Naked Ambition

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/2032812.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>Explicit</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>M/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td>Supernatural</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td>Castiel/Dean Winchester</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Castiel, Dean Winchester, Sam Winchester, Bobby Singer, Michael (Supernatural), Lucifer (Supernatural), Anael (Supernatural), Gabriel (Supernatural), Balthazar (Supernatural), Ellen Harvelle, Jo Harvelle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>Fluff, Smut, Alternate Universe - College/University, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Humor, Soul Bond, Dom/sub</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Naked Ambition**

by LiteratureSoul

**Summary**

Castiel meets model Dean in his figure drawing class. Naked skin meets paint brushes as they fall together in the age old rhythm of Alpha and Omega courtship; barreling through any and all opposition that deigns to separate them.

**Notes**

I live for Kudos my brethren!
Dropped Pants

One of his paint brushes dropped on the floor for the third time.

Castiel cursed his clumsiness leaning off the stool to collect the utensil.

He wanted to enjoy his summer. That was one reason he took up this figure drawing class at the local Lawrence community college.

He wanted a reason to get out of his apartment, a reason to tell him many brothers and sister why he couldn’t come home for the vacation.

Also, he wanted to hone his skills.

Hand him a pencil and he could draw a replica of Da Vinci’s Virtruvian Man in half an hour. Give him some charcoal and he could create a remarkable landscape from imagination. Dare to put a pen in his hand and he could imbue the universe onto paper.

But put a live human being in front of him and he would most likely draw a stick figure or simply abandon the drawing altogether.

It was embarrassing.

Especially when many connected it with his Omega nature; to be shy, demure and timid.

Most people on his campus knew he was an Omega; knew it because the scent was hard to miss when he went into his first heat in Psychology class during his first semester.

He remembered that day well.

Too well.

He shook his head, soft curling black hair whipping across his face.

He slapped his cheeks.

He heard chuckling near his right.

He turned and was met with the greenest eyes, the greenest green…green…green…

His brain short circuited.

He could actually hear some clogs blowing and screws flying in different directions.

The man (the GOD) laughed again, all husky and leg quivering promises.

He was tall, even though Castiel was sitting down he was sure if he stood he would be shorter than the man.

Because a man he was.

All muscles, so much definition…Castiel would have to spend years exercising and chugging down supplements to even be near the man’s body type.

His hair was like golden thread, woven into a gentle fall over the left side of his face. Long enough
to cover his ears but short enough to have his impressive jaw line on display.

And impressive it was...day old stubble...Castedil could almost feel the roughness against his neck.

“Virgin?” His voice like molten lava washed over Castiel’s face; he imagined his eyes must look like saucers.

He felt his brain fly out of his skull at that.

He sputtered, “Wuh-...ahem...what?” He could slap himself at how breathless his voice sounded, much different from the deep timbre he was known for.

The man seemed to know what effect he was having on him.

He raised dark brown eyebrows, making his green eyes even more outstanding. He gestured around the room with his chin, taking in everyone around who formed a circle around the platform at the centre of the room.

“To figure drawing.” He clarified as if Castiel was slow.

Maybe he was, because he could not fathom why this majestic man could speak to him.

“Yes. I seem to be able to draw everything but the human form...But I hope I’ll get it; it’s simply drawing the model’s...the woman’s form...how hard could it be?” He raised his shoulders to his ears as he was wont to do when faced with a dominant alpha presence.

Because this man must surely be an alpha.

Castiel tried to scent him but he couldn’t with all the paints, oils and chalk around them.

An alpha in art class was strange, but he had once saw an omega take a wood shop class.

And he was not one to adhere to stereotypes.

“Ahn. Don’t worry man, I’m sure you’ll get the hang of it. Mrs. Harvelle is good.” He said nodding toward the art teacher, a short blonde intense woman.

She headed toward Castiel’s stool.

She shouted over the loud hum of conversation around the room. “Alright class, get your things out. Let’s get started.”

Behind Castiel she leaned toward the man and said lowly, “Alright Dean. Whenever you’re ready.”

He nodded. He smirked at Castiel whose eyebrows scrunched in confusion.

The man stepped closer in Castiel’s space, his teeth gleamed as he smiled at him, his gaze practically predatory.

“Good Luck,” was all the warning he got before the man, Dean, began stripping.

Castiel didn’t actually pay much attention to what Dean was wearing until said clothes began to hit the floor.

His hunter green long sleeved jersey was first to go, revealing some fabulous, rippling abs that stretched as he did.
As he jumped onto the platform he glanced at Castiel before he hooked his thumbs into the waist of his dark blue jeans and dropped them, kicking them off.

Castiel wished he could be that confident.

But Dean did have a lot to be confident about.

All bronze and beautiful.

Castiel practically salivated.

His eyes stared at Dean’s twinkling eyes, down his throat to his chest… Oh his chest… and then to the trail of light brown hair that led to…

“All right class! Begin!”

Mrs. Harvelle’s voice behind him propelled him out of his fantasy and he dropped his supplies again.

As he bent down to retrieve them, studiously keeping his eyes away from the platform (Because from that angle he would have surely gotten an eyeful) he heard the husky laugh he was sure would frequent his dreams for a while.

As he got up and carried six pencils to the sharpener at the back of the room, so his back would be to the torturous image of a fucking sexy naked Dean, Castiel was positive he would get no work done for the majority of this class if Dean was going to be the only model.

Whilst sharpening each pencil slowly, drawing out the time and drawing curious gazes from the other students, he heard the laugh again and he was sure of one thing, as the laugh turned his legs to jelly.

He was not going to pass this class.
Peeping over the canvas, Castiel quickly ducked his head back down before he saw too much.

It was enough effort maintaining a PG level hard-on without looking at its stimulus.

Dean sat on the platform with one leg stretched out and the other bent up toward his chest.

His arms were balanced on the platform and his knee.

From Castiel’s position he couldn’t see much, and he thanked God for small mercies. He was practically reeking of pheromones and the back of his pants (khaki slacks....why oh why did he decide his legs needed some summer air today of all days) was damp but drying uncomfortably to his thighs; curse absorbent cotton.

He broke three pencils drawing Dean’s figure. He traced the same lines for an hour; Dean’s beautiful side profile, his elegant neck, corded shoulder and the beginning of the outline of his back and knee. Dangerous territory. He’d rather not attempt it.

It didn’t help that Mrs. Harvelle seemed to sense his incapacibilities as she always circled back to him and offered suggestions.

*Feel the tension in his pose.*

*Ride the lines.*

*Look at the formation, the angles.*

*Suck his dick.*

*Lick his skin.*

*Bend over for that alph-*

No wait…she didn’t say that. That would be his sanity finally evaporating.

He broke his fourth pencil at the sound of the bell.

“Allright class! That’s enough for today. Cover your work and we’ll begin again tomorrow.”

Castiel couldn’t dump his stuff fast enough into his satchel.

He heard the sound of cloth against tiles; Dean was dressing.

Castiel was hyperventilating because to leave the class he would have to pass Dean; but he was inwardly miming Martin Luther King’s ‘Free at last, free at last, thank God almighty, free at last!’

He kept his eyes down as he got up, held his bag in the direction he assumed Dean would be, blocking his sight as he crab walked around the platform; hitting other students’ canvases on the way.

He was adamant. He would not look at him. He would not meet that hypnotizing green gaze nor be sidetracked by that bronze body.
He was going home with the little left of his dignity.

He received one last dark chocolate, velvety chuckle before he ran like a bat out of hell out the door.

_Fuck dignity._

---

Castiel loved the saying, ‘Man makes plans and God laughs.’

It was one of the few milder religious anecdotes his extremely pious parents used.

He liked the idea that though we imagine to control the chaos of life in our palms, it is ultimately not in our power to do so.

He would like the idea much less in the series of incidents that would happen over the next few days.

After escaping the class, Castiel barreled into his small, cozy apartment and proceeded to bake anything he got his hands on, until he was faced with a counter full of ready to bake goods (he thinks he may have rolled his semester paper for psychology in one of the pies) and the realization that he had no oven.

He did jumping jacks, played the Lord of the Rings soundtrack on his laptop and remade his bed thrice.

His mind wouldn’t stop running on Dean, nor over his abs or around his hip bones…

_God._

He decided to do what every student fails to do during their semester.

_Compartmentalize._

He took out a pristine white piece of paper, grabbed and black marker from his desk and wielded it like a weapon where he wrote the words:

**PASS ART CLASS**

**GET TOASTER OVEN**

**INVEST IN JEANS**

_and AVOID DEAN AT ALL COSTS._

He tacked it in the middle of his clear assignment board and swore loudly (maybe too loudly because his neighbors were banging on the walls) that he would not be made a fool by his biology.

He may like ass, but he didn’t like assholes.
And that Dean, that *alpha*, is surely an A grade asshole.

Castiel may be lonely, the depths of his soul crying out for someone to cherish him, quirks and all; but he was vehemently against filling that loneliness just because society dictates that he, an *omega*, needed a mate.

Screw society. He didn’t need a mate.

He had burgers and Oprah to fill that hole.

The next day Castiel came early to class.

12 hours early.

Clad in a dark blue rinse jeans and a red pullover, he stepped into the dark room that was set up for the class later today.

He made his way over to his easel to try to sketch the rest of Dean from memory. Maybe he thought, without the stifling presence of the man and his sex on legs appeal, he may be able to get some work done.

However, his gaze was drawn to a larger easel, it towered over the others in the room. There was a single clip on light to the top of it, illuminating the artwork.

He stepped closer all the while looking around for the artist. He couldn’t be far. The paint was still drying.

It was…different.

Castiel was not a lover of contemporary art, nor abstract. He determined that life was full of enough mysteries to immortalize it on canvas.

But this…

It was a mass of red and black, thick paint brush strokes that left heavy residue that seemed to make the image even more gruesome.

It all coalesced into a single, small figure that seemed to be far in the background. It was suspended in midair on its side by chains and hooks that had no end…fading into the madness that was the background.

If you looked carefully he swore some of the swatches had faces, horrible faces, gaping mouth and bleeding eyes.

It was beautifully haunting he thought as it awakened the amateur critic in him.

As he leaned closer he imagined he could feel the anguish coming from the solitary figure In the center, stretching his fingers to touch when he was startled; nearly knocking over the canvas in his fright.
“You’re early.”

He spun around to his right, blue eyes drinking in the sinfully seductive image of Dean in a grey wife beater and tight jeans.

He felt his heart palpitate unevenly.

Dean's hair was darker gold in colour, seemingly damp, the tips of it dripping onto his shoulders.

It immediately painted images of Dean in the shower in Castiel's mind...naked and wet...water trickling down those amazing muscles, outlining each curve and bulge that he would delight to follow with his tongue in its trail. He could see Dean's face caught in rapture as he murmured his name repeatedly.

Oh, he could imagine...

He was jolted to reality by a warm hand on his shoulder. He melted. Literally. He felt his limbs quiver and shake and...did he pee himself a little...he thinks he peed himself a little.

Would the Lord not let him some leeway?

He tried to regulate the drumming of his heart rate as he asked quite intelligently, "Um...what?"

That panty dropping smirk made its way onto Dean's face as he shook Castiel's shoulder gently before dropping his hand. "Dude, class starts like in the next 11 hours. Watcha doin' here man?"

"I uh...just wanted some extra drawing time. You know..." He gestured vaguely around the dark room, "For...ahem...practice.”

He saw Dean's eyes narrow suspiciously, "Uh huh. Right."

He stepped back a bit and Castiel mentally began stabbing himself at the thought that he weirded the hot guy out.

Until a big, masculine hand made its way between them and Dean said, "I'm Dean by the way. Dean Winchester."

Castiel swayed on the spot before he thrust his hand out as well to shake Dean. Dean Winchester's hand. "Castiel...Castiel Novak."

He gave himself points for not making an ass of his own name.

The slow curling smile that stretched Dean's plump lips was worth it as he drawled, "Cas..."

Castiel blinked slowly, taking in the moment.

Whoever he killed in his past life that awarded him the pleasure of Dean saying his name...he was immensely thankful.

"So." Dean started, stepping back to take in the painting. "What do you think?"

Cas looked at the canvas as well, moreso looking at Dean looking at the canvas; his clear green eyes reflecting the red beautifully.

When Dean's gaze turned to him he immediately focused on the painting.
"Um...it's...I think..." He muttered, ashamed to even put his thoughts into words.

Which naturally, Dean took as rejection.

He shrugged, "It's no matter, everyone has different tastes. That's the good thing about art I suppose."

And just for a minute while Castiel's right brain was battling his left, he wondered aloud, "Did...did you do this?"

Dean laughed (a little nervously perhaps, Castiel couldn't tell, his brain hurt).

"Yeah. In exchange for modelling they let me use the studio whenever I want. Cool, huh?"

"Yes, very."

Dean's smirk could power a hundred christmas lights in Castiel's opinion, as it was directed at him.

"Well, I think I'll come back later. You're busy and I don't wanna..."

"No!" Dean almost shouted, startling Castiel and himself if his furrowed brow line was anything to go by.

"No...you could stay. Ah...you're not bothering me."

Cas' smile was small, "I should go...I do have some stuff to do at home...um, you should really finish this, it's really amazing. Like a glimpse into hellfire...but you know...in a good way."

He expected Dean to laugh and say, "What the fuck you talkin' about son?" Like his inner voice was reprimanding him right now.

But Dean stared at him...just stared as if reading more in Castiel's eyes than in his words.

He didn't know how long they stared at eachother, it felt like centuries getting lost in those eyes...those green eyes, but it still wasn't long enough because it hardly satisfied the longing...the want he felt coursing through his veins. He wondered if Dean felt the same...felt the near bridging of souls in that simple moment...

But Castiel was nothing if not a ruiner of moments as he stumbled backward and bumped into a stool.

It caused their eye contact to break as he stumbled almost drunkenly toward the door.

Dean was quiet behind him, behind the easel as he said, "Maybe you wanna talk about this some more...I... I wouldn't mind..you know...constructive criticism." He peeked around the easel at a wide eyed Castiel who stood frozen at the door.

"Um...I...I really have to go."

Dean's smile wasn't so much as smile as a slightly less narrowing of his mouth. "Okay then. I'll see you later I guess."

Castiel nodded...or bowed he wasn't quite sure, he knew he did something with his head as he walked out the door.

He cursed his shyness, his inability to read people; to react accordingly.
All he wanted was to run back into the room, grab Dean by the ears, growl 'You sexy motherfucker', into this lips as he claimed them in a kiss full of wet, fiery hot passion.

But he'll have to settle for a spicy fajita on the way home.

*Curses! Curses!*
Dean awoke with a jolt that morning. He was in the bedroom of some Beta chick; dark hair and he thinks she may have blue eyes.... It doesn't matter, she's done her job and now he can face the day tension free. He just hopes she isn't the kind to seek him out after a fantastic one night stand. As he quietly gathers his clothes and slips them on, he throws his jacket over one shoulder and slips off into the raising sun of the new day and completely forgets about the girl. His conscience is clear, he's done this before. But why does it feel different this time? He wonders... Quietly stepping out of the girls dormitory, Dean makes his way back home and inhales the dew on the grass beneath his shoes and closes his eyes in soulful bliss, trying to erase the nagging at the back of his mind....the nagging he'd tried to erase with excellent sex with that random girl he picked up at the bar. But the image of pale skin and messy black hair and...eyes that held all the color blue in the world....wouldn't leave him.  

Dean's major was Mechanical Engineering. It was a subject so black and white, you'd have to be a fool to fail. Dean loved cars. He grew up in them, around them...he was pretty sure if you did a scan of his heart you'd find a scrap of hubcap metal amidst all that Sammy, Mum, Dad and Bobby you'd inevitably run into. So naturally, when Dean surprised everyone and said, "Hey guys, I'm goin' to college," they all assumed mechanical engineering is what he'd do. Typical Alpha Dean. And he was okay with it. If anyone knew him, they'd know Dean hated difficult. Hated change. In fact he hated it so much he often declined taking even the smallest change back when shopping. He hated change, figuratively and literally. Dean liked simple. Simple as that. Study. Fuck. Have fun. Be happy.
Dean loved life and so far life has loved him back.

....that is until school fees rose and Sam was ready to head to college himself so money was tight.

Dean needed to find a job.

Scratch that. Jobs.

He found one that practically screamed his name and made his dick hard just looking at all the shiny shiny.

Can you guess what it was? Yes. A car shop.

Dean's heaven.

Full of metal and wheels and chrome as far as the eye can see.

He was drooling when the owner found him. But maybe a little drool was all he needed as he was hired that day. The owner was an omega (fuck your stereotypes) named Chuck, who was short, small, jumpy and mousy who couldn't seem to even look Dean in his face. But he was friendly, paid well and didn't give Dean shit for being late always.

The job was perfect. Life was good.

His second job came about completely by accident and at the suggestion of one of his friends.

Jo Harvelle was one of a kind. Pretty, blonde, mouthy. Dean's kinda girl, if she wasn't his sister basically.

She was the girl Sammy when Sam wasn't around and Dean was forever grateful. He had friends a plenty but nothing beat family. Jo was daughter to Ellen Harvelle, an extremely close family friend on par with their other family friend Robert Singer.

Robert or 'Bobby' was Dean's unasked surrogate father. He was there for the best and worst times of Dean's life, like when his mother died or when he won the best car repairman competition.

Bobby was his beginning, his morals and his values. And unfortunately also the voice in his head when he was about to do something stupid or when he was side tracked, which he was often.

Jo understood his family's dilemma and went job hunting with him.

While he was at Chuck's, she called all excited and hopped up that Dean had to shout at her to get to the point (which earned him a few glares and looks from his co workers who knew he was talking to a girl. They probably thought Dean was one of those 'omegas must be submissive' aggressive alphas...Ha! If only they knew Dean had that beat out of him very early by Ellen and her surprisingly hard fist to his head...but they were very presumptions...Jo was a beta....those jackasses).

Jo described this fantastic job that paid well and he'd have to do nothing basically, just sit and 'look pretty.'

It caught his attention.

He was pretty, he'd say if those looks he gets from the women on the street and the men at his job are anything to go by. He'd even go as far to say he's a hot piece of ass.

He'd take it. What could go wrong.
He should have taken into account that it was Jo who found the job. Jo who could not find one of those frilly panties she liked to wear even if it was on her head.

Jo who lived to embarrass him.

He stepped into the room for the first time to come face to face with Ellen. Jo's mum. His mother number 2 for all intent and purposes.

"Hello Dean."

She had said with all the innocent calm in the world.

To which he replied, "What the fuck?"

"Calm down Dean. I changed your diapers way too many times to count. I've seen it all son."

"Oh my God." Dean groaned, squeezing his eyes tight, praying that a earthquake would hit there and then and the biggest hole would open up beneath him and swallow him whole. Anything but to be here right now.

Ellen...oh Ellen always wanting to help. She'd volunteered to teach a summer drawing class or whatever the fuck and convinced the university to pay for a model.

Model A.K.A Dean.

Perfect scheme.

Those fuckers.

"Ellen...I can't, I can't just stand there knowing you're staring at my junk! I...."

He slammed his head on the table between them, maybe if he did it hard enough he'd wake up from this nightmare he called life.

And what was with life today, springing Ellen on him like that! He thought life liked him.

Apparantly not.

Life was an ass.

His naked ass to be more specific....on a platform in the middle of a room, to be gawked at by complete strangers.

He could practically hear Jo cackling.

Fuckin' hell.
A trial, that's what this was.

Hercules had to go through 7, and Dean had to get through his second job.

It was no Hydra, but it was equally intimidating.

"Just see how today goes Dean. If you're still against it, you could leave alright."

Elle was nothing if not gently persuasive.

Fuck her.

But he'll try.

Their friends did a lot for him....he'll try...and then he'll go back to his apartment and drink raw eggs, dress in every article of clothing he had and watch 'Everybody loves Raymond' reruns.

So he'll get naked for Ellen (that sounded so wrong!), the money was good anyway.

If Dean could describe that day he would call it blue.

Blue as the sky, blue like the ocean, blue like his bed sheet at the moment...but not really because this blue was blue blue _blue._

His nerves flew out the window along with his inhibitions when he saw him, fumbling like an oaf but graceful...if that even made sense.

His voice was low, low like wow...how much testosterone did he have pumping through those veins...total contrast to his cherub like face...weird but it fit...fitted _him._

He flirted, he enticed....he was naked for fucks sake and while all those other eyes devoured his form, all he wanted to do was devour that man.

The man with the blue eyes.

He'd keep the job, he thought as Blue Eyes all but fled from the room.

He'd keep it if it meant seeing him again.

His life may be a foot in the crapper, but this summer was going to be fun.

And as he slept that night, in his own bed for once, he dreamt of soft hands on his body, low voice whispering his name and he thought..._this...this is it..._even before he saw the blue eyes.
Today seemed to be ‘Dean Day’ and Castiel couldn’t be more horrified.

It seemed that everywhere he went he spotted that artfully spiked blonde head of hair around every corner, in every shop, room, building, restroom, office, nook and cranny he attempted to hide in.

There was no escaping a confrontation today it seemed.

After that appalling episode in the art room where Castiel acted like a socially awkward teenager, he had taken to avoiding speaking to Dean after every class by being the first out the door, no matter what.

It hurt to see Dean's eyes light up after every class when Castiel approached him, only to see him rush for the door.

It hurt.

But Castiel figured it would hurt less than finding out Dean only wanted friendship while he was imagining how soft Deans’ lips felt almost daily.

Castiel has never been in a simple relationship with a man before.

He had never been in a relationship.

He has never been with anyone for that matter.

His body has just known his touch for all his adult life and he has never felt bereft...until now.

Every stroke he dealt his body felt...mundane...felt...lacking.

He was never one for much sexual relief but...when the time came, a few strokes and he was done. Complete.

Now it was harder. Every trick and maneuver he looked up online that guaranteed satisfaction didn't work.

But one night, when his need was unbelievably great, he gave in and imagined his hand was calloused and larger.

That the skin of the hand stroking him was tan and freckled.

That even in its strength, it was gentle with him and he felt the warm breath on his neck as his own name was whispered on his skin.

And damn if that wasn't the sexiest thing ever.

It caused a roaring of fire through his veins and he'd be embarrassed to say he didn't last long if the climax hadn't been so amazing.

It left him panting and gasping, his skin sensitive and flushed and oh my God, oh my God, this
amazing feeling....

As if that was what he needed, like it filled a hole inside him he never knew he *had*...

And it scared the *bejesus* out of him.

To want anything to the degree Castiel's body was telling him he wanted Dean felt like a death sentence. He imagined all his dreams coming to a full stop because his biology was dominating his common sense, screaming at him 'Mate! Mate!'

And Castiel, ever a rebel against his more baser instincts felt mortified.

Because a part of him didn't mind the idea of being Dean's bitch.

____________________

Dean could smell him.

Could smell the pheromones...that *heady, mouth*-watering omega scent.

It smelt like fertile....if something could be described as such.

*Cas*...he loved rolling the name on his tongue...

Cas had been avoiding him after his disastrous attempt of asking him out.

His first time trying to court a guy and he'd been shot down.

Not very heartening, but Dean was nothing if not persistent.

So he'd taken to following him, trying to learn him, what made this Cas so irresistible to him...

Some would call it *stalking*....but Dean'd like to think of it as *observing a phenomenon in its natural habitat*.

*At least* that's what he told Jo.

But today he was being sloppy. If Castiel hasn't figured out by now that Dean was following him, he'd have to question his sanity.

Castiel's scent was...over powering today.

It seemed to call out to him more than usual, encompassing all his favorite smells...like his mother's perfume, the smell of the leather seats of the Impala on a hot day, Sammy's shampoo and old whiskey.

*Like what the fuck?* He was having a nose-gasm. And it was slowly spreading to his dick.

In *public*.

Cas' scent was giving him a *hard on* in *public*.
But at that point, Dean didn't care. Whatever was happening was on a primal level and Dean was all for letting his instincts have free reign.

So he let his feet lead him to the source, felt the hard concrete beneath his shoes but that was as far as his mind went because it was steeping itself in *Au du Cas* right now and it couldn't be happier.

That is until he was standing in front of him. He was tucked into a secluded corner, conveniently away from prying eyes on a not so empty street.

*Lady luck had him by the balls,* Dean thought as the scene before him couldn't be more perfect.

Cas' eyes were glazed over as he leaned his back on the wall, his jeans clad legs sticking out.

His scent was even more over powering as Dean stepped between said legs.

He leant forward, his arms bracketing Castiel between them just as Cas regained his focus and gasped.

Those blue eyes stared at him and he felt a little thrill, electricity up his spine.

He felt his head lower and he took a long whiff of Cas' hair. It tickled his nose but it was worth it, getting a fresh dash of Cas' scent.

Without touching him he felt Cas shiver.

It made his muscles clench, knowing he was having this effect on him.

*But maybe,* that tiny Bobby sounding voice of reason drawled, *you should feel guilty, because this is all your fault after all.*

Hmm...perhaps...he was the only alpha around Cas a lot and the daily stalking didn't help, but it may be why this was happening. Too much contact from an alpha could throw an unmated omega into a surprise heat.

And before Castiel's knees gave out under him, Dean grasped his arms, the heat of his skin beneath his fingers felt like a brand.

He held him against his own body and whispered to him, even before he saw the slick on the wall where Cas was and down the seat of his pants, "Cas..."

*Was that his voice sounding so gruff?*

"Cas, we gotta get you outta here man...s'not safe here. You're going into heat."

---

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter may have plenty sexy times or more in depth ABO analysis...or both...feed
me kudos my lovelies and tell me what you desire!
If you had told Castiel that finding one's mate felt like:

*scalding* hot fingers trying to crawl through every pore of skin,

*burning*, bubbling volcano in his stomach that constantly erupted and

the feeling of disintegration and reformation of his bones on *replay*...

He'd tell you *no*...that's what a venereal disease felt like, you should get that shit checked out.

But that's what Castiel felt, heat and flames licking him from the inside, stroking the fires higher and hotter and the *need...Oh God the need*...

The body carrying him was like heaven to his hell, a beaconing oasis that promised eternal salvation. It tampered down the flames in his stomach with each brush of skin on his.

He vaguely hears talking, rumbling through the chest he's leaning against, heartbeat soothing against his ear.

It was beating a tattoo that resonated deep inside him, it seemed like it was for him, this heart beat was *his*...but *not* his...

God his head *hurt* and he felt like *dying*...

He heard the rumbling again, felt wood against his feet, stale air and a door opening.

Then the sounds of the street and cars and concrete chaos was dimmed, a silence came where Castiel could practically hear the elephant in the room, smell the sexual tension, could feel the corded muscle and smooth skin through the jersey Dean was wearing...

Because this was Dean, had to be. It was there in the way he was being held, the signature heartbeat, the *smell*...

He groaned aloud, Dean smelled like apples and cinnamon, *honey*...like the sweetest nectar and metal, oil...he was the perfect mixture of sweet and bitter...a suitable meld for his sweet disposition and wicked good looks and....*oh*...Castiel needed those hands on him *now*...

It seemed his focus was returning because he could hear Dean, understand his next words to him, though he sounded chocked, as if it was taking him every ounce of will power to speak,

"Cas, I'm gonna put you in the shower okay? You're burning up, and you need to cool down."

He felt his body being turned and he was led to a much cooler room, porcelain beneath his bare feet (when did he take off his shoes?) and he was startled into opening his eyes by the sound of water hitting tiles.

He saw gaudy blue wall paper and even through his pain, he could scrounge his face in disgust.

"Yeah yeah, it's an ugly bathroom, but it comes with hot water so..."

He turned to Dean just in time to see him shrug.
And it was like staring at the sun with protective googles.

Dean glowed and shone and twinkled and oh oh oh he was beautiful.

All bright bright green eyes and plump pink lips, aristocratic nose and stubble that trailed down his neck into the black jersey he wore that seemed to amplify his beauty a hundred fold.

Castiel saw himself move his feet in a vast shuffle toward Dean, saw his arms throw themselves around Dean's body, and he was appalled at himself, throwing himself on a man he barely knew...

But the feeling he got, oh...the immense pleasure at just wrapping the man in his arms and scenting the hollow of his neck...

He felt secure ad he was swallowed in Dean's shadow, Dean was taller and bigger and God he smelled so good!

He felt hot skin beneath his fingers and basked in the feeling before he realized his had slipped his hand beneath Dean's jersey and was currently stroking his stomach like some absent lover.

Fuck.

He felt a steady stream of slick leave him, felt the back of his pants becoming saturated and his checks burned in embarrassment, but he couldn't stop...didn't want to stop because it felt so good, and his body was screaming at him this what you need!

He heard a chocked groan, that caused the skin beneath his fingers to rumble before he was thrown bodily under the streaming cold shower.

It felt like bullets to his skin, killing him softly and saving him too.

He heard Dean speak again,

"I don't know if this'll help, but I have a brother, Sam, he's an omega too and he takes cold showers during his heats. It's supposed to help."

Dean was holding him by the shoulders under the water and Castiel just stared at him, just stared at the magnificent specimen he would now call mate.

Mate.

"Mate." He heard himself say, he grasped Dean by the wrists on his shoulders and he tipped his head under the water, whispering his name again into the stream, blessing the water that helped reduce the heat little by little.

But not enough to stop him from canting forward to land his lips precisely on Dean's.

It felt like liquid fire.

It felt like electricity coursing through his veins and his heart was going to explode because it was growing too large, getting bigger and bigger to encompass all that was...
Castiel...

To fill his whole body, his whole being with him, he was in his veins, under his hands, in his nose, on his lips and still...

It wasn't enough...

Against his better judgement, he gave into the kiss, returned it with all the passion in his blood and all the desire coiling in his stomach right now.

It was heady and powerful and maybe just a bit frightening...

Dean gave everything into that kiss because in that moment, and maybe for the rest of his life... Castiel was everything.

Castiel Castiel Cas

He needed to stop before it got out of hand...

He wrenched his mouth from Cas, from the close mouthed kiss that seemed more intimate than the many sloppy, open mouthed, tongue fuck kisses he'd given before. It felt like more yet it had been the most chaste kiss he'd ever had.

He held Cas away from him, his mouth away from kissing range as he asked, "Cas, man focus. Do you have anyone to come pick you up cuz you can't leave smelling like this. Come on think! Can you call anyone to come? We're at 23 Wendigo street, near the school. Anyone you know near here?"

Cas was swaying in his grasp, his eyes blue blue blue and even more so as his thick black eyelashes stuck in clumps around them, making them look bigger, bluer... God he loved those eyes...

"Um...yeah...umm...give...give me my phone...bag...right pocket..." Cas panted.

"Okay, okay."

Dean left him under the water to head back into his bedroom where he'd dropped Castiel's bag.

He dug around until he found the small metallic phone and turned around to stride back into the bathroom, when he was met with big blue eyes and wet, naked skin.

His mouth dropped.

He felt the phone being grabbed out his hand even as his brain cells fried.

He saw Cas bring the phone up to his face, the screen light illuminating his eyes so they looked like dazzling blue constellations.

He typed quickly and then flung the phone out of sight.

"He should be here soon."

And that was that.

And in the next breath Dean took, they were on eachother.
Dean's skin felt like a live wire. It made his skin tingle on contact.

He wrapped both arms around his head and dug his fingers in those golden spikes and *ah* they felt softer than he thought.

His bare chest met Dean's jersey and the friction was just what his hot skin needed. He writhed and wiggled on Dean's torso, one hand trailing down his side as it slipped under the fabric to touch...*oh he needed to touch...*and felt those muscles stretching and contracting as Dean lifted him off his feet to wrap his legs around his narrow waist and at that height, Castiel was above Dean's head, near his lips and he leaned in to claim them.

Oh Dean tasted like summer and sunshine and a beautiful sunset all in one and Cas couldn't get enough.

He wanted to fill his lungs, his arms, his heart, his soul with Dean and as he opened his mouth and coaxed Dean's open as well, he tasted and filled his mouth with him.

His tongue ran over long canines and around the wet, hot cavern of Dean's mouth and he called it *home.*

Dean's lips were plump and soft as they pressed harder against his own and then he heard his name whispered, "Cas."

Then the heat escalated and he felt slick run down his thigh even as he screamed in want...in need...

"Dean, Dean! I...*fuck ...I need..."%

And then he was being thrown on a bed as he watched Dean above him, growling, intimidating, alpha...

He gripped the end of his jersey and tugged it over his head, fast enough to silently voice his own need, his own urgency...but slow enough for Castiel to see inch by inch of corded, glistening muscle being revealed.

Naked from the hips up, Dean crawled into the bed, hovering over him, his green eyes glowing wickedly in the dark of the room.

He was the predator to Castiel's prey and he couldn't be happier.

Dean lowered his hips onto Cas', fitting perfectly, angling upwards, softly stroking Castiel' manhood with the rough fabric of his pants.

And *oh if Castiel wasn't too far gone to care that it hurt a little, because he needed the pain with the pleasure.*

He was achingly hard and dripping from both ends.

He arched up, careening his hips into the bulge in Dean's pants, craving Deans's pleasure along with his own.
They were panting into each others mouths, not kissing, just sharing hot air and scents and *God*, Dean was a masterpiece.

His strong freckled shoulders pinning his down onto the steadily soaking mattress, his sleek skin hot to caress, but like velvet beneath his palm.

His felt Dean's heartbeat under his hand, it echoed his own, fast and hard.

They belonged to eachother, in that simple moment, hearts beating together.

But then they grew into a crescendo and their movements grew fevered and Dean took Castiel's length into his hand, stroking fast, grip hard and Castiel keened, one hand wrapped around Dean's, his other clenched in his own hair.

He gasped, he pleaded, he begged for completion.

Dean panted into the hollow at his neck and he cried out, "Cas, Cas, Oh God Cas!"

His own jean clad hips were bumping and grinding into his hand that held Castiel.

Cas felt as though fireworks went off in his head when Dean's other hand cascaded down under his back and between his slick glistening globes and pressed and thumb to this entrance.

He howled because now he knew.

He knew what he wanted, what only Dean could give him.

He screamed, "Inside me! DEAN, Oh God, I want you inside me!"

Panting, writing, he looked up through hazy eyes as Dean rose up and started to unbuckle his belt and zip down his pants and Cas felt as though he had waited for this moment in a long time without even knowing he was waiting.

He felt *needy*, he felt *wanting*, he wanted to feel a Dean *inside* him, an ache like no other erupting in this veins and causing him to clench his hole in anticipation.

He flipped himself onto his stomach with Dean's prompting and lifted his hips, presented himself like a bitch in heat, his ass on display, dribbling copious amounts of slick.

He heard Dean gasp, felt his mate's desire in the hard fingers on his hips...

But then it all went to hell.

He heard slamming nearly, heard shouting...*was that his name? The voice sounded familiar.*

He head a loud bang, then Dean growled low in his throat, crouched over Castiel's naked figure.

But then Dean was thrown from him onto the floor, loudly.

Castiel gasped over the shouts, the curses, the fight as he turned around and saw his brother hitting Dean repeatedly over the face.

"Stop!" Cas shouted.
"Stop it Balthazar! Stop it!"
In Dean's mind finding ones soul mate wouldn't happen instantly, like fireworks igniting with just the touch of a flame, a brand.

There would not no zing! Bing! Ding! of any mental bell and there'd be no clack of the perfect key into the lock of your heart, setting the love, the need for another free.

And when he met him, him, the one meant for him, it wasn't like that all.

No.

It was like...lava...erupting from the mouth of a dormant volcano and the scorching hot magma slowly making it's way through his body, marking everything along its path until...

It made its final journey through the veins of his heart, to pile there, to call it home forever...as it carved his name into the pulsing red muscle...

CASTIEL.

And he knew he'd never be the same.

Dean can't remember.

He lies in a pool of blood, his own if the bone deep pain coursing like lightening through his body is anything to go by.

He thinks he's alone.

He can't tell really because his blood, the little left in his body, is pounding in his ears.

He can't feel his face, can't tell the shape of it. It's as though he is formless, a lump of clay that hasn't been moulded yet, awaiting it's artist.
Funny, the thought of art makes his heart clench and his vision go dark.

It adds to the helplessness he feels, the abject feeling of...loss and loneliness.

He doesn't know how long he's been on the floor, can't even recognize the room.

But he recognizes the ringtone of the phone that sounds in his back pocket.

He turns himself onto his side with a low groan.

It hurts...his throat feels like shredded paper and he tastes blood. His body aches and white hot light shines across his eyes as the pain overtakes him for an instant.

Coming to, he stretches one arm behind him, scrambling on the floor, through his blood until he meets the back of his pants, feels the solid metal object through his jeans.

Flipping it open, he presses it to his ear and breaks into hot tears and choking sobs at the sound of Sam's voice.

Sam Sam Sam

Sense in this madness.

"Sam..." he cries and he's aware how broken he sounds, how broken he feels.

"Sam...I'm...somethin's wrong...I don't...I don't know what's happening..."

He's struggling to find the right words in the shambles of his mind, his head hurts something fierce and he's getting angry and sad at the same time.

His body makes no sense to him anymore.

"I don't know where I am...Can-can you come get me?"

Dean's aware he's not making any sense but thank God, Sam seems to understand.

And as his little brother makes assurances that they'll come get him, hold on Dean, hold on...

He cries.

He cries because he feels as though he should have held on...

Held on to something precious...

But now it's gone and he can't remember and oh...he's in so much pain right now...

He blacks out.
But in the darkness he sees him.

Blue eyes.

Soft lips.

*Oh...* the part of him thats missing the *precious* thing that's lost...

And it's the darkness that holds this angel captive...

---

But all too soon, it gives way to his brother, his father and Bobby, crying over him, holding him up, screaming his name...

One of them calls the paramedics, he's not sure who...his vision is going again.

But the gaping, hollow hole within his heart is minutely filled, though not enough to complete him, but enough for him to crack a small smile through bloody teeth as he's rescued by his family.
When Dean woke up in the hospital without any memory as to how he got there and what-the-actual-fuck-fucking-happened, he was upset.

Scratch that.

He was fucking furious.

He was tubed up to his asshole and his now surprisingly sensitive nose was twitching and scrunching up in annoyance at the many hospital smells.

But above all...He was confused.

On the first day he was admitted to the hospital and conscious, every half hour an officer would come in and try to take his statement.

At least that's what he was told because Dean had absolutely no memory of anything until he was fully conscious on the fifth day.

It took his body five days to realize he wasn't brain dead.

Five days of his brother...Bobby and Dad...Five days of their suffering and helplessness as they would be told, "We've done all we can. It's up to Dean now."

Five days of Dean drifting in nothingness, being nothing, but soaking in that dormant memory of his angel, basking in his blue eyes and soft embrace...

But when he awoke...He couldn't remember .

And he probably never would.

Sam loves his brother.

Loved him in the womb, out of it.

Dean was his mother, his father, his best friend and teacher.

He was Sam's everything.

Dean taught him how to ride a bike, how to skip stones...how to skip school (though he only tried it the one time...you couldn't get into Stanford by skipping school...plus the places Dean would go weren't exactly kid friendly...)

Dean was there when his father wasn't.

He was there to mitigate the arguments between him and their father.
He was always there...

Dean was Sam's rock when things got tough. In his entire memory of Dean, Sam could not remember seeing Dean cry.

He never saw Dean falter, break down or collapse under pressure. Dean knew who he was and what he was meant to do and always charted his own course.

He was selfless and humble and...

God, Sam envied that about his brother.

Envied how people always seemed to gravitate toward him.

Like moths to his golden brother's flame.

But Sam never hated Dean for it, because regardless of it and everything...

Dean was his hugest supporter and was always there for him...always...

So when Sam heard Dean's voice cracked and crying on the phone that day, he felt as though his heart stopped.

His brother was in trouble.

And for the first time, it was Sam's chance to be there for him.

When Dean was out the hospital, riding in a god forsaken wheelchair in the back of Bobby's van, he felt numb.

Clueless.

Where did he go from now?

But then Sammy grasped one of his hands from where he was sitting opposite him, long limbs cramped into the small space from his adamant refusal to ride with dad.

Dean smiled though his face still pained him, but Sam deserved all his smiles.

"It'll be okay Dean. You'll see."

He saw Bobby's head nod in the front and his hands squeeze the drivers wheel, grip tight and white knuckled.

Dean squeezed Sam's hand in return and then threw in from him.

"Go hold some others guys hand Sam if you're into that. I may be hurtin' but I'm not that far gone to go all Deana to your Samantha okay?"

He was rewarded with Sam's number one bitch face and Bobby's chortling.

But even when Sam snorted and turned away from him, he got a glimpse of the dimpled smile Sam was famous for.
And Dean couldn't be happier.

Couldn't be anywhere else but here..

With his family.

Home.

John Winchester was a hard ass.

He knew it and he sure as hell knew everyone else did too.

He was handsome in his mid forties with two grown sons and a decent life.

But he was wounded.

There was a big gaping hole where Mary used to be and he would never live to see it filled again.

He'd kept his sons from filling it because he didn't want to forget her...didn't want anything to change.

But the day she died he was lost, adrift...floating at sea.

If he was a lesser man, a bullet would have been lodged in his brain the second after she was gone.

But Dean...and Sam...Mary's legacies...He couldn't leave them...not like his father left him.

So he tried...He tried and failed and he gave up caring...

But he would always love his sons...

Dean who was Mary's spitting image, so much that it hurt to look at him.

And Sam who had all Mary's attitude and thirst for knowledge.

He may not have been a good father...But he could be a great asshole.

So when he drove to their home first and met a short, golden haired man standing at their door, he anticipated the moment of being both.

When Dean, Bobby and Sam reached home, it was chaos.

Dean was expecting peace and quiet, the silent comfort of their house.

What he didn't expect was to be taken from a fight he didn't remember, into one he would surely never forget.

The sight of their six foot alpha father being shouted and poked at by an incredibly short, golden haired, almost angelic looking beta...

Well...it would be enough to have Dean laughing through his recovery.
Chapter End Notes

Short chapter on the Winchesters and Dean's medical status.

Focus will be mostly on Dean for a while.
Gabriel liked to think of himself as the bigger brother out of all his brothers, if not in statute, then in nature, though he is irrevocably the middle child of the bunch.

But while that position was most connected with anonymity amongst siblings, Gabriel saw it as divine placement for the choice of adaptability or rebellion.

When he's too immature for his parents liking, he's one of the young kids.

When he let's slip some sizable intelligence, he's one of their eldest.

Regardless, G (as he's fondly referred to in some not so 'this-will-make-my-parents-happy places) loves his family. Loved his parents.

Loved his host of brothers.

Michael the eldest, who was determined, resolute and dependable to do the arguably 'right thing.'

He was dark haired, fucking tall, blue eyed with signature alpha chiseled features...hard assed...loose lipped when it came to Gabriel's escapades...

Daddy's little perfect, brainwashed, political, diplomatic, angel.

But he was still Gabriel's older brother, the one to show him how things were done, pick him up when he fell, protect him...his golden idol who helped him find his legs and 'use his wings' so to speak.

But Michael soon grew up and became his golden idol brother who irritated him on occasion and became a big business man in the most boring...business...thing or whatever. Gabriel didn't care...it was all blah blah blah super-boring-brother-oh-my-god-get-a-life. But it made their parents proud....Michael could do no wrong.

But while Michael was his golden idol, his second older brother was definitely his spirit animal.

Lucifer.

His brother...second proud alpha of the family, blonde and blue eyed and smooth talking...

He was everything Gabriel didn't know Michael dispossessed.

Lucifer was the rebel who Gabriel would like to think set his path before him.

He never followed Michaels path...which surely disappointed both his parents and Michael.

But Lucifer taught him how to smoke, how to set garbage on fire...how to lie...how to cheat...and how to believe in yourself and charter your own journey.

A lot of people thought Lucifer was a bad influence on him (Come on! His name was Lucifer for crying out loud. Bad sorta came with the name) but he was more a brother and teacher to him than
maybe he even thought.

That is before he left home when he turned 19 and called seldom and visited even less...

No one had a clue where he was and what he was doing...but sometimes Gabriel imagines he sees Lucifer in the snobby looking kid in the philosophy section of the library, in the obnoxious news reporter, in the thirty year old man he counsels who tells him everyday that he wants to kill his father and sometimes...in Michael...when he's tired of the charade and duty that comes with being the 'first child'.

Then along comes Gabriel, who was golden haired, golden eyed, and he was thought to be the last successful alpha of the family...

But he wasn't.

Ever the appearingly pious and virtuous members of the largest blow-hardy churches he'd ever been in, when rich lesser members of the church died in a very suspicious car crash, and their only son was left orphaned, the Novaks jumped for the opportunity (and the inheritance if he was being honest here).

It was so that Baltazar was invited into their humble family.

He fit in quite nicely, all tall and blonde...(and unnaturally British once he spent a college semester at London) and what do you know the third alpha of the family.

They made quite the foursome.

Last was Castiel.

He was the mistake.

He was ten when his mother told them that they'd be getting another sibling.

"Like how we got Bal?" He'd remember asking.

Even at 10 he was a blunt bastard.

"No. Not like how we got Balthazar." His mother replied. She looked drawn and pale, hands folded on her lap as they all sat at their dinner table. She was an average woman, a beta herself, with dark hair which Michael inherited and brown eyes. Unremarkable, if not for her great pedigree and family wealth.

So no, their boys did not get their dashing good looks from their mother.

Their father was the star in that rodeo.
His name was J. Novak. Just J. Novak.

No one knew what the J stood for, not even his wife and he was so large, tall and intimidatingly alpha that no one dared ask.

J was pale and handsome, bright baby blue eyed, dark black hair which was always in array and a bit intense with his awkward social interaction.

He was their father and quite the male specimen.

So when the Novaks got older in age, they expected J to be the one to cheat, not their mother.

At least that was what everyone expected when Harriet turned up pregnant near 40.

But when the squalling baby turned up a spitting image of its father, their could be no doubt whose it was.

Castiel was as awkward as their father straight from the womb and Gabriel took to him instantly.

Anything that annoyed his parents were alright in his book.

And life went on.

But when Castiel and Balthazar, close in age, manifested at the same time, and Balthazar shone like the alpha he was and Gabriel...not so much...well, it fully dawned on his parents that maybe they weren't capable of making only alphas.

At least that's what Gabriel himself told them when they tried to subject him to a series of doctor visits and tests to try to deny his biology.

So when Castiel turned out loving art more than business, reading more than rough housing. Baby sitting as suitable part time work, well...his parents were all too pleased when Castiel made the decision to study abroad rather than stay home.

Because when their son manifested into an omega, and it seemed inevitable, they didn't want to be around to see it.

Gabriel stayed close to Castiel, outcast brothers needed to stick together after all, and they both kept in contact with their brother Balthazar, who was slightly more tolerable than Michael.

When Castiel manifested in the middle of his college class, he called them. That call, and his official omega brother led Balthazar to renting a house with his inheritance near the university, just in case.

With no reason not to, Gabriel moved in and an extra room was kept for Castiel, just in case.

Nothing happened after Castiel manifested, so it seemed like their fears and all those rumors as to what could happen to an unmated omega walking the streets were unfounded.
That is until he got the text near 7 o'clock that night and he'd stupidly let Balthazar come along for the ride to pick Castiel up.

But when Balthazar got a whiff of another alpha all over the apartment and saw...well...saw Castiel's naked ass ready to get some good lovin' from the huge guy on top of him...well...if Gabriel were a little less open minded, he'd be horrified.

But he was gently tickled at the situation.

If only he could say the same for Balthazar.

Balthazar, who ripped the man off Castiel, threw him to the ground and proceeded to beat the living daylights out of him.

His brother's eyes were slitted and growing red at the edges as he painted the floor with the man's blood.

He heard Castiel scream and he wrapped him up and dragged him outside per Balthazars suggestion.

Next thing he knew, Balthazar was in the car the next time he blinked and they were speeding off to their just in case house.

Castiel looked bad in the back seat with him, shivering and mumbling one word,

"Dean..."

Gabriel took one one look at his enraged alpha mode brother in the drivers seat, his sexed out-of-his-brain younger brother in his arms and sighed...

Why couldn't he have been an only child...?
Finding Dean

Chapter Notes

So I've just made everything catch up so I could start everything in real time, no going backs. If that even makes sense. Love you guys!!!

Castiel screamed.

He screamed at his brother, he screamed at the infuriatingly locked bedroom door. He screamed at his weakness, his failed attempts at forcing the door off its hinges by ramming his shoulder into its wooden frame.

Repeatedly.

His shoulder hurt something fierce now but he continued.

Throughout all his shouting, he thinks he may be cursing his family, Balthazar specifically. But when he cried himself hoarse with threats and begging, he distinctly remembers whimpering, "Dean, Dean, Dean..."

Time passes, and in the locked bedroom of his brothers apartment he's unaware of just how much time.

He's naked and lying on the floor next to the door when he jolts awake, looks around to see his brother on the single bed in the room, his head in his hands.

"Bal?" Castiel crawls on the floor, heedless of his nakedness. That is until he is met face first with a bed sheet that Balthazar throws at him.

"If we're having this conversation, we're having it without me being able to see all your bits, okay?"

Covering himself, Castiel sits Indian style across from his brother.

Balthazar looked his usual epitome of youthful handsomeness, blonde hair perfectly coiffed in a style that Castiel would be forever jealous of, quite a contrast to his own unruly mop of hair that never obeyed his will.

"Bal, what happened?"

"I should be asking you that! I thought we taught you about stranger danger, Cassie. And why did it take you so long to call us? If we'd been any later...I don't even wanna think about about it."

"What? What are you even talking abo-"

Castiel felt as if trucks carrying explosives crashed into a furnace and obliterated all nearby towns in the area. All memory of that night hit him like fireworks raging inside a container, exploding within
the confines of his brain.

He shot up from his seat on the floor, heedless of the sheet puddling around his ankles.

Balthazar's eyes widened and he stood up slowly, hands splayed out in front of him as if to placate Cas, as if he was a startled animal.

"Cas, I-"

"What the fuck did you do? What the FUCK did you DO?!"

Castiel was near hysterical, pulling at his already messy hair.

"Okay, you walk in your baby brother under some man in his room, after driving from work when you got a cryptic as fuck message saying 'come get me' and an address. What would you do when it looks like your fucking brother is getting raped by some kid I've never seen before?"

Balthazar was shouting, finger pointed at himself as he snarled in Castiel's face, his own turning steadily red through his tirade.

"I did what any normal brother would do. I saved your ass-"

"From my MATE!" Castiel howled pushing at Balthazar's chest.

His shoulders were heaving as he said, "You 'saved' me from my mate. I was trying to tell you then-I was trying-"

Cas couldn't help the sob that was ripped from his chest at that...at the lingering pain from the memory of being torn from Dean.

He dropped to the floor, while Balthazar stood shocked, mouth agape.

A sigh from the now open door broke the silence.

"Well as usual, the 'big brother syndrome' has caused poor Cas some unwarranted problems."

Gabriel, hair dark gold and sticking to his face from his interrupted shower, strode into the room with a towel wrapped around his middle.

"I'm pretty sure the neighbors are getting ready to load their firearms and massacre us in our sleep."

He stooped down at Castiel's side and gently pushed his head aside to get a look at his neck.

He gasped loudly.

Balthazar, a statue upon hearing Castiel's admission nearly jumped out of his skin at the sound and ran to Gabriel's side.

"What is it? What is it?"

"It's...it's...nothing."

Balthazar looked down, wide eyed at his brother, "...what?"

Gabriel's mouth curved into a smirk so full of mischievousness that Bal had to clench his fist to
prevent himself from committing fratricide.

"Yup. There is a whole pile of steaming, gooey, flavorful nothing on Castiel's neck, well minus the constellation hickies."

Gabriel, in a rare show of affection, ruffled Castiel's hair and pushed him to lean on his shoulder.

"Which means, that if his 'Dean' guy was really Castiel's mate, that means that we walked in on their mating, and since you so sweetly beat our maybe brother in law an inch near death..."

Balthazar and Gabriel looked down at Castiel as he whimpered into the crook of Gabe's neck, "Was it...was he beat up that bad?"

Cas raised his head, blue eyes puffy and red, tears threatening to spill.

"Yeah lil bro, it looked pretty bad." Gabriel sighed as Balthazar hung his head.

Castiel growled, low in his throat and it shocked the hell out of his brothers.

He slowly stood up, baring his teeth at Balthazar. Balthazar looked too shocked to act, his little omega brother standing up to him, trying to intimidate him? It wasn't so much that it was against Castiel's own nature but it went against his biology.

Omegas don't seek out a fight, they avoid it.

Castiel was stopped by Gabriel's hand on his arms, his grip tight.

"Come on Cas. Fighting Bal isn't gonna fix anything. I mean, you have every right to be mad at him-
"

"Hey!"

"Well he does Bal! You bloody beat his mate! Anyway, you gotta remember that Bal is an alpha, and he sees you, well all of us, as part of his pack. You know how alpha brains work. So when he scented you with another alpha that he didn't recognize, he saw it as a threat. And you know what alphas do to threats."

Cas slowly backed off, his anger seeping out to the pads of his fingers, his hands still shook and he dug them into his hair, strolled to the bed and flung himself on it.

Balthazar sighed, approaching the bed and Castiel's prone form gently.

"Cas? Look, I'm sorry. If that guy really was your mate, I'm even more sorry."

The room was silent for a beat, until Castiel nodded his head.

Balthazar sighed once more, "Thanks. You know I love you right."

"Yeah," Cas mumbled, "I know, Maybe love me a little less next time."

Bal chuckled, "Okay. But for the love of God, could you please cover your ass? I've seen it too much times for it be casual. I can like freaking tell you how many moles you have on there."
Castiel chuckled when the sheet was tossed at him again.

"Well this is all nice and good, so I'm gonna finish my shower and head out."

Gabriel made for the door, "Gabe wait!"

"Yeah?" Gabriel leaned against the door frame, eyebrow cocked.

"I...I need you to find him for me. I need to, I need to see him."

Castiel's blush was adorable.

Gabriel chuckled, "Yeah I figured as much. I was actually heading out to go to your school and strongarm information about this Dan out of them."

Balthazar smirked wickedly, "Strongarm? My my aren't we all Danny DeVito."

Gabriel returned his wit, "Yes, tall, blonde and dumb, we are."

"I can't believe you guys are older than me. You fight like children. Gabe, focus."

Gabriel smiled fondly, Cas was beginning to sound like himself again.

"His name is Dean Winchester. He an engineer major. Um...second year i think."

"Word! Okay lil bro, on it."

"Thanks Gabe.-" Castiel's reply was interrupted by the loud gurgling of his stomach.

"Um, I guess I'm hungry." Castiel managed to say amidst the raucous of his brothers.

"Well, you know where the kitchen is. This ain't no hotel." Balthazar wheezed out, holding his sides, giggles still bubbling from his lips.

Castiel rolled his eyes and slipped out of the room, naked.

"God Cas, have you no shame? Put on some-"

Balthazar was cut short by Gabriel pulling on his arm as he was about to follow Cas into the kitchen.

"What?"

"Keep an eye on Cas while I'm gone." His body facing Balthazar, but his eyes on Cas' figure in the kitchen.

"What? Why? He's fine."

"We grabbed him in the middle of a mating, that never fully completed. Nothing is 'fine' with that. Something's gonna happen, something bad unless I can get this Dean guy in time."

Balthazar raised one eyebrow in disbelief, and lowered it when he realized that Gabe was serious.

"Um...okay. I'll look out for him," he mumbled.

"Good, it's the least you could do for him after what you did."
Gabriel squeezed Balthazar's arm, in comfort? In warning? He couldn't tell, and neither could Gabriel was he walked back down the corridor to the bathroom.

Time to find this *Dean*.

---

When Gabriel managed to flirt his way into the students records and get a D. Winchester's information, he felt powerful. He felt like an alpha.

*You see,* he told himself, pocketing the information into his pocket as he waved to the ugly as sin university Secretary, blowing a kiss, *lies do really open all the doors to life.*

---

When Gabriel got to the rustic 'keep out or be shot' family house of Castiel's supposed mate, he couldn't have felt prouder. Dean's family seemed to be well to do *hillbillies* if the scrapyard to the side of the house was anything to go by.

Their parents would have a *fit.*

Waiting at his car for the Winchester's was not how he'd planned to spend his afternoon.

When the truck and van pulled up, which looked liked the kinds only pedophiles would buy, Gabriel geared himself up for a major confrontation.

However, it wasn't Dean he met first, but some tall, hard assed alpha that immediately tried to put Gabriel in his place.

But Mr. Big bad tall alpha had another thing coming if he thought Gabriel wasn't the type to talk back.

So as he gave the man a verbal lashing, he heard chuckles coming from the side of the van when he saw the embodiment of the description he read in the report.

Tall, *green* eyed, blonde hair.

Dean Winchester was handsome, amiable and...in a wheelchair.

Oh. *Fuck.*

He was gonna *kill* Balthazar.

If Castiel didn't get to him first.
Sorry for the long hiatus :) love you guys! Thanks for sticking with me. Had a bit of a writers block and some health issues. But here's the new chapter, enjoy!

"So, you're trying to tell us that Dean found his mate...a few days ago. And said mate's-"

"Castiel."

Air quotes, "Castiel...his brother is the one that beat Dean, bloody might I add, into next week?"

Gabriel winces, eye twitching as his foot jumps up and down, fidgeting under the Winchesters unwavering gazes.

"Well...yes, but-"

"And now you're here to apologize on behalf of this Caprielle-"

Gabriel clenches his eyes in exhaustion. "Castiel-" He corrects.

"-who can't even show his face for all he is Dean's mate!"

The tallest Winchester of the bunch, Sam, Gabriel thinks his name is, finishes his rant with a flourish, arms gesturing in the air almost as if choking an imaginary neck in its grasp.

Gabriel patted himself on the back for the decision to not bring Castiel along, cuz surely Mr. Tall, dark and sexy would have those gloriously long arms around his brother's neck in a second...oh what he wouldn't do to have said arms around his body...and those long fingers around other parts of his anatomy.

Okay so maybe Gabriel was getting side tracked...but sitting in a room with very good looking alphas...who could blame him?

"Hey, look I know you're upset..."

"Upset?! Are you crazy!"

At this point Dean dared to interrupt his little brother's incredulous screech.

"Sam..."

"No Dean. Don't tell me you're defending this guy's twisted logic. Mate or not this guy screwed you over and I'm not just gonna sit here and let it happen again!"

Sigh. Dean pinched the bridge of his nose in exhaustion. All he wanted was a nap, some rest after enduring this...mess. But Sam seemed adamant about fighting the issue, beating it with commendable fury while Dean just wanted a beer.

"Look Sam, no you listen. " Dean cut in as Sam geared up for another reprimand.
"I know this shit is messed up. No one knows it better than me. So please...let me get a god damned word out about it. Please."

Well that rightly shut his little brother up.

"Well...Dean. What do you say?" Bobby said, speaking up for the first time since letting Gabriel into their house. Their dad seemed awfully quiet. Probably still smarting from the verbal abuse Gabriel delivered as his introduction.

"I say...I wanna meet this 'mate' of mine. And...see where it goes from there."

Gabriel's responding smile nearly burned out Dean's retinas.

"Great! Knew you'd see things my way for all the braying your little moose did." Gabriel waved dismissingly at Sam.

His father grumbled, "Damn cheeky kid.."

Dean smirked. "Well, set the date up. This Castimell better have the sun shining out of his ass. I won't accept less."

"Castiel. " Gabriel sighed for the thousandth time.

"And I assure you," He met Dean's smirk with one of his own. "He does."

"You told him WHAT??"

Gabriel rolled his eyes. What was it with little brothers and the flair for the dramatic. Was it inherent in their DNA?

"I doubt he's that much of a moron to actually think you shoot ultraviolet rays out of your rectum Cassie baby. Get a grip."

"Oh my God. He's coming today right. He said today? How did he look? Is it bad? Oh I'm gonna kill Balthazar!"

Castiel paced up and down their apartment.

He was dressed casually enough, in a lovely blue cotton button down and simple blue jeans.

He was the picture of simple style, if not for the crazed look in his eyes and his habit of biting his nails every two steps.

"Cas, calm down sweetie. You're working yourself into a fit and making me crazy. Sit."

Castiel dropped down into the couch next to his brother gracelessly.

"What if he...what if he doesn't want me, Gabe?"

"He'd be a fool not to."

"I'm serious. After all that happened... And you said yourself that he doesn't remember me. What if he doesn't remember at all, ever...again. I don't think..." Castiel took in a shaky breath. "I don't think I
could live with myself if he never..."

Gabriel threw his arm over his brother's softly heaving shoulders. "Cas, I'm not gonna say everything will be okay. I mean...they looked pretty pissed when I was there. And Dean looked...well, you know...like he never heard your name before."

Castiel covered his face with his hands and howled.

"But!" Gabriel shook him, "you know what they say about bonds and all that shit. If it's there, he'll remember."

One blue eye poked out from between the fingers covering Cas' face.

"Okay?" Gabriel smiled.

"Okay."

It was an hour later when Castiel heard the car engine stop outside their house.

He had time to check his reflection in the mirror before the knock on the door came.

He saw bloodshot blue eyes and pale skin. He hadn't set. Foot outside the house in a week, preferring to wallow in despair in the comforts of his bed.

But now Dean was here and it was time to face his demons, his mate...

He took a rattling breath behind the front door, closed his eyes and prayed for understanding, prayed for luck and prayed for Dean.

Then he turned the brass door handle and wrenched it open, squinting his eyes in the bright light.

It took a few moments of blinking rapidly and shaking his head to clear the black dots marring his vision, and all he could make out was the silent outline of a tall, golden tipped man.

And when Castiel could finally see again, could see Dean's still bruised face, but gloriously standing frame in his door way, his eyes hungrily searched for Dean's, for the green eyes that would tell him everything.

And he saw, surprise, amazement, recognition swirling in those green depths...

But it was Dean's mouth that surprised him.

When he said, "Cas..." And buried his face in the crook of Castiel's neck, wrapping his arms around him.
Sucking Face

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long guys. Had this already written, just had to tweak it. New chapter Saturday.

It was like a lightening bolt to his heart, cuz it seemed like his heart knew Castiel for what he was before his brain even processed his image.

Dean couldn't remember his heart ever beating so hard and so fast and for a moment he actually believed that he might be experiencing a heart attack courtesy his beating a week ago.

And when his mind finally put a name to those blue blue eyes, he knew he should be angry and upset. He should be fucking furious.

But all he could feel...was relief. Adrenaline. Hope and a chorus of angels singing *hallelujah*.

His blood pumped the tattoo of *matematemate* through his veins and he was...himself again, in the arms of this man.

His mate.

With his blood so close to the surface of his skin, making him feel heated, burning from the inside out, he pushed closer to the oasis that was Castiel and nuzzled in the crook of his neck as he pushed the smaller man further inside the house.

The slamming of the door via his booted foot jolted Castiel out of his haze.

"Dean, Dean what are y-"

God, his voice rumbled like he'd chewed gravel for days. It rumbled through his chest and Dean sighed. It abated the fire in him somewhat but...He wanted...*more*.

When he proceeded to throw Castiel onto the three seater couch in the living room, Castiel had an idea what 'more' meant.

"Dean? I don't think-

"Then don't." Dean practically growled, baring his teeth in the hollow between Castiel's neck and shoulder.

"Stop fucking thinking and just...just feel me." Dean grabbed Castiel's hand by the wrist and had him palm his erection through his jeans.

Cas gasped hotly against the soft spikes of Dean's hair. Dean's hot length, heavy in the seat of his palm felt like a brand.

It was hot and pulsing even through the denim and Cas felt his brain go hazy with the litany of fuckfuckfuck and matematemate being run on replay though his mind.
This was wrong.

It wasn't supposed to go like this. Meeting Dean after the whole debacle was supposed to be sensible, not this hot, passionate, brain melting sensuality that had Dean moaning and pushing his hips into the cradle of Castiel's tightening fist and Cas' arching and panting out of Dean's name.

It was wrong.

But fuck... (and Castiel knew he ran the risk of sounding cliché) but damn did it feel good.

Dean's fingers slipping under his shirt scorched his skin. It was so sensitive that he could feel the individual whorls of Dean's fingertips.

Dean was smearing his identity on the map of Cas' skin and he couldn't feel more like he belonged, couldn't feel more alive, a fire in him sparking, flaring through his veins as Dean's fingers trailed and traced and oh...euphoria.

Euphoria.

If this was heaven, he wanted the all access pass.

And oh, could he bring a friend?

This pleasure should surely be sinful, but of wait...Castiel thinks it may be...premarital sex and all that.

He'd care if Dean wasn't currently trying to asphyxiate him via kissing.

Dean groaned aloud, the vibration of it purred through his chest and oh if it wasn't one of the most sexiest things Castiel just experienced on that couch. In the house. In...well...ever.

"We should stop." Dean whispered against his nose, his full, oh so full pink lips latched to the bridge of it.

They we so close that each flutter of Dean's eyelashes felt like a soft impact on his own.

"Yeah..." Castiel croaked. "We should stop..."

Cas tilted his head up minutely, his eyes locked to Dean's green irises, pupils dilated.

"...stop..." Dean repeated, his breath scorching Cas' lips.

"Yes...stop..." Cas repeated.

"Yes. Stop. By all means, please do. Some time today. Before my eyes burn out of my skull."

The two boys jumped apart from each other, with Dean clutching the edge of the chair to stay upright, while Castiel fell to the floor in all his gracelessness, to the new voice in the room.

They looked up to see Gabriel standing in front their couch, frilly white apron tied around his middle and a tray of toffee cookies held in his hands.

"Well.." Gabriel began, revelling in the bright blushes on his baby brother and his mate's faces.

"That's the last time I try to bake cookies from scratch for my lovely bro and his mate, when they're too busy sucking face to even care."
Calm the cock down

Chapter Notes

Sorry I've been away so long! A lot has been going on in my life at the moment and I'm finally at a place where I can write. It was just deciding if this story was worth saving...but it is and I shall persevere! Thank you my loyal readers. Your messages and kudos mean a lot to me.

Sitting idly with a hard on the size of King Kong is uncomfortable in itself.

Doing so in front of the brother of your mate and little brother...well. That was awkward enough to make the album of: moments I would have rather not experienced in my lifetime.

Regardless, there Dean sat on the admittably plush couch, a few hand spans away from Castiel, being stared down reproach fully by Sam as if he were the elder brother ashamed of the younger's actions.

He thinks Castiel may be better off seeing as Gabriel gave of the easy peasey pervy vibe. Though he mimed puking every minute after Dean and Castiel dared to make eye contact, he figured Gabriel was more accepting of what happened than Sam would ever be.

Sam's eyes bored into his forehead as Dean subtle tried to cover his raging erection with his palms. Seriously.

It was if Sam was trying to magically exorcize his hormones via glare to brain contact.

So naturally Dean, as in any situation that made him too uncomfortable for too damn long, resorted to his single best for of defense.

Swearing, cursing, growling, I.e all of the above.

"Jesus Sam. Really. You wanna do this shit now? The whole disappointed dad and errant kid skit? Cuz lemme tell you, you got the look a little fucking twisted. And I could tell you, the last person to look at me like that is sitting next to me...and look how that turned out."

Dean's face and steadily turned red through his tirade, and Sam's silence throughout it was testament to how well he was accustomed to such outbursts.

"You know Dean. When we discussed coming here to speak to your 'mate', we agreed that we'd talk it out like responsible adults. Not horny teenagers."

Sam glanced down at Dean's hand placement.

"Look Sam..." Dean sighed, brushing his palm down his face. If their was anything like a boner extinguisher, it was bring lectured by your younger brother.

"...that was before I...Before I saw him and remembered..."
"Remembered what?!!"

Sam shouted out, jumping to his feet, neck length hair that Dean frequently compared to L'Oréal commercials, flying across his face.

"Remembered that you got beat within an inch of your life and stayed in the hospital for a week?!"

Sam stomped across to Castiel, which in itself was unnecessary seeing as Cas was not more than two steps away from him.

Sam glared down at Castiel, pointing into his face as Cas backed into the cushions, "All because of this guy?"

"Sam..." Dean found himself growling, hands clenching on his knees.

Sam flew up from his perch on his chair and began pacing. "No Dean, you will bloody well listen. It's been some time since you were completely coherent so I'll give you the benefit of the doubt and say you've lost your mind for a little second..."

Sam came to a stop in front of Castiel and pointed his index finger, long even by Dean's own finger comparison, acting like it was the finger of God himself, about to reveal the Judas in his imagined sea of Jesus'.

"...and have inexplicably run back into the arms of the man who allowed you to be beat within an inch of your life and not have the courtesy to see if you were alive! Now call me old fashioned but people who care about each other actually act like they give a damn-"

"SAM!"

Sam stopped and turned to find Dean standing at his side, face white with rage and veins staying in high relief on his arms which clenched open and closed.

Baring his teeth Dean seethed, "You're. Frightening. Him."

Sam looked back down his finger and beheld Castiel cowering as far back into the couch without breaking his spine in half, his eyes almost cross eyed, staring at the tip of Sam's fingertip near his face.

Sam lowered his hand, shuffling like an overgrown child and apologized.

"Righty then..." Gabriel drawled, having stored away this particular spectacle away for future perusal and retelling to Balthazar. "Let's get to the meat of the matter shall we?"

Both brother's sat down, with Dean markedly closer to Castiel on the long couch.

"Okay...what-" Dean sighed.

"First things first," Gabriel interrupted. "You and Cassie - baby need some 'alone- couple - let's talk this over' time, while I take Mr tall, dark and delicious into the kitchen and show him my chocolate balls..."

In the resulting silence and Castiel's horrified look had Gabe correcting, "Yes, actual literal balls of chocolate. I'm no pervert..." Gabriel guffawed. "I mean, I just heat up some chocolate, make sure it's liquid smooth..." At this point Gabriel makes it his priority to stare into Sam's eyes as he continues, "...and then I blow on it...just enough til it cools. And then I scoop out a bit into my
hands...Gently...and shape the balls in my palm and then I roll them-"

"OKAY! Okay Gabriel. O...okay. Just...thanks...for the...visual." Cas chokes out when he sees the burning red visage of one Sam Winchester and the aghast look on Dean's.

"Dean," Sam manages when he got his blush under control. "I don't think this is a good idea..."

"Sam, you don't think that string cheese is a good idea. Just...give me this...Please?"

Sighing, Sam relented and followed the much shorter Beta to the kitchen, eyes pleading for a rescue as Gabriel continued from where he left off.

"Yup, who'd have thought I'd have such a talent for rolling balls around in my hand?"

Cas and Dean sat on either side of the couch, the space between them felt like galaxies, expanding in the awkwardness of the room.

When their eyes finally met, blue to green, Dean crossed the distance and almost timidly held one of Castiel's hands in his own freckled one.

"So...Cas...I guess we have some deciding to do..."

"Deciding?" Cas whispered, though...He didn't know why, their conversation couldn't possibly be heard from the kitchen, but it felt like some measure of quiet was needed for the conversation being had.

Cas felt as if the hold Dean had on his hand wouldn't be enough for what he was about to say...

Cas stared into Dean's eyes, those emerald depths that reminded him of lush gardens and early mornings and sunlight...and he memorized how it made him feel staring into those eyes because...

"We need to decide...if this...relationship...is worth..."

"Saving..."

Castiel's hand fell out of Dean's grip.

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