Molting Wings

by Cassiel_Angel_of_the_Lord, TheChosenPyro

Summary

Cas is losing his Grace at an alarmingly rapid rate and he'll die if he can't touch a soul that has a definite and undying love for him. Sex ensues.

Dean, is that you?

Yeah, Cas, what's up?

Um, the ceiling, but that's just about all that's above me. Why? What's above you?

Figure of speech, man.

Oh, okay. Um, what is that, a figure of speech exactly?
Something humans say instead of what they actually mean.

How are you, Dean?

I'm okay... how're you?

I'm alright. I'm dealing with the chaos that Heaven has become.

How's that goin, man?

Not so well. Metatron is putting up a fight, but he's underground except for his soldiers. I'm on the run, I don't really have any place to go.

Where are you now, Cas?

Somewhere outside for Lafayette, Indiana.

Still got any juice left to fly your feathery ass over here?

To the bunker? But you told me to leave.

I know what I said, Cas, but I think I was wrong.

I'll try to get there, but I'm running on borrowed Grace and it's risky.

Then come as close as you can without fucking it up and I'll drive out to get you.

Alright, give me a minute.

I'm in Columbia, Missouri. But I can't go any farther.
I'm coming to get you, just stay there. I'll be there in 5 hours.

Alright, I'll be here.

[delayed] I'm in Columbia now. Where are you?

I'm down the road at the Arrow Head Motel. I'm outside.

Dean drove up to the dingy motel on the corner of a run down street, much like one he and Sam would be staying in if they didn't have the Batcave. Sitting on the curb was his angel in a filthy trenchcoat. Pulling up to a stop along side the angel, Dean stopped the Impala and got out, the sight of his friend in such a bad state making his stomach turn. "Cas, man, you okay?" he asked as he sat down next to him.

"I'm alright, just a little tired. Why did you drive all the way out here to retrieve me?" Cas asked, pulling his knees in closer to his chest as the warm feeling of Dean's presence settled on him.

"We're family, Cas, and," Dean paused, "and I was wrong to kick you out." There, he'd gotten it off his chest.

Castiel flashed a small grin to the hunter. "Well, I'm glad to know that you still see me as family, because I see you as family as well, Dean." Castiel pulled his trenchcoat closer to his body.

"You cold?" Dean asked worriedly.

"Mayeb a little bit. I told you that this stolen Grace is... um, running out," Cas replied, turning to look at Dean momentarily before dropping his eyes to the concrete below them.

"Yeah, I remember," he said softly. "C'mon, let's get you in the car."

Cas nodded slowly and pulled himself up from the ground. He swayed uncertainly on his feet, maybe he had pushed his Grace too far this time. "I can't let Dean be concerned about me, not now," Castiel thought to himself bitterly. Castiel steadied himself as best as he could and moved to the very familiar Impala, climbing into the much beloved car.

Cas' weakness was apparent to Dean's keen eyes, but so was the attempt to hide it. Worry for the angel settles in his stomach as he got into his well loved car and he spoke, "How you holdin' up?"

"I'm fine," he lied in much the same way the Winchesters did to one another. "Let's go home, please..." The word home felt nice on Cas' tongue and it rolled off smoothly. His eyelids began to drop with repressed exhaustion, but he forced them open in spite.

"Home it is then," Dean smirked. When he glanced next to him, Cas was attempting to fight off sleep. "Hey, get some rest, it's a short drive, but five hours will make you feel better."

Castiel huffed at how easily Dean was able to read him. "Alright," he resigned and turned his back to
Dean, trying to find a comfortable position.

Dean turned the key in the ignition and suggested, "You can sleep in the backseat."

"That's probably a better idea," Castiel agreed and climbed out of the passenger seat and into the backseat. He laid down with his back towards the front seats. Cas still couldn't stretch out all the way, but this was still better than before. He pulled in a deep breath filled with the scent of leather and grease and the unique smell that was the essence of Dean, and exhaled. "Night, Cas," Dean said quietly. He turned the dial to his favourite rock station, but he turned it down to an acceptable volume for a sleeping person, something he'd only done for Sammy. Shit. Did this mean that Cas was human?

"Hmm..." Cas replied. He heard the opening chords to "Angel" by Aerosmith start playing from the radio. He smiled sadly at irony and soon after, drifted off to a restless sleep.

The Impala drove off down the road towards the Batcave, as Dean referred to it. He was silent and just listened to the music as they drove, faint snores coming from the backseat that were almost cute. Five hours later, Dean parked his baby in the garage of the bunker. He clambered out and opened the back passenger door to find Cas curled up and sleeping. Leaning over, he tried to shake the angel awake.

Darkness surrounded him and then he saw the lights, the falling form of his brothers and sisters streaking through the sky in flaming strikes of light. He was in the forest again where Metatron had dropped him after he'd stolen his Grace. "Cas?" he heard a voice say, and then a hand gripped his shoulder and shook him lightly. Castiel awoke startled and frightened and he grabbed the hand that had been shaking him like a lifeline.

"Hey, hey, man, it's okay, everything's okay," Dean said quickly. The angel looked stricken, his face was ashen and his blue eyes were wide, even the grip on Dean's hand was deadly. "You're okay," he reassured the terrified man.

"I don't like sleep. It replays the most horrible times in my life. I don't like it, Dean," Castiel stated, staring Dean right in the eyes and continued to hold the hunter's hand through the confession.

"I know. Believe me, I know, but sleep is good for your health," Dean said gently.

"Not for your mental health apparently. You have dreams like that, too?" Cas asked in disbelief. And then he realized he was still holding onto Dean's hand and let go quickly, looking away to the Impala floorboards.

"Hell yeah, I have dreams like that, almost every night," Dean laughed. The warmth on his hand was gone and it struck a cord somewhere in him.

"Do you dream of failing Sam, of losing your family, friends?" Castiel asked continuing to look down at the floor and clenched his jaw in pure hate of what happened and how he realized Naomi might have been right about him. "Naomi might have been right about me, that I mess everything up and I don't know how to do anything right. She might be right, Dean," Castiel explained sadly and looked up to face whatever Dean had to say on the subject. Cas' heart dropped at the thought that Dean might agree with what Naomi had said.

"Yeah, I dream about that and I relive their deaths too. And Naomi's a bitch," Dean said stubbornly. "We all mess up. I started the damn apocalypse, I think that counts as me messing up, right?" Cas' eyes were sad and begging and it hurt Dean to see him like that.
"But you're the Righteous Man, you have the brightest soul I've ever seen. But I'm an abomination! I'm not considered as an Angel anymore. Do you know what happens when this Grace burns out, Dean? I'm sorry! I'm sorry for all of this!" Castiel ranted. Emotions were Castiel's biggest issue; he didn't know how to control them and half of them, he didn't even have a name for. But this one he knew, sadness and disappointment. Stubborn tears threatened to fall, but he wouldn't, couldn't, let them. He would not show more weakness in Dean's company. He couldn't!

"Scoot over," Dean instructed. Cas sat up and moved over enough for the hunter to scramble into the back seat with his angel. He casually slipped a leather clad arm around his friend's shoulders and drew him in, the kind of comfort he'd only ever given Sammy and Charlie. "I'm no Righteous Man, but thanks. You, on the other hand, have a heart of gold. You tried to right your wrongs and if Metadouche screwed that up, that's on him. It's okay to be human when your mojo is gone, it's not all bad."

"Dean, you don't understand. When this Grace burns out, so will I," Cas said quietly and slightly melted into Dean's embrace.

Dean's heart stopped. "N-no, we'll find something, we'll fix this," he stammered.

"I can't take anyone else's Grace. And I have no way of becoming human without killing myself in the process. I'm sorry, Dean, I thought you knew," Castiel exhaled a shaky breath and tried to pull away from Dean in order to save the hunter from gaining any more affection for the angel that had brought him back to life.

"Where do you think you're going?" Dean asked, firmly wrapping both arms around him.

"I don't want to hurt you, Dean. I've already done enough of that!" Cas choked and weakly attempted to push Dean away, ultimately failing in the end.

Cas sounded like he was about to cry... that was so very human of him. "You're not going to hurt me. Wanna know why? You're not going to die because I won't let you. Cas, we can fix this."

Cas breathed deeply and relaxed into Dean who still had his arms wrapped around him. "I don't know how you plan on doing that. It looks like a lost cause to me." Cas' grip on Dean's jacket tightened and he buried his nose into the crook of his neck.

The feeling of the kinda-angel's nose on his neck made Dean shiver involuntarily. His stomach fluttered and he didn't know why, nor did he like it. Shaking his head stubbornly, he said, "No, it can't be a lost cause. I'm going to fix you, we're going to fix you, me 'n Sammy."

Cas pulled back and looked at Dean very seriously. "I will thank you now for your loyalty, but promise me that if it doesn't work, you won't try to resurrect me. Do you understand me, Dean?"

Castiel searched the hunter's green eyes for some sort of tell.

"Cas have you seen how well that works out for us. Even if you make me promise that, I'm gonna break my promise anyway," Dean rolled his eyes.

"You have to swear it, Dean. I don't care about yours and Sam's track record for promises, you better keep this one to me. I don't want you having nightmares about me!" Cas proclaimed and untangled himself from Dean's arms. He climbed out of the Impala and leaned heavily against the metal frame of the black car.

_Fucking angels, man..._ Dean got out of his car and planted himself in front of Cas with his arms
crossed over his broad chest. "I'll have nightmares if I fail to save you and you die, dumbass," he all but spat.

"Why does it matter, Dean? I see nothing worth saving in myself, so why do you?!" Cas spat back, straightening his posture as if to unfurl his wings and tilting his chin up in a challenge, his emotions in turbulence.

"You're my family, dammit! I don't give a shit if you have your mojo or your wings, you're family and I don't let family get killed!" Dean bellowed. His anger at Metatron for endangering his best friend was unfortunately misdirected at Cas.

Cas' hard, cold blue eyes softened slightly at the statement. "Dean... I know your loyalty towards your family, but sometimes things just can't work out in your favour," Castiel replied only loud enough for Dean to barely catch it.

The odds are never in our favour, doesn't stop me from changing that," Dean snapped.

Castiel raised his hands in surrender to the all too true statement. "Whatever you say, Dean."

The taller man's shoulders dropped. Something hurt in him to see Cas be so human and, well, submissive. "I'm sorry," he muttered, looking down at his feet.

"For what?" Castiel asked gently. He didn't want to fight, especially with Dean. Cas still felt protective of the human even though he couldn't offer much protection at this point in time. If they fought, it might lead to Cas' banishment from Dean's life for good.

"For losing my temper, I don't apologize a lot, so please just take it," Dean whispered. Cas wasn't doing so well and he appeared to be making it worse even though all he wanted was to save him.

Cas nodded slowly once again in understanding. When he tried to stand up without the support of the Impala's frame, he couldn't take even one step without stumbling as his knee buckled beneath him. "No, not now, I can't be dying now!" Castiel thought frantically.

Dean was instantly under the fallen angel, supporting his weight. He put Cas' arm around his shoulder and wrapped a cautious arm around his waist as he steadied him. "You're not doing so well."

Cas shook his head. "The Grace is burning out and it's sapping my strength. I don't know how much time I have left, not much, I'm assuming," Castiel explained and groaned in pain. A wave of intense heat swept over him, leaving him with a thin layer of sweat.

"Hey! Hey, hey, hey, stay with me, buddy, you gotta stay with me," Dean said frantically. "Let's get you into a bed." He began walking with Cas towards the door.

Cas worked with him as best as he could and after a couple of minutes, they got him to a bed. "Dean, I don't know what will work and I don't think we have time to research. I can only think of a possible delay. Dean... I don't want to die," Cas felt the tears threaten to spill over again, but he pushed them back once more.

There. That was Cas being incredibly human. "You won't die. What's the delay and how do we make it happen?" Dean asked.

"Remember when you and Sam were stuck in 'Frontierland'?" Cas asked, adding finger quotations. "Well, there was a problem with my Grace then, it was weak, there was no way I was going to be able to pull you two back. Bobby allowed me to touch his soul in order to 'recharge my batteries'
enough to get you back," Cas explained quickly with finger quotations again.

"Whose soul do you need?" Dean asked. He would do anything to save the angel curled up on the bed like a cat in front of him.

"Any soul will suffice, but it's dangerous. I believe the term I used to describe it to Bobby was 'putting my hand in a nuclear reactor'," Cas stated.

Dean's eyes widened. "Mine. Cas, use mine."

"You can't move when I do this, Dean, or it will kill you." Cas pulled his hunter's hand and signaled for him to sit down next to him.

"I don't care, Cas, use me and do it now," Dean growled as he sat down. They had to do this right now. Cas had to live even if Dean had to risk his own life, even give it up.

Cas looked at him with a serious demeanor and gauged his reaction. Satisfied with what he saw, he placed his left hand on Dean's shoulder and his right hand over the cavity of Dean's chest. His hand sank into the hunter's flesh and bone as he methodically reached out for the bright soul.

Searing pain wrenched through Dean's body and a loud yell shook the room. It took him a pain-dazed moment to realize that the inhuman sound had been ripped from his own lungs. The fire was burning in his chest where his angel's hand was and Dean was hanging loosely to consciousness by a thread. He clamped his teeth down and fought to stay as still as possible, but it proved to be extraordinarily difficult with someone's hand in his damn chest cavity.

Cas tried to stay calm even though his natural instinct was so stop immediately, but he knew this was his only chance. The hand on Dean's shoulder squeezed tighter in order to encourage Dean that he was perfectly safe. It took a couple of moments, but then the Grace latched onto Dean's soul and began to restore some of its energy. After a few short moments, Cas retracted his hand.

The hand was gone from his chest and Dean slumped over, gasping for air. His body hurt like Hell and that wasn't an exaggeration as a Hell alumni. Dry heaving, Dean felt like he was about to throw up, his body collapsed on the floor and he struggled to catch his breath, but he glanced up at Cas through drooping eyelids. "You okay now?"

"I'll be fine, but how about you?" Cas asked, keeping his hand on Dean's chest and shoulder to steady him. He felt better, but he knew this was only a delay for the inevitable.

"Yeah," Dean's mouth worked up into a grimace that he'd intended to be a smile, "I'm fine now..." he finished and then passed out on the floor.

Castiel rushed over to Dean's limp form that showed Castiel had taken more from the hunter than he had from Bobby. He slung Dean's arm over his neck and led him over to the bed. *We can't do that again,* Cas thought sadly, pulling a chair over to sit by Dean's side.

Half an hour later, Dean's eyes flickered open to a worried face looking at him from a chair next to the bed he appeared to be in. He rubbed the sleep out of his green eyes and pushed himself up against the headboard. "Cas?" he asked groggily.

"You passed out, I'm incredibly sorry. One thing is for sure, we cannot risk that again," Cas clarified and scooted closer to the bedside.

"Did it help you?" Dean inquired sleepily.
"Yes, slightly, but it is only a meager delay," Cas replied quietly.

"Then we're going to do it again," the blond said decisively. Cas opened his mouth to argue, but Dean cut him off, "We will until we can fix you for good."

"That would suggest a permanent type to connection and that is only between... couples of sort..." Cas stumbled around his words and his face felt very hot for no reason.

"Don't we already have a 'profound bond' or somethin' already?" Dean asked, the romantic implication of the 'couples' clearly going over his head.

"Yes, but unless it's a romantic bond, then it won't work," Castiel explained in a near whisper and avoided Dean's gaze. "And I already know that you don't exactly appreciate my 'type'." Cas' cheeks were very hot at that point.

"Oh..." Dean breathed out in surprise of the requirements. "What's your 'type' then?"

"I don't have a type per say. I just don't, but... um, if I had to say something, I guess... you would fall into that category." Cas kept his gaze trained on the floor and he refused to look up.

"I more meant what type you think I'm not into, but that answer works too," Dean said quietly. Cas avoided his eyes and there was a bright red blush creeping up on his neck above his trenchcoat. "So, uh, you're into guys?"

"I suppose, but I don't really have a sexual orientation," Cas pointed out. "What about you?"

"Chicks all the way," Dean responded almost too quickly. Sure, he'd checked out guys often and hooked up with a few, but that was beside the point, right? Cas, with his sex hair and trenchcoat, was attractive, really fucking sexy, and Dean had caught himself staring at the angel more than once, much to the disdain of his macho ego. He swung his legs off the bed and his knee brushed against Cas' and a flutter set in his stomach, the same kind that had always shown up at the touch of his angel.

"As I said, I'm not your type," Cas said curtly and stood up to leave the hunter to rest more if he'd like to. 'Perhaps I can find another solution,' Cas thought solemnly.

"Sorry, man," Dean nearly stuttered, ashamed of himself for not being able to confess that there was a chance between the two of them, even when it meant he could help Cas.

"It's alright, Dean, I didn't expect you to," Cas said and walked out of the room towards the Men of Letters's extensive library.

A blush dissolved Dean's many freckles. 'Stupid, stupid, stupid,' he berated himself. He had the opportunity to save his best friend and yet he still couldn't force himself to admit that he might have a crush on Cas. What had Cas said earlier, that Dean would be considered his 'type' even though he had no sexual preference? Did that mean that Cas liked Dean specifically?

Cas walked down the hall and scuffed his foot along the ground. 'I shouldn't have suggested that. I knew he wouldn't feel the same way. How could I be so foolish?!' Cas scanned the titles of the several thousands of spines of the old, well-taken care of books. He selected a few titles that looked promising and carried them to one of the wooden library tables.

Dean ran his fingers through his sandy blond hair, then slid both his hands down his face. He pulled himself up from the bed and wandered into the library to see Cas sitting at one of the tables with a small stack of books. The way his brow furrowed in concentration was strangely endearing. "Cas?"
Cas looked up from the book to the disheveled hunter. "Yes, Dean, do you need something?" he asked and then looked back to the open book in front of him.

"What if we, uh, did have a, um, romantic relationship?" Dean shuffled his feet in discomfort; he had to work up to courage to save his best friend.

"Dean, you can't simply fake a romantic love, nor can you say that we have one when it's painfully obvious that you don't feel that way," Cas said with a sigh, almost rolling his eyes, "I appreciate the thought, truly, but it wouldn't work."

"Just answer the question, Cas," Dean echoed the sigh and rubbed one of his hands down the side of his face.

"Then yes, it would work. Your soul would supply my Grace with power and in turn, my Grace would keep you safe," Cas explained in a gravely voice, clasping his hands on top of the book.

"Would it work for good?"

"Yes, it would be permanent," Castiel said with a nod.

Dean swallowed and shook his head. "What's your type, man? We'll find you someone that you can have a romantic, Grace-saving relationship with," he declared, slapping a hand on the table in front of him. As much as he liked Cas in that way, he didn't deserve an Angel of The Lord, much less one who gave up everything for the Winchester brothers.

"You're forgetting, Dean, it has to be mutual. It can't be one-sided, and honestly, I couldn't truly love someone else," Cas confessed and closed the books in front of him. He got up to place the book back on the shelf where he'd originally gotten it.

"Someone else? There's a singular person?" Dean almost squeaked. His heart dropped to his stomach at the thought of the angel holding a candle for someone aside from him, not that said angel would ever be interested in a lowly hunter anyway.

"Yes, I thought you knew. I mean, everyone else seems to know: Crowley, Balthazar, Meg, Naomi. They all knew," Cas said with a confused look. He didn't understand how Dean could truly not know that even since the fallen angel had met the hunter, he'd had feeling for him. Not to mention the fact that they had grown and become more intense through the years, so how did Dean not know?

"W-who?" Dean's voice was quiet in the silence in the library. Sam, maybe? They spent enough time together for Cas to have developed feelings, what with the spilling over research and dealing with Dean's bullshit 24/7. Or maybe it was Cas' big brother Gabriel. Hell, the angel family was so messed up, a little incest love wouldn't be too strange.

Castiel tilted his head in confusion. 'He doesn't know!' Castiel thought in shock. "You, Dean. You're the one I've always cared about and tried to protect from day one," Castiel proclaimed, turning to look at the hunter's ever expressive green eyes.

Dean's heart was racing in his chest, thudding as hard as angels fell. Cas, his Cas, Angel of the fricking Lord... loved him. He opened his mouth to say something, then closed it again. Silence pursued the next sequence of moments as Dean was caught in Cas' hypnotic gaze until the angel turned away from him.

"You don't have to say anything, I know you don't feel the same," Castiel said with a trembling voice. 'I knew it was too good to be true,' Cas thought sadly, keeping his gaze on the shelf in front of
"Did you do something to me, Cas?" asked Dean as he sat down and rested his head on his arms.

"What do you mean?" Cas asked, genuinely confused and a little offended by the tone in Dean's voice.

"When you 'gripped me tight and raised me from perdition' or whatever, you remade me. Did you do something to my feelings?" Dean stage whispered in a close to accusatory tone.

"No, I remade you exactly the way you were before the Hellhounds came for you. I did not tamper with your emotions at all," Cas said. He felt kinda hurt tot think that Dean would accuse him of doing that. "Oh, okay," the hunter said dumbly. He felt bad for asking, but he had to... he had to be sure. He had to know that those feelings weren't planted in him on purpose.

Castiel chose another book and dropped it on the table across from Dean. He thumbed through it briefly, but it seemed to hold no helpful answers.

"Cas, I, uh," the angel met Dean's eyes and caused him to stop mid-sentence.

Cas lifted his chin to encourage the hunter to continue his sentence. Whatever it is that he was going to say appeared to be causing Dean great distress.

Before he could chicken out, Dean took a step out of his chair and was satnding in front of his angel, tilting his own head down to meet Cas' chapped lips. The other man stood as rigid as a statue, cold and unmoving. Dean pulled away quickly and rubbed the back of his neck anxiously. "I, well, I, um... I, uh, wanted to know if you'd, um, made me to, ya know, uh... not want any... uhm, anyone else," he finally finished and sat on the wooden tabletop.

Castiel was shocked; this was not what he had expected at all. Dean was stuttering about something after he pulled away, but Cas wasn't paying attention. Instead, Cas grabbed Dean by the shirt and pulled him into a passionate kiss.

Dean couldn't stop the small moan that passed his lips as Cas forced them open with a swipe of his tongue. They were in an awkward position with Dean's knees pushed against Cas' stomach, so he opened his legs like a damn prostitute and the angel slide between them.

Cas straightened up so the position was better. With Dean sitting on the table and Cas standing between his legs, Cas sighed at the brush of Dean's tongue tracing the seam of his lips. Cas pulled back, "I told you that I didn't tamper with your emotions."

"I know, Cas, I know that now," Dean panted. He put his hands on the angel's hips and looked deep into his blue eyes. "I know."

"So, um, where do we go from here?" Cas asked, his face flushed. He stared back at Dean's bright green eyes and his heart melted slightly. Cas' hands slid from being fisted in Dean's shirt to resting on Dean's shoulders.

"Here," Dean murmured, already missing Cas' warmth. His hands pulled the angel back to his chest and Cas' lips back to Dean's.

This kiss was much slower, more gentle. It was a slow movement of lips and tongues and it expressed so much desire and passion. Cas was the one to moan into this kiss and its slow, languid touches.
Their mouths melded together and Dean's heartbeat became thunder. His fingertips traced up the beloved trenchcoat's collar to Cas' jawline. He pressed himself closer to the angel until their pelvises and chests were aligned.

Cas' knees felt like they were going to buckle underneath his body weight as his hands smoothed down Dean's chest and around to circle his waist. Cas' hands rested at the small of Dean's back. The angel pulled away from Dean's lips to start trailing kisses down Dean's jaw and neck.

He tilted his head up, giving Cas further access to his skin. Gasps escaped Dean's mouth at every kiss the angel bestowed upon his burning skin. Dean's mouth hung open in complete surrender, a feeling he'd never known before. In his past, he'd let a few women tie his wrists up and have their way with him, but this, this way something different entirely. His hand that was on Cas' cheek was now tangled in his hair, pulling the brunet's mouth closer.

Cas' hands found the hem of Dean's shirt and ran them along Dean's heated skin. Castiel had never done something this intense before. Sure, he had kissed Meg and he'd had that fling with April, but it had felt nothing like this. This was passionate and so very intense.

The feeling of Cas' fingers toughing his bare skin made Dean shiver. Love leaked between their bodies as hands explored and tugged at skin and dragged across heated skin. Heat radiated from both men and Dean gripped Cas' hair harder, earning a low moan from his angel.

With Dean continuing to pull at his hair harder, Cas retaliated by gripping the hunter's hips tighter, surely it would leave finger-shaped bruises. "So what now, Dean?" Cas asked as he trailed kisses down Dean's shoulder until he reached the spot that once bore his mark he'd placed on the Righteous Man when he raised from Hell.

"What do you want, Cas?" Dean gasped out. His breathing was ragged and sweat was beginning to form at his hairline. "Whatever you want, whatever you need," he rasped, his voice deep, full of arousal.

"I want to prove my love to you, Dean, only to you," Castiel whispered in Dean's ear. "Now and always, but only if you want that."

Cas' breathy words against his ear made Dean's eyes blissfully roll back. "I don't understand what you're asking, man."

"I want to make love to you, Dean, but only if you want to. Do you want that, Dean?" Cas growled out in his gravely voice, nuzzling his nose against Dean's cheek and pressing a soft kiss into the hunter's hairline.

"Yes, fuck yes," the hunter groaned ecstatically. Okay, maybe he'd been lying when he said this was just a crush. So maybe ever since meeting Cas, ever since stabbing the angel in a broken down barn, he'd never wanted anyone else, even Lisa-- maybe Dean had always felt a strong force deep inside his heart that made him want nothing more than to stay by the angel's side, so what? Maybe he'd been yearning for this since forever.

Castiel kissed Dean passionately. "Thank you," Cas pressed the praise into Dean's tanned skin. "Where? Here? Somewhere else? I want this to be perfect for you, Dilection Mea."

"'My Love'?" Dean smirked happily. "A bit cheesy, don't ya think?" He laughed while his angel's mouth kissed his shoulders. Cas pulled back from him and scowled, a facial expression Dean found grossly adorable.
"Oh no, not at all. It's very endearing," Cas answered, "but you still never answered my question." He nipped at Dean's earlobe and pulled a kiss onto the hinge of his jaw.

Cas' complete unawareness of the phrase Dean had used made him grin widely, then the ear bite disrupted it with a combination of a sigh and a groan. "M-my room," he managed to say. His legs hooked at the ankles around his angel, drawing him closer until it hurt.

Cas picked up the hunter easily, though it was kinda hard to concentrate on where he was going when Dean was intent on kissing every inch of skin he could get to and the hunter's hands were roaming over his back.

"Don't let Sammy see," Dean mouthed against Cas' neck. He yanked at his favourite trenchcoat, practically ripping it to get at was underneath.

"I won't," Cas replied huskily. "Your begging is only for my ears to hear." After much stumbling and hushed laughter, Castiel finally got them to Dean's room without being spotted and he set Dean down on the soft carpet at foot of the bed.

Cas' last sentence shot heat directly to Dean's hardening cock-- he loved it when his pure angel spoke so filthy. Now, the shoter man stood in front of his as Dean tried to catch his breath.

Cas pulled Dean's shirt up over his head and tossed it in a random direction. He ran his hands over Dean's toned chest and arms, lightly skimming his fingers over the pale white and pink lines that marked up the hunter's body. Cas dropped a sweet kiss upon the tattoo that resided over Dean's heart, one that kept his eyes from turning black.

"You don't m-mind them?" Dean asked in a shaky voice. "My scars I mean," he clarified when he saw Cas' quizzical expression. Most people he'd been with looked little less than appalled, something he'd always had to wipe from their expressions by being astounding in bed.

"No. they are a part of who you are and each can tell a story of your bravery," Castiel praised and stretched up to place a soft kiss on the hunter's lips.

A smile danced across Dean's mouth at Cas' praise. He could feel himself practically glowing with happiness; he'd found the One, his One. "You're amazing," he whispered against the other man's lips. Dean wasn't one to offer such pure adoration, he normally showed his love in a more gruff manner, but Cas was different.

"Is that a flirtation, Winchester?" Cas teased and smiled into the kiss that Dean offered.

"That's the first one you pick up on, baby, really?" the green-eyed man laughed again. He slid his hands into Cas' ever-present trenchcoat and pulled it off, dropping it next to them.

Cas smiled, an honest to goodness smile, and it made him feel very light, as if he were flying. He kicked off his shoes, which caused him to feel even shorter next to the freckled hunter. Dean began to work on the buttons of his white shirt and kissed the skin that was revealed.

Dean's heart might burst if he saw Cas smile like that again. He kissed the angel's skin gently and lightly bit his nipples, drawing a squeak that turned into a moan from the brunet. Dean's hands smoothed out over Cas' torso and dragged the button-up shirt out of the waistband of the black slacks.

Cas moaned at the feeling of Dean's mouth on his nipples and his hands slowly undressing him. The hunter slid the button-up off of Cas' arms and let it fall to the ground as well. "Dean... bed!" the angel snarled and pulled the human on top of him as he fell against the memory foam mattress.
"Damn, you're hot," Dean growled, diving for the angel's neck and sucking bruises onto the soft skin. This was his angel and Dean was gonna make damn sure that he claimed him good and proper.

"D-Dean," Cas groaned and weaved his fingers into the green-eyed man's hair, holding him to the spot. Castiel knew how possessive Dean got over things and he knew exactly what he was doing by leaving bruises upon his body. This was the human's warning to anyone who tried to touch Castiel. This was Dean's angel and nobody was to even think of touching him.

"Mine," Dean rumbled. His teeth snagged little bits of flesh and his tongue ran soothingly over every bite he inflicted. "Mine," he demanded, sucking in Cas' skin again and again until his mouth was right below the angel's ear. "Mine," he whispered gruffly in Cas' ear.

"Yours, Dean, I'm all yours! Only yours!" Castiel whimpered at Dean's deep voice and his love bites that he left all over Cas' skin. Cas reached for the belt on Dean's pants, but had his hand stopped and pulled over his head along with his other hand.

Dean straddled Cas' hips and pinned his hands above his head on the pillows. "I will mark you until no one in your dad's creation will doubt that you're mine," he declared through bared teeth. There had been so much tension, so much love that Dean had kept locked inside for years, he was becoming borderline violent with want to let it out and show Cas how much he loved him.

"Let them know, Dean," Cas sighed and tried to grind up to get some satisfying friction on his aching cock. "The mark on your shoulder," pant- "that was my mark placed upon you" -pant- "to tell my brothers and sisters that you were mine... hnnng... now it's your turn."

"You're so" -bite- "hot," Dean moaned, biting and licking Cas' skin repeatedly until he'd marked every bit of the angel's neck and chest. "Can you put it back?"

"What?" Castiel panted and struggled with Dean holding his wrists down. He really wanted to touch his hunter and feel all of him, but he was greatly deprived of it. Even though he wasn't able to touch his human, he loved to dominance that Dean had over him. It was way sexier than it had any rite of being.

"Your handprint, I want it back," Dean dipped his hips down until his rigid cock slid against Cas' and both men hissed.

"T-the bond. Once it takes hold, I can put it back," Cas groaned and squirmed under Dean's weight. He was surprised to find that he sounded somewhat coherent, but he wouldn't be able to speak in clear sentences for much longer. Soon, it would be babbling and begging.

"It's like I always had you, even when you weren't there," Dean said. "You're breathtaking," he quietly praised the angel beneath him.

Castiel hummed at the praise and tried again to ease some of the ache in his dick but once again, he was stopped and a frustrated cry tore from his lungs.

Hearing Cas come undone was beautiful. Dean kissed the angel's mouth despite the sound that had erupted from it. "And here you said I was going to be the one beggin," he teased.

"Wrong, I was wrong. Please, Dean, please!" Cas pleaded. He saw the dangerous glint of mischief in Dean's eyes and he knew he was in for some trouble.

"Please what? What do you want, angel?" Dean hissed with affection. His grip on Cas' wrists tightened as he ground slower against the man's pelvis.
"Fuck me! Please, Dean, please!" Cas begged in his gravelly voice and it almost sounded like an animal's growl.

"I'm sorry, I didn't hear you," Dean tilted his head with a sly grin. He pushed kisses onto the bruises he'd sucked on Cas, then added more to kiss.

"Fuck me! Make me scream your name!" Castiel demanded. Truth be told, Cas was a very body, very vocal bottom when Dean drove him mad, but no one was complaining. In the back of his mind, he thought about how nice it would be to top and decided that he'd do that eventually, he'd love to be inside Dean and make him beg the Castiel was.

"Oh, I will, angel. I'll make you scream it in every language you know. *Then* I'll fuck you," Dean purred. His new toy was not only the love of his life, but also very fun.

"Yes... yes! Please!" Cas cried through pants and moans. He needed this, he needed Dean, and there was not a force in the universe that was going to keep that from him.

Dean dragged his teeth down Cas' jawline and the hand that wasn't pinning his hands down now trailed to the angel's clothed dick. Cupping his hand, Dean applied pressure on Cas' hard-on until he hissed with pleasure and bucked his hips up into Dean's hand.

"Dean..." Cas said breathlessly. He jerked up into Dean's hand that was still clothed erection. Sweat was sliding down the side of his face and a thin layer covered his chest and arms. "Dean... mmmm... please."

"What?" Dean drew away from Cas' mouth. "What do you want, babe?" he cooed. His hand moved from being over Cas' slacks to slipping slowly into the waistband. Dean skimmed his fingers through the angel's pubic hair, but stayed away from the base of his cock.

"You, Dean, want you! Please touch me," Cas choked as he felt Dean's hand brush so very close to his cock. Cas' blue eyes were now just a thin ring of that ever-changing blue Dean seemed so mesmerized by.

What was left of the beautiful blue in Cas' eyes had darkened and flickered with desperation. "I've wanted this for years, Cas," Dean said into the angel's chest. He wrapped his calloused fingers around his friend's erection and the angel spasmed.

Cas gasped at the feeling of Dean's warm, rough hand around his dick, it felt incredible. Dean ran his thumb under the head of Cas' dick and slowly pumped him. "Ah! Dean, don't stop, please don't stop."

"You mean like this?" he grinned devilishly and withdrew his hand from Cas' body. Dean kissed up and down Cas' throat, then licked over his hard nipples.

"Dean, please! T-touch me!" Cas whined, for the millionth time, with a hitch in his breath. He fought against Dean's hand still pinning his wrists above his head. He bucked his hips in hope of some relief, but to no avail.

"You're so fucking hot, Cas," Dean whispered. He let go of the angel's wrists and set to work on freeing Cas' slacks. Dean shimmied them down Cas' legs and kicked them to the floor. His mouth kissed up Cas' underwear-clothed erection. "Better?"

"Much," Cas sighed and grabbed Dean's shoulders to pull the hunter up to him. They kissed hungrily and Cas growled into the human's mouth. "Your turn," Castiel whispered into Dean's ear and that sent a pleasant shill down the hunter's spine.
"I shouldn't have let your hands go," Dean groaned at his loss of dominance, but couldn't help being eager for it to stay gone. Cas suddenly flipped Dean beneath him and was rutting against his leg with soaked boxers.

"Mmm, I guess you learned your lesson then," Cas teased and bit at the juncture between Dean's neck and shoulder while he continued to rut against the hunter's leg. Cas placed a kiss on the mark he left and trailed kisses down his hunter's chest and stomach. He popped the button on Dean's jean and pulled the zipper down with his teeth.

"Or maybe not. Maybe you'll have to teach me very thoroughly," Dean flirted. "Where do you learn this stuff, man?" He asked with a rasp as he knotted his hands in Cas' dark hair.

"I learned it from you, your memories and your desires. As this continues, our bond grows stronger and I'm able to connect with you on a more mental and emotional level," Cas explained as he pulled Dean's pants off and tossed them off the bed. "And your fantasies, Dean, are very educational," Castiel purred, seduction dripping off his tongue.

"Ah-h, fuck, stay out of my head, man," Dean stuttered. A blush devoured his freckles at the notion that Cas had access to his fantasies, every one that he'd had about the angel, every dirty thought he'd had about corrupting his purity. Even now, those thoughts were making his dick impossibly harder in his white boxers.

Cas laughed and snapped the waistband of Dean's underwear. "But your fantasies are so much fun, Dean. You really like thinking about corrupting me and dirtying up your angel! You love the thought of it, but you love it even more when your fantasies have me dominating over you and whispering filthy things in your ear," Castiel described and ground his hips down on Dean's painfully hard cock.

"Fuu-uuck, Cas, keep talking like that," panted Dean. Every fiber of his being was on fire with the deep passion he felt for his angel. Their drive to touch every inch of each other's bodies was not only sexual, but each kiss was an "I love you" and each kiss was a promise of forever. Dean's hands clenched, one in Cas' hair and the other scratched down his back.

Cas arched into the scratches like a cat. "You love it when I bite you, mark you as mine, but you like doing it to me even more. And occasionally, you have fantasies of my wings and what they look like and how they'd feel running over your naked flesh," Cas said huskily and ran his hands teasingly along the edge of Dean's boxers.

The remembrance of the fact that Cas had wings sent a shiver down Dean's spine. "Show me," he whispered. "Show me your wings."

Castiel kissed the breath out of Dean and a soft flutter of wings sounded from above them. When Dean opened his eyes, he was greeted with massive, iridescent black wings webbed with a sheen of blues, greens, and purples, above their bodies.

"Fuck, Cas, they're beautiful," Dean gasped in delight-- they truly were. His lover's wings were visibly powerful and triumphant as though they had conquered the world, which, in a way, they had. They touched the ceiling and were still slightly folded against Cas' back, tempting Dean to reach up and touch them. "You're beautiful."

"Go ahead, you can touch them. You are my mate, the only one aside from my closest siblings who is allowed to," Castiel encouraged and brought his wings down so they were easier to reach. "Also, your fantasies were correct: they are very sensitive."
"Fuck yes," Dean sighed. He reached his hands up to softly brush through the black feathers. Shivers shook Cas' wings as they flared out in the room, knocking against the walls. Cas' face darkened and his pink lips opened in an "O" shape, transforming him into a dark angel, one who has fallen for feelings of lust and power. He looked terrifyingly powerful, but Dean knew better than to be afraid. His feathers were silky and light between his fingers as the human raked his fingertips against the skin beneath them.

"Dean..." Cas groaned. His feathers fluffed out and his wings flapped hard a couple of times. The angel's head dropped to Dean's chest, letting his hands grip the hunter's hips in further encouragement.

"Hey, baby," Dean replied. He kissed the top of Cas' head and continued to thread his fingers through the large feathers. "You're amazing," he praised his dark angel as he ran a finger along the base of Cas' oil glands where the strong muscles of the wings met the muscles of Cas' back, drawing a loud moan from his best friend.

Cas panted and kissed Dean's chest repeatedly. "What-t now, D-Dean?" Castiel asked and rolled his hips down hard and his wings tensed and then relaxed under Dean's touch.

"For someone who invades my private thoughts," Dean panted, "you don't know what to do, do you?" Their hips moved together in frustrated unison.

"I know what to do in theory, but not in practice with a male," Cas explained and groaned loudly as Dean grabbed one wing tightly.

"Good boy," the human hummed at Cas' reaction, grabbing his wings harder. A mewl caught between pain and pleasure escaped Cas' chapped lips and caused Dean to grin into the angel's hair. "Do you want me in you or do you want to fill me?" he whispered the awkward question into the messy hair.

"Fill you, make you mine," Cas bit out, raised his head, and nipped at the hinge of Dean's jaw. The hunter scratched his nails through the feathers and skimmed the sensitive skin below, making Cas cry out in intense pleasure.

The sound of Cas' enjoyment was like a high for Dean. He felt the fire in his belly spread to every inch of his being, the thought of Cas being in him, marking him, along with the unholy sounds his filthy angel was making, were nearly enough to push Dean over the edge. "Okay. Yeah, okay," he agreed reverently.

"Just tell me what you want me to do and I'll take care of you," Castiel whispered into his skin and began to slide his fingers under the waistband of Dean's boxers.

"Touch me, Cas," the blond cried quietly. He ground his teeth together and thrust up in a quest for friction against the angel. Cas' wings made a low pitched humming noise as they flapped quickly in small bouts.

Cas reached into the hunter's boxers and gripped his throbbing erection. Dean gasped at the touch and Cas slowly started pumping him in time with his beating wings and his hips grinding down onto his incredible lover.

Dean worked another hand into the feathers of Cas' left wing, tugging in rhythm with the hand Cas had wrapped around his cock. "Your skin," Dean moaned, "your skin tastes so good, baby." He liked a stripe down Cas' neck and bit love bites along the way.
"Mmmmm... Dean!" Cas hummed and worked his hand faster, starting to twist his wrist as he went up. His wings were quaking with pent up arousal.

"How far do we have to go to save you?" Dean asked through a haze of testosterone and arousal. His pelvis jerked up into Cas' tight hand.

"All the way," Cas replied and ground his hips down, a loud groan was torn from his lips. "If you still wish to." Cas' wings were glowing softly and shivering hard. A loose feather fell of and landed gently on the bed. "But I understand if you don't wish to," Cas offered a way out for his human, a way to put this all behind them if the hunter truly wanted to forget about him. The angel planted a delicate kiss on Dean's lips that expressed so many emotions.

Love and hunger and want poured from Cas to Dean, echoing the hunter's own feelings, but his eyes grew wide with panic. "Cas, why the fuck did your feather fall out?!" he half shouted and gazed at his angel's pained face. Dean reached a hand up and caressed it gently.

"My wings molt, just as your skin is frequently falling off as you grow older. My feathers molt when my life is changing. My wings tell the story of who I am and what I've done. Their feathers are black because I went to Hell to save you, they are also currently iridescent because I'm without a mate, but now that is changing," he explained while placing kisses along Dean's neck and shoulders. "Don't worry, it's a good change."

"You scared the shit outta me, Cas," Dean sighed, feeling reassured. "Why would I not want to be with you?" he asked after a moment of staring into Cas' eyes of ocean and sky. His mind was buzzing with arousal, but he was fighting it back in order to have a decent conversation with the angel.

"I'm making sure. I don't want you to do this with me and then feel regret," Castiel cooed, taking his hands away from Dean's body and cupping the hunter's face instead, his wings sheltering them from the outside world. It was only the two of them right now and that was all Castiel wanted Dean to focus on. Not on how other people may think of him or of the fighting that was going on in the world, he just wanted it to be them and be safe and perfect.

"The only thing I regret about you is that I never told you sooner, that I sent you away," Dean whispered. He'd lied to himself for so long about how he felt towards Cas, how he'd had dreams about waking up next to the angel, how he adored the way Cas' lips curved upwards when he said a word beginning with 'h'. Long ago, he'd fallen in love with how Cas didn't understand the concept of personal space and how Dean had stopped caring about it after a little time had passed, how the awkward angel stared at him for uncomfortable amounts of time, the way Dean could always feel Cas' wings wrapped around him even when they weren't materialized. These thoughts spurred Dean to wrap one hand in the other man's messy hair and pull him down roughly to his hungry mouth.

Cas groaned and his heartbeat kicked up five notches. How Dean could remain deaf to his thundering heart in his chest, Cas had no idea. The angel slowly slid his hand down again and finally pulled off Dean's boxers. The hunter was now well and truly exposed to his angel and he was glorious.

Cas was staring at him with little less than a cannibalistic gleam in his eye, making Dean feel like he was about to be eaten alive, but he didn't mind in the slightest. The way the angel was staring greedily at his body set the hunter's blood on fire. He thrust his naked hips up towards the winged man and growled, "Fuck me already."

"As you wish. Lube?" Cas asked, squeezing Dean's thighs and decided upon shedding his boxers too. Dean stared at him wide eyed and Cas smiled brightly, smoothing his hands up Dean's chest.
"I have s-some in my drawer, haven't used it in a w-while," Dean directed, flicking his hand towards the wooden nightstand next to his bed. Cas reached over and jiggled open the drawer, then pulled out a small bottle of lube, making Dean's eyes widen even more.

"Are you okay?" Cas asked, placing the lube on the bed to be close at hand. Castiel trailed searing kisses down Dean's abdomen and stopped right above Dean's cock, smirking wolfishly up at the hunter.

Dean raised his eyebrow. "O' cours, man, why?" he breathed out heavily. Cas being so close to his erection was about to drive him up the wall.

"You're very tense," Cas stated and sucked a bruise into Dean's hip. He licked at the slit of Dean's cock and watched as the hunter spasmed under the slightest touch.

"Holy fucking hell, Cas," Dean huffed with much difficulty. The angle's tongue was hot and wet on the head of his dick and he couldn't see straight. "Ah, fuck," he hissed. Any clear thoughts he might've had before had faded away under Cas' licks.

Without warning, Cas took in Dean's whole cock down to the base. No gag reflex, no problem. Castiel hummed around the hunter's dick and bobbed his head a couple of times before plunging back down to the base again. Dean sucked in his breath at the wonderful, mind blowing sensation. "F-f.....uuck..... Ahh, fuck, Cas, holy..... uuunf," the hunter struggled to breathe. Countless times he'd imagined this, but this was so much better than any fantasy his mind could have concocted. His hips ground up into Cas' mouth, efficiently fucking his beautiful... warm.... pink.... perfectly fitting around his cock..... fuck, MOUTH. Dean's mind lost its ability to form complete thoughts.

Cas pulled off and smiled teasingly. "We aren't done yet," Cas said and kissed the head of Dean's erection. He then reached for the lube and covered three fingers in the slippery substance.

"N-no, keep going, p-please." The human moaned weakly at the loss of contact between his dick and the angel's talented mouth. "If you're g-going to leave me like t-this, at least dirty talk to me. You know h-how much I like that."

"Why's that, Dean? Why is it that you love to hear such filthy things come from me?" Cas purred as one digit circled the hunter's hole. Castiel's wings stroked Dean's muscular sides softly. "Is it because you love the thought of corrupting an angel, of hearing a pure being say that they're going to fuck you into the mattress and make you groan, moan, and scream until you lose your voice? That I'm going to slam into you so hard that you won't be able to walk without a limp for a week? Is that why you like it, Dean?" Castiel growled.

That undid Dean until he was nothing but a pile of whimpers and begging. His mouth hung open in a pant as he tried to form words. "Y-yes, f-fuck, baby, ye. I love the idea of y-you...." Dean trailed off, unable to finish his sentence. Cas' wings were dropping feathers on either side of Dean and onto the sheets beneath his body. The feeling of Cas' finger inside of him made his heart thud loudly enough that he was sure the demons could hear it all the way in Hell.

Cas began working his finger in and out of Dean, stroking the sensitive bundle of nerves he'd found. Once that finger moved easily in and out, he added a second finger and began scissoring them apart to stretch the tight entrance. "You want me to fuck you, Dean? Fuck you hard enough that you'll be limping and even Sam will know what you let me do to you? How you let your pure little angel fuck you senseless?" Castiel growled.

If Cas kept brushing his prostate, Dean was certain he wouldn't last much longer. And holy fuck, Cas called himself Dean's angel. "Yes," Dean moaned. "Yes!" he cried, throwing his head back,
spine arching as Cas continued to tease his prostate. "Fuck me, Cas, FUCK ME NOW!"

Castiel's eyes sparked with a toxic flare of lust and hot fire surged through the angel's veins. Cas pulled his three fingers out of Dean and coated his hard dick in lube, positioning himself at Dean's entrance. Castiel locked his blue eyes with Dean's green ones before he slowly pushed passed the tight ring of muscle. "Come on, Dean, let me hear you. Every groan, moan, blasphemy, and praise. I want to hear them all," Cas declared in on breath, slowly continuing to push into Dean until he finally bottomed out. Castiel swooped in for a deep kiss and his left hand tangles with Dean's right, above the hunter's head, and the angel's right hand gripped the hunter's shoulder.

Dean's moans and sighs were swallowed by Cas' eager mouth. His angel was in him, claiming him, becoming one with him and damnit all, it was utterly addicting. This side of Cas was the warrior side, the side where the angel was strong and rough and commanding, turning Dean on with the power Dean himself didn't know was possible. *His angel was inside Dean.* The human devoured Cas' mouth with bites and laps of his tongue, making the brunet echo his sounds of pleasure.

"DeanDeanDean..." Cas repeated against his lips like a prayer. His thrusts picked up speed and became harder when Dean was relaxed enough, his wings aided his momentum as he rocked back and forth into Dean. Cas' grip on Dean's shoulder gradually got tighter the closer that they both got to climaxing. 'Can you hear me, Dean? I hope you can. You are so incredible and amazing and really beautiful.' With the bond now complete, Cas' wings were almost down molting and Dean should be able to hear Cas' thoughts almost as clearly as Cas could hear his.

'Cas, fuck, can't think, you're gorgeous, fuck, can't breathe, love you, love you so much,' Dean answered back. Cas' thrusts grew more rapid and his magnificent wings rained feathers down in time with each flap. The angel repeatedly hit Dean's prostate, sending sparks flying into the human's vision as his eyes locked with Cas' darkened, lust-blown eyes. 'Faster.'

Cas went as fast as he dared without risking injuries to Dean. Dean teased the smaller, fluffier feathers at the base of Cas' wings and it felt so good. Castiel broke away from the kiss and panted into Dean's neck as he continued to thrust harder against the hunter's prostate. "I-I love you too, Dean."

'So beautiful, you're breathtaking, powerful, I'm yours, yours, only yours, mark me, let them know, they need to know, know who I belong to, you,' Dean's thoughts raced almost as rapidly as his heart, throwing themselves towards Cas when he couldn't form intelligible words. 'Yours, yours, yours, yours, Cas, only yours, all yours,' he shouted in his head. Dean's mouth was hanging open as his head was thrown back and sweat gleaned on both of their bodies. His mind wasn't functioning enough for him to speak aloud, so again, he howled mentally, 'Always, always loved you, always will, always. Sorry, can't be loud, know you want it, sorry, can't speak, love you so much, my angel, made for me, mine, yours, always.' Cas' cock slammed into Dean with enough strength to knock the breath out of the hunter and make his green eyes roll back in his head with sheer ecstasy. He was so close, so close. He could feel his stomach heat up as he rode the edge.

"Mine!" Cas growled out and with one last hard thrust striking Dean's prostate, they both climaxed as his feathers fell. 'Close your eyes, Dean,' Castiel ordered. As soon as he obeyed, a bright white light flooded the room and Castiel's handprint seared itself back onto Dean's shoulder and his other hand reached into Dean's chest cavity to touch his soul and complete the process. No pain came to his lover this time, for the pleasure of the high overrode the chance of pain. By the time the light had faded, Cas lay panting on Dean's chest and the last black feather had finally settles on the sheets. 'You can open your eyes, Dean.'

Dean cautiously blinked and looked down his chest to his angel who was now slumped against his
bare, sweaty skin. "Cas, baby, you okay?" he asked quietly, his voice deep and gravely from the few loud shouts that had erupted from him earlier. Dean's fingers combed through his angel's dark hair as they both panted hard.

"Yes, I'm fine, just kinda drained," Cas replied and pulled out of Dean, causing them to both grimace at the feeling. Cas flapped his wings a few times and several feathers stirred around in the room due to the air current that disturbance had made. The fallen angel lifted his hand away from Dean's shoulder and a bright red-pink handprint welt was left behind.

'Oh shit, we can still hear each other?!' Dean thought wildly in realization. He looked at his shoulder and felt a warm spot shine in his chest when he saw that the handprint was back. His eyes roamed to Cas' wings and his jaw dropped in awe.

"Yes, it's part of the bond, it allows us to hear each other's thoughts no matter where we are, though you can block it if you wish," Castiel explained. 'What are you staring at?'

'No, no,' Dean backtracked at the hint of sadness in Cas' thoughts.

"Yes, but I've messed up before, so many times, and I never thought I would have something like this, someone like you. I never believed I deserved it," Cas said, curling close to Dean's side after sliding off his chest. One wing folded up on his back and the other draped over them like a huge, feathery blanket.

"You can't argue against me with things I know I've done too, man. You're an angel of the fricking Lord, I'm just a grunt. If anything, I'm the one who never deserved you. I broke the First Seal a while ago, that's what started this whole mess," Dean responded. Cas' wing was warm and comforting, sadly bringing Dean down from his sex induced high.

'Don't you say that!' Castiel pushed at him through the bond. "You are not a grunt, Dean. You are important to so many people." 'Especially me. I've seen bad people and unimportant people in my existence, Dean, and you are neither of them.' "I was told I came from an assembly line with a crack in my chaste and that I would never do anything right." Castiel propped himself up on his elbow and
looked Dean directly in the eye and thought, 'But they were wrong. I know this is right. I can feel it. And you are amazing and so incredibly perfect.'

"You're wrong too." 'Everything about you is good. Even when you fucked up big time, you wanted to do good.' "I don't deserve you." 'But I'd be thrilled to love you,' Dean conveyed to his beloved angel, trying out the new form of communication. Cas' hair was now thoroughly knotted in his hand and Dean kissed the top of his head gently. "You're the best, Cas." 'And the perfect one for me.'

'And you for me. From now til the end of time,' Cas thought like a whisper and placed his hand over the mark on Dean's shoulder. "Get some sleep, Dean, I'll be right here when you wake up," Castiel leaned up and kissed Dean sweetly.

Dean hadn't realized how tired he actually was until Cas mentioned sleep. "You're okay now, right? For good?" he asked quietly when their lips broke apart.

"Yes. I'm fine now," Castiel confirmed and pulled his wing in closer to Dean's body in order to keep his human warm through the cold night that Cas knew the bunker often had.

"Promise me," the hunter mumbled as he gave into the safety of the angel's wings.

"Promise you what?" Cas asked, confused as to what Dean was asking of him.

"That you're safe. Want you safe, Cas," came the sleepy reply.

"I promise, Dean, I'm safe. Don't worry, I'll always be safe as long as I have you," Castiel said quietly as Dean began to drift in and out of conscious thought.

'Always have me,' was Dean's last thought before he fell asleep with one arm wrapped tightly around his angel and the other hand was knotted in his hair.

'I know,' Cas sent back and settled into a silently resting guardian, curled into the side of his human lover with his wing draped over both of them. For once, in a very long time, everything was okay. Everything was peaceful.

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