he looks over to Cas- who still hasn’t left.

“Did you change me?”

Cas tilts his head, pupils turning darker, “Not as you are thinking. I merely used grace to change them out. I saw no… skin.”
Dean nods, looking down, “Alright then… I’ll be taking my shower now…”

Dean walks away, but the whole time, he feels like turning back around to be with Cas.

...

While in the shower, Dean’s stomach hurts a little more. He tells it to shut up— that it’s going to get some good hamburgers in a moment— but it doesn’t work. He has to end up sitting down on the bottom of the shower, one arm around his stomach as the other shampoo’s his hair and wipes his skin.

Dean’s mind is buzzing at the moment, like a battery that’s currently having electricity coarse through it, and he can’t turn it off. Images of things float around in his mind, like the angels who captured him, and the one moment he thought he saw Cas when he blinked. A little bit of fear rises at the thoughts, and Dean curls up into a ball without thinking. His limbs slightly shake and he whimpers without meaning to, his stomach cramping a little more with his legs getting shoved against it.

Yet, even through the panic, Dean begins to feel a calming sensation lap over him. Kind of like when you’re sweating and you finally get some cool water sprayed onto your skin. Slowly, bit by bit, Dean calms down and unfurls himself from the fetal position he was in.

“The fuck…” he murmurs, the water nearly covering the disbelief his voice.

...

Dean notices something is different with himself as he gets dressed.

First off, are his hips. Before, Dean’s pelvic bone had been square and jutted out in an angular way from his skin— but now, they look slightly curved and plushy against his fingertips. The hunter thinks that maybe because he did nothing but sleep for a few days that he might of put on a pound or two, and dismisses it. Yet, he can’t deny or excuse the long, angrily red stripes going down his back.

Dean had nearly fallen over when he first noticed them, and it caused the hunter to pause his routine to stare at the parallel marks with fear in his chest. Upon noticing them, Dean’s back began to ache
more, and Dean tried to touch the skin to see if anything happened. Instead, he yanked his fingers
back as fast as he could, the flesh stinging as though it were raw and his fingertips had been lemon
juice. Dean just gave an uneasy breath, swallowed, and put his shirt on over it. It however, strained a
little on his back since the cuts or lines- whatever the fuck they are- were swollen. His jeans didn’t
even fit him well anymore…

In turn, it makes Dean a little pissy as he heads to the kitchen, deciding to put on his plaid over-shirt
to make the clothing look less suspicious on his person.

He needs to workout more, then…

“Hey, Dean-” Sammy chirps, “you came just in time. Burgers are done.”

“Thanks, Sammy…” Dean grunts, sitting down at the table, not putting his back against the wood so
he doesn’t irritate his wounds or himself anymore.

Sammy doesn’t comment on Dean’s sour mood, and just sets the plate of food down in front of his
brother, “I made it just how you like them. Eat up.”

Dean stares at the burger, yet does nothing else.

“Is there… somethin’ wrong?” Sammy asks nervously, “I swore I cooked it right-”

Dean sighs, “It’s not you, Sammy, or the burger. The problem’s me…”

Sammy sets his own plate down, sitting in a chair across from the older Winchester, “Are you sick or
somethin’?”

“I don’t think so…” Dean murmurs, rubbing at his aching abdomen, “I don’t feel feverish or
anything…”

“Maybe you need some more rest-”
“I slept a little over four days worth, Sammy- I think I got enough rest.” Dean stands up, “I’m going to go work on the Impala…”

Sammy nods, his own hands not touching his burger, “Alright… Be careful, Dean. Don’t push yourself, you just got better…”

“I’ll try not to, Samantha.”

Dean walks out of the room, only to fall against the room as another cramp forces him to fall against the closest wall.

“Shit…” Dean pants out, eyes half-lidded.

Suddenly, he feels some smell wrap around him- heavy and sweet in its entirety- and Dean perks up at it.

“Hello, Sam.” Cas says in the kitchen, “The burgers smell heavenly.”

“I’m glad you think so-” Sammy says, pausing to swallow, “Dean wouldn’t even touch his.”

Cas pulls out a chair, its legs scraping against the floor, “That is surprising. I thought Dean loved burgers as much as he does pie. For him to turn one down is just…”

“Strange.” Sammy finishes.

Cas seems to quiet for a moment, “Yes, it is unusual. Did he seem sick to you?”

Sammy clears his throat, “Yeah- he did. He said he didn’t feel off or anythin’… Maybe he isn’t ready to eat yet-”
“It has been several days since he has last consumed anything considered to be food. He should be starving. Something else is at play here. Do you know where he went?”

With that- Dean sneaks off to his Impala to pretend like he wasn’t listening in on the conversation.

…

Dean is looking at the engine of the Impala when Cas comes up behind him. The hunter pretends to seem surprised that Cas has appeared, and averts his eyes when the angel stares at him.

“Dean, is there something wrong with you? …” the reformed angel comes an inch closer, “Nothing is different to you? …”

Dean shakes his head, “Nope! Everything seems alright.”

Cas raises an eyebrow, and Dean forgets that he was even human only a week or two ago, “You seem to be lying to me, Dean.”

“How do you know I am?” Dean counters, “Got an angelic lie detector hidden in there somewhere?”

The angel comes closer, “Dean, this is serious. I think there might be something wrong here.”

“There’s nothing wrong, Cas. Everything’s fine- *I’m fine.* Get your panties out of a twist.”

The words however, do not make the angel back off.

Dean grunts in irritation, shutting the Impala’s hood when another stomach cramp hits him. Cas is by his side in seconds, helping Dean lean onto the Impala’s hood. The hunter bends inward, his insides feeling as though they were on fire.

“Dean-” Cas’ voice is low in the human’s ear, “tell me *right now*- have you noticed anything
different since you woke up?”

It’s a command, and usually, Dean is defiant to them- however, this time, he answers willingly, “I look… *different… I feel different… my back-”* he squirms in Cas’ vice, “hurts…”

In seconds, Dean finds his chest getting pressed against the Impala’s hood- and it should not turn him on, it really shouldn’t but it does nonetheless. He has to hold back a desperate mewl as Cas practically rips apart his clothing to look at his back. Dean tries not to moan or do anything, just breathes hard against his baby’s black metal and watches the hot oxygen condense in little patches.

“Dean…” Cas murmurs, and the hunter shudders hard against the hood of his car, feeling the angel’s fingertips trace the lines he discovered earlier on his skin- “Why didn’t you say anything? …”

“Thought they were wounds…” he gasps out, fingers gripping on the space between the windshield wipers and the hood, “Cas… what’s happenin’ to me? …”

The angel swallows heavily, his fingers still touching Dean’s back, causing the hunter to hiss, “I think the grace that I transferred to you did something…”

Dean tries not to push back against Cas, to plead for those fingers to keep stroking against his spine, “W-What?”

“Dean…” Cas whispers, voice almost in awe, “I think you’re becoming an angel.”

…

Dean finds himself locked inside of his room, Cas outside with Sam talking quietly.

Ever since Cas suggested the theory that his grace sharing caused Dean to become angelic- or at least gain the traits of it- he has handled the hunter like a fine china. Part of this means that Dean has to be kept in his room like a child in time out.

“Guys-” Dean bangs on the door, “I spent four days asleep in here- I’d like to get out.”
“I’m sorry, Dean, but we can’t risk letting you out when we don’t know what can happen.” Sam says through the wood, his concern evident.

Dean falls against the door in defeat, huffing out a breath. For some reason, there’s a nagging feeling in the back of his mind- like someone else’s emotions are moving through him- and he finds himself wiggling around on the floor.

“Dean, I suggest you calm down.” Cas speaks, “You are starting to hyperventilate.”

“Fuck you, Cas! I’m stuck in my own god damn room like a grounded teenager! I’m going to be pissed!” Dean finds himself growling- and immediately he stops the noise as soon as he realizes he’s the one making it.

There’s complete silence from the trio as the event is processed, and Dean ends up crawling underneath his mattress as he hears the door open. He sees Cas’ feet walk over to the side of the bed, Dean pressing himself up against the wall tightly, as Cas leans down on one knee to look at him.

“Who am I, Cas? …” Dean’s voice shakes, his body slightly trembling as it compacts in on itself.

“You’re Dean Winchester.” he answers back simply, but his eyes are saying more than his mouth.

Dean doesn’t move from underneath the bed, “I don’t even know what I am anymore…”

Cas reaches out a hand, fingers spread apart so Dean can interlock his there in the empty space, “You’re Sam’s brother- the Righteous Man- Michael’s vessel…” he drops his voice in volume, softly adding, “and also my closest ally- the one who taught me free will and personal choice- the one I rebelled from Heaven and everything from… that’s who you are…”

Dean eyes the fingertips before him, seeing how they are outstretched to him like a silent call. Slowly, like some cautious animal, Dean inches out from underneath the mattress. Cas watches the hunter crawl forward with unblinking eyes, arm still outstretched forward. Dean lets his hand linger in front of Cas’ before he grabs on tight, letting the angel pull him out from under the bed.
Sammy is not in the hallway like Dean had imagined him to be. Maybe he was worried that Dean was becoming some monster and didn’t want to see the in between photos. However, the eldest Winchester can’t blame him; he’d come back once it was over too.

“Sam has decided to go off and research for a few days. Until then, you are left under my supervision and care.” Cas steps back an inch once Dean is upright, “Is there anything you need?”

Dean nods, immediately sitting down on his bed, “Answers would be nice… and my back hurts…”

Cas moves to Dean’s bathroom, grabbing antiseptic and Dean’s first aid kit, “Whenever I transferred my grace into you- the reason why it was such a risky process was that a human’s soul is a completely different thing than an angel’s grace. It cannot be shared as grace can be- it is left whole and untainted until the person that owns it sins or does anything as they please. Grace, however, can be multiplied, divided, or separated.”

“What does that mean for me?”

“It means that I did this to you, whenever I broke a part of my grace off to save your life. I had to place it within your soul to keep you from perishing.” Cas comes over to the bed, sitting down a few inches more on the mattress so he is slightly behind the hunter, “Your human soul was never meant to acquire grace, so when I intertwined it together, I must have caused your soul to shift into something else.”

As Cas lifts up Dean’s tee, Dean shivers as the cool air hits the feverish skin, causing him to stutter, “S-Something else? …”

Cas rubs something onto his back, it stinging as Dean bites on his bottom lip with pressure, “Yes. Human souls are not compatible with grace. Think of it like two different species or systems- they do not correlate or work the same as the other. They are different for a reason. However, when I combined grace with your soul, it seemed to… transform your soul into grace.”

Dean lets his lip go and yells out in pain, “Fuck!”

Cas stops touching his skin, his voice heated with something Dean doesn’t know whether he should like or be concerned over, “I believe that these are ready to come out…”
“E-Excuse me?!” Dean whips his head around, “I thought they were wounds, Cas!”

The angel shakes his head as his overly-blue eyes meet the hunter’s own, “No, Dean. They’re wings.”

Dean groans as he feels an immense burn along his vertebrae, and passes out from the pain.

…

There’s some kind of new weight on Dean’s back as he wakes up.

His ribs feel more pressed into the mattress as he lifts his head weakly. The hunter feels more sensations, inches from his back, and he lets out a low moan as he feels fingers rub against whatever is new.

“Wings are… sensitive- when they are first formed…” Cas says deeply, his fingers going slower now that Dean is conscious, “Most angels find… erotic pleasure- from them being handled.”

Dean’s fingers ball up in the sheets as Cas rubs harder, a wail-like sound escaping from Dean’s lips as he feels Cas basically finger fuck his wings.

“Shit- Cas-” Dean squirms around now, trying to calm himself now that he remembers he’s not supposed to have them.

“Dean, it’s alright.” the older angel coos, “Your wings need to be groomed before anything else.”

Dean breathes out heavily, panting against the mattress, “G-Groomed? …”

Cas has some vibration in his chest, and it reminds Dean of a cat purring, “Yes, Dean. Your wings need proper care or else they can cause you pain- especially when they are new…”
There’s some type of joint or bead that Cas presses down on, and it literally causes Dean to scream out in ecstasy and pain.

“That was your oil gland, Dean. It keeps your feathers moisturized and clean, but it is also a very sensitive part of the wing. You see, if I handle it just right—” Cas fingertip ghosts over the newly formed part of Dean, and the hunter finds himself pushing the gland back against his hand with a loud moan that sounds like a whore in a porno, “I can cause you to have an extreme amount of pleasure.”

Dean is gasping hard on the bed, sheets dampened with what smells like sweat and something Dean has no idea of titling. He squirms as Cas touches his new oil gland again, but barely this time, and even then the brevity of the touch is enough to cause Dean’s muscles to spasm and twitch.

“I’ve never seen an angel so responsive before…” Cas almost whispers to himself, “But then again, I’ve never met a human who became one…”

Dean’s knuckles pop as he balls up his fists in agony and pleasure as Cas keep stroking, “D-Does that make me special, t-then? …”

“You always have been unique, Dean.” Cas purrs above him, his fingers going tortuously slow on the grain of Dean’s feathers as he works the oils in, “You becoming an angel has just made you more… delectable.”

Dean can’t help but mewl, his hips pressing down into the mattress without his permission, and it causes the older angel to growl at him. Immediately, Dean stills, breathing hard as he stiffens from the feral command that has no words or language.

“So obedient…” Cas whispers, voice going an octave deeper, “Tell me, Dean, when did you become so pliant?”

The comment causes Dean to jolt upwards, a hiss forming at his mouth, “Don’t call me pliant-”

“Then do not give me a reason to do so.” the older angel counters back just as seriously, lip pulled over his teeth to assert himself.
Dean stands down almost instantly.

There’s a light chuckle from Cas, a smirk playing on his lips, “See? Already so willing…”

“Cas-” Dean shakes now, fear replacing whatever pleasure or anger he felt, “why- why am I rolling over for you like this? …”

“I have my suspicions…” he murmurs, eyes dark as he looks towards Dean, “Tell me, are you aware of the classification system among wild wolves?”

Dean shakes his head, “No, Cas- I’m not like a walkin’ talkin’ magazine for National Geographic.”

The angel smirks wider, “Well, then. It seems like I need to inform you about how angels are classified.”

“T-There’s more than just archangels and stuff? …”

“Yes.” Cas stands up now, trailing his fingers along the dips of Dean’s back as he speaks, “Just like wolves- we have alphas, betas, and omegas… Each one is different than the other, and has different purposes and roles. Now, Dean, can you take a guess as to what they are? If you answer correctly, you’ll get a treat…”

Dean shivers as Cas reaches the part where his skin turns into his new wings, “I-I don’t know…”

Cas leans down, “Think about it, Dean… I’m sure you know it- it’s a simple thing, really…”

“Is it like…” Dean breathes, “a war order- like soldiers? …”

Cas tsks- “No, Dean, but close…”

“So it’s like a pack? … Like a pack of wolves? …”
“Similar to it, yes…” Cas whispers, his fingers teasing at Dean’s flesh, “Now can you tell me who the leader is?”

Dean gasps as Cas’ fingertip trails higher up his wing, “T-The alpha? …”

Dean moans loudly as Cas rubs his wing, the older anger purring above from the sound, “Yes, Dean. They are the top angels in Heaven- mostly archangels and higher up celestials- however, there are rare cases where a seraph may become one.”

“I-Is that y-you? … Is that w-why you went through all of t-that again when y-you got grace back? …”

Dean can’t help but let out a loud whine as Cas thumbs over his wing joint roughly, “You catch on quick, Dean… Now- how about the beta? Think of a middle man.”

“Are they n-normal? …” Dean bucks up into Cas’ hand, “Just t-there? …”

“Yes-” he presses on Dean’s feathers against the grain, the younger angel shrieking, “they mostly help out with the common tasks, and compose most of the population of Heaven. Now, Dean-” Cas’ voice nears the shell of Dean’s hear, “tell me about the omega…”

Dean shakes his head, “I-I don’t know-”

“Omegas…” Cas begins, teasing the tip of Dean’s oil gland, “are special angels. They can either service alphas or betas, but are more specifically meant for angels with my deposition.”

“A-Alphas?”

Cas purrs again, “Yes, Dean- alphas. Omega are meant to sire their offspring to replace other fallen angels or to just increase Heaven’s population. They have things called heats so the conception of more angels becomes an easier possibility.”
“Oh…” Dean exhales.

“Do you know what you are, Dean? …” Castiel murmurs into his ear, breath hot against Dean’s exposed skin, “Do you think you can figure it out? …”

Dean stills immediately beneath Cas’ fingers, “No…”

“No?”

“No- I can’t-” Dean jumps off of the bed, the unusual weight of his new wings causing Dean to fall awkwardly onto the floor. However, he recovers quickly, and scrambles off of the floorboards and into his bathroom. The hunter locks the door as Cas starts pounding against it.

“Dean-”

“Go away, Cas…” Dean trembles against the tiles, legs sprawled out, “I can’t- I can’t deal with all of this right now-”

“Dean, if I was… too much, I apologize. I believe I went too far-”

Dean shakes his head, on the verge of tears, “Nah, Cas- it’s okay… Just- I need space…”

Cas takes a step back, “Alright, Dean… I’ll be in my room if you need me…”

The older angel pauses for a moment, and then leaves. Dean breathes in the air for a few moments, the bathroom tiles cool against his skin. The intakes of oxygen do not settle the thumping of his heart or the adrenaline in his veins- if it’s even that anymore…

Dean shakily puts his hand on his wing, hissing at the fact it’s still sensitive. He brings the new appendage forward, finding brown wings with goldened tips meeting his eyes- flakes of silver specked through them like bits of snow or dust. The hunter runs a cautious finger over the grain, biting his lip at the sensation it gives him. However, the feeling is short lived, because Dean starts throwing shampoo bottles all around the bathroom.
“Who the fuck am I? …” he hisses out, gripping onto the edge of the bathroom counter as he bites his bottom lip, trying not to cry.

Dean lets a shiver run through him, his eyes looking up into the mirror.

He nearly screams at what he sees.

His eyes are no longer just green. There are flecks of gold all around his irises, glinting in the light. His jaw seems softer- as though he was turned ten years younger- like he was supposed to run off and get Sammy to go find dad. In fact, his collarbones and ribs seem to have shifted, becoming slimmer and more bowed out; curved like a woman’s.

That’s what he’s become- feminine…

Dean tries to breathe correctly at the fact his body is not his own anymore, and he wipes furiously at the tears spilling over his cheeks. He didn’t look this way- ever- and it’s like someone stuck him in another person’s skin.

“F-Fuck…” he hisses out, noticing his wings trembling behind him.

It’s too much to take.

Dean rushes out of the bathroom, shoving as much clothes and belongings into a duffle as he can manage. He’s going to leave- run away from that reflection in the mirror- and find somewhere he can quietly disappear into. Maybe a cave would do…

Dean rushes out of his room, heading towards the Impala.

“Dean?” Cas’ voice is a few feet away as Dean sprints past.

The new angel doesn’t stop sprinting, the whole thing feeling weird now that he has wings on his
“Dean- what are you doing?!” the sound of Cas’ heavy footfalls reach Dean’s ears.

“I’m leavin’, Cas! I can’t stay here anymore!” Dean can see the Impala come into view.

There’s a growl from behind Dean, and some new voice in his head tells him to stop and drop to the ground for Cas- but he doesn’t- “Dean, you shouldn’t be exerting yourself!”

Dean slides against the garage floor as he enters it, Cas a few inches behind him, “Cas, just leave me alone!”

Dean is about to make it to freedom as he feels Cas catch up to him, arms snaking around Dean as he’s forced to land on his baby’s hood with full force. The sound of metal below him causes him to wince, especially as his wings land on the hood with all his momentum.

“Cas- if you dented my car I swear to-”

“Dean.” Cas snarls, and immediately the younger angel is like putty on the hood, “Now is not the time to swear threats on my Father’s name. Now- why are you running?”

His anger causes Dean to avert his gaze, “I just- I had to get away, Cas… I looked in the mirror and- fuck, Cas- I don’t even look like me anymore…”

The alpha angel comes a few inches closer to Dean’s face, “I know this is hard for you, but that does not excuse you running off when you don’t know what can happen. Your body is changing, if it is a fact that you like or not- and going out into the world when you aren’t used to being an angel- it’s reckless.”

“I don’t care-” Dean hisses out, struggling against Cas’ grip, his arms held down by the other angel onto the Impala’s body, “I need to get away from this!”

“There is no running, Dean!” Cas yells, and immediately the omega angel submits, “There is no
escape or exit, and if that scares or disappoints you, then I apologize. However, this does not change anything about what is happening.”

“I wish it did…” Dean whispers, voice wavering as hot tears go down his cheeks.

Cas is instantly rubbing his muscles and wiping away the teardrops, and Dean finds immense comfort in the simple actions. He leans into the touches, finding his heartbeat evening out and his lungs slowing down into a steady rhythm. Cas purrs above Dean, finding that the stream of drops has stalled. He tries to move his hand away, but Dean makes a pleading noise in his throat, needing Cas’ touch to keep himself from ripping himself apart.

“What do you need, Dean?” Cas purrs, his hands drifting down Dean’s cheek to his jaw, then his collarbone, causing the omega to shiver.

“N-Need you…” Dean murmurs, throwing his head back slightly as Cas’ finger goes down to the joint of his left wing, “Fuck, Cas- I fucking need you…”

Cas growls, his hand drifting from Dean’s wing to his hip, fingers attempting to embed themselves into the flesh, “Spread your legs, Dean.”

“W-What-”

“Spread.” Cas growls, and instantly, Dean’s legs are a foot or two apart.

Cas lowers himself to Dean’s neck, licking a long stripe up it, “I remember when that vampire threatened to make you his own… that he wanted to taste you like I am…”

Dean swallows, “Yeah- and you smote him because of it…”

“He was trying to change you into his feeder, Dean. No one can have you- not when you’re mine.” he growls, ”Already I’ve been able to see your thoughts and emotions- like how you were thinking of the vampire in the shower, or how I felt your feelings when you looked in the mirror- nothing about you is a mistake, Dean... You're my perfect mate..."
Dean moans at those words, like some new kink of his has suddenly been unearthed, and Cas nips at the skin on his throat like an animal that has its favorite treat set in front of it. The omega angel mewls as Cas moves his lips lower and lower, now ghosting over the flesh on Dean’s hip. In a few seconds, Dean’s jean’s are pooled around his ankles, Cas mouth now kissing his groin with ease. The omega rocks down on those lips, begging and pleading for more- sometimes, not even in English. Cas smirks as he licks and pecks with his lips, going over the tip and causing Dean to moan out the older angel’s name in abandon.

“You’re so beautiful like this…” Cas whispers, his words coming out as hot puffs on Dean’s thigh as he speaks, “All sprawled out for me… so ready…”

“Cas…” Dean pleads, and he whines on the hood of his car, “Cas- please-”

Cas comes up to his face, placing a finger on his lips, “Shh, Dean… I’ll be inside soon enough.”

Dean throws his head back in frustration, “No- now, Cas- I need it now!”

The alpha angel chuckles, returning to his task below. He takes a single finger and places it inside of Dean, the hunter yowling as his nails scratch the paint on his car. They must sound like feral cats going at it in an ally, because Cas growls as he slips another in. Dean pushes himself down on Cas’ fingers, mouth forming noises he’s never heard before as he tries to make sense of what is currently happening.

“So gorgeous…” Cas kisses Dean’s inner thigh, causing the omega angel to shudder.

Suddenly, the fingers are removed, and Dean releases a high pitched whine of desperation. However, his needs are soon met because the digits are replaced with a hot tongue.

“Fuck- Cas!” Dean yells, sitting up almost ramrod straight.

The alpha grips onto the meat of Dean’s thighs eagerly, lapping down below as Dean throws his head back without a care in the world to make him nervous. Cas works fast, his mouth never ceasing as he tastes Dean.

“Not enough-” Dean screams, “not enough!”
The words make Cas pull back immediately, and he goes over to Dean’s neck, sniffing all over, “Oh- Dean…”

Dean watches as Cas pulls back, eyes darkening several shades, “W-What is it, Cas? …”

“I t-think I triggered your heat…” he looks so innocent for what he had been doing only seconds ago.

Dean pants against Cas’ skin, his body too hot, his mind wanting- “Cas-”

The alpha angel doesn’t waste any time and drops his own dress pants, thrusting into Dean just like the omega wants him to.

“Shit- Cas-”

Cas growls into the crook of Dean’s neck, the hunter taking his nails and scratching lines into the fabric over Cas’ skin. The two rock against one another, Cas letting Dean sink down on him before he pulls back, only to snap forward with his hips. The Impala groans down below, Dean feeling it protest to the treatment both of the angels put it under.

“Cas- my- my car-” Dean groans out, finding Cas draping over him like some mass of rock.

“Sorry- here.” Cas grabs Dean off of the Impala with ease, the omega whining as gravity causes Cas to sink in deeper, “Let me fix it…”

Cas taps the Impala, restoring the car to its former glory as Dean rocks up and down on the alpha angel, too busy to really notice what Cas has done. However, he seems to forget himself as he snaps his fingers, appearing inside of Dean’s room. The omega feels a wall get pressed to his back, his wings forced to spread out now that they are up against the plaster.

Cas snarls possessively.
“No one else’s… Mine!” Cas grips onto Dean’s oil gland as he rocks into the omega, Dean screaming at the sensation.

“Yours-” he barely manages before Cas squeezes Dean’s gland.

Huge, black wings appear behind Castiel—almost twice the size of Dean’s—and the come to encircle them. The feathers are a coal-esque color until Dean looks towards the tips, seeing the midnight blue that is similar to the shade of the angel’s eyes. However, the alpha angel squeezes once more, and all conscious thought is a thing of the past.

Cas takes some of the oil off of Dean’s wings and tastes it, eyes closing for a moment before they snap open again, now looking as though they are only formed of pupil.

“You taste marvelous…”

Dean groans at that, his wings moving forwards to show the delicate undersides and to give Cas more access to his glands—and the older angel loves it. He rocks harder into Dean, his own feathers becoming entangled with Dean’s as the wings come closer than before.

“W-Want more-” Dean moans, fingers scrambling to latch onto anything remotely Cas.

“I can give you everything.” Cas grunts out, hips snapping forwards as he moves Dean to the shower.

That’s of course when Cas decides to kiss him, and all of the sudden, Dean just melts in his arms. He groans against the other angel’s lips, finding teeth snag on his flesh as Cas rocks into him, turning the water on from the side. His tongue seeps over the seam of the omega angel’s lips, seeking entry.

Dean willingly obeys.

Soon, they’re in the shower, Cas’ hips rolling forward and his tongue tasting out Dean’s mouth. Dean can’t help but let Cas dominate him, something unusual for someone so headstrong and usually defiant, but it’s almost like second nature with Cas.
“You’re so obedient…” Cas hisses, the steam around them dampening their skin, the shower head’s stream hitting Cas’ back, “My perfect omega…”

“My alpha…” Dean finds himself blurting back- but does not regret it once it is said.

That’s of course, when he bites Dean’s neck to claim him.

Dean screams as Cas’ teeth sink in, and his hips rock more feverishly into the omega’s. The searing hot heat in Dean’s blood rushes around his whole body and pulses in his whole being. He feels like some tether was formed- some new part of himself is unburied now that Cas had finally bit him. Oil slicks down the walls as Dean’s wings tremble and shake, even the slightest of breeze causing Dean to go over again. It lasts like this for ten minutes before Dean can no longer react to anything with an orgasm.

“My mate…” Cas whispers into his neck, licking at the skin as Dean comes down from his high.

The alpha angel’s hips still lazily push into Dean, each thrust causing a little jerk in the omega. He lets his eyes become half-lidded as Cas washes them off, the whole time giving Dean soft pecks and chaste kisses all over- wherever he can reach. He dries Dean off with a towel, carrying his tired omega angel to his bed- their bed- and setting him down.

“Rest, Dean…” he whispers, kissing Dean’s forehead, “You deserve it and so much more…”

Dean’s eyes drift closed as two fingers press against his skull.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!