Acupuncure Rocks
by NavajoLovesDestiel

Summary

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“What the fuck, Benny? What happened?” Dean tried to stand up but it wasn’t happening.

“Dude, there was a big ass spider in the engine!”

Dean would have slapped Benny if he could only stand upright.

“You made me throw out my back over a spider? Jesus fuck, Benny, I can’t stand up and you are screaming like a little girl over a fucking spider.”
Chapter 1

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Benny walked over to where Dean was bent over, with one hand on the small of his back.

“Cher, it was a big spider. But hey, I’m sorry, brother. Is there anything I can do?”

Dean still wanted to punch him, but he was in way too much pain. “Get me some ibuprofen. Maybe that’ll help.”

He struggled over to sit down. That made a spike of pain shoot up his back that took his breath away.

Benny brought back four pills and a glass of water. Dean downed them and decided to try and wait out the pain killers.

An hour later it wasn’t any better.

“Fuck! What am I going to do? I can’t afford a big ass doctor bill right now.”

Bobby had wandered out to see what was going on. He looked at Dean sympathetically.

“I know a good acupuncturist. Went to him for my bum knee and it really helped. Hold on, I’ll go find his phone number.”

Dean didn’t like the sound of that. He wasn’t particularly fond of needles. But if the guy had helped Bobby, then he guessed he could give it a try.

“I can’t believe you went to an acupuncturist. Isn’t that a little new-agey for you, old man?”

Bobby scowled as he handed Dean a card with the information on it.

“Shut your mouth. He helped and he didn’t cost me an arm and a leg. Just go, or you’re gonna be off for a couple weeks and I can’t spare you.”

Dean grabbed the card, and got out his phone. He called the number and a man answered.

“This is Dr. Novak. How may I help you?”

The voice sounded like the guy gargled gravel and it sent a little shiver down Dean.

“Uh yeah, my name is Dean Winchester. Bobby Singer recommended you. I did something to my
back.”

The man hesitated. “I don’t normally see people on Wednesday afternoons, but it sounds like you have an emergency. How soon can you get here?”

Dean thought a moment. Normally, he could make it to the address on the card in about ten minutes, but given the shape he was in, he said, “Give me about twenty minutes. That okay?”

“It will be fine. I’ll be waiting for you.”

Dean struggled to his car, ignoring Benny’s offer to drive him.

“I can drive myself! Besides, you need to stay here and work on that Mustang for me, since you’re the reason I’m hurt.”

Benny had the decency to look ashamed, at least. Dean had to sit in the car for a couple of minutes and let the pain settle before he started the car.

He was thanking his lucky stars that his car was an automatic. He honestly didn’t think he could handle a stick right now, if it meant having to lift both feet at the same time.

He got to the address and turned the car off. He had to take a deep breath. He opened the door and swung his legs out with a groan. He had to sit a minute more to let the white flash of pain pass. Then he grabbed on to the door and the windshield and hauled himself to his feet. He still couldn’t stand up straight, so he just shuffled to the door and opened it.

He waited for a moment, and then a set of feet wearing what looked like some kind of track shoes came into view.

“Mr. Winchester? My, you are in some pain, aren’t you?”

Dean could tell by that gravel voice it was Dr. Novak.

“Uh yeah. I must of pulled something.”

“Well, let me help you. We’ll go to a treatment room.”

The khaki pants came closer and Dean felt a hand on his arm. He let the doctor lead him to a room.

“You’ll have to take your clothes off and put on a gown. Do you need help with that?”

Dean really wanted the help but he was way too proud and stubborn to say that.

“Nah, just give me a couple of minutes.”

“As you wish. I’ll be right outside if you do need anything, just call me when you’re ready.”

Dean heard the door shut. He sat down on a chair and took off his boots. He left his socks on. Then he stood up with a groan and undid his jeans and just let them fall.

He sat back down and lifted each foot and finally was out of the pants. He sighed and reached to take off his T shirt and got a bad twinge. He had to catch his breath and then yank it off. He reached for the gown that was laying on the exam table and pulled it on.

“I’m ready, Doc.”
The door opened and the track shoes and khaki pants reappeared.

“Okay, Mr. Winchester, let’s get you up on the table.” He grabbed Dean under the arm and pulled him to his feet.

“Oh. I meant that you would need to take all your clothes off. That includes your boxers. Let me help with that.”

Before Dean could say a word, Dr. Gravel-Voice had his boxers around his ankles. He stepped out of them and shuffled to the table.

“Just sit there for a moment and collect yourself. When you feel ready, lay down on your stomach. I have a pillow for under your hips, which should make you more comfortable.”

Dean sat and then made a supreme effort to lay down, allowing the doctor to slide a pillow under his hips. It was the first time since he’d hurt his back that he felt like he could breathe.

“How is that?”

Dean turned his head and got his first look at Dr. Novak. He sucked in a breath.

The fucking doctor was gorgeous. He was every jack-off fantasy Dean had ever had.

“Uh… um… it’s fine. Uh… thanks.”

Smooth, Winchester. He probably thinks you’re a babbling idiot.

“That’s good. Now, here is what’s going to happen.” The doctor got a tiny needle and showed it to Dean. “This is the acupuncture needle I use. You won’t even be able to feel it. If you experience any discomfort, let me know.”

Other than the discomfort of you sticking needles in my bare ass?

“I’m okay, go ahead.” Dean steeled himself for the first jab, but he waited and never felt a thing.
Chapter 2

The doctor ran his hand soothingly over Dean’s back and it gave Dean shivers.
Do not pop a boner here… do not pop a boner here…
“I’m sorry, are you too cold?”
Dean blushed and was thankful the doc couldn’t see his face.
“No, thanks, I’m fine.”
He laid there, aware that the doc was doing something but he couldn’t feel anything.
“You drink too much alcohol and don’t eat very well.”
Dean was shocked. “How do you know that?”
Dr. Novak sighed. “Your chakras. They are in terrible shape. All except for your root chakra, which is fine.”
Dean didn’t have clue what the doc was talking about.
“My root chatka? What?”
“Chak-ra. It’s pronounced Chak-ra. They are the points of energy that run up your spine from your anus to your head.”
Dean rolled his eyes. The guy may be drop-dead gorgeous but he was also a nut.
“Yeah, okay, whatever.”
The doctor stepped back. “I’m done inserting the needles. Now we need to allow them to do their work for approximately twenty minutes. I can leave you alone if you prefer, or we could chat.
Dean quickly said he’d rather chat. Not only was twenty minutes a long time to be left to his own thoughts, but it offered a chance to get to know the doc better.
Novak sat in a chair where Dean could see him.
“You know, since you’ve seen my naked ass, I think you could call me Dean.”
The doc chuckled. “I suppose I could, and you can call me Cas. I never stand on formalities if I can get around it.”
“Is ‘Cas’ short for something?”
Cas smiled. “My name is Castiel. My mother had a thing for angels and she named each of us after one.”
Dean smiled. “How many Novaks are there?”
“Including me, eight.”
Dean whistled. “That’s a big family. I’ve just got my younger brother.”
“Are you close?”
Dean grinned. “Yeah, we are. Since it’s just the two of us, we’re pretty damn tight.”
Cas frowned. “I’m sorry about your parents, then.”
“It’s okay. My mom died in a fire when I was four. My dad had a hard time with it, and he started to drink. Killed in a car crash about eight years ago.”
Cas shook his head. “That’s all very tragic.”
Dean sighed. “Yeah, I guess, but I’ve dealt with it.”
Dean suddenly became aware that his back felt a lot better.
“Wow, Cas, this acupuncture shit really works. I’m feeling a lot better.”
Cas scrunched up his nose in a way that Dean found very endearing.
“This shit, as you put it, has been used for thousands of years. But I’m happy to hear your pain is lessened. I still think you’ll need a few more sessions before the problem is completely gone.”
Dean blushed and this time, Cas saw it.
“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean anything by that. I guess I’m just not the type you can dress up and take out.”
Cas chuckled at that. “Oh, I think you’d dress up very nicely.”
And this time, Cas blushed.
They stared at each other for a few moments, then Cas stood up.
“It’s time to take the needles out.”
He walked around the table, and when he was done, he said, “Now sit up slowly. Some people get dizzy and we don’t want you to fall and undo all our progress.”
Dean sat up on the edge of the table. His back was still sore but he didn’t have the pain he’d come in with. He tried an experimental twist and there was no pain.
“Damn, Cas. I’m impressed! I feel a lot better.”
Cas sat down in front of him. “I’m happy to hear that, but you’re still going to need to take it easy for a couple of days. I strongly suggest you take two days off from work. Go home and lie down with a pillow under your knees. I’ll need to see you back in here tomorrow.”
Dean nodded. “Okay, Cas. What time?”
Cas stood up and went to look at his schedule. “How about four-thirty? You can be my last appointment of the day.”
Dean grinned. “Works for me. Can I get dressed now?”
Cas smiled. “Yes. You get dressed and I’ll wait out here.”
Dean dressed in a hurry, just happy that he could pull on his pants with no real pain. When he was, he walked out into the waiting room.
Cas was waiting with a paper in his hand. As he handed it to Dean, he explained that these were the instructions for Dean to follow until he came back tomorrow. Dean took them, and smiled.
“Thanks, Cas. See you tomorrow.”
He looked over the sheet in the car. It basically said the same things Cas had told him, lie down a lot, put a pillow under his knees, use a heating pad if it hurt too much, no lifting or bending. But at the bottom, it read: ‘Abstain from sexual activity until I say it’s okay to do so.’
Dean grinned. “Is that a flirtation, Doc?”
When Dean got home, he changed into sweats and an old shirt. He grabbed the remote and a pillow, laying down on the couch. He tried to watch some Dr. Sexy, but his mind kept wandering back to Cas.
He jumped when his phone rang.
“So how did it go?” Bobby sounded as gruff as ever.
“Pretty good. He did say I should take a couple of days off.”
Bobby sighed. “I figured as much. Do what he says, boy, so you can get back to work.”
Dean assured him that he was following Dr. Novak’s suggestions to the letter, and they hung up.
Dean ordered a pizza and had a couple of beers with it. He watched some old movie, and almost fell asleep.
He got up and went to bed. He laid in the dark, thinking about Cas. He wanted to jack off, but he didn’t. After all, Cas told him not to.
He slept peacefully all night.
When he woke up, he was stiff and hurting. He groaned and sat on the edge of the bed.
“Fuck. I thought I’d be better today.”
He had a bowl of cereal and they laid back down on the couch with a pillow under his knees and a heating pad under his ass.
He watched TV until it was time to get ready to go back to Cas. He took a shower, letting the hot water hit his sore back, then chose his clothes carefully. He didn’t think about the fact that he wanted Cas to see him at his best.
“That’s what you do when you have an appointment, right? You wear something nice.
When Dean walked into the office, there was a blonde woman gushing over Cas. She was touching his arm and Cas looked acutely uncomfortable.

“Oh Dr. Novak, you are just a miracle worker! No one has ever been able to cure my migraines but you. You gave me my life back! You’re a miracle worker!”

Cas gently took her hand off his arm and let it fall.

“Yes, Yes, Miss Rosen. I’m glad I could be of help. See you next Thursday.”

He looked at Dean and smiled. “Hello Dean.”

The woman looked between Dean and Cas. She smiled and batted her eyelashes at Cas, then turned and left.

“Uh, wow, Cas, your patients sure do like you.”

Cas sighed. “Some a bit too much.” Cas shook his head and Dean grinned.

“So how are you today, Dean? Standing upright, I see.”

Dean nodded. “I was stiff and in pain when I woke up, but I did like you told me and it loosened up a lot.”

“Wonderful. Go on in the treatment room and strip. Put on a gown and I’ll be in directly.”

Dean took off everything this time. He grabbed the gown and put it on, then sat on the table. Cas knocked and entered when Dean said, “Yeah, I’m ready.”

Cas walked in smiling, and Dean felt a flutter in his stomach. Cas was even more handsome than Dean remembered.

“On your stomach, please.” Cas slid a pillow under Dean’s hips.

Cas began to feel down Dean’s back with his fingers. Dean bit back a moan.

Cas poked and prodded, hitting a few spots that made Dean say, “Ow!”

Cas would apologize and then continue. When he had his fingers poking into Dean’s ass, Dean couldn’t resist a wiggle.

“Does that hurt?”

Dean was blushing. “Uh, yeah, a little.”

Cas hummed thoughtfully. “I’ll get the needles.”

Dean heard Cas leave the room but he was back in moments. He began to walk around Dean, and Dean assumed he was inserting the needles. He was just grateful he couldn’t feel them.

Cas finished and walked to where Dean could see him.

“I’d really like to try opening your chakras. Would that be okay?”
Dean nodded. “Sure. Cas, whatever you say.”

Cas smiled and left the room again. When he returned, he had a basket full of rocks and crystals.

“Getting pretty new age on me now, huh?”

Cas smiled. “I suppose you could say that, but these methods have also been done for centuries in the East.”

Cas began to put the crystals and rocks down Dean’s spine. The last one was very close to Dean’s ass crack.

Then Cas was doing something with his hands. Dean couldn’t see what was happening, but he began to feel warmth running down his spine. He felt tingling and the warmth spread out. But when it reached the stone near his ass, he got suddenly erect. Painfully so.

“What the f…!”

Cas jumped back. “Oh I’m sorry, is this causing you discomfort?”

Dean took a deep breath. “Uh, not exactly discomfort, no…”

Cas chuckled. “I’m sorry. It does have that effect on some people. Men, exclusively. Uh, gay men, mostly. I’ll stop and the, uh, effects will stop.”

Dean had been outed by a rock? He was amused and mortified at the same time.

“Uh, you don’t have to stop, Cas. It just took me by surprise is all.”

Cas smiled and put a hand on Dean’s shoulder. “It’s okay, Dean, I’m done anyway.”

Dean laid there while Cas removed both the stones and the needles.

“Sit up slowly, please. You might feel dizzy.”

Dean sat up and the world tilted. He almost fell off the table, and if it hadn’t been for Cas, he would have.

Cas put a hand on Dean’s shoulder and guided Dean back down.

“Lay there for a bit. You had a strong reaction.”

Dean was very aware of the tent he was making in the gown, but Cas looked him in the eyes and they never once strayed down.

Dean laid there, feeling like he was floating. He had no idea what had happened or why he was feeling like this, but he decided to just roll with it. It was sort of like being high after smoking too much weed and he didn’t exactly mind the feeling.

Cas came back and Dean tried to sit up again. He wobbled pitifully.

“I don’t think you’re in any shape to drive, Dean. Is there someone I can call to pick you up?”

Dean heard Cas speaking but he sounded far away.

“Uh no… nobody I’d trust with my car anyway.”
Cas sighed. “Perhaps I should drive you home. I can call my brother to pick me up after I get you settled.”

Dean liked that idea… no he really loved that idea! “Yeah… yeah, I think that would work, Cas.”

“Stay here for a minute while I close things up and we’ll get you dressed.”

Dean sat there, waiting for Cas to return. He noticed his erection was finally flagging and that made him sigh in relief. He couldn’t figure out how he was going to get that thing in his pants otherwise.

Cas came back in and grabbed Dean’s clothes. He put Dean’s boxers and pants over his feet, then helped him to stand. Dean swayed and Cas held his arm firmly.

Dean pulled up his boxers and pants under the gown, and Cas took the gown off.

Dean started to giggle.

“What’s so funny?” Cas was staring at him with a quizzical look.

“You’re dressing me. Isn’t that funny? Mom…”

Cas tilted his head and squinted and Dean thought it was the cutest thing he’d ever seen.

“I am decidedly not your mother, Dean.”

Dean just giggled more.

Finally he was fully dressed and Cas had the keys to his car. Cas led him out to the car and got him into the rider’s seat.

When Cas started the car, he looked at Dean. “Where do you live?”

Dean had to think a minute. Finally he remembered his address and told Cas.
Cas drove to Dean’s house, got the front door unlocked and got Dean inside. He walked Dean to the couch and laid him down. He found a pillow and put it under Dean’s knees.

“You need to eat something. I’ll go look and see what I can fix for you.”

Dean grinned a stupid grin. “Thanks, mom!”

Cas walked towards the kitchen, grumbling under his breath.

Dean lay on the couch listening to Cas rooting around in the kitchen.

“You don’t have one healthy thing here, Dean!”

Dean just giggled and said, “I know, mom, I know,” under his breath.

Cas finally came back carrying a cup of soup. “This was the best I could do. Really, Dean, your eating habits are appalling.”

Dean scooted up and took a sip of the soup.

He stared at Cas. “You’re so beautiful, Cas.”

Cas blushed. “You’re just high, Dean. You had a very strong reaction to having your chakras opened.”

Dean took another sip. “Doesn’t change the fact that you’re beautiful. You are the most beautiful man I’ve ever seen.”

Cas looked at Dean for a moment. “You’re very handsome as well, Dean.”

Dean grinned from ear to ear. “Wanna take you out, Cas. On a date.”

Cas shook his head. “That would not be appropriate. It would be completely unethical for me to date a patient.”

Dean tipped up his cup and drained it. “Guess I’ll just have to fire you then.”

Cas frowned. “Dean… shut up. Let me get you into bed and then I’m leaving.”

Dean wiggled his eyebrows. Cas sighed.

When Dean was in bed, wearing his boxers with a pillow under his knees, Cas called his brother to pick him up. Dean was already nodding off, so Cas went out front to wait for Gabriel to pick him up. He had left a note on Dean’s bedside table telling him to come in the next day at 4:30 for another session.

Gabe pulled up and Cas got in the car.

Gabriel grinned at him. “So, just helping out a patient, were you?”

Cas frowned. “Yes, Gabe. That’s all I was doing.”
Gabriel chuckled. “So let’s see… this place is about fifteen minutes from your office. You close at five. Even given bad traffic, you would have been here by five thirty. It’s currently…” Gabriel glanced at his watch, “eight forty five. That’s a lot of help, Cassie.”

Cas frowned even deeper. “Shut up. He was very disoriented. I fed him some soup and put him to bed.”

Gabriel laughed. “I bet you did, bro-o-mine, I just bet you did.”

Cas refused to speak the rest of the way to his house.

Dean woke up slowly. He had no memory of how he’d gotten home or to bed. He sat on the edge of the bed and thought hard.

It all came rushing back. He’d flirted with Cas. Hard. Told him he was going to fire him. Fuck.

He saw the note on his bedside table and read it. Sighing, he knew he had to go.

He got in the shower. He really felt good. Better than he had in years, he realized. Maybe there was something to this chakra crap after all.

He looked around for something to eat, realizing that everything he had in his kitchen was basically just crap. He scowled, thinking of Cas looking around. No wonder Cas had made that crack about not having anything healthy. He decided he needed to go shopping. Maybe tomorrow.

And his back didn’t hurt a bit. Maybe he could fire Cas after all.

He talked to his brother on the phone, assuring Sam that his back was all better and agreeing to get together soon.

He watched a couple of episodes he had taped of Dr. Sexy and before he knew it, it was time to get ready for his appointment.

This time when he walked in, there was a tall, thin man talking to Cas in a British accent.

“Oh Cassie, you really are a miracle worker, darling. I don’t know what I would do without you.”

Dean felt a twinge of jealousy, watching the way the man was fawning over Cas and touching Cas’ arm.

Cas smiled. “Oh stop it, Balthazar. Just be more careful next time.”

_Balthazar_? Who the fuck would name their kid Balthazar?

The guy turned and smiled at Dean. “Oh! Your next patient is here. I’ll take my leave then.”

Dean tried to smile at the guy but he knew it came off as more of a grimace.

The guy breezed past Dean, and came a little too close for comfort.

When they were alone, Dean rubbed the back of his neck.

“Uh, that guy was really into you…”
Cas waved a hand. “Oh, Balthazar is just an old friend. He’s always like that.”

Dean looked at the carpet. “Look, Cas, about last night…”

Cas interrupted. “Don’t give it a second thought, Dean. You were high on endorphins and I understand.”

Dean looked at Cas. “I remember everything I said, and I wasn’t just high. My back is all better and I do want to fire you.”

Cas’ mouth fell open, and he quickly shut it. “Oh… well, okay, Dean…”

“Hear me out, Cas. I may be wildly out of bounds here, but I’m sure hoping I’m not. I want to take you out on a date, Cas.”

Cas’ eyes got big. “You do?”

Dean smiled. “Yeah, I really do. Will you let me take you to dinner?”

Cas looked very shy and Dean felt his face get warm.

“I would love to go on a date with you.”

Dean was grinning like a fool. “How about tonight? We could grab a bite to eat.”

Cas smiled. “I’d love a bite to eat. Why don’t you come back here at five thirty and pick me up?”

Dean felt like he’d just won the lottery. “Okay! I’ll be back at five thirty. Thanks, Cas.”

He left and sat in his car. He wasn’t sure what kind of food Cas ate, but he was pretty sure it wasn’t cheeseburgers. He was going to have to do some online searching for a better restaurant. He drove home and got right on that.

He changed his clothes and had a nice restaurant picked out. He felt almost giddy. He tried to reel it in, telling himself he was acting like he was in a rom com but it really didn’t work. He was still grinning like a fool when he got back to Cas’ office.
Chapter 5

Cas had left the door unlocked so Dean walked in.

“Cas? I’m here.”

He listened intently for a moment, then heard a door shut. Cas came out and smiled at him.

Dean smiled back. “Ready?”

Cas nodded and they left. Cas locked the door behind him and they walked to Dean’s car.

“I didn’t get a chance to tell you, but your car is beautiful. It’s an Impala, is it not?”

Dean beamed, “A ’67. And if you like my baby here, then you just went up ten points with me.”

Dean drove them to the restaurant he’d picked out. It was Italian, and claimed to have a healthy menu.

Cas seemed really impressed. “Wow, Dean, I didn’t expect anything like this.”

Dean grinned. “What? I can be civilized when I try.”

Cas chuckled and let Dean guide him inside with a hand to the small of his back.

Dean’s hand felt very warm when it touched Cas.

They were seated and Cas ordered a sparkling water. Dean decided not to push it, so he ordered one too. He really wanted a beer, but he remembered what Cas had said about him drinking too much.

They looked over their menus. Cas said he was getting the vegetable lasagna. Dean decided on the meat lasagna, hoping he wouldn’t get a frown out of Cas.

Cas didn’t frown and they made their orders and sipped their waters.

“So, how did you become an acupuncturist, Cas?”

Cas sat his glass down. “I was going to become a medical doctor. I actually am a medical doctor. But the more I advanced, the more I could see that a lot of practicing medicine was just pushing people into taking pills that really didn’t cure anything. They just made money for the physician and the pharmaceutical companies. I wanted to do more than that. So after I got my degree, I moved to England for three years and studied homeopathic medicine and acupuncture. Then I moved back to the states and opened up my office.”

Dean listened, in awe. “Wow. You’ve done so much with your life. You help people. All I do is fix their cars.”

Cas frowned. “Don’t put yourself down, Dean. People need transportation too. I admire anyone who can work with their hands. I don’t understand how cars work at all.”

Dean grinned. “Oh, I’m very good with my hands, Cas.”

Cas blushed and looked away.
The meal was delicious and they had coffee after they were done. They chatted about a variety of subjects, and found many things they had in common.

Dean paid the bill and they got up to leave. Dean escorted Cas back to the car.

“Well, I need to take you home, I guess. Now if I only knew where that was…”

Cas chuckled and gave Dean his address. They were silent on the drive, each lost in their own thoughts.

When Dean parked outside of Cas’ house, they sat for a moment.

“Would you like to come in for a cup of decaf, Dean?”

Dean said quietly, “Yeah. I’d like that.”

When they got inside, Dean looked around. It was a very homey living room, very comfortable, very Cas.

“Sit. I’ll go get the coffee started.” Cas walked in the direction of the kitchen.

Dean walked around, looking at the books on the bookshelf and at the photos that hung on the wall. There was one that obviously was Cas’ entire family, everyone looking strained and uncomfortable. But most were of him and a short guy and they were both smiling. Dean assumed it was Cas’ brother. There was one of Cas in a cap and gown holding up his diploma.

Dean made his way back to the couch and sat down.

Cas came out with two mugs and sat one down in front of Dean, then sat down next to him and put his own mug on the table.

Dean took a sip and sat his mug back down. He turned and Cas was looking at him very intently.

“May I kiss you, Dean?”

Dean smiled. “I’d like that a lot.”

Cas scooted over closer to him and leaned over. His lips just brushed over Dean’s for a moment, then he pressed his lips to Dean’s.

Dean leaned into the kiss, and felt Cas’ tongue run across the seam of his lips. He opened for it and Cas’ tongue ran over his.

Dean moaned a little and played tongue-tag with Cas. Dean felt the kiss all the way to his toes.

Cas broke away, slightly breathless.

They sat and looked at each other for a moment, then Cas turned away and took a sip of his coffee.

“I’ve been thinking about kissing you since you first walked into my office.”

Dean grinned. “I’ve been thinking about it since I first walked in.”

Cas chuckled. “I highly doubt that. All you could see was my feet when you first walked in.”

“You have very sexy feet, Cas.”
They both laughed.

Dean finished his coffee. “I think I should go.”

Cas nodded. “All right, Dean.”

“When can I see you again?”

Cas smiled. He thought for a minute

“You could come here for dinner tomorrow. I’m assuming you don’t have to be back to work until Monday?”

Dean beamed. “You assume correctly, and I’d love to come to dinner!”

Cas beamed at him. “Say, seven?”

“I’ll be here!” Dean stood up and Cas followed him to the door.

Dean turned and looked at Cas with his eyes sparkling.

“Cas? Thanks.” He gave Cas a quick peck on the lips and went to his car. He sat for a moment with a big grin on his face.

The grin lasted all the way home. He lay in bed that night, thinking about what it had been like to kiss Cas, how soft his lips were and how much he wished he could kiss Cas more.

And if he wanted other things to happen, well that was just icing on the cake.

He slept better than he had in a long time, and all his dreams were about Cas.
Chapter 6

Dean spent the day doing what he normally would. He washed some clothes, cleaned the kitchen, went shopping for food (and if he was a little more careful to read the nutritional labels, he blamed that on Cas) and he tried to act as if he wasn’t excited.

Sam caught a hint of it when they talked on the phone. Dean admitted to having a date that night but wouldn’t say another thing about it, much to Sam’s frustration.

He called Bobby and told him he’d be back to work on Monday.

“Told you that acupuncturist was good.”

Dean grinned, just happy that Bobby couldn’t see his face.

“Uh, yeah, He really was great.”

He resisted the urge to jack off in the shower. He didn’t really expect anything sexual to happen, but still… it almost seemed disrespectful to Cas.

He dressed carefully. He didn’t want to get all dressed up, but he still wanted to look his best. He chose a soft pair of jeans that hugged his ass in a nice way, if he did say so himself, and a green henley that always got him compliments.

He was nervous as hell driving to Cas’. He really wanted the evening to go well. He really liked Cas. He liked Cas a lot.

He shuffled nervously from foot to foot as he waited for Cas to answer the door. But then Cas opened it, smiling brightly and those amazing bluer than blue eyes were sparkling.

“Hello Dean. Right on time. Come on in.”

Dinner was delicious, and Dean was secretly surprised. He figured it would be some tofu-coconut-wheatgrass thing. He moaned around every bite, and then blushed when he saw that Cas was watching him with a look that was somewhere between amused and turned on.

They sat on the couch with beers. Cas had turned some music on quietly. Dean sipped his beer, then turned to Cas.

“If I can’t kiss you, I think I’ll fucking explode.”

Cas grinned. “Well, I certainly don’t want to have to clean something like that up, so…”

He leaned over and kissed Dean. It was tentative at first, but Dean wrapped his hand around the back of Cas’ neck and pulled him closer.

They were making out in no time flat. Dean was on his back on the couch, legs spread and Cas between them. Cas’ hands were under his shirt, pinching his nipples and Dean was pushing his hips up to rub his aching erection against Cas’.

Cas pulled away and sat back. “I’m not ready yet, Dean. I need more time.”

Dean sat up and looked at Cas. “I understand. Really, I do. I can wait, Cas.”
Cas sighed. “It’s just been a while. I got hurt. I want to be ready, but…” he trailed off.

Dean pulled Cas up next to him and wrapped an arm around Cas’ shoulders.

“It’s okay. I hate that someone hurt you, though. Do you want to talk about it?”

Cas put his head on Dean’s shoulder.

“I met him in London, shortly after I moved there. We were together for almost three years. I thought we’d get married. But when I was getting ready to move back here, suddenly he didn’t want to leave England. He didn’t know how he felt about me. He didn’t think he loved me anymore. Turned out, he was seeing someone else behind my back. They married six months after I got back.”

Dean kissed Cas’ temple. “I’m so sorry. He sounds like a real douchebag if you ask me.”

Cas chuckled. “He was, I just couldn’t see it. I was blinded by love, I guess.”

“You want me to kick his ass? I’ll do it, I’ll fly to London and kick his ass for you.”

Cas laughed out loud. “That won’t be necessary, Dean. But thanks for the offer.”

Dean kissed Cas on his nose. “For you, anything.”

Cas sighed. “I just need a little more time. We really haven’t known each other very long.”

Dean hugged him. “I get it. Cas. But I know how I feel about you, even though it’s kinda fast.”

Cas looked at him. “How do you feel about me, Dean?”

Dean took a deep breath. “I really, really like you. I mean really like you. I’ve never felt this way about anyone, ever. But I think we might have a future together. I’m sorry if that scares you.”

Cas looked at him for a while, never saying a word. Dean began to worry that he’d been too blunt, and scared Cas off. He steeled himself to get thrown out.

Finally, “Wow. I really like you too, Dean. It’s scary how much I like you.”

Dean breathed a sigh of relief. “Well, then we’re almost there. Take your time, Cas, I ain’t going anywhere.” They exchanged a few more kisses, then Dean broke away.

“I probably should go, Cas.”

Cas frowned but nodded. “Okay, Dean, I understand.”

Dean cupped Cas’ sheek. “When can I see you again?”

Cas thought. “Well, you could come to dinner again, say, Wednesday?”

Dean grinned. “It’s a date! “

They kissed again at the door and then Dean left. He sat in his car, grinning like a fool.

When he got home, he texted Cas.

**Good night, beautiful. Sleep well.**
In no time at all, his phone chimed.

**I think you’re the beautiful one here. And thank you, sleep well for me.**

Dean slept like a baby.

He was smiling so much at work, Bobby got suspicious.

“What’s goin’ on with you, boy? You look like you won the lottery or something.”

“Maybe I kind of have. I’m dating someone. Someone special.”

Bobby narrowed his eyes. “Oh yeah? Anyone I know?”

Dean nodded. “Yeah, but I ain’t gonna say who it is yet. So just go on about your business old man, and leave me to my daydreams.”

Bobby huffed and went back into his office.

He got a text from Cas at lunch, saying that Cas was thinking about him and he hoped Dean’s day was going well.

Dean texted back that it got better when he read what Cas had said.

They texted back and forth a few more times. Then Dean had to go back to work. He got a last text telling him to call Cas when he got home.
After a quick shower and a call to order a pizza, Dean sat down on the couch and called Cas.

When he heard that deep voice say, “Hello Dean,” his stomach got butterflies.

“Hey, Cas. How are you? How was your day?”

Cas sighed. “It could have been better. I just needed to hear your voice.”

Dean took a deep breath. “I’m sorry your day was bad. Want to talk about it?”

Cas sighed again. “It was just that Becky Rosen came on to me and I had to let her down. I told her I was gay and she reacted like I’d killed her kitten. Then Balthazar came in and asked me out on a date, and I told him I was seeing someone and he got hurt too. I feel like I’m batting a thousand with hurting people today.”

Dean wished he was there to hug Cas. “I’m sorry but you didn’t do anything wrong. You were just honest with them, and if they got hurt, it’s not your fault. It wasn’t like you were stringing them along or anything.”

Cas was quiet for a moment. “You’re right, Dean. Thanks. I most definitely did not string them along. I knew you’d make me feel better.”

Dean grinned. “It’s kind of my job to make you feel better. I am your boyfriend, after all.”

Cas chuckled. “Yes, you are. My wonderful, sexy boyfriend.”

They chatted for a few more minutes, then Dean’s pizza arrived and they said goodbye.

Dean switched on the TV and ate some of his pizza. He wasn’t paying any attention at all to what show was on. He was thinking about Cas.

He hated that Cas had gotten hurt. And he wished he could meet the guy someday and fuck him up for what he’d done. Cas was the most incredible man Dean had ever met. He was stunningly handsome, sweet as the day was long, and very intelligent. Dean kind of couldn’t believe that Cas liked him back.

Dean jacked off that night, just imagining Cas looking down at him with those incredible blue eyes.

They texted back and forth throughout the day. Dean couldn’t help it if his heart did a little flip every time he heard his phone chime.

Wednesday was shaping up to be the longest day of Dean’s life. He hurried to get the car he was working on done so he could get home and get ready to go to Cas’.

When he finally did get home, he was running late. He cursed and texted Cas that he was going to be at least a half an hour late. Cas texted back it was fine.

By the time Dean was knocking on Cas’ door, he was showered and dressed in clean clothes. He took a last swipe at his hair and then Cas opened the door.

Cas grabbed him by the shirt and hauled him inside and then kissed him silly.
When they paused to catch their breath, Dean grinned.

“Wow. To what do I owe this excellent greeting?”

Cas growled, “I missed you. A lot.”

They kissed again, then Cas grabbed him by the hand and led him to the kitchen.

“We need to eat. We’re going to need our strength to get through the night I have planned for you.”

Dean’s eyes got big. “Uh… okay. Exactly what do you have planned?”

Cas grinned a sort of evil grin. “That’s for me to know and you to find out, mister.”

Dean could barely eat he was so excited.

He was really happy they’d had the ‘I’m clean” discussion. He really didn’t want to have to use condoms with Cas. He’d always been careful about using condoms and getting tested regularly, and Cas hadn’t been with anyone since he was last tested, so they were good to go.

When he finally managed to get the last bite down (with the help of a glass of water), he jumped up and grinned at Cas. “I’m done!”

Cas just shook his head. “I hope my plans live up to your very excited expectations.”

Dean walked over to him and put his arms around him.

“Whatever you have planned, it will be fine with me.”

Cas laughed. “Well, okay, because I’ve planned a three mile run.”

Dean’s face fell and Cas howled in laughter.

“You’re too easy, Dean. Come on…”

Cas grabbed Dean’s hand and led him to the bedroom. Dean was smiling all the way.

When they got to the bedroom, Cas dropped Dean’s hand, stood back and said, “Strip.”

Dean hurried to take his clothes off, watching Cas as he did the same. When they were down to their boxers, Dean pulled his down, blushing.

Cas looked him up and down like he was prey. “Very nice, Dean. Even better than I imagined.”

Dean blushed redder and got on the bed. He looked at Cas, looking at him.

Then Cas pulled down his boxers. Dean’s mouth fell open.

Cas was thick, really thick and uncut. His cock stood up proudly and bobbed as he walked to the bed.

“Damn,” Dean whispered, “I had no idea…”

Cas straddled his hips and kissed him, forcing his tongue into Dean’s mouth.
They played ‘where’s the tongue’ for a bit, and then Cas began to kiss down Dean’s throat. He sucked on a nipple, making Dean moan.

Cas continued kissing down Dean’s body until he was just above Dean’s aching cock. Cas sat back with a smile.

“Been thinking about this since I met you.”

He kissed the head of Dean’s cock and licked the precum off. Dean gasped. When Cas stuck the tip of his tongue into the slit, Dean almost lost his mind on the spot.

Then, when Cas sucked down the entire length, Dean knew he was a goner.

Cas had a mouth like a porn star. He swirled his tongue around the shaft as he sucked back up and ran his tongue along the rim of Dean’s dick head.

Dean was moaning and struggling to not thrust up into Cas’ mouth. He looked down at his dick in those beautiful lips.

“Fuck, Cas… your mouth…”

Cas looked up at him with those baby blues and Dean almost blew his load on the spot.

Cas continued to suck up and down on Dean’s cock, going just a little deeper every time, until he deep throated Dean.

Dean felt his cock hit the back of Cas’ throat and it was all over.

“Cas…gon-gonna cum…”

Dean expected Cas to pull off, but instead, Cas just pulled back a little and waited.

Dean came. He yelled, “FUCK! Fuuuuck, Cas oh my god…”

Cas swallowed every drop and sucked for more, until Dean managed to say, “to-too sensitive…”

Cas popped his mouth off and grinned at Dean, who was still struggling to come back down.

Cas laid down next to Dean, and snuggled. “I take it you liked it?”

Dean shifted to look at Cas. “Like it? It was fucking amazing, Cas! You blow like a porn star.”

Cas smiled. “I really like to give head.”
Chapter 8

Dean was curious. “So, what changed, Cas?”

Cas grinned at him. “What changed is that I dreamed all night about going down on you. It was all I could think about all day.”

Dean smiled. “Well, I’ve been doing some thinking about doing that to you, so…”

He pushed Cas down on his back and crawled between Cas’ spread legs. He ran his tongue over Cas’ balls and licked under them. He ran the tip of his tongue inside of Cas’ foreskin and Cas gasped.

Then he sucked Cas’ thick cock into his mouth. It stretched his lips and his jaw gave a twitch. He sucked down as far as he could and grasped the rest in his fist.

He did every trick he knew. He wanted to make it so good for Cas.

Cas was moaning and rested his hand on Dean’s head.

It really didn’t take long before Cas was gasping. Dean knew he was going to cum, so he pulled back until just the head was in his mouth.

When Cas came, it flooded his mouth. He struggled to swallow it all, but some ran down his chin.

When Dean pulled off. He moved up and Cas licked the cum off.

“That was amazing, Dean. I guess I was pretty worked up from blowing you, I normally can last a lot longer.”

Dean kissed him. “I’m sure you can. You were just overwhelmed by my amazing mouth.”

Cas chuckled. “Well, that too.”

They lay for a bit, arms wrapped around each other and their legs tangled.

Dean sighed. “I really should go home, Cas.”

Cas sighed too. “I guess. I should have thought this out better, waited until Friday.”

Dean shook his head. “No, I’m glad you didn’t wait! I loved this and I’m really pleased you felt comfortable enough to do it.”

Cas kissed Dean. “I think I’m over the part where I think it’s too soon. Just wait until Friday.”

Dean whined. “I have to wait? Fuck.”

Cas smiled. “You can wait. Dean. It won’t kill you.”

Dean sighed. “It might, you never know.”

Cas stood up and grabbed his boxers. “Come on. I guess we’ll just have to take our chances.”

Sighing heavily, Dean got dressed.
They kissed some more at the door, with Dean promising to text Cas when he got home.

Dean sighed all the way home. But when he got inside and texted Cas that he was home safe and sound, he got to thinking.

Friday would be awesome.

They continued to text back and forth. When Dean got home Thursday after work, his phone chimed. He hurried to open it.

And it was a good thing he was sitting down. Because there was a picture of Cas’ very hard cock, leaking precum.

The message read, ‘thinking about tomorrow.’

Dean called Cas.

“Are you trying to kill me?”

Cas chuckled. “What, no hello?”

“Hello Cas. Are you trying to kill me?”

Cas laughed. “Well, no, I wasn’t. Just wanted to make sure you were thinking about tomorrow.”

Dean groaned. “That’s all I’ve been thinking about already. I almost popped a boner at work thinking about it. But now… do I have to wait until tomorrow?”

Dean could hear the whine in his voice.

“Waiting will make it all the better, Dean.”

“You’re mean, Cas.”

“Aww, poor baby. Eat dinner, watch some TV and go to bed. You’ll be fine.”

Dean grumbled, “You don’t know that for sure.”

Cas made a kiss sound into the phone. “Good night, Dean.”

Dean sighed heavily when he hung up. He was pretty sure Cas was going to be the death of him. But then he thought, ‘but what a way to go.’

Dean was so nervous and twitchy on Friday, Bobby accused him of being sick.

“Ain’t never seen you like this, boy. Maybe you should go home and rest up over the weekend.”

Dean jumped at the chance.

“That’s probably a real good idea. I haven’t been feeling all that good today.”

Bobby snorted. “Just get better so you can work on Monday.”

Dean started for the locker room.
“Oh I’m sure I’ll be fine by then.”

He got home and grabbed a beer. He stood in the kitchen drinking it, then jumped in the shower. He made damn sure every spot of grease was gone.

Then he had to decide what to wear. He made sure he put on his newest boxer briefs. He decided on tight jeans and a Led Zeppelin T shirt. He knew his ass looked great in the jeans.

Then he still had two hours to kill. He turned on the latest episode of Dr. Sexy he’d recorded. That killed forty-five minutes.

He paced the apartment. He tried not to think about having sex with Cas, which of course just led to him thinking about having sex with Cas. Which led to an erection.

Dean looked down. “Stop it. You’re going to get plenty of action later. Now is not the time.”

He was almost ready to get back in the shower and turn on the cold water when it finally flagged.

He still had a half an hour before he could leave. He played a game on his phone, and lost pitifully.

He sat and twiddled his thumbs until it was time.

He shuffled from foot to foot waiting for Cas to answer the door.

When he finally did, Dean grabbed him and kissed him.

Cas smiled when Dean released him.

“Well, someone’s enthusiastic.”

Dean blushed a little.

“Well, yeah… been thinking about tonight for three days.”

Cas laughed. “We’re going to eat first.”

Dean heard himself whine.

“Do we have to?”

Cas nodded. “The proper fuel is very important to the human body, especially when there is going to be exertion later.”

Dean chuckled. “Exertion? You sure know how to sweet talk a guy, Cas.”

Cas huffed and went back to fixing the meal.

Dinner was delicious but Dean hardly tasted a thing.

Cas cleared the dishes away and led Dean to the couch.

“You are entirely too tense, Dean. You need to relax.”

“I know a great way to relax, Cas!”

“Are you always this anxious to have sex, Dean?”
Dean looked sort of amazed by Cas’ question.”

“Well in general, yeah I am. But this time? This time it’s with *you*, Cas! I mean, I’ve wanted to have sex with you from the moment I saw your sexy shoes.”

Cas chuckled. “Fine, Dean. I have made you wait. Come on…”

Cas walked to the bedroom with Dean trailing behind him like an excited puppy.

When they got there, Dean started to pull his T shirt off.

“Stop, Dean.”

Dean froze.

“I want to undress you.”

Dean cursed his decision to wear the T shirt. It would have been amazing to watch Cas unbutton every button on a shirt.

He stood still with his hands at this sides.
Cas looked at him seductively and pulled his T shirt over his head and tossed it aside.

He ran his hands over Dean’s chest and Dean shivered a little.

Never breaking eye contact, Cas popped the button on Dean’s jeans. Then he pulled the zipper down very slowly.

Dean felt like he was a present Cas was opening and his cock gave a hopeful twitch.

Cas looped his thumbs in the waistband of Dean’s jeans, catching his boxers as well.

Then he yanked them down to Dean’s ankles. Dean gave a little moan.

Cas crouched down and took off Dean’s shoes and socks. He touched an ankle and Dean lifted his foot. Cas moved the jeans and underwear aside and touched the other ankle.

He stood naked in front of Cas, who was still fully clothed. He never felt more aroused in his life.

Cas grabbed him by the hand and led him to the bed. Dean sat down.

“Lay down on your back, Dean.”

Dean scooted to the center of the bed and up, until his head was on a pillow.

Cas stood looking at him. His tongue ran over his bottom lip.

Dean whimpered.

Cas smiled and began to unbutton his shirt. Very, very slowly. Dean eyes were glued to every button. When it was finally, finally unbuttoned, Cas let it fall from his shoulders equally slowly.

Dean took a deep breath and bit his lip.

Cas ran his hand down his chest and to the button on his jeans. It popped open. Then Cas grabbed the zipper pull and pulled it down, one excruciating tooth at a time.

Dean bit his lip until he tasted a little blood in his mouth.

Cas lowered his pants, slower than Dean even thought possible. He stepped out of them and stood just in his boxers.

With a huge tent in them.

Dean whimpered again.

Cas walked to the edge of the bed. He looked Dean in the eye and slowly pulled them down, letting his rigid cock spring out of them and slap against his stomach.

Dean was fairly sure he was dying.

Cas crawled into the bed, and over Dean to straddle his hips. Cas’ cock was dripping precum onto Dean’s belly and Dean ached to taste it. But somehow he knew he needed to stay still.
“You’re beautiful. You know that don’t you?” Cas’ voice was lower than ever, almost a growl. Dean didn’t move.

Cas leaned over and captured Dean’s mouth in a filthy kiss, all tongue and teeth nipping at Dean’s bottom lip. Dean moaned into it as Cas deepened the kiss.

Dean was vaguely aware that his cock was solid granite.

Cas moved his mouth down Dean’s throat, over his shoulder and then to a nipple. He bit it, then licked over it. Dean was groaning.

Cas did the same to the other nipple and then mouthed down Dean’s chest, pausing every little bit to suck a mark on him.

“Want to make sure everyone knows you belong to me.”

Dean’s heart did a flip. He wanted to belong to Cas.

Cas worked his way down but bypassed Dean’s cock, much to Dean’s unhappiness.

But he forgot all about that when Cas sucked on one of his balls, then the other. Dean spread his legs even further apart.

Cas moved down, and pushed against Dean’s thighs. Dean lifted then high, his knees next to his head, giving Cas all the access he wanted.

Cas sat back and just looked at what Dean was offering him. He licked his lips again.

“God, you’re so beautiful. You take my breath away.”

Dean blushed and turned his head.

“Stop it, Dean. Accept that you’re beautiful and I’m going to tell you that a lot.

Dean looked back at Cas and nodded slightly.

“Just not used to it.”

Cas smiled. “Well, get used to it.”

Cas grabbed the bottle of Astroglide and poured some in his hand. He slicked up his fingers, while Dean watched and tried to breathe.

Cas leaned over him and kissed him, and slid one finger inside Dean. Dean gasped into Cas’ mouth.

It had been such a long time. The finger felt intrusive in a way, but also it felt so good, Dean moaned.

“Oh, Cas… it feels so good. More, please?”

Cas wiggled his finger around a little bit, then added a second.

It burned but Dean didn’t mind that one bit. He felt the stretch and knew he needed more, but for now, this was good.

Then Cas found his prostate and rubbed over it. Dean nearly sat up.
“Oh. My. God. Cas… fuck…”

Cas kissed him harder, then sat back.

He ran his fingers back and forth inside Dean and Dean was moaning loudly and fisting the covers.

Cas grinned. “If you’re this excited over two fingers, what’s gonna happen when I get my dick inside you?”

Dean groaned, “I might pass out.”

Cas added a third finger. “I sure hope not, that wouldn’t be any fun at all.”

Dean let his head fall back against the pillows while Cas worked him open. It was torturous.

Finally, Dean couldn’t take it anymore.

“Fuck! Cas… please, I’m ready… so ready… please…”

Cas pulled his fingers out and moved up over Dean.

When he pressed his dick to Dean’s rim, it felt amazing already. Dean moaned and then the head of Cas’ cock breached his rim.

It sent a flash of pain, and that dulled to an ache and then it was just burning. Even that settled down as Cas held, waiting for Dean to relax and give him the go ahead.

Dean nodded. “I’m ready, please move.”

Cas pushed in about halfway and stopped. He gently pulled back and then slowly pushed in more. Then he was fully in inside and stopped again, waiting for Dean to adjust.

Dean felt every inch. He felt fuller than he ever thought he could be. He groaned and pushed back against Cas, trying to tell him to move without having to form words. He wasn’t sure he could at that point.

Cas pulled back slowly and thrust back in. Dean grabbed Cas’ shoulders, needing to hold on to Cas. Cas leaned forward and they kissed, messy and wet.

“God, you feel so good, Dean.”

Dean nodded as hard as he could.

Cas established a good rhythm, not too hard or fast, but enough for both of them at that point.

Dean couldn’t believe how right this felt. He tightened his grip on Cas and choked out, “I… I love you… Cas, I love you.”

Cas stopped trusting for a moment. Then, “I love you too, Dean. So much.”

Then Cas began to move again, but faster, and he thrust in harder and Dean wanted it. Everything Cas gave him, Dean wanted it all.

Far too soon for Dean, he felt his balls tighten and the heat spreading out. He never wanted this to end, but like it or not, the end was in sight.
“Cas… gonna cum…”

Cas thrust in harder than ever and Dean yelled as his dick shot out spurt after spurt of cum.

Cas moaned. He went faster and harder, chasing his own orgasm.

And then he came. He said, “Dean… Dean…” as he did.

Dean felt every shot that Cas made into him. It was so good, so warm and wet and amazing, he pushed against Cas even harder.

“Ohhh, Cas… “

Cas finally collapsed on top of Dean, and they both panted for breath. Dean loved the weight of Cas pinning him to the bed.

When Cas could breathe, he rolled off Dean.

They looked at one another and smiled.
They lay tangled together, kissing and touching each other and smiling. They were smiling a lot.

“You really love me, Dean?”

Dean kissed Cas on the nose. “Yeah, I really do. I love you so much I can’t even tell you.”

Cas ducked his head. “I love you too, you know. Have for awhile.”

Dean yawned.

Cas turned him over on his side and cuddled up behind him, throwing an arm over Dean’s waist.

Dean grumbled, “I’m usually the big spoon, yanno…” and fell asleep.

Dean woke up to the aroma of coffee. He looked and the other side of the bed was empty. He got up, pissed and used some of Cas’ mouthwash, then walked to the kitchen.

Cas was there, wearing only boxers, cooking scrambled eggs.

Dean walked up behind him and wrapped his arms around Cas’ waist.

Cas leaned his head back against Dean’s shoulder.

“Good morning, sunshine. I thought you’d never wake up.”

Dean kissed Cas on the back of his neck, then went for a cup of coffee.

“Well yeah, I slept like the dead. Someone wore me out last night.”

Cas chuckled. “And that someone is going to wear you out more after we eat.”

Dean grinned. “Ohh, looking forward to that!”

Breakfast was delicious.

“I love a man who can cook.” Dean took a last bite of his eggs and washed it down with coffee.

“Oh you do, do you? Well, I guess I’m lucky I can cook.”

Dean smiled. “I think I’d make an exception in your case, but I’m still glad you can.”

They spent the rest of the day in bed, exploring each other and making love twice.

Finally, Dean’s stomach growled.

“I guess you need more sustenance. I’ll fix us something.”

Cas pulled himself away and sat on the edge of the bed. Dean moved over and wrapped his arms around Cas’ waist.

“I love you, Cas.”

Cas smiled and leaned over for a kiss.”Love you too.”
Then he got up and walked to the bathroom. Dean lay there, watching.

‘I hate to see him go, but man, he looks so good doing it’ Dean chuckled to himself.

The next thing Dean knew, it was Sunday afternoon.

“I hate to go home.” Dean looked at Cas with puppy eyes.

Cas smiled. “I hate to have you leave. Here’s an idea… why not move in here?”

Dean was shocked.

“Move? In here? With you?”

Cas laughed. “Good to see you understood what I said.”

Dean rubbed the back of his neck.

“I don’t know… I mean, you’re a classy guy and I’m sort of messy and I have a lot of stuff and a lease…”

“Dean, slow down. I already know you’re messy and I don’t care. And you told me your lease is up next month. What is the real reason you’re so hesitant?”

Dean sighed.

“I’ve never lived with anyone but my brother. And I drove him crazy. I’m worried that if we live together, I’ll drive you crazy. And you’ll break up with me.”

Cas scooted closer to Dean on the couch and pulled him into a hug.

“I’m never going to break up with you. I want to spend the rest of my life with you.”

Dean pulled back, his eyes big.

“You do? Like the rest of your life?”

Cas chuckled. “Yes, like the rest of my life. Why? Don’t you want that?”

Dean was quick to say, “Hell yeah, I want that! I just didn’t know you wanted that.”

Cas smiled. “Good. Then it’s settled. You’ll move in here next month.”

The next day, Dean rounded his coworkers up in the break room.

“So, who wants to help me move next month?”

Benny looked surprised.

“Brotha, I thought you loved that apartment. Said you were never going to move.”

Dean looked a bit sheepish.
“Well, yeah, I did say that. But I’m kinda moving in with my boyfriend.”

Benny and Mick jeered.

“Boyfriend? You’ve got a boyfriend you’re going to move in with and none of us have ever even see the guy? What’s the matter with him?”

“Nothing’s wrong with him! He’s just… kind of classy and I’m not sure you’d get along.”

Benny roared with laughter. “Classy? You… got a … classy boyfriend?” He tried to talk through his laughter.

Dean looked angry. “Yes, I have a classy boyfriend, and just to prove it to you, I’ll bring him to the bar on Friday, so you can meet him and embarrass me.”

Mick stood up and clapped Dean on the shoulder.

“It’s a date, mate.”

Dean started to worry. He texted Cas.

To Cas From Dean: uh, would you be willing to go to the bar and meet my coworkers this friday?

To Dean From Cas: Of course I would!

To Cas From Dean: They’re kinda rough

To Dean From Cas: Stop worrying, it’ll be fine

‘Easy for you to say…’ Dean mumbled on his way back to work.

Thursday evening, Cas asked about the bar and his friends.

“They don’t believe I’ve got a boyfriend, let alone that I’m moving in with him. They won’t help me move until they meet you,” Dean sighed.

“Well, I want to meet your friends. If they’re your friends, then I’ll like them. What are you worried about?”

Dean looked at him. “They’re kind of… rough. You know, crude.”

Cas laughed, “And you think I’d be offended? Dean, Dean, Dean. I can handle myself just fine.”
Dean doubted that was true, but it was a done deal now. He just hoped he didn’t lose his boyfriend, or his friends over it.

He forgot all about it after an hour in bed with Cas.

But he was right back to worrying all day Friday. He was going home after work, then picking up Cas at eight. All his coworkers were going, just to meet Cas.

When Dean showed up, Cas was dressed in tight jeans and a Zeppelin T shirt. Dean whistled at him.

“Lookin’ good there, Cas. I didn’t even know you had a Zeppelin shirt.”

Cas turned and showed off his outfit.

“Of course I do. I didn’t just fall off the turnip truck yesterday, you know.”

Dean thought maybe, just maybe, it would be okay.
Two hours later, he couldn’t believe he’d ever been worried at all. Cas was kinda drunk, and was telling them a joke.

“So a man walks into a bar, and sits down. He starts a conversation with an old guy next to him. The old guy has obviously had a few. He says to the man:

“You see that dock out there? Built it myself, handcrafted each piece, and it's the best dock in town! But do they call me "McGregor the dock builder"? No! And you see that bridge over there? I built that, took me two months, through rain, sleet and scorching weather, but do they call me "McGregor the bridge builder"? No! And you see that pier over there, I built that, best pier in the county! But do they call me "McGregor the pier builder"? No!"

The old guy looks around, and makes sure that nobody is listening, and leans to the man, and he says:

“but you fuck one sheep…”

Everyone roared with laughter. Benny put a hand on Dean’s shoulder.

“That is one cool boyfriend you got there, cher .”

Dean had to admit Benny was right.

Cas was very, very cool.

Cas got buzzed and told everyone that anyone who helped Dean move would be invited to a cookout at their place. Several people said they’d help.

Finally, Dean decided to take Cas home. He grabbed his hand and was leading him out of the bar. Cas yelled back over his shoulder, “Remember, lift with your legs, not your back!”

Dean chuckled. “Come on, Mr. Friendly, going home.”

When they got into the car, Cas leaned against him and said seductively, “Wanna blow you while you drive,” and leaned over. Dean pushed him back up into a sitting position.

“Whoa, Cas. I love road head as much as the next guy, but not when the guy might throw up on my dick. Just hold your horses.”

Cas pouted all the way home.

When they got home, Dean grabbed Cas’ arm and steered him into the house.
“I love you soooo much, Dean.”

Dean smiled. “I love you too, Cas, but I think we need to go to bed.”

Cas whined, “I want to have sex!”

Dean laughed. “Yeah, okay, sunshine, let’s get you to bed first, okay?”

The second Cas’ head hit the pillow, he was asleep. Or passed out, possibly, Dean couldn’t tell.

The next morning, a very hungover Cas wandered into the kitchen, looking like he’d gone ten rounds with a bear. His hair was sticking up wildly, he had huge bags under his eyes, he was pale and frowning.

“Why did you let me drink that much?”

Dean handed him a cup of coffee.

“Thought you could handle your booze better than that is all. You were the life of the party, that’s for sure.”

“Ugh.” Cas sat down and drank his coffee. Dean got him a couple of painkillers and made him drink an entire glass of water.

When Cas finally seemed to perk up, he asked, “Did I embarrass you? Or myself?”

Dean laughed. “No, you were great. All my buddies loved you.”

Cas nodded. He sat quietly for a minute. Then, “Can we please go back to bed?”

Dean nodded, and they took a nap.

When Dean woke up, Cas was awake and staring at him.

“What? Don’t watch me sleep, it’s creepy.”

Cas smiled. “You’re magnificent when you’re asleep.”

Dean blushed.

“I seem to remember me mentioning a blow job last night at some point?”

Dean grinned. “Yeah, in the car. I was afraid you’d puke on me.”

Cas chuckled. “Well I won’t throw up now.”

He pulled Dean onto his side facing him. Then he flipped around so that his face was near Dean’s crotch and his crotch was near Dean’s face.

Cas lifted Dean’s flaccid dick and put it in his mouth.

“Fuuuck, Cas…” Dean did the same to Cas.

It didn’t take long for them to both be erect.

Dean sucked on Cas’ warm cock, loving the weight of it in his mouth and loving the taste of Cas even more. It was a little hard to concentrate with the way Cas was sucking and licking on his cock
at the same time.

Dean moaned around Cas’ dick, still trying to keep up, but Cas sucked cock like a porn star.

Dean tried to tell Cas he was going to cum, but it got muffled with Cas’ very hard cock in his mouth. He shot into Cas’ throat and Cas swallowed every drop.

Dean redoubled his efforts and it didn’t take long for Cas to cum too.

When Cas turned himself around, he pulled Dean into a very hot kiss and they each tasted themselves.

Dean broke the kiss. “God, I love you so fucking much, Cas.”

Cas smiled. “I feel the same about you, beautiful boy.”

They struggled up and Cas checked the food situation. They decided to order Chinese to be delivered.

Cas pulled on sweats and answered the door for the food. They sat on the floor of the living room watching a movie and eating. Dean was impressed with Cas’ use of chopsticks. Cas kidded him about needing a fork.

Dean found that he was really looking forward to living with Cas.

Sunday rolled around and Dean had to go home. He had a lot of trouble getting to sleep in his big empty bed.

He finally gave up and texted Cas. His phone rang just moments later.

“Dean? I want you to put me on speaker.”

Dean did.

“Now, listen to this…”

Cas put on some rainforest sounds that put Dean to sleep in no time. He woke up once and the phone was silent so he hung up smiling.

He called Cas before he went to work the next morning.

“Hey angel, that put me right to sleep. Thanks.”

He could hear the smile in Cas’ voice.

“I’m glad. It usually works for me when I have problems. I love you Dean. Have a great day, okay?”

Dean smiled into the phone. “Thanks, love you too. Have a good day..”

He went to work feeling like a million bucks. Everyone raved about Cas all day, and that made him feel pretty damn good as well.

He figured he was the luckiest son of a bitch alive.
Chapter 12

It was getting closer to time for Dean to move in with Cas, and he was starting to stress over what to do with all his furniture. Then, he got a call from Benny.

“Hey, bro, I’m in need of a place to live. I was thinking, since you’re moving in with Cas…”

Dean interrupted him.

“Don’t say another word. The place is yours. You’ll have to meet the manager, but you can have all my furniture, kitchen stuff, everything.”

Benny was overjoyed. “I’ll pay you for your stuff, cher.”

“We’ll see. When can you meet the manager?”

They settled things on the phone, and then Dean called Cas.

“Uh, hi angel. Got a question for you.”

“Yes, Dean, what is it?”

“Would it be okay if I moved in this weekend?”

Cas’ gasp was audible. “Of course, it’s okay! I’m so excited. But, what changed?”

“Benny. He wants my apartment. I told him he could have everything but my personal stuff.”

“Oh Dean, that’s great! So, come over after work on Friday, and I’ll help you move your stuff on Saturday. This is such good news.”

Dean walked into Cas’ house after work on Friday and called for him. He heard Cas’ reply coming from the bedroom, and he got excited right away.

But when he got into the room, Cas was just putting a bed pad on a new mattress.

“What’s this, Cas?”

Cas looked up and smiled. “I bought us a new mattress. It’s memory foam. It’s better for your back. Come help me make it.”

Dean pulled a corner of the pad on his side.

“Memory foam, huh? I’m looking forward to giving this fucker a lot of hot, sexy memories.”

Cas shook his head. “Dean, don’t be crude in front of the new mattress.”

Dean chuckled. “Oh, I think it’s going to see a lot of crude things, it’ll just have to be brave.”

They both laughed.

The bed looked awesome when it was made. Dean jumped on it and put his hands behind his head.
“Feels like heaven, Cas. Come on, join me.”

Cas laid down beside him.

“It does feel very nice. Good support.”

Dean rolled on his side facing Cas.

“Sure you don’t want to break it in right now?”

Cas kissed him. “What I want right now is dinner.”

Dean frowned. “Spoil sport.”

Their first night on the mattress was very memorable.

After breakfast the next day, they headed to Dean’s apartment. When they got there, Benny was waiting and Dean took him to meet the manager.

That taken care of, he met Cas in his living room. They had boxes, so it was just a matter of deciding what Dean wanted to take.

Cas was folding clothes and putting them into boxes, Dean was taking care of drawers in his desk. He found some family photos and took them to show Cas.

Cas looked at each one and smiled.

Then he sighed. “I wish my family had ever been this happy.”

Dean put an arm around Cas. “I’m sorry, angel. You never talk about your family.”

Cas looked up at him. “There’s a good reason for that. We don’t get along.”

Dean felt sad hearing that. “Not with any of them?”

Cas sighed. “I have an older brother who isn’t that bad. But other than him, I have no contact with my family whatsoever.”

Cas handed Dean the photos back and started folding clothes again. Dean looked at him for a minute, making a mental note to ask about Cas’ family later.

They got all of Dean’s stuff in one trip, which pleased both of them a lot. Of course, now Dean had to unpack and he really wasn’t looking forward to that.

Cas ordered pizza and handed Dean a beer.

“I’ll make it worth your while if you get all your stuff unpacked before Monday morning.”

Dean grinned. “Oh, worth my while, huh?? Would this by any chance be sexual in nature?”

Cas kissed Dean’s nose. “That’s for me to know and you to find out.”

Dean worked all weekend and was completely unpacked by Sunday night. He didn’t do a great job, but he pointed out to Cas that he hadn’t said it needed to be neatly unpacked, just unpacked.

Cas sighed, but relented.
Dean was laying in bed, naked as the day he was born, and whining for Cas to hurry up and get his clothes off.

“Geeze, Dean, take a breath! I’m stripping as fast as I can here.”

Dean sighed. “I’m just excited. Cut me some slack.”

Cas smiled as he took off his last sock. He crawled in bed and laid next to Dean, pulling him in for a deep kiss. The foreplay was erotic and soon enough, they were both hard, leaking precum and needy.

Cas smiled at Dean. “Fuck me.”

Dean looked at Cas for a minute.

Then he asked, “Are you sure, Cas? I mean… are you sure?”

Cas grinned. “I’m very sure, Dean. I want to feel you inside me. Don’t you want to?”

Dean was quick to say. “Of course I want to! I mean… yes, I want to.”

Dean began to kiss down Cas’ throat to his chest. He lightly bit one of Cas’ nipples and thrilled to hear the sound Cas made when he did.

He worked his way down Cas’ body and when he got between Cas’ legs, Cas bent his knees and lifted them.

Dean sat back and looked at Cas’ most intimate spot and couldn’t help grinning.

“Have you ever bottomed before, baby?”

Cas shook his head. “Nope, never wanted to before you.”

Dean felt a lot of pressure hearing that.

“We don’t have to, you know.”

Cas frowned. “Just fuck me, Dean. I want this.”

Dean really took his time prepping Cas. He really didn’t want to hurt him. He wanted to make it special. When Cas was making snarky remarks about getting on with it, Dean finally pulled the four fingers he’d had in Cas out. He lubed up his cock generously, and then drizzled more lube on Cas’ hole.

Dean grabbed his cock and got into position. He pressed the head against Cas’ still tight hole and pushed. The head slipped in and they both groaned.

‘Fuck, you’re so tight!”

“Fuck it feel amazing! Please, give me more.. I want to feel all of you…”

Dean sild all the way into Cas slowly. He felt like he was going to pass out, it was so good.

Cas pushed against him. “Oh my god, Dean, it feels amazing… move, please move!”

Dean felt every inch of Cas. It was hot and tight and he felt his cock slide against Cas’ rim. He pulled
back until just the head of his cock was still in Cas, and they thrust slowly forward. He wanted to make this perfect for Cas, but he was afraid he wasn’t going to last all that long.

Castiel felt fuller than he ever had in his life. He could feel Dean’s cock pulling at his rim as he slid back and then he felt it slide back in… it felt so good, Cas wasn’t sure he would last that long.

They pushed against one another, Cas holding on to Dean’s shoulders and Dean holding Cas by his hips. Dean leaned over for a sloppy kiss, all tongues and saliva and it was the best kiss he’d ever had.

The slap of body against body was loud in the room. They groaned and Cas moaned and said Dean’s name over and over breathlessly.

Dean could feel his balls tighten and he whispered to Cas, “Please, make yourself come, baby, I can’t hold out much longer.”

Cas grabbed his cock and just the touch of his fingers on it made him come. He yelled out Dean’s name and came hard.

Dean watched Cas come and it threw him over the top. He thrust in hard and held, filling Cas with spurt after spurt of cum.

He fell forward onto Cas, struggling to catch a breath.

Cas had a death grip on Dean’s arms, and he tried to loosen his grip but he just couldn’t.

At last, Dean rolled off Cas and onto his side.

Cas lifted his head and looked at Dean.

“That… was just amazing. I never knew it was so good. Why haven’t we done this before?”

Dean laughed. “Well, I’m glad you enjoyed it as much as I did. And I guess this means we’re switching from time to time?”

“My god, yes.”

Cas’ serious tone made Dean laugh more, and he pulled Cas in for a kiss.
Chapter 13

A couple of months went by. They settled in to living together nicely. Dean got off work at the same time that Cas closed the office, so most evenings were spent making dinner together, watching TV and of course, fun times in bed.

Then one day, Dean got home to find Cas sitting on the couch, staring at his phone with a look of complete shock on his face.

“Babe? What’s wrong?”

Cas looked at him, pale and almost like he didn’t recognize Dean.

“My mother. She died.”

Dean threw down his jacket and ran to him. He kneeled between Cas’ legs.

“Oh baby, I’m so sorry! What happened?”

Cas sighed. “Her heart. She had a massive heart attack. There’s… there’s a funeral.”

Dean pulled Cas in for a tight hug.

“Of course there is. And we’re going, right? When is it?”

Cas sighed. “In three days. And I’m not sure I’m going.”

Dean sat back. “It’s your mother… you kind of have to go.”

Cas looked close to tears.

“Dean, I swore that when I left, I’d never step foot in that house again. You don’t know my family. They’re horrible.”

Dean sighed. “That’s true, I don’t. But Cas, you’ll regret it if you don’t go. I know you. You’ll beat yourself up over it.”

Cas sighed again and nodded.

“You’re right, of course. But you don’t have to go.”

Dean frowned. “I’m going! I’m your boyfriend and I’m going to be there to support you. I’d never forgive myself if I didn’t go with you. Where are we going, anyway?”

“Kansas City.”

“Okay. We can drive there in a little less than an hour. Let me call Bobby and tell him I need a few days.”

Cas pulled Dean to him by his shirt.

“Thank you for being a good boyfriend.”

Dean chuckled. “Well, thanks. Now, let me call Bobby.”
They were on the road the next morning. Cas had called his brother Gabriel because he was the only one that Cas got along with, and told him they were coming. So after breakfast, they set off.

Cas was quiet on the drive. Dean wanted to talk to him, but he thought better of it. He knew how conflicted Cas was about the whole thing, so he just found an oldies station and listened to the music.

When they got to Kansas City, Cas gave him directions to the house.

Dean was blown away. Cas’ family lived in a mansion, or so it seemed to Dean.

“Uh, babe, you didn’t tell me your family was loaded.”

“I never intended for you to have to ever see this house or meet any of them.”

Dean nodded, and found a place to park in the circular driveway.

He looked at all the expensive cars that were already there. He ran his hand over the bumper of his car.

“That’s okay, baby, you’re still the classiest girl here.”

They walked up to the massive front doors, and Cas rang the buzzer. In a minute, they were opened by a woman in a maid’s uniform.

“Oh Master Castiel, I’m so happy to see you!”

Cas walked in and hugged the woman.

“Nice to see you again, Hannah. Is everyone here?”

Hannah looked briefly at Dean and nodded. “They’re all in the drawing room.”

Cas turned to Dean. “Dean, this is Hannah, the one bright spot in the whole place.”

Hannah blushed. “Oh Master Castiel, how you do go on.”

Dean nodded, unsure of how he was supposed to greet the maid. He’d never had any experience with maids.

Cas grabbed his hand and led him down the, Dean figured it was called a foyer, and turned right.

There were several people standing around or sitting on couches. Dean tried to not gape at the opulence of the room.

A tall man looked at the two of them.

“Well, Castiel, I wasn’t sure you’d show. And oh look, you brought a lumberjack with you.”

Dean’s ears turned red, and Cas started to say something, when a shorter man with longish hair butted in.

“Shut your face, Michael.” The short man walked up to Cas and grabbed him in a hug. “Cassie! I’m so glad to see you!”

Cas stood back and smiled. “Nice to see you, too, Gabe.”

Gabe took a long look at Dean.
“Well, who’s this tall drink of water?”

Cas took Dean’s hand. “Dean, meet Gabriel. Gabe, this is Dean Winchester, my life partner.”

Dean heard someone in the room suck in a disapproving gasp, but Gabe just grinned.

“You did alright for yourself, Cassie.”

He hugged Dean. Dean put his arms around the man and patted his back a couple of times. He thought this must be what being hugged by a spider monkey must be like.

Gabe stepped back. Dean looked around the room at all the faces pinched with disgust.

Cas cleared his throat. “Everyone, this is Dean Winchester. Dean, this is Michael, Raphael, Anna and you’ve met Gabriel.”

Dean gave a half-hearted smile.

Gabe called to Hannah. “Hannah, will you show these two to their room?”

Hannah smiled. “Of course, if you will just come with me?”

Dean followed Cas, who followed Hanna up some stairs and down a hall. When they got to a door, and Hannah opened it, Dean couldn’t stop the gasp.

The bedroom was bigger than their living room back home. The room was dominated by a huge bed, and the furnishings were amazing.

Cas walked in behind him and said thank you to Hanna, who closed the door.

“Jesus fuck, Cas! This place is incredible.”

Cas sighed and sat on the bed.

“It may look nice, but it’s nothing more than a prison.”

Dean sat down beside him and put an arm around him.

“I’m sorry, angel. I know you hate this, and I can see why. But we’re gonna get through this fine.”

Cas turned to him. “What did I ever do to deserve you, Dean?”

Dean smiled. “I think you’ve got it twisted there, it’s what did I ever do to deserve you.”

They kissed.

“So, how much time do you think we have before we have to make an appearance?”

Cas chuckled. “Not enough for what you’re thinking, I’m afraid. It’s almost lunch time.”

Dean sighed. “But then we have tonight, right? I want to give this bed something to remember us by.”

Cas smiled at him. “Definitely then.”

Lunch was miserable. The food was good but the company left a lot to be desired. Then they had to go to the funeral home.
That was even more miserable than lunch. Michael and Raphael got in a fight over the casket, and Gabe had to break it up. Cas just stood back with a frown. Everyone pretty much ignored Dean, a fact he was eternally grateful for.

Dinner wasn’t any better. Michael and Raphael talked about business, and Gabe made inappropriate jokes that irritated the two men. Cas just rolled his eyes and looked at Dean.

Dean jumped a little when he felt Cas’ socked foot run up his leg. He looked at Cas, who had a feral grin. Dean spread his legs, smiled and winked at Cas.

At last dinner was over. They all went to the den where Michael poured everyone a drink. When asked, Dean said he’s take a whiskey. It tasted amazing.

They sipped their drinks.

“So, are you still doing your little needle thing, Castiel?” Raphael said it like he was addressing something he’s stepped in.

“Yes, Raph, I am. Thank you for even remembering what I do for a living.”

Raphael sniffed and turned to Dean.
“And what do you do, uh… Dean is it?”

Dean sighed. “I’m a mechanic.”

Raphael’s eyes sparkled. “You fix cars for a living?”

Cas growled under his breath. Dean glanced at him with a small shake of his head.

“Yeah, well, somebody’s gotta keep your classy foreign cars running.”

Gabe laughed. “He’s got you there, Raph.”

Cas stood up and grabbed Dean’s hand.

“We’re going to turn in now, good night.”
Chapter 14

Dean heaved a huge sigh of relief when they got inside their room.

“Man, your family really does suck, Cas. You weren’t kidding.”

Cas looked at him sadly. “I told you. I know you’re sorry you came, but I doubt I could do this alone.”

Dean sat down next to Cas on the bed.

“Well the good thing is, you’ll never have to find out. We’re a team, right?”

Cas smiled at him. “Yeah we are.”

Dean kissed Cas on the forehead. “Okay, now, fuck me into this mattress, please.”

Dean stripped and laid on the bed, watching Cas take his clothes off. He loved watching Cas strip, he was so orderly about it but it was very erotic to watch.

When Cas crawled over Dean, he reminded Dean that they had to be quiet.

Then he attacked Dean’s mouth like a starving man looking for sustenance.

It wasn’t all that long before Cas was, indeed, fucking Dean into the mattress.

They froze when someone knocked on the door.

“Uh, Castiel, could you please keep the sounds of your sinful sexual congress quieter?”

Cas turned his head and yelled, “No, Michael, we can’t!”

He pulled out and told Dean to get on his hands and knees, and slid back in.

He started thrusting as hard as he could, making the sound of bodies slapping together echo in the room.

“Oh god! Dean… you're so tight! It feels so good!”

Dean had to smile. He upped his game too.

“Fuck! Fuck me, daddy… your cock is so big!”

“You love my big cock in your tight little hole, don’t you, boy?”

They could barely continue for laughing.

When they finally came, yelling about it, Cas collapsed against Dean and they both laughed so hard they had tears.

Cas pulled Dean close.

“My god, that was satisfying.”

Dean chuckled. “The sex or freaking your family out?”
Cas smiled. “Both.”

Breakfast was even more uncomfortable than before. Everyone was avoiding eye contact with them, and there was no conversation at all.

Finally, Cas said, “So! How did everyone sleep?”

Dean couldn’t help his chuckle.

That day was the viewing. Dean drove him and Cas to the funeral home. They sat apart from the rest of the family.

Cas went up to the casket and stared at his dead mother for a bit, then went back and sat by Dean. Dean grabbed his hand and gave it a squeeze. Cas squeezed back and smiled at Dean gratefully.

Very few people who came to pay their respects bothered to say anything to Cas.

When Dean complained to Cas about it, Cas just smiled.

“I’m fairly sure they know that Naomi disowned me.”

Dean looked sad. “I hate that you went through that, Cas. She must have been awful.”

Cas nodded. “Oh, she was. Only interested in her money and what everyone thought of her.”

Dean looked around, then leaned over and kissed Cas’ temple.

The afternoon wore on and finally it was time to leave.

Michael approached them. “We’re going out to dinner. You’re welcome to join us.”

Cas shook his head. “No thanks, we’ll get something.”

When Michael walked away, Dean chuckled.

“Did you see how relieved he was when you told him we weren’t gonna join them?”

Cas chuckled too. “Nope, I was too busy being relieved we didn’t have to join them.”

Dean laughed out loud.

“Come on, Cas, let’s find a good burger joint.”

They sat across from one another, eating bacon cheeseburgers and fries.

Cas slid out of his shoe, and put his foot into Dean’s crotch, making Dean jump.

“Fuck, Cas, I need to get you shoes with laces.”

Cas just smiled a feral smile and rubbed his socked foot up and down Dean’s hardening cock.

“Cas, stop! I’m not going to be able to stand up and walk out of here.”

Cas just kept it up.
“Cas… I’m gonna cum in my pants, and I haven’t done that since I was a teenager.” Dean’s eyes were glassy and his breath was short.

Cas sighed and put his foot back on the floor.

“You’re no fun, Dean.”

Dean grinned, adjusting himself in his jeans.

“Oh, I’ll show you just how much fun I can be when we get back.”

“I’m holding you to that.” Cas finished his fries with a grin.

When they got back to the house, no one was back from dinner yet, so Cas grabbed Dean by the hand and drug him to their bedroom.

When the door was shut behind them, Cas walked to Dean and began to undress him. Dean stood still and let him.

Cas said quietly, “It is very satisfying to make love to you in this house. I hope Naomi is watching from hell.”

Dean nodded solemnly. He knew that Cas had a bad childhood under this roof, and he just wanted Cas to do whatever he wanted.

When they were both naked and laying on the bed, Dean kissed Cas.

“Make love to me. Make me scream.”

Cas did just that. Dean didn’t hold back, and when he came he yelled out Cas’ name.

They slept soundly.

In the morning, they showered together and Dean gave Cas the blow job of his life. They dressed in their suits, getting ready for the funeral.

Dean drove to the church. They got out and walked inside. The minister greeted them by asking if they were friends of the deceased.

Cas smiled. “I’m her son. This is my life partner.”

The look on the minister’s face was one of surprise, but when he said next made them look surprised.

“I had no idea that Naomi had a gay son. I can understand why I haven’t met you before, but I want you to know, you’re welcome here.”

Cas shook his hand warmly. “Thank you. I never expected you to say that.”

The minister, who said his name was Crowley, shook his head sadly.

“I was not one of Naomi’s favorite ministers, but she attended my church because the former minister retired. I took over very recently. I’m pretty sure she would have found another church, or had me transferred, had she lived long enough.”

The funeral was surprisingly short and moving. Crowley made sure to include Cas when he mentioned the family. The choir sang a hymn and it was done.
They went on to the graveside and some man sang another hymn and she was lowered into the ground.

Cas turned and walked to the car with Dean close behind.

“I want to go home, Dean. Let’s get out stuff and go home.”

Dean kissed him and agreed.
Dean sank down on the couch with a sigh.

“It’s good to be home.”

Cas sat down beside him.

“It really is. Look, Dean…”

Dean held up a hand.

“You don’t have to say anything, Cas. I’m your life partner, I wasn’t going to let you go through that without me.”

Cas kissed him. “Well, I still want to thank you.”

Dean grinned. “Well, I can think of a way.”

Cas laughed. “You’re insatiable.”

Dean winked. “And you love it, don’t even try to say you don’t.”

Cas looked at him with a serious countenance.

“Dean, I need to ask you something.”

Dean perked an eyebrow.

“Yeah?”

Cas looked about ready to cry, and Dean got nervous.

“I want… I need…”

“Spit it out, Cas, you’re scaring me.”

“Will you marry me?”

Dean was speechless. When he regained the power to talk, he said, “That was not what I was expecting you to say.”

Cas smiled. “Well? Will you marry me?”

Dean smiled. “Yes! Yes, I’ll marry you, but what brought this on?”

“The entire family thing. I realized that you went through that with me and you still loved me. I realized I could never, ever face life without you by my side.”

Dean blushed a little. “It’s what anyone would have done.”

Cas shook his head. “No, it’s not. And what did you think I was going to say?”

Dean shifted his eyes. “Oh… nothing.”
Cas smiled. “Dean… tell me.”

Dean blushed red. “I thought you were going to say you wanted to try fisting or something else extreme on me.”

Cas laughed so hard, tears ran down his face and he had problems breathing.

Dean sat there, staring at him and getting even redder, if that was even possible.

Cas was reduced to giggling and trying to breathe.

“Oh god…. Dean…. fisting? Oh my… lord, Dean…”

Dean frowned.

“Yeah, yeah, laugh it up, chuckles.”

Cas finally could breathe.

“I’m sorry, Dean, but fisting? I was asking you to marry me and you were thinking fisting? Come on, you gotta admit, that’s funny.”

Dean grinned, finally. “Well, yeah, it kinda funny…” He started to giggle too.

“I kinda ruined the proposal, though.”

Cas hugged him. “You didn’t ruin anything. You added something we’ll always remember.”

Dean blushed again.

They actually got married by Father Crowley back in Kansas City. Both Cas and Dean were really impressed by the man. Of course, none of Cas’ family were there, but Dean’s brother, Sam, stood up with Dean, and Benny stood up with Cas.

Benny never got over that joke Cas told the first time they met. He started laughing when he saw Cas.

They honeymooned in New York City. It was romantic and when they got out of the hotel room, which was rare but they did, they saw the sights and took a carriage ride through Central Park.

They decided not to have any kids. Dean wasn’t ready to share Cas with anyone. They got a dog instead.

Eventually, Dean bought out Bobby and became the owner of the shop.

Cas did acupuncture until he reached retirement age, then took up gardening.

They still laughed every anniversary about Dean and his fisting.
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