Hearts Don't Break Around Here

by **WaywardBumblebee**

**Summary**

Dean can't sleep, so he calls upon Castiel to end the Hell flashbacks, or at least knock him unconscious.

**Notes**

Weekly update!

Yes, later chapters will have a bit of smut, but it's not going to be PWP.

There's a lot of silliness, sadness, and sweet adventuring to be seen!

I'd like to thank Wildrose5494 for helping me edit <3 Without you, I'd have submitted something atrocious, I'm sure.

Another thank you to Julie, who I don't actually have the screen name of. She was my RP partner and helped to create this story. I'm going to be continuing it on my own, but we wrote about 135 pages before things went south. Before we started this story, permission was given
to doctor this up and make it a fan fiction.

Without further ado, here's Hearts Don't Break Around Here...
Dean tossed and turned in his motel bed, grumbling to himself about another sleepless night on another shitty mattress. He’d been back from Hell for a little while now, and his soul knew that sleep meant a possibility of reliving that nightmare over and over again. Anytime his eyelids seemed to droop, sleep coming to greet his wary soul, a panic would set into his chest and cause his body to jump out of rest.

After the first week, the jumping stopped and turned into fidgets. The fidgets turned into what would look like restless leg syndrome by week three. Even the alcohol he would consume wasn’t enough to drop him for more than four hours.

Tonight was one of those nights that aggravated the piss out of him. He could see Sammy in the other bed, sleeping like a baby. *A giant lumberjack moose baby*, Dean thought to himself. His tired eyes scanned the room, vision a little wobbly as the whiskey hadn’t quite worn off yet.

The eldest brother grunted and pushed himself off of his squeaky bed, making his way toward the chair and table by the window of the motel room. He started cleaning his handgun and then had a thought. *What’s Cas up to?* He placed his pistol on the table and grabbed his keys, eventually shutting himself in the Impala with soft thud as the door closed. “Hey Cas, I pray that you get your feathery ass in my car… because of important things. Amen.”

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The smell of demon was a scent Castiel had gotten acclimated to, the stench always clung to the Winchesters after a hunt. The angel's brothers' and sisters' faces were turned up in disgust as they walked over the bodies of human corpses used for a malicious purpose. They had fought a decent cluster of possessed youths easily influenced by this thing called 'rock music' that gave a detailed description of making a pact. A feeling washed over Castiel. One of which he could only identify as sadness or perhaps empathy for the lost teens in their deal for power and acceptance with a 'higher power.'

"I have great difficulty in understanding your abilities to communicate to these creatures Castiel." His brother was vague, he could be referencing humans or demons, as many did not approve of his non-angelic company. A gruff voice infiltrated his mind, it was Dean and his perfect timing. Sarcasm was getting easier to use. "You don't need my assistance any further." With that he took flight. Suddenly, Castiel was in the front seat of the impala that was not yet in motion.

"...it's still night, Dean. I would appreciate it if you would not abuse your prayer. Getting toilet paper,
beer, and midnight snacks do not count as important."

As the sudden rush of air swept through the Impala, Dean immediately felt that calm relief only Castiel could bring when he was troubled. The angel’s words caused the Winchester’s lips to tighten for a moment, but the human spoke out a second later.

“I’m not asking for supplies or anything. I need a distraction, Cas.” The hunter’s hands rested upon his steering wheel, keys not even in the ignition. His brow furrowed with thought for a moment and then he looked up toward the angel; Green eyes meeting intense blues. “It’s done something to me, man. Hell. I can’t sleep. When I do, it’s brief. When I don’t, I toss and turn. It’s crap. I’ve even tried to drink myself into a coma and it’s not working."

The look on Dean’s face was turning to something of defeat as he turned his head to focus out his windshield. He could see a few empty bottles that once held hard liquor perched in the window seal of his motel room, taunting him.

The quick cold response of the Winchester was concerning. It couldn’t be but a few weeks since he last saw a smiling Dean. Why did humans feel the need to pretend they were well balanced?

"I see..." Castiel’s eyebrows knitted together in thought. The long term effects from raising the man from perdition where an obvious oversight to him. After all, long sleepless nights were an eternal state of being for the old supernatural.

"I can make you go unconscious. Then, I shall stay with you. I will watch over you while you sleep. Does this help?" Castiel paused a moment, eyes watching the worn out man before him. “No one will harm you, Dean. I won't allow it.” This was an easy trick he had done before, a simple tap to the temple and simple creatures went out like lights. A solid promise coming from the baby blue eyes fixated on the tormented face. Castiel would right this wrong at whatever cost and saw no issue with offering to watch him sleep.

One of Dean’s eyebrows raised at the offer and he shifted in his seat, hunching over a little bit. "I mean sure, if you think that's the way to go about it. How long would I be out? And you can't tell Sam why either." The man's thoughts bounced around in his head, wondering if Sam would be pissed off at him, concerned, or whatever.

Dean groaned as his head started to pound with a reminder that the booze would be leaving his system shortly. He breathed a sigh and massaged his temples with his fingertips, trying to force the headache back from whence it came. The Winchester knew full well that the amount he chugged was stupid to go through by himself. Sam hadn't been in the room until Dean was well into his
drunken state.

"Yeah. Yes. Please knock me out with your magic jazz hands." Though he knew what was waiting for him on the other side of consciousness, Dean couldn't risk going out and endangering anyone on a job. Sleep, though painful, was what he needed and if Castiel could help and was willing to do so, he would take the angel up on his offer. If any creature in the universe could provide a peaceful rest, or just knock him out enough to get a few uninterrupted hours of sleep, an angel could. It’s better than being driven to a djinn, his life hanging in the balance. It was something the Winchester couldn’t risk, especially in his current condition.

"Truthfully, I am not sure of anything. No one has been saved from Hell like this, you are special Dean." The angel wasn’t going to try and sugarcoat anything. The last time he did, it came out wrong. Castiel then prompted the other man to lay his head on the celestial’s lap. He was proud to admit he’d remembered to zap his form and clothes clean before arriving. The only scent he was putting off was clean fabric and something ethereal that couldn’t be described.

Dean didn't argue with the offered lap-pillow. In fact, he was actually taken by surprise in a good way. This is something he would do for Sam when they were younger and his brother couldn't sleep. And what do you know, he doesn't smell like feet.

Removing the angel blade from his side, Castiel placed it on the dash. The weapon’s impeccable silver surface shown brightly, catching the moonlight and their reflections. Only minutes ago was it dripping red with judgment.

Staring down at Dean's face he realized the subtle details, small scars, pigments and lines that gave him character. "This rest will be for several hours. If need be, I will interfere with your dreams. You enjoy..." He was puzzled at what appropriate alternatives he could interject in the man's mind besides premarital fornication with asian females and drinking hard liquor. "Music and dark bars." His words were slightly hesitant. Placing two fingers to Dean's temple, he alleviated the headache and suddenly the green eyes closed and he sat there, a hand on his chest, monitoring his well being. They had at least 6 hours in the impala before he would have to take flight to a private area to not arouse the concern of Sam.

A smile tugged on the corner of Castiel's face. This would be considered intimate by human standards. For some reason this filled his chest with joy at the trust he was given.

Dean’s dream faded into view, like coming through a foggy cloud into the coolest dive bar he'd ever seen. The music was just the right volume, and just the right song too. A couple of grimy looking bikers were posted up next to the jukebox singing every other word to Enter Sandman by Metallica as it came through the speakers.
The lights were a little dim, but then again who wants to be spotlighted while getting hammered on a Saturday night? Dean grinned from ear to ear, making his way to the bar at the center of the room. It was almost like an elongated island in the middle of the bar, the counter wrapping around itself to make an oblong shape and a full 360 degree access to booze. There were only a few clumps of people inside the whole building, making for a decently relaxing time.

As Dean got to the counter, a hot little Asian number walked up to him from behind the flat surface he was facing. "What can I getcha, boss?" The Winchester clicked his tongue and said,"Whiskey, on the rocks. And uh," He leaned toward the open menu he hadn't noticed pop up in front of him until that moment. "An order of cheese sticks with a cheese burger, extra bacon."

Back in the Impala, Castiel sat still in concentration allowing Dean's psyche to take control of the small details to make his perfect fantasy. However, while the angel had the exhausted Winchester up close, Cas was doing a study on human features. Unkempt stubble, purple eye bags, this wasn't his friend he was looking down upon. Bright pearly white teeth in a ten mile wide smile, a nickname, and a few curses were the typical greeting, but he saw cold desperate eyes before they succumbed to sleep. Women and men of all kinds gravitated towards this motel. It didn't seem too comfortable, but he could assume most motivations were sex, alcohol, or other vices.

It was a few hours until sun rise, the time was passing by slowly, in a blink Dean, Cas, and Baby were sitting in front of a beach waiting for the sunrise. Sam would be worried, but in a fit of irony the angel played faith in the oldest brother to know what was best.

His intentions were to watch green and pink hues spread across the sky in appreciation to his Father's creation, but found his eyes admiring another. Humans can be so complex, especially Dean. He had an unhealthy habit to mask his pain and wait till the precipice of ruin to pray for release from his inner demons.

Curiosity got the best of the celestial so he joined him in the dream. Hiding in a back dark corner, he studied what constitutes a good night's sleep. The bartender was a familiar Asian female, one of the moaning women from the laptop movies Dean watched. Liquor littered the shelves and crushed bowls of peanuts were on the table. The music was of little interest, personally he enjoyed when "Creep" played, which Sam teased was Castiel's song after too many unexpected and ill timed appearances.

Dean had decided to grab a seat in a booth by himself, away from the other patrons of his brain-bar. As he slid his way into the booth, which was oddly comfortable, he smiled to himself and sighed.

He propped his feet up on the opposite bench seat and, almost immediately, his food was set on the
The cheese burger was the most beautiful and perfect sandwich he had ever seen in his life. The damn thing almost glowed with how perfect it looked. "Come to Papa..." Was all he could say before his hands instinctively gripped the large mouth-watering burger.

He let out a noise as the sandwich entered his mouth and assaulted his taste buds. He sounded as if he was experiencing total bliss in burger form. This was the best thing that he figured could be happening to him at that moment. His eyes had closed without him realizing, and when he opened them, he realized he still had cheesesticks to try!

The bar started to get a little brighter, though Dean hadn't really noticed much. The song playing across the bar shifted in tone and then started to fade into Accidentally In Love by Counting Crows. The Winchester's eyes shifted around the building for a second to make sure no one saw him tapping one of his feet against the back of the other seat in time with the beat.

After a moment, he resumed staring intently at his food while all but diving straight into it. He was as happy as a clam. The atmospheric changes were lost to Dean as he began eating again, eyes closing once more.

Castiel watched as Dean's subconscious shifted the bar to reflect his excitement. Vibrant wall colors, upbeat music and a sweet smell of grease in the air. The concept of eating was curious, Dean was by no human's standards typical, but for an angel, a learning experience. He would brag of his prior fornications, but become defensive when talking about bowel movements-- a commonly advertised biological consequence to digestion.

The range of flavors salty, sweet, bitter, sour, were absolutely lost to Cas. Once he had a bite of a cattle's ground skeletal muscle placed on a wheat bun topped with the coagulation of the milk protein termed 'cheese.' This was far from enjoyable and Dean said he was going to cry for the trench coat baby. Apparently, a decent burger was better than any fornication, which was believable as he usually moaned into his meats.

What was the point of feeling insecure in a dream? Castiel preferred songs of love and reserved that information to avoid being compared to a Cupid. The bar became brighter and the walls of creation thinner, which caused Cas to flea to reality. The sun was in position past noon meaning he had accomplished his goal of helping the hunter sleep. It had been a total of ten hours outside the time-warp dreamscape. Castiel took the keys and started the car due to the distressing heat and checked the time. It was 2 pm in California and people were skating by. He wanted Dean to see the difference from Kansas and perhaps enjoy the beach.

He leaned down to whisper "Dean..." And Green eyes fluttered open to see the proximity. Cas had no sense of personal space around his hunter and was smiling while petting Dean's hair as most humans do to soothe. "Did you sleep well?"
Dean’s burger disappeared, the smell of booze, grease, and the faint hint of dirt were gone. All replaced with the feeling of pant-clad legs on his cheek, the salty air of the coast, and the sound of the angel he’d become fond of over a short amount of time. The comfort he felt was still there though. It was there in the dream and it was present now.

The dark circles under his eyes were nearly gone, erased by the much needed rest provided by the celestial that came to his aid. His body no longer ached, limbs still and relaxed. Dean felt better than he had in weeks, maybe ever, if he was perfectly honest.

The Winchester finally opened his eyes and immediately jerked his head back, seeing Cas's face so close to his. "Uh, hey there. I... I slept good, Cas. Thanks." The hand running through his hair had just registered and he gulped down at the lump in his throat. *Is he... petting me?* The thought echoed in his head as the Impala purred in the background.

Dean cleared his throat with a cough and sat upright, brushing his shirt down into place with flying hands. A twinge of pink sat upon his cheeks as he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and wondered how long he'd been out cold. "Eh, where are we?"

As soon as his sleep blurred vision became clearer, the site out of his windshield was noticeably different. There were people, seagulls, dogs, and sandcastles. It was bright, happy, full of life, and there wasn't a thing that Dean could think of to complain about.

The absence of body heat from Dean on his lap was a disappointment for Castiel. This had to be his closest experience of sleep, being still in a dream, even if it wasn't his it was pleasant. "You've had ten hours of good rest, I can take you back to the motel..." His voice hesitant "or I can show you California."

Cas left the car tossing his signature trenchcoat and tie in the back seat. He undid the buttons of his sleeves and shirt. This is what a surfer called Charlie told him looked 'totally cool' when the sun is 'major oppressive.'

Dean watched as Castiel got out of the car and started stripping off his clothes. He was almost sure that he was in another dream, kind of like inception, but in a much better way. The white shirt, now mostly unbuttoned, opened and Cas looked as though he had just finished a photo shoot moments ago. The human blinked a few times while getting out of the car, pulling the key from the ignition while he pushed himself out the door.
"This is Santa Monica. It is one of my favorite Earth locations.” A woman with blonde hair stuck in a high pony walking a tiny dog in pink booties waved. "Hey Cassy! Oh, nice car-- better boyfriend!! Details later, babe." She sauntered off in her teal bikini assuming their ragged looks were from some alone time affection.

An eyebrow of Dean’s arched as the blonde lady called Cas 'Cassy', but he smirked at the car and boyfriend commend. He started looking around for the boyfriend, then it dawned on him. He was the boyfriend. His cheeks went pink again. "Uh..." came out and then Cas started to explain odd details.

"That is Loli, the dog is Steven. Do not get them confused, even when the male dog wears pink. They walk here every day. She knows great places to tour and gossip. But she doesn't think it's gossip, though by definition it is." Cas closed the black car door with a gentle push and pointed to a truck not far off from them which gave off notes of meat, cheese, and beans.

"I am no expert, but I was informed they have 'like bitchin burritos' if you are hungry ."

The moment the angel said, 'like bitchin burritos', Dean snorted and tossed his head back with laughter, never expecting to hear those words come from the guy that stood before him, especially not in that accent. It was a perfect valley girl, but so low on the register that it had shock value. "I think burritos sound good. Just food in general. Take the lead, Fabio!"

Dean had wondered exactly how many times Cas had visited this place. Did he have other locations that he frequented? Was it safe for him to be out and about like this with the war going on in heaven? Should he bring any weapons? All of that would have to be answered at a later time, because the Winchester kept having his attention snatched by that unbuttoned shirt and the flesh underneath.

Castiel had summoned his angel blade and stuffed it in the back of his trousers hidden by his unkept button up. Dean was increasingly warm, but only in the face. A familiar phenomenon known as blushing that happened in correlation to when he would take off his shirt; this both happened with males and females. Cas decided that he liked the attention and effect he had on the hunter and was determined to worsen the it.

"I am not a shirtless romance connoisseur with long hair." This was a typical nickname he has heard and it strangely spanned from coast to coast. His vessel blushed and a bizarre feeling tickled the inside of his body from the joyful laughter. The description did not do justice, it was a wonderful human feeling that had given him the same sensation as flying.

The Winchester had rolled his eyes at Cas with a smile on his face, glad that he got the joke. He had
to pull his thoughts away from his friend's alternative appearance. It was very strange being out in the open with the angel and not having a specific goal in mind.

"I have had no contact with my siblings here as of yet. I do not usually go by Castiel, nor do I wear my typical attire. It is not often, as of late, that I am not working with you or fighting in heaven. Not that this is a complaint. If I could, I would spend my time with you." They arrived at the cart and bought a burrito and cola for Dean and sat down under a palm tree beside a divider along the sidewalk. The view of the beach and all of its activities was perfect.

At Castiel's last few words, a crooked smirk played at Dean's lips, but immediately was wiped from his features. *He only meant that as 'You're my friend and I like your company.' Don't feed into something like that. It's Cas.* He mentally berated himself for his thoughts. These odd feelings would creep up on him every once in a while, but they were hitting him harder than before during these last few moments. Anytime the angel opened his mouth to speak, the hunter would listen more intently than the last.

As soon as they had sat down and Dean was munching on his burrito under the palm tree, a thought crossed his mind. "So, why haven't you talked to the other angels about your adventures in good ol' California?" His mouth was instantly stuffed by the burrito as soon as the last vowel was uttered. *It is a pretty bitchin’ burrito...*

"The creation of humans are in debate. Some see you as beautiful creatures of marvelous complexity. Others believe that your emotions are reckless and a mistake that disrespects our Father. They just hate everything in general." He licked his thumb and wiped salsa from the corner of Dean's mouth as he has seen other couples have done before. He wanted that for a strange reason.

*How good would Dean taste?*

Castiel's face turned white then red as if his perverted thought had been said out loud.

"I..." His gruff voice cracked "think they hate that I love you." The words stumbled out of his mouth. Humans. He was supposed to say a half truth and only admit to the general population of humanity. Why did he have to pretend to be balanced? This is horrible. He suddenly wanted the fluttering feeling that was eating at his insides to subside.

The thumb that reached out was a surprise to the Winchester. Not that it was a bad thing, but it was definitely unexpected. The sudden change on Castiel's face was also registered by the hunter and he stopped eating to ask a question, but Cas said something he'd never expected to hear.
He stared at the celestial being in shock and then shook his head. *He couldn't have meant that. He has a hard time with words.* Dean broke the silence and asked, "Eh, what do you mean?" Not the most graceful attempt, but for what it’s worth, it got an answer out of Castiel one way or another.

Castiel, a soldier of God, respected leader, and rebel of heaven had wide eyes and blown pupils that swallowed the blue whole. Brought to humility by a Winchester. His vessel's heart rate was rising which drowned out the jingles of the ferris wheel on the boardwalk, the crash of ocean waves and the scavenging gulls.

Was this considered worthy of a reversal in time? This moment was bleeding like sand through his hands, so badly did he want to scoop it back neatly to when they were in a hotel room teaching Dean how to swear in Enochian for 'shits and giggles; perhaps when he would sit in the back of the impala watching Dean belt out Eye of the Tiger with Sam.

"I am sorry, Dean. That was inappropriate of me to confess. You are my charge, you hold no obligation to my 'feelings.'" He self deprecated the last words, angels with feelings? For a human? As if he was worthy of a bright soul such as Dean.

Hell was a disgusting place which spanned the infinite with blood and smoke, but there was one who was beautiful and stood righteous amongst the rest. He plucked him like an apple from the tree of knowledge which pitted him against Heaven.

It wasn't then when he realized he loved Dean, but his first visit to a beach was when he was pestered by Loli, an annoying blonde cherub who helped him confront these complex feelings. He should have tripped her when she intentionally strolled by to make her homosexual comment.

Castiel stood up fast, fumbling with his words and the buttons. Never could he recant his love. It was embarrassing, but true.

Snapping out of his stupor, Dean waved his hands at Cas for a second. He jumped to his feet, gripped both of the angels hands in his own. He didn't want to let go and he didn't plan on it. As he stopped Castiel’s hands, he watched the angel’s expression change multiple times.

"Castiel, stop. Stop and listen for just a moment." The Winchester's voice was as sober as a priests giving a sermon. "Don't apologize. Not to me. Not to anyone for saying that. Do you hear me?" His grip on Cas's hands didn't let up as he stared into the eyes of the angel that seemed to be lost. Instead of letting go, Dean moved his hands to lace their fingers together. *Its Cali. No one cares.*
Three buttons had yet to be fastened when Castiel’s tan hands were taken from the white material. The roughness of the hunter's palms were nice, he was so dedicated to fixing his car and working on his guns. Here he was again trying to fix.

The hunter's cheeks were deep shade of rouge, but he couldn't give a rat's ass at that moment. "Please, just..." He looked down at their hands, angel and human, then back up with his green eyes full of so many emotions they might explode. "Just be yourself." The last few words came out in a whisper, carried gently by the faint breeze and then lost to the universe.

Dean's heart was pounding in his ears, his stomach was in knots, and his whole body felt like it was shaking. He was nervous, but unafraid.

"Be myself? I never knew myself until you. I stepped out of the role of cannon fodder for entitled angels. I pray to you when I hear you call and I desperately wish you could hear me. I have no gospel but you and I write a passage every day with our memories. All of us, you, Bobby, Sam." He gulped hard unsure of what was supposed to happen next.

"I choose this over Heaven. No matter what. No matter the consequences of my honesty. I have no understanding of what to do but what I have always done. I will praise you above the voices of condescension and doubt; especially the ones you manifest yourself." He swept his thumb over their tangled fingers. A stinging was in his eyes and a wetness fell down his cheeks.

The thought of Castiel praying back to him, unable to get his words to the man's ears broke Dean’s heart. A stabbing pain in his chest beckoned a soft cough to keep his composer. Dean had never really thought much of himself, but the world of Bobby, Sam, and Cas. To hear the angel, his angel, address his feelings like this had the hunter at full attention.

As tears fell upon Cas's cheeks, a pained expression plagued Dean's features. "Ah, c'mon man... You're gonna make me spring a leak." He was referencing the tears welling up in his own eyes, catching just at the brim. Using one set of their clasped hands, he nudged Cas's chin up and leaned in close. "If Heaven wants to stop us, they'll have to go through me." His low grumbling voice was stern, a promise was made. He paused for a moment, then softly pressed his lips to Cas's.

If ever there was a time that the hunter felt things were right, this would have been it. Though he was trying to assure Castiel that things would be fine, he was also informing himself. *Everything’s gonna be okay*. 
He pulled his angel's arms toward his shoulders and let go of his hands, only to wrap his arms around Castiel in a warm embrace. Dean's fingers spread wide as he tried to encompass the angel in his entirety.
Holy Hell, I'm On Fire

Chapter Summary

Picking up where they left off in Santa Monica, Castiel and Dean have to get back to the motel.

Chapter Notes

Again, WildRose5494 is my absolutely fantastic and wonderful Editor for this story. I love her to bits and pieces <3

New chapter will be out in about a week.

The world was buzzing by, lunches and brunches to be had. Sam was praying to Cas in hopes the angel knew where his older brother was. He’d seen the countless liquor bottles littering the room and Baby was no longer in her space in front of the motel room window. The taller Winchester’s voice was echoing inside of the angel’s head as his almost frantic pleas stretched across the country and down to the celestial he called for. However, time stood still when Dean Winchester wasted a single tear on Castiel as their lips met.

It wasn’t that Sam didn’t mean anything to the angel. Castiel knew exactly where Dean was, what state he was in, and that nothing was going to cause harm to the older Winchester.

The noise inside of Castiel’s head, the bustling of the busy section along the beach, and the electronic noises of shops and cars vanished with the emerging tears brimming along emerald eyes. The kiss upon his lips like waves of the ocean’s tide gently capturing tender skin. Castiel lifted his hands to rest gently on the human’s chest, letting one hand quickly swipe away a tear that was falling down a freckled cheek.

He’d never felt anything like this before. The angel’s senses were ablaze and a white hot spark inside of him pulsed, sending electricity through every atom of his being. With each small brush of Dean’s mouth, tingling sensations took over the angel. His feathers ruffled and, in that brief moment, his vessel was reacting in a similar way to the Pizza man incident in the motel room when Castiel had discovered Dean’s special movies.

As their worlds collided, Dean's heart soared. Maybe the surge of energy he just felt zapping through his body like a full blown lightning storm was the angels grace, or maybe it was something much
more down to Earth. It had the hunter’s body screaming. Every little touch sent a jolt of sensitive bliss through him, radiating to his core.

It was a moment of ignorance, but eventually Castiel understood you were expected to close your eyes during a kiss. This was the best way to savor the flavor of whiskey on the lips of his hunter. His hands snaked up the hunter’s arms and through Dean's soft hair, putting great attention into being delicate and not misplacing his strength. Castiel’s self regulation was crumbling since their proximity in the car, allowing a throaty moan to escape and hang as a hum between the two. The raven haired man pulled away as the building of excitement in him became too much. They were in public and he was being most wanton.

Even though it began as a gentle kiss with good intentions, the hunter wasn't passed his natural urges and Cas's actions weren't helping any. The freckled man let out a growl in response to the noise elicited from the angel. He’d been caught off guard and it only intensified the want he felt for the celestial being before him. Dean groaned reluctantly as they pulled away, for their sake and the rest of Santa Monica’s.

"Probably not the best place to have an X-Rated scene, if you get my drift." Dean winked at the blue-eyed angel and grabbed at his hand to drag him towards the Impala, soda forgotten completely. "Maybe we should get out of here for now."

Holy… Dean’s body was vibrating as he walked with more pep in his step. His breathing was heavy from the intimate contact, but it began to return to normal after a few moments. He realized seconds later that his phone was at the hotel and he wouldn’t be able to contact Sam, even if he wanted to. With the state the room was in when he disappeared, he knew that his brother was probably thinking the worst. Cas’s eyes had Dean pausing for a moment.

Heavy lids revealed a hot electric blue fueled by grace and infatuation. The angel was bursting at his seams wanting to wrap Dean in his wings in a loving embrace. Now wasn’t the time or the place to do so, but that didn’t stop the celestial from thinking about it.

Castiel followed closely behind Dean, even closer than usual. With the hunter’s eyes on him the angel took the opportunity to slowly lick and bite his bottom lip aware of the sexual subtext as it was one of Dean’s favorite things. A lazy nod in understanding tilted Castiel’s head. A smile, the likes of which on the face of an angel of the lord would have been sinful, spread across his mouth. He was willing to forgo all human decency if asked by Dean.

The angelic man’s legs were heavy and he’d forgotten how to walk momentarily. They made it to Baby within a few seconds and Cas slipped into the passenger seat. His mouth tugged into a small smile in reflection of their little trip. Then a ringing in Cas’s head interrupted the ambience.
The lip biting and teasing would be on Dean's mind for a while yet, even if the subjects out in the open changed. He grinned to himself while they got into his car, fumbling with his keys as he tried to get them into the ignition.

"Sam is praying. He seems worried." The angel closed his eyes and his brow furrowed at the information from the younger brother. “Dean, why are there five empty bottles of...” Castiel frowned and looked over at the Winchester as he climbed into the car and gripped the steering wheel. “I hadn’t realized you were willing to poison yourself for sleep. Even you, Dean Winchester, can die by alcohol consumption.”

The one-sided conversation that struck up between Cas and Sam caused an inquisitive look to form on the eldest Winchester's face. "Hasn’t happened yet. Don’t think it’ll get me anytime soon. It’s basically water." The angel shot Dean a look saying No, it’s really not the same at all. The chemical compounds are completely different. Why are you like this?

Just like that, Dean placed a hand on Castiel’s lap, giving a playful squeeze. “You’ve seen me in a worse mess than this, and you know it.” Removing his hand from the angel’s lap after a few seconds of silence, he spoke up. "We gotta get back. He's pissed. Buckle up, Angel... Unless you wanna zap us back to planet Sasquatch."

“If we wish to make progress to our destination it would be best for me to take us there. Otherwise you might as well put your hand back...” He could feel the stare down he was getting from Dean as if he was tempting a flame. A flame that might cause them and the car to spontaneously combust. That look was the embodiment of sin and he wanted a bite -- or to be bitten.

“First thing’s first,” Dean gave a sideways glance to Castiel. “You need to get dressed. Put your tie on and button up.” The Winchester fiddled with the radio while he waited on the winged being riding shotgun. Castiel almost panicked, realizing he had no idea how to do a tie. In an instant, he glared at the dashboard and placed a hand over the tie, snapping it back to it's usual crooked position. His buttons looped into place as though he’d never looked disheveled and nothing even happened.

The hunter watched the darker haired male fiddle with his tie and almost offered to assist, but suddenly it was fixed and they were back where they needed to be. The chirp of cicadas replaced beach chatter and the sun was lower. The hum of the neon motel sign glowed vacancy.

Sam was returning from the vending machines with his jaw tight, his purchases clutched tightly by his sides. Cas turned to Dean with his doe eyes and eyebrows up waiting for whatever agreed lie they were going to use.
Dean groaned and heaved himself out of Baby, seeing Sam as soon as his head was above the car. *Boy, does he look grumpy.*

"Hey, Bigfoot!" Dean shouted and then looked over at Cas, grinning and stepping forward to get in between the two to take the heat if any was to be fired. He did it as gracefully as he could manage, which wasn't super, but it served its purpose. Sam huffed out, "You can't just leave empty booze bottles all over the room and disappear! For all I knew, you could have ended up in a ditch, or even worse..." His voice may have been hushed, but his tone was still angry and worried. His hand gestured through the air as he spoke and his shaggy mop of hair bounced subtly about his head with his movements.

Dean sarcastically gestured toward their motel room like Vanna White on Wheel of Fortune. "I'm alive, aren't I? I called Cas to teach him how to be a little more human. You know, behavior and stuff. Come on, let's get to the room."

Ushering his little brother back into a state of calm was a dance Dean has been practicing for years. *Got hurt on the job? Sammy wouldn't see him stitch himself. Waist deep in shit creek? Just taking a leisurely swim baby brother!* He always used nicknames and overly dramatic poses to stir attention away from the truth, and Sam knew it. His eyes instantly fell to his shortest target.

"Oh really?" Sam planted himself in the parking lot unsatisfied with the excuse. "Tell me Cas, what did you learn?" He shot a smug smile at Dean knowing something was up. Arms crossed which crinkled the bag of fritos and the cold cola chilled his hand. Sam too had a flair for the dramatic as his hair flipped back.

"Bitchin' is a good thing...sometimes. Especially when talking about burritos." He began with a steady voice. Castiel was a wreck to the trained eye. His throat was dry, his eyes were desperate to admire Dean, and the taste--. Thinking about the bitter sting of Jack Daniel's on his human's lips was capable of giving an angel heart palpitations.

"I like whiskey." Sam's eyebrow went up, this was a challenge. Would Dean take Cas to a bar on the West Coast for babes and booze? "In my eternal existence, my lack of carnal knowledge, human or angel alike, is of some consequence that needed fixing by Dean. Apparently, I haven't 'lived' until I have been with a female. A tip is do not speak of underlying father issues with a stripper named Chastity. I am unsure of why humans place so much importance upon fornication and raise bars in homage to breasts and back ends. I have been female before. There is no obvious explanation for tiny underwear and see through clothing as this would not protect from the elements." Castiel mixed in stories he had heard. Sam was holding his side laughing and faltered in his stance.
"Okay! Saint Castiel has now been to a strip club. Not even you could help Cas get a notch on the bedpost. Don't worry Cas, his game is weak." They walked inside and something predatory was in Dean's eyes after admissions of purity.

After the hotel room was cleaned and a few hours of werewolf talk, Sam took the keys and offered to grab pie and actual food that didn’t come out of a vending machine.

Cas was sitting at the table studying the map of known werewolf attacks oblivious to the fact that their babysitter had gone.

The fact that Cas, an ancient being who's been all over the place and in heaven, hasn't had intimate contact in the biblical sense threw Dean off. It was scratching and clawing at his brain like a rodent. He's been around since near the dawn of time, and yet hasn't gotten to experience one of the few things that most living beings experience within their coming of age years.

The absence of Sam only made the thoughts stir faster and faster, until Dean had to speak up. He moved from his bed where he had been sitting up until that point, making his way to sit beside Cas. He scratched his head as he tried to figure out a way to word his question.

A squeak came from the decade old mattress which pulled Castiel out of focus, looking around the obnoxious green walls. He noticed Sam was gone and the bathroom door was open. They were alone.

"When you were lying to Sam earlier, about you know, the fake stripclub... You said you hadn't, well..." Dean let out a small nervous laugh and looked anywhere but the angel. "You haven't done the hanky panky with anyone. Was that part of the cover up, or were you serious?" The eldest Winchester was well versed in strippers and the like, so it was odd for someone close to him to have little experience in skin to skin contact.

The question caused the angel’s forehead to crease in curiosity, eyebrows raising as little lines appeared across this skin. Apparently his comment was weighing heavily on Dean and it was odd to him.

Dean's hopes were that Sam wouldn't barge into the room while the two of them were talking, making it awkward for possibly all three of them. Dean pulled his focus back to Castiel to analyze his expressions. He also just felt like staring at him, but wasn't going to mention that. The hunter enjoyed Cas’s messily tossed hair and the slightly visible crows feet he had next to his eyes.
"Dean, I was an obedient angel of the Lord. When I came to Earth, it was never of good stance. You spend time in hotels, perhaps you should read the Bible. Much of my work is in the Old Testament. I am a seraph, a highly ranked angel, some are tasked with standing with God at his throne or leading his orders. I wasn't a...middle aged man in a trench coat taste testing pie. I am the size of a Chrysler Building, there to destroy the Tower of Babel and take first borns." He closed his eyes for a moment in shame at that sentence.

Conflict still brewed in him of that night, a long time ago he blamed them. Blamed the parents for not knowing better, but now he occasionally visits the heavens of these children in remorse. "Frightened humans were not interested in what an angel had to say. For something so far fetched to happen, it was nonsense to them. As for angels...well you have met a few of them. None of them had personality, conviction, a wonder for life. Many of my siblings, hundreds of thousands of angels that I fought with, would not have hesitated to kill me the day I rebelled. Instantaneously, was I cast aside as a traitor." Castiel took his hand to touch Dean's face in concern, oblivious to the original intentions of the sexually charged question.

"What are you asking for? You will not...sully me or harm me in any way. If anything I fear it will be the other way around. You could only see my form in your nightmares. You were a supernova of beauty, hot and bright when I found you in Hell. I find it impossible for God to have admired you more than I did the day he molded you in his image. I am sorry if this is a burden, it must sound very disturbing."

Dean took Castiel's words in, attempting to process everything, every word he had spoken. The hand that thumbed over his cheek was comforting in a way, it sent a warm feeling resonating from the point of contact throughout his body as he leaned into it instinctively.

"I'll admit, some of the stuff you've said is rough. But, Cas... That was forever ago. The way I see it, you've learned from it. You wouldn't do that again. That's not who you are now." Dean placed his palm on the back of the angel’s hand, applying slight pressure as he moved a little closer. "And I'm not a porcelain doll. I can take a beating and still get back on my feet. You won't hurt me. And even if you did, you've got that 'angel mojo' to fix me back up."

He gave Cas a toothy grin, "Besides, its kinda hot when you get feisty." Dean planted a quick kiss on the cheek of the trench coat clad being and sat back. "I'm not askin' anything of you. I just figured I'd let you know that if you wanna do anything, all you have to do is say so. I might pressure someone into making me a sandwich, or even going for a beer run, but this isn't the same thing. You being a squeaky-clean-ancient-being, I'm not going to pounce on you. I'm giving you the option to pounce on me instead."

Dean wasn’t lying about his ability to take a beating. He and his brother were thrown clear across
rooms by a demon on the regular. Healing appendicitis, broken ribs, punctured lungs, and more were on the list of usual injuries thrust upon the Winchesters. The brothers knew little of the dangers they faced if they did not have a personal nurse, doctor, and surgeon a prayer away. Yet, they always shook it off ready for the next battle. They were strong and capable which provided Castiel with peace of mind.

"Feisty?" Castiel gave a low chuckle and bit his lip, unsure of when and what he has ever done to be considered provocative, but this is good news. A miracle he had gotten this far. His cheeks went hot from the scent of after shave and the scruff of Dean’s five o'clock shadow. The hand resting on his hunter's cheek traveled through blonde hair to indulge in its softness. Castiel brought himself forward to rest his forehead against his freckled love interest, excited he wasn’t going to be scolded for the lack of personal space.

As Cas said "Feisty?" Dean smirked and nodded, liking the way it played off of his angel's lips. All the hunter wanted to do was kiss this celestial into oblivion, never letting go or parting ways. He knew that wasn't a possibility though, so he put the thought to the back of his mind.

A deep inhale on Dean's part sounded as fingers slowly brushed their way through his tresses. The touch of Cas's forehead opened the Winchester's eyes that he hadn't realized were shut. Those captivating blue eyes had a way of stunning the human, knocking the breath from him in only the best of ways.

"I admit I am not well versed in all the inner workings of modern sexuality, but I visited Sodom and Gomorrah and witnessed computer pop ups. Life has done little to prepare you for eons of repressed angelic desire." Castiel gave a sly grin and wink like the busty Asian beauties.

Castiel's words and gesture on the subject of desires had Dean stifling a chuckle of his own, never expecting the angelic being to have freely visited a site in relation to his favorite past-time. Wonder what he's been looking up? That thought was a mistake and a half. Dean gulped and turned red.

"First obstacle would be to find the time and place alone. I want to show you my wings, they feel cramped and...itchy." Giving those pouting pink lips a kiss. He desperately wanted to hold Dean and be held in return. The feel of fingers through his feathers, counting Dean's scars like constellations, or resting next to him. Lying still with no obligation to heaven above or hell down below, just to embrace his human safely.

"When Sam returns and you go on the hunt for the werewolf, once you're tired, call for me if you need assistance to sleep."
Castiel happened to address one of the biggest issues they were going to face, if they were to go under the radar for a while. Alone time. What Dean wouldn't give to play either big or little spoon at this point. The thought of actually getting to see, feel, play with, and snuggle up to a big pair of wings was enticing. The hunter hadn't actually thought of it before. He knew Cas had them, but didn't think about them, mostly because they were unseen and generally not something that was talked about.

"You're awesome." Was all that Dean could manage before planting a firm kiss on the angels lips, knowing there was only a short amount of time allotted to them before Sam would come crashing through the door.
Enter: King of the Sass

Chapter Summary

Relics are needed and only one being can help find them. Enter: King of the Sass

Chapter Notes

There is a possibility that I'll be doing some edits shortly on this chapter. My editor was unavailable and I didn't get a second set of eyes on this. Please, enjoy!

The boys hadn't seen or heard from Castiel in a few weeks. Sam wasn't too bothered by it, knowing there was conflict that the angel of the lord had to deal with. Dean wasn't too happy though. The last time Cas and him had any contact was a couple nights after the werewolf, and Dean was in need of a good snooze, maybe more.

The older brother was mopey, grumpy, and to him, everything sucked. "You find anything on that old craptop of your's? I need another job. I'm getting antsy." Dean grumbled as he flopped himself backwards onto the newest of the dingy mattresses they'd experienced. His body bounced and the springs in the bed creaked with age, whining like an animal being sat on.

"Are you listening, Castiel? Castiel?" The angel’s brother was scolding him again for being lost in thought. This has been happening at a rapid rate since his absence from Earth. He made a promise to Dean and he could sense he was on the rise of another crash and burn. The relics weren’t going to present themselves by devine rudeness alone.

"I will find the relics. The Winchesters are the key to finding Crowley, whether you wish to humble yourself or not. He’s warded himself from angels, not humans." It was a mistake to have such emotion in his voice, it cemented their theories of being impartial. Yet he took flight.

"Dean." The gruff angel appeared sitting next to the oldest brother. Castiel's facial hair was unkempt, shirt crinkled and stained with blood. Instantly was his heart in his throat, those tormented green eyes were back and it was his fault.

Castiel's sudden appearance caused Dean to jump in his seat beside on the armchair next to the
nightstand by his bed. His eyes scanned the angel and immediately showed signs of worry, as his state became more apparent.

The angel’s face fell as he spoke again. "I am sorry I was gone so long. Heaven, no, I must ask a favor that will affect human and angel kind alike." This was a fine line, Dean typically got angry after long periods of his absence, but exhaustion wasn't helping and Sam knew it. Sam took up his coat and excused himself to the vending machines.

As the door clicked shut, Castiel squinted. *Dean will have to fill him in later.* "A demon of the black market has been auctioning odd relics of Heaven. Also striking deals for human souls at crossroads." Castiel's eyes wandered over Dean's hands that were already putting away the gun that the hunter pulled out as a reflex.

As the angel began to explain things, Dean raised a hand to rest against his forehead, muttering "Son of a bitch..." His heavy sigh fell on the room as he ran his fingers back through his hair in thought. "Does this douche have a name? We could try to summon it."

The Winchester clasped his hands together and placed his elbows on his knees, hunching forward to prop his chin up. His eyes were staring straight into Castiel's, causing a mixed flutter of sadness, relief, frustration, and longing.

He’d missed his angel so much it hurt. There was a constant ache when he was gone, nothing quite able to fill the void. Seeing Castiel in a state like this caused grief as well. Sure, it sounded sappy to him, but it was the truth. A truth he didn't want to share right now for fear of breaking a tender heart. Each small scrap, each blackish bruise, each dirt stain on the celestial’s clothes was felt by the Winchester in thought.

It took a moment to acclimate to the tension in the room. The angel’s words did no justice to the static in the air. Then, Castiel caught Dean’s sad eyes tracing the stains. With a blink, the tarnished white shirt was pressed and pristine. The tattered blue tie was fitted around Castiel’s collar, his neck now clean shaven. *Does Dean like facial hair?* He needed to pin this thought for later.

"I have been busy with interrogations." Cas cleared his throat as he paused, watching the worry wash away from the hunter as soon as his appearance shifted to its usual state. Dean was slightly disappointed that he didn't get to touch Cas's face before he mojo'd himself neat and proper, but the relief knowing that the angel wouldn’t be in pain registered across his features faster than any signs of being bummed could.
“Crowley. His name is Crowley... and I would need a perfect devil's trap and summoning. Would Bobby be available? This is a high profile demon and it has been...difficult to acquire what little information I have.”

Castiel moved closer, sitting on the edge of Sam’s bed to get closer to the one he pulled from Hell. As the angel sat, he reached for one of Dean’s hands and pulled it toward his face. "I mean, I can check-" Dean’s response was cut off by the kisses applied to his hand. It brought instant smiles and his worry about current situations was gone with the wind for now. How he missed his angel's lips.

"If you want...I will make it up to you in anyway. I have many memories I believe you would enjoy in a dream." He shut his eyes to drag his lips over the soft of Dean’s hands one more time. "Woodstock has been referenced by you."

With each brush of skin, Castiel could see the Winchester’s cheeks get a shade darker. The man’s eyes became slightly squinted as the corners of his lips pulled into a small smile. Castiel took this as genuine happiness from Dean, which was always something to behold when he could catch it.

"I can call him in a moment. First though," Standing up, Dean gripped for Cas's hands and pulled him in for a lengthy hug. He pressed his cheek to the angel's and whispered softly in his ear, "I'm glad you're alright, Cas." The hunter's head dropped a little and he rested it on Castiel's shoulder.

"You don't have to make anything up to me, but Woodstock does sound awesome." His hands traced gentle swirling patterns along the trench coat as they stood in an embrace. Meanwhile, Sam was still outside, trying to straighten up crumpled 5's and 1's to get a couple of trail mixes and peanut butter Grandma's Cookies.

"I love you." Castiel’s voice was soft with no expectations of Dean returning the phrase. It was the angel’s truth and he loved proclaiming it as much as he felt it. Up until Castiel was charged with pulling a righteous man from Hell, he thought that love was something that could only be felt by God’s creations that lived on Earth. The rush of emotions he was met with as he started to fall from grace was difficult to navigate. He’d never believed that he’d fall for humanity. As he turned his back on those that he’d worked with, there was always one person that he could count on. There was always Dean Winchester.

That three word phrase sent Dean's body vibrating off to cloud 9. The hunter was about to return it, but then something started to happen.

Castiel's head was resting against Dean’s chest, his head tucked under the hunter’s chin. The celestial pressed his face into his chest, taking in his warmth and scent. A tingling sensation rose in
his chest where his grace sat, it began to go nuclear. It was bubbling up to the surface causing the lights to flicker then burst and the hairs on both of their necks began to stand at end with blue lights.

Dean got instant goosebumps, felt like there was an electric storm brewing between him and his angel. Dean tried to look down at his angel, but with his head tucked away into his chest, that wasn't a possibility. So many things happened at once, the human didn't register it all right away.

Cas’s soul was desperate to intertwine with Dean’s. His eyes were bright again which happened as a result of his grace going berserk. This was a dam with a leak and suddenly two mighty black wings busted forth knocking everything over in the room. They glowed with cosmic light, wind sweeping over both of the room’s occupants in the flurry of feathers.

One moment everything was fine, then BOOM, the room was in total darkness, a wreck, and HOLY SHIT Cas's wings!

The consequences of not submitting to the infinite bond was exhausting, but indulging in a one sided bond was not close to acceptable. Not to mention, Castiel would have to explain such a ritual, and that would be humiliating.

Dean let out a shocked squeak of sorts and his jaw dropped as he took in the wings he'd been looking so forward to seeing. They were the most beautiful things, aside from Castiel's captivating blue eyes, he'd been allowed to witness. All he wanted to do was reach out and touch them, wrap himself in them, and cuddle the shit out of his angel.

As the room glowed different dancing hues of light, Dean heard pounding on the door, knowing that his brother had returned. He groaned, reluctant to let go of the one he held so dear. The man wasn't going to get the chance to say what he wanted to, and it probably wouldn't be anytime soon, which struck a sadness into a small part of his chest.

"Sorry..." The room was glowing with pink and purple spirals of shimmering light and Sam shimmed his way in.

"Are you guys okay? What was that?! Jesus christ...." Sam dropped his horde of snacks and beverages at the vision. "What did I miss?" Confused as to what evoked such an action, Sam looked over the two guys in close proximity to one another. Worry creased his forehead as he waited impatiently for an answer.
"Everything's fine, Sammy." Dean said as he looked over at the giant Winchester.

"I apologize. I have been stressed...Bobby is going to summon the King of Hell, Crowley, to reclaim relics of Heaven. I believe it may help us find my Father and return Heaven to...Heaven. Otherwise, I may have to ward myself from the other angels and live in dodgy hotels with you two just so I can have some peace." The tone Cas was taking was serious. It was a never ending election day in Heaven and he was frustrated. No matter how much he loved his home, it would be more enjoyable with Bobby, Sam and Dean. Mostly Dean.

"Dude, yes! That sounds cool from start to finish. All the hunting trips would be easy and you could zap us places!" Sam squirmed around Cas' wings which were soft to the touch.

"....I'm trying to get rid of them. It may be a while..." He fixed the broken lights and tried to wrangle his wings close to prevent any further destruction. Dean watched his brother and Cas talk, but sputtered when the angel had said something about getting rid of his wings.

"Cas, no! What are you thinking? Dude... I mean, why?!” His words were tripping up in his head and he didn't want to give away too much in front of Sam. Get rid of them? They're fucking gorgeous... Please don't... His eyes stared into Cas's hoping he'd see the silent plea.

As everything was 'fixed', Dean made his way to the bathroom to splash a bit of water on his face. Though, he made sure to reach his hand out and gently run it along one of the impressive wings before they tucked closer to the angel’s back. Calling out through a towel he was wiping his face on a few moments later, he managed to ask, "So when do you think we should call Bobby? Cuz last I talked to him, he was looking into how many monsters could be silenced completely via woodchipper..."

The wings gave a shutter at the contact, slowly did they fade from their truer form to a midnight black. Desperately did he want Dean to continue to look at him with such affection, not to mention how sweetly he admired the angel’s wings. The shy touch that went unnoticed by Sam put a new beating inside of Castiel’s vessel's heart.

"The sooner the better..." Castiel wanted this over with, he was due for a win. The risk the Staff of Moses or the Horn of David could pose were major stressors, yet it fell on him to fix other's mistakes. With a blink everything has been transported to the cluttered house hold.

"DAMNIT. What makes you think you can appear at will?? Damn, idjits." Bobby was studying to make a locator spell for Rufus and his infinite ignorance after losing a vengeful Japanese spirit in the middle of fuckin’ Georgia. Now he has to start the chant all over.
Dean and Sam knew that popping in on Bobby unexpectedly was a great way to end up with a missing limb, especially if done at the wrong time. Dean just waved his hand out at him and said "Heya Bobby." Sam smiled awkwardly and stood next to his brother, towering over everyone in the room.

"It is of great importance that I trap a high profile demon that has wards against angels." Castiel’s head was tilted to the side at the preoccupied man. Castiel disappeared and reappeared, a call came from one of the 'work' phones. Rufus was talking about how what he believed was an angel just up and saved his ass. Bobby shot an annoyed look at the angel; sure he helped, but what an entitled son ova bitch. Goddamn fuckin missions of Heaven. With Dean there giving the 'man' the goofiest fucking smile. Can't believe his boy was falling for an angel that even angels find weird.

"Yeah, Rufus I gotta go. No, that's Castiel...yep that one. Okay, bye." He hung up on his friend and took a swig of beer. "Oh-fucking-k. Could’a showed sooner so I didn't have to waste so many ingredients!" He dumped out the bowl, hugged his boys, and they started on a devil's trap on the ceiling with a summoning spell. Bobby one day wants to do nothing but pry every bit of information out of the angel, who was currently going around correcting spells and fixing books absentmindedly while he waited for things to be setup. Then the boys were finished with the prep, cleaned the majority of the red paint off of their hands, and they decided to take a little breather before the summoning.

It was in the kitchen Bobby was handing Dean another beer, typically he'd let the dumbass do what he wanted 'cause he was John's stubborn son, but it was an odd infatuation and he was curious how complex this relationship had become. It wasn't really in interest of what Dean's messed around with, including a gender less cosmic being inhabiting a male body, but more along the lines of keeping up with one of his boys.

As soon as things were discussed and well underway, the group had gotten the trap laid out and all that, the thing Dean hoped to avoid reared its head. That's what he gets for thinking he could disguise something in front of the guy that practically raised him.

"An angel kid, really? Is that wise? Who knows where his loyalty lies…?" Bobby whispered with a cocked eyebrow, which demanded the respect of Dean not attempting to stutter out of this one.

The question on Castiel's loyalty was what bothered him the most. Sure, he was an angel, but look at what he had done for them, what he had been through. The answer was hell and back, literally.

Speaking in a hushed voice, the 6'1" Winchester murmured,"What?" It was a drawn out almost exasperated question. "I mean, c'mon Bobby. He's with us. No way he'd do something fishy." He
took a swig of the cold beer in his hand and swished it around for a moment. "He dragged my ass out of Hell. He's also been there pretty much every time I've called. There are things that he's told me that I know he wasn't just talking out of his feathery ass about. And," He paused for a moment, pondering if he should admit this next piece of information to anyone just yet. He decided against it and took another draft from the bottle. "He's okay. I promise."

Dean's eyes wandered over to the angel and a smile crept across his lips. "He's good."

The scene that Bobby and Dean saw was Castiel teaching Sam various types of traps and their purpose. Sam, as usual, was hunched over to be at eye level with the angel.

"I guess I just haven't given him the benefit of the doubt. He did bring you back and that counts for a lot. I trust you Dean, your judgment could be better, but you're a damn good kid. So, is it the trenchcoat, or what's underneath?" Bobby gave a gutter laugh at Dean rolling his eyes and going red. Sam and Cas were too deep in their books to notice the stares.

Dean hadn't given Cas's appearence much weight in how he felt about the celestial. The looks of the vessel were a bonus, but it was what was inside that really counted. Through all of the bullshit, Cas remained.

"And, if this doesn't work? This demon calls himself the King of Hell." Sam pocketed the notes into their father's journal.

"An empty title he has declared himself. He is unable to possess anyone of us. Bobby and his charms, both of your tattooed seals. If he is ignorant enough to attack Winchesters, or an angel, than he is doomed to face destruction." Castiel caught the gaze of the men in the kitchen and gave a half smile. Those green eyes sparkled when Dean was talking about him, it was likely the oldest man knew, while Sam was the only one oblivious.

"Alright, we're set." Sam clapped his hands and everyone got into position. With everyone in place, the rooms atmosphere became something serious. All eyes seemed concentrated on the space where the King of Hell was supposed to show up. Once summoned, a fairly short man in a black suit with a confused and frankly pissed off expression appeared under the devil’s trap.

"Crowley, where are the relics of Heaven?" Castiel was forward in speech, but never did a demon like the attitude of an angel; like cats and dogs.

When he did arrive, it wasn't in a vessel that Dean had anticipated. The squat man before them glared at the angel and then crossed his arms in front of him. He blinked and asked, "And who the bloody
Hell are you to be asking that?"

His eyes squinted for a moment, looking at everyone in turn and smiling. He looked up at the ceiling and rolled his eyes so hard they were almost completely white for a moment and clicked his tongue. "You boys fancy a chat about relics? Well, I'm not so sure I feel all that welcome."

The demon peered around the room as he took a few steps within the barrier of the trap, hands now stuffed in the pockets of his black Gucci coat. Crowley's fake close-mouthed smile stuck to his face as he looked around at the guys once more.

"I believe introductions are in order."

"Hunters. The Winchesters to be exact." Bobby referenced himself, Dean, and Sam, even though his last name was Singer. The boys were Winchesters and he raised them, they never had a problem with him attaching the last name to himself. The beady eyes of Crowley wandered off of the humans and paused on Cas. "Your favorite, an angel of the Lord. Castiel. He wants his stuff back." Bobby had heard of crossroads and hoodoo, but this guy? His mannerisms were quirky and attitude relaxed, unlike a typical demon when faced with the likes he was seeing now. A tailored suit, what is this guy peg himself as?

Crowley stifled a snort as Bobby made quick work of introductions. "Great! Who's going to be making the deal with me? Is it the moose? Bow-legged wonder weasel? Perhaps angry grandpa? Or are we going with Funky-feathered banker?"

Castiel stepped forward, scowling like the summer heat. If they could see the creature that inhabited the body, they would be revolted.

Crowley started to dig into his inner coat pocket, pulling out parchment paper and a quill. Pursing his lips, he looked around to see if anyone would volunteer; like a teacher looking at a classroom full of kids to call up to a whiteboard. He knew it wasn't going to be the angel, but why not mess with him a little bit.

Dean growled out at the demon, "Bite me, tiny."

"This is not a social get together. You tell us where the relics are and maybe we'll let you go on some conditions." Sam stood the tallest of the men, arms crossed and leaning against the counter.
"Your deals don't amount to a hill of beans here." Bobby fussed.

"An angel's grace for objects that belong to us? I would never make a deal with a notable coward, an infinite liar, an hourly promise breaker, an owner of not one decent quality." Castiel was at his end, if looks could kill Crowley would be a pillar of salt that the angel would scatter on the graves of scorned ghosts.

"What he said...wait, moose??" Sam's tightened his jaw. "Coming from the three inched demon."

"Counter offer, I kill you quickly. Then, when hell goes to shambles, your minions will be quick to confess." Castiel had fire in his eyes and an angel blade in his hand.

Stirring the pot was one of Crowley's favorite things to do, especially when he's summoned out of the blue. They had pulled him away from his tea, which was growing colder by the second. It wasn't right, snatching away someone's tea time.

"Ah, but that's where you're wrong, Twinkle-Toes. I keep my word. I'd have no business otherwise. My position, it requires finesse, planning, and the ability to read the fine print." Crowley had been looking directly at Castiel, unwavering in his speech. "As far as I'm concerned, these things belong to whoever possesses them. And yes, oh gigantic one, you're a moose. You're just angry because I can fit anywhere, while you have to duck three feet, or you'll eat a door frame." He wiggled his eyebrows at Sam and then placed his quill back into his pocket, still clutching his paper.

Dean had been watching Cas out of the corner of his eye, but as soon as the angel started getting verbally aggressive, Castiel had the oldest brother's full attention.

The demon cocked his head to the side for a moment and then shrugged, looking off behind everyone at nothing in particular. "Besides, what if I don't have them, persay? What if I only know the general whereabouts?" A dirty grin formed on his mouth, his polished teeth sneaking out to say hello. He peeked over at Castiel and stepped up as close as he could with the trap holding him back. "Looks like you'll be needing me to get to those relics you care oh so much about. I'm the only one who can get them for you."

Dean didn't like seeing his angel being challenged, especially by some low-life used car salesmen of a demon. He wanted so badly to deck that arrogant smirk off the son of a bitch's lips. It wouldn't help the matter, so he just stood clenching his fists. His brain immediately brought to attention that he had a gun on his hip. The bullet wouldn't kill the guy, but it would hurt. If he pops off again, he's getting shot...
Castiel stepped into the devil's trap, unafraid of the festering pustule and stabbed the blade into his shoulder, ruining the black suit, then lifting him in the air. Consider pot stirred and boiling over.

As soon as the angel blade penetrated his meat suit, Crowley let out a gasp followed by a howl of pain as he was hoisted into the air. Admittedly, the situation escalated a little quicker than the King of the Cross Roads had thought it would. His next move would have to be a smart one in terms of survival, but the chance to slap the angel would only present itself so many times.

"I hope that suit was of little importance to you, as your existence is to me." Angels hated demons, their features were grotesque with rotting skin and disfigured faces. Their smell hung on feathers and clothes which reeks of sulfur.

"Your stench stains souls and frankly, I have better things to do." His voice calm with indifference. However, Castiel disliked Crowley even more because he was an arrogant ass who was dragging this out. The consequences of keeping him from the arms of Dean were going to be severe. Angel Radio has been nagging since he left Heaven to request the assistance of the Winchesters. Orders, demands, and with little thanks to the seraph.

When the King began to open his mouth, Castiel twisted the three pointed blade.

"The next vile thing that comes from your mouth should be the thanks and praise for not ending this charade. Patience is not my best virtue, but perseverance is." Castiel growled.

Bobby was taken back and thoroughly impressed with the leadership of the interrogation. He doubted he hated demons half as bad as the celestial; and that's saying something. Good choice kid. He smirked at Dean in approval. Man did Dean look madder than a wet hen.

Sam was grinning at the amount of revenge he could get via Castiel. He'll have to high five Cas as soon as he teaches him how to high five.

"Now you're on my level." Sam had a smug grin. "Maybe you can give us the whereabouts and we'll put the angel of the Lord on the bench."

While Crowley contemplated his next move silently as he could, Dean's lip had curled up in a snarling fashion. He didn't see Bobby's expression, just the tunnel vision that had focused on the demon and the angel. Castiel could hold his own, he wasn't worried. He just wanted a shot at the
suited dick-bag.

"A-alright! Let me down. I-I'll talk." His shoulder was killing him, blood was free flowing down his torso, and he would have to get in touch with his tailor in hopes of saving his clothes. "Soon as my feet touch the ground, you'll have a location." His words came through gritted teeth, grounding out each syllable, with extreme amounts of effort not to put himself in anymore danger. Sarcasm wasn't going to help him out of this one.

The Swan song of a fearful demon was a hesitant win. With that Castiel set his highness down and withdrew the blade at a slow and painful pace.

"Not as ignorant as I believed. We will let you go once we confirm the location." Cas held out his hand to seal the agreement.

"What?! Have you gone mad? I'm not keeping this crafty son ova a bitch in my house!" Bobby was dumbfounded.

"Humans will always make deals with demons. Souls will always be currency. They of their own volition sell their soul for ten years to live. Lesser of two evils." Cas turned to Crowley who held a wicked grin. Bobby groaned and left for another beer.

"Deal, but that's not how I seal a contract, Baby Blues." He took out a pen and paper, which Cas signed after heavy inspection. That's when he went wide eyed as he got a tug forward and a kiss on the lips.

"Tastes like pie." Crowley chided and winked.

Crowley held the kiss for a little longer than he should have, just to cause possible regurgitation on the Angel's part. He knew there was a fist coming, but didn't expect it to be from one of the hunters. Dean charged forward and knuckled the demon as hard as he could in the side of the face, making sure there would be blood.

The kiss was invasive, a tongue somewhere he hasn't experienced before. Perhaps that was the more intimate way of kissing, explains a lot of media reference. This he should try with Dean, then he heard the crack of knuckles against a jaw.
As the metallic taste flooded his mouth, Crowley was stunned. He threw his uninjured arm up to cup his cheek. "What was that for, pray tell?" His eyes scanned Dean and he saw rage, pure and burning hot like the fiery pits of a volcano, on the verge of erupting. That was a warning.

"Oh," the demon's head pulls back as he backs away from the both of them. "You... You're... No." He squints his eyes and looks back an forth between the two. "Oh, come on!" The paper and quill were then tucked away safely in a pocket that hadn't been blood soaked.

"I'm not a tea person." Only those two understanding the reference. Castiel had the slightest change in expression which Crowley picked up on, damn it. Now that was confirmed it opened dangerous possibilities and he glared a threat not to exploit his weakness.

The oldest brother growled out, "That was for being a dick. Next time, I won't stop." With that, Dean trudged off to the kitchen to get a beer with Bobby. He could use it.

Sam watched things unfold and quirked an eyebrow at Dean as he punched the shit out of Crowley's face. The youngest Winchester was used to gay comments about his older brother, it happened on the regular. And Cas is an unplucked flower, anyone would defend him from the sinful hands of Crowley. "So, where are we going to keep it?" Sam gesture at the demon, trying to think of different places that could hold Crowley until they were sure he wasn't trying to pull a fast one.

"HE!" Crowley growled, still holding his cheek as he spat upon the floor, the color red hitting the rug underneath the desk they stood by.

"Basement." Bobby pulled out the rusted first aid kit from the top shelf of one of the cabinets in the kitchen, but turned around to see Cas had already came in and took Dean's hand. Did the angel need to touch him to heal him? Absolutely not, but he wanted to.

After a transfer to the basement and some packing, Dean made the decision that this was a road trip.

"But we have an ANGEL!" Sam groaned during the pack up. Dean made his case, saying Cas wanted to stay with them after the relics were found, and that means he has to experience at least a few Winchester rock out sessions, snacks, and diner food. *The thrill of the chase and American culture, or some such bullshit.* Sam spent time researching this university the King mentioned and it was promising with the strange events. Aliens? Sorority myths coming true. Then, like the giant log he was, he fell asleep mid study.
"Dean..." The voice of Castiel sounded softly upon Dean’s ears. The smell of books was gone, replaced with ocean breeze, sand, and o-zone. The air was warm around him, as if he were under the evening sun, cat napping as he sprawled out on the warm sand beneath him. As soon as he opened them, Dean’s eyes were met with a long white sand beach. The small blue waves that came up to kiss the shore fell just a few feet short of the Winchester’s resting place.

Gathering details about his surroundings, the man looked behind him to see Castiel under the palm tree they’d visited in Santa Monica. The trench coated angel rested with his back against the tall tree, eyes looking out toward the setting sun.

This place brought instant relief to the hunter's mind, knowing everything would be okay for the time being. It hadn't been tainted with sadness, destruction, or loss of life dear to him. It was where he was the happiest he could remember being, aside from the motel room that was accidentally destroyed by angel wings.

Dean locked eyes on Castiel, smiling as soon as he watched his angel taking in the scenery. It was warm, happy, and peaceful. Without much thought, he got up from where he was laying and strolled toward Cas. The feeling of warm granules in between his toes felt strange, it’d been a while since he was barefoot outside. The Winchester pulled the celestial into his arms and held him close, a soft hum of contentment buzzed in his throat upon contact. The hunter planted his lips on Cas's forehead.
and breathed in the scent of the cosmos.

The angel had his own unique scent, something that wasn't quite found all in one place on Earth. It was of fire and rain, something else not able to be pinpointed, and of the air throughout the centuries. Dean couldn't get enough of it.

With his nose still in the angel's hair, he murmured, "Hey, Cas." The hunter's breath was warm as it tickled Castiel's hairline. Another buzzing feeling came from within the angel’s chest and held back a short chuckle, pressing himself into his human’s radiating warmth.

The feeling of Dean nuzzling into his scalp sent a mild tingling through the angel’s vessel. Their arms held each other close, relishing the privacy and more intimate contact they’d been granted in Dean’s dream state. A few moments of listening to each other’s breathing passed, soft waves tiptoeing up the shore line, when Castiel changes motion.

Grabbing Dean’s jaw, Castiel gave the man a heated kiss. *Is it inappropriate to use moves he learned from a demon?* He wanted every monster that haunted the Winchester’s mind to flea. This was better than heaven. Here, he was free from judgements and he could show himself wings and all.

Their kiss alone had Dean never wanting to leave this place. It was full of fire and it instantly had the Winchester wanting more. If this was something that was going to happen in privacy, Dean was okay with it. Not that he had a problem with openly showing affection, but no one would be able to interrupt them while he was asleep by walking in on them and killing the moment.

With another beat of wind, Castiel’s wings flowed gently over his shoulders, lazy and calm as they should be. The amount of self control it took for the angel to keep these parts of himself hidden was something he wasn’t going to be able to explain to a human. His father’s precious little creations wouldn’t be able to grasp how hard it was to contain one’s self, something the size of a skyscraper, inside of something so tiny as a human body. The physical strain was enough to break others, driving them mad and forcing them back to heaven for some form of relief.

Castiel chose to stay on Earth though. The human under his charge was more than worth any and all discomfort. His focus was set on Dean Winchester and his well-being. For now, he would show Dean everything he was able to. Later, Castiel would explain in greater detail.

A soft glow emitted from Castiel’s right palm and he smirked to himself. Placing his hand on one of the palm trees directly behind Dean, Castiel carved out “C + D.W.” with a heart around it decorated with wings.
As Castiel moved his hands and the initials appeared, Dean's head turned and his heart fluttered. His smile caused creases on his face, little crinkles appearing beside his eyes as a small chuckle pushed through his lips. There was a sudden shift in the form that Dean was close to and it startled him for a second.

Dean blinked and the sweet sound of ‘Hey Jude’ by Richie Havens played and a woman was where Cas once stood. Her eyes were soft in a familiar way and she smelled just like the odd angel. A chain of daisies were haloed around her head, a matching necklace draped around her neck. The rest of her form nearly bare; tan skin covered by a beaded crop top and legs by cut off denim shorts. It was the angel’s previously occupied vessel.

"Dean," Her voice was softer than the usual rough rumble of Castiel’s regular inflection. She smiled and her wings shook out behind her, adding to the soft breeze that was gently dancing along the trees. Their surroundings changed as Castiel’s vessel raised her hands above her head. The ocean blurred out of sight and then replaced itself with a sea of people, a stage out behind them, and the roar of a crowd from a time long since past.

Her wings, stunning swirls of beautiful lights, were those of Dean’s angel. "I love you too, Castiel." Dean's fingers reached to run through the iridescent wings, touching as gently as he could manage. Cas shivered at the brush of fingers through the wings that’d never been touched by any other human.

In this time everyone was high, spiritual, or a little bit of both. Heaven didn't give a damn if some hippies were rattling about angels and, to be honest, the 60s were chalk full of occupied vessels. It was an optimal time to experience humanity as they were such loving beings.

They sat on a Pike Brothers black blanket accented with an eagle. "This is one of my favorite moments in the long history of the human race. I believe it was around this century I began to ask more questions, but kept them to myself."

The atmosphere was so relaxed and full of nothing but music, peace, and harmony. The blanket they sat on definitely had the hunter's approval. "So, am I supposed to take off my clothes and put on some bell-bottoms?" While he spoke, Dean kissed the a small line down Cas's cheek and jaw. "Cuz I mean, if you've got some, I might fit in a little better." It was mostly a joke, but he'd been interested in period clothing. Pulling off his jacket and flannel, his plain black t-shirt looked alright with his jeans.

"Whatever you want, just think of it. I could name the stars for you, fight the heavens for you...fall for you." Castiel straddled his lap to fully wrap his wings around Dean. Nebulae draped over him as
simple as a curtain, the dark space was as captivating as the novas. "When I was not in any form most creations could see, I would look to the endless space my father created and found myself feeling like a dying star. Never to be appreciated till too late. Lost in the ripped fabric of time. But your bright eyes caught me. My light has traveled since the dawn of time and I feel reborn."

The words of his angel turned Dean’s cheeks pink and his pulse began to quicken for a moment. The celestial's movements only furthered the color change in the Winchester. His hands moved to the female form's waist, keeping eye contact as Castiel spoke from within.

As wings shrouded them in darkness and space, a shiver flew up the hunter’s spine. It wasn’t a bad thing, but more of an effect of seeing so much change before his eyes at once. It felt as though he was floating freely, the only anchor Dean had was sitting on his lap.

The female form shifted to his current vessel, Jimmy Novak. It was more than a suit, it was him. He would greet death with no regrets if he had to live his last life on Earth with rock music and freckles.

"You make my name sound like the secret chord of David." The kisses were planting seeds of arousal, it was the closest he had ever felt to being human, even when occupying a vessel.

As soon as Cas’s known form took shape again, the Winchester finally registered that Castiel was naked on top of him, all encompassed by his gorgeous wings. Heart pounding in his chest, the hunter muffled a sound on his lips.

Cas's lips upon his skin caused chills with every touch. Dean's mind started to become slightly foggy due to blood circulation suddenly rerouting itself. "C-Cas, I... Is this what you want? 'Cuz I'm all for it." His voice had a lustful tone, but at the same time, he wanted to make sure that he wasn't rushing the angel into something as serious as this. Dean shifted his weight as his pants became less comfortable with every passing second.

Dean’s right hand came to rest on Cas's hip, while his left gently cupped the slightly stubbled cheek of the angel. His calloused thumb swept under one of the blue eyes slowly as he admired the celestial being. The hand dipped down to play with one of the flowers that was draped over the Castiel’s collar bone for a moment, then returned to his cheek once more.

A smile hung on the soft lips of the angel, who was running his fingers through the hunter’s hair. "I want to memorize every freckle such as I’ve memorized the stars.” He kissed the side of Dean’s neck. In here it may feel real, but there would be no signs of their union. It was a disappointment not to color the man’s pale skin with colorful love marks to match Cas’s wings.
At first the kisses were playful, then the hunger came. The sounds Dean was making, the effect he was having on the angel’s body were intoxicating. His very heart rate rose at the set of this emerald eyes with no intimate touch required.

Dean’s heart was full to bursting as Castiel spoke. The angel's kisses sent sparks through his mind as soft lips danced playfully on his flesh. Once the kiss changed, so did Dean's mannerisms.

It was painful, but the pleasure was tempting an unrelenting force. God created only so much love within an angel, no half measures were allowed. They must put forth their faith in the dangerous tangle with their mate and risk the wither of heartbreak. An angelic death is traumatic outside of battle. He had seen the dying light.

"I have to be forthright. The night you first witnessed my wings was not intentional. You have a profound effect on me that may have eternal side effects. My grace desires to mate and bond with your soul." Castiel rested his hand on Dean’s chest, which began to glow bright.

"I apologize if I must remove myself. I cannot hurt you..." He bit the plump of Dean's lip.

Dean’s left hand tangled itself in Castiel's hair, tugging slightly when he thought he felt teeth. The Winchester's heart was hammering away as Castiel's voice sounded once more.

"So, that was an accident?" Dean wasn't sure if this was a good or bad thing, but he smiled at the angel on top of him. Could he have caused something like that inside of this ancient being? "If I'm hurting you, tell me how to stop it."

The nibble at Dean’s lip drew out a growl and a devilish smirk. "I didn't know grace could do that, but..." He trailed off for a second. "If it means I don't have to lose you, what do I need to do?" He returned the nibble, and then some, closing his eyes as he dove in for another taste of his angel. "Because, I need you. Not just want," He ground his hips upward into Cas, letting out a quiet hiss at the friction.

The mention of Dean seeing the explanation as a proposal was shattering. A hiccup in their world happened, their surroundings went white which purged every color away but them. Standing tall was a being of great size, light blue and enormous. A gentle humanoid face, a zebra head, and a lion strong and stoic peered down at the man beneath it. It’s wings expanded the reaches of what felt like forever, making everything Dean had seen before become insignificant and tiny.
As quickly as it happened, things snapped back to where they were standing face to face on their beach, but it was too late. Dean's eyes were wide and in shock. Castiel had become vesselless in a trainwreck of emotions, finally exposed.

Dean's mind had been blown as soon as the scenery changed and something was standing before him, larger than life. Cas? He shook his head for a moment to regain his composure and just like that, everything was back to the beach, to their place, to the face he'd grown more accustomed to. Even his true form, He's beautiful...

"I-its not that simple. It's forever. Our forever, Earth and the beyond in heaven. It's beyond a marriage proposal. I would be with in you and you I. Our feelings, thoughts fully empathized and connected. The sweetest of devotion. I need you to speak carefully at what you agreed to." He shook in Dean's arms. Castiel could feel every molecule vibrating in desperation to the sweet surrender.

Dean nodded at Castiel as he started to explain what he meant. "I had a feeling it would be a little longer than a normal marriage thing. Didn't I say, as long as I don't have to lose you? I need you."

Castiel's voice was a wreck as he ripped off the man's belt with no hesitation and pushed the man down to devour the sight of his lover. Dean landed with a small grunt, impressed with how quickly Castiel had managed to strip him of his belt and jeans. A small stutter came from the Winchester as the angel began aligning himself with Dean's already painfully erect manhood.

All of a sudden, a new heat was swallowing Dean Winchester whole. As soon as his back hit the ground, Cas made quick work of burying every inch of the hunter's member inside of him. A breathless “fuck” was whispered from above.

The sensation caused Dean to gasp and bite his lower lip, blood slowly coming from a slight puncture spread across his tongue. Hands moved to press fingers into angelic thighs, steadying the one above and giving the one below something to hold onto. "You okay, Cas?" He'd heard the whimper of his angel.

"God bless you, Dean Winchester." Their mouths came together with heavy breaths. As Castiel connected their mouths once more, Dean met him with as much passion and care as one man could muster.

Those blue orbs belonging to Cas went hot white and the taste of static was on the tip of his tongue. He bit into his proverbial apple, the act with a human was unknown, but he placed his faith in God that he would allow him to keep his love. This was the only thing he needed in any life spanning all
of the realities. In Hell Fire and the torrential unknown, Castiel would find his soul mate.

Arms reached frantically, hands groped at all the exposed skin, leaving it bruised and soreness. Cas worked his hips in circles over Dean, opening himself up on every metaphysical level. It wasn't long before their menstruations had Dean calling out to Cas in ragged breaths, then there was a sudden change. Their souls came together and Castiel couldn't differentiate the climax to the union.

Castiel felt his intangible form becoming undone and reconstructed together, carefully interwoven with the memories and experiences of Dean. *Did the Lord have intention when he created Castiel with a raw and painful emptiness inside him to fit Dean? Was the choice of free will always available and he chose against the apocalypse?*

Every sensation double, tripled, and kept multiplying. As their souls smashed together, time, space, the fabric of existence swirled around them. The Winchester felt himself leave his body, sweetly connected to his angel, forever. The light that swam around them, through them, was blinding white. It showered them and their union, sewing their fates together in a matter of seconds.

Dean and Castiel were pulled from their dreamscape and the motel glowed blue, a white light was inside Dean's chest and he heard the sounds of color, the music of love and the feeling of pure light; it was Cas speaking to him. Sam was freaking out, holding his ears closed in confusion as the motel was wrecked from the screeching, ruining every bit of glass in a 5 mile radius. It was Enochian! He was hearing and seeing Cas beyond his vessel.

The room went silent as Cas and Dean looked at each other, wrecked to hell. Never had Castiel felt the drip of sweat, but his vessel was dripping and empathizing with his mate.

The older Winchester was panting, gasping in the air of his world as his chest heaved and glowed with remanence of what had just taken place. He felt whole, complete, reborn. *Cas?* Nothing came out as he tried to call for his lover. He couldn't make a sound, but he reached for the form next to him with a shaky hand and a blurry gaze. They looked as though they had just gone through a battle on another plain, and their souls very well may have.

"I F**KING KNEW IT!" Sam's hair was at attention and his clumsy feet wrapped in the blanket, falling out of the bed.

The shout from Sam ripped Dean's focus to his brother and then his skin went white. Dean looked around for a second and realized that what he and Castiel had done had some effect on Earth, at least where their bodies were.
The eldest brother caught his breath moments later and sat up shakily, just to give Sam an awkward smile. The younger Winchester glared at both Dean and Cas, more upset at the fact that he'd been woken up by what sounded like sharp radio screams, breaking glass, and a major power surge throughout the room.

Castiel repaired damage to the hotel, staying silent throughout the ordeal. After Sam had been giving the angel his famous bitch-face for a full five minutes, Cas rolled his eyes and began trying to summarize what just happened. After an hour of explanation, Sam stomped around toward the two and held his idiots together. At first he was furious, then pouty cause there was no wedding ceremony, then he was fascinated that Dean could now understand angel.

"What you're telling me is you did something impulsive and we know nothing of the consequences? Sounds about right....welcome to the family, Cas." The not-so-little brother patted his shoulder and eventually fell asleep again.

Castiel undressed into pajama slacks and crawled into bed with Dean to finish their dream.

Sam woke up in the morning confused at his dream, but got ready anyhow. It took him a while, but he saw Cas holding Dean on his chest in the little spoon position. *Not a dream. Holy fuck. Blackmail photo time… where's my phone.*
Chapter Summary

Sam interviews a mysterious janitor, Cas and Dean end up getting screwed with, and there’s a pervy little waiter that wants to get his rocks off.

(Chapter 5)

"Hey, let's get breakfast and hit the road." Sam was reading away on his laptop for about an hour before he decided to wake the sleepers.

Usually, angels didn't need sleep. They were eternal beings, able to continue ticking with zero resting periods. As soon as Castiel and Dean merged soul with grace, things changed. Castiel felt the exhaustion of his human companion throughout his vessel. It took him and Dean a little while to actually roll out of bed, but eventually they were up.

While they got ready and shuffled to the diner, Castiel looked deep in thought. Angels radio was going off about the unknown cause of angelic energy and many worried it may have been a nephilim or the relics.

When Cas was in the diner it was a new experience, the smells of the place were enjoyable. Castiel sensed his human's hunger and when the waitress took orders he ordered something for the first time.

"You...okay Cas?" The brothers spoke in unison, eyebrows were turned up in concern.

"I am fine." Castiel spoke in a low rumbling tone, otherwise keeping silent as he listened in on the voices of his brothers and sisters. Sam looked over at Dean who shrugged and looked around the diner, counting the people and exits.

The younger brother, watched Castiel for a moment and spoke to him again. “So, you mentioned Dean would be able to read Enochian, understand it when it’s spoken, and all that. Could you maybe draw something up on the napkin and tell me what it means?” Sam was always interested in languages, so Dean knowing some other language that he didn’t quite have a handle on got under his skin a little bit. With a sigh, the angel drew sigils and stories of historical battles on a napkin. Dean was getting annoyed at Sammy's nerd questions. It was complicated what he had to translate but he could, and he just knew what they meant as if he read it his whole life.
The food hit the table and all three dug in. A taste of impeccable proportions hit Castiel's tongue, he
could taste like a human! Cheeseburgers were amazing and this worsened Sam's curiosity at the
bleeding of their experiences.

"Okay, but what does this one mean?" Sam asked, his mouth full of blueberry pancake. His finger
pointed at another spot on the napkin as he looked over at Dean to get another translation.

"That one? It means 'Sam needs to shut his pie hole so Dean can enjoy his food." The older brother's
words came out as he eyeballed his juicy all-American beef patty smothered in cheese, bacon, and
grilled onions between two lightly toasted buns. The only thing better than that burger's taste was
Cas's mouth.

Sam grunted at Dean and shovelled some more pancake into his 'pie hole'. He looked over at Castiel
and saw how much he was enjoying his meal. It was one of the strangest things to see after all this
time. He'd never really eaten in front of them, especially not with anything that looked like joy and
happiness. Sam distinctly recalled the angel saying something about 'molecules'.

The soft fluff of the bun, crisp of the lettuce, and salt of the meat melded together as the trench coated
angel bit down into his burger. Now he understood why Dean made such delightful noises when he
enjoyed his food. Cheeseburgers were a gift from God.

When they finished their meals, Dean left a few bills on the table and they all piled up into Baby.
When Sam grabbed the front seat as he usually does, Dean made a pouty face and looked over at
Cas, giving Sam a hint.

"C'mon dude! I need the leg room." The tall man's brow furrowed as he watched his brother put on a
fake pouting face. "He's just gonna have to sit in my lap if you want him up here. That back seat is
cramped and it isn't happening." Sam fastened his buckle with a defiant click and a smug smirk on
his lips.

Cas sat in the back with a chuckle. "It's nice back here." Sitting behind Dean, Castiel ran his fingers
through the toasted almond colored hair while Sam flipped through radio stations. There seemed to
be a few glances from Sam as he was trying to come to terms that his bachelor brother was settled in
a relationship for eternity. Whoa.

Sam was spilling off facts of the case and Castiel put his concentration into listening once in a while,
but mostly focused on the back of Dean’s head. After a gas stop and bathroom break, they arrived at
the college.
Cas was rusty at hunting and playing the part-- but damn did he pull off a FBI looking black suit. It was voted that Cas can do the research while they go interview a janitor they heard about who witnessed the events.

"What can I do you for? Geez, I'm going to break my neck trying to keep eye contact with you." The short man in a jumpsuit was munching on a jumbo snickers. Of course he had little information and kept wiggling his eyebrows at Sam.

Dean almost said, "It's okay, sometimes I talk to his bellybutton. He still responds." but he chose against it.

Sam's fake smile appeared, the one that always showed up when a stranger made a remark about his height. Refraining from ducking down to the janitor's level, he asked,"Have you witnessed any strange activity around the campus?" The tallest of the three watched the shortest work away at the snickers, studying his facial expressions as he chewed.

Dean whipped his phone out of his pocket and texted Cas. "Talking to janitor. Short guy, Shorter than you."

It took a minute to figure out the logistics of texting. It was time for Cas to get a better phone, if he was going to keep in better contact with the brothers.

"Weird, as in a kid said he was ‘anally probed’ by an alien and the FBI show up to next day weird? Or, ‘hi, my name is Gabe. Wanna get drinks’ kind of weird?" He toted his cleaning supplies behind him in a two-tiered plastic buggy with our wheels as they moved along a narrow corridor.

Dean's grin creeped up on his mouth as he registered what had just happened. His eyes shifted to the side to catch Sam's eyes go wide. "Uhba.. Uh... The first one." Sam cleared his throat and pulled out a notepad, pen included. He flipped it open, acting as though nothing had happened. "Gabe, could you tell me what the kid's name is?"

"I don’t understand why his height is of import. Does he have information?" Castiel texted back. Dean felt his phone go off and got back to Cas quickly. "Not sure yet. Sam is asking the questions."
He just hit on! Dude asked him to get drinks."

Immediately after finishing his candy bar, the janitor named Gabe scarfed back another one. Then, as if he didn’t already Hork down an ass load of sugar, he took down a Kit Kat and had a soda for good measure during their short interrogation period.

Both Sam and Dean were impressed with how quickly the little guy sucked down sweets. Dean's eyebrow raised, but Sam thought it was sorta cute. In the back of his mind, the younger brother was glad he brought his fake business cards. He could hand the sweet toothed man one as soon as they got all of the information from him that they could. Drinks sounded good, and after all, he was just invited.

"Damn he's sweet. Gabe loved how the big oaf stumbled over his words and jotted down half-assed notes. Running his hands through his blonde hair, and when The Sun hit his eyes just right, they were a mesmerizing amber. Like a shot of whiskey.

"Kid’s name was Matthew, or something Biblical. Funny thing is, there have been a lot of these myths and bullshit happening. Scorned ex wife, aliens, supernatural shit." The sweet ass leprechaun of a man kept talking, more of a murmur with his eyes only focused on the tall drink of hot chocolate.

"Is Sam like that?" Cas replied, unaware that the younger brother might swing both ways.

Gabe thought he was shot down till he got the card, running his thumb over the lettering.

"I'll talk more after drinks." He smirked and unwrapped a candy bar.

Sam's tongue wet his lips as he saw the golden stare watching him. He wrote down the name, other instances that were briefly mentioned, and then closed the pad of paper with a snap.

Sam's head bobbed in a nod for a moment at Gabe's words, "Yeah, that works. Just, uh, call that number when you want to meet up." This guy had more confidence than Dean after 5 shots and 3 beers in a dive bar, and Sammy liked it.

"Oh man. He's going to a bar with the short guy later. The guy said he'll talk after drinks. Smooth." Dean's fingers worked quickly on the screen's keyboard, sending the text message within a matter of
seconds. The older brother wasn't sure if Sam had a preference. He always just saw him as Sam, the nerdy little brother. He stopped thinking about his brother's relationships after his last serious one ended up the way their mom had. Bad memories.

"Thank you for your time." Sam chimed, a small pull at the corner of his lips hinted at a smile. He held his hand out toward the janitor to shake, that way they could take their leave and report back to Cas.

Gabe was not shy with his eyes as Sam was leaving. Like a very very tall glass of ice cold cola on a warm day. It's decided, he wasn't going to mess with the youngest brother. Well, not in the way he normally screwed with people. Gabe liked the way he blushed too much. *Now, baby brother and his mate? Yeah, they need a kick in the tail.*

Sure as shit, he was happy Castiel left heaven and found love, but this was unnatural. To distort a human soul was to defile the image of God by angel standards. Gabe made his own rules. He found it beautiful and he's fell for a few of them. He needed someone to climb with long hair and a sweet ass.

It was night time, probably 8:30 ish, when Gabe called Sam for drinks. They went to one of the local dive bars and were hitting it off, playing pool and darts while they waited for their basket of fries to arrive. Gabe was cruel and didn’t let up on his winning streak. Sam was decent at bar games, but he couldn’t compete with Gabriel’s almost perfect form in billiards and bullseye.

The janitor didn't waste time being shy. Throughout the entire evening, Gabriel complimented Sam's smarts. He knew shit about mythology, geology, theology, and so much more. It didn’t hurt to mention how attractive Sam was either.

Gabe and Sam got wrecked and passed out at his place as Gabe planned. Castiel and Dean had some time to romp around and Dean got to groom his wings for the first time.

Come morning, Castiel felt different. The world was quiet. He turned over to see a blonde woman sleeping in his bed and that made him look down. He had breasts, *that's...not right*.

Sam tried to sneak in the hotel, the door clicking and creaking slightly as he entered. He saw two naked women and checked the door number again with a look of embarrassment.

"Sam?" The woman with blue eyes said. Her voice was the same as the one from Dean’s dream.
Castiel had reverted back to his former vessel.

"...Cas?!” Sam saw Dean and couldn't choke back laughter, which shook the blonde woman awake.

Dean tossed for a second, hearing his brother calling out in what sounded like confusion. And then the laugh. Dean's eyes opened slowly as he rubbed the sleep from them. His hands moved from his face slowly as he realized there was no stubble. Blinking for a second, he looked at his ultra feminine hands and then saw the blonde strands of hair fall from their tips onto his chest. His chest had boobs! "What the fuck is- Ah! My voice! Cas!" The Winchester's voice had gone up an octave, no longer growly or masculine in the slightest bit.

His face looked distraught and he saw that Castiel had changed too. He looked similar to the woman from Dean's dream where they had first become intimate in the biblical sense, though her hair had been tossed in the fashion called 'bed-head'.

Dean clutched at the covers and threw them over Castiel's form, trying to shield the now female's nakedness from Sam. "What the hell is going on?"

While Sam was clenching his side, Castiel tried to calm Dean. Standing up the blanket dropped to expose Cas' new vessel and its tattoos. They were binding his powers to prevent him hunting down the source of magic.

"Did you speak to anyone of interest yesterday?" Sam covered his eyes from more confusion. Cas and Dean can't be hot lesbians. It's too much.

"Just the janitor..." Sam tossed Cas clothes from Dean's drawer.

"AND I BET HE TASTED SWEET DIDN'T HE? HOW WAS THE BAR?!" Dean was hysterical over his loss of his genitals.

"Sweet? Does this janitor have a name?" Cas had to get dressed slowly like a human.

Dean shook his head the whole time he was getting his clothing, putting it on, and going to freshen up in the bathroom. He needed to pee, and sitting without doing brown business angered him more than he could express. "I'm gonna kill whoever did this! Shoot 'em in the FACE!"
Dean's distress only tickled his brother further. Sam scrunched his nose at Castiel, "Yeah, uh... What's his name?” Gabe. Why?” He wasn't sure why Castiel would want a name, but it might be important. Angels are weird.

Dean went to wash his hands and face in the sink and almost had a heart attack. It was definitely like being in someone else's body. Brushing his teeth like a mad man (or woman), he walked out of the bathroom and glared at Sam. Pointing his toothbrush furiously at his brother, he barked out, "If this was your freaking boyfriend, my boot is going to go so far up his..." He looked down at his feet and wiggled his toes. They had become smaller with his female form and his eyes twitched.

They all got in the car, karma hit Sam when Dean had to pull the seat forward to reach the pedals. Cas was unphased by his own transformation, but he couldn't stop staring at Dean.

"You look like her Dean. It's beautiful." Cas shared all memories especially the ones of his mother and reached forward to hold his hand. Though Dean knows that it wasn't meant to hurt, Castiel's comment was something that he was hoping to avoid. He whispered, "Thanks Cas," and a small piece of his heart broke. Dean missed Mary and knowing that he had transformed into a damn near perfect clone caused him grief. The hand that appeared beside him was clasped gently with his own.

Sam flipped his phone out of his pocket and called Gabe.

"Hey-- no, yeah... It's Sam. I had a great night too.". He hid his face with his hair with the amount of glare he was getting from his sister. As soon as Sam said he had a great night, Dean spit out, "Bet you did, ass-hat!" "Can we meet up, Gabe?" He was nervous he was going to lose a blossoming whatever it was so soon.

"Gabe?" Cas snatched the phone. "Gabriel, you bastard. Where are you?" Castiel was fuming all of a sudden. Dean's so angry... The older Winchester's rage was slamming in waves over the dark haired angel. Cas's quick recognition of who we were dealing with, and his sudden movement to snatch the phone, caused Dean to swerve the car a little.

"Congratulations, Baby brother! Don't cock block. Put the sexy one back on. You're not gonna find me, sweet cheeks. It's been too long since I gave you hell.” Gabriel was enjoying a cake while reading his magazine.

Castiel tossed the phone back. Sam was conflicted with the thought of if he could still talk to the trickster, since Cas knew him.
"Dean, pull over. We'll be like this for a while." Castiel rubbed his face and shook his head as he sat back in the driver’s side passenger seat. "For a while? How long is a while? Who, or what, is the janitor?" The questions would linger on Dean's mind for a while. They'd gone shopping at a few different stores and picked up shoes, bras, panties, and other garments to wear.

They hit the mall. Small as it may have been, it was able to provide all of the items that Dean and Castiel would need for their odd biological shapeshifting. It only took a couple hours of wandering around for the stores to gather the clothing and accessories, Sam holding the bags and laughing almost the entire time. He’d snapped well over twenty pictures of Castiel holding up different confusing articles of clothing against Dean or himself.

Dean was very particular about what he chose to pick up, only going for things that would have purpose while hunting. He put together five different get-ups, making sure to cover each of the usual personas he took on while working undercover on jobs. The only thing he didn’t hold up in plain sight were the underwear he’d chosen to go with.

The biggest complaint from Dean was about how women’s pants rarely had decent pockets. The majority of what he picked up, the pockets were fake and it had him glaring at the stupid faux openings. They forced him to buy the one thing he’d never thought he’d have to: a purse.

The diner that they’d eaten at previously wasn’t half bad, so as everyone got in the impala, that’s where the decided to go. The clothes were all dumped into the back seat with the powerless angel, aside from the stuff they changed into inside of one of the mall bathrooms. Dean was sporting more plaid, some skinny jeans that were almost as stretchy as jeggings, and a white tank top. His long blonde hair was pulled back with a scrunchy sitting in a high ponytail. Castiel wore a white blouse with black silk neck-tie, a black pencil skirt, and his hair down around his shoulders in soft waves.

As they walked into the diner, Dean holding Castiel's hand and Sam currently taking the role of third wheel and shipper brother, the host greeted them with a bazaar smile. "Hello, ladies..." He'd drawn out his syllables as though it were a cat call. "And hello, sir." The drawing out stopped. "Right this way," The lanky looking twenty-something year old guided them through the floor and to a booth at the far wall next to a large window. "I'll be right back with some menus."

The way that the waiter’s eyes wandered over both Dean and Castiel made the older Winchester uncomfortable. Castiel was his, no one else’s. The guy game off rather skevy and it left a horrible taste in Dean’s mouth. He bristled and another wave of emotion washed across Castiel, a reminder of the bond they shared.

Sam, Dean, and Castiel sat in the booth and Sam wasted no time asking the angel about his
connection to the sweet toothed janitor. Coffee and menus were brought by a young red headed woman, the last attendant was still back in the kitchen.

"Gabriel is my much older brother." Castiel stirred sugar and cream in his coffee. This was an enjoyable experience. To share a cup of coffee, feeling apart of the Winchester family, talking about hunting trips while listening to rock music. It was something that the celestial had longed for. Cas reached out and played with Dean's hair with a smile. His hair was softer and much longer than before, which was a gorgeous turn on.

The comment of 'much older brother' caused Dean to cough into his coffee cup and sputter a little bit. How much older is much older? He didn't want to ask this question out loud, but it did strike a thought.

Sam choked on his coffee as well at the words 'older brother'. Was the flirting a ploy to get his guard down? Last night was more than exciting. Gabe and him drank the night away complaining about their fathers, and their fathers fighting with their brothers. They bonded in their mutual pain of seeing a ripped apart family and abandonment.

Castiel explained some more about Gabriel and Sam scratched his head, wondering how he didn't see something fishy about the guy.

"He is the archangel Gabriel. I have no doubt he finds you sexually attractive. We can use this to our advantage." The waiter returned with his flimsy little notebook in hand, eyes immediately traveling over the assumed women at the table. Castiel wanted a breakfast platter with fried ham, eggs, and pancakes. Dean wanted the whole food pyramid, while Sam settled for egg whites and wheat bread. Cas and Dean rolled their eyes in unison. The guy taking their orders was completely ignoring Sam, aside from quickly jotting down what he wanted to eat. It was awkward, and the amount of eye contact and straying to his sister and, well, sister-in-law, was giving off the creeper vibe, hard.

As soon as Cas's exploring fingers found Dean's hair, he shared a grin with the angel. It was comforting to have someone run their hands through his long hair, especially Castiel. One of Dean's hands slipped toward the bound celestial's knee and gave a gentle squeeze.

"If you ladies need me, just scream for Chad." He winked and walked away.

....I think the last woman who screamed his name was during birth. His mother likely trying expel him via exorcism." Cas's face had actual expressions of disgust and Sam and Dean couldn't stop laughing.
"Ok, ok, so our plan is: Sam sucks the whereabouts out of Gabe to find the relics, while we can hopefully find a cure for Cas's binding spell." Dean saw Sam blush and Cas nearly puke at the idea of his big brother having more than just friendly relations with the giant Winchester. They were both his brothers now.

After Dean spoke, gaining a reaction from Sam and Cas, he pounded down the bacon and omelette on his plate in just a few bites. Sam took a more proper approach to eating his food like a civilized human being, placing the egg whites on his toast and taking moderately size bites. At least Dean was still Dean on the inside.

Castiel was experiencing mood swings and saying things he wouldn't have before the bond. Before, he would have left it aside and moved forward with Gabriel, but he felt betrayed. It was a heavy feeling on the heart and it felt like walking through snow uphill, pretending it didn't bother him, but Dean would know. It was difficult to pick and choose what their bond shared.

"I am unable to hear angel radio. This was probably Gabriel's intention. He left me. Left all of us." Cas tried to shove food in his mouth to stop talking, but it was a complicated feeling that stung his eyes and sent tears down his cheeks. Castiel touched his face in confusion.

A sense of sorrow and internal disruption hit Dean in the chest and he looked over at Cas, seeing tears fall. Dean's lips tried to kiss Castiel's tears away, following them as they rolled over the edge and began to tumble down her soft cheeks.

"I can't stop, I'm fine. It will stop." It was a burden that the angel didn’t want to place on Sam. There was no reason to feel guilty for enjoying Gabe's company. Castiel could lie with a straight face, but the side effects of a human soul were surfacing and oozing through cracks in his armor.

Gabe sent a text to Sam with a location and to come alone. Sam informed his temporary sisters as Dean held Cas's hand.

"We will finish our food and Dean and I will research." Cas's tear stained cheeks were getting cleaned up with kisses and hushed comfort my his hunter. Sam finished his plate after Cas had calmed a little, Dean still poured kisses and light caresses over his angel. "We'll figure this out. I promise." Dean whispered in Cas's ear quietly as the the waiter popped up on them again, this time with even less tact than the last. It was inappropriate as usual. The unwelcome scum opened up his dribbling mouth once more, preying on what looked to be an emotional woman.
"Hey babes, you sure know how to handle a load. I can cheer you up, hun. I see you have a key to the local hotel." Chad bit his lip. "I'm partial to blondes though." He had the nerve to touch Dean's shoulder with one of his clammy hands. Cas stood up, grabbing Chad by the back of his neck. The moron smiled and leaned in, but he long kneed the pervert in the gut.

At the touch on his shoulder, Dean's head turned around and his hair whipped with the velocity. His teeth were bared in a menacing snarl and then all was over shortly. Cas had already knocked the wind out of the guy and set him straight. Dean cocked his head to the side and gave the bastard an evil grin. "I don't think you could handle us, douche nozzle."

The Winchester ushered Cas out toward the exit, making sure to push Chad over on their way out. Sam pointed and laughed at the dude on the ground practically gasping for air.

Once they got in the car, heading toward the hotel, Dean started talking Sam through a couple of things. One, to text or call if there's trouble. Since Cas has lost his ability to hear prayer, that wasn't an option.

From Sam's understanding, he was going to face an archangel alone and appeal to his better nature. It didn't sound too bad, obviously Cas saw him as no threat. The issue was Gabe was a huge flirt, and thus, difficult to predict. Sam left to the university and met up with Gabriel.
Chapter Summary

Sam tries to win Dean and Castiel's usual forms back from the trickster angel, Gabriel.

Chapter Notes

This chapter has a couple of sections that flop back and forth between pairs of characters. Each swap is marked with "-".

Chapter 6

"I'm not an asshole. I'll turn them back! That's my baby brother that your brother is banging. What Cas and him did...it's never been done, for obvious reasons.” The blond knocked back some of his root beer and shook his head. “Castiel’s like a comet, screaming by and bursting forth with flame, but anchored to the whim of your very, very impulsive brother. There’s trouble coming for them. A bond cannot be broken, and to right the hierarchy...Heaven may kill our stupid brothers.” Gabriel rolled his eyes heavily at the giant man sitting beside him. There was no way that Sam was going to grasp the severity of what’s happened between Castiel and Dean.

“I bought the relics ‘cause they remind me of home. I'm keeping them and Cas can't have ‘em. He steps foot in Heaven, they will stick him on a spit. But! Till then, wine?” Gabe tapped their glasses together and suddenly the boring lecture hall was decorated in the ‘dinner in Paris’ theme.

Dean and Cas found nothing. Dean had stripped down and was bent over a mirror, head between her legs checking herself out. "Nice," was all she could say.

Cas sauntered over and dragged her hands over the soft freckled skin. Eventually, Dean got bored of holding her own boobs and Cas got tired of Dean holding her boobs too. They decided to grab some pie and test out more of this ‘taste’ thing that Castiel wasn’t quite accustomed to yet.

It was different, walking around town in “lady bodies,” as Dean put it. There were smiles and blushes when people walked by. "OMG,” and “they're so cute,” were among the things that were
whispered in passing. Castiel didn’t really mind, but it got on Dean’s nerves. Each of the hunter’s grumbles were met with a hand squeeze on the angel’s part.

Sam shook his head and held his glass, worry on his face. "If they’re in danger, don't you think restricting Castiel's powers was a bad move? What if something happens while I'm over here and they have no Mojo to use? They should at least have a way to fight." Taking a slow draft from his glass, he watched the golden eyed archangel. "Wouldn't the relics help protect him too? I mean, you do care about him, right? Wouldn't you want him to be safe?" The Winchester may have been probing a little too much, but he couldn't help it. Two people he cared about were possibly being hunted by some of the most powerful beings in the universe. Sure, Gabriel was attractive, confident, and sweet as all get out, but Sam needed information and a way to save his family.

“We could play a game...” the hunter brushed his hair behind his ears and smiled at the short man. “When the game is over, you’ve got to give Cas his powers back. I’ll give you something in return.” His left eyebrow quirked up, trying to hint at something he didn’t want to say. Sam was sure the angel would get the drift.

While Cas and Dean were out and about, Dean wouldn't let go of her angel's hand. With each comment anyone made about them, Dean would gently squeeze on Castiel's hand across the table they sat at as they waited for their order. The hunter looked at the beautiful ancient being and thumbed over the back of her soft and dainty hand until their food arrived.

"Can you read the markings that were left on you?" Dean was referring to the strange etchings that were all over Castiel's body. The symbols were left in black, blue, and purple. The print was too small for the Winchester to make out properly, but Cas might be able to see things more clearly.

Their pie arrived, steaming and with a couple scoops of vanilla ice cream on top. Dean had ordered their apple pie, as they had run out of cherry earlier that day. The smell of the pie caused the blonde's mouth to water heavily, drool almost slipping out, but she caught it.

Gabe was impressed at how well Sam maneuvered around the issue at hand. "I see why you were going to be a lawyer. The reason why is simple: Dean is warded and hidden, Castiel is as well. Once you three drove near my town, I couldn't risk them coming here." Gabriel loved games. He hadn't
had a decent challenge in a while. "You believe I would allow baby brother to get his ass served? Or that I would lose to you? I'm interested..." The archangel had a toothy smile.

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Castiel had moved to the seat Dean was occupying, making it easier to point out the phrases on her body. She curled up next to her hunter taking bites of her first slice of pie before explaining.

"Full disclosure? Some of it is serious... some of it is a joke. It's as if Gabriel wrote a warding, then dropped in quite a few curses, and used some nicknames." Cas traces a piece of script around her wrists. "And the moronic-angel, Castiel, will be unable to teleport and ruin all the fun." She rolled her eyes and looked down at the pie with a sigh.

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Sam shrugged at the compliment and smirked. Nodding at Gabriel's reasoning, he laced his own fingers together and stared into the angel's eyes. "Laser-tag. Can you manifest an arena that changes at random? I don't want you to know exactly what's going to happen, or when. We have to make it fair." He would have suggested paintball, but he didn't want to risk hurting Gabe, even just for a second. He's too cute and tiny.

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Dean's face fell into a frown at the name calling of her angel. "Well, you're not moronic and he can eat a dick. Sammy's gonna come through." *Maybe those two sentences shouldn't have been put together?* Changing the subject, Dean smooshed Cas on the cheek and sat her head on her partner's shoulder. "How's your pie?"

Dean walked a hand up Castiel's arm with her fingers and booped her nose, trying to win a smile.

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"Honey, I'm an archangel. There's nothing *fair* about it. Kiss for your luck?" Gabe gave a wink and gave Sam a small smoosh on his lips. Of course, he had to strain to reach, but he was soft and tasted like sugar. The kiss was a peck, Gabe didn't wanna push it. In the fraction of a second it took for Gabriel to break the kiss, a laser-tag arena manifested itself around them. Dips in the floor, mirrors, lights, and fog; Gabe did the whole nine yards.
A voice came from above, identical to the archangel’s unmistakable melody.

"Today in ring we have Gabriel, messenger of the big G-O-D, standing at a precious 5'8". His message 'Your ass is grass, Winchester, and I'm gonna mow it!'" Gabe had all black tactical gear and black makeup under his eyes.

"We have Goliath himself, towering like Babel itself at 6'4", just-take-my-body the smart and sensitive type, Sam Winchester!!" Sam too was in black tactical gear when. The lights dimmed and a counter began.

"Would taste better on you." Cas took a cut of pie and her face went red. She hid her smile in the crook if Dean's neck. Castiel was curious what Sam was doing, hopefully nothing too serious. Gabriel always has something up his sleeve.

Sam knew deep down that he was going to lose, but if he could get on Gabriel's good side and maybe impress him, things would go well. He'd already stated that he meant no harm to Dean and Cas, just wanted to cause a little madness for the moment. The big guy might as well enjoy this while it lasted.

With the sweetest kiss that had ever been given to him lingering on his lips, the scenery changed to the most amazing laser tag arena Sam ever had the pleasure of witnessing. He even found himself in a badass suit that fit perfectly. Listening to the announcer, the Winchester chuckled and shouted loudly to Gabriel, "Come get some, Fly-Boy!" His heart pounded with excitement as he ran counter clockwise toward the back barriers in an attempt to get behind Gabe, and it was on.

Dean's face turned equally as red at Castiel's remark, then she whispered in the angel’s ear, "There's only one way to find out, isn’t there?" The blonde planted kisses on the side of her angel's head and then took a bite of her own pie and ice cream combo. "Hmmm, now I kinda wanna get this to-go." Dean's wicked grin crept up again as the thought of all the things they could do with pie flashed before her.
This is why baby brother hangs with the Winchesters. Gabe had his soldier skills, but was going easy on the human. It was exciting and occasionally new obstacles would show up. Surprise pudding trench, feathers, and swinging barriers. For an angel, this guy knew how to have fun. Sam fell into pudding, feathers, got hit by a couple of things on tethers, and was even thrown ejector seat style by a spring tile on the floor.

After a few good hits and rounds, Gabriel flew at Sam. Out of nowhere, the Moose was tackled to the ground by the archangel himself. The smaller of the two straddled the Winchester and had at triumphant grin cast across his smug little face. They were tied and the gun was pointed right at the sensor on Sam’s chest.

Too bad Sam liked competition.

The lights in the room turned red and the announcer declared Sam as the winner.

"The fuck??" Sam had snuck a shot during the straddle and sexual tension.

"Good game..." The arena disappeared and Cas had his powers returned. Gabriel was gonna keep his brother as a sister for the full 24 hours.

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Cas and Dean returned to the motel and opened the crap-top, Sam’s laptop that’d recently had a couple pixels go out. After some technical difficulties they Skyped Bobby.

"Who in the hell are you??" Bobby was tore up, he didn't want to admit it, but he got drunk and the damned thing got away and has been a plague on the house.

As the alarms sounded and he won, a grin swept over the burnett's facial features and he chuckled. "Yeah, great game. We should-" He didn't finish his words, instead pulled the man on top of him into a kiss that lasted quite a bit longer than the peck before the match started. The sugary rush that came with Gabriel's lips captured the Winchester. He broke off a moment later to finish his sentence, "do that again some time..." Sam's heart was in his throat, but his gaze didn't waver.
Dean watched Bobby in his drunken state and then saw Crowley in the background, trying to hang up a large painting to create better ‘feng shui’. The demon got it hanging, barely, and then walked up behind Bobby, looking at the screen of his computer out of curiosity. "Oh, did you order strippers? Goodie!" He took a closer look and muttered,"Bloody hell... Robert, I think that blonde one is your boy with the bow legs! That means." He took a look at Cas and laughed so hard a few tears rolled down his cheeks. "Wings! Is that you?!"

Dean rolled his eyes at the demon and directed his attention to the drunk redneck, feeling sorry for him as Crowley seemed to be doing whatever he wanted in the man's home. "Jesus, Bobby. It's Dean. What the hell happened?"

The taller man tasted divine from the chocolate pudding dunk he’d taken. This felt better than any illusion Gabriel had made, it was real and exciting, with challenges. For far too long, the blond had half assed his relationships, trying to make up for the loss of his family and friends. Pawing at Sam’s face, Gabriel deepened the kiss and pressed himself close to the larger man. He felt like a lap dog with how much space this guy took up.

Sam wanting to see the candy-craving angel again only made the blond’s speech speed up. "Very, very soon... like now soon -- I mean just shoot me a prayer anytime." Gabriel's hair hung in his face while looking down at Sam. Both had pink swollen lips and blown out pupils. This made Gabe's heart pound harder than any of the energy drinks he’d consumed in his life on Earth. The sound of "Sugar Sugar" by the Archies began playing during their eye contact.

Castiel felt the warmth of his grace being released while they were talking. Sam was half successful. With a blink, he and Dean were behind Crowley and the angel was holding the squat man by the scruff of his neck. The house was beautiful, redone walls, art, and books organized by mythology.

"Rude!" Crowley belted suddenly as he was held in place none too gently by the angel.

"Put the ankle biter down." Bobby stood up. He was exhausted from the redecorating and endless talking. Castiel put Crowley down and was taller than both of Dean and the King while in heels.
This wasn’t the worst development she’d experienced. As soon as the old hunter spoke up on his behalf, the demon half grinned and walked over to him. A soft,”Thank you, Robert,”could be heard as the demon stood beside the homeowner.

It was apparent during Bobby’s bender that Crowley was a lonely man in power. His minions were demons who were waiting for a sign of weakness to overthrow him. Of course, Crowley was crafty and selfish, but right now they held nothing for him, but perhaps someone to talk to.

"I have been female before, just not under the craft of my brother.” Castiel hung up her trenchcoat and Crowley stood in shock. It was obvious now that there was a piece of grace within Dean.

"Brother?” Bobby set his beer down on a coaster, taking care not to ruin the nice cherry wood table Crowley had acquired. *Can’t be mad, son ova bitch has great taste* and his house smelled like cologne. He wouldn’t admit to it, but he missed a decorative touch. His wife was the one to doll up the house, and watching Crowley strut like a rooster around the place was the most socialization he has in years.


While their eyes were locked, Sam lost pretty much all ability to speak in any language coherently for a solid 15 seconds. He had been trying to say that'd he'd gladly pray to Gabe, but it came out as,”I-I, yeah. Mmm prayer, yes. Um, good.” He blushed profusely and his eyes grew even wider as he fumbled over himself. It had been a long time since someone had made him feel this way, even longer for that someone to have been a guy. Sam settled for swinging his feet to the beat of the music and brushing the angel's hair from his face with a giant hand, sweeping it behind his ear as best he could.


Something was off in the room and Crowley looked over at Dean slowly, finally realizing what the two had done.

The eye-contact caused the Winchester to look over at the King of Hell. Dean let out a shriek as she looked at Crowley, his face had become distorted and hideous. It was as though something had thrown acid on his face, rubbed it into the ground, and dug it up 30 years later.

"Yeah, Cas's brother. What the *friggin' hell* is up with Crypt Keeper over there!?” It was the first
time that Dean could see the demon's true form, and it certainly wouldn't be the last. She grimaced and moved closer to her angel, wondering if she saw the same thing.

"That's how they all look. To be frank, Crowley is the least disgusting one so far, but that is like comparing rotten apples to corpses." The angel sat down and, since Castiel was on the food exploration train, she took a sip of beer which caused to her gag. No, definitely not. Gabriel was right, sugar is the best.

Crowley wasn't sure whether to take Castiel's words as a compliment, or an insult. Either way, those were two things most people didn't want to have anything to do with and it made him scrunch his nose.

The lights went dark to set the mood and Gabe pulled Sam by the waist. "Let's go find our sisters." He gave a wink. They arrived at a redecorated and renovated home that incorporated protection spells into the art. Fashionable and functional.

"Cute, quaint...infested." Gabriel raised an eyebrow at Crowley. "Glad you enjoy my work." The King of Hell muttered at the angel that just happened to fly into the room unannounced and insult his presence.

Castiel panicked and picked Dean up from behind, who saw red at the sight of Gabriel who was wiggling his eyebrows in a taunt.

"Hey, Deanna. Baby sister. AW, that time of the month, Deanna?" He chuckled. The appearance of Gabriel had Dean fuming, causing her to flail around and try as hard as she could to punch his lights out. It was to no avail, as Cas had an extremely strong grip around her midsection. "I'LL SHOW YOU TIME OF THE MONTH! LET ME DOWN!"

Sam moved in front of Gabe to try and shield him just in case Dean happened to break free of Castiel's grip. The joke he played was pretty funny and it hadn't hurt anyone, just Dean's pride about certain areas of his body.

"I just want some damn quiet!" Bobby rubbed his temples, Crowley of course loved to push the boundary and rubbed the old man’s shoulders.
"You're making me more tense." He grumbled, it's how Bobby pretended he didn't like it. The protest from Bobby over the shoulder rubbing got a kiss to the back of his head and a final squeeze before Crowley let his hands down. "I have plenty of ways to make you tense, darling."

"I think we all make the populous of gay men in Kansas just in this room." Gabe was smiling ear to ear. "...it's good to have you back brother." Castiel was still holding Dean back who was panting after his fit.

With the snap of fingers, the sharp sound of ripping cloth was heard and everyone's eyes shot to Dean and Cas. The sweaty Winchester in Castiel's arms stopped fighting, and grumbled as the shirts buttons popped right off, the sleeve seams tore apart, his feet were suddenly cramped, and the jeans he was wearing felt like they were cutting off circulation to everything below his waist.

To Castiel, it was a satisfying feeling being freed from suffocating clothes and a brasserie. The conflicting choice of a female human vessel is the requirement to use extra undergarments to keep breasts in place for battle. Castiel removed the torn white shirt and a black pencil skirt. The black garters and lacy underwear fit comfortably. Dean's form was exposed, sculpted like a valley and skin smooth as whiskey. The eyes in the room were wondering at the scratched, bites and hand shaped bruise. It was obvious Dean adored them otherwise Cas would have healed them and begged for mercy for hurting his mate.

Castiel redressed them back to normal with a soft snap. From memory, Cas knew Dean enjoyed the soft hug of lace on his intimate area, therefore they remained.

"Christ all mighty, kid! I didn't need to see your honeymoon scars!" Bobby covered his eyes and swatted at Crowley.

"What are you still doing here? I don't sleep with men and I don't sleep with demons. I don't sleep with anyone, but my bottle of scotch!" Bobby poured himself some good aged Scotch Crowley brought. He did have his perks, just not going to play these games in front of his boys. They kissed the night before while he was sober, Crowley is handsy, which Bobby enjoyed a forward and demanding quality in his women. His massage was exactly what he needed, even if a snarky demon will make comments on his sexuality the whole time.

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