Summar

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“So I think I found us a case.”

Dean rubbed the sleep from his eyes, glancing at Sam. “Dude, it’s barely 8 am; don’t you think it’s a little early for monsters?”

Sam eyed his brother whose robe swayed at his feet while he poured himself his first cup of coffee.

“Just wait ‘til you hear this; I think you’re gonna like it.”

Dean grunted. “Thought we were planning on taking a little break, maybe even a vacation, after trapping Michael’s angelic ass. It’s been like a week, man. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.”

“Exactly,” Sam began, “just wait ‘til you hear where this case is.” Dean dropped into the chair across from Sam, taking a sip of coffee.

“Alright, hit me.”

“Kauai.”

“Hawaii. Kauai, Hawaii. You seriously found us a case in Hawaii?”

“Yup.” Sam angled his laptop towards Dean. “Couples have reported to being terrorized by a young, Hawaiian woman on the island resort of Kauai, who disappears before their eyes. Looks like there has only been one death, so far. One of the employees at the resort—chandelier dropped on him.”

“Well that’s certainly one way to go. Still, how do we know this isn’t just some freak accident?”

“Seriously, Dean? I thought you’d be packing the bags by now, ready for the beach. Multiple people have admitted witnessing a woman scream and throw things at them before disappearing. How does this not sound like a case?”

“I don’t know. Drugs maybe?”

Sam huffed as Cas shuffled in to the room, heading straight for the coffee pot. His bed head stuck up in every direction. He settled in the seat next to Dean. Ever since shoving Michael in to the cage, Cas had given up his grace to become human to escape being thrown into The Empty. Now he’d developed many human characteristics—many having learned from Dean (including the inability to do anything before at least two cups of coffee).

“Mornin’, Sunshine,” Dean said.

Cas only grunted in response, barely acknowledging the presence of the brothers.

“So Sam was just telling me about this too-good-to-be-true case he thinks he found for us. I mean seriously when do we ever get what’s probably a simple salt and burn case right on the beach of a fricken resort?”

“You’re the one who is always saying to take the win when we get it. This is our win. Our nice toes in the sand win. And like you said, this should be easy enough, so we can make it a family ghost hunt: You, me, Cas, and Jack.”
“Alright, you know what, screw it. Cas, how do you feel about going to Hawaii?”

Cas perked up a bit. “A vacation?”

“Sort of. Still got a case to work, but why not stay a few days afterwards?”

“That sounds lovely.”

“Sweet. Family ghost trip in Hawaii with team free will 2.0. How we doin’ this, Sammy?”

“Okay, so the people who have all been terrorized, except for the employee, have been couples staying at the resort.”

“Think we should call up Jody, then? See if she wants to pretend to be your girlfriend?” Dean winked.

“Actually this has only been happening to gay couples. I was thinking you and Cas could pretend to be engaged or something.”

Dean’s eyes widened. “Why’s it gotta be me who’s shackin’ up with Cas?” Dean countered defensively.

“I mean I guess I could pretend to be with Cas. I just thought you’d rather do it, ya know with the whole ‘profound bond’ and all.”

Dean’s cheeks turned a deep red and he briefly glanced at Cas, who didn’t seem bothered one bit by this whole plan.

“No. Fine I’ll do it. S’long as I get to hang out on the beach, I’ll do whatever.” Dean directed his gaze at Cas, “Ready to get engaged, sweetie?” He shot him a wink.

Cas’ expression was unreadable. “I guess so,” he said getting up to refill his coffee.

“Alrighty, when do we leave?” Dean said.

“Well here’s the part you’re not gonna like so much,” Sam began. “There is a direct flight out of Bellingham, Washington that we could make tomorrow evening if we leave soon.”

“Sorry I think I misheard you. Thought you said ‘flight.’”

“Yes, Dean. How the hell do you think we are supposed to get to an island? We aren’t gonna drive there, and a boat would take way too long. Remember this is still a case, and someone is dead; we don’t have time to screw around.”

Dean looked like he was going to be sick. Cas placed a gentle hand on his shoulder.

“Don’t worry, Dean. I’ll watch over you. I may not be an angel anymore, but I do know of an Enochian calming spell, if you’d like me to do that while we are flying.”

Dean swallowed loudly, lips parting, “Uh, yeah okay. I guess we could try that.” His desire for a beach vacation and the sincerity in Cas’ voice overpowering the intense fear of flying.

“Great! I’ll go let Jack know, and get him all packed up. You guys do the same, and we can get headed on the road over to Washington.” Sam slapped Dean on the back before exiting the kitchen, leaving Dean glancing nervously at Cas who shot him a warm smile.
“Okay. Guess we’re really doing this.” Dean shook his shoulders and forced himself to go get packed.

While packing, Dean’s mind unconsciously wandered to what he was going to do on this vacation while pretending to be in love with Cas… pretending. Definitely pretending.

Not ten minutes later, Cas knocked on Dean’s door.

“Yeah,” Dean responded. “What’s up?”

“It just occurred to me that I have no clothing suitable for a beach resort,” Cas said.

“Oh shit. Yeah I guess you don’t. Well don’t worry, I’ll throw in some extra clothes of mine that you can borrow, and once we get there we can pick you out some swim trunks.”

Cas smiled at him softly. “Thank you, Dean.”

“Yeah, of course. You ‘bout ready to go?”

“I believe so.”

“Alright then.” They headed out to the garage to pack their stuff into the car, and as soon as Sam and Jack joined them, they were headed to Bellingham, Wyoming.

*****

“So Jack, you excited to see the beach?” Dean glanced in the rearview mirror.

“Extremely. I think I’m excited to see everything. And to work the case with you guys,” Jack added. “Also I’ve never seen a volcano, so that’s pretty cool.”

“Don’t worry—we won’t go by any active ones, but I’m sure we could do some hiking,” Sam said.

“Yeah you guys have fun with that. Cas and I will hang out by the beach.” Dean paused, “guess we should probably go over our cover.”

“You’re right. Okay so you and Cas just got engaged and to celebrate, your awesome big brother is taking you guys to Hawaii.”

“And how does Jack fit in to all this?”

“I can be his son,” Jack replied, excitedly.

“That would work. Okay people are also going to ask about your guys’ relationship,” Sam glanced to Dean.

“Why the hell do people gotta be so nosey?”

“Cause that’s just how humanity works, Dean. Now remember, the best lie is pretty similar to the truth, so I’d suggest you make your story as close to what really happened as possible.”

“You mean besides the part where we screw our brains out.”

“Exactly.”

“Alright then. We met ten years ago when Cas saved me from a really bad place. We’ve been
through lots of ups and downs, but have always come back to each other.” Dean continued to think.

“When do you think we should have decided to pursue a more romantic relationship?” Cas asked.

“Uh I don’t know. More recently?”

“Maybe when you gave him that super romantic mixtape he realized how super romantic it was and then you guys made out,” Sam grinned.

“How the hell did you know I gave him a mixtape?”

“I’m sorry, Dean. I wasn’t sure how to play it in my truck, so I asked Sam for assistance,” Cas said.

“Okay fine,” Dean mumbled.

“Was that a part of the method of courting?” Jack looked at Dean curiously.

“No, damn it. I just made it ‘cause he’s gotta get cultured to good music and all he listens to in that crappy truck was those religious stations,” Dean huffed.

“Well regardless, I agree with Sam that would make a believable addition to our cover,” Cas said.

Dean sighed. “Yeah, sure, whatever. Okay so that’s when we realized our undying, romantic love for each other and have been together ever since.”

“Sounds good. Who proposed, when, and where?” Sam continued grinning.

Dean groaned. “So many details. I guess I proposed.”

“Oh yeah sure; like you ever got the balls to propose.” Sam laughed.

“Shut up. I can be very romantic.” Dean paused. “And I guess maybe we were just hanging out, watching a movie and then I looked over at him and realized that it was never gonna get better than this,” best lies are embedded in the truth, “so I pulled out Dad’s old ring and asked him to marry me.”

“Oh yeah, so romantic.” Sam laughed.

“At least it’s genuine. Here, Cas.” Dean shoved his hand in his pocket, pulled out the dusty band of silver, and handed it behind him to Cas.

“Alright, alright. Sounds like a good enough story as any.” Sam glanced behind him to see Cas smiling softly in the backseat.

“Good. Then I guess we’re ready to get this show on the road.” Dean’s eyes focused on the long road straight ahead to Bellingham Airport.
Bellingham to Kauai

Chapter Summary

Team Free Will 2.0 conquers the plane ride to Kauai (mostly Dean doing the conquering), and gets their first experience of authentic Hawaiian cuisine.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! So yay chapter 2 is up! Starting next chapter is when some good stuff actually will start to happen, so bear with me. Also, after this chapter, they will be getting longer, as well. Thanks so much for coming with me on this journey of my very first fanfic. Hope you enjoy!

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“Yeah I can’t do this.” Dean shook his head as they stood in the terminal. “Nope. Absolutely not. Definitely a mistake.” He paced around their luggage.

Cas placed a firm hand on his shoulder. “Dean, it will be alright.” He kept a steady gaze, those blue eyes piercing daggers into his own. “Remember, we will try out that Enochian spell.” Cas gave his shoulder a gentle squeeze before letting go.

Dean watched him grab his bag and head towards the terminal. Dean had no choice but to allow his legs to carry him in the wake of his best friend.

As soon as Dean settled next to Cas on one side of the plane, with Sam and Jack just across the aisle, he could not stop fidgeting.

“Just think about the how in about a day we will be at the beach: waves splashing, toes in the sand, working a case,” Cas spoke softly.

Dean forced his eyes closed to imagine the paradise that he would be immersed in soon.
Once the plane began to move at a steady speed, his breathing became rapid. Cas placed his hand over Dean’s own.

“What’re you doin’?”

“I’m going to begin the Enochian spell. Physical contact will allow my sense of calm to transfer to you more easily,” Cas said.

With Cas’ calloused fingertips brushing over his own, Dean felt himself getting the opposite of calm, but not due to the plane beginning to move. His heartbeat sped to unnatural speeds and his breathing only got more ragged.

It took Dean a moment to realize that Cas had begun whispering words that he didn’t understand, but eventually he was overcome with a wave of calmness. His mind settled. His chest felt warm. He felt encompassed in something safe.

Cas had finished speaking Enochian, and now settled his gaze on Dean. His hand now grasped Dean’s own almost romantically.

“So what? Now we just hold hands, and I feel how you’re feeling?” Dean asked.

“That is the purpose of this spell, yes. Are you feeling better?”

“Yeah,” Dean focused on their intertwined hands. “I think so. Does this make you feel how scared I am?”

“No. I am simply transferring my sense of calm to you. To feel how you are feeling would require a more complicated spell.”

Thank Chuck. Cas didn’t need to know how this simple contact of hands was making Dean feel. No need to complicate things further.
“Aww, you guys are adorable. Jack look at the happy couple.” Sam gestured across the aisle.

“Shut up, bitch. Unless you want me to have my face in a barf-bag this whole trip, Cas and I are gonna be holding hands.” Dean scowled at his brother.

“At least you’ll get some practice in before we get to the resort,” Sam grinned. “Who knows what you guys are gonna have to do to convince a ghost that you’re together,” he added with a suggestive wink.

Dean felt all the heat rush to his face as he glanced down, again, at their joined hands. Great now you’re gonna start sweating and gross Cas out; he’s not gonna wanna hold your hand for ten hours. He brought his eyes up to Cas’ face, who didn’t seem the least bit uncomfortable.

Glancing over at Sam and Jack, he saw them softly giggling, but wasn’t able to make out their conversation. Without even realizing they had taken off, he noticed that the plane was in the air, flying steadily. A small pang of fear entered his chest, but quickly subsided as Cas’ calmness overrode it. He shot a thankful smile towards his friend.

Shortly after they were in the air for a half hour or so, after all the absolutely terrifying safety messages, a stewardess came around offering drinks.

“Finally bringing around the good stuff,” Dean grinned at Cas.

“You two are just the cutest couple,” The stewardess smiled at their joined hands. “Nervous flyer? My husband is too; he’s always hanging on to my hand for dear life when I take him flying.”

The heat was back in Dean’s face, and before he had the chance to correct her, Cas piped in.

“Well we aren’t married quite yet, just engaged at the moment.”

“Aw how sweet; well I guess congratulations are in order. One drink on the house. What can I get for you two?”

“I’ll just take a water. What about you, Dean?” Cas gave his hand a gentle squeeze.
Dean forced his agape mouth closed, and got his thoughts back in order before taking a large gulp.

“Uh I guess I’ll have a whiskey on the rocks,” Dean stammered.

“Of course. Perfect antidote for a little anxiety. Though with that sweet fiance you got keeping you safe, I don’t think you really need it.” She shot Dean a wink while pouring his whiskey. Across the aisle Sam was giggling again.

“You two enjoy your flight. I’ll be back around shortly with some food.” The stewardess continued pushing her cart further down the aisle.

Dean threw back a gulp of whiskey, allowing it to burn the back of his throat.

“Ya know, we don’t have to pretend to be a couple on the plane ride,” Dean said.

“Oh I’m sorry, Dean. I figured it would be an easier explanation for our holding hands rather than explaining the complexity of Enochian magic,” Cas deadpanned.

“Yeah yeah, fine, you’re probably right.” Dean threw the rest of the whiskey down his throat, embracing the warm tingle it sent through his body.

The rest of the flight was pretty uneventful, except for Cas offering to hold his hand during his trip to the bathroom to which he politely declined. Even holding Cas’ hand, though, the calm radiating through him was minor in contrast to the fear overpowering him during the landing. If he hurt his hand from grasping it so tight, Cas didn’t show any sign of it bothering him.

As soon as his feet his solid ground, he hesitantly let go of Cas’ hand. Then they had to go through all the trouble of getting a stupid rental car.

“No way in hell am I driving around in a Subaru,” Dean grumbled. “It’s bad enough we couldn’t drive Baby here, now you’re suggesting we become damn soccer moms?”
“Dean, out of all the cars here, it gets the best mileage, and has enough room to carry all the weapons and supplies that we had to have shipped here,” Sam huffed. “Like it or not, it’s our best option.”

“Fine, but I sure as hell ain’t gonna be happy about it.”

After picking up the supplies at the island’s post office (thankfully near the airport), the first stop was dinner unless everyone wanted to hear Dean whine the entire car ride about how he was going to starve unless he got some authentic Hawaiian cuisine in him soon.

The gang ended up at a local restaurant about an hour away from the resort, squished together into a very small booth. Dean pretended to mind that his entire left side was pressed up against Cas.

“Of course you would choose the closest thing to a salad on this vacation.” Dean frowned at his brother’s dish of Saimin.

“You’re one to talk. Of course you’d find the closest thing to a burger.”

“Hey, this Manapua is delicious, and is pork, not beef, encased in a perfectly flaky outside,” Dean mumbled around his enormous bite of food. Apparently Dean’s Manapua was not satisfying enough, and he resorted to stealing bites of Cas’ Lomi Lomi Salmon throughout the meal. Sam rolled his eyes, while Cas somehow found this endearing.

Jack and Cas however had the privilege of tasting everyone’s dish because, as Dean put it, they “needed to become cultured to the best part of humanity.”

Before long, the boys were on the road again headed to the resort. Settled in among what looked to be a small rainforest, was the huge building that was the resort. Smaller huts were scattered around the largest building, and behind all of them was a beach which the sun was currently setting on.

“This is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” Jack said from the backseat, his eyes wide. Joy welled up in Dean’s chest at Jack’s words.

“It is magnificent, isn’t it?” Cas looked at Jack so genuine. Dean felt the sting of tears threatening to spill over from seeing Cas look so incredibly happy. It had been a bit touch and go after giving up his grace to avoid The Empty, but allowing him true happiness was more than worth it.
Dean cleared his throat. “Alright ramblers, let’s get rambling.” The four men lugged all their bags in through the front door to check in. They were met with a very peppy, Hawaiian woman wearing a brightly colored lei.

“You boys here for check in?” the woman asked.

“Yes, my brother and his fiancé as well as myself and my son are here checking in for the week,” Sam replied. “Reservation is under the name ‘Waters.’”

“Ah yes, Waters. I have you here for two suites: One king, and two queens. Is that correct?”

“Yup, that sounds about right.”

“Perfect. Here are your keys,” she said, handing them four key cards, “and we offer a complimentary breakfast buffet every morning from seven to ten. You are also welcome to take a look at the brochures of all extra activities that we offer. If you need anything else, my name is Sarah, and I hope you boys enjoy your stay in Kauai.”

“Thank you so much; I’m sure we will,” Sam said with a smile while they all headed to the elevators. Dean and Cas’ room was one floor above Sam and Jack’s.

“So let’s plan on meeting at breakfast tomorrow morning to figure out our game plan for the case.” Sam said.

“Sounds like a plan. Man am I ready for my four hours. Hell, we’re on vacation (ish), might even bump it up to six hours.” Dean replied with a yawn.

Dean and Cas’ room was far different than all the shitty motels they’d stayed at in the past. The walls were painted a soft sand color, with accents around the room of blues and greens. A massive king bed sat in the center of the room, and it looked to be probably the comfiest thing Dean would ever lay on in his life. Out on the patio there were stairs that led down right to the sandy beach behind the resort. If Dean ever made it to heaven again, it would look like this.

“Wanna flip a coin for the bed? Loser gets the couch,” Dean suggested to Cas.
“Dean, this bed is absolutely huge. There should be no problem with both of us sharing and enjoying a comfortable bed for once,” Cas replied matter-of-factly. Before Dean could protest, or question anything more, Cas announced he was going to grab a shower.

“Okay, yeah. I’ll probably grab a quick one in the morning,” Dean started. “If it’s all the same to you, I’m probably gonna hit the sack. Turn the lights out when you head to bed?”

“Of course.” Cas grabbed his pajamas from his bag and headed into the bathroom. Before falling into bed, Dean took a few minutes to admire the view. The sun had set completely now, but the moon radiated across the still water. Thick forests lay on each side of the beach, making the entire resort secluded and private.

The mattress sunk under his body, taking less than ten minutes for his eyelids to close shut for the night. The last thing his mind was able to process was the bed dipping slightly as Cas got under the covers.
A Romantic Boat Tour

Chapter Summary

Dean and Cas embark on their first couple's activity all while fighting their own "unrequited" desires.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry this is a little late, but it's almost twice as long as my previous chapters, and stuff actually starts to happen, so YAY! Hope you guys enjoy :)

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Warmth. Surrounding him and emanating from inside him. Warmth was all Dean felt as his consciousness slowly crept back to him. Regardless of them currently working a case, this was the best sleep Dean had in longer than he could remember. Something tickled his nose, causing his hand to twitch to brush it away. But his arm was blocked from movement.

As his eyes fluttered open, Dean was met with a mess of black hair pressed close to his face. His arm was thrown over a solid middle, and the recipient’s arm wrapped around his own.

*Shit.* In the middle of the night, Dean had maneuvered over the large expanse of bed to Cas’ side and begun spooning him. Curse his secret love of cuddling.

He took a second to allow himself to enjoy the moment. A solid body pressed against his chest. The soft rise and fall of Cas’ breathing, and the quiet puffs of exhale. The sliver of light shining through the blinds caressing Cas’ cheekbone. The way his legs fit perfectly behind Cas’. The gentle grip of Cas’ calloused hand on his wrist.

Dean scolded himself for enjoying this. Cas had only been human for a short time, and he probably wouldn’t even feel anything more than friendship towards Dean. He was being selfish.
Careful not to wake him, Dean attempted to unwrap himself from his best friend before it got awkward. Cas grumbled in his sleep, but only turned over to chase the heat on the mattress where Dean’s body had just lay. Dean’s chest ached as he studied Cas, how peaceful he looked in his sleep.

The shower did little to clear Dean’s mind. It only caused him to imagine what it would be like if Cas were to join him in his shower. How grumpy he would be about moving from under the soft covers, but reluctantly agreeing to Dean coaxing him into a warm shower with him. How Cas would softly smile while Dean rubbed shampoo into that mess of hair. Dropping delicate kisses to his shoulder and back of his neck. Dean’s hands creeping down over Cas’ taut stomach — *Nope!* *Time to turn the faucet all the way to cold.*

Dean left the bathroom feeling only frustration and guilt. Cas was awake now, sleepily rubbing his palms against his eyes. Dean couldn’t look him in the eye.

“How long have you been up?” Cas asked.

“Not long. Just long enough to grab a shower.” Dean walked over to his phone on the bedside table.

“How you feel about meeting Sam and Jack for some breakfast and talk about the case?” Dean asked.

“Yeah, sure just give me a sec.”

“Alright, sleeping beauty.” Dean shot him a wink.

Cas shuffled into the bathroom allowing Dean time to admire the way his own sweats hung low on Cas’ waist, his hipbones peeking out over the top of them. Dean took a deep breath, and waited for his friend to finish getting ready.

They soon met Sam and Jack in the room near the lobby for breakfast.

“Sleep well?” Sam asked.
“Yeah, those beds, right?” Dean grinned, “like sleeping on a cloud.” Not to mention cuddling up with your best friend.

The four of them made their way to buffet, laden with a glorious selection of foods. Dean piled his plate high with mound of bacon, the scent wafting to his nostrils, making his mouth water. He had to get a second plate to fill up with few waffles and some pineapple so that Sam didn’t slap him for not including fruit. Cas had also seemed to indulge a bit on the waffles, his own plate piled up with strawberries and blueberries and tower of whipped cream on top. Sam, on the other hand, mostly had a plate full of a mix of fruits, all the while placing a good amount on Jack’s plate for good measure. At least the kid had grabbed a few pieces of bacon to go along with it.

“Alright, so what’s the plan for today?” Dean asked with a mouth full of waffles.

“Well Jack and I looked over some of the activities that the resort offers, and I think we decided on a hiking tour on some of the cliffs around the ocean. Talk to the tour guides and the other guests to see if they know about anything that’s been happening.” Sam said. “I suggest you guys choose something ‘coupley,’ and do the same.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right. What the hell kind of couples activities does this place offer?” Dean asked.

“Well you could always do the couples massage class. ‘Enjoy a romantic massage with you partner all while learning these techniques for a special evening alone.’” Sam smirked at Dean.

“Yeah, next.” Dean deadpanned.

Sam chuckled, “They offer a bout tour around the nearby rainforest area. Apparently they offer the same thing at a different time, but this one is said to be romantic, so you could probably do that.”

“Sounds painless enough. How’s a boat tour sound to you, Cas?” Dean asked.

“That sounds very nice. When does it begin?”

“There’s one that departs at eleven. Then we could meet back up for a late lunch, and see what to do next.” Sam suggested.
“Alright that gives us about an hour and half to get around and figure out where we gotta meet.” Dean wadded up his napkin and got up from the table. “I’ll go to the desk and sign up for the tour and be right back.” Dean left the three of them to finish their breakfast and wandered out to the lobby.

“So, how pissed is Dean about having to share his bed?” Sam smirked.

“It’s a pretty large bed; I don’t think he minded too much.” Cas didn’t mention how he woke up in the middle of the night to Dean’s hot breath against his neck, his forearm laying protectively across his middle. Unfortunately he couldn’t stop the blush that spread across his face. If either Sam or Jack noticed, they didn’t say anything.

“Well good. I’m glad he got over some of his toxic masculinity enough to enjoy a good night’s sleep,” Sam said.

“What about a good night’s sleep?” Dean came sauntering back to the table with two tickets in his hand.

“Just continuing to discuss the comfort of the beds at this resort,” Jack quickly replied. The expression on his face resembled as if he was fighting giving Sam a thumbs-up. Dean glanced among the three of them.

“Alright.” Dean shot Jack a funny look. “So, we actually just have to meet the rest of the tour in the lobby, and then we all walk over to the boats together. What time does your guys’ hiking tour start?”

“Same time as the boat tour. Meet in the lobby beforehand, too.” Sam said.

“Alright, well whaddya say we get dressed for the day and all go take a look at the beach before our tours?” Dean suggested.

“Sam, can we? Please?” Jack asked hopefully.

Sam chucked, “Yeah, I don’t see why not.”
“Dude are you wearing pink shorts?” Sam asked his brother.

“They’re salmon, thank you very much, and they matched the shirt,” Dean retorted, smoothing his hands over his white Steve Miller Band shirt.

“I think it looks very nice, Dean,” Cas said.

Dean attempted to hide his blush. “Thanks, Cas.” The two shared a soft look.

“This water sure is beautiful,” Jack said in awe. The four glanced along the shore. The crystal clear water splashed along the sandy beach, making a soothing noise. The crisp morning air saved them from the heat that would come later.

Dean glanced over at Cas whose eyes had drifted shut, his chin tilting up at the sun. The soft breeze danced through his hair. Dean couldn’t help the tightening in his chest. When he looked away from Cas, he caught Sam staring at him with a “knowing” expression.

Dean toed off his sandals, and let his toes dig into the cool sand. The waves moved up along the shoreline, kissing his feet. Before long, it was time for them to venture back to the lobby for their respective tours.

Dean and Cas were greeted by a man who seemed to be in his fifties, donned in a brightly colored hawaiian shirt and lei. The man held a sign saying he would be leading their boat tour. The boat must be pretty big since there looked to be about six other couples waiting for the tour to begin.

Turns out, the boat was not as big as Dean suspected. Sure, there was enough standing and walking around room on the single level, but hardly enough seating. Dean ended up with his side fully pressed up against Cas. Though, maybe that was part of the appeal for the romantic boat tour, as some of the couples seemed to be practically in each other’s laps, trading kisses along the way.

Dean was surprised when Cas’ rough hand wrapped around his own.
“What are you doing?” Dean asked.

“Do you realize how out of place we look?” Cas whispered. “We look like we can’t stand each other.”

“Alright fine, but I ain’t sitting in your damn lap.” Dean, again, pretended that the hand-holding wasn’t affecting him as much as it actually was.

“Hello everyone! My name is David, and I’ll be your tour guide for today,” the man said. “I hope none of you mind the tight squeeze; we were completely booked up.” David was met with many giggles and “no worries” from the different groups of couples on the boat.

“Today we are going to be venturing around parts of this island including the more heavy rainforest area, lover’s cove, and the stone pillars. We will also spend some time in the warmer waters in hopes of spotting our famous hawaiian monk seals, green sea turtles, and spinner dolphins. Included in this tour is also a complimentary choice of a mai tai or lava flow refreshment.”

“Oh hell yeah, now we’re talking,” Dean whispered to Cas.

Once the drinks were passed out, Dean and Cas now sat comfortably next to each other with each one of the mentioned drinks for best taste-testing purposes. Dean wouldn’t admit it to Sam, but each of these *girly* drinks were actually quite delicious. Cas, however, took no shame in his enjoyment.

The first stop on the tour was a channel of the ocean that zigzagged through a deep area of rainforest. Once in this area, the boat’s engine was turned down, and just floated along with the current. The light was mostly muted in this area, except for the single rays that would pierce through the trees. The smell of moisture, soil, decaying plants, and wood flooded their senses. It wasn’t an unpleasant smell; it was comforting. Cas had begun holding his hand once again, enhancing the comfort of the surrounding setting. Sounds rainforest danced beautifully in their ears.

The stone pillars were next in the itinerary. Large rock pillars jutted up from the water in a small radius just east of the rainforest. Dean jerked his head towards the tour guide one they had stopped inside the circle of pillars. Cas nodded in agreement.
The two of them made their way over to the tour guide who greeted them enthusiastically.

“Hello, boys, what can I do for you?”

“My fiance here is such a worrier, I was hoping you could give us some peace of mind about the tormenting that has been going on recently.” Cas piped up before Dean had a chance to say anything. He shot Cas a quick glare before throwing a shy smile at the tour guide. Cas only squeezed his hand in return.

“Oh. I don’t think you need to worry. It’s been some time since the last occurrence.” The tour guide replied sheepishly.

“Did you know anything about the couples that had been attacked?” Dean questioned.

The tour guide rubbed the back of his neck. “Not really,” he started. “Really nice couples as far as I can remember. You could tell they were all so in love, even just by how they’d look at each other. Nothing out of the ordinary, though.”

“Thank you. We appreciate your candidness,” Cas smiled at the man. The tour guide looked relieved that they had finished questioning him. Dean and Cas wandered close to the edge of the boat.

“So, anything suspicious with him?” Dean whispered to Cas.

“I don’t think so. He seemed nervous that we were gonna want a refund, or sue the resort. I don’t think he’s got anything to do with the occurrences.”

Dean hummed in agreement, “well at least we found out one thing.”

“What’s that?” Cas looked confused.

“It appears we gotta step up our game, sweetheart,” Dean grinned at him, adding a quick peck to Cas’ cheek.
Dean’s lips tingled from the contact. All he could think about was how bad he wanted to feel Cas’ warm skin under his lips again. Cas’ face was now a deep blush as he tried to hide the small smile creeping up onto his lips.

The next location of the boat tour was a smaller, secluded area of warm water where ocean life was said to be at it’s best. A few meters from where their boat had come to a stop, Dolphins could be seen breaching the water’s surface. The tour guide passed around his binoculars so that everyone had a chance to witness them.

Dean couldn’t even pretend he wasn’t interesting in the lame boat tour when he gazed upon the dolphins swimming and playing with each other. He quickly shoved the binoculars into Cas’ hands, pointing out to the distance. Cas’ face erupted in a huge smile. Apparently seeing Cas’ face light up was contagious because soon Dean’s face matched Cas’.

The tour was also granted with the sight of a bale of sea turtles swimming right up next to the boat. The clear water caused no difficulty in studying the varying patterns on their shells. Cas pulled Dean close to point to a baby sea turtle swimming in the middle. Dean stayed close long after.

The last stop on the tour was lover’s cove: a small, heart-shaped opening in the rock with an almost trickle of a waterfall inside. Dean wanted to roll his eyes at the whole ordeal, but he stopped when he glanced at Cas, still pressed up against him. His eyes sparked in the sun shining through the top of the cavern, as cliche as that sounds. He couldn’t take his eyes off of him. Eventually Cas’ eyes met his own, and they did that thing where they stare at each other and Sam (if he were here) would roll his eyes.

They were interrupted by another couple approaching them.

“This is lovely, isn’t it?” The woman beamed at them, her hand clasped in the hand of a man slightly taller than Dean.

“It is beautiful,” Cas replied.

“You know the legend, right?” She questioned. “If you visit this place with your partner, it’s said that your love will withstand time,” she winked at her husband.

Dean wrapped his arm around Cas’ middle. “I don’t need some old legend to tell me that.” Dean
shot his most flirtatiously loving smile at him. Cas smirked to try to hide the blush that Dean’s words evoked.

“Aw well aren’t you just the sweetest. My name is Cathy, this is Bill. We came here for our honeymoon; what brings you two here?” Cathy asked.

“Well, I’m Dean, and me and Cas, here just got engaged, so my little brother decided to bring us out here to celebrate,” Dean replied.

“Congratulations! How sweet of him. Well, I hope you two the best of luck with your future together, though I doubt you’ll need it.” She smiled brightly at them before pulling her husband along the railing, who only followed with a look of adoration on his face, to get closer to the waterfall.

“They seem very happy together,” Cas leaned into Dean, still looking sweetly at the retreating couple, who now shared a kiss next to the waterfall.

“Yeah, they do,” Dean replied, feeling the raw want course through his body at the sight, his arms still wrapped tight around Cas.
Hey guys, sorry for the late update. I'll try to get back into the swing of things, but school is getting stressful. Hope you like this chapter!

I also want to give a HUGE thank you to my amazing beta readers (and friends): Sam (tumblr) & Krista (tumblr)
I love them both so much. Check out their blogs and writing!

You can also check out my tumblr too if you wanna! :)

Dean and Cas grabbed a table at a small hut outside the resort for lunch, waiting for Sam and Jack to join them. Surprisingly enough, Dean ordered himself another lava flow, while ordering a pina colada for Cas, promising him he would love it. The two of them sipped on their drinks while studying the menus when Sam and Jack joined them.

“Hey, lovebirds, how was the romantic boat tour?” Sam teased. Dean shot him a glare.

“I think the both of us actually enjoyed ourselves quite a bit,” Cas said. “We witnessed many beautiful nature spots and sea-life. How did you two enjoy your hiking tour?”

“It was amazing!” Jack exclaimed. “We visited an inactive volcano, and saw so many cool animals like the indian mongoose, mule deer, wallaby, the hawaiian hoary bat in a cave we got to see, and even the nene, the state bird of Hawaii.” Jack’s smile lit up his entire face.

“Looks like you got a little sun, too,” Dean gestured to the light pink tint to Jack’s nose and cheeks. “Better pick up some sunscreen before we hit the beach. But, first things first, lunch.” Dean declared as the waitress approached their table.

“What can I get for you boys?” She asked.

“I’ll have the Loco Moco,” Dean shot her a radiant smile.

“Would you like cheese added?”
“Oh, hell yes,” Dean rubbed his now growling stomach. Sam made a face of disgust. “Cas?”

“I’ll have the Hawaiian pizza.”

“Are you serious?” Dean stared at him in shock, “Pineapple on pizza? I can’t believe you’re my fiance.”

“Dude that didn’t even originate in Hawaii,” Sam laughed.

“Well, I enjoy the taste of pineapple and ham and cheese separately, so they should taste good together,” Cas stated matter of factly.

“Whatever, man, have fun picking off the pineapple when you realize how disgusting it is,” Dean rolled his eyes.

“Ah, a common favorite and controversy over our many American guests,” the waitress smiled. “And how bout you two?”

“I’ll have the Hawaiian plate with Lau Lau,” Sam said.

“And I’ll have the Huli Huli Chicken,” Jack said.

“Some great choices; I’ll get those orders in right away.”

“So find anything interesting?” Sam asked.

“Nothing really, just that the couples who got tormented were all romantic and shit, so Cas and I gotta step it up I guess,” Dean replied.

“Aw, that’s sweet. Can’t just pretend you’re having a lover’s quarrel anymore,” Sam laughed. “You guys might wanna consider scooching your chairs a little closer; there’s quite a bit of distance
between you.”

Dean rolled his eyes at his brother before looking at the short distance between his and Cas’ chairs.

“Whatever. You guys find anything?” Dean asked.

“Not really much more than you. Couples were really sweet. Nothing weird going’ on with them. Only similarity was that they were gay.”

“Anything about the employee who was killed?” Cas added.

“Oh yeah. Heard he was just sweeping the floor under the chandelier when it just dropped on him. When I asked the tour guide about it, he seemed a little nervous; turns out the guy was kind of a dick.”

“How so?” Dean asked.

“Didn’t go into any more detail than that. Just said he wasn’t the greatest guy,” Sam shrugged.

By the time their food was brought out, they all dug in quickly. Dean shot a disgusted look at Cas’ Hawaiian pizza, waiting for him to take a bite. Unfortunately Cas seemed to enjoy the pizza. Then to make matters worse, he offered a bite to Jack who also enjoyed the disgrace.

“Would you like a bite, Dean?” Cas asked? Dean responded with another look of disgust.

“I’ll even feed it to you, if you’d prefer,” Cas said innocently while extending his hand full of pizza to Dean’s face.

“I can’t do this. I want the ring back.” Dean couldn’t help the smile that formed when he said it.

After the four of them finished their lunch, they headed back to their rooms to get ready for the beach, not before stopping at the gift shop to pick up a swim suit for Cas. He, of course, decided on the pair that had bees all over them. They were absolutely not the most adorable thing Dean had
ever seen on Cas.

Sam only smirked when the two walked down to meet them on the beach.

Jack was practically bursting with excitement to get in the water.

“Not before we get some sunscreen on you,” Dean said. “Don’t need you whining about getting your first sunburn.” He reached into his bag and pulled out a big bottle of spf 50, tossing it to Jack.

Jack looked utterly confused by the thick white liquid that he was pouring way too much on to his fingers. Once he finally got his body covered, with some help with Sam, he was allowed to go swim. He sprinted to the chilled ocean.

“You too, Cas,” Dean tossed him the bottle as well.

“It’s my understanding that couples help each other with this particular activity; am I correct?” Cas asked innocently. A deep blush spread from Dean’s cheeks to his bare chest.

“Um, yeah, I guess I can do it.” Dean crowded behind Castiel, avoiding Sam’s gaze, and poured a generous amount of sunscreen on his fingers.

He spread his hands across Cas’ broad shoulders. Cas’ skin was hot to the touch under his fingertips. Dean slowly made his way down the expanse of skin to his lower back, pausing a moment to admire the dimples just above his waistband. He skimmed him hands up his arms, giving his biceps an almost unnoticeable squeeze, almost.

“Alright, turn around.” Making quick, awkward work of his chest, the blush now spreading to the tips of his ears, he then went on to Cas’ face. He made sure to leave a cute little speck of white on his nose, and Cas’ eyes briefly went cross eyed.

Cas wished he could blame the sun for the way his face was turning a light shade of pink, but Dean would obviously know better. He hoped he wouldn’t mention it.

By the time Dean was done slathering Cas up with sunscreen, he made a quick glance over to Sam
who was smirking behind his book.

When he looked over at Jack, he was sitting on the shore letting the waves crash over his body with a grin that took over his entire face.

“Dean, Cas, come get in the water; it’s not even that cold,” He shouted to them. As soon as Dean and Cas made their way over to Jack and stood with their feet in the water, Dean rammed his body into Cas’ tackling him into the water.

Cas emerged with a scowl on his face as Dean made a fountain of water come out of his mouth and splash over Cas’ nose. The scowl didn’t last long and was quickly covered up by laughter, his, Dean’s, and Jack’s as they all began a splashing fight.

Dean sneakily hooked his foot behind Cas’ knee causing him to tumble, once again, into the water.

“Truce?” Dean asked with a grin, holding his hand down to Cas.

Cas nodded, grabbing Dean’s hand. As soon as he grabbed his hand, though, a wicked grin spread across his face as he pulled Dean down on top of him.

The three continued on like this for a while, splashing and playing in the water, before Dean beckoned Sam over because he would be the best and throwing Jack into the waves. Jack loved this activity and begged all of them to take turns.

Dean hadn’t felt this good and carefree since he was a child, even though this was still a case. Unfortunately they did still have work to do, so they decided to get cleaned up and make their way around the resort to question more people before dinner.

As soon as Dean and Cas got back to their room, Dean immediately realized how stupid he was for not putting on sunscreen himself. Cas noticed his discomfort. When Dean got out of the shower, he learned that Cas had gone to the gift shop to pick up a small bottle of aloe.

“Take off your shirt,” Cas stated, very non-sexual, yet the sound of the words coming out of his mouth still made Dean’s skin tingle.
And here they were again, standing so close, the air between them thick with tension, except this time they were alone. Cas’ hands were gentle as they moved over Dean’s back and chest, and even gentler so as while he applied the aloe to his face.

Dean could feel Cas’ hot breath tickle his cheeks and realized how long he had been holding his in. He let out a small puff of air. Cas paused, his eyes flashing down to Dean’s lips. Under Cas’ stare, Dean couldn’t help dart his tongue out to wet them.

Cas’ eyes went back up to meet Dean’s. His fingers still resting on the sides of Dean’s face. This could have lasted seconds or minutes or hours, but for Dean, the clock stopped in this moment. His mind raced with thoughts of Cas’ rough lips against his own. Cas’ hands cradling his face as their lips moved together gently.

These thoughts and the moment were broken far too soon.

“We should probably go meet your brother in the lobby,” Cas whispered, still only inches away from Dean’s face.

“Yeah,” Dean cleared his throat, “yeah, you’re probably right.” He hesitantly took a step back from Cas.

The two soon met Sam and Jack in the lobby where there was an unfamiliar face at the front desk. Sadly the man at the front desk was new to the resort, filling in for the previous employee who had been killed. When they questioned him, all he knew was that some freak accident with a chandelier had happened, but that was all they had told him.

The rest of the guests and employees they questioned provided almost no more information than what they already had. All they learned was that, again, the couples had been absolutely smitten with each other, and that all of the incidents had happened inside the resort, as well as one incident outside, but still on the property.

During this questioning, however, Dean and Cas had gotten multiple comments about how sweet they were together, so at least they were doing a good job upping their game by constantly holding hands. Eventually the four of them retired to the resort’s restaurant for dinner.

They, once again, enjoyed a delicious Hawaiian dinner, all while Dean enjoyed how romantic he and Cas got to act with each other. He avoided thinking about finishing the case and having to
return his relationship with Cas back to normal.

While Dean was feeding Cas some of his chocolate haupia pie (thank Chuck Hawaii made some excellent pie), Dean noticed a woman sitting alone at a table in the corner of the room glaring at them. Getting angry at the first display of homophobia towards them, Dean threw his arm around Cas’ shoulders.

“Uh oh, think you got a little something there,” Dean gestured to a small bit of chocolate next to his lip. “Don’t worry; I got it,” Dean leaned in and planted a soft kiss on Cas’ cheek.

Cas looked at him with wide eyes. Dean only smirked before glancing back at the woman to find that she was no longer there.

Sam cleared his throat, “Alright you lovebirds, I think it’s time we hit the hay; we got a long day tomorrow since we still have almost nothing to go on.”

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As the two lay in bed that night, they discussed possible activities to do the following day.

“Maybe we could try out snorkeling?” Dean asked.

“That sounds interesting. I was also reading up on the couples yoga that they offer. That seems like something I’d like to try,” Cas said.

“Hell no; this body is not cut out for pretzel positions,” Dean retorted.

Cas rolled his eyes, “Dean, it’s a beginners class; there will be no pretzeling.”

“Fine, I’ll give it a shot, but later we go on that Hawaiian booze tour.”

“Deal,” Cas grinned, “Goodnight, Dean.”
“Night, Cas.” Dean watched as Cas burrowed under the covers with a soft smile on his face before turning out the lamp.
A firm heat pressed up against his back while a hand snaked around him to rest on his stomach. It was wonderful, to say the least, but definitely not normal.

“Cas, whaddya doin’?” Dean sleepily questioned, his eyes still closed.

A small kiss was placed on the back of his neck, “Just attempting to reciprocate what you were doing to me yesterday morning.” He nuzzled into the spot where his neck still tingled from the kiss.

Dean carefully turned over, Cas’ arm still bracketing his waist, his face inches above him.

“Why?”

“Because I found it particularly enjoyable,” Cas started. “Didn’t you?”

Dean gulped. “Yeah,” he responded in a barely-there whisper.

“Good.”

Before Dean could say any more, soft lips were pressed against his own. A quiet gasp escaped
from his lips, but he was soon coaxed into the gentle movements of Cas’ mouth.

Dean’s hand trailed up to rest on Cas’ cheek while they continued to trade innocent kisses. It wasn’t long before Dean couldn’t resist to get a hand in that messy, dark hair. This changed the angle, deepening the now not-so-innocent kiss.

How long they simply explored each other’s mouths was a mystery to Dean. After some time, though, he urged Cas’ body over his. From head to toe, Cas was draped over Dean. The hard lines of a man unfamiliar, but exhilarating. His other hand moved up to wrap around Cas’ bicep. A shiver ran down his spine at the sheer strength of the man above him, yet he was so tender in his movements.

Cas’s hand traveled down Dean’s chest to the hem of his shirt, snaking under to press against the soft skin underneath. When Dean gasped this time, Cas trailed his lips slowly over Dean’s jaw, pausing briefly to suck at his pulse point. Dean’s hips had begun to move faintly under Cas’, who soon realized and acted accordingly, thankfully just as affected by this as Dean was.

Cas had resumed kissing him with more passion now. Hips moving faster. Hand trailing further up Dean’s chest. Dean’s hands doing his own exploring of Cas’ back, gripping at his waist, urging it against his own.

“Dean,” Cas let out a gasp.

Dean could only hum in response with Cas’ mouth firmly back on his.

“Dean.”

“Dean.”

“Dean!”

Dean’s eyes shot open as he bolted upright in the bed.

“Dean, are you alright? Were you having a nightmare?” Cas asked, a genuine look of concern over
his features, obviously not having realized the situation and the part he played in it.

Dean tried not to focus on Cas’ hand that gripped his shoulder.

“Uh, yeah, no, I’m good,” he mumbled as he attempted to bunch the comforter around his crotch. Glancing at the clock on the nightstand, he saw that it was already 7:30 anyway; might as well just get up. He scurried away from Cas mentioning something about “bathroom” and “shower” before disappearing into the bathroom leaving Cas dumbfound.

This shower went a lot like his last one. Except, this time, he was too aroused to will his erection to just go down. Dean tried to take care of the situation as quickly as possible, which wasn’t too difficult with the dream still fresh in his mind. Soon enough, the evidence on the shower wall was rinsing away, and the guilt of jerking off to his best friend in the other room was washing over him.

He needed to stop these feelings. This was just a case. Just pretend. Cas didn’t really want him this way. It was better to just acknowledge that now rather than get all mopey later when things would have to go back to normal.

Cas didn’t mention anything when Dean stepped out of the bathroom, only gave him a questioning look as he walked past him to shower and get ready, himself. Dean took a deep breath, trying not too hard to think about having to get all up close and personal with Cas, his fiance.

When Cas walked out of the bathroom in just a towel hanging from his hips, all of the strength that Dean had gathered was shattered. He stood frozen, his eyes wide and lips parted. Cas barely paid him a second glance as he rummaged through his bag for his clothes before returning to the bathroom. When Cas returned, fully clothed, he broke Dean out of the trance he had been in since Cas walked out the first time with the suggestion of breakfast.

Dean and Cas beat Sam and Jack to breakfast, so they ended up sipping coffee for a bit while figuring out the times of the activities they would be attending. Yoga at 11am, Snorkeling at 2pm, and Hawaiian booze tour at 10pm. Dean still, reluctantly, agreed to try out this yoga thing, which made Cas’ entire face light up, and Dean forgot why he was hesitant in the first place.

Dean eventually decided, screw waiting for Sam and Jack, it was time to stuff his face. In the time while waiting for Sam and Jack, Cas picked at some of the fruit on Dean’s two plates full of food. Dean pretended to act upset, but really, he hadn’t planned on eating any fruit. Jack and Sam greeted them within the next ten minutes. Soon all four of them were settled around the small table.
Before they could get into any conversation, Dean got up to get a coffee refill. He came back with two cups, after noticing that Cas was out as well.

“Two sugars and a dash of cream; too damn sweet if you ask me,” Dean said as he set it down in front of Cas.

“Thank you, Dean.” Cas looked at Dean with a soft smile.

“What are you guys doing today? Sam and I are going on an exotic boat tour that has a glass bottom to see all the wildlife,” Jack said excitedly.

“Our list for the day is yoga, snorkeling, and an alcoholic tour later this evening,” Cas replied.

“You got Dean to agree to yoga? That’s pretty impressive,” Sam chuckled.

Dean plastered a smitten look on his face, “Anything for the love of my life,” he replied throwing his arm around Cas and planting an exaggerated kiss on his cheek.

“Don’t understand why these people have to flaunt their lifestyle in public, at a family facility especially,” A man scoffed to a woman walking next to him as they passed by the Winchester’s table.

Dean was on his feet the second the words left the guy’s mouth. “You got somethin’ you wanna say to me?” He demanded.

The woman looked at him with wide eyes, but said nothing. The man, however, puffed up his chest and sized Dean up.

“Just think you people should keep your repulsive lifestyle away from the influential eyes of children,” he growled.

Dean huffed, “Oh I’m sorry that kissing my boyfriend on the cheek is so repulsive. Jack do you suddenly feel the urge to go blow some guy in an alley?” Jack looked at him in awe with his mouth wide open, only stuttering a reply.
“Dean,” Cas stood up and placed a hand on his shoulder, “It’s alright. He’s not worth our time, or a fight,” he said gently.

“Ha. Yeah, I’d like to see this fag try to fight me,” the man said as the woman dragged him away.

Cas had to tighten his grip on Dean’s shoulder to restrain him from going after the guy, but he finally got him to sit back down. The rest of the tables soon resumed their conversations, still glancing at Dean and Cas every so often. Dean sat fuming, Cas’ hand still softly rubbing his shoulder.

Jack looked frightened at Dean’s abrupt outburst, “Why was he so angry at you?”

“Cause some people are homophobic assholes who can’t go two fucking seconds without making it known,” Dean growled.

“Some people just believe that it’s wrong when two men or two women are in a romantic relationship with each other,” Sam stated calmly.

“Why?” Jack asked.

“Because some people’s interpretation of the Bible says that homosexuality is wrong, and also some people have a difficult time dealing with change.”

“But, Jack, I can assure you that God is indifferent to sexual orientation, and it is perfectly okay to love whomever you love,” Cas said.

Jack nodded, “I’m sorry that some people feel that way.”

“Me too, kid,” Dean sighed, sipping his coffee.

The rest of breakfast went by without any more incidents, but Dean stayed angry, only picking at his food for the duration of breakfast. After setting up their reservations for the list of activities for
the day, Dean and Cas spent the next hour relaxing in their room. Dean spending his time dreading the shapes his body would be forced into during yoga.

At some point during the time Dean made their reservations, Cas had picked up yoga attire for the two of them.

“I know you would prefer pants over shorts, so I got you some running pants,” Cas said, passing the pants and tank top over to Dean.

“Alright, I’ll try ‘em on, but no promises,” Dean mumbled, glancing at the beaming smile Cas now wore, making his way into the bathroom.

The pants were pretty comfortable, but the tightness in the crotch caused him to tug the shirt as far down as he could. When he stepped out of the bathroom, Cas was standing there in the same tank top which looked wonderful. The shirt hugged his pecs perfectly and his biceps were left uncovered. When he got down to the pants, though, uh oh. Cas had decided on the shorts which, thankfully, weren’t as tight as boxer briefs, but damn did they hug his thighs deliciously. Cas’ outfit made Dean really wish his own pants weren’t this revealing.

“Ready to head down there?” Cas asked while putting on a pair of tennis shoes.

“Um yeah sure,” Dean stuttered, still focusing on Cas’ very fit legs.

Cas looped his fingers around Dean’s as they made their way through the lobby into the yoga room. The room was filled with other couples, many of them men looking as nervous to be there as Dean. A young, slim woman stood at the front next to a bucket of water bottles. Dean and Cas took their place at two mats near the back of the room after grabbing a couple water bottles.

The session went by pretty painlessly since it was a beginner’s class. Cas only had to help Dean with a couple of the poses, causing Dean to blush furiously while Cas’ hands roamed over his body.

“Dean, your back isn’t arched properly, let me help.” Cas then proceeded to run his hand over Dean’s lower back, pressing gently.

Overall, Dean left feeling pretty relaxed, if not for a little turned on.
They had a few minutes before they needed to go get changed for snorkeling, so they decided to see if they could get any information out of the yoga instructor.

“Great job today, you two,” she perkily greeted them. “Especially you; you seem to have a knack for yoga,” she smiled, gesturing to Cas.

“Thank you; it was a very relaxing experience,” he replied.

“What can I do for you?” She asked, still focused on Cas.

“We were just wondering if you knew anything about the incidences that have happened here in the past few weeks,” Dean cut in.

“Oh I did hear about those poor couples,” she gasped. “Never saw anything myself, but it did freak me out a bit at first. Though, I don’t think you have anything to worry about with a man like this lookin’ out for ya.” She placed her hand on Cas’ bicep.

Dean wasn’t usually one to get jealous, especially with someone he was fake dating, but this woman was making his blood boil. Touching his fiance right in front of him like that. Dean threw his arm around Cas’ waist pulling him flush against himself.

“Yeah I am pretty damn lucky to have my man here to protect me,” Dean threw up a large smile at the woman while pulling Cas away.

“Have a great day; let me know if you need anything else,” she winked at Cas.

“Good bye,” Cas waved while Dean tugged him out the door more forcefully.

“Dean what was that about?”

“What was what about?” Dean asked.
“That woman was being very nice and helpful, and you were quite rude to her.”

“Oh yeah, she was being very nice to you. She was hitting on you.” Dean frowned.

“Oh. I’m sorry; I didn’t realize.” Cas looked confused.

“It’s fine. Let’s just go get ready for snorkeling.” Dean grumbled as he began stomping away. He didn’t see the small smile playing at the corners of Cas’ mouth.

Once the two of them got back to the room, they changed into their suits and a tee shirt, getting ready to head down for snorkeling. Cas placed a hand on his shoulder.

“Dean, thank you for attending yoga with me. I know you didn’t want to, and I really appreciate it. I hope it wasn’t too horrible.”

“Oh, yeah, no problem. It was alright. Didn’t get turned into a pretzel, so that’s a plus.” Dean grinned.

“I’m glad.” Cas slowly pulled his hand away from Dean’s shoulder. Dean quickly missed having the contact.

The snorkeling group was pretty small, only a few couples in addition to Dean and Cas. They were taken out on a boat to an area of the ocean, not far from the island, that was a lighter blue than the surrounding water. According to the guide, this was a favorite spot for many of their exotic fish.

Dean couldn’t help but giggle at Cas when he had the snorkeling goggles on. He looked absolutely adorable. The water was refreshing when they jumped in. The majority of the time they were in the water was spent laughing at each other’s goggles and splashing water at each other. They spotted some pretty cool fish, and Cas seemed to enjoy the colorful coral on the seabed that they could spot further down. When Cas was watching intently on a school of fish, Dean quietly swam up behind him and grabbed his feet which resulted in a brief ocean wrestling match. They only got a few dirty looks from people who were trying to observe the fish, but mostly people just observed how sweet they were.

The two of them headed straight to one of the smaller huts on the beach behind the resort to meet Sam and Jack for an early dinner. Cas and Jack ended up splitting a Hawaiian pizza, much to
Dean’s dismay, Sam decided on a salad, while Dean chose a variation of the ham sandwich.

“So how bad was yoga?” Sam asked.

“Other than the instruction flirting with my man, wasn’t too bad to be honest,” Dean replied.

“Oh,” Sam chuckled, “jealous much?”

Dean only glared at him.

“How was the boat tour, Jack?” Cas questioned.

“It was awesome! We saw so many cool fish, and turtles, and sea plants, and even one blacktip reef shark.” Jack smiled wide.

“I’m glad you had a fun time,” Cas smiled at him.

“So I heard there’s this fancier party dance-ish thing going on tomorrow night in the lobby and ballroom,” Sam started, “lot more people all together to talk to.”

“Good thing we brought our suit pants,” Dean said around a mouthful of sandwich.

“A party?” Jack asked, beaming with excitement.

“Not a fun kid of party, Jack. A boring grown-up party where we are gonna have to mingle and be friendly with a bunch of other people,” Dean replied.

“Oh, okay. I guess talking to people could be fun.”

Dean hummed in response, “Yeah just give it an hour.”
“I was thinking maybe all of us could have a beach day, see if we can get any information, and just kind of hang out tomorrow before the party,” Sam suggested.

“That sounds like a good idea. I enjoyed our time on the beach yesterday,” Cas said. “Dean, how does that sound to you?”

Dean didn’t realize that he was being spoken to, just stared in the distance looking irritated.

“Dean,” Cas repeated, placing his hand on his shoulder.

“Ya know, I’ve had enough of this homophobic bullshit today,” Dean snapped in response.

“Dean, what are you talking about?” Sam questioned.

“That chick over there just glaring at me and Cas. Saw her yesterday doin’ the same thing,” Dean gestured to the corner of the hut.

“Dean, I don’t see anyone over there,” Cas said.

“Oh. Guess she must’ve left,” Dean looked around, trying to spot the woman again, but he had no luck.

“Maybe you’re tired; it’s been kind of a long day,” Cas started, “We still have a few hours before the tour tonight if you wanted to take a short nap?”

“Yeah, maybe.” Dean rubbed his eyes, finishing off his dinner.

“Alright, you guys have fun tonight. We’ll see you tomorrow at breakfast and a beach day,” Sam waved them off.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Cas asked once they got back to the room. Dean still looked a little
“Yeah, I’m probably just tired. A nap will probably do me good. You gonna nap too?”

“I doubt I’ll nap, but I wouldn’t mind resting for a bit,” Cas said.

Dean fell asleep practically as soon as his head hit the pillow. Cas was there again. Nothing sexual, this time, just domestic. They were back snorkeling, but it was just them this time, surrounded by sparkling waters. Laughing about their goggles and sharing soft, awkward kisses around them while the sun set on the water.
Dean woke from his nap longing for a relationship with Cas like he’d had in his dreams—a relationship that he was currently faking for a case. Dean groggily looked around the room, not able to spot Cas. At second glance, he noticed Cas reading out on the balcony, strewn across a lounge chair.

Dean wandered onto the balcony and soon realized what the hell Cas was actually reading. It was one of those trashy romance novels with a shirtless, ripped guy on the front wearing a cowboy hat, titled One Night Rodeo.

“Cas, where the hell did you get that?”

Cas glanced up from his novel, his nose scrunched up, “I found it available in the resort’s gift shop. I enjoyed the old western movies you have previously made me watch, though I don’t think this provides an accurate representation of cowboys… or the purpose of lassos, for that matter.”

“Definitely not,” Dean huffed. “This representation is for middle-aged women who’ve started menopause.”

Cas smirked, setting the book on the wooden end table.
“How was your nap?” Cas inquired.

Dean cleared his throat, “Good.” His eyes focused on Cas’ lips, longer than he’d like to admit.

The two men got around and headed to the shuttle in front of the resort to take them into town. The booze tour started at a smallish pub at the end of a street. Foot traffic was heavy at this time due to this being one of the only places for nightlife. They gathered with a group of 20-ish people, none of whom they recognized from the resort or ridden with on the shuttle to town. The chatter quieted down quickly when they were greeted by a man in a large straw beach hat standing on one of the pub chairs.

“Aloha everyone! Who’s ready to get tipsy in the Garden Island?” The man shouted over the crowd.

He was met with a reply of “Hell yeah”s and whoops of excitement.

“That’s what I like to hear! My name is Isaac, and I’ll be your guide this evening. On this tour you kind people are going to get a nice taste of six classic drinks that we have here, starting with the magnum opus of the Nawiliwili Tavern, where we are stationed now, the Tropical Itch.”

Isaac gestured the group to the bar where the bartender was in the middle of setting out bright yellow cocktails for the group. Dean excitedly pulled Cas up to the bar, shoving a drink in Cas’ direction. Dean lifted the glass to his lips, letting the sweet liquid pour down his throat. The hints of bourbon and rum were strongly overpowered by the delicious taste of pineapple. Cas seemed to be thoroughly enjoying his drink, as half of it was already downed.

“Easy there, Tiger; you still got five more drinks after this,” Dean chuckled, sipping his own drink.

“This drink is very delicious. I prefer the sweeter taste compared to most of the liquor you buy.”

“Well good, most of the Hawaiian drinks are normally pretty sweet. Be careful, though, they will get you feeling good real fast, and I’m not about to carry your ass back to the hotel.”

Cas only huffed and continued to gulp down his Tropical Itch. Isaac sauntered up to the two of
them.

“Hey there fellas, enjoying the Itch?”

“Cas, here, seems to be enjoying it pretty good, but it’s a little sweet for me,” Dean replied.

“Oh well, don’t worry too much about that, later on I’ll bring you something a bit dirtier,” Isaac replied with a wink leaving Dean dumbfounded and Cas harboring a naive look of confusion.

After getting through the Itch, a Blue Hawaii, and a Pina Colada, all of Cas’ weight was pressed up against Dean’s shoulder, a dopey grin plastered across his face, and both of their cheeks stained pink (only one due to the alcohol).

By the time the boys got to the lava flow, Cas wiped the foam off of Dean’s lip and proceeded to generously suck on his finger, causing Dean to down the rest of his drink when his throat went completely dry.

When they got to the Mai Tais, Dean was starting to feel tingly. He probably should’ve stopped then, but the warm weight of Cas pressed against him felt so good. It definitely didn’t help that Cas didn’t like the Mai Tai and offered the rest of it to Dean, who graciously accepted.

“That dirty enough for you?” Isaac popped up behind Dean, like Cas used to do. “Most of these drinks are pretty sweet; this is probably the one with the biggest kick.”

Dean choked on the last gulp of his Mai Tai, while Cas, who was beginning to catch on to the alluring stares Isaac had been sending Dean’s way, had a glare plastered to his face.

“Uh, yeah, pretty good,” Dean managed to choke out.

“Fantastic,” Isaac ran a hand gingerly down Dean’s arm before heading over to mingle with some other guests.

“Doesn’t that man know that you and I are a couple?” Cas grit out.
“Calm down, man. ’s just some harmless flirting. Besides I can’t exactly turn this off.” Dean gestured to himself. “Besides, I only have eyes for you, sweetheart,” Dean feigned a dough-eyed stare at his best friend who responded with a very obvious eye-roll.

Dean was somewhat relieved by the time they got to their final destination. The last drink was something called a Haupia Nightcap: a chocolate coconut drink based on the Haupia dessert. Of course, this seemed to be Cas’ favorite, if he could still taste anything, that is.

“Hope you fellas enjoyed the tour,” Isaac approached them at their final stop.

“Yes. My fiance and I enjoyed it very much,” Cas spoke definitively.

“Yes. Thanks a bunch. You can count on a five-star yelp review from us,” Dean replied.

“That what I like to hear.” Isaac reached into his pocket, “And, uh, if you two ever want to spice things up a bit, or just want the company, here’s my personal cell; I’m just a call away,” he winked at the two before sauntering off.

Cas’ face softened a bit, while Dean, this time, had no alcohol to choke on, yet still managed to do so.

“There. You see? Wasn’t just flirting with me,” Dean laughed as Cas’ blush went down to his neck.

Dean didn’t need to carry Cas’ ass back to the hotel, however he did have to keep a firm arm around his waist on the way back to the shuttle.

“You know Dean… know Dean I have thought about… about cuddlin’ you all… all day long. E’er since you were cuddlin’ me in your sleep… ’n I pretended I was ‘sleep,” Cas mumbled against Dean’s collarbone as soon as they sat down on the shuttle, his hand firmly placed on the middle of Dean’s thigh.

“Yeah, we’re definitely gettin’ you some water when we get back,” Dean spoke into Cas’ hair.
After Cas’ collapsed on the bed, back at the hotel, Dean attempted to help shimmy him out of his jeans, however was met with flirting skills he never knew Cas possessed. He was able to coax a glass of water down Cas’ throat, and got the aspirin out of his bag and ready for the morning.

Dean soon joined Cas under the covers, still tipsy enough to not put up any resistance when Cas curled up against his chest. Before his brain caught up with his body, he pressed his lips to Cas’ hair, savoring the soft hum of approval that Cas breathed against his neck. Dean let himself be lulled to sleep by the faint sound of Cas breathing.
So sorry this has been taking me so long to update, but I promise you guys that I have not forgotten about this story. To anyone who is reading this, THANK YOU SO MUCH; it means everything to me. This story is also nearing the final stretch, so YAY!

I also want to give a HUGE thank you to my amazing beta readers (and friends): Sam (tumblr) & Krista (tumblr)

I love them both so much. Check out their blogs and writing!

You can also check out my tumblr too if you wanna! :)

Dean woke to Cas snoring softly against his collarbone, a heavy weight of his arm and leg thrown across Dean’s body. Dean stared at the ray of light shining in through a crack in the blinds, illuminating Cas’ sleeping face.

*I am so fucked,* Dean mouthed at the ceiling.

Cas began to stir, pressing his face further into Dean’s neck, mumbling unintelligibly.

“What was that, sleeping beauty?” Dean asked.

“Mmmhf s’too mbringht.”

“Sorry, chief, didn’t quite catch that one.”

Cas lifted his head off of Dean’s shoulder, dark tufts of hair sticking out in every which way.

“It’s too bright in here,” Cas groaned before shoving his face back into Dean’s neck.

“Yup. That’s called a hangover, sweetheart,” Dean chuckled, rubbing his hand in circles around the small of Cas’ back.
“Alcohol is an abomination. Why would anyone do this to themselves?”

“When the goin’ gets tough, drink.” Dean paused. “And it can be pretty fun sometimes. Don’t worry, I prepared for this.” Dean reached over Cas’ body for the aspirin and water he’d set on the bedside table last night.

“Here. Two of these should do the trick,” he said, coaxing Cas to take the pills.

“How come you never seem to have this reaction to alcohol?” Cas mumbled.

“Practice.” Dean untangled himself from his and Cas’ mess of limbs and climbed out of bed. “I’m gonna grab a quick shower. You just relax for a bit then we’ll head down for breakfast. Big greasy plate’s the perfect cure for a hangover.”

Cas groaned before shoving his face into Dean’s vacant pillow.

Dean stripped off his clothes and stepped under the hot spray, letting the warmth envelop his body. His mind couldn’t help but drift to the feeling of Cas body heat wrapped around him. How it would feel to have his arms wrap up behind him. His hands trailing down his stomach, resting just above his hips. How Cas’ plump lips would press open mouthed kisses along his neck.

*Just this once. Just because this case is screwing with your head.* Hell, even he knew that wasn’t true. Dean let his eyes flutter shut as he moved his hand down his stomach to grasp the base of his cock. He let out a shaky breath as he dragged his hand slowly up and down his shaft, wondering what Cas’ hand… or mouth would feel like touching him like this.

Dean pressed a hand against his mouth to stifle a groan. Cas would probably start slow, with little licks to the head before gaining the courage to take him into his mouth. Dean would grip those gorgeous tufts of dark hair, guiding him up and down, but letting Cas set the pace. Those stunning blue eyes would stare daggers into him.

Dean leaned his head against the wall of the shower, careful not to make a thumping noise and let Cas know exactly how he was dealing with these feelings for his best friend. He sped up the pace of his hand and imagined how Cas might trail a finger behind his balls, adding just the slightest pressure to his hole. His own hand moved along with his fantasy while the other stayed gripping his aching cock. He let his middle finger circle around his hole before pressing slightly. He quickly
bit his lip to stop the groan that attempted to escape his lips.

His hand was moving rapidly on his cock now, chasing his orgasm on the verge of tearing through him. The thought of Cas’ body pressed completely against his back, slowing pushing into him sent him over the edge, forcing his release onto the shower wall.

Dean stared at it in shame for a moment as it washed away. *Come on, all guys gotta clean the pipes every now and then. Granted most guys don’t think about their best friend who is currently sleeping in the room next to them while they do it.* Dean sighed as he hurriedly lathered his body up with soap, the reason he was actually in the shower in the first place. *No need to steal all the hot water from Cas just because his best friend got him a little (a lot) hot and bothered.*

Dean emerged from the bathroom, clad in a white fluffy towel. Cas was now sitting up in bed, rubbing his eyes with the heel of his hand.

“Bathroom’s all yours,” Dean said.

“Thanks,” Cas said quietly, his eyes roaming across Dean’s bare torso. There was enough room that Cas didn’t need to brush against Dean’s shoulder on his way to the bathroom. That didn’t stop him, though.

Dean let out a shaky breath once he heard the bathroom door shut and the shower turn on. He quickly dressed himself, trying not to think about his friend, naked, just on the other side of the wall. He was scrolling through the news on his phone when Cas sauntered out of the bathroom, wearing just a white, fluffy towel and a smirk, just as Dean had.

Dean grit his teeth and tried to convince Cas, and himself, that whatever he was looking at on his screen was the most interesting thing he’d ever seen in his life, while Cas got dressed. Once he was finished, they headed down to meet Sam and Jack for breakfast.

While the two were making their way through the lobby, the man who had been harassing them at breakfast yesterday was screaming at the desk clerk, who looked to be about in her early twenties and terrified.

“I cannot believe the unprofessionalism of this facility. I could have been killed,” the man shouted.
“Sir, I am deeply sorry about the incident, and will do everything in my power to resolve the issue. My supervisor is on his way here right now, but he is about a half hour out,” the clerk frantically apologized.

“I demand a full refund and medical compensation when I go to the ER after I’m done here.” The man was fuming, practically blowing steam out of his ears.

“Sir, I can’t do anything for you right now besides issue you a new room to stay in. I assure you that I will let you know immediately once my manager returns.”

“You are not doing enough. The customer is always right, and right now, the customer has almost been killed in your resort.” The man shoved his finger into the woman’s face.

“Excuse me, sir, this woman seems to be doing everything she can. What is the issue?” Cas had walked up next to the man, Dean close behind.

“Nothing that concerns you, sodomites,” the man spat.

“You whip out your dictionary just for us on that one?” Dean chuckled, placing his arm around Cas’ shoulders. “You look just fine to me, so why the hell are you screaming at this lady?”

“The shower head fell out of the wall and hit me in the head. I probably have a concussion,” the man gritted out. “I don’t know why I’m explaining anything to you two; I should be getting to the ER.”

“You’re right. You should get out of here, immediately, before you start seizing; could be any minute now.” Dean grinned.

The man rolled his eyes. “I will be back to speak your manager, and my lawyer will be hearing about this.” The man pointed his finger at the clerk again before stomping off.

Dean gave the clerk a weak smile before continuing into the breakfast buffet area with Cas. Once gathering their respective piles of waffles, they took a seat next to Sam and Jack, who were well on their way into their second plate of food.
“You guys see what all that shouting was out there?” Sam asked once they sat down.

“Yeah, just that dick from breakfast yesterday terrorizing the desk clerk.” Dean said shoving a forkful of mostly whipped cream into his mouth.

“I see. So, how was the tour last night?”

Cas simply groaned in response, rubbing his temples gingerly.

“Oh yeah, great night for both of us, but not the best morning for Cas, here.” Dean chuckled.

“Ah, first hangover, I see.” Sam laughed.

“What’s a hangover?” Jack asked.

“The consequences of consuming alcohol,” Cas grunted.

“It depends on the person, but is usually a headache and stomach ache the day after drinking a lot of alcohol.” Dean said.

“Did you not drink as much as Castiel? You don’t seem to have a hangover.” Jack said.

“No, Jack, I drank just as much, but I’ve also had a lot more practice drinking than Cas has.” Dean patted Cas on the back.

“Oh. I’m not sure I ever want to experience that,” Jack contemplated.

“Good.” Sam said.

“Well that won’t be for a while anyway; but you can decide that later.” Dean smiled. “So, we still planning on that beach day before the party tonight?”
“Yeah! I got a frisbee from the gift shop I can’t wait to try out,” Jack grinned.

“Oh man, Sam is terrible at frisbee; I can’t wait to see him have an epic fail,” Dean said. “We’ll all go get around for the beach and then meet there.”

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Dean allowed Cas to borrow his sunglasses for their day at the beach since “the sun has no business being this bright, Dean,” and pretended to be grumpy about it even though Cas looked adorable in them.

Despite being so hungover, Cas looked to be at peace under the rays of the sun. A small, content smile played across his lips as he let out a long sigh. Dean tried to admire anything outside that surrounded him-- the beauty of Hawaii-- yet with Cas standing so close, so breathtaking, he couldn’t take his eyes off of him.

The two men laid their towels in the sand next to where Jack and Sam’s were already placed, and joined them in lathering their bodies up with sunscreen. Dean took a quick breath before tugging at the base of Cas’ shirt, and nodding his head to let him know to take it off.

Dean poured a generous amount of sunscreen in his palms before placing them on Cas’ shoulders, admiring them as he ran his fingertips across them. While he moved his hands down the expanse of his back, he couldn’t help but be grateful about his little shower activity this morning. Better to avoid explaining an embarrassing bodily function to Cas right now, and more importantly, to Jack.

Dean didn’t realize how he had been holding his breath until he finished with Cas’ chest and almost choked on the air that flowed into his lungs. He cleared his throat and began to take a step back.

“Is it my turn to do you?” Cas asked innocently.

“What?” Dean choked.
Sam could be seen with a smirk on his lips, gesturing a confused Jack to the water.

“Would you like me to return the favor with the sunscreen, Dean?” Cas reiterated.

“Oh, um yeah, sure, sounds good, okay.” Dean turned his back to Cas before he had the chance to notice the deep blush covering Dean’s face.

Unfortunately, his body was beginning to forget about his shower activity while Cas’s hands were gently caressing Dean’s back and sides, dipping just below the waistband of his swim trunks. He was definitely going to have to take a dip in the cold water before things got awkward.

“Here, let me get your face; it looks like you’re already starting to get a little pink,” Cas said as he pressed large globs of sunscreen to his cheeks and smeared it around his face.

“Uh, thanks,” Dean said. “You comin’ swimming?”

“Not at the moment; I think I may lay out and read for a while,” Cas said and began reaching in to his bag for that God-awful, cowboy, romance novel, probably.

“Oh Hell no,” Dean reached into his own bag, pulling out his old copy of Vonnegut’s *Slaughterhouse-Five*. “Here, try this,” he said handing it over to Cas.

Cas looked thoughtfully at the beat-up book in his hands. “Thank you, Dean,” he said in that voice, full of genuine adoration, that he saves for moments to make Dean go weak in the knees.

“No problem,” Dean coughed, pitching his voice down an octave. “I’m gonna go swim with the dorks over there for a little bit, but then I’ll probably join you over here for a nap or something.” he said before sprinting to tackle Jack into the water.

Cas watched Jack and the brothers goof off in the water for a moment before burying his face in Dean’s book. He wasn’t aware of how much time had passed, but Billy Pilgrim was getting abducted by aliens by the time Dean was shaking drops of ocean water onto his face.

Cas quickly tried to shield the book from Dean’s antics, but was met with a wonderful sight of
Dean grinning above him, sun illuminating his features, little drops of water forcing Cas’ attention to places of temptation. Cas gulped.

“So what part are you at in the book?” Dean questioned excitedly while flopping down right into Cas’ space, half on his own towel, half on Cas’, to peer at the pages.

His wet shoulder was slippery against his dry one, and little droplets of water were falling off his hair and onto Cas’ chest, and oh right Cas was reading a book, and crap what the hell was the book about again? Right! Aliens and the war.

“Oh,” Cas stuttered.

“Oh nice! The Tralfamadorians; that’s a great part!” Dean said before settling his head against Cas’ shoulder.

“Oh, right, yeah, really enjoying it so far,” Cas choked out.

Dean only hummed against his shoulder.

Cas took a deep breath, figuring Dean was settled for the next little while, and tried to focus on the pages in front of him. This, however, was near impossible with all his senses amplified. His nose filled with the scent of Dean’s shampoo mixed with saltwater. Dean’s hair drying against him, tickling his cheek. The soft sound of Dean’s snoring overpowering the distant whoops of laughter emanating from Sam and Jack now throwing a frisbee.

Cas turned his head to glance down at Dean’s sleeping face, that was closer than he anticipated, and brushed his lips softly against the side of Dean’s forehead.

Cas froze.

Dean briefly stirred before snuggling closer into Cas’ neck, staying asleep.

Cas took a moment to admire Dean’s features. He angled his chin in, once again, only this time intentionally, and pressed his lips to the center of Dean’s forehead.
Hey guys! Thanks so much to anyone who has been reading this story and enjoying it. I apologize for my inconsistent updates. I know where I want this story to go, but I don't like the particular route I've taken to get there. I think, going forward, this fic will have a lot of revising from what has already been written, and I plan to finish it completely (of almost completely) before posting an update. Thanks again to anyone who has stuck with this fic or left a comment; it means so much to me. Love you guys!

-Lauren

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!