Heat of the Moment
by The_Bun_Bun_King

Summary

While working on a case with Sam and Dean, Cas falls into an uncomfortable situation. Dean might just be the answer.

Notes

Happy Friday the 13th!

See the end of the work for more notes.

Honestly, if Dean was looking back at the whole thing clearly, he should have seen it coming a lot sooner. All the strangeness was there. Still, it’s not like it was his job to find stuff out.

Cas should have just told him.

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It started easily enough.

Throughout hunting, Cas would drop in if they prayed and he was there, or other times if he needed their help. They had slowly obtained a gentle balance between the differences of their lives and it made it easy to fall into a rhythm.

There had always been times when they called to Cas and he didn’t respond. So what. Dean had
learned that no amount of bickering would change the angel from his butt-hurt, and sometimes dangerous, absences. It just wasn’t worth the fighting.

But when Cas was there, he would always see it through… a true loyalty that made the brothers love him. In a friendly way. Not that he was in love with Cas. Or Sam was. No, they were all a family - Team Free Will. That’s how things were.

“Dean? Hey, jerk! I’m trying to tell you case information! Get your head out of the clouds,” Sam said, flicking his newspaper over the back of Dean’s shoulder. “Cas will be back soon to help, no need to worry your love-sick head.”

The color drained from Dean’s face and he gave his brother a biting stare, “Bitch.”

All he got was a knowing ‘hmm?’ as Sam continued telling the story. Dean tried to calm down. Fuck, he hated when Samatha brought that shit up.

“So the girl said she’d seen a hissing shadow-y thing walking back towards her dorm… and after, when she found Abbie dead, she said ‘the room smelled like sulfur and puke.’”

“Demon?”

“Maybe, but we’ll know once Cas comes back,” Sam muttered as he shuffled the papers around. “He said he’d know in minutes.”

Dean scoffed, “If it was a minute long thing, he should have winged his ass back over here a hour ago.”

Pulled up from his research, Sam whipped to the Men of Letter’s grandfather clock, “Has it been an hour?”

“Yeah, dude, that’s why-“ Dean’s annoyance was cut off as the tell-tale flap filled the bunker’s library. “Cas?”

The angel had indeed entered into the room, his face red and splotchy, “Dean.” He pulled his eyes off the hunter, “Sam. I’m afraid I need to leave.”

Sam looked over their friend’s disorderly appearance, “What’s wrong? Is heaven okay? Wait - is this a high level demon?”

A sudden pain seemed to roll through Castiel, cause him to fall to the floor where he let out a choked gasp. His eyes watered and he looked Dean straight in the soul, focusing, thinking. Dean gazed back.

As though it flipped a switched, Cas rose, readjusting his trench coat without breaking the eye-contact, “My apologizes.”

Sam stuttered dumbfounded, “Are… what… is everything okay?”

“‘Is everything okay’?! He just had a frickin’ seizure on our doorstep, Sammy!” Dean screamed. He glanced between the two before seizing Cas by the collar, “Listen, you gotta talk. Let us help. What’s wrong?”

The angel stared up into him and seemed to melt, falling limp against his touch. His head fit into the crook of Dean’s neck so perfectly. Something felt utterly calm, even as worry spilled through him.
“Cas?”

“Deeeaan,” The angel growled into his ear. He could feel his hot breath. Feel the sudden closeness of their bodies.

Something was terribly wrong.

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Something was terribly wrong.

Castiel had ignored all the signs, writing it off as stress or just the problems that usually occurred around Dean. Oh, Dean. But as Sam and him had covered the crime scene in the usual get-up, the symptoms had taken a turn for the worst.

He remembered the pitching fear when he realized: heat.

And Angels Drag Him Under, how had he been so oblivious. Sam had been asking the roommate some questions about the cold she had felt in the dorm after returning and Cas had felt that if one more person spoke, he might just snap all of their necks. A need, an empty, crawling need had filled him. It felt like he might burst.

Dean. All his mind could circle back to was that green eyed hunter, with those arms… those sinful arms and legs and ass… with freckles as countless as constellations… and he had realized. As soon as his host’s body had undeniably… reacted, he saw all the bullet points aline.

Oh how Gabriel would have laughed.

“So-Mr. Burgess, I think you have it from here. I need to take this cell phone… call?” Castiel hated how ragged his voice was already.

The girl, who hadn't given him a second glance, suddenly looked very interested by his… what did Dean call it? Morning voice? Or did it have something to do with sex?

Sex, yes, sex. He could feel every atom in Jimmy Novak’s body seemed very ready to explode if somebody didn’t fucking bend over right then and there, and give them-

“Yes, a phone call” he tried to clear his voice “I’ll leave now.” And with that, he rushed for the door.

The college houses were maze-like at the very best. All the levels looked the same. All the turns led you back to the start. But by some act of his Father, he found a single public bathroom and slammed it shut.

Fuck, oh fuck… He was an angel of the Lord! Why, why was he losing control now? Castiel could feel every muscle begging to fly to Dean right now and push him to his pretty little knees and tell him to-

No. Focus. Breathe.

Castiel realized he had shattered the scratched glass of the mirror in his outburst. The lights were flickering. He needed to reign in his power.

Angel radio, he should see if his siblings were experiencing this too.

Ignoring the steady flow of his blood downwards and the excruciating need to fuck Dean up against a wall until he screamed Castiel’s name like a prayer, he let his mind shift to the endless buzz of
voices all around the world.

And he was met with utter ringing that made his human ears bleed.

Thousands of voices, every single angel still alive, was crying out names of lovers and what they would do to them. Three voices were praising in ecstasy as their rutting need was binding together, all teeth and wings and holy worship. Someone had locked themselves in a storehouse lest they fuck an entire hoard of angels waiting outside.

Everyone. All of God’s blessed creatures was burning with the same lust Castiel might die from.

He didn't know where to be relieved or more afraid.

Dean, his mind purred, get Dean. Get him now. Fill him up nice and good and let him ride you until the fever passes.

I will not.

True, true, too much work for his part. His is your greatest love. You can do all the work. Pound into him until he is a puddle of soft moans and whimpers. Until all he knows is your name and your dick inside him.

The lights were flashing again, faster and faster and- they shattered against the force.

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“What’s wrong, buddy?” Dean asked, pushing aside a noticeable boner that the angel was grinding into him and the chuckle he thought Sam had coughed over.

“Deeeaan, Deeeeaan, oh you smelll…… you smell. Like whiskey and honey and leather… like home… Dean you smell so good… makes the pain go away… you make it all better. Wanna fuck you so bad…”

What.

“Cass?”

“Oh yes, make you cum again and again with a quick blessing… all it’d take… until you forgot all your worries… until the” he growled and ground his teeth “heat stopped rising hotter and hotter…”

Dean turned as much as the angel’s sloppy hug would allow to Sam and mouthed ‘help!’

“Dude, I don’t know… he looks really out of it though.” Something in his eyes lit up, “Did he say the pain? Something about heat? Holy shit… Dean, is Cas in some kind of angel mating season or something?”

The man in question was now getting dangerously frisky with Dean’s belt loops and looked up hopefully when Dean turned back to him, “Will you do it? Let me show you how to feel so good?”

“Shit, Sammy…” He turned around to his brother, but the man was already walking away quietly. “Sammy?!“

“What. Don’t worry, I have sound-proof headphones. ‘Knew this would happen sometime.”

Before he could curse Sam into the gates of hell and back, the room whipped around him and he was slammed up against the back of his bedroom door. Castiel looked up at him with fiery blue eyes,
barely able to stop grazing along his body.

“Dean…” He stuffed his head into the hunter’s neck, breathing deeply. “Dean, I need your permission. I want you to know… fuck…” He took another gulp of Dean’s smell. “I need you to know you don't have to do this, okay? I can ride it out. I believe. Yes, I assume that if I took the right precautions, maybe a bit of holy oil and some-“

“Cas. Cas!” Dean gasped as the angel absentmindedly restarted the slow rolling of their clothed erections. Wait, he was hard? “Cas, I need you to listen to me. Yes, yes, I want this…” The angel looked like he was about to break his skin suit. “Woah, woah… I’d like to say I didn't except it to come along this way exactly, but -God- I love you so fucking much, Angel.”

Castiel’s eyes when wide and his eyes rolled back, his body shaking for a moment.

“Shit, Cas… did you just cum?”

“Dean” He was hard again. The civil-minded part of Dean’s brain wondered how long this might last. “You said you loved me.”

“Yeah, you idjit. I do.”

“I…” Cas bit his lip in the sexiest way Dean had ever seen in his life. “I love you too. And I want all the time in the world to show, but -oh- I really need to make love to you right now if you don't mind.”

Dean answered him in a deep kiss, moving them from against their pined position against the wall and over to his bed, rolling under Cas. Under his angel and safe. Even as they ripped off each other’s clothes like hungry animals, Dean still felt that familiar sense of calm. Like this was his true home and he was coming back.

Taring off his boxers, Cas begin to flick fearlessly at Dean’s aching nipples. He fell to sucking, back and forth, until they were red and Dean was begging Cas lower.

So Cas obliged, slipping along his chest with loving kisses. He found Dean’s dick waiting and hard, pre-cum already leaking out. He had the audacity to lick his chapped lips at the sight before taking the whole length in one stride.

“Oh fuck!” Dean screamed as he fought the urge to buck within Cas’ mouth. Instead, he focused on the wondrous things Castiel was doing with his holy tongue. Sucking and swirling and licking at the slit. Dean felt himself see stars, wondering - why the hell have I not done this before?

It was always about making the girl happy, and, if Dean was being honest, trying not to show his submissive side. John had taught him that was weakness… but fuck, if Cas wasn’t erasing all of those thoughts with a single act.

As Castiel slowly pumped his mouth up and down, he began to ease a finger in Dean. It was wet, miracled by a thought. An angel, Dean realized, I'm about to get fucked by an angel of the Lord. He could smite me from this Earth if he wanted. He could crush me. But instead Cas was fingering him with a heavenly gentleness. The sensation was strange and deep; Dean immediately loved it.

“Cas!” He cried, pulling the angel by his hair off his dick, “Cas, please… please Cas… I need it… I need you…”

Castiel’s eyes burned again and for a second, Dean thought he saw giant, jet black wings stretch around them, blocking out the world. “Are you sure you want this?”
“Why is that… oh, yes! Why is that a question…” Dean moaned as Cas’ fingers found a knot of pleasure inside him. “Oh, hit that again… no… fuck me… fuck me Cas!”

“As you wish, Dean,” Cas growled against his ear, giving it a quick bite before slowly aligning his cock and pushing in.

Oh. Fingers were nothing compared to this. Dean found himself digging his nails desperately into Cas’ back. He was a mess and the angel hadn’t even moved yet. Oh, please for Christ’s sake move, he tried to say, but all that came out was “Caaasssstiel.”

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“Caaasssstiel.”

Cas’ eyes snapped open to the beautiful human underneath him, watching as Dean’s eyes rolled back and his fingers traced unknowingly over the place Cas’ wings met his back. He began to move. How could he not answer to that prayer? Yes, it was like the remaining chains he had used to control himself snapped at such a sound.

He was going to make Dean worship him.

And the whole universe was going to hear it.

Sliding back out for the second time, Cas started a faster pace and was rewarded by heavenly sounds that forced themselves from Dean’s throat. Like honey. And his smell. It was filling the room, full of lust and happiness and need.

Dean felt so good around Cas. It was as if they were made for each other. He was slamming to the hilt by now, his rut roaring through his veins, and Dean seemed to have forgot how to form any words.

The angel had reduced him to that, with his love. And Cas came at the thought.

“Ohhhh, yes, fill me… Cas, fill… Cas!”

He was instantly hard again and continued his single-focused speed into Dean.

“Use your words, Dean,” Cas found himself cooing. His voice was pure sex. “What do you want?”

The hunter stared up at him as his orgasm set upon him. He was crying a little, and he had never looked so free and happy before. “Want you… Castiel. Want you to touch me, angel!”

There was that prayer again. Dean knew just how to get Cas burning. He had flown through Hell for this man; had written the lengths he would go to to save him on his ribs. All for Dean. Anything for Dean.

He slid a hand around the hunter’s leaking dick and, with a quick wish, turned his now-lubed fingers in time with his thrusts.

“Yessssss… Cas…” Was all Dean could manage. “Gunna… oh Hell, gunna cum, Cas!”

So the angel worked faster, bringing them both to their orgasm with a crash. Cas saw white and creation. He remembered the feeling of helping his older brothers create the stars and this was what it felt like, like the dawn of something beyond both of them.

It was everything.
Dean closed his eyes and hummed happily as Cas pulled out, collapsing next to him, “Are you alright Dean?”

He watched in wonder as Dean let out a giggle, “Yes, you winged baby, I’m perfect.”

And with that, the two snuggled together, riding out the aftershocks. Dean looked so much younger asleep. Cas realized the endless worry lines were eased as he curled into the angel.

He made Dean feel safe.

Cas wanted to scream the epiphany from a hill top or fly to Heaven and laugh at all the angels because he made his hunter feel safe. Instead, he wrapped around Dean tightly and fell into a dreamless sleep.

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“Morning, Dean, Cas,” Sam drawled over a bowl of cereal. “Have a good night? Or should I say two days?”

Dean froze whatever biting comment he was about to spit, looking from Cas to his brother in shock, “Two days?”

The angel hung his head, embarrassed, “Dean, I was in a haze of endless lust… a ‘mating season’ as Sam called it, to replace the lack of angels in Heaven. Two days is nothing compared to what my brothers and sisters are, presumably, still partaking in together.”

Adjusting his favorite robe, Dean slammed down in a chair across from Sam, only to bounce back up in pain. “Oh fuck! Fuckfuckfuckfuck!”

Cas looked confused before remembering the countless times he nailed Dean. Of course the human body would react that way. Placing his hand on the hunter’s sore back, he wiped away the pain, “My apologizes, Dean.”

“It’s” -Dean gave a searing glance at Sam’s chuckle- “Fine. Thank you.”

“Of course, Dean,” Castiel said, sitting down between them and mulling over the pile of cases Sam was working on.

Dean watched on lovingly, sipping at a mug of black coffee, before it snagged his eye. He starred, checking again, but -Christ- it was true. “Sammy? Are you eating… sugary cereal?”

“Captain Crunch Peanut-Butter to be specific, but yeah,” Sam gave his brother a quick smile over the notes, “Thought I should celebrate the end of all that annoying tension… not to mention some less eye fucking while I’m present, I hope.”

Turning completely red, Dean jumped from his seat, “Why I outa-“

FIN

End Notes
Thank you for reading

Love, The Bun-Bun King

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