Songs From The Crystal Cave

by NavajoLovesDestiel

Summary

There was a man. Maybe a man. He was the one who was singing, but Dean really couldn’t tell exactly if the guy was human or not. Because he had wings.

Notes

The beautiful piece of art was done my my good friend, Dmsilvis. We did a story/art exchange.
And I need to thank my beta and spirit twin, maimalfoi. She keeps me on track.
Dean walked along the rocks, pausing every once in awhile to look at the ocean below. It was quiet this morning, but it usually was after a storm. Dean sat on one of the bigger rocks, just letting the quiet calm sink into him.

He loved this place. The crags and rocks overlooking the blue water was his happy place, and lately, he really needed one. He looked out over the cliffs, and his eyes wandered to the left.

He saw something he'd never seen before, which in itself was weird. He thought he knew this place really well.

*What is that?*

It almost looked like a cave. He decided to check it out. Whatever it was, he needed to know exactly what it was and why he never remembered seeing it before.

He climbed down the cliff, and walked towards the opening. It was definitely a cave.
When he got closer, he could see it was huge. It was almost twice as tall as he was, and seemed to go back a long way. The entrance was far enough from the water that it probably didn’t flood during high tide.

He walked to the entrance and stopped. It was pitch black inside. He probably should go back home and bring a lantern, but he was too curious to wait. He grabbed the flashlight he always kept in his back pocket and switched it on.

He slowly went inside, shining the light back and forth at the walls. It was really deep, but so far, it was just an ordinary ocean cave, carved out of eons of water hitting the rocks. But he still couldn’t understand why he’d never noticed it before.

The ground was fairly even, mostly covered with sand. He shone the flashlight in front of him and walked further back.

The paintings on the walls stopped him short. They weren’t like anything he’d ever seen before, and they certainly weren’t like other cave paintings he’d seen in pictures. Each one was a circle in red, but there were different designs painted inside each circle.

What the hell is this?

He walked further into the cave, then stopped again. He could hear something… something that almost sounded human but he couldn’t understand the words.

He was somewhere between scared and intrigued. He took a few steps more and stopped again. Someone (or something) seemed to be singing, or chanting, but he still couldn’t understand the words. They sounded almost… ancient.

He aimed the flashlight further into the cave but he couldn’t see anything, and certainly nothing that would be singing. He stood, trying to decide what to do, but he already knew. He needed to know.

He began to walk, shining the light steadily ahead of him. The ground was flat and surprisingly rock-free, so he wasn’t worried about tripping.

The cave turned to the right, and he aimed the flashlight around the curve.

There was a man. Maybe a man. He was the one who was singing, but Dean really couldn’t tell exactly if the guy was human or not.

Because he had wings.

Dean considered that he might be dreaming, or maybe had a stroke or something, but he felt fine. He pinched his arm, and yeah, he felt that for sure.

He shined the light back on the… whatever. The guy didn’t seem to notice him or the light. He just sang in a deep, unworldly voice that made the hair on the back of Dean’s neck stand up. It was the most beautiful voice he’d ever heard.

Transfixed, he stood there and listened. The wings rustled and made a sort of sound, like when a bird takes flight. Dean looked at them in the flashlight’s beam. They were huge, hanging almost to the floor of the cave. The being stood almost as tall as Dean, which meant he was close to six feet tall. The wings were inky black, but shone in the light. They were beautiful.

Dean took a step forward. The being fell silent. It turned towards Dean.
Dean gasped. The being had sightless eyes. It was blind. That’s why the light from Dean’s flashlight didn’t alert it to his presence.

“Who is it?”

The being’s voice was deep and rich. Dean shivered. The being was wearing a tattered robe, and was fully male. He was handsome, sharp features stood out even though he had a scraggly beard. Dean looked into the sightless eyes, which were so blue it was startling.

Dean took a deep breath. “My name is Dean Winchester. Who, or what are you?”

The being walked closer. Dean almost took a step back, but didn’t. He stood his ground, hoping that whatever this was didn’t kill him on the spot.

“How did you get in here?” The voice was demanding.

“Uh, I just saw the cave and walked in.”

The being looked around, almost as if it could see.

“The wardings must have failed.”

“Wardings?”

The being faltered. “I can see your soul.”

Dean didn’t know what to think or say. His soul? He didn’t think he had one, but if he did, it had to be dark.

“I’m… I’m sorry.”

The being tilted his head. “Why would you be sorry. It’s a very nice soul.”

Dean snorted. “If you say so. What are you?”

“I am an angel.”

Dean felt light-headed

“Get out. Angels don’t exist.”

The being squinted at him as if he could see Dean, which he obviously couldn’t.

“Well, I exist and I am an angel, therefore, we must exist.”

Dean couldn’t think of anything to say to that.

“Well, if you say so. But what is an angel doing, living in a cave. And why are you blind?”

The wings rustled again. The angel appeared to be thinking.

“I’m in exile. And here, there is no light so I don’t need eyes.”

Dean took a step towards the angel.

“You’re in exile? You got thrown out of heaven, or wherever angels live?”
Sadness rolled off the angel so thickly, Dean felt like he could cry because of it.

“I put myself in exile. I don’t deserve to be in heaven.”

Dean thought about that.

“I didn’t know angels could be bad. I thought you all were righteous and good.”

The angel shook his head. “You thought wrong.”

Dean sighed. “Do you have a name I can call you?”

The angel considered this. “I am Castiel.”
Chapter 2

Castiel… there was something Dean couldn’t grab on to niggling at the back of his brain. It felt almost familiar…

“Okay, Castiel. I get that you’re blind, but I’m not. Is there any way we can get a little light in here?”

Castiel looked around as if confused, as if he’d forgotten that he was blind. He waved a hand and the walls began to glow, low and blue. Dean looked around, seeking the source, but there wasn’t anything he could see.

“Uh, thanks. Mind if I ask you how you went blind?”

Castiel seemed to sag. “I… I’ve been here so long, I just lost the ability or need to see.”

Dean was a little horrified by that answer.

“How long have you been here?”

Castiel looked directly at him with his blue eyes. It was unsettling, knowing that he couldn’t actually see.

“I don’t remember. Eons? Millenia? It is of no import.”

Dean shook his head, but then remembered that Castiel couldn’t see him do it.

“And you’ve been alone all that time?”

Castiel nodded. “Yes, alone. It is what I deserve.”

Dean felt bad for him. Alone… alone for who knew how long. Nothing the angel could have done was deserving of that.

“Uh, maybe you’re being too hard on yourself.”

Castiel looked horrified. “No! You don’t know what I did… what I became.”

Dean shifted from foot to foot. “True, but if you have been here for that long, then it might be time to forgive yourself.”

“You need to leave this place.” His voice was low and deep… insistent.

“Castiel…”

“Leave!”

His voice echoed off the walls. Dean flinched and covered his ears. He began to step backwards.

Castiel turned away from him. Dean stood a moment, then turned and headed back the way he’d come.

When he got outside, he blinked in the sunlight and ran a hand over the back of his neck.

What the ever loving fuck was that?
He turned and looked back at the cave. Then he went back up the cliff and headed home.

When he got there, he got a beer and sat on the couch. He drank a long swig and sighed.

He wondered if it had really happened, but in his gut he knew it had. He’d met an angel… an angel of the freaking Lord, for fuck’s sake. A sad angel who was alone in the universe.

Dean had never given a thought to God. He was pretty sure that God didn’t exist, and if he did, he didn’t give a damn about humans. There was so much pain and bad in the world, God had to be a real dick.

And Castiel, whatever he’d done it must have been pretty bad for him to exile himself. He’d been alone for who knows how long, long enough to go blind. Dean felt an almost overwhelming sadness creep over him.

Why did the name Castiel seem so familiar? He was sure he’d never heard it before, but still… there was something almost intimate about it. He racked his brain but nothing came to him. It was so confusing. He drank the rest of his beer in one long swallow and went for another.

He took his time with the second one. He needed to think. What was he going to do? Was he going to try and forget the whole thing, was he going to go back? He knew he couldn’t tell anyone, they’d have him committed or something. Not even Sammy would believe him. And he was pretty sure that even if he took Sam to the cave, it wouldn’t help.

He just knew only he could see Castiel. He just felt it in his bones.

He also knew he was going back.

He got himself something to eat, and called Sam.

“Yeah, I know, Sam, I know. I just can’t yet.”

He listened to Sam tell him it was going to take time, just take care of himself, the usual shit he always said.

“Okay, Sammy, okay. I’ll call you in a couple of days.”

He sat on the couch and turned on the TV. He flipped through the channels, not really paying any attention. He finally settled on some nature show. It wasn’t like he was going to actually watch it, he just needed the noise. The house was too quiet, too empty without something.

When he finally came back to reality, it was dark. He looked at his watch.

Fuck. This ‘getting lost in thought’ shit was getting worse. He stood up with a groan and walked to the kitchen. His stomach growled in protest. He fished around in the fridge, but there wasn’t anything in there but science experiments that used to be food, and beer. He grabbed a beer and phoned for a pizza.

He tried to concentrate on The Iron Man movie that was on, eating his pizza and drinking his beer. He lost the thread of what was happening about an hour in. He shoved the rest of the pizza into the fridge with a sigh and went to bed.

He woke up bathed in sweat. He sat on the edge of the bed. Of course he’d had the nightmare. Why did he expect anything else? Well, he was awake now, so he might as well get up.
It was almost sunrise anyway. He went downstairs and got out the pizza, grabbing a bite while he set up the coffeemaker. He chewed on the cold pizza while he waited for coffee to be done.

When it was, he got himself a cup and sat at the table, eating another slice of pizza and thinking about what he was going to do today.

But he already knew. He was going back to the cave. He went upstairs, dressed and then went to the basement for his lantern. He found it, carried it upstairs and put on his boots. He grabbed his jacket and the lantern and set out for the cliffs. He took his time, knowing there was no real need to hurry. The ocean would be there, the cave would be there, and Castiel would be there.
Chapter 3

Dean could hear the singing the second he got inside the cave. It made him smile, but he had no idea why. Maybe it was just because it told him that Castiel was still there, and that he hadn’t had a psychotic break yesterday. He paused on the way to look at the wall paintings. He held the lantern up, and noticed that one of them had a crack running through it. He needed to tell Castiel that was the problem with his warding.

But that thought brought him up short. If he told Castiel, and if Castiel was able to fix it, then he’d disappear again. Dean wouldn’t be able to find the cave anymore.

He held out the lantern and kept walking until Castiel came into view. Castiel stopped singing and turned to face him.

“Dean Winchester, you came back.”

Dean walked closer. “Yeah, I did, Castiel.”


Dean took a deep breath, thinking about how to answer.

“Well, I hate that you are alone. No one should spend eons or whatever, alone. And I feel… sort of, fuck, I don’t know. I feel like I should know you, like we met before and I just can’t remember. Turn on some light, will ya?”

That seemed to agitate Castiel a lot. He began to walk in a circle. The walls started to glow, and for the first time, Dean saw that the walls were covered with crystals, and it was the crystals that were glowing.

“No, no,no. That can’t be right. You can’t remember, it’s impossible! I know I did it right!”

Dean watched him, and he almost reached out to touch the angel’s shoulder, but he held back.

“You did what right, Castiel? What shouldn’t I be able to remember? Come on, Castiel, talk to me.”

Castiel stopped, turned and leveled his blue, sightless eyes on Dean.

“You must not ask me. I can’t tell you.”

Dean sighed. “Look, I ain’t going away. I’m just gonna come back every day and ask you the same damn questions. You could save us a lot of time by just leveling with me.”

Castiel stared at him for so long, Dean got sort of nervous. He didn’t know whether Castiel could strike him dead or fuck him up in some way, and he didn’t want to find out. But he was also a stubborn son of a bitch, so he stood his ground.

Castiel walked up to him. He stopped right in front of Dean and fixed his sightless eyes on Dean’s face. Dean thought it was creepy, but he stood still and stared back.

“You must not ask me questions. You need to leave me and never come back here. I… I can’t fix the warding, but you shouldn’t come back. It’s too... “

Castiel shook his head.
Dean again wanted to reach out, to touch the angel on his shoulder, but he didn’t.

“Well, I’m going to keep coming back, and there ain’t nothing you can do about it. And it’s too what? Finish your sentence.”

Cas looked frantic. “Why must you always be so pig-headed? Why can’t you ever just do what I ask?”

Dean felt like he’s been kicked in the stomach.

“What do you mean? You act like you already know me… but that’s impossible! What the fuck is going on here?”

Castiel turned away with a sigh.

“Of course it’s impossible. I did not know you before. There is no way I could have. Why won’t you just leave me alone?”

Dean didn’t have a good answer to that.

“I don’t know, I just can’t. I feel… hell, I don’t know what I feel, but I can’t just walk away! Damn it, Castiel, talk to me! Tell me what’s going on.”

Castiel stepped back. “No! I have nothing to tell you.”

Dean looked around, and saw a rock big enough to sit on. He walked to it, sat down and crossed his arms.

“Well, I’ll just sit here then. I get that you could probably just snap your fingers and make me explode or something, but I don’t think you will. And I’m not going to leave you alone, so you better just get used to me being here.”

Castiel sighed again. “Fine. Sit there then. You’ll get tired of it soon enough.”

He began to pace again. Dean sat and watched him. Hours passed without a word between them. Dean was getting hungry, and decided he’d bring something with him to eat tomorrow. Because he was definitely coming back.

He watched Castiel. Castiel was very good-looking. He had a muscular body, and Dean figured that Castiel didn’t need to eat, or else he’d never have survived so long. Castiel’s dark hair was messy, as if he’d been yanking on it. His body looked good, even though his robe was torn and dirty. Dean felt a stirring inside him that confused him. He couldn’t have the hots for an angel, for fuck’s sake. What the hell was wrong with him?

That feeling made him think of Aaron, but that was too painful. He changed what he was thinking about to Sam.

Sam would think he’d lost his mind if he told Sam about this. He still wasn’t entirely sure he hadn’t. This whole thing was just too unbelievable. But here he was, and there Castiel was. He sighed.

Hearing Dean sigh, Castiel turned towards him.

“Bored? You may leave any time.”

Dean stood up. “You’re a real asshole, you know that? I’m going to leave, but only because I need
something to eat. Believe me, I’ll be back tomorrow. You might want to think about talking to me about what’s going on.”

Dean grabbed his lantern and left. Castiel never said a word.

When he got home, he grabbed his car keys and drove to the grocery store. He walked around, throwing things in his cart. Some other shoppers steered clear of him, his anger rolled off him so badly. He paid, threw the bags in the trunk and drove home.

He put the food away, grabbed a beer and sat at the table. He took a drink, and then leaned on the table with his hands over his face.

He felt frustrated and angry. He didn’t know what was going on, but he knew Castiel was keeping something from him, something important. He needed to figure out what and why the angel was so upset by it. He was determined to get to the bottom of it, even if it killed him.
Chapter 4

Dean had a myriad of strange dreams that night. In one, he and Castiel were walking together and Dean was holding a shotgun. Castiel was dressed in a suit, with a tie that was turned backwards and a ratty trench coat. He sat on the edge of the bed, and laid them off to drinking too much the night before.

He showered, dressed and went downstairs to fix breakfast. When he was done eating, he made a few sandwiches and got a cooler. He packed the food and some beer in it, grabbed his lantern and set off for the cave.

As soon as he got there, Castiel waved his hand and the crystals began to glow. He never said a word and neither did Dean. He just walked to the rock, set his cooler down and sat down himself.

Castiel began to sing. Dean actually couldn’t decide if it was singing or chanting, but it was definitely in a language he’d never heard before. He sat and listened.

When Castiel finished, Dean asked what language it was.

“Enochian. It’s the language of the angels.”

Dean opened the cooler and got out a beer. He twisted the cap off and dropped it in the cooler.

“What are you saying? Are you talking to other angels?”

Castiel shook his head. “I’m asking for forgiveness from the universe. The angels can’t hear me anymore.”

That made Dean feel really sad. Here was Castiel, punishing himself for eons for something he did, and he was completely cut off from Heaven and others of his kind.

“Castiel, talk to me, please.”

Castiel stopped his pacing, and turned to Dean.

“No. I can’t. Please, don’t ask again.”

Dean was suddenly angry. “Damn it, Castiel, I’m not going away! I need to know what’s going on, and I’m just going to keep coming back until you come clean with me! I don’t care if it takes the rest of my damn life!”

Castiel flinched at Dean yelling at him. He looked afraid. Dean couldn’t understand why an angel would be afraid of him. He tried to calm down.

“Look, you don’t need to be scared. I’m not going to hurt you. I’m just frustrated.”

Castiel looked even more afraid. “You don’t understand.”

Dean jumped up and walked right in front of Castiel.

“That’s the whole point! Fuck, Castiel, I don’t understand and that’s why I’m frustrated.”

Castiel started to walk away, and Dean, without thinking about it, grabbed his arm. He felt a jolt of something run through him. He pulled his hand back like he’d been burned.
He looked at his hand, but shook it off.

“Tell me, Castiel, have you ever worn a suit with a blue tie and a trench coat?”

Castiel’s eyes got big. He looked frightened.

“What? No! No, of course not! What… why do you ask?”

Dean knew the angel was lying. “I saw you, in a dream I had.”

Castiel pulled away and started walking in a circle again.

“You can’t. It wasn’t me. You couldn’t have. I did it right!”

Dean stood in front of him, making him stop.

“You did what right? Tell me.”

Castiel stood tall. “Go away, Dean. It isn’t safe here with me.”

Dean looked at him for a moment, then walked back to the rock and sat down.

“Nope, ain’t gonna do it. If you were going to hurt me, you’d have done it all ready.”

He opened the cooler and got out a sandwich and a beer..

Castiel started to sing again, and Dean listened very carefully. He may not know the words, but he sure as hell recognized the emotion.

He ate his sandwich and listened. He began to feel sad. The pain that was so evident in Castiel’s voice it was so visceral, so achingly painful, Dean began to feel it in his gut. He had to struggle not to start crying.

Dean began to feel what could only be called longing in his chest. He didn’t know what he was longing for, but it felt so real he could taste it. He suddenly felt so sad he felt a tear slip out of his eye and run down his cheek.

Castiel continued to sing and Dean felt more and more emotional. Then Castiel suddenly stopped and turned to Dean.

“Dean… are you all right?”

Dean took a long deep breath. “Not sure, Cas. I’m kind of feeling…”

Dean drifted off, not really knowing exactly how he was feeling. Castiel looked very concerned.

Castiel flinched at Dean’s use of ‘Cas’ to address him but Dean wasn’t aware he’d done it.

“Not gonna happen. I’m way too stubborn to leave.”

Castiel reached out with two fingers but then pulled them back.

“I-I can’t. I can’t help you.”

Dean felt pain blooming in his chest, and it hurt so badly he could barely breathe. He looked around, then grabbed the ice chest and his lantern. He walked away, leaving Castiel standing there.

Dean left the cave, struggled up the cliff and went home. When he got inside he threw down the
chest and the lantern and went straight to his bedroom. He threw himself on the bed.

The pain had gotten steadily worse the further he’d gotten from the cave, and now it was so bad, he couldn’t bear it.

He barely made it to the bathroom before he threw up. He heaved up everything in his stomach and had to hold on to the wall to make it back to bed. He started to cough and blood pooled in his palm. He started to pray to Castiel.

“Cas, I think… I think I’m dying. I need you. Please, Cas, help me.”

There was the sound of wings and Castiel was standing next to the bed. Dean was choking on the blood and there was a pool of it on the bed.

Castiel looked frantic. He reached out two fingers and touched Dean’s forehead.

It all flooded back.
Chapter 5

Dean gasped as scene after scene flashed behind his closed eyes. He saw himself, fighting monsters, burning bodies in caskets, driving in his car from place to place.

He saw Castiel, in a suit and a trench coat, helping him. He saw himself and Castiel, kissing and in a bed together, making love. He felt the love between them. He knew he was in love with Cas… that’s what he called him, his angel… Cas.

Dean gasped as Cas took his hand away.

“Cas, what did you do? You wiped my memory? You left me? Why? Why would you do that! I love you! God damn it Cas!”

Cas flinched. “I… I had to. I was going to kill you, Dean. I couldn’t take the chance… I’m sorry. I didn’t want to.”

“Kill me? What the fuck are you talking about?”

Castiel sank to the bed, sitting next to Dean with his head down.

“It was Naomi. She trapped me, and got into my head. She probed my brain. It hurt so bad, I screamed and screamed. Then she told me I had to kill you, had to break our bond. She made replicas of you, gave me an angel blade. I said I wouldn’t do it, so she went into my brain again. I tried to resist, but I couldn’t. She made me kill you, over and over. I killed you a thousand times. Dean, when she sent me back, I couldn’t take the chance. I had to keep you safe. I… I wiped your memory, made you forget being a hunter, to keep you safe. Then I sent myself back in time, just so I couldn’t find you. I’m so sorry.”

Dean was horrified.

“Cas, you didn’t kill me. You could have, the second I stepped into that cave. But you didn’t. And why didn’t you tell me? We could have done something, we’re a team, remember? You should have told me. Jesus, Cas, you should have trusted me! You’re a friggin child sometimes.”

Cas sat up. “Oh yes, Dean. I should have just flown in and said, ‘Hey, Dean, I’ve been programmed to stab you.’ I couldn’t trust myself.”

Dean sighed. “Well, it’s over now. You don’t seem to want to kill me, so that’s good news.”

He reached out and cupped Castiel’s cheek. “I love you, you goof. I think you still love me. Do you? Do you still love me?”

Castiel leaned into Dean’s palm. “Of course I do. I love you and I always will. Until the end of time.”

Dean leaned forward and kissed Castiel lightly.

“Cas, can you heal yourself? Get your sight back?”

Cas shook his head.

“Fuck. Okay, so can another angel heal you?”
Cas nodded. “Yes, but you can’t call another angel. They’ll hear you, know where you are, know I’m with you.”

Dean thought about it. “Cas, I ain’t gonna let you stay blind. There has to be one of them that we can trust.”

They sat and thought about it for a while. Then Castiel said, “Hannah. I think we can trust her.”

Dean immediately sent out a prayer to Hannah. They sat and waited.

There was a rustle of wings, and Hannah was standing there. When she saw Castiel she looked shocked.

“Castiel, is it really you? I thought you were dead. Where have you been? And what happened to your eyes?”

Castiel smiled. “Hello Hannah. I will answer all your questions, but it will take time.”

Hannah walked up to Castiel and put two fingers to his forehead.

Castiel blinked, and Dean could see his eyes return to normal. They were the deep blue they’d always been.

“Thank you, Hannah. Thank you for answering my prayer.”

Hannah looked at Dean for the first time. “Dean Winchester. We thought you were dead as well.”

“In a way, I was. But that’s Cas’ story to tell.”

Castiel paced the room as he told Hannah everything. Her face grew increasingly more shocked as Castiel talked.

When he was done, Hannah stood, silent while she processed what Castiel had told her.

“One thing I don’t understand. If Naomi wanted Dean dead, why didn’t she just kill him herself?”

Castiel looked at Dean. “She wanted to break our bond. She knew I’d do anything to keep Dean safe, or if she succeeded, to bring him back.”

Hannah nodded. “I’m going back. Other angels need to know this. If you need me, Castiel, just call.”

Castiel nodded and she was gone. Dean stood up.

“Okay, you need to shower. You smell like you haven’t been clean in, well, eons. I’ll find you something to wear. The bathroom is just down the hall.”

Dean listened to the sound of the water running in the shower. He found some sweats and a T shirt and put them on the bathroom counter, then he sat on the floor in the hall, waiting for Castiel to get done, but just making sure that the angel was okay.

When Castiel came out, he threw out his arms as if to say, ‘See? I’m fine.’

Dean felt his dick twitch at the sight. He got up and pulled Castiel to him, kissing him hard.

Castiel opened his mouth for Dean’s tongue, and put his hands on Dean’s hips. They kissed for a
while, just as if they hadn’t seen each other in years. And in a very real way, they hadn’t.

Dean broke the kiss and whispered in Castiel’s ear, “Want you Cas. Feel how much I want you.”

He grabbed Castiel’s hand and put it over his cock, hard in his jeans.

Castiel moaned and rubbed over Dean’s cock. Dean let his head drop on Castiel’s shoulder.

Dean had his legs wrapped tightly around Castiel’s hips and was saying his name, “Cas, Cas, Cas…” over and over again like a prayer. Castiel was pushing in and pulling back slowly, kissing Dean’s face, his neck, his chest. Dean had his hands on Castiel’s arms, digging in with his fingers enough to leave bruises.

Neither of them wanted it to end, but of course, it was inevitable. Dean came first, painting himself and Cas with his warm cum. Castiel followed soon after, filling Dean.

They laid together, panting and sweaty. When Castiel had his breath back, he snapped his fingers and cleaned them both up.

Dean grinned. “Always did think that was a great trick.”

Dean was hungry, so they went downstairs and Dean got out eggs to scramble. While he was stirring them, he asked Cas why he had chosen that particular cave.

“I needed to be close to you. I could sense you. I just… needed that.”

Dean nodded. He plated his eggs and sat down at the table.

Castiel looked at him. “Dean, who is Aaron?”
Dean paused between his plate and his mouth, egg dangling on the fork. It fell back on the plate.

“Aaron? Um… you’ve got to understand, Cas, I didn’t remember you.”

Castiel smiled at him. “I know, Dean. I’m not angry.”

Dean sighed and sat his fork down.

“I was in a relationship with him. He, uh, he died. He was killed in a motorcycle accident.”

Castiel reached out his hand and took Dean’s.

“I’m sorry, Dean.”

Dean looked at him, and ducked his head.

“Thanks, but I’d have never been with him if you hadn’t wiped my memory. I mean, I get it, but I feel sort of weird about the whole thing.”

Castiel sighed. “I know. It was a mistake. I never should have done it. I regret it, Dean.”

Dean smiled at him. “I know, Cas. But it’s over now, we’re back together and the best thing we can do is just move on.”

Castiel looked worried.

“My concern is what will happen if Naomi finds out about this.”

Dean squeezed Castiel’s hand.

“We’ll deal with that bitch if it happens.”

Dean realized he’s never called Sam back. He got his phone.

“Yeah, hey, Sam.”

“No, I’m doing better. A lot better.”

“I’ll tell you all about it one of these day. Gotta go, Sam.”

Castiel listened with a smile.

“How is your brother?”

Dean grinned. “He’s okay. I mean, what’s he got to complain about? A fancy lawyer job, a beautiful wife and a great kid.”

Castiel nodded. “How are Eileen and Claire?”

“They’re great.”

Dean finished his eggs and rinsed the plate.
“You know, I been thinking. I don’t think I’m ready to jump right back in to hunting. I think we should take some time off to just be together. Now that I’ve got you back, I want to appreciate that.”

Castiel smiled. “I think that’s a wonderful idea, Dean.”

Dean grinned. “Good, cos I got a lot of plans for you, angel.”

Dean looked up at Cas as he rode him. Dean’s hands were gripping tightly at Cas’ hips, his feet were flat on the bed with his knees bent. He held Cas and thrust up into him as hard as he could. The look on Cas’ face was beautiful. There was some light from the hall shining on the back of Cas’ head and it gave him a halo. Dean smiled, thinking that it really fit.

Cas was moaning out Dean’s name and the sound was so erotic, Dean felt like he could come just from hearing it. But he wouldn’t, couldn’t until he made Cas come.

Cas was incredibly tight around Dean’s cock. He always had been, no matter how much sex they had, but now, after who knew how long, he was so tight Dean was afraid of hurting him. Of course, he couldn’t hurt his angel. Cas didn’t even need lube, It was an angel thing and was one that Dean really loved.

He loved it when Cas fucked him as much as he loved fucking Cas. Ever since that first time, when they were so tentative and careful of one another, it didn’t matter to Dean who fucked who. He loved it all.

Cas’ cock was bouncing up and down as Dean pushed in and pulled back, and if Dean thrust hard, it slapped Dean’s belly, leaving behind a spot of precum. Dean didn’t touch Cas, he knew from a lot of experience that Cas would cum untouched.

Cas leaned forward a little, and Dean could feel that his cock was rubbing against Cas’ prostate. Cas began to moan louder, and Dean knew he was close.

Cas yelled out Dean’s name and came. He shot warm cum onto Dean’s belly, his head thrown back and his face contorted into the picture of ecstasy.

Dean closed his eyes and just felt his cock sliding into Cas’ tight heat. He felt his balls tighten and he thrust harder, chasing his orgasm. He came suddenly, so hard and so long it completely took his breath away.

“Fuck! Cas! God…”

He opened his eyes and saw Cas, smiling down at him.

“Love you, angel.”

Cas smiled brighter and said, “Love you, Dean.” He climbed off of Dean’s cock and laid down next to Dean.

Dean caught his breath, rolled over and kissed Cas.

He drifted off to sleep, with Cas wrapped around him.
He woke up with a start. He didn’t have any idea what time it was, and he was alone. He panicked. He jumped out of the bed and ran into the hall, yelling Cas’ name.

Cas called up from the kitchen.

Dean ran down the stairs, completely unaware that he was naked. He skidded into the kitchen. Cas was there with a cup of coffee. When he saw Dean, he laughed.

“You forgot your pants, Dean.”

Dean grimaced. “Haha, very funny. It just scared me when I woke up and you were gone.”

Cas frowned. “I’m sorry. I just thought you’d want coffee.”

Dean grabbed the cup. “Well, you were right there. But next time, tell me you’re getting up.”

Cas reached out and touched Dean’s arm.

“I’m not leaving you again.”

Dean nodded, sipping his coffee.

“I know, but it’s gonna take some time for my brain to get the news.”

Dean put on some boxers and then sat at the table, drinking his coffee.

“Listen, babe, I got a few questions.”

Cas trained his blue eyes on Dean’s face and nodded.

“Seems like Sammy doesn’t remember you. You wipe his and Eileen’s memory too?”

Cas looked away. “I had to. I couldn’t let them remember me. They’d just ask you and it would have ruined everything.”

Dean nodded. “I get that. All I gotta do is figure out how to tell them about you… and hunting.”

Cas looked sad.

“Hey angel, it’s not a problem. I’ll figure it out.”

Dean finished his coffee and Cas got him another cup.

“Thanks. Now, next question. How long were you in that cave?”

“Approximately a thousand years.” Cas said it so matter of factly. Dean couldn’t grasp it for a minute.

“A… thousand years?”

Cas looked at him with his head tilted.

“Yes. I needed to do penance. I painted the sigils and donned a robe of penance and I sang… chanted.”
Dean had to let that soak in.

“Did you know I would move into that house? Is that why you chose that particular cave?”

Cas nodded. “I needed to be close, watch over you.”

Dean nodded in response. “I think that little earthquake we had must have cracked the wall where you had one of those sigils. That’s why I could see it all of a sudden.”

Cas sighed. “I didn’t see that coming. I guess I’m not all-knowing.”

Dean chuckled. “Yeah, I guess not. Or else the universe wanted us back together again.”

Cas looked thoughtful. “I never considered that.”
Dean stood up, pulled Cas up and hugged him tight.

“I can’t stand the idea of you all alone for a thousand friggin years, going blind… Jesus, Cas. I need to find Naomi and gank her ass.”

Cas nuzzled into Dean’s neck. He said, “I’m sure we will be able to eventually. For now, let’s just enjoy being together again.”

Dean kissed Cas’ cheek. “Yeah, that sounds good.”

When they were dressed, they took a walk. The sun was shining, birds were singing, it was idyllic to both of them. They held hands and headed for the beach.

“You always did want to go to the beach, Dean. ‘Wiggle your toes in the sand’ is how you put it.”

Dean smiled. “Yeah, I love the ocean. Always wanted to just kick back with a pina colada and soak up the sun.”

Cas smiled. “And did you?”

Dean laughed. “Nope, not once.”

“Well, we need to then.”

Dean squeezed Cas’ hand. “Yeah, someday.”

They walked to the cliff that overlooked the cave. There was no sign of it.

“Where’d it go?” Dean was looking puzzled.

Cas sighed. “Back into the ethers. It wasn’t needed anymore.”

Dean kissed Cas lightly. “Yeah, and good riddance.”

They walked on the beach. Cas found some shells he liked, and Dean smiled at him. Cas, when he was okay, was always an angel of simple pleasures.

They went home and Cas put the shells on a bookshelf. Dean fixed himself some lunch.

After lunch, they made love with Cas topping and Dean took a nap. He was awakened to the sound of his phone ringing. He fumbled around until Cas found it and handed it to him. The display said it was Sam.

“Hey Sam…”

A woman’s voice… “Hello Dean. Sam can’t come to the phone right now, he’s a little… indisposed.”

Dean yelled into the phone. “Naomi? What the fuck did you do with Sam!”

Cas’ eyes got big.

“Come here now, or I’ll send him and his adorable little family to hell.”
“You touch a hair on their heads and I will kill you!”

“Very funny, Dean. You always did have a sense of humor. Just come. Don’t make me find you and Castiel, or it will be so much worse.”

She hung up. Cas ran to check the angel wardings.

“The wardings are fine, Dean. What did she say?”

Dean ran his hands over his face. “She said she has Sam and his family. She said we need to go there, or she’ll send them all to hell.”

Cas sat down heavily and sighed.

“Well, I guess we need to go then.”

Dean stood up. “Damn right we do. Let me get changed, and then we’ll go.”

“You know I can zap us there right now.”

Dean turned and looked at him. “Yeah, I know, but I need time to think, and we’re gonna need the weapons.”

Cas nodded.

Half an hour later, Dean was dressed in jeans, a T shirt, flannel and a jacket. He was looking in the trunk at his weapons stash. When he heard Cas walk up he turned and smiled when he saw what he was wearing. Cas stood there in his blue suit, blue tie turned around backwards and his trench coat.

“There’s my old buddy. Looking good there, angel.”

Cas stuck his tongue out at Dean.

“Hey, babe, don’t tease. We got work to do.”

Fifteen minutes later, they were in the car, driving south.

“Where does Sam live now?”

Dean glanced at him. “Same place. Oakland. It’ll take about eight or nine hours to get there. Time enough to come up with a plan.”

Dean only stopped once, to gas up, buy some snacks to eat and piss. They were back on the road in fifteen minutes.

They got into Oakland about eleven that night. Dean drove straight to Sam’s. They got out of the car, and Dean got out two angel blades, one for each of them.

They silently went to the front door, It was standing open, so Dean want in with Cas behind him. The first thing Dean saw was Sam and Eileen laying on the floor. Then he saw Naomi.

“Don’t worry, Dean, they’re just asleep. The kid is asleep upstairs. I wouldn’t hurt them. Well, unless you gave me no choice.”

“Naomi.” Dean said it like he was talking about something vile.
“But you came. And there’s Castiel. Hello, Castiel. I’ve been looking for you for a very long time.”

Cas stood with his angel blade at the ready.

“Naomi. Been in anyone’s brain lately?”

Naomi smiled. “Not really. Haven’t needed to, since you disappeared.”

Dean made a lunge at her. She snapped her fingers.

Dean blinked and he and Cas were in a white room.

“Where the hell are we?”

Cas said in a flat tone, “Heaven. We’re in Naomi’s office.”

“God damn it!”

Cas nodded. “And no angel blades.”

Naomi was suddenly standing there, laughing.

“Did you really think I’d bring you here with weapons?”

Dean wanted to grab her and choke her out with his bare hands, but he just stood there.

“You two have been such a pain in my ass for so long, this is going to be a real pleasure.”

Naomi flicked her wrist and Dean flew across the room, hitting the wall.

Cas gasped. “Naomi, don’t hurt him. He hasn’t done anything. It’s me you want. Let Dean go.”

Naomi glared at him.

“Castiel, you are broken. I believe you came off the assembly line with a cracked chassis. You’ve never done what you were told to do. And Dean has had a lot to do with that.”

Cas looked down, then back at Naomi.

“If you harm him, I will kill you. I swear I will.”

Naomi laughed. “You are powerless. I control you now. You won’t do anything to me or any other angel. I’m going to get in that head of yours and make sure of it.”

She took a step towards Cas, then an angle blade protruded from her chest. Her head went back, and then there was light coming out of her eyes and mouth and the wound. The blade was withdrawn and she fell to the floor.

There stood Hannah, the bloody blade in her hand.

Cas blinked. “Hannah… You…”

Hannah smiled at Cas. “I killed her. She deserved to die. Castiel, she’s been in everyone’s head. She is… was a monster.”

Cas walked to where Dean lay. He touched Dean’s forehead and Dean came around.
“Cas? What happened? Naomi…”

Cas smiled at him as he held out his hand to help Dean to his feet.

“I’m dead. Hannah killed her”

Dean looked between Cas and Hannah, and then at Naomi’s body.

“I guess I owe you a big one, Hannah.”

Hannah smiled at him. “Just take care of Castiel, that’s all I want.”

Then they were standing in the living room of Sam’s house.
Sam and Eileen were still out. Dean went to Sam while Cas went to Eileen. They woke them up. They were both foggy and confused.

When Sam and Eileen were awake and had checked on their daughter, they sat on the couch. Cas took a chair and Dean stood.

“Okay, Sammy, this is going to sound like I’m delusional, but I swear what we’re going to tell you is the truth.”

Sam nodded, looking at Eileen. She indicated that she understood. She was very good at lip reading.

Dean looked at Cas. “Maybe it would be easier if you gave them their memories back.”

Cas nodded, and stood up, walking to stand between Sam and Eileen. He touched their foreheads with fingers, using both hands.

Sam gasped and looked at Eileen.

“Cas, why the hell did you do that? Why wipe our memories?”

Dean smiled at Cas as he went to sit down again, then turned back.

“Settle down, Sam. He did it to protect me.”

Dean made a point to speak clearly and slowly, looking at Eileen all the time.

Dean told them everything, all about Naomi and the cave and what happened in Heaven. They sat quietly, Eileen nodded every once in awhile to show she was following it all.

When Dean got done, Sam shook his head. “Jesus, Dean.” Then he looked at Cas.

“Cas, a thousand years?”

Cas looked at him with a serious expression.

“Technically, nine hundred and ninety-eight years, six months and twenty-seven days.”

Everyone laughed. Cas squinted at them.

“I fail to see the humor in what I said.”

Dean walked over and kissed him.

“It’s just, well, you’re so fucking cute when you do that.”

Cas frowned. “When I do what, Dean? Be accurate?”

Dean chuckled. “Yes, Cas, when you’re accurate.”

Cas huffed.

Dean slapped his thigh. “Well, time to go home.”
Sam stood up. “Wait, Dean, what are you going to do now?”

Dean hugged him. “Haven’t decided yet. I’ll let you know when I do.”

They all exchanged hugs, then Dean and Cas got in the Impala and Dean started driving. He only drove until he found a motel. He pulled in.

“I’m beat, babe. Need to get some sleep.”

The room was typical of the motels they stayed at when they were hunting, but a little cleaner. Dean tried the bed while Cas turned on the TV.

Dean patted the bed. “Come’ere.”

Cas turned off the TV and laid down next to Dean and Dean pulled him close. “Gonna need my cuddles, angel.”

They cuddled until Dean was snoring softly, then Cas got up and paced. He was worried about what Dean was going to want to do when they got home, but he didn’t really want Dean to know that.

Dean mumbled and reached out for Cas. When he discovered Cas wasn’t in bed, he lifted his head and watched Cas pace.

“Cas, what’s wrong?”

Cas started at Dean’s voice.

“I’m sorry, Dean, I didn’t mean to wake you up.”

Dean sat up. “You didn’t. I just reached for you and you weren’t there. Now, what’s up?”

Cas sighed and sat next to Dean on the bed.

“I’m wondering what you’ll decide about hunting again. I kind of don’t want you to, but I know it's in your blood.”

Dean smiled at him. “Already made up my mind, angel. I’m quitting, for good. Me hunting is what got us into that mess, plus, now that I have you back, I don’t want to take any chances.”

Cas was amazed. “Really?”

Dean kissed Cas’ forehead., “Really.”

Cas surged forward and grabbed Dean in a tight hug.

“Thank you! But what will we do?”

Dean grinned. “Well, I’ve got a job to go back to, and you can do anything you want to, as long as you stay close to home.”

Cas got very animated.

“Oh, I can plant a garden! And raise bees! And learn to knit!”

Dean chuckled. “Slow down there, angel. Yeah, you can do all of those things.”
And so Cas did. He planted a garden that attracted and fed bees, and got a hive in the back yard. He began to knit, making Dean socks, scarves, mittens and even slippers. They were fairly awful in the beginning, but he got the hang of it.

Dean came home every night to a home cooked meal, and they spent the weekends on the beach when the weather permitted. On rainy weekend days, they spent their time in bed.

All in all, it was a damn good life.

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