Shades of Blue
by Winter Gray

Summary

1943, Before heading off to war Dean Winchester meets Castiel working at a diner. At a time when their love was forbidden Dean sweeps the innocent teen off his feet in a whirlwind romance. Cas harbors a secret he only reveals to Dean. Dean goes to fight leaving a scared and pregnant Cas. When Dean comes home their lives change will change forever. Mpreg Cas, Destiel, Sam/Jo, Benny
Chapter 1

Jo’s Diner, May 1943 Prosper, Kansas

Cas was wiping down the last table for the night. The Wurlitzer jukebox was playing Jumpin’ Jive by Cab Calloway and he couldn’t help but dance his way around the empty diner with the mop as his partner.

Jo Harvelle couldn’t resist, she twirled her way over to her honorary big brother and yanked the mop out of his hands, the teenagers took turns leading each other around the tables as Ellen watched them through the service window.

When the song ended she whistled and applauded then told them to get their butts back to work.

Jo tapped her way over to the door and turned the lock. The sixteen year old glanced at the clock on the wall and squealed, “Sam and his brother will be here any minute! Cas I’m going to clean up, can you let them in when they get here?”

Force of habit had Cas checking his reflection in a napkin dispenser, he was a mess, “Sure thing Jo, I didn’t know Sam had a brother. Is he nice…not that I care.”

Ellen had taken the eighteen year old under her wing a few years back when his father kicked him out and the kid had no place else to go. He was grateful for the job and the money plus the little room upstairs to call is own. Since arriving Cas didn’t socialize except for going to school and how that he just graduated he rarely went out anywhere.

Jo gave her lonely friend a hug, “You don’t have to pretend with me big brother, Mom and I understand you. I’ve never met the guy but he’s shipping out next week for boot camp and Sam wants to spend as much time as possible with him.”

Cas would never be drafted or put into civilian work for the war effort. He was labeled IV-F, a registrant not acceptable for military service due to physical, mental or moral defect.

Cas was a fully functioning hermaphrodite and when the army doctor doing the intake physicals took one look between Cas’ legs in a private room, the doctor said no branch of the military would touch him with a ten foot pole. Cas failed the mental evaluation just for the fact he was a homosexual. It was one of the most embarrassing things that had ever happened to Cas not counting the way his dad had treated him growing up.

Cas figured this brother of Sam’s had to be a poster boy for the military. Sam at only sixteen was a strong handsome kid and most likely his big brother was the same.

Now he was intrigued to see what this mystery guy was like.

It was Saturday night and Dean was ready to live it up. The eighteen year old had one week of freedom left before he was shipped off to boot camp and he was determined to make the best of it. Sam had his arm draped over his big brothers shoulder as they hiked down the busy main street of Prosper. It was a funny name for a place that had been hit hard by the depression. Every other shop was closed but the places still open picked up the slack and seemed to be booming.

Sam pointed to the diner, “There it is, Jo’s Diner. I can’t wait for you to meet her Dean, she’s swell.”
“Your gal owns the place?”

“No, her mom and dad named it after Jo when she was born. Her dad is dead so don’t bring that up. She’s got a sort of adopted brother that lives in a room upstairs. Jo and her mom have the bigger apartment together.”

Sam rapped on the door; Cas hurried over and unlocked it. Sam entered first followed by his brother.

“Hi Cas, this is my brother Dean.”

Cas looked up at the young guy that seemed a good two inches taller than him. Dean looked like a movie star, beautiful green eyes, white teeth and perfect features. Cas could see he was very fit, the perfect all American male.

Dean thrust out his hand to Cas, “Good to meet you.”

Cas wiped his sweaty palms on his trousers and took the hand offered. Dean had a strong grip but didn’t try to show off and crush the more delicate hand in his. Cas liked that, usually guys like Dean scared the crap out of him.

Dean gave him a dazzling smile, “Are you coming out with us? I plan to drink like a fish and get some dancing in with the ladies. Do you have gal Cas?”

Cas cocked his head while trying to decide if Dean was asking an honest question or if he was being an ass and could sense the homosexual wafting off him. Cas just couldn’t figure it out so he answered, “Nope, no gal. I’m staying in but thanks for asking.”

For a second Dean looked disappointed or maybe it was Cas’ imagination. He ushered them to the counter and brought out some of the leftover sandwiches then poured them each a cup of coffee.

Dean studied the little guy sitting on the back counter eating a sandwich. Cas was a curiosity for sure. A little smaller than average but his body was pretty nice from what Dean could tell plus Cas was good looking in a unique way.

Dean took in his best features, big cobalt blue eyes that had a world weary look to them for someone so young. Dean liked his flared nostrils that reminded him of a little bull. Cas had a cute chin with a slight cleft and a messy head of shiny dark hair. His skin was much tanner than Dean’s and he figured the kid was mixed with something exotic.

There was a softness about him that Dean found very attractive. Not that Cas looked like a wimp but it was more in the way he carried himself, the crooked little smile he flashed Dean and the deep voice with no hard edges.

Sam nudged his brother and whispered, “Ask him again.”

Dean scowled at his little brother and got down to eating the sandwich in front of him.

He gave the brothers a shy glance, “Ok, for a little while.” Cas hopped down from the counter and hurried around the back and upstairs to clean up and change clothes.

As soon as he was out of earshot Dean growled, “Damn it Sammy stop getting involved in my life. I plan on a pussy hunt and I doubt he’s going to want to see that. I was just being polite before.”
Sam rolled his eyes at his liar of a brother, “Bullshit Dean, I saw the way you were looking at him. At least socialize with Cas but promise to treat him nice because as far as what Jo told me he’s never been out with anyone before.”

"Don’t worry I’ll be a total gentleman. You assume a hell of a lot about me Sam, I like women just fine.”

Sam softened his voice and placed a hand on his brother’s arm, “I know you do Dean, I’m just saying if you feel like you need male companionship get it before you’re stuck in a barracks with a bunch of men.”

“I know Sam, I’ll be careful. Let’s not talk about it.”

Jo knocked on Cas’ door and when it opened there was her friend with his hair neatly combed plus a clean shirt and tie. “Wow, you clean up really nice Cas.”

She twirled into the room showing off her cream cap sleeve dress with pearl buttons and dotted with tiny blue roses. Jo was adept at sewing and when Ellen brought home a pair of curtains from a church rummage the girl whipped up a dress from one of them in no time.

She touched a blue silk rose fancy holding back her blonde hair, “What do you think?”

Cas grabbed her around the waist and they danced around the room as Jo giggled and Cas laughed.

“Jo if I had any romantic feelings for girls I would steal you away from Sam in a heartbeat.” He kissed her cheek and held out his arm, “shall we?”

“Absolutely, we will have the two best looking guys out there.”

Cas muttered, “Don’t tease me.”

“Cas I’m not teasing you.” Jo didn’t want to scare him away from a night out, Cas rarely left his room except for work. Now that he had graduated the kid had become a hermit.

She straightened the collar on his hand-me-down shirt, “You look so handsome, come on brother lets go have some fun.”

Sam whistled when Jo entered the diner from the back. “Wow, you look amazing sweetheart.”

He stood up and the size difference caused Dean to smile, “Don’t crush that pretty little gal Sammy.” He stuck out his hand, “Good to meet you Jo.”

Jo was blown away by Sam’s handsome brother; still she thought Sam was cuter, “I finally get to meet the great Dean Winchester.”

Dean felt himself blushing, “I’m not so great. Sammy is the one that’s gonna be a college boy someday and a real lawyer.”

She suddenly took one of Dean’s hands and held it, “You are great, when a man serves his country it’s a very great thing.”

Cas hung back feeling like the flat tire on a set of four, he just didn’t know how to approach. Dean was the one that noticed him, “Cas look at you all dressed up. Come on over here buddy, let’s go get a drink.”

The four entered the Moon Glow Club; Dean had the others find a table while he ordered the beer. Jo and Sam weren’t legal but then no one was checking either. They each got a big glass mug and
the brothers chugged theirs down. Jo wasn’t far behind but Cas was taking his time. He didn’t drink much because he was afraid to lose control.

Dean had to get right next to Cas’ ear once the band started, “You don’t have to nurse it Blue Eyes, the beer is my treat.”

Cas couldn’t believe what he had just heard, this god of a man just gave him a nickname. He never had one before, at least not one that was nice. Cas smiled at Dean and lifted the mug in the air, “Thanks.”

Sam and Jo were already dancing and before Cas knew it Dean left him to ask a pretty brunette girl to dance. His heart was crushed, “What were you thinking…stupid, stupid, stupid! A guy like Dean is all red blooded male and not a damn sissy like me.”

Eventually Sam and Jo gravitated back to the table and Dean brought over the girl he was dancing with. Her name was Ester and Cas hated her on sight. She was loud, rude and wore too much makeup. There wasn’t one classy thing about her.

Dean brought them over a tray of shots and Cas down his drinking out of anger and disappointment.

When Dean kissed Ester that was all Cas could take, he felt like a fool for daring to dream that he might have a chance. People like him didn’t find nice guys, it wasn’t normal and neither was he.

Cas slipped out and started the walk back to his little room above the diner. Just his luck there was a sudden cloud burst that did little to sober him up. Now he was drunk, wet and miserable.

A couple of guys three sheets to wind walked right into him knocking Cas on the sidewalk. They laughed as he floundered in a puddle trying to right himself but thankfully they moved on.

“You need a hand?”

Cas looked up and there was Dean his soaking wet hero, he took the help offered and Dean yanked him to his feet as if Cas were a feather. Dean held his hand a moment longer than he should have then let go. “Come on, I’ll walk you home so you get there in once piece.”

“I was doing fine on my own, go back to the floozy.”

“Naw…she was there with someone and I struck out. I know, that’s hard to believe with me being so charming and handsome but sometimes it happens. Besides I’m dripping wet now because I had to save your little ass.”

Cas stuffed his hands in his pockets and shuffled along with Dean by his side. “Did you call me Blue Eyes before?”

“Yeah…you got blue eyes. I’m not that original with nicknames. If you don’t like it …”

Cas blurted out, “No, I love it!”

Despite being cold, wet and drunk Dean felt very happy. He got under the kids skin and that was a first step. “You can give me a nickname if you want.”

“I’ll think about it.”

TBC

A/N—In the 1940’s marriages increased as young couples rushed to tie the knot before men shipped off for war. Many of these marriages created “goodbye babies.” There was also a rise in “goodbye babies” born to single mothers. There were lots of USO dances with handsome soldiers looking to jitterbug the night away. People
fell in love with dance, whether it was watching Gene Kelly in “Singing In The Rain,” or hitting the dance floor yourself, helped with a few lessons from Arthur Murray’s Dance School.
The Kiss

They entered through the locked door at the end of the alleyway. Dean thought it was pretty clean for an alley. Wooden crates were stacked neatly next to the cleanest looking row of garbage cans ever. Cas told Dean he was the one that kept it nice for Ellen, and Dean could see the pride the kid took in that.

Cas locked the door behind them and the pair headed up the narrow stairs that opened up into a hallway with four doors. One was the big apartment Ellen shared with her daughter, one was storage for the restaurant, another was Castiel’s bedroom that was a former storage room and the last was a full bathroom the three shared.

Above the door of Cas’ bedroom was nailed a horseshoe open side up. Dean pointed, what is that for?”

Cas reached up and touched it, “For baxt…good luck. It keeps evil from crossing my doorway. I put one over Ellen and Jo’s apartment as well.” He pulled a heavy silver chain from underneath his shirt with a handmade silver horse shoe the size of a half dollar hanging from it. “That’s why I wear this. It was a gift from my mother.”

Cas opened the door and Dean followed him into the small room. When the table lamp was turned on Dean could see the tidiness continued right into Cas’ living space. “Nice and neat, I like that. I’m not a messy sort of guy either.”

There was a large bed with an old mahogany frame and a lumpy looking mattress that dominated the room. The bedding looked clean and ironed. There was a nightstand with a crystal base lamp on top, a dresser, a board with a row of hooks that had clothing carefully hung across and an old overstuffed rocking chair that looked pretty comfortable.

Dean noticed a large plain cross on the wall above the bed, “Are you religious?”

Cas shrugged, “I don’t know…it was my grandma’s on my dad’s side. My dad wouldn’t allow me to go to church. My grandma Catherine would sneak me there for service sometimes. They are some of my happy memories of my grandma so I kept the cross. My belief in God comes from her influence.”

He tossed Dean a threadbare robe, “here, you can hang your wet clothes in the bathroom and put this on. Everything should be pretty dry by morning, you can take the bed and I’ll sleep in the chair.”

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When Dean got back Cas was wearing a shirt about three times too big for him and it hung past his bare thighs like a nightshirt. The kid was busy making a nest on the chair for himself.

“Cas I’ll sleep on the chair, in a week I’m going to be sleeping on a shitty bunk every day and after boot camp it’s going to be a bedroll on the ground or maybe a trench. I have to get into practice.”

Dean heard Cas choke back what sounded like a sob. “What’s wrong with you?”

He wiped his eyes with the back of his sleeve, “It makes me sad is all, the war and you leaving for who knows where.”
Dean smiled to lighten the mood, “Come on, it’ll be over soon I can feel it. Besides I don’t have the luxury of tears so suck it up Cas, if I have to be strong then so do you. Besides, you might go; the lottery gets everyone sooner or later.”

Cas shook his head, “No, not me. I failed the physical and psychological tests” He closed his eyes as if concentrating very hard, “I have this memorized; I am labeled IV-F, a registrant not acceptable for military service due to physical, mental or moral defect…apparently I am all three.”

Dean sat on the bed and pulled Cas down to sit next to him. “That’s none of my beeswax. Anyway I’m glad you’re not going and I’m happy Sam is a couple years too young.”

Cas felt Dean’s fingers twine with his and he blushed from head to toe. He was still drunk and worried something might happen. Dean leaned in and tried to kiss him but he shrank back. “Don’t.”

Dean didn’t listen; instead he traced his tongue around the delicate shell of Cas’ ear causing him to shudder, “Why not?”

“Because if that Ester girl didn’t have a beau then you’d be with her right now and I’d be here alone. I’m not stupid you know…you just want to do sexual things to me.”

Dean did want to do sexual things with him but he also didn’t want to blow it with someone he found so interesting. He decided the honest approach was the best plus the booze loosened his tongue a bit.

“You are right; I planned on doing it to Ester. I just wanted to get laid tonight, I could have gotten another girl or two when I struck out with her but you took off and I got worried because I don’t think you can handle booze very well.”

Cas shook his head and it made him dizzy, “I don’t…I also haven’t even kissed anyone before.”

Dean looked over at the record player and the stack of records next to it, “But you dance though, Jo said you are great at it. How about tomorrow night we dance together when you’re feeling better. No booze, just you and me and that big beautiful jukebox downstairs. Would Ellen mind?”

Cas gave him a shy smile, “I’ll ask her if it’s ok. Dean there is something about me that’s different.”

Dean kissed the top of his head and then crawled under the covers to sleep off the booze, “That’s ok, Sam says I’m pretty different. Whatever it is will it stop you from dancing with me?”

“No.”

He yanked Cas down next to him and snuggled in to keep warm, there was a robe, blanket and a shirt between them so Cas wasn’t too worried.

“Nite Cas…sweet dreams.”

Cas’ body tensed but when he heard Dean softly breathing in a steady pattern he knew the young man was sleeping. Dean seemed to need the comfort so Cas placed his hands over Deans and drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

Both of them finally had some to hold.

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The next morning a hard knock came at the door, it was Ellen. “Cas hurry up, the early morning crowd is yelled for grub!”

Cas realized he forgot to wind his alarm clock the night before. His body was tuned to wake at the jarring sound of the bells being struck by the hammer.

He rolled out of bed right onto the floor with a hard thud. Dean was already gone and Cas wondered if he had been just a dream. No note, no goodbye, it was as if he was a ghost that vanished in the night.

“Coming Ellen!”

He crawled around looking for his slacks and pulled them on and the rest went pretty quickly from there. Cas felt like crap, his belly felt raw and his head was pounding. Booze and Cas didn’t mix and he vowed never to drink again.

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Jo tapped her pad as Dean examined the breakfast items on the menu, “Eggs over easy, bacon, toast, and what the hell…a big waffle. I want coffee black and tomato juice for the hangover.” He handed the menu back to her and flashed a smile brighter than the morning sun.

She rolled her pretty eyes at him, “Dean…rationing, we have a war going on. Do you think I’ve got a pig farm out back? We don’t get any in until next week, Singer Farms supplies us with pork and things are tight. Also skip the waffle, we are low on flour.”

“Well what can I get?!”

“Eggs and two pieces of toast, I think we have the tomato juice and there is coffee. Tell you what, I’ll sneak you four eggs will that make you happy?”

Dean grumbled, “Ok.”

Sam was too hung over to shake his head, “How can you eat all that?”

“How can you not Sammy? You’re the size of a horse.”

Sam ordered oatmeal and a glass of milk.

Jo bent down and kissed her fella on the cheek, “My poor baby.”

Dean watched her flounce off to the kitchen; he gave a low whistle, “Sam you better keep her. She’s the real deal, pretty, smart, a good dancer and she pampers you. She is going to give you some pretty babies.”

Sam looked even greener around the gills, “geez Dean, I’m not thinking babies yet. I’m going to college you know; I’ll have some with Jo later. Besides I bet you made enough babies with strange women to carry on the Winchester name.”

Dean always talked a good game in front of Sam and other guys but actually he wasn’t as experienced as Sam thought his brother was.

Dean pulled a little tin out of his pocket and held it up, “Condoms, I always use ‘em Sam. Except with…you know.”

“What?”
Dean leaned over and whispered, “Boys.”

Sam wrinkled up his nose, “I would use them for that also.”

Cas brought their orders over and briefly acknowledged Dean. The guy had up and left sometime during the night and he wasn’t sure what had happened. He turned to leave and Dean caught his shirt sleeve, “Dancing tonight?”

Dean couldn’t see it but Cas had a big smile on his face. “He does want to see me again...it’s real... I have a date!”

He calmly answered, “Yes dancing tonight.”

Sam leaned toward his brother and whispered, “What was that all about?”

Dean watched Cas’ little butt wiggle as he walked back to the kitchen, “I got a date with an angel.”

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John had the radio on listening to the Adventures of Superman serial. Sam was listening with rapt attention and Dean was busy doing a crossword. His dad made him nervous most of the time and the less they talked the better.

When it was over John went to check the chili cooking on the stove, he gave it a taste test then declared it perfect. He called the boys over and they all shared a meal together. It didn’t happen often, the relationship between the brothers and their father had been volatile in the past.

Since Dean was leaving next week all three had called a truce, John attempted small talk with his eldest. “I bet your really cuttin’ lose this week, any pretty things to spend some time with? After all, soon you’re going to be stuck with a barracks full of sausage.”

Dean didn’t think that sounded bad at all.

Sam dropped his head and started shoveling chili in his mouth; this was one conversation he wanted no part of.

Dean slowly mopped a biscuit through the chili, took a bite and gave his dad a shrug. He washed it down with beer and finally gave an answer John would like, “Yup, I found a real pretty thing.”

“Good son, you deserve it.”

“Hey dad can I borrow your suit? I have a date tonight and I want to look extra nice.”

In an out of character move, John abruptly leaned over and gave Dean a one armed hug. “You can have the suit Dean.” He was missing his eldest already.

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As soon as they locked up and everything was clean Cas bolted up the stairs to take a bath. Ellen stood there with her arms folded and her mind full of worry, “Jo, I want to talk to this young man. Cas is like a baby, pure as the driven snow. It’s not as if he can have a real relationship with this Dean character.”

Jo heard the faint sound of a record playing upstairs and it made her smile. “Cas has to get his feet wet someday. Sure Dean is leaving next week but that doesn’t mean they can’t correspond. You know, males do have relationships with other males. They just have to keep it on the QT.”
Ellen took off her apron and hung it up ready for tomorrow. “I’m going to hang around and meet this guy and put the fear of God in him.”

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Jo poked her head in Cas’ room and found him bare assed, he gasped and she screeched then started giggling. “Oh I’m sorry!”

He wrapped his robe around himself, “Geez Jo, knock!”

Jo entered with a hand over her eyes and held up a shirt on a hanger, “You have a cute rump.” She giggled again.

“You can look now. What’s the shirt for?”

“I made it for you. It’s from the other curtain, I know there’s tiny blue roses on it but try it anyway. That was all the fabric I had.”

Five minutes later he stepped into the hall and did a spin, “How do I look?”

Jo clapped her hands, “Fabulous, it fits you perfect! Dean is waiting downstairs; you better hurry and rescue him from mom.”

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Cas found Ellen grilling Dean about his intentions. Dean seemed to be taking it in stride with no ruffled feathers. He hoping off the counter stool he was spinning on and thrust out a bouquet of painted daisies, “I don’t know if you like flowers but here yah go.”

Cas looked Dean over taking all of him in from his carefully combed dark blonde hair and the baggy navy suit he was wearing, Dean was perfect. He took the bouquet and pressed the daisies to his nose, “I’ve never gotten flowers before thank you Dean.”

Ellen pointed to the daisy stuck in her hair, “He won me over; I give you my blessing to date this handsome charmer.” She patted Cas on the head as she walked by and disappeared to enjoy her evening.

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The Wurlitzer cast soft, colorful light across the tile floor as the young couple slow danced to “I’ve Got a Crush on You”. Dean sang the lyrics with a clear deep voice low in Cas’ ear.

I’ve got a crush on you, sweetie pie All the day and night-time give me sigh I never had the least notion that I could fall with so much emotion…. Their bodies gently swayed together, there was no rush. Dean wanted everything perfect and if nothing happened then he decided it would be ok. He did a turn with Cas the wrapped his arms about the other boys slim waist.

Could you coo, could you care For a cunning cottage That we could share The world will pardon my mush ’Cause I have got a crush, my baby, on you….

Cas had only danced with girls, namely Jo and Ellen. He did recall memories of his mother dancing with a little boy Cas in her arms but he wasn’t sure if that counted. Dean felt different, all hard angles and strong muscles.
“You smell nice Dean.”

Dean brushed a kiss against Cas’ cheek and murmured, “It’s called Old Spice.”

“Well it seems very fancy, I like it.”

Dean pulled back and stopped their dancing, “I want to kiss you but I know you haven’t before, could I?”

Cas straightened up and nodded, “Ok.”

Dean broke into a big smile, “Great, here goes.”

He dipped the smaller boy in his arms and fit their lips together perfectly. He didn’t stop the kiss until Cas finally got the hang of it. Dean righted him and let go, “How was that?”

Cas staggered back and plopped down on a chair with a dazed look on his face, “It was tingly and magical and…” he didn’t finish his sentence, instead he gazed up at Dean with love struck eyes.

Dean went down on one knee and took Cas’ hands in his, “You wanna kiss more?”

“Yes please.”

TBC

_A/N-- Shulton, Inc., the original producer of Old Spice, was founded in 1934 by William Lightfoot Schultz. The first Old Spice product was intended for women, introduced in 1937. Old Spice for men followed in 1938 during the 2nd world war._
Blue Room

Dean’s experiences had been mainly with girls consisting of heavy petting sessions but no intercourse. He had also swapped hand jobs with the bad boy at his high school usually in the park after sharing a drink from the boy’s ever present flask. Dean had found it all very exciting.

Dean got his cherry popped right after his sixteenth birthday. The girls name was Claire, she was eighteen and very experienced. One night at a party Claire cornered Dean and declared he was so pretty she just had to have him.

The couple had a lot of fun that summer and Dean learned the finer points of giving a female pleasure. Claire was no wallflower; she knew what she wanted and taught him how to do it to her satisfaction. Eventually her father uprooted the family for a new job. It had been nothing serious and neither teen had a broken heart.

His first time intercourse with a boy was at seventeen. It was with his friend Collin who had a hard crush on him. It happened one day in a rundown barn after the boys drank some whiskey Dean had swiped from his old man. One thing led to another and Dean took Collin’s virginity right there over a bale of hay. It was messy and painful for Collin but Dean enjoyed himself immensely.

Dean had no desire to be on the receiving end of it but his friend was willing. They had sex several more times and then Dean broke it off. He could see that Collin’s feelings were deeper than his and wanted to end the relationship before things got out of hand. It was too late, Collin was heartbroken. Their friendship was irreparably damaged after that and the two lost contact.

Dean regretted ever getting involved with Collin and vowed to never hurt another person that way again. After that Dean decided he didn’t want a relationship of any kind and kept to himself. He was leaving and it didn’t feel right starting something new.

Now here he was on bended knee asking this exotic creature if he wanted to kiss him some more.

Cas squeezed Dean’s hand and dipped his head to look into those emerald pools, “Dean I warn you, I won’t be very good at it. That was my first kiss.”

He pressed Cas’ hand to his cheek then kissed it lightly, “I’m honored, a guys first kiss is a big deal. I’m glad it was me.”

Dean stood up and stretched as he glanced at the clock on the wall, it was ten o’clock and the night was still young, “How about we dance another song.”

Dean dropped a coin in the jukebox and pressed some buttons, a moment later Ella Fitzgerald’s vibrant voice came through the speakers singing “Blue Room”. Dean took Cas in his strong, capable arms and swept him around the room.

We’ll have a blue room A new room for two room Where every day’s a holiday Because you're married to me

Not like a ballroom A small room, a hall room Where you can smoke your pipe away With my wee head upon your knee…

Both teens were excellent dancers and fell right into sync. Dean did a turn with Cas who slipped easily under his arm and ended up pressed against him rump to crotch. They swayed together singing the lyrics to what Cas considered was a song filled with hope and promise.
Dean turned him around, gently held Cas’ face and kissed him on the mouth then pressed his lips to his ear, “Darling, if we go on with this you have to accept I’m leaving soon. I’d rather let you go right now than break your heart.”

Cas buried his face between Dean’s lapels and murmured, “If you knew what I was Dean you might not want me anyway.”

He tipped Cas’ face up by the chin and searched his eyes, “How can such pretty blue eyes look so sad all the time? It doesn’t seem right.”

“Dean my heart won’t break because I know you’re going to come back home to me. Do you promise to be a gentleman if we continue?”

“Yeah I promise, just kissing and talking. I want to get to know you Cas and you can ask me anything. What do you say?”

Cas took his hand and cast a shy smile his way, “Come up to our Blue Room.”

“Our Blue Room?”

“Sure, I would never let another fella in there except you Dean.”

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Dean set the vase of painted daisies on the dresser in Cas’ drab little bedroom. “That makes the place nice and cheery. You only got the one window with a lovely view of the alley.”

“Hey I’m glad to have this room. I was on the streets before this, my dad kicked me out when I was sixteen and I was homeless.”

Cas kicked off his shoes and toed off his socks. He was on his feet all day and then danced so his dogs were barking. Cas went to rub one but Dean jumped in, grabbed a bare foot and started working the sole with his thumbs. He admired the smooth skin and manicured toenails, “You have nice feet for a guy.”

He sighed as Dean pampered him. It was something Cas wasn’t used to but he was sure enjoying it.

Dean felt an urge to suck his toes but managed to be a good boy. “How did you end up here?”

“I saw a Help Wanted sign in the window. I took it down and met with Ellen and told her I’d do anything she asked me for room and board. She said if I cleaned out the storage room I could use any furniture I found and make a bedroom for myself. Its swell here, I have a bathroom with a bathtub and everything! Three squares a day and place to lay my head at night. I’m a lucky guy.”

Dean felt bad for Cas, even during their worst fights John never would have kicked him or Sam out of the house, “What about your mom, she must miss you.”

Cas’ voice was barely a whisper, “My mother died when I was fourteen.” He reached under his bed, pulled out a beat up cigar box and handed it to Dean, “This is all I have left of her.”
Dean opened the lid and inside was a tinted photograph of a lovely young woman with thick, black hair done in elaborate braids. She had a tan complexion and big blue eyes.

He looked at the writing on the back, “Tasaria”, “Your mother was sure a beauty.”

Cas gave him a wistful smile, “That is where I get my eye color. My skin is much lighter than hers but then my father is Irish and she was Romanian so I’m quite a mixture. Tell me about your parents Dean.”

Dean shrugged, “Not much to tell. My mom died when I was four and Sammy was a baby. Dad tried to raise us when he wasn’t half in the bag. I picked up the slack with Sam because dad worked long hours at the auto plant. When Dad got pissed off I didn’t want him near Sammy.”

“I’m so sorry Dean; I admire your love and commitment to your brother. It shows you have good character.”

Dean shrugged, “Life throws crap my way and I deal with it the best I can. I love Sam, even at four I knew I had to watch out for him.”

The couple talked about their hopes and dreams. Dean’s were simple, he wanted to make it back from the war and go to trade school to become a mechanic and take some business classes. Someday he wanted his own repair shop.

Cas had been raised on his parents large farm and had fond memories of his life in a country setting. His dream was to have his very own farm and raise chickens. He told Dean that he would like to plant cherry and apple trees and grow vegetables. Maybe even own a few beehives.

Both teens left out the parts where they hoped to have someone to share those dreams. They both craved tenderness, unconditional love and a real home. Each saw those possibilities with the other.

Dean continued looking through the cigar box, there was a tiny hummingbird nest Cas had found while on a walk with his mother, two ticket stubs, a rose quartz orb, a pair of dangly silver earrings and a man’s gold ring with an onyx cabochon. There were more photos and some odds and ends that Dean imagined meant a lot to Cas.

It was worth nothing but yet everything all at the same time. It was Cas’ box of memories and his treasure.

Dean handed the box back and Cas tucked it safely under the bed again.

............... 

After rubbing Cas’ feet Dean had all sorts of less than gentlemanly thoughts running through his mind so he just dove in to test the waters figuring Cas would tell him to stop if it got to be too much.

The first lesson was teaching Cas how to do a proper French kiss. All the slippery sucking and twining of tongues quickly turned the blue eyed boy into a quaking, moaning mess and when Dean gently pushed him back on the mattress he didn’t resist.

It wasn’t until Cas felt a roving hand over his crotch fumbling with the zipper on his tented trouser front that he pushed Dean away. “No stop, I can’t.”

Disappointed, Dean got up and paced the small room a few times not quite sure what to do next. He put his suit coat back on and kissed Cas on the forehead before he headed for the door.
Cas called softly to him, “So that’s it…you don’t get what you want so you leave me?”

Dean turned and smiled, “No, I’m going home to get some sleep if I’m taking you to the carnival tomorrow night with Sam and Jo. There is no way I’ll get shut eye in the same room as you but I respect your wishes. You said stop and I stopped. Good night Blue Eyes.”

That was it; Dean had Cas hook, line and sinker. “Good night Green Eyes…is that a good nickname?”

Dean tapped his chin with a finger pretending to deeply think on it. “Give it some more thought but if you don’t come up with anything else I just bet it’ll grow on me.”

Dean blew him a kiss and walked out the door.

TBC

A/N-- In war, soldiers fight on the "frontlines." During World War II, everyone in the U.S. was urged to fight on the "Home Front." The nation was called to war, and Americans responded. In that process, the government enlisted catch phrases.

"Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without."

"If you don't need it, don't buy it."
Carnival Doll

Dean almost danced all the way home. He was absolutely fascinated with Cas, the kid was sweet, innocent, and a bit pretty as well as handsome plus he harbored some sort of secret which made him even more enticing.

Dean stopped his singing when he entered their ramshackle little house. He found his father sitting there in the dark drinking a beer.

“Hi dad.”

“Hello son, have a seat and talk awhile.”

Dean sat in the saggy old wing back across from John. He turned on a lamp and was shocked to see his father had been crying. “What’s wrong, is Sam ok?”

John tipped back the bottle draining the amber liquid and then set it next to the empties, “Sam is fine. I was just thinking about how much I’m going to miss you Dean. I actually went to church and prayed tonight…can you imagine? I’m surprised I wasn’t turned to ash at the door.”

Dean had never heard his father talk like this not even when he was drunk. He knew John had to be hurting to expose his feelings this way. John was a hard man and this softness was unexpected.

“Dad I’m gonna be ok. This war will be over soon and I’ll come home in one piece I promise.”

John couldn’t bear to think of Dean in danger anymore so he changed the subject. “How was your date, did the suit make a good impression?”

Dean said proudly, “Yeah my date said I looked real nice. I had a great time dad; we dance together perfectly as if this person has always been in my arms.”

John leaned forward to get a better look at his son in the lamplight, “Dean, by God you’re blushing!”

Dean felt his cheeks burning, “I can’t help it, I feel like we’ve known each other forever. We talked about our hopes and dreams and for the first time I’m excited about the future.”

John shook his head sadly, “You meet someone special and then you have to leave…isn’t that the way of life. What is her name?”

Dean wasn’t sure how to answer so he asked a question instead. “You love me right?”

“What if you didn’t approve of who I was dating?”

“Dean, it has nothing to do with me approving or disapproving. I would be worried about the consequences for you and your lady. Society doesn’t take well to people with differences mixing together. Why, are you dating outside of your race?”

Dean was careful to avoid any reference to gender, “The mom was from Romania and I guess people would call her a Gypsy but actually the right term is Romani. This person I like is sort of tan with black hair and beautiful blue eyes, the dad is Irish.”
“She sounds like a beauty. Just remember Dean, wartime romances don’t always go according to plan, but if you can handle the risk of heartache then pursue her.”

Again Dean didn’t comment but went right into a question. “Dad can I have a guest for dinner this weekend? I leave on Monday and I want my friend Cas over for a nice family meal before I go.”

“Sure son, How about Saturday, I’ll make a chicken. I’ve been saving up for one just for a special occasion. I’ll tell Sam to bring his gal Jo over so we can play some cards afterward.”

“That would be swell Dad thanks!”

“Dean, wouldn’t you rather have your special gal come over?”

Dean was beaming; he would have the three most important people in his life, John, Sam and Cas all at the same table.

He flashed a big smile at John, “Cas is special.”

John couldn’t figure out why his son would want a buddy instead of a date over for dinner but at this point anything that made Dean happy was alright by him. In a matter of days his son would belong to the whims of Fate.

Dean went to head upstairs to bed; John caught his hand, squeezed it then let it go. “Goodnight Dean…love you son.”

“Goodnight Dad, I love you too.”

John shuffled to the kitchen with the empties feeling years older than he really was. The man thought of all the time he wasted with his boys and felt ashamed of the person he had become.

It was a testament to Sam and Dean’s generous hearts that they still managed to love a father that was so unlovable much of the time. John quietly pledged to make up for lost time just as soon as Dean came home.

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Jo, Ellen and Cas buzzed around the kitchen and dining room cleaning after they closed up for the evening. The females were dying to know how his evening went with Dean.

Cas was cagy at first then came out with it before they both exploded. “Dean is a wonderful dancer. We were in perfect sync as if I had been in his arms forever. We sang a little and then…”

Jo groaned, “Come on Cas, spill.”

He grinned from ear to ear as he blurted out, “Dean gave me my first kiss.”

Ellen and Jo both let out happy little squeals and clapped their hands. Ellen put her arm around his shoulder and pulled him in for a hug, “It was you first kiss honey, how was it?”

Cas blushed the color of a cherry, “It was magical, he even showed me how to kiss with tongues just like they do in France.”

“Whoa there…he did he get handsy?”

“Yes but Dean stopped when I told him to and was a perfect gentleman. Tonight Sam and Dean are taking us to the carnival. Of course we can’t hold hands or anything but guys hang out together
right? It won’t look weird.”

Ellen smoothed his messy hair. She worried and fussed over Cas just like a mother hen. He was an innocent in a hard and crazy world.

“No honey, not weird at all.”

………………

Jo unlocked the door and in burst Sam and Dean Winchester. The brothers were all sorts of gorgeous with big white smiles and even bigger personalities. They immediately took command of the diner just by their presence.

Sam had something behind his back for Jo and she tried to reach around him to grab it but Sam laughed at her attempts. Jo stomped her foot, “Sam you are a jerk!”

He pulled out a red rose from behind his back and handed it to her, “Alright I’ll stop teasing you.”

Jo pressed it to her nose taking in the sweet scent, “Oh Sam how wonderful, this is my very first rose.”

The tall, slim teen reached out and touched the flower lovingly, “It’s from our mama’s rose garden.”

She handed it over to Ellen and hugged Sam around the waist because that was about as far as she could reach comfortably, “You are the sweetest guy ever.”

Dean had a Dum Dum he was twirling around his mouth. He popped the little sucker out and ran his tongue around the cherry ball. He wiggled his eyebrows, “You wanna lick my sucker Cas?”

Cas reached out and took the offering, stuck the candy in his mouth then smiled around the stick. Jo was mesmerized by the exchange between the two boys. It was erotic and innocent all at once and it made her feel tingly all over.

Ellen cleared her throat snapping her daughter out of her wandering thoughts. “You kids better get going.”

Before they walked out the door and into the real world Dean worked a soft kiss over Cas’ lips then whispered, “Ready to have some fun Blue Eyes?”

Cas gave him a shy smile as his fingers traveled over his well kissed mouth, “Yes my Comoara.”

“Comoara…what does that mean?”

“Treasure in Romanian. You are my Treasure Dean, a man worth his weight in gold.”

Jo whispered to Sam, “Oh that is so cute. How come I don’t have a pet name?”

Sam patted her on the head, “You do, Shorty.”

She slapped her beau on the butt, “Come on Moose, win me some stuff at the carnival.”

………………

Dean raised the mallet and slammed it down on the weight; it went sailing straight up and hit the bell. Sam let out a whoop, “Way to go big brother!”
Cas whispered in Jo’s ear and then she pointed to a chubby teddy bear with green glass eyes, “I want that one.” The man running the game handed the little blonde the bear.

Cas’ face lit up with excitement. It was his first official gift from Dean. He whispered in Jo’s ear again. She in turn gave Dean a hug and kiss then whispered, “Cas loves it.”

The four teens entered the House of Horrors and although Jo wasn’t scared at all she clung to Sam like a baby possum.

Dean and Cas kept their reasonable distance but as soon as they entered a part devoid of people Dean placed a hand on his date’s rump and patted it. Before they exited Dean even stole a kiss and when they stepped outside into the crazy show of lights the pair laughed over their little secret.

As the four walked around eating cotton candy Cas took notice of all the couples holding hands. He felt sad knowing Dean would never be able to hold his hand right out in the open.

Dean stopped Cas and spoke low, “I have an idea Sweetheart.”

They hit the Ferris wheel, Sam and Jo took the cart behind Dean and Cas so they could hold hands without anyone seeing them. When the wheel stopped at the top Dean gathered up his courage and said, “Cas I need to ask you something important.”

Cas squeezed Dean’s hand, “What is it?”

The wheel jerked then started moving again and the moment was over. Once they got off the ride Dean said he would ask him later.

After candy apples, soda and popcorn they all rode the Merry Go Round and topped the evening off with more games so the Winchesters could show off their skills and earn more prizes for their dates.

Cas insisted on winning a prize for Dean and went to the shooting gallery. The other three stood behind him watching as Cas hit every single target. Dean said, “Holy crap, Cas how did you learn to shoot like that?”

Cas was filled with pride, he finally showed Dean he wasn’t just a cutie and a good dancer. “I grew up in the country; I learned to shoot when I was just a little kid. A guy has to know these things to hunt for food and for protection. I even know how to make leather.”

Dean draped an arm over his shoulder in a friendly manner, “Well color me impressed.”

Cas pointed to the stuffed animals, “Go on, pick something out.”

Dean whispered in Jo’s ear, she pointed to a jointed teddy bear with blue glass eyes, “That one.” The man running the game handed her the bear. Dean whispered in her ear and relayed the message to Cas. “He loves it.”

By the end of the evening they were all happily exhausted and tumbled into John’s old sedan in a
fit of giggles. Sam and Jo let Cas and Dean take the back seat.

Dean took advantage of the situation by running his tongue around the delicate shell of Cas’ ear and whispering sweet nothings to him causing the blue eyed boy to blush and laugh nervously. Dean dared to slip his hand down the back of the Cas’ trousers and wormed his fingers down far enough to fondle the little dimples right about his butt cheeks.

Cas gingerly touched the swelling running along the leg of Dean’s pants. When Dean moaned Cas stopped as if his fingers were burned and put an end to their petting.

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The four danced around the diner to some swing music. Poor Sam had two left feet but he tried his best. It didn’t matter; Jo didn’t touch the ground very much to get stepped on anyway.

Finally Sam bid them all goodnight and Jo went upstairs to bed leaving Dean and Cas to spend precious time together.

Dean put on “As Time Goes By” and took his date in his arms.

Cas buried his face in Dean’s seersucker shirt breathing in his scent. “I love this song and I adore the movie Casablanca. This evening was so very special Dean.”

He hummed as Dean softly sang the words.

You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss A sigh is just a sigh, the fundamental things apply As time goes by…..

When Dean changed the words to one of the verses Cas had to laugh.

Moonlight an’ love songs never out of date Hearts full of passion, jealousy an’ hate Man needs man and man must have his mate That no one can deny…

They ended with a kiss, “Cas you’re getting pretty good at smoochin’….you haven’t been practicing with anyone else have you?”

He wiggled his fingers at Dean, “Only with the back of my hand, does that count?”

“No silly.”

They stood there in the awkward silence, both wanting to say so many things to each other. Dean glanced at the clock, it was midnight already. “Maybe I should get going. I had something to ask but I can come back tomorrow.”

Cas chewed his bottom lip thoughtfully as he tried to decide what to do. “Dean, could you stay longer? ”

“Alright but would it be ok if I slept here, I’m getting pretty tired to walk all the way back home. I’ll be as much of a gentleman as you want me to be.” Dean ran his thumb across Cas’ pink bottom lip, “Do you trust me?”

Cas cast his eyes toward the floor, “Yes, I trust you.” The trouble was he didn’t trust himself with Dean, not one bit.

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Cas set up his carnival prizes from Dean on his dresser and the centerpiece was the green eyed teddy bear, next to it was a chalk Kewpie doll and a carnival glass candy dish in dark peacock colors.

He ran his fingers over the bear, “You won me such pretty things, I love my Dean bear.” Cas actually wanted to say he loved Dean but didn’t want to scare him away.

Cas laughed at Dean cuddling his own teddy bear.

Dean pretended to be indignant, “What’s so funny? I love my Cas bear.” Dean almost blurted out “I love you” but stopped himself in time.

Dean set the bear next to Cas’ new treasures then striped down to his boxers. He slipped under the covers and watched as Cas, with his back toward Dean, carefully took off and hung up his clothes.

Cas left on his boxers and was about to put on the tattered old shirt for bed when Dean asked, “Could you leave it off?”

He hesitated for a moment then tossed the shirt over the chair and got under the covers. Their bare shoulders brushed against each other and Cas felt a delicious shiver run through his body.

They laid there listening to the night sounds of downtown Prosper. It was late and there was only the occasional car or indistinguishable voices now and again. Cas tried to think of a way to tell Dean what he was without losing the best thing that ever happened to him.

Dean wanted to ask Cas to go steady and wait for him but he wondered if that was reasonable or ridiculous. Instead of talking he decided to go exploring.

Dean traced his finger over a small, dusky nipple that immediately pebbled and stiffened. Emboldened, he flicked his tongue over the other and watched as the bed sheet tented slightly above Cas’ crotch.

Cas had his eyes closed, he couldn’t bear to watch his bodies reaction. He never had a good relationship with his body. Cas spent much of his life ignoring most of what went on between his legs.

He had to stop this feeling, it wasn’t right to go that far without Dean knowing the truth. Cas gently pushed Dean back, “Wait, there’s something I need to tell you and then you can decide if you still want me.”

TBC

A/N--Dum Dums were originated by Akron Candy Company in Bellevue, Ohio, in 1924. I.C. Bahr, the early sales manager of the company, named the ball-shaped candy on a stick and figured Dum Dum was a word any child could say. There were 7 original flavors: lemon, lime, orange, coconut-pineapple, cherry, grape, and butterscotch.

Dean happens to like the cherry.
Cas rolled toward the side of the bed to get up and that was when Dean noticed his skin had faint marks from a belt or a switch that traveled all the way down his back and disappeared beneath Cas’ boxers.

Dean turned on a lamp to get a better look. Anger tinged his voice, not toward Cas but toward the perpetrator that hurt the sweet guy that was fast becoming Dean’s everything. “Tell me who did this to you so I know who needs an ass kicking.”

Cas spoke so softly Dean had to strain to hear him, “I was my father’s whipping boy. I haven’t seen him in two years and I want to keep it that way. I also don’t want to talk about him right now or I’ll lose my nerve.”

He got up, covered himself with a robe then turned the rocker facing toward the closet and sat down. Cas just couldn’t bear to see the disappointment and disgust on Dean’s face when he found out the truth.

He bowed his head staring down at the clasped hands sitting ineffectually on his lap. Cas gathered up his courage and told Dean exactly what he was.

“I’m a hermaphrodite; that means I was born with both sets of sex organs. My mother took me to a special doctor when I entered puberty and we were told I’m very rare because I produce semen but I also have female monthlies from my vagina.”

He waited a moment for Dean to say something but there was only silence. Cas exhaled sharply, “You can go, I’ll understand. I only ask that you not tell a soul. Dean you need to understand that if people found out I would be shunned and maybe locked away in a hospital or worse. If I was forced to run away I would have no place to go. Jo and Ellen only know I’m a homosexual.”

Dean was stunned, he had never heard of such a thing before and wasn’t sure how to react. “Cas I need to think about this.”

Cas got up and headed for the door, “I’m going to the kitchen and make some warm milk, if you’re gone when I get back I won’t hold it against you.”

Dean cleared his throat and said in a steady voice, “Hey what about me, I want some warm milk.”

Cas stopped with his hand paused on the doorknob, “You’ll still be here?”

“I said I needed to think I didn’t say I was going to run away.”

“Dean just needs to think. Of course it’s very shocking but oh wow, he isn’t running… this is wonderful!”

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Dean mulled over the strange revelation. He actually found himself titillated over the enticing mystery Cas carried between his legs.

He glanced over at their carnival prizes smiling at the memory of how proud Cas looked when he won at the shooting gallery and gave Dean the blue eyed teddy bear. It seemed to make Cas feel very manly as if he had provided for Dean. Dean had thought it was adorable.
That was it, Dean decided nothing could make him stop caring about Cas and he decided to think of the teens unique anatomy as a bonus.

He pressed his nose into the sheets reveling in the scent from the teen’s comingled essence. The combination affected Dean like the best possible drug in the world.

Dean got up and began poking around in dresser drawers then the closet trying to get a sense of who Cas really was. He went through the clothes in the closet and found hand me downs from Ellen’s exes.

There was nothing new except some clothes that Jo must have sewn for him. Dean smiled when he saw the shirt with the tiny blue roses. Cas had looked so handsome wearing it that night and actually quite pretty.

He spotted a box behind a pair of polished dress shoes. On the outside of the box it read, Pad-N-All. Now very curious Dean opened it up and took out one of the neatly folded devices inside. It was an absorbent pad with elastic attached, he found the instructions and read them.

“Step in Pad-N-All placing elastic around upper thighs and adjusting in front. No belt, buck or pins necessary. Security-Convenience- Comfort.”

Dean carefully folded the strange thing back up and put it in the box placing it exactly where he found it. Next he took down a hatbox and opened that up to find snug looking panties, some with bloodstains in the crotch.

Between handling the pads and the panties Dean felt his dick twitch. He put the panties back except one pair which he slipped into his trouser pocket.

Dean climbed into bed but not before taking his boxers off. He covered up well and waited for Cas to come back.

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Cas came in with two mugs of warm milk. He felt very shy now after spilling his darkest secret to Dean. He propped up some pillows and the pair sat up in bed sipping the comforting liquid.

“So Dean, did you decide anything? If you need more time…”

Dean interrupted, “Cas I want to ask you some important questions. First off will you go steady with me?”

Cas almost dropped his mug but managed to set it on the nightstand without spilling. He nodded affirmative because he was momentarily dumbstruck.

“Second, will you wait for me? I mean I really don’t have a right to ask that, we haven’t even known each other a week and I don’t know when I’ll get back home. It could be a year, two years…”

“Yes, I’ll wait; there will never be another man for me. I’d be lucky to end up with a swell guy like you. Why are you taking this all so well? I’m far from normal.”

Dean draped an arm across Cas’ shoulders and pulled him in tight, “I figure I got the best of both worlds wrapped up on one pretty package. I’m the one that’s lucky Cas. Besides, what is normal? There is no such thing, there is only average and Honey, you are not average and I’m not either.”
Cas started crying so hard he was sobbing. Concerned, Dean pressed him to his chest, “Baby don’t cry. What’s wrong?”

“I thought I would lose you but now I’m your steady…I’m so happy.”

“Sweetheart you got a funny way of showing happy. Remember you can’t tell anyone about us though. I mean Sam, Jo and Ellen sorta know already but they wouldn’t squeal. Our relationship is illegal so we have to be careful.”

Cas snuggled in tighter, “I know Dean, I’ve been very careful all my life. It’s how I’ve managed to survive this long.”

After the revelation, acceptance and plans the couple cuddled awhile until the feel of Cas’ body against his was too much to take.

“Cas I’m naked under here, I took off my boxers. If you wanna go exploring I’m ok with that. Could I see you naked? I’m not just saying this to get in your pants but I’d be a liar if I said I didn’t want to see all your fun parts.”

Cas was now the one who needed a moment to think. He knew if Dean was going to be his one and only that the guy would want to see what he was getting.

“Would you be ok with just touching under the covers right now?”

Dean pressed his lips to the shell of the virgin’s ear, “Sure Baby, we can start with touching. I’ll go slowly. Do you think I could make love to you before I leave? My dad said soldiers sometimes buy pleasure from hookers but I swear I’ll be faithful. I just need some beautiful memories of us to get me through while I’m jacking off. If I have that and the promise of you waiting for me I can survive anything.”

Cas covered his face with the blanket, it was all moving so fast and he had so many questions. “Dean could I ask you some things and you promise you won’t laugh at me?”

Dean crossed his heart even though Cas couldn’t see him, “I promise.”

Cas still had his face covered, “I need to know if sex will hurt because I think it might.”

Dean was used to just doing the act and not conversing about it so now he was the one feeling a little embarrassed. “I don’t know, maybe. Anal might hurt more than your pussy but eventually both should feel real good.”

A pair of wide blue eyes peeked over the blanket, “Right now I only feel comfortable touching and honestly I’m very scared. I never allowed anyone to touch me between the legs but I trust you.”

Dean reached under the blanket and traced his finger over the bulge in Cas’ boxers, “You say stop and I’ll stop. Now that we’re going steady though it’s ok, I promise.”

Dean reached over him and shut off the lamp plunging the room into shadow. He tugged on the waistband of Cas’ boxers, “Would it be alright if I take these off?”

Cas said in a voice almost as soft as Deans, “Ok.”

Dean tossed the covers off Cas, hooked his fingers in the waistband and slid the boxers off in one
smooth movement. Immediately a cock sprang up, he took it in his hand and felt every silky inch. Dean was pleased to find it was beautifully formed. Next he cupped the heavy balls in the palm of his hand and rolled them gently between his fingers.

Cas felt fingers seeking out his vagina secreted beneath his scrotum. He moaned as one found his clitoris, one of the many parts he avoided touching on his own body. Now here was Dean strumming his finger over and around the swollen button like a Maestro and Cas’ body was the willing instrument.

Dean cooed to him in the darkness, “That’s it Sweetheart; let your body go for me.”

Dean continued until Cas felt a need that blinded him from everything around and all thoughts vanished except hitting a peak just out of reach. Cas clamped his thighs tight together trapping Dean at the wrist. He pumped his hips as he ground his clit against those talented fingers.

Cas felt a combination of shame and joy as a convulsion ripped through his groin. His body released a flood wetting Dean to the wrist. Simultaneously Cas’ cock jerked and twitched shooting a heavy load across his belly.

When the aftershocks ended Cas’ body went limp and his legs fell open. He looked up at Dean with dark, heavy lidded eyes and tried to speak but no words came out. It was a monumental event that left Cas speechless.

Dean held up his hand and licked his slippery fingers clean as Cas watched mesmerized by the action. Then Dean bent down trailing his tongue along the flat, smooth belly catching every drop of semen. He wanted to show Cas that what just happened was natural and beautiful.

Dean stroked his own leaking cock a few times and begged, “Please Cas I need you.”

Cas watched the long, flushed member bob and leak from excitement. He wondered how Dean’s penis would ever fit inside of his body.

There was one thing Cas had to know before he gave himself to Dean, “Do you love me?”

Dean knelt between his legs gripping his cock and balls tight at the base in an effort to hold back, “Oh God yes, I love you Cas.”

Cas licked his dry lips nervously as he considered all of this with a mind and body still reeling from his first duel orgasm. Dean looked so flushed and distressed Cas was concerned he might faint.

“Dean is my steady now and this is what steadies do and he really loves me. I want this…I want him.”

Cas closed his eyes and let out a sigh of surrender, “I love you with all my heart. Yes, you will be my first, my one and only.”

TBC

A/N--Disposable pads owe their origin to nurses, who first came up with the idea of holding the flow of menstrual blood with the help of available wood pulp bandages in the hospital. Nurses in France used these bandages for menstrual pads, which they liked because they were very absorbent, and they were cheap enough to throw away.

The manufacturers of bandages borrowed the idea and produced pads made from handy products that were inexpensive enough to be disposed.
Thanks nurses!
A Little Spark

Dean murmured words of affection as he worked quickly and smoothly getting Cas in just the right position. He took charge to ensure he not only got what he wanted but also not hurt Cas in the process.

The first time needed to be special and perfect, giving Cas beautiful memories to get him the hard times when he was all alone and missing his soldier boy.

“Lift your hips for me Sweetheart.”

Cas quietly complied and felt a pillow pushed under his rear. Dean spread and bent the pliable legs and lifted Cas’ sack. There it was, the vagina located in the area guys called the “no man’s land” between the scrotum and anus. Dean thumbed the damp, hairless slit as he smiled sweetly down at his love, “Ready?”

Cas closed his eyes and nodded. He felt the head of Dean’s cock rubbed along the lips then press against them insistently. He wanted so much to be good for Dean and make him happy. “Relax…relax, this is part of love.”

Cas was very tight not that Dean had much to compare him to. When the head popped in Cas let out a whimper. Dean froze. “Am I hurting you Sweetheart?”

It was actually painful, he was trying his best to relax and allow Dean to take him but the head of Dean’s cock was meeting with resistance. He inhaled deeply then exhaled slowly before answering with a lie, “No.”

With that Dean plunged inside no longer able to hold back, he was an eighteen year old with a bad case of lust and Cas was everything he ever dreamed of. Cas arched his back moaning in what Dean thought was pleasure. His cock had torn the hymen and was now deep inside bumping against the cervix.

Dean gathered Cas into his arms as he pumped slowly in and out, all the time whispering words of encouragement. “That’s it, relax…let yourself go…I love you sooo much.”

Those words worked wonders, Cas’ body relaxed and he wrapped his arms around the only man he would ever desire. The newly deflowered teen began to feel the true pleasure that comes from intimacy with someone that loves you completely. Cas felt the moment Dean hit his peak as the rush of seed bathed the most intimate places inside of him.

Dean tossed back his head moaning Cas’ name. When he was thoroughly spent he carefully rolled over on his back grasping Cas so tight their bodies stayed locked together. Dean didn’t want the feeling of being inside of him to end.

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The young couple shared languid kisses and tender touches for a while. Dean closed his eyes, his voice filled with contentment, “That was heaven.” He tucked the teens head under his chin and asked with genuine concern, “How do you feel?”

Cas rubbed his cheek over a nipple then gave it a kiss, “I feel very sore but also very loved. How do you feel?”
“I feel like I found what I had been looking for my whole life. It was you all along and I didn’t even know it until now. Do you promise to write me Cas?”

“Every day.”

“Cas, since my pet name is Comoara I want to give you a new one that fits you better than just Blue Eyes.”

Curious now, Cas lifted his head and smiled at Dean as he waited for his new pet name. “Please tell me Dean, the suspense is killing me.”

He kissed Cas on the nose, “Angel…it’s just right for you Cas. You are beautiful, unique, and pure, my perfect Angel.”

Cas hid his face so Dean couldn’t see his tears, “What will I do without you?”

“Don’t worry Angel, when I come home I’ll keep you safe forever.”

They fell asleep that way still connected until the soft cock inside Cas slipped out when he shifted in his sleep. A miraculous little spark of life began that night and it would change the course of their lives forever.

…

Sometime during the night Dean got up to use the bathroom and then shut off Cas’ alarm clock. He wanted the chance to sleep in with his new lover, time together was precious and Dean was willing to take the full wrath of Ellen to have it.

He got back under the covers and watched his Angel sleep. Cas looked very peaceful and Dean wondered if he always slept that well. He traced the faint marks running down the soft tan skin from shoulders to buttocks. It filled him with so much anger that he felt like finding Cas’ father and beating the crap out of him.

“How could anyone hurt you…I swear when I get back not another living soul will never lay a hand on this pretty flesh again.”

………..

Jo stretched and yawned; she stared down at the pile of vegetables awaiting her attention for a pot of Sorta Beef Stew. Ellen called it Sorta Beef Stew right on the big chalkboard in the dining room because there wasn’t a whole lot of beef to put in it.

Ellen tapped a nail on the cutting board, “Commence to cutting Miss Jo.”

Jo rolled her eyes, “Commence to cutting, where did that come from?”

“Your grandmother used that word all the time when I was growing up. She was always telling me to commence doing this or that.”

Jo wondered if they should even allude to the possibility of beef in the beef stew. “Mom do we actually have any stew meat?”

Ellen dumped about a pound of it in a soup kettle big enough to feed an army, “Sure I do. I use truth in advertising, if someone is lucky enough to get a piece in their bowl well God bless ‘em, if not tough titties.”
She looked out the service window and didn’t see Cas doing his usual table setting and prep for the morning. “Where is our little blue eyed button?”

Jo rolled her eyes toward the ceiling, “Well about that…I saw Dean Winchester head to the bathroom last night and I’m pretty sure he’s still up there. Mom can we cut Cas some slack and let him sleep in? Dean is leaving Monday and they only have a few more days together. Maybe Sunday you could give him the day off.”

Ellen dabbed her eyes with the corner of her apron, “Damn onions…alright Jo go tell him to get down here by eleven. You know his poor little heart is going to shatter after Dean goes, then what will we do?”

“Then I guess we just keep him busy and listen to his woes until Dean gets back.”

…………………

Cas’ eyes snapped open when a knock came at the door.

“This, Mom said you don’t have to come down until eleven for the lunch crowd.”

Dean answered for him, “Thanks Jo, bye.”

Once they heard her footsteps head back downstairs Cas whispered, “I forgot to set my alarm.”

“You didn’t forget to set your alarm I shut it off while you were sleeping.” Dean pushed the damp bangs off his little lovers forehead, “How are you feeling?”

Cas rubbed his groin lightly, “tender inside but it will start to feel better right?”

“Sure of course it will. I’m guessing girls get sore when they lose their virginity. It was hard getting in there; you were tight and got a little torn up when I broke through your hymen. I’m sorry if I hurt you.”

Cas smiled softly up at him, “You know a lot about females, have you had many?”

Dean shrugged, “No, just one but she was no virgin. I was sixteen and she was older and taught me just about everything. We messed around a whole summer and boy oh boy she really knew a lot of stuff. I asked her all sort of things about lady secrets and she loved telling me all…”

He stopped talking when Cas lost his smile. “Don’t be jealous Angel, if Claire hadn’t been such a good teacher I wouldn’t know anything.”

Cas covered up his head with the blanket, “I’m not jealous just embarrassed because I must seem like such a ninny compared to a girl that knows everything.”

“No Angel, your innocence is what I found so great about you…that and you’re so damn cute it should be a crime.” Dean heard soft laughter come from under the blanket. “What’s so funny?”

“I can’t believe you think I’m cute. My mother always said I was nice looking but moms have to say that. I’m goofy looking really.”

Dean ripped the blanket off exposing every naked little inch of Cas, “Mmm…nothing goofy about what I’m looking at.” They got into a tickle fight started by Dean which turned into kissing practice and finally Cas had to crawl off the bed to get away so he could clean up for work.

Dean called out, “Love you. Don’t forget tomorrow you’re coming over to my dad’s house for
supper with Jo.”

Cas was over the moon. “Ok Dean, I love you too.” His life of devastating fear and loneliness was slowing changing with each moment spent with Dean.

………………

Jo kept sneaking glances at Cas as he worked. If something happened he wasn’t telling. Jo was determined to get something out of him. Finally during the afternoon lull she cornered Cas in the backroom.

The little blonde was stronger than she looked and had Cas tight by the hand so he couldn’t escape. “Come on big brother, spill. What happened last night? You seem different.”

He averted his eyes staring at a vent in the ceiling and acted as if he had no idea what she was talking about. “I’m not different, what do you mean by that?”

She scrutinized Cas, “Oh my God…you went all the way! Please tell me what backdoor stuff feels like, I’m so curious about it.”

For the first time Cas lied to Jo, “Dean and I just kissed and touched that’s all but we did tell each other “I love you.”

Jo let out a happy squeal and threw her arms about him, “that is wonderful Cas. You deserve to be loved by a guy like Dean. He is the true blue type like Sam.”

Cas hugged her tight. “Dean makes me feel worthy to be loved.”

…………………..

Sam and Dean spent the day together fishing. They packed a lunch and a couple canteens of water then headed out to Grangers pond in the countryside. Prosper was far from big city sized so it wasn’t too long of a drive for them.

It had been years since the brothers fished and they set out on a mission to catch enough for a fish fry tomorrow night to show off their skills to Jo and Cas.

It was peaceful; Sam and Dean hadn’t had a lot of that in their lives growing up. One thing they had was each other and that was how the Winchester boys survived. Now Dean was leaving and Sam was missing him already.

Sam could tell Dean had things weighing heavily on his shoulders but sometimes his big brother was hard as stone in an attempt to stay strong for his little Sammy. Sam wanted him to know that it was ok to talk without fear of looking weak.

Dean was busy carefully baiting the hook with a worm, his tongue stuck out to the side like a little kid that was in deep concentration.

“Dean, why don’t we talk while we have the chance? Tell me what’s on your mind.”

Dean cast his line perfectly and sat on the bank watching the water for nibbles. “You mean me leaving to maybe get my head blown off or other assorted body parts?”

“No, you running away to join the circus…of course about you leaving, are you scared?”

“No.”
“Bullshit.”

“See Sam, I’m not big girl like you. I don’t have to talk everything out.”

Sam’s jaw tightened up as he cast his line. He didn’t look at his brother because Dean was maddening sometimes. “It’s not funny, don’t joke about it Dean. God, you are such a jerk.”

“Bitch…nice bitch face Sam.” Dean chuckled under his breath.

They fished in silence for almost an hour as the wheels turned in Dean’s head. Finally he blurted out, “Damn right I’m scared. I’m scared to leave home, leave you behind with dad and I don’t want to leave Cas. I pump myself up about fighting the bad guys just so I can make myself get on the bus Monday and survive so I can come home again.”

Dean slung a free arm over Sam’s shoulders, “Sorry I called you a bitch.”

“No you’re not, I’m not sorry I called you a jerk because honestly Dean you are one sometimes.”

Dean glanced over and Sam was all dimples. “Love you Sam.”

“Love you too.”

The brothers concentrated on fishing the rest of the afternoon. After catching enough to feed the town they headed back home, sandwiches forgotten.

……………………..

That night after Dean took a bath he headed over to the diner and Cas let him in the back. They spent hours exploring every inch of each other’s bodies with Dean very aggressive using his hands and mouth everywhere.

Cas was very timid afraid he would do something wrong or embarrassing. His touches were delicate as if he were tracing the creamy skin with a feather. Fingertips and flicks of an eager tongue drove Dean mad with desire and in the end he took Cas as a female again.

They stayed up talking until the wee hours of the morning until Cas fell asleep as Dean kept watch over him.

……………………..

Saturday

Cas was trying hard not to tap his foot to the music as he took a food order for a group of elderly women. Mature women liked Cas because he evoked a nurturing motherly response in them. It was the big blue eyes and funny little smile plus it didn’t hurt that he was well groomed and easy on the eyes.

He stuck the pencil behind his ear and nodded to the women, “I’ll get this order right in and bring you young ladies some coffee.” They tittered over the compliment and one suggested that Cas should meet her granddaughter. He sweetly declined the offer saying he was off the market.

By the end of the day Cas was a bundle of nerves. In just a few hours he was going to be having supper with John Winchester and had no idea how things would go. Dean said he never mentioned his relationship with Cas but that didn’t mean the man wouldn’t pick up on something.

Sam and Dean were quick studies and Cas imagined John was as well.
Jo and Cas stood outside the very modest Winchester home with the overgrown thumbnail patch of grass. The rose bushes lining the front were the only part well tended. The house was old, so old that it looked like the town sprung up around it. Despite its condition Cas felt it would be very cozy inside.

Jo clasped Cas’ hand and gave him a nervous smile, “Ready?”

Cas looked down at his shirt with the tiny blue roses then to the dress Jo was wearing from the same fabric. They did it in a show of solidarity and Ellen assured Cas the pattern was so tiny that it didn’t look feminine at all.

He smiled back just as nervous, “Ready as I’ll ever be.”

TBC

A/N-

"I think a lot of women said, Screw that noise. ‘Cause they had a taste of freedom, they had a taste of making their own money, a taste of spending their own money, making their own decisions. I think the beginning of the women's movement had its seeds right there in World War Two." - Dellie Hahne, an educator who worked as a nurse's aid for the Red Cross during the war
Sam opened the door and ushered them inside. He lifted Jo up and gave her a big smooch then set her back down. Sam noticed their outfits, “Cute you’re a matched set.”

Cas, figuring they were alone said, “Don’t get any idea’s Sam, I’m spoken for.” He was teasing of course.

A blushing Sam hitched his thumb toward the back, “Dad and Dean are outside cooking up the fish we caught yesterday. I’ll get you both something to drink.”

Jo and Cas each chose an orange soda and followed Sam out back to the fenced in yard where Dean and John were sitting on a couple of mismatched chairs watching the fish grilling on metal grate resting over a fire pit. There were potatoes wrapped and nestled among the embers and some sweet corn next to the fish.

When Dean saw his boyfriend he felt the urge to run over and gather Cas up in his arms but that was impossible in front of John so he made do with a smile and a wave.

“Glad you guys could make it. I think we have enough fish to feed the town so I hope you brought your appetites.”

John stood up and wiped his hands on the pair of ratty dungarees he was wearing then headed over to meet them. “Welcome to the humble Winchester abode.” He scrutinized Jo first. She was a petite natural beauty and John could see why Sam was smitten with the girl.

He held out his hand, “Jo it’s good to finally meet you. Sam can’t shut up about…”

Sam spun around, “Geez don’t embarrass me!”

John smirked at his youngest as he noticed the pink rising in Sam’s cheeks, the kid blushed easily. “As I was saying, Sam can’t shut up about you and I can see why. According to my son you are the prettiest, smartest, sweetest and funniest young lady in all of creation.”

Sam groaned, “Dad, please stop.”

Jo briefly shook the hand offered and gave John her sunniest smile, “I’m happy to meet you Mr. Winchester.”

Next John focused on Cas. The kid was slim, fit but not especially tall. He looked younger than Dean by a couple years but John figured the boy was one gifted with a very youthful visage. His dark hair, slight tan and flared nostrils hinted at an exotic bloodline.

Those features topped with a pair of stunning blue eyes and thick dark lashes firmly put Cas straddling the fence between handsome and pretty.

John couldn’t figure out how this boy and his son were such fast friends. Cas didn’t seem like the type Dean had hung out with in the past. That was when a light bulb came on and John recalled what Dean had told him about the girl he was seeing.

“The mom was from Romania and I guess people would call her a Gypsy but actually the right term is Romani. This person I like is sort of tan with black hair and beautiful blue eyes.”
Cas timidly held out his hand and John clasped it in his paw. “I hear you are a close friend of my son. How did you two meet?”

Dean rescued Cas by heading over and stopping his dad before he could start asking questions. “Sam introduced us and we hit it off. Come on, the fish is ready.”

Cas ate with his head down knowing that John Winchester was staring at him. He wanted to bolt for the door and hide in his little room above the diner. Dean touched his knee discreetly under the table and smiled at him.

Cas just couldn’t smile back as much as he wanted to. Dean cleared his throat and everyone looked at him. “I was thinking after dinner Sam could get out his box camera and we could take some pictures. You can send them to Fort Benning, then I can bring them with me when I get shipped out.”

John stopped staring at Cas and nodded to his son, “That sounds like a fine idea.” He didn’t know what this boy meant to Dean but he must have been very important. Important enough that Dean would risk bringing him home for dinner.

“Are those tiny blue roses on his shirt...they match Jo’s dress. I’ll have to ask Sam about this boy when Deans not around...something really weird is going on and it better not be what I think it is.”

After dinner they decided to play games and have dessert. Sam had baked some gingersnaps and the kindest thing thought about the offering was the cookies were edible. It had taken a while to squirrel away the ingredients but he managed. They ate them along with glasses of powdered milk he had mixed up.

When Sam asked how they tasted there was praise all around the table. No one had the heart to dash that proud look on his face. Jo made a mental note that if they ever got married she was handling the cooking and baking.

They played poker and everyone knew how except Cas. Dean moved his chair closer to him and helped as they went along. Cas was flustered feeling out of his element but he was determined to learn so he could fit in.

Dean touched his foot against his lover’s under the table. He had a zipper scraping erection and nowhere to put it. The close proximity of Cas was driving Dean mad. He excused himself and went to the bathroom to privately take care of the swelling in his trousers.

That gave John a chance to ask Cas questions. “Cas I noticed you have a touch of something in your background where does your family hail from?”

Cas looked down at his faintly tan arm and frowned. The question was a bit rude but John was Dean’s father and Cas wanted to get off on the right foot with the man. “My mother was Romanian.”

That was it, now John knew who Dean’s “girlfriend” was for sure. “Was?”

Cas kept his eyes downcast, “She died when I was fourteen.”

John, as sick as he felt over what he imagined the nature of the teenagers relationship was couldn’t
help himself, he felt bad for the kid. “I’m sorry to hear that son.”

Sam’s jaw tightened up, he was upset at his dad for asking such personal questions. Jo put an end to the tension when she laid out her cards and started cackling, “Read ‘em and weep boys!”

Sam pointed to Dean’s empty chair, “No fair, Dean didn’t get to play his cards.”

The blonde crowed, “Snooze yah lose!”

John burst out laughing over the feisty little teenager’s fearlessness playing cards with the males. He thought she was exactly what Sam needed to pull him out of his books once in a while.

With all the laughter Cas relaxed for the first time since he got there. Dean came back looking pretty relaxed himself. “What’s going on?”

Jo hitched her thumb toward her chest, “I’m a winner.”

John messed up Sam’s hair the teen had carefully tamed with Brylcreem, “This gal is a winner Sam so you better keep her.”

Later they took many photos, some of Dean and Cas together with Dean’s arm slung casually around his boyfriend’s shoulders, some with Sam, Jo, Cas and Dean then some of the brothers and then the brothers and John.

…………………

Sam sent Jo and Cas away with a bag of his gingersnaps. John joked they could use them for doorstops but Jo said they were delicious after you soaked them awhile in milk.

Cas was disappointed Dean stayed behind. It was Saturday night and by Monday morning his love would be gone. Every moment was precious. When they got back he took a warm bath and went to bed alone. The formerly cozy haven felt cold and lonely without Dean to snuggle up to.

Late that night Cas woke up to a weight on the bed then a warm body spooning behind him. Dean wrapped his arms around Cas’ waist and nuzzled the back of his neck.

“You didn’t think I could stay away from you Angel.” Dean ran his hand across Cas’ smooth, flat belly and circled the navel with his finger. “Besides, tomorrow is our special day together.”

Cas tried to turn around but Dean held him tight, “What kind of special day? I thought every day with you was special Comoara.”

“This will be extra special, trust me.”

Cas sighed contentedly, “Now I can sleep well, my Dean is here.”

…………………

Dean woke up to the smell of bacon. His eyes popped right open and he searched for the source. There was Cas holding a breakfast tray, “Good morning Dean. I snuck a couple pieces of bacon for you.”

Dean sat up and propped some pillows behind his back. “Wow, thanks Angel.”

They sat together sharing a plate and drinking coffee. Cas only nibbled the end off one piece of bacon and gave the rest to Dean. The conversation was light, neither could bear to talk about what
was coming tomorrow morning; they would save that for later.

…………………

Dean first treated Cas to a Tarzan movie matinee. They sat next to each other in the back row but didn’t dare touch. To make it fun Dean told Cas how they could both ogle Johnny Weissmuller in his loincloth and make comments about Jane that were actually meant for Tarzan.

Cas got a giggle over the idea and went along with it making comments to Dean like, “Jane has a swell set of legs”. By the end of the movie both were spending most of the time holding back their laughter.

Next Dean took them for a ride in the country and over to Grangers pond where he went fishing with Sam. The place was secluded and rarely got visitors; it was the perfect spot for a picnic.

He spread out a blanket for them and the pair sat there eating cheese on buttered homemade bread and shared a root beer. The weather was seasonably warm and the sky almost as pretty a blue as the color of Cas’ eyes. A breeze hit and a sweet scent filled the air as fat, lazy bumblebees wove their way from flower to flower. Cas flopped back on the blanket and watched the clouds move slowly overhead.

Dean flopped back next to him and took Cas’ left hand. He took off then slipped his silver ring on Cas’ finger. It was a little big but Dean figured he could wrap a little tape around it.

“This is for you Angel; it’s all I got right now to give. You deserve better but it will have to do for a promise ring. It’s still special though, my mom kept it in her jewelry box. It belonged to her dad.”

He pointed to the Celtic knot around the band, “See this here, its means eternity.”

Cas tried to hold his trembling hand still but found it impossible. He was stunned with the offering and not sure what it meant exactly. “Dean, what is a promise ring for?”

“Guys give them to gals as sort of a place holder. We are going steady and I don’t want to lose you when I leave. This will keep other guys away.”

Cas gave a sharp laugh, “Come on Dean, no guy wants me and even if they did I wouldn’t give them a second look. You are my love and that’s it, case closed. So does the eternity symbol mean you’re going to love me forever?”

Dean kissed each slim, manicured finger, “Yeah, however long forever turns out to be.”

Cas reached under his shirt and took off the heavy silver chain with the half dollar sized silver horseshoe pendent Tasaria gave her son before she died. He placed it over Dean’s head then bent to kiss it.

“I want you to have this for luck. It will keep you safe Dean…promise me you will keep it with you always.”

Dean rubbed the silver disk between his fingers, “Your mom gave you this, are you sure?”

Cas cupped Dean’s face and ran a thumb over his plush lips, “Yes, I know she would approve.”

The couple spent the afternoon kissing and gently touching. Dean wanted to prove that he could enjoy the tender parts of loving someone and show Cas he was so much more than holes to fill.

Dean didn’t give his Angel the ring on a whim; he needed to know that in some small way Cas
carried a part of him. Unknown to them, Cas already had a special part of Dean growing inside his body.

                      
They wandered the town together, hands stuffed in pockets to prevent any accidental touching. Teenagers passed by hand in hand, it was difficult for the two eighteen year olds but for now they had to accept their lots in life and pray that someday the world would change.

Still Cas and Dean enjoyed themselves. They were together that was all that mattered.

                      
Cas brought them in through the back. The diner had just closed and Ellen was busy cleaning up the kitchen while Jo worked on the restaurant floor. Cas went to pitch in while Dean hung back to speak with Ellen.

She noticed him watching her. “What’s on your mind handsome?”

He blurted out, “Promise you’ll care of Cas for me.”

Ellen’s heart went out to the sad, tortured looking teen standing in front of her. She could only imagine what Dean was going through right now. His whole life had been turned upside down; the kid was being ripped away from his home to fight in a war started by an evil, angry, delusional monster. Dean was left wondering if he would come home in one piece or come home at all.

She crooked her finger and headed to the backroom, Dean followed. Once out of sight from Cas and Jo she hugged him. Ellen had no idea if Dean even wanted a hug. When she felt his body relax Ellen knew she did the right thing. Dean made hitching sounds as he tried to hold back from crying.

“I want to assure you that we love Cas and always watch out for him. Trust me; he is in good hands here. In our hearts Cas is my son and Jo’s big brother.”

Dean murmured almost to himself, “Cas is tender and the world is so hard…I worry about him.”

She let him go and patted his cheek, “Worry about yourself now Dean. Stay focused and strong, do your stint and come home to him. This war has to be over soon. Let me worry about the home front.”

Dean scrubbed his eyes with his shirt sleeve. “Thanks Ellen. I have to leave by 6 tomorrow morning to head back to dads. He and Sammy are taking me to the bus and sending me off. I don’t think it’s a good idea for Cas to be there…I think he would start to cry pretty hard and I don’t want people judging him.”

“I think that’s a good idea Dean. Say your goodbyes here and then let him go for now. Send Cas a letter as soon as you get settled at Fort Benning.”

“I will, promise.”

                      
After Ellen and Jo retired for bed Dean pumped the jukebox full of coins and asked Cas to dance.

Dean twirled Cas then grabbed him tight. Cas squealed in delight at the way he was handled by his strong, handsome soldier. Dean dipped the smaller teen and kissed him hard. Cas clung on tight,
almost in a swoon over the romance of the moment.

The teens were in sync the whole time, both were good dancers but together they were perfect as if born to be partners.

When the last song ended the boys headed upstairs hand in hand.

They took a bath in the big old tub together trying to keep it quiet as each was scrubbed pink by the other. After toweling off, Dean lifted Cas bridal style while Cas reached down and handled the opening of doors.

Dean managed to hold onto his pretty bundle all the way to the bed.

Cas cast out all of his timid ways. It was their last night together until who knew when and he needed to taste and touch Dean until every inch of flesh was burned into Cas’ memory.

Dean went wild; he tongued and prodded every orifice on his little Angel’s body including his rear. Cas wanted to say “no stop, not there!” but the tongue stabbing at his opening was much too wonderful and instead he wiggled and whimpered. It was so forbidden and absolutely naughty that it made the act all the more exciting.

Dean stopped himself short of slamming his dick inside what he imagined was the tightest place on earth but promised when he got back home he would liberate Cas of his virginity there as well.

Dean took Cas over and over again until he had nothing left to give. Exhausted, Dean finally felt sleep nipping at his brain as his eyes grew heavy. Cas held him tight, rocking Dean until he fell asleep. At one point Dean cried out for Cas as if he couldn’t find him but soothing hands settled him down.

Cas was the one this night to stay up and watch over his lover. As the morning sun rose over the sleepy town of Prosper Cas cried quietly into his pillow. In an hour Dean would be gone and his heart would break in two.

He dried his tears and told himself to be strong for Dean. Cas snuck down to make him breakfast and rationing be damned he was going to raid the larder. A little while later he entered with a tray and found Dean cleaned and dressed.

“I made you breakfast, sausage and scrambled eggs and orange juice.” Cas set the tray on the rickety little table by the window.

The soldier boy stared down at what his mind was telling him was a last meal. “Geez stop being so damn negative Winchester. Be strong for Cas…you have a life to come home to now. Buck up!”

Dean grinned at his adorable Cas wearing one of Ellen’s dressy aprons. It had ruffles around the edges and little cherries scattered over the cotton fabric. “You look real pretty today.”

Cas felt the heat rise in his cheeks over the compliment. Dean was the only one to ever praise his feminine looks. It was hard to get used to but it felt good knowing he didn’t have to hide them.

“When I’m with you Dean I feel like a whole person. The last time I felt that way was with my mom and my grandma…thank you.”

Dean, now in protector mode was all smiles as he held a breakfast sausage like a cigar to make Cas
laugh. “You are a whole person, all the parts are attached so what else would you be?”

Cas smoothed the front of his cherry apron and lowered his eyes. Dean was turning to mush inside from the dark sweep of pretty lashes grazing Cas’ skin and his crooked little smile. He got up, grabbed Cas by the face and kissed him hard then whispered, “I love you, hang in there Angel. When you feel sad…” Dean lifted Cas’ hand and touched the silver ring, “look at this as my promise to come home to you.”

Cas traced the heavy silver chain that disappeared under Dean’s shirt, “Never leave this behind Comoara, you think of me and my love will keep you safe.”

Dean looked over at the clock, “Damn…ok I gotta go.” Dean kissed Cas again, said his goodbyes and left quickly before he lost his will.

Cas watched from the window as Dean ran down the alley to John’s old jalopy, get inside and drive away. He immediately sunk to his knees and broke down sobbing. Cas decided to try and be strong tomorrow.

TBC

A/N- A fun fact. With heavy rationing of chocolate and sugar, American obsession with sugary treats declined due to circumstances. With salt readily available as well as popping corn and potatoes WW2 rationing was a key factor in switching over Americans to salty, crunchy snacks such as popcorn and potato chips.
Love Letters

Sam and John stood outside the bus filling up quickly with young men. Dean had his duffle bag slung over his shoulder and a bag lunch in the other. John had a memory of five year old Dean heading into his first day of school clutching a brown paper bag with a peanut butter sandwich and an apple inside. John rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and forced a smile so Dean didn’t see how upset he was.

Sam didn’t care, he had tears running down his flushed cheeks and wiped his runny nose with the back of his sleeve. Dean was hanging tough; he didn’t want the other guys to see him bawl like a big girl. It wasn’t the place for something like that.

Sam grabbed his brother, gave him a hug and whispered in his ear, “Dean I’ll send you those pictures as soon as I get them developed. I know you want some of Cas.”

Dean whispered back, “Yeah I really do thanks Sam. I want some of you and dad, don’t forget. Also promise you’re going watch over my little Angel for me…oh and don’t let dad boss you around too much. I love you Sammy.”

They clapped each other on the back. “I love you too Dean.”

John stood there looking utterly defeated as if Dean going off to war was a personal failure on his part as a father. This time at least John hadn’t failed. He gave his son a manly hug and both smiled. “Son, I love you.”

Dean was taken aback by that; John rarely said it over the years. “Love you too Dad.” Dean turned heel and got on the bus not able to take it anymore.

Most of the young men were joking with one another to hide how nervous they were, some were staring out the window at loved ones in silence. A few had their heads down looking at the dirty floor of the bus.

Dean looked for a seat and halfway down the aisle a deep voice with a distinct accent called out to him. “You can sit here Brother.”

Dean turned and was met with a pair of bright blue eyes. The young guy was built like a brick wall and had a genuine smile. He was a bit scruffy but handsome in a coarse way.

Dean gratefully took a seat next to him and stuck out his hand, “Dean Winchester.”

The guy grabbed Dean’s hand and shook it firmly, “Benny Lafitte.”

Jo had listening for the sound of Dean leaving and a short time later she heard sobbing coming from Cas’ little bedroom. The girl knocked softly on the door, “Big brother, can I come in?”

When there was no answer she let herself in. There she found Cas in a ball on the bed hugging the Dean bear and weeping uncontrollably. Jo asked if he was wearing pajamas and he nodded yes.

She got under the covers with Cas and listened to him cry while she held his hand. Jo couldn’t
bring Dean back to make Cas happy again but she could support him.

Jo was fourteen when Cas came to live above the diner and work for Ellen. Both of them needed a friend badly and found common ground to build a relationship with each other. They both loved to dance and look at cute boys. Cas was shy and Jo was bold, the balance was perfect.

Ellen was actually happy to learn the cute sixteen year old was a homosexual because that put Cas squarely in big brother territory. Now two years later Jo couldn’t have created a better sibling if she tried or Ellen a better son.

Cas finally stopped crying but then he had the hiccups. Jo got him a bottle of 7up and the cure worked. Jo tossed him a shirt, “Come on, let’s go serve some customers. That will take your mind off everything and if you want I’ll sleep here with you tonight.”

He grabbed his Dean bear and hugged it to his chest, “Jo I’m not a baby.”

“Could have fooled me, hurry up, the special today is chipped beef on toast. I bet there is going to be a stampede.”

The thought of chipped beef on toast made Cas’ stomach turn.

…………………..

Dean and Benny passed the time talking about their lives. The subject of boot camp and what it entailed didn’t come up. Benny pulled out a photo of a pretty, dark haired gal with big brown eyes and a nice smile. She was buxom, hourglass shaped and dark complexioned.

Benny kissed the photo and ran a large thumb over it. “Josie and I just got married. I got her in a family way but that’s ok, I was already gonna marry her.”

He tucked the photo back in his pocket, “Josie is Creole and I’m Cajun.”

“She is really pretty Benny, no offense but I hope the kid looks like her.”

Benny gave Dean a playful punch on the shoulder, “Oh I see how it’s gonna be, I got myself a wisecracker of a friend.”

That made Dean feel good, one hour officially in the Army and he already made a buddy.

Dean thought of Cas and how he wished he had a photograph of him to look at. He shook the thought out of his mind and focused on Benny. “Where are you from? If you say Georgia I’m gonna laugh because that’s where we’re headed.”

“No I’m from Louisiana. My Mama left my step-daddy and moved us to Kansas. I brought Josie along... It was good to get away.”

Dean could see the weight of the past on the young man’s shoulders and he felt bad for him. “Must be tough leaving Josie behind.”

“Yes but she’s living with my Mama. My wife and child will be safe.”

“I feel bad for you Benny; I can’t imagine what it would be like to leave a pregnant wife behind. It would drive me crazy with worry.”

Dean talked about his dad and his smart little brother that was going to be a hot shot lawyer someday. Benny asked if he had someone special back home and that made Dean blush, he
lowered his eyes and smiled. “I do, my sweet Angel.”

Benny elbowed his new friend, “Aw I can tell she’s got you wrapped around her finger.”

“Yeah but that’s ok, I love her something fierce.”

Everyday Cas insisted on going to the post office himself and picking up the mail, after a week of nothing since Dean left he was crestfallen. Ellen told him that Dean was probably kept busy all the time and it would take a while for a letter to get to Kansas.

Dean was busy training hard; luckily Dean had plenty of shooting skill from summers at his grandpa’s farm. He learned to hunt, dress his kills and even tan leather. The teen was no shrinking violet when it came to getting his hands dirty. In a way it was a good thing John left Sam and Dean there every summer. The boys became very capable kids that way.

Benny was in his unit and the southern boy proved to be a fierce young warrior. In hand to hand combat no one wanted to train along with Benny. He was strong and skilled. Dean didn’t ask how someone that was only nineteen knew how to fight that well, he was just glad Benny considered him a friend and not an enemy.

That evening after leaving the mess hall the friends took their time getting back to the barracks. The heat and moisture was oppressive and the breeze that came through the propped open windows in the barracks didn’t help much. Benny didn’t mind the weather but Dean was sweating up a storm. He thought about the weather back home and then his mind wandered back to Cas.

“Benny I need to write my gal a letter. I miss her so much...I hope I don’t sound like a figgin’ flower talking like this.”

Benny, a whole one year older than Dean flashed him a smile brighter than the setting sun that was now beginning to dip below the view of the barracks, “No sir, you sound like a man in love. Just between you and me, I’m cryin’ on the inside Brother, cryin’ for my Josie and the bun in her oven.”

Ellen was polishing up the turquoise half circle countertop as she watched Cas bent over a pad of paper writing something. He had written Dean a letter a day since he left and the stack was growing, he didn’t have an address yet and it had been over two weeks.

“My poor boy, I wish I could hug all that loneliness out of you.”

She dropped the rag and headed over with a cup of catnip tea to settle his stomach. Ellen set it in front of him and took a load off. “Writing your beau?”

He only nodded, deep in thought.

Sam burst in the deserted diner waving an envelope and carrying a package, “Cas a letter came to our house from Dean addressed to you. I got one and so did dad.”

Cas slid out of the booth right onto his ass, he scrambled to his feet and snatched the envelope then ran through the back up the stairs and into his room.
Ellen gave Sam a quick hug, “You just earned yourself a cookie! That is the first spark of life I’ve seen in that kid since your brother left.”

Cas rested on his belly, feet kicked up toward the ceiling and the precious first letter spread out on the pillow in front of him.

**Dear Cas,**

*I’m through two whole weeks of boot camp and it’s not so bad. We were taught how to wear and care for our uniforms, military discipline and all that crap. I’m a good shot but a lot of guys don’t know a damn thing! Of course taking apart these guns and putting them back together is a little different but I got the hang of it quick.*

*Good news, I got a friend! His name is Benny Lafitte and he is 19 years old and from Louisiana. He’s a swell guy and a great fighter. It’s neat that I got him for a pal. He’s got a wife back in Kansas by the name of Josie and she’s pregnant. If a pretty Creole gal ever comes in and her name is Josie Lafitte then that’s the one.*

*We get up really early and do calisthenics before breakfast. Our drill sergeant is a tough bird. He makes my old man look like a pussy cat. His name is Sergeant Blake; he says he has to be tough on us so we don’t get killed over there.*

*I miss you so bad, I had a dream about you last night. It was sort of naughty and I woke up in a real state. It’s tough jacking it around a bunch of other guys. I managed to hide it though.*

*Are you still as cute as ever? I bet even cuter. I got to go, sunrise comes early. Do you miss me? Make sure Sammy sends those pictures because I need them.*

*Good Night my sweetest Angel.*

*Love Always,*

*Dean xoxoxo*

Cas immediately wrote a reply back to Dean.

**Dearest Comoara,**

*The moment you left our room a piece of my heart went with you. I’m glad you had a dream of me because I dream of you as I sleep and daydream about you when I’m awake. It makes working difficult. Don’t worry though; I’m stronger than I look!*

*Ellen and Jo keep me busy to take my mind off things and Sam has been very sweet looking out for me.*

*I’m happy you made a friend in Benny. He sounds like a good guy and maybe both of you can watch each other’s backs. Is he going to be infantry like you? I bet his accent is really cute. If a Josie Lafitte ever comes in here I’ll be sure to talk to her.*

*You tell that Sergeant Blake to take it easy on you boys. I hope he doesn’t yell too much.*

*Dean I miss your pretty green eyes and your movie star smile. I miss the way you hold me and*
make everything alright. Our week of joy was worth everything to me. When you come back we will have a lifetime.

I need to go back to work and give Sam all the letters I wrote you so he can mail them right away. You should be getting photographs next time. I’ve been well, just a bit tired and lonely but I have my Dean Bear to hug. Don’t be jealous, you are much better looking.

I’ll write to you often Comoara although I fear my letters will be boring. You know how Prosper is, nothing much happens here. Still I will kiss each letter starting with this one and you can press the paper to your lips and it will be like kissing me.

Love Always,

Angel xoxoxo

Cas opened up his little package from Sears and Roebuck that he picked up at the post office and inside were things the teen never would have ordered before meeting Dean. Money was too tight and he hadn’t been brave enough anyway.

The first thing was a tube of lipstick in a shiny gold tube with fluting around the edges. The color was called Rose Blush, Cas had considered another color called Midnight Mystery but it was much too bold.

He went to the mirror and carefully applied it to his lips. Cas had watched Jo and Ellen apply makeup before so when he got done Cas decided he did a pretty good job. He took the letter and kissed the paper next to his signature leaving a tea rose colored print behind.

Satisfied, he wiped off his mouth and sealed the envelope then gathered the backlog of unsent letters and rushed them down to Sam for mailing.

When Cas came back he took out the other item wrapped in paper, it was a pair of silk tap panties with lace around the legs.

“These are so pretty…I better be careful I don’t stain them from my monthly…come to think of it my monthly is way overdue.”

TBC

A/N- The Army first introduced a formal fitness test to the troops in 1942. Millions of men were being called up to fight in World War II, and not all of them were prepared for the rigors of combat. To get the men in fighting shape, the Army implemented a systematic physical development program as part of the Combat Basic Training course. And the Army Ground Forces Test was designed to assess whether the program was having its desired effect. The test included squat jumps, sit-ups, pull-ups, push-ups, and a 300 yard run. The emphasis was on functional fitness and giving American GI’s the strength, mobility, and endurance they would need to tackle real tasks on the battlefield.
Monday, August 23rd 1943, Three weeks after Dean’s departure.

It was six in the morning and Cas couldn’t sleep. His menstrual cycle had been absent for almost four weeks now and the teen was getting worried. Cas couldn’t afford to get sick because he refused to undress from the waist down for any doctor.

After the humiliation of the Army screening physical that got him swiftly booted right out after the doctor gasped in horror at the sight of Cas’ genitals, perfectly formed or not, Cas had dreaded the thought of getting sick.

He ate very healthy, exercised, stayed away from sick people as much as possible and never smoked and the only time he drank was when he went out with Dean, Sam and Jo that first night. Cas also brushed and flossed twice a day and washed his hands often.

Despite all of that here he was, wide awake and flipped back the pages of his little Coca Cola calendar counting between his cycles. He felt cramps and had spots of blood in his boxers about a week after Dean had left and since then nothing.

Cas put a mark on that day and just waited hoping for the best. He was unaware what he experienced was implantation bleeding.

He got dressed and plastered on a smile as he entered the diner to take orders from cranky early morning customers wanting to get on with their day. Cas told himself everything would be ok.

Ellen stood there; hands on hips watching Cas shovel fried potatoes and scrambled eggs into his mouth. Cas was ravenous.

“Good gravy, slow down kid or you are going to puke.”

He answer was to cover the mess with ketchup and continue eating. Ellen shook her head and went on with her cooking. When Cas got a whiff of the sausages she took out from the oven the grease in the air sent a wave of nausea over him and he upchucked everything over the work counter in back.

Ellen had to stop from doing the same when the sight and smell got to her. “Jo…Jo, get back here!”

Jo walked in and immediately clapped a hand over her mouth and nose, “Oh yuck!”

Cas burst out crying as he went to get the mop bucket and bleach. He eventually stopped crying but then got the hiccups. As Jo was cleaning she grumbled, “You are damn lucky I love you, I don’t clean up puke for just anyone.”

“Sorry *hic* Jo.”

When it was done Cas just stood there in his sullied shirt looking like a whipped puppy. Red rimmed eyes complete with dark circles under them and a defeated look on his face. Ellen waved her hand toward the door, “Get that shirt soaking and I’ll take care of it. Take a bath and go get some sleep, don’t you dare come down here until you feel better.”

“Ok *hic* Ellen.”
Cas walked away with slumped shoulders, Ellen called out, “I love you Cas.”

“Love you too Ellen. *hic*”

…………………..

Dean had a little flashlight under the blanket covering up his head. The photos arrived and he went over and over them again. Finally he settled on one of just Cas standing there with a crooked little smile looking nervous as if the camera was going snatch his soul away. His carefully combed hair was all messy from the wind outside when they were grilling fish.

Dean loved his blue eyes in that photo; they seemed to be staring right at him, wide, innocent and beautiful. Cas’ thick, dark lashes fanned out prettily enhancing what was already lovely.

Benny whispered from his bunk, “Dean is that a picture of your gal you got under there?”

Dean was furiously jerking his dick as quietly as possible, “Yeah, shut up Benny I’m trying to concentrate.”

Benny rolled with his back toward Dean chuckling to himself. Dean was only a year younger but Benny seemed to have a lot more life experience. He started to think of Dean as a kid brother that needed looking after. Benny didn’t plan on getting close to anyone but he couldn’t help it. Dean seemed a lost soul in this world and Benny knew what that felt like.

……………………

John looked around at the sparse furnishings and few mementos around his son’s bedroom.

He rummaged through Dean’s desk finding mail order catalogs earmarked at the men’s undergarment sections. John tried to flip through but the pages were stuck together.

He dropped the catalog he was holding like a hot potato. “Oh shit, he was playing the devils flute over these pictures!”

John flipped through Dean’s yearbook and found his son did no extracurricular activities. There were no signatures or personal messages anywhere. It seemed Dean was like a ghost in high school.

Determined to unearth more clues as to his son’s life, John went through the closet and found a few what could only be described as old love letters from a boy named Collin. There was a photo of him in an envelope and John recognized the kid as the one Dean had hung out with for awhile and then suddenly stopped being friends with him.

“Dad what are you doing in here.”

John looked up and there was Sam with a terse look on his face.

“Just uh…just trying to get to know Dean.”

“Oh yeah, by snooping through his stuff?”

John suddenly noticed how very tall his youngest had gotten. Sam was going to be a big man.

“Sam, what is your brother?”

Now Sam was red in the face angry, “What does that mean? Dean is Dean, see what happens when you poke your nose in other peoples stuff!”
Sam had a legitimate fear of John finding out Dean liked males. He didn’t want to see his big brother fined, go to the nut house for electro shock or maybe prison. At sixteen Sam didn’t really know what happened to guys like Dean but he heard the stories and all of them were bad.

John asked bluntly, “Is he fucking that little gypsy boy, is Dean a nellie?”

Sam turned and walked out refusing to answer.

……………….

Cas took a warm bath after the puking fiasco then went to bed wrapping himself in a blanket despite the heat. He reread the latest letter from Dean.

Angel,

I’m looking at your photo again and missing you so much. A day without you feels like a week for me, it’s like I miss you in dog years!

I confess I look at your photo every night and touch myself. Good thing they make us keep a clean bunk. I bet the camp laundry is full of sheets that can stand up on their own without starch! That’s a joke. haha!

I’m picturing you naked right now, legs spread open wide so I can see everything. When I come home I’m going to bury my face down there for a long time sniffing, licking and kissing all your tender places. Then I’m going to put my you-know-what in a couple places. I won’t say where but I think you know. Remember that virginity we saved? I promise to be careful.

Sorry honey, I’m trying so hard to be romantic tonight but the letter isn’t turning out that way. This letter is sort of dirty and I don’t want to offend you because you’re a class act.

I can’t help it because you drive me crazy. There is no one else but you Angel, forever and ever. Those lipstick kisses are so neat! If I was there, where would you kiss me?

That was point in the letter where some of the words became blurry as if the ink ran from moisture. At first Cas thought it was tears but then he sniffed the paper then touched it with the tip of his tongue and knew exactly what it was. He smiled as he finished reading.

Sorry I messed up the letter. Can you guess what it is? If it’s too gross tell me and I won’t do it anymore and stick to doing it on the sheets. It’s no competition for all the lipstick kisses you put on mine but I hope you like it. Sorry again for being so dirty minded.

Next week is graduation, I’ll send you photos of me in uniform and some of Benny and some other guys I hang out with.

I’ll sign off for now, write me soon. Your letters keep me going.

Love Forever,

Comoara xoxoxo

……………….

A week later at an ungodly hour Jo came banging at Cas’ door. “Wake up its Dean on the phone!”

Cas stumbled out of bed and out the door in his boxers. Jo grabbed big brother by the hand and practically dragged him into their apartment right to the phone.
Ellen was finishing up her end of the conversation. “Dean your sweetie just showed up…good luck son I’m sending my prayers your way…yes I’m looking after him…ok here he is.”

Cas put the phone to his ear trying to hold it steady with his shaking hands.

“Dean…I love you…miss you too Comoara…when…oh I see. What is the European theater, do you get to see plays? Stop laughing at me I don’t know what that is! Don’t worry… yes, Sam checks up on me.”

Cas managed to keep his voice steady even though tears were streaming down his face. “I love, love, love you. Be safe my precious Treasure…goodbye.”

He put the phone on the receiver then sat heavily on the loveseat in Ellen’s living room. “He’s leaving for the war now…it’s real…Dean will be in danger.”

Jo wrapped an afghan Ellen had crocheted around Cas and sat next to him. “Don’t worry; I have faith that Dean will be just fine. He’s very smart and strong just like Sam. It’s in the Winchester blood.”

Ellen looked out the window watching the sun rise. “Get a couple hours of shut eye Cas and then come down for some oatmeal, it seems like the only thing you can keep down most mornings. This stress over Dean is getting to you. Maybe I should get you an appointment with my doctor for a checkup.”

Cas stood abruptly, “No doctors!”

He hurried out of the room dropping the afghan behind him. They heard his bedroom door slam shut and the lock turn.

……………….

Dean stood there looking up at the imposing troop carrier he was about to board. It would take them over first to an unknown destination, for security the men didn’t know exactly where they would end up. From there he would be sent where he was needed. Dean was terrified but pushed the fear down until it felt like a lead weight in his gut.

A little guy they called Rooster pushed Dean ahead, “Come on keep moving before we get yelled at.”

Dean craned his neck to try and catch a glimpse of Benny in the crowd but the momentum of the bodies behind him shoved Dean up the gangway. They were herded like cattle, struggling under the weight of 100 pound duffel bags, packs with bed rolls, rifles and steel helmets into a gaping hole in the side of the towering ship.

Dean followed the man in front of him through a maze of hatches and companionways until he reached the assigned area. This consisted of a forest of steel pipes with bunks three deep. Dean had to leave his gear in the narrow aisle with all the rest. There were no portholes because they were situated under the waterline. The place was warming up and the smell of sweaty young men would become much worse as the voyage went on.

Already it was the most depressing place Dean had ever been, at least so far.

……………………

Four days later…
Dean had a big guy below him that passed a lot of wind and Benny above him, unfortunately Benny snored. Dean was stuck in a shit sandwich the whole trip but he would put up with farts and snoring if it meant Benny was in close proximity.

Benny had convinced the guy that had been in the top bunk to switch. He was very persuasive; with his twinkling blue eyes, easy smile and pleasing accent people tended to listen to him. If that didn’t work Benny showed off his strong, stocky frame and that usually did the trick without incident. Most men didn’t want to tackle with Benny.

The men spent their time playing cards, drinking, fighting or writing letters to send once they arrived at their destination. The rest of the time was spent hanging your head over the side and vomiting from seasickness. The sailors joked about the Army boys and their tender tummies.

Dean had offered Benny the middle bunk at one point but Benny joked, “I like it on top just ask my wife.”

Benny was tired of cards and went to lie in his bunk; once settled he reached down and poked Dean with a finger. “Are you sleeping Brother?”

Dean whispered, “I can’t sleep, my gut hurts and my heart hurts.”

“Then write your Angel love another letter. It’ll take your mind off the bellyache and put a balm on your soul for the heartache.”

“Thanks Benny, you always put stuff in perspective.”

Dean heard the ship groan loudly perhaps in protest of the dangerous voyage it was forced to make. It was a sound Dean didn’t think he could ever get used to, “How much longer on this monster Benny, it’s taking forever.”

Benny peeked over the edge and gave his friend a concerned look; one Dean didn’t usually associate with Benny.

“Are you that anxious to have men shooting at you little Brother?”

Dean rolled toward the wall, “No…that was a shitty thing to say.”

“Sorry Dean, I’m scared too you know. They said it was about ten days to get there. Say Dean, you never did show me a photo of your gal.”

Dean went through his envelope of photos and pulled one out of Cas and Jo then handed it up to Benny. He heard his friend whistle.

“My, my, my…what a pretty little thing, such lovely eyes.”

“Yeah I know. My Angel is sweet, gentle, an excellent dancer, smart as a whip and has the biggest heart ever.” Dean took the photo back; “It feels good when someone loves you no matter what.”

The big guy in the bottom bunk started snickering, “Jesus, are you gonna start bawling Winchester? You better nut up because there’s no room for wimps over there.”

Dean growled, “Shut the fuck up Douglas, you’re jealous I got someone special and you don’t.”

Douglas snorted, “I get plenty of tail back home Winchester.”
“Big deal, mine is a class act. I don’t need anyone else because I got love on my side.”

“Swear to god Winchester, if I have to hear you pining for that little slice some more I’ll kick your ass.”

Benny leaning over the edge, “Douglas, do you take issue with my friend?”

“Oh…no, sorry Benny.”

Benny settled back and pulled the wool blanket over his face to try and get some shuteye. “That is what I thought.”

Eventually most of the men fell into a fitful sleep. Some stayed up whispering to one another and the rest cried as quietly as possible.

………………

Cas stood naked in front of the free standing mirror in his bedroom, the one with a crack down the middle. He thought the mirror was fitting since he often felt divided and confused.

Without Dean there to shore him up in ways no one else ever could, Cas clung tenaciously to the reserve of strength his lover managed to bring out in him in just one magical week.

Cas ran a hand over his hard, flat belly and pressed. It was just a bit softer, nothing else had changed. His ribs still showed, even more so with the vomiting. Cas was having a hard time holding weight, he always had.

He once again went over his little calendar trying to come up with an answer that made sense, something to explain away the slow progress towards whatever was happening inside his body.

“I must be sick from stress like Ellen said. That makes perfect sense and I just didn’t see it. No doctors…keep it to yourself Cas just like always.”

He ate breakfast upstairs now just in case he felt like vomiting again. Customers didn’t need to hear retching while they were trying to enjoy a meal.

Ellen made him grits with cream and honey in an attempt to fatten him up. The spoon clattered against the vitrified china as he scooped up the mess. Cas swallowed it down not tasting it really, he was too busy concentrating on getting to the bottom of the bowl.

“I wish you were here Dean.”

……………………

The smell of liver and onions as the special of the day was getting to Cas and he told Jo to take over in the kitchen. The bell above the door tinkled when a ruggedly handsome man entered the diner.

John Winchester strode across the room and picked a booth before anyone could seat him. He looked around until he laid eyes on Cas standing there clutching a menu in front of his belly like a protective shield.

Cas wasn’t even aware he was doing it. Even though the teenager had an inkling of what might be wrong he couldn’t face the possibility of pregnancy because the consequences would be devastating. Cas told himself he was medical mystery plain and simple, that stress was causing the
absence of menstruation, the change in appetite and sleep pattern plus the nausea that seemed to get worse by the day.

John gave him an easy smile and a wave. That snapped Cas out of his thoughts. He bravely headed over to face Deans dad.

TBC

A/N- Passenger ships were often employed as troop carriers during WWII. The RMSQueenMary and the RMSQueenElizabeth were two of the most famous converted liners of WorldWarII. When they were fully converted, each could carry well over 10,000 troops per trip. Queen Mary holds the all-time record, with 15,740 troops on a single passage in late July of 1943 transporting a staggering 765,429 military personnel during the war.
Cas handed John a menu, “Hi Mr. Winchester. The special today is liver and onions.” It made poor Cas queasy to even think of the dish.

John cast his eyes over the teen from head to toe and noticed he looked worn out. The man had all sorts of things he wanted to talk to the kid about but for the moment he settled on ordering lunch. “I’ll have the meatloaf and mashed potatoes.”

He avoided looking at John and scribbled on the ticket with a little frown on his face. “That comes with creamed corn. What would you like to drink?”

John didn’t see beer on the lunch menu so he ordered coffee. “Cas, take a break and have lunch with me.”

Cas’ gut felt sour and empty. The thought of being trapped in a booth with John was almost too much for him to take. Actually the man hadn’t been unkind when Cas went to visit with. He was just worried the man would ask questions, give opinions and try to pull things out of Cas he could never admit.

With no way out he nodded in the positive and headed back to put in the order.

Ellen eyeballed John Winchester through the service window. She gave a low whistle, “That is one handsome man; I see where Sam and Dean get it from. I bet they had a pretty mama.”

Jo thought she was going to die on the spot, “Oh my god, mom what is wrong with you?”

“Nothing, I’m just not dead from the neck down. When I see a hunk I get all tingly. Don’t worry I won’t jump his bones.”

Jo made retching sounds in her own little melodrama then went to dish up the food to get away from any mention of her mother’s libido.

Ellen draped an arm across Cas’ shoulders and tickled his ear. “Come on, I bet he doesn’t bite. Sooner or later you have to talk to him, he’s Dean’s daddy. If John asks anything personal change the subject or laugh it off and insist you and Dean are only buddies. Whatever you do don’t tell the truth no matter what. Go take your break and enjoy a lunch with him.”

Cas lifted the tray of food and headed over to his doom, at least that’s what it felt like.

Dean had rarely traveled anywhere outside of Prosper and couldn’t believe he was away over in England. They were stationed around Cornwall, one of many spots the American troops were placed throughout the United Kingdom.

Once the men were settled in, heard a brief speech about protocol, schedules and training before shipping to parts unknown their CO gave the men time to get aquatinted with their surroundings.

Dean, Benny, Rooster and Douglas had cash in their pockets from their pay and went in search of a little adventure. Dean wanted to go to the shops and buy Cas a gift and maybe see a movie but he
was out voted and they ended up in a tavern to sample the local booze.

There were other soldiers there along with a nice selection of local girls clamoring for some of the treats the soldiers brought with them. Chocolate bars, M & Ms in cardboard tubes among other treats were always welcome.

There was music playing in the tavern and a pretty little lady asked Dean to dance. He was the best looking guy there and the other females stared daggers at the floozy for getting to him first.

Before Cas came into his life Dean would have taken a tumble with her but his heart was already taken. Still a dance wouldn’t hurt and Dean was in need of some fun. They slow danced together and he felt the girl whose name was Margaret press her body tight against his. Ample breasts rubbing back and forth with nipples golf tee stiff.

Dean was only human and he had a zipper scraping erection and hated himself for it. She reached down and palmed it, “Someone is ready for a little fun. I have a flat nearby, care to come over and I’ll take care of this swelling?”

He took her by the shoulders and gently pushed her off him, “I can’t, I got someone special back home and I love her to death. Sorry.”

Margaret’s lips tightened into a thin line. “Lucky me, I get the one faithful soldier in the whole joint.” She flounced away and Dean went out the back. He stood in the short alley catching his breath and trying to stem the lust he felt. Nothing worked and Dean was soon facing the wall and tugging his cock to thoughts of Cas. He spilled his seed over the brick and quickly zipped up.

“God, I can’t believe I got hard…I’m never dancing with anyone again except Cas.”

Dean couldn’t make himself go back in the tavern so he wandered through the large town until he hit what looked like the main street. There were a couple pubs, a mom and pop grocer, a café and a fancier looking restaurant, an antique store and a tattoo parlor.

It was the tattoo parlor that caught his eye.

“Where are you going Brother?”

Dean turned and somehow Benny managed to sneak up behind him. “Jesus, you scared the crap out of me! I’m thinking of getting a tattoo, what do you think?”

Benny peered in the window and the place looked clean with two barbershop style chairs. “Depends, are you planning on a hula dancer or a battle ship?”

“No, I want to the name “Angel” in a heart.”

Benny pulled up his sleeve and looked down at the muscular arm, “Maybe I should get “Josie” in a heart. Is “Angel” your loves real first name?”

“No, it’s Cas, short for…Cassandra. Cas calls me “Comoara” it’s Romanian for “treasure” and I call Cas “Angel” because she is an angel in my eyes, pure and sweet with eyes like the bluest summer sky.”

Dean realized he might have made a mistake, he couldn’t remember what color Jo’s eyes were. If they weren’t blue then Benny might figure things out. He pushed his way through the door putting an end to their conversation.
John tried not to stare as Cas’ shaky hand dipped a fork into his mash potatoes and gravy then brought it to his mouth. “Kid, you’re as nervous as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs.”

Cas took a sip of clear soda then stabbed a small piece of meatloaf. He examined it with a frown wondering how it would sit with him. He didn’t answer John; he just wanted to get the meal over with. Deciding he felt well enough, Cas popped the meatloaf in his mouth and chewed.

John shoveled his food in and waved for a refill on his coffee. Jo came right over and filled it up. She looked at her poor big brother and wished she could have rescued him. Cas looked up at her with his big blue eyes pleading for help.

She felt like a jerk leaving him there but Ellen said to let them talk in private.

John smiled at him, “How are things going with you Cas?”

Cas crossed his arms in front of his still flat belly, “Fine.”

John noticed the silver ring “Is that Dean’s?”

“Yes, it was a going away gift. I gave him one also, a lucky horseshoe silver necklace.”

John looked around and found no one seated within earshot but he kept his voice low. “I don’t know what exactly is going on between you and my son but if it’s what I think it is both of you are in for a world of heartache.”

Cas tightened his arms defensively, “I don’t know what you mean. Dean and I are friends.”

“Cas I think you’re a nice kid…”

“I’m not a kid!”

John pinched the bridge of his nose silently counting to ten and then opened his eyes. “I see that silver ring of Dean’s on your finger and I noticed the way he mooned over you at my house. I won’t say it out loud but we both know what I’m talking about here. Cas the world is a harsh place for people like you…” he let out a heavy sigh, “…and Dean I suppose. I don’t want to see you both shunned for it.”

Cas tried to squint back the tears but that just made them run hot and plentiful down his red cheeks.

“You don’t need to tell me how harsh the world is Mr. Winchester. My body is covered with reminders from my father Lawrence who let me know nightly how hard life is for someone like me.”

John sat back and averted his gaze, feeling ashamed of himself. It was actually quite a new sensation for him. John spent his life blaming other people for his shortcomings but since he found out Dean had to leave, the man tried his best to change and looked forward to his eldest coming home safe and sound so maybe they could start over as a family.

“I’m sorry to hear that son…truly I am. I admit I was a negligent dad to my boys when they needed me the most. The only thing I didn’t do was whip them…I yelled at them a lot. Dean was Sam’s father growing up.”

He pulled out a clean handkerchief and handed it over to Cas who looked at it not sure what to do.
“Go on, take it.”
Cas took it and dabbed at the tears then blew his nose.
“I was worried when Dean said his girl was a gypsy…”
Cas frowned at that man, “Romani.”
“Sorry kid to me your always going to be the little gypsy boy.”
He was pleased to see Cas shoot him a look of death, it meant that the kid had some piss and
vinegar after all.
“As I was saying, when Dean told me that I was worried about the whole ethnic issue and how
people might react but I told myself Dean was happy so I’d get over it quick enough. This
homosexual relationship I don’t understand at all.”
Cas blurted out, “I love Dean” then got up and ran to the back.

John sat there with his mouth open.
Jo came by with the bill. “Better close your mouth Mr. Winchester, we got flies around here. Why
did my brother hightail it out of here so fast?”
He pulled some bills from his wallet and told Jo to keep the change. “It’s personal Jo.”
She pulled up a chair blocking John in and sat down. “Mr. Winchester, Cas is a good, pure and
kind soul. Don’t discount him so easily.”
Jo got up and gave who she hoped was her future father-in-law a pretty smile and left.

…………………..

Benny was sitting there with his brand new “Josie” tattoo all greased up and covered in waxed
paper. He had his wife’s name done in fancy lettering and surrounded in a heart of flowers. He had
a blank heart the same put next to it so when his child was born he could have the babies name
done inside it.
Dean joked Benny might end up with hearts all over because Benny said he wanted lots of
children. Benny just shrugged and said that would be just fine.
At the moment Dean was hanging tough as his traditional Valentine style heart was done with a
lacy edge and “Angel” done in cursive inside it. Above were two doves meeting beak to beak, one
with a blue eye and the other with a green eye. It was a lovely thing and Dean was lucky to have a
skilled artist to do it.
The amount it cost was dear but Dean felt it was worth it for quality. He only planned on loving
one person for the rest of his life and he wanted that represented in the best possible way.
They had spent the day there getting them done then picked up some whiskey and headed back to
camp. His arm hurt like hell but it was worth it.

……………………

September 29th 1943
Cas had received one last letter from Dean before they sent him to fight. It was a frustrating letter with little information. Dean mentioned the letters were censored and the men weren’t allowed to give the home front any information.

My Dearest Angel,

I have a surprise for you when I come home. Wait until you see it! My best buddy Benny and me went and got tattoos. Mine had “Angel” done in real fancy script inside a Valentine heart. There are even two doves, one blue eyed and one green eyed. I think you will like it; the tattoo is pretty just like you.

Gosh I miss you so much, even with the guys it gets so lonely here. I miss your crooked little smile, the way your nostrils flair when you get huffy which is hardly never, and your arms to comfort me at night. The thing I miss the most besides you-know-what is your beautiful blue eyes.

No dirty stuff in this letter Baby, I feel tired now. We are leaving for someplace I can’t say in a letter. I’ll be fighting then but don’t worry, now that I found you I have something worth coming home to.

They called lights out so I have to go. Keep writing so I have a stack of letters to read when I get a break. Also don’t forget to kiss the letters, I love your kisses so much.

This war won’t last forever but my love for you will.

Love, your one and only,

Dean xoxoxo

After reading the letter Cas went to the broken standing mirror and stood to the side. He had to admit what was happening now especially since at only two months along he had the slightest of swelling to his normally flat belly. Cas wondered how long he could hide the truth.

TBC

A/N- Because of the decree given in 1909 by the United States government stating "Indecent or obscene tattooing is cause for rejection, the applicant should be given an opportunity to alter the design, in which event he may, if otherwise qualified, be accepted", when World War 2 came around, every man with a tattoo of a naked lady rushed to have a brassiere, a skirt, bubbles or...anything added on to cover up the naked bits, so they would be allowed to serve their country.

A/N- Because many of servicemen had never been abroad before, the War Department sent with them a pamphlet called Instructions for American Servicemen in Britain. This pamphlet was designed to familiarize these servicemen with life in Britain—the history, culture, even the slang. The pamphlet also encouraged the men to get along with the British to help defeat Hitler. It is filled with great advice like “Don’t be a show off,” “NEVER criticize the King or Queen,” and “The British don’t know how to make a good cup of coffee. You don’t know how to make a good cup of tea. It’s an even swap.” The pamphlet concludes by telling the servicemen that while in Great Britain, their slogan should be “It is always impolite to criticize your hosts; it is militarily stupid to criticize your allies.”
October 1943

After a half hour of waiting Ellen banged on the bathroom door. “Cas come on, I need to get ready for work!”

Cas was on his knees dry heaving over the toilet bowl. There was nothing left to add to the mess. He gripped the edge of the sink and slowly rose to his feet then flushed the evidence.

“Just a minute Ellen, I have to brush my teeth.”

Cas was three months pregnant and still trying his very best to hide his small belly. So far it was working but the boy knew his days were numbered. Cas thought of running away but there was nowhere to go.

Females had a hard enough time being pregnant unwed mothers. Cas as a hermaphrodite would be seen as a freak of nature who was unable to love or take care of a child. God forbid if Dean was found out as the father. It would be definite jail time and a criminal record that would follow the rest of his life.

Cas splashed his face with cold water and quickly brushed his teeth then exited the bathroom rushing past Ellen.

Ellen noticed the oversized shirt he wore un-tucked. Cas had changed his style slowly going from pants that showed off his slender build and neatly tucked in shirts to looking sloppy.

“I have to have a talk with that boy. Something is wrong.”

By closing time that evening Cas was tired and dragging his feet. Sinking into a tub full of bubbles was Heaven on Earth. The teenager felt the warmth relax his sore feet. He recalled the foot rubs Dean had given him that magical week they fell in love.

“I wish you were hear Comoara…not only to rub my feet but to be safe and sound in my arms every night.”

The next morning Cas stood naked in front of the full length mirror slowly running his hands over the swelling from the pregnancy. Cas’ torso was smooth and hairless and looked like a girls pregnant body from the pubic line up.

Cas pressed the puffy area around each nipple. He had mixed emotions over the budding promise and the thought of breast feeding. After a lifetime of easily hiding his feminine parts below the waist the thought of bosoms was frightening. He told himself Dean would enjoy them even if they might only be temporary and that made him feel just a little better.

After rummaging through the closet Cas chose a navy blue oversized hand-me-down shirt figuring a dark color would hide his body better. He prided himself on being neat and tidy and hated not tucking it in but desperate times call for desperate measures.
He patted his belly, “I hope you appreciate your mommy looking like a slob.”

“Oh my god…I’m talking to it…this is real.”

…………………

Jo waited until the last minute to open the doors. She filled the napkin dispensers as the jukebox played Perfida.

She held her hand out to a tired looking Cas, “Come on Baby Blues, dance with me!”

He couldn’t resist. Cas took her hand and twirled Jo then grabbed the lithe teen around the waist and dipped her. The customers waiting the last five minutes before the doors opened applauded wildly. Jo’s Diner became like a ballroom when those two danced together.

The pair did a rough tango across the floor and this time Jo spun Cas. She playfully grabbed her big brother from behind with hands resting on his belly. Jo gasped when she felt a firm swell under the baggy shirt.

The song ended with her standing there mouth agape and him dashing for the stairs.

……………………

The Verdant Hills of Southern Italy

Dean found himself trapped with Benny behind a crumbling wall of an abandoned monastery under enemy fire.

Shelling began from both sides and they took the opportunity to move toward the forest and safety. Nearly there, Dean suddenly felt hot pain run through him. He collapsed to the ground.

Benny yelled for a medic as he went on his belly crawling over to his fallen friend. He held the bleeding young man in his arms, “Brother, say something.”

Dean murmured, “Cas…my Angel.”

Trying to keep Dean awake until the medic got to him, Benny asked questions. “Tell me about your Angel.”

Tears flowed from Dean’s rich green eyes cutting paths through the blood spray on his face. Delirious from the pain he murmured, “I love him so much. I wanna go home to my Angel.”

The medic arrived just as Benny whispered in Dean’s ear, “Don’t say anymore about him little Brother.”

The medic glanced at Benny who was holding his own bleeding arm. He tossed Benny a packet. “Soldier, pack that with sulfa power pronto. This boy needs attention first. He’s in a bad way.”

……………………

Ellen and Jo did the closing up that night and afterward both went straight to Cas’ door and Ellen gave a firm knock. “I know you’re in there honey so open up. We need to talk.”

The door slowly opened and the teenager peered out at them, “Talk about what?”

“The fact that you’ve been sick a lot and you seem to be...well, swollen.”
Jo chimed in, “And you dress crappy now. What’s with the sloppy shirts? If you’re getting fat it’s ok Cas.”

Cas gave a sigh of defeat, there was no way to hid anything from the two determined females. He slowly opened the door and ushered them inside.

Ellen took the rocking chair and Jo sat on the bed. Both looked expectantly at the boy in the oversized bathrobe.

Cas undid the belt. “If I tell you a secret about me do you promise to still love me and not think I’m a monster?”

Ellen reached out and touched the sleeve of his robe. “Nothing could make us think you were a monster or stop loving you. Cas you know you’re my boy.”

He pointed to his crotch, “I have both.”

Ellen leaned forward staring at where he was pointing but Cas was covered up. “Both of what?”

He cast his blue eyes downward as a blush rose in his cheeks. “I’m male and female…down there. I’m what you call a hermaphrodite. I was told I am rare because I get monthlies like a girl and everything works.”

Jo’s big brown eyes widened to the size of saucers, “You gotta be kidding us!”

Cas frowned at his little sister, “Well I’m not showing you to prove it. Everything looks normal except it’s sorta crowded. Sometimes I don’t know which part I’m going to pee out of.”

Ellen sat there with her mouth open as her mind worked on fitting the pieces together.

He opened his robe and dropped it to the floor. Just in boxers with the waist band sitting his under gut, Cas rubbed his belly. “I’m pretty sure I have a baby in here. I figure I got pregnant the very end of July when I lost my girl virginity to Dean.”

That snapped Ellen out of her shock, “I will keelhaul that rascal!

Jo, always ready to say something inappropriate asked, “You still have your boy virginity then? You know…your butthole.”

“Yes.”

Ellen snapped, “Joanna Beth Harvelle shut your trap!”

Cas defended Dean to Ellen. “It wasn’t his fault. Dean didn’t know this could happen and neither did I. How could anyone know?”

Jo also defended Dean. “Mom its true, Dean is crazy for Cas. I just know he’ll do the right thing.”

Cas shook his head sadly, “I can’t put that on him. Dean’s life will be ruined forever. I have forty six dollars saved up so I can leave. I don’t want people to know what kind of person you have working here.”

Ellen softened her tone. “You mean my loving boy and loyal employee? They can all suck eggs for all I care.”

It was pure bravado on Ellen’s part. She knew it was true what Cas said but she was determined to
figure something out. Ellen got up and grabbed his face turning it from side to side, “You are pretty…I notice you don’t get stubble by the end of the day anymore.”

“No Ma’am, I don’t get a beard anymore since this happened.” He touched a nipple, “I’m even getting puffy little boobies for milk I guess.”

A smile crept across Ellen’s face as a crazy idea came to her.

……………………

Dean’s eyes slowly opened then shut again. A female voice gently called to him. “Private Winchester, time to wake up.”

Dean forced his eyes open and saw a young nurse smiling down at him. He mumbled, “Why do I feel woozy?”

The nurse dabbed his forehead was a cool, damp cloth. That would be the morphine.”

He closed his eyes again. The effort to keep them open was too difficult. “I thought I died.”

“Close but no cigar handsome. The doctor will check on you in a bit.”

“Where am I?”

“London.”

“Where is Benny?”

“Who?”

“My best buddy…Benny Lafitte.”

“Worry about yourself Private Winchester.”

“Nurse…what’s wrong with me?”

She looked over his injuries with concern but didn’t want to upset him. “Wait for the doctor and he can explain.”

TBC

A/N- The discovery of Sulfanilamide greatly affected the mortality rate during World War II. American soldiers were taught to immediately sprinkle sulfa powder on any open wound to prevent infection. Every soldier was issued a first aid pouch that was designed to be attached to the soldier’s waist belt. The first aid pouch contained a package of sulfa powder and a bandage to dress the wound. One of the main components carried by a combat medic during World War II was sulfa powder and sulfa tablets.
A very nervous Cas sat on a straight back dining chair in Ellen’s apartment with a worried expression on his face. “Don’t vomit…don’t run…don’t vomit…Don’t run…”

Jo toyed with his messy dark hair that was growing out nicely, “Penny for your thoughts.”

Cas bolted for the bathroom and let go of the meatloaf special. It was much worse coming out than going in. Afterward he sat on the tile floor against the tub and cried his eyes out. Jo came in, cleaned her big brother up and guided him back to apartment.

Ellen gave him a glass of clear soda to settle his stomach. She pushed back his sweaty bangs and kissed his forehead. “My poor boy…um…or do you prefer girl?”

Cas closed his eyes and took some deep breaths. “I identify with both but if I wasn’t in this condition I would prefer “boy”. I suppose calling me a girl at this point would make more sense.” He sighed wearily already feeling the urge to take a nap. “Men’s clothing is so comfortable and practical.”

Jo was already rummaging through her sewing notions. “Don’t worry big sister, I can whip you up some comfortable lady clothes. Loose blouses, a Victory suit, wide leg pants, it will all work out. I can adjust my patterns for your body. I’m lucky you aren’t big like a regular guy.”

She giggled, “Good thing you aren’t Sam’s size.” Jo whispered in Cas’ ear, “He’s big all over.”

“Shee-gled, “Good thing you aren’t Sam’s size.” Jo whispered in Cas’ ear, “He’s big all over.”

“Gee thanks Jo. My confidence is now at an all time high.”

The two females had shanghaied him, taken his measurements and were going through all of the hand me down clothing from his closet along with fabric from all sorts of sources.

There were stacks of tablecloths in various patterns left by the previous owner. Jo used them to make clothing, curtains, and even reupholstered a chair with some of it. With fabric being scarce it was a veritable treasure trove.

Jo held up a gay colored tiny chintz pattern fabric. “This would make such a cute maternity outfit for you Cas.”

He was wary about the whole idea. “Please explain this to me again.”

Ellen was confident of her plan. “You are going to vanish for a month. When the customers ask what happened to you I’ll tell them you left to live with a relative but your fraternal twin sister is coming to take over your job. We dress you in pretty and stylish maternity clothes and subtle makeup to emphasize your beautiful blue eyes and thick lashes plus some nice lipstick and shape up your brows. Bam, we got ourselves a girl.”

Cas sat quietly for awhile and the ladies gave him time to mull it all over. The pregnant teen’s voice came softly, “So my name is still Cas?”

“Short for Cassandra, we can also call you Cassie.”

His frown became more pronounced, “Leaving with the forty six dollars I saved up is looking better all the time.”
Jo tossed the chintz fabric on the cutting table and marched over to her brother. “This will work. Trust us we can do it. People see what they want to see. Fortunately you are pretty petite for a male and look younger than eighteen. Cas you have a softness about you from all the girl essence you have. Your pie slice gives you an advantage.”

Ellen raised a brow, “Pie slice, where did you get that from?”

Jo giggled and blushed, “That’s what Sam calls it because he can’t say vagina or pussy.”

“Joanna Beth Harvelle, I swear if Sam Winchester has done anything with your pie slice…”

“No mom, I’m still as pure as the driven snow.” She sighed, “Only because Sam is a gentleman… damn.”

“Jo!”

She grinned at her mother then went to go through the fabric again.

When Cas hit puberty and his voice began to change it was a sweet voice but deep. The female in him kept out the gravel but still it would be hard to disguise. “What about the way I talk?”

Ellen started naming off Stars, “Marlene Dietrich, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford…would you like me to keep naming famous women with strong, rich voices? You are in good company Cassie.”

Cas brightened right up, “Hey you’re right Ellen. I’m like a Star.”

He stood and did a hip shake dance move in his boxers. That coupled with his little protruding belly was a pretty comical sight. Both Ellen and Jo got a good laugh.

………………

Doctor Fredrickson looked over Dean’s medical chart. “You are a lucky young man.”

Dean looked at the heavy cast all the way up his leg to the hip, “Yeah I feel super lucky.”

Fredrickson gave the young soldier a sour look, “Yes you are. We managed to save the leg. One of the bullets just missed your liver; I removed it and saw no organ damage. The other bullet broke your femur…your thigh bone. I pieced it back together as best I could. There was also muscle damage. It’s a wheelchair for you but if all heals well you can graduate to a crutch and then a cane. Now we just have to watch for infection but with penicillin you have a good chance of getting through this.”

Dean rolled his head away from the doctor staring down at him like a bug. “So I’m gonna be a cripple.”

“You have youth on your side. With hard work and a lot of luck who knows what could happen. Don’t look for trouble.”

“Trouble already found me.”

A bitter tear slide down his face hitting the pillow, Dean wiped it away and tried to look strong even though he felt weak as a kitten.

“Could you tell me about my buddy Benny Lafitte?”

“I don’t divulge patient information. He’s in another ward but I’ll have to nurse tell him you
inquired about his welfare. Now if you will excuse me private I have many other patients’ worse off than you to attend to.”

………………

Dean lay there for several hours waiting for someone to come. He was in a world of pain. Even though Dean knew that it was true, there were others much worse off he still didn’t feel lucky. He began to wonder if Cas would want him as damaged goods.

Dean worried he wouldn’t regain use of the leg and end up dragging it around as a grim reminder of the war. No mechanics courses, no dancing and maybe no relationship. “Cas isn’t shallow like that...maybe he’d still love me even if I am damaged goods.”

A nurse finally came in and began passing out pain medication. When she got to Dean the middle aged woman mustered a smile for the sad looking young private. “Here, this will make you feel better.”

Dean studied her for a moment. She was a handsome woman with a silver streak running through her brunette hair which was done in a sensible chignon. The nurse had a very kind face. He relaxed and took the pills and the glass of water downing them like a good boy. He turned away from her again.

“How old are you?”

“Eighteen.”

She tapped her nametag, “I’m Nurse Berry but you can call me Rose.”

Now it was Dean that smiled, “Rose Berry, it sounds like some kind of weird flavor of pie. I like pie.” His smile vanished in an instant and he turned away again.

Rose looked over his chart then hung it back on the bed. “Well Dean Winchester, I’m going to be one of the nurses taking care of you. If you work with me as soon as we start therapy I could arrange for a piece of pie. What do you like?”

He perked up, “Seriously...pie? Ok, I want to be able to travel as soon as possible. I need to see my family and my Angel.”

She dimpled up when she saw the determination in the teenager’s eyes, “Excellent. First things first, the bone has to mend. Once that cast comes off and your able to move from the bed to a wheelchair you’ll get shipped back home and from there it’s crutches and a cane.”

Dean grabbed the strap used to pull himself up and with effort sat up so she could raise the bed.

“How old are you?”

“Go?”

“Defecate or urinate.”

Dean made a sour face. He was beet red by the time he managed an answer, “Yah, both.”

She waved over one of the younger nurses and handed her a bed pan. “There you go new gal, I gave you a handsome one at least.”

………………
Sam spun around on one of the diner stools waiting for Jo to take a break. He looked around for Cas then stopped his spinning long enough to ask his gal where her brother was.

Jo couldn’t meet his gaze; she always had a hard time lying to Sam. “Cas moved to live with and take care of a sick relative. His fraternal twin sister Cassie is coming to fill his spot and take over his room.”

Sam studied her looking for deception. “Huh, I never heard about a sister. Where has she been hiding?”

“Oh, they were estranged. He never talked about her because their father liked her better.”

Sam held out a letter, “Well I have to give him this. It’s from Dean and it’s important. Dad and I got a letter at the same time and it said Dean got injured.”

Ellen overheard and came out from the kitchen, “Injured?”

Sam nodded solemnly, “Dean couldn’t tell me how it happened in a letter but he said his leg is messed up.” Sam now had tears streaming down his face. When it came to his brother Dean the teenager was very tenderhearted. “He got shot and took a bullet to thigh bone. I want him home so I can take care of him. But he won’t be ready to travel for awhile.”

Ellen took the letter and slipped it into her apron pocket. “Thank you Sam, I’ll be sure Cas gets it.”

…………………..

Dean was asleep when a smooth familiar voice woke him up. His emerald eyes flickered open and there was Benny sitting at his bedside.

The sweet Cajun managed a smile for him. “Hello Brother.”

Dean grabbed the strap and pulled himself to a sitting position. “Boy am I glad to see you Benny. Can you give me a hand with the bed here?”

That was when Dean noticed something was terribly wrong.

TBC

A/N- The shortage of fabric also caused the popularity of the two piece suit know as a Victory or Utility suit. Women could mix and match skirts, blouses, and jackets for a new outfit every day. Even after the war the suits remained popular due to its comfort and practicality.

Pants or trousers were a men’s wear item only until the 1940’s. Women working in factories needed safe clothing that wouldn’t snag in machinery. At first women just wore mens pants. Later manufactures made pants for women although they still looked very masculine. They were very high waisted, button or zippered down the side, and had full legs with wide cuffs at the bottom. They were made of cotton, denim or wool blends. Women wore them at work mostly but soon became a part of their casual wardrobe at home and for fun.
Oh Baby

Benny wore a hospital gown with a robe over top. One sleeve was safety pinned to the fabric below the elbow. The lower half of his arm was missing. Benny raised the bed with his one good arm and then sat glumly on a metal chair next to the bed. The smile was gone.

Dean had tears in his eyes partly from the pain of changing positions and partly because of the loss of a limb Benny suffered. The bright blue eyed young man looked defeated. It was a look Dean had never seen before on his friend who usually was a half glass full sort of guy.

“Benny I’m so sorry.”

“Why, you didn’t shatter my joint with a bullet.” He mustered another smile for Dean, “I’m truly glad they saved your leg. Now you can go home to that blue eyed Angel you always talk about.”

Benny pulled the bloodstained photograph of Sam, Cas and Jo from his robe pocket. He placed it on the nightstand. “I couldn’t get the blood off.”

Dean remembered that Benny knew the truth about him. The soldier turned away so as not to meet his gaze. “Did you tell on me?”

Benny moved the chair as close as he could and leaned in to talk speaking in a hushed tone, “Never, I kind of know what it’s like. Well not exactly, I imagine the love you share with your Angel is very dangerous.”

Benny touched his friend’s shoulder, “Dean, look at me.”

Dean turned toward his friend. It broke Benny’s heart to see real fear twist Dean’s handsome features.

“I commiserate; life with Josie isn’t easy. She is a beautiful young lady but her heritage is obvious. Her bloodlines hail from Africa and Europe and it created the exquisite creature that is my lady. I don’t regret a single moment with her despite the hardships we face.”

Benny closed his eyes and seemed to be listening to a voice that Dean couldn’t hear. “Her Creole is like music to my ears…I miss her so.” The blue eyes popped open and Benny lifted his stump, “I’ll be seeing her soon enough. It’s a shame she’s going to end up with damaged goods. Josie deserves better as well as our child.”

Dean reached out and touched Benny’s good arm, “Hey, you can still hold your baby with one arm. I bet Josie is gonna be so happy to see you that the injury won’t matter at all. Another thing, don’t you ever call yourself damaged goods!”

Dean had thought of himself the same way and now felt ashamed. He had seen a parade of soldiers over the days with horrible injuries. One had an entire side of his face bandaged after taking a blast of shrapnel. Dean could only imagine what was under that dressing.

Benny bent down and brushed his lips over Dean’s cheek in an affectionate but brotherly kiss. “Mon frère I will miss you. I am leaving in the morning on a ship for America.”

Dean never had many friends and none like Benny Lafitte. He was truly one of a kind, trustworthy and loyal. He missed the Cajun already.
Dear Angel,

First of all how are you? I hope Sammy is keeping an eye out for you like he said he would. Gosh I miss you so much Cas, I’m going crazy without my pretty baby.

Remember my buddy Benny Lafitte? He got his arm shot off at the elbow. He’s leaving tomorrow for home which is in Wisconsin I feel so badly for him because he sure didn’t deserve that. Josie is going to have her baby right around Christmas so at least Benny will be there. I gave him all my information so we can keep in touch. I hope you can meet him someday.

Baby I have to tell you something. I got shot in the thigh bone. The doc said he pieced it back together and that I’m young and strong so it should heal up ok. I got a big cast on my leg but once they take it off I can practice with crutches. I might be using them when I get back home so don’t be upset. Someday I can use a cane and then if I work really hard Nurse Berry said maybe I might
be able to do without it.

My leg will never be right though. I’m telling you all this because I need to be very honest. You didn’t sign up for a banged up guy like me. If you have second thoughts I’ll understand although I hope you don’t. I can’t love anyone else but you.

The good news is I’m still movie star handsome. That’s what all the nurses tell me! I know right now you are making that little frowny face. Don’t be jealous Angel, people can look but not touch.

I kiss your picture every night before I fall asleep and every morning when I wake up. Everyone thinks I’m kissing Jo but I’m not. Ha ha!

I don’t think I’ll be home for Christmas since it’s already November 10th. I got you a Christmas gift but it’s a surprise.

Its lights out in a few minutes so I need to wrap this up. A guy comes around in the morning to collect the mail.

I love, love, love you and send a million kisses! Don’t forget to write back and do the lipstick thing you do. It gives me all sorts of romantic thoughts. I’m yours forever if you still want me.

Dean xoxoxo

P.S. I hope you still want me

Cas was crying, not the out loud sobbing sort of crying. His heart ached for Dean and the thought of his Comoara in any sort of pain was too much to bear. With all his problems Cas was still surrounded by people that cared about him. Dean was alone and didn’t even have Benny.

He took out the box of stationary from the closet and sat at the little table by the window facing the alley to write his lover a heartfelt letter.

Dearest Comoara,

My darling I wish you were here right now so I could take care of you. There is nothing that could ever stop me from loving you.

We will work together to make you better I promise. If you have a limp or use a cane or even worse I don’t care. If you truly love someone then no infirmity could ever change that. While we are apart let my love be a balm for your wounds both inside and out.

I have a Christmas gift for you also Comoara although it won’t be ready until sometime in April by my estimation. I’m pregnant; you are going to be a father. You must come home for the sake of our child.

Don’t worry Dean, Ellen and Jo took the news very well. They keep me safe and loved just as always like a good mother and sister.

I hope you want to be a family, please write back and tell me how you feel. Also I want to know your progress and when you might be coming home.
The lipstick I’m using is called “Vixen” I know the color is quite bold and sensual. I hope you like it. I promise to wear it our first night together and kiss you all over.

The baby and I are yours forever if you want us.

Love Always,

Angel xoxoxo

……………….

Cas spent the next several weeks either in his room, Ellen’s apartment or the bathroom. In the evening when all was quiet Cas would bundle up and sit on the back porch facing the alley for a bit of fresh air. The cold eventually drove him back inside but at least for a few minutes he had a view of the stars. Soon he hoped to have Dean with him to share the beauty.

……………….

November 23, 1943. Two days before Thanksgiving

Dean was busy doing pull ups on the strap above his hospital bed. He refused to get out of shape even if he did have a heavy cast on one leg. The doctor made a rare appearance and said the cast would be coming off shortly. If Dean was lucky he would be heading home on crutches by the New Year.

Nurse Rose Berry stood at the foot of the bed watching Dean. Every smooth, firm muscle worked in harmony with the rest. He was a perfect physical specimen.

She must have been really staring because he stopped exercising and grinned at the nurse.

“See something you like?”

Rose shook her head and laughed, “You are a cheeky thing aren’t you?”

“Yup.”

She pulled a letter from her pocket and handed it to him. “You received this in today’s mail.”

Dean looked at the return address and broke into a huge smile. “It’s from my gal!”

Rose sighed inwardly. “Ah, young love.” She waved her hand at Dean, “Go on, open it.”

His smile turned to a frown, “What if she doesn’t want me anymore because I’m a cripple?”

She rolled her eyes and raised her hands in the air for a bit of drama, “What woman in her right mind would toss you to the side of the road for a bad leg? Besides, if she loves you it won’t matter.”

Rose drew the curtain so Dean had a bit more privacy, “I’ll leave you to it. If you promise not to cry I’ll bring you a piece of that pumpkin pie you raved about.”

He took offense, “Hey I don’t cry I’m a man.”

He earned another eye roll. Rose turned heel and walked away from the slightly puffed up eighteen year old. She hoped the letter was good news because sometimes that’s all these boys had to hold on to.
As Dean opened the letter he forgot all about the pain in his body. Cas was all he needed to feel better. When he saw all the lipstick kisses Dean’s heart beat as hard as a big band drum. Despite being stuck in a hospital bed with a busted up leg, his dick twitched and plumped at the thought of those lips kissing him in all the tender spots.

Dean realized long ago he was a slave to his hormones. In fact his excitement at the sight of lipstick that had formerly been on his young lover's lips made Dean feel very normal.

He settled back and read the letter slowly, savoring each word.

“I have a Christmas gift for you also Comoara although it won’t be ready until sometime in April by my estimation. I’m pregnant; you are going to be a father. You must come home for the sake of our child.”

Dean yelled “What!!”

The man in the next bed told him to shut the hell up.

Dean read the letter three times then lay there with his mouth open like a dead fish. “Pregnant… holy crap now what?” After his heart stopped racing and he mulled it all over Dean started to feel excited over the prospect of being able to have a child especially with Cas as the mother.

He took out some note paper and immediately wrote Cas a letter back.

“Angel,

First off, YES I want you and the baby forever!

I’m going to do everything I can to get out of this damn cast and into a set of crutches so I can go back home to you.

I know Jo and Ellen watch out for you but I’m going to write Sammy a letter and tell him to protect you and the baby. The letter won’t get to him for awhile so I’m on pins and needles with worry!

Maybe you shouldn’t work so much, I don’t want you getting sick. Even if I am a crippled up mess I promise I’ll take any job I can get so I can provide for my family.

Babe, stay strong for me and I’ll stay strong for you.

Thanks for sticking with me, I was worried but I shouldn’t have been. We are stuck together like glue and don’t you forget it.

Write me soon and tell me everything, how are you feeling, how big is your belly, can you feel it moving or is it too soon? My poor Angel, I bet you are barfing a lot. If I was there I’d sit right next to you and hold your hand while you puke.

I think I’ll be a good dad because I took care of Sam. Don’t tell him I said this but Sammy was a big pooper plus I got a squirt in the eye once in awhile from his dinky when I changed his diapers so I can handle anything!

See, you let the right guy take your virginity and knock you up because I’m already experienced at being a daddy.
I better shut the lamp off now. The guy in the next bed is sort of an asshole and he’s grumbling.

I love, love, love you and our baby!

Your Devoted Man Forever,

Dean xoxoxo

Jo finished applying the pale rose lipstick to Cas’ mouth. She smacked her lips, “Do that, it gets it spread around better.”

Cas turned to the mirror and smacked his lips. He looked himself over with a critical eye. His dark brows were plucked and shaped and his big blue eyes had a bit of liquid liner to accentuate them. The lipstick was the last touch.

He had naturally clear, beautiful olive skin and when he became pregnant any sort of stubble stopped growing completely. His hair had grown since he became pregnant and after four months it was several inches longer.

Jo looked over the “how to” guide for a newly emerging Rockabilly hairdo. It was daring and in a show of solidarity Jo had styled hers the same. The style consisted of sleek, long turned under bangs across the forehead, the sides pulled back and pinned and due to Cas’ shorter hair Jo had let his natural bit of wave show.

As a sixteen year old girl that devoured fashion magazines, Jo couldn’t wait for his hair to get even longer so she could practice her styling skills.

She stepped back to admire her work, “Geez, you are a looker! If I was a guy I would ask you out for sure. I better watch the male customers around you.”

Cas squeezed his little breasts in the training bra, “Yes, with these enormous bosoms I’ll have them all spinning in a circle.” He stood up and turned to the side to gage how far out they stuck, “Honestly, do I need to wear a bra? They are about the size of oranges…baby oranges.”

Jo reached out and squeezed them herself, “Honk, honk. Yeah you need one; your nipples are like golf tees.”

He frowned and pushed her hands away, “Pervert.”

She helped him on with a pair of black, high waist wide leg pants with an elastic waist to accommodate the baby. Next Cas put on a long sleeve, high neck smock top that fell below his crotch to hide any bulge. It was done in a small gray and sky blue plaid. For a final touch Jo put a pair of demure clip rhinestone earrings on Cas.

Once his look was done Cas had to admit he was indeed pretty. “I wonder if Dean will like me this way.”

“Hopefully Dean will be home soon and he can tell you himself.”

Jo held out her arm, “Ready for your first day of work Cassie?”

Cas adjusted his crotch and tugged the smock back down. “No, but I have to try.”

..........................
Sam was in a booth with a few friends. They were looking over the menu as the boys talked about typical subjects, girls, hot rods and food. Dale. One of them glanced over toward the kitchen and spotted Jo with a new girl.

“Whoa…hubba hubba! Hey Winchester, who is that blue eyed dolly with your girlfriend?”

TBC

A/N-“hubba hubba” is an exclamation of admiration, approval, or enthusiasm, used especially by G.I.’s of World War II as a shout in appreciation of a pretty girl.
The table of teenage boys ogled the new girl all except for Sam who looked as if he had seen a
ghost. When Cas spotted them he backed up hitting the swinging door leading into the kitchen then
hurried through it to hide by Ellen.

Jo marched over with the menus and dropped them on the table. “Keep your pervy eyes inside your
heads. There should be plenty of room in there for them since most of you lack a brain.”

Billy chuckled, pissing Jo off all the more. “Come on Jo spill, who is the cutie?”

Sam was mortified his girlfriend was seeing the worst of his fellow baseball teammates. Jo’s
opinion was the one that meant the most to him besides Dean. “Shut up Billy, that’s Cas’ twin
sister.”

The redhead rolled his eyes at Sam Winchester, “So, is she taken or something?”

Jo punched him in the shoulder, “Yes now don’t bother her.”

“Oh yeah, who is she dating?”

“Dean Winchester.”

Sam did a spit take sending his malt in a sticky shower right in Billy’s face. Now Sam really
needed to talk to his girlfriend.

Jo was a lot like Ellen, no nonsense. When she was irritated heaven help the person that pushed her
too far. She directed the teens to the menus, took their orders and told them to talk about sports
instead of girls.

……………………

A set of big blue eyes peered over the service window as Cas watched for danger. Ellen smacked
him on the fanny and told him to get out there and take an order.

“No way, there are boys out there!”

“Honey go wait on the table of old guys that just came in. Half of them can’t see worth a damn
anyway.”

He grabbed five menus and headed toward what he thought would be his Waterloo.

……………………

Rose found Dean trying to exercise again. He seemed in better spirits than ever before. “Well
you’re in a good mood.”

Dean was doing a one arm pull up on the strap above his bed. “Yup, I’m gonna be a dad. My gal
sent a letter about the bun in her oven. I have to get strong again so I can get a job when I go back
home.”

“Congratulations Dean! The baby will give you plenty of incentive to get better. Are you ready to
get your cast off today?”
“You bet, I hate using a bedpan. I’d rather hobble to the can by myself than have a pretty girl wipe my butt.”

She gave him a wry smile, “I could always have one of the less attractive girls do it.”

He screwed up his face, “I don’t care, I just hate using a bedpan. Hey do you think if I gave you some money you could pick something up for me?”

“What?”

“When I first got here I stopped at this antique place and I picked up a gift for my Angel. There was something else I saw there and I think it would be nice for the baby.”

Dean began fiddling with the horseshoe pendant around his neck. His voice grew softer, “Is it stupid to buy something for a kid I haven’t met yet?”

“I don’t think there is anything stupid about that. You’re already proving to be a good dad.”

The teenager looked relieved, “Thanks Rose. I was sort of like a father to my little brother so I think I’ll do ok. I know how to make a bottle and change diapers, burp a baby and stuff like that. I’m nervous though…I didn’t think I’d ever be a dad.”

“Why not?”

Dean shrugged, “It’s complicated. Anyway, I’m excited about it now even if I am nervous.”

Cas handed out the menus to the table of men and made sure to soften his voice as he rattled off the specials.

One man adjusted his glasses and leaned closer. “So you’re the fraternal twin…I don’t see it. You don’t look much like your brother young lady.”

Bobby Singer was among them. He nudged his friend, “Don’t be an idjit, boy and girl twins don’t look exactly alike.” He turned his attention to the young lady, “What’s your name?”

“Cassie.”

“Cassie, what do you recommend?”

“Our special is vegetable and oatmeal stew, it’s very tasty.”

The men looked at each other nodding in agreement. Bobby did the ordering, “Coffee and the special all the way around.”

Cas was over the moon, he was fully acknowledged as a female by strangers. “I can’t believe it…I passed…I passed!”

Sam watched the new girl move around the diner and the more he stared the farther away she got from him until this Cassie girl vanished altogether. When his friends were done eating they tossed money in the pot and left. Sam stuck around waiting for the place to close so he could have a talk with Jo.
When the cast was removed Dean was taken aback over the ugly appearance of his leg. Where the bullet was removed and the leg opened during surgery there was a large, wicked indentation and heavy scabbing. Dean would be left with a very ugly scar. The skin was pale and scaly and the muscles stiff and tight. Even the air hitting the now exposed flesh was painful.

The doctor braced a hand behind Dean’s knee and slowly bent the leg a few times. “How does that feel?”

Dean winced, “Fine Sir.”

“Liar.”

“I need to get home Sir. My gal is pregnant and she needs me.”

Fredrickson shook his head, “You need to be patient Private. I’m going to have an x-ray taken and see how this is mending. If all is going well you will get a brace and crutches so you can be more mobile.”

Dean’s features darkened, “How come my buddy Benny Lafitte lost his arm and he’s on his way home right now but I have to stay here?”

The doctor was becoming impatient with Dean Winchester, “Because we were able to save your leg. Private Lafitte lost his arm forever. I imagine if given the choice he would have gladly stayed longer if it meant we saved his arm.”

“Stay put, that is an order Private. I’ll have a nurse clean this leg up and give you something for the pain and then it’s off to x-ray. Rome wasn’t built in a day young man.”

Dean muttered, “Don’t mention Italy to me.”

Unfortunately for Dean the nurse sent to clean him up was a ball buster. She was all business and no chatter but to be fair the woman had a line of people to tend to and there wasn’t time for bedside manner.

After that he was taken to x-ray then fed and given a painkiller and had his leg fitted for a brace. Dean put pen to paper before the painkiller set in and dashed off a love letter to Cas.

>Hello Angel,

Guess what? I got my cast off just a little while ago! My leg is pretty ugly looking though. The nurse cleaned the leg up but I got big scabs and sorry to say I will have a wicked scar. It smelled something awful when it came off. I was glad you weren’t here or you would have puked. They took some x-rays and put a brace on the leg. It’s better than a big heavy cast.

I’m trying my best to heal fast but the doc said I need to be patient. Easy for him to say, I bet he doesn’t have someone like you waiting for him!

Is Sam watching over you like I told him to? Ellen shouldn’t let you work when you got a bun in the oven. I think ladies need rest when they’re pregnant.
What about a doctor? Can Ellen find someone to look after you? I’ll get a little stipend when I get home for being wounded in action but it won’t be very much. Tell the doctor I’ll be good for it. I always pay up.

I miss you so bad honey, it’s like a real, physical pain being without you. I swear when I get home I’ll stick to you like glue. I want your sweet face to be the first thing I see when I wake each morning and the last thing I see when I fall asleep each night.

How big is your belly now? What about your boobies? I thought about them last night and got all fidgety if you know what I mean. Big or little I bet they are really pretty. Then again you can be flat as a pancake like always and it doesn’t matter. I love you any which way.

I better stop talking about your body or this letter will go from romantic to naughty real fast. I don’t have any privacy here at all so I’d be painfully swollen with no way to fix it.

I’ll be sending out your gift and one for the baby this week and I hope the package gets there for Christmas.

Sweetheart, I need to wrap the letter up. I want to get plenty of sleep so I can start early practicing with crutches tomorrow. I love, love, love you and our baby!

Yours Forever,

Dean xoxoxo

Cas carried out the trash to the alley and placed it in the can. He stood outside for a few minutes watching the snowflakes dance under the streetlights. It was snowing hard and the streets were quiet.

He thought of sharing a moment like this with Dean and it made him smile. Cas ran his hand over the small swelling, “Soon your daddy will come home. He is my Comoara and you my little Perla. That means pearl…I’ll teach you our language like your Grandma Tasaria taught me.”

Sam drummed his fingers on the counter as he waited for Jo to finish up with the dishes. It was snowing like hell outside and he should have left a long time ago for home but after watching Cassie working that afternoon Sam had a lot of questions for his girlfriend. Jo took her time and kept peeking through the service window. “Sam you can go home now.”

“No, I’m not leaving until you talk to me.”

Ellen nudged her daughter and whispered, “Do you want me to tell him?”

“I’ll do it Mom.”

Ellen slid a dessert plate over with a cinnamon roll on it. “Here, sweeten the pot.”

Jo took the treat and headed out to face the music wondering how Sam would take the fact that Cas was Cassie and pregnant with his big brother’s baby.
Cas luxuriated in the hot bathwater. He had the upstairs to himself for the moment and took the opportunity to explore his body. Pretending it was Dean’s hand; Cas tugged at the thick nest of dark curls above his cock and then cupped everything between his legs and began rubbing slowly.

Cas was aware that if it hadn’t been for Dean, he would have still hated his body and ignored any sort of sexual feelings he had perhaps forever. Taking baby steps, Cas let go when he felt an orgasm imminent instead of pulling back. Trembling all over, he stifled the moan trying to escape.

Afterward Cas rubbed his skin with lavender scented lotion concentrating on his belly. The skin was beginning to feel tight and even though his bump was about the size of half a cantaloupe Cas knew that at only four months along it was just the beginning. He wasn’t sure how Dean would like stretch marks but it seemed they were coming, welcome or not.

The expectant mothers mind kept wandering back to the farm he grew up on. When Lawrence tossed Cas out he had to leave almost everything behind except for the clothes on his back and the cigar box full of mementos.

The fear of his father was outweighed by the desire to claim what was his. Cas turned with his back to the standing mirror and looked over his shoulder to catch a glimpse of the permanent reminders of how much his father had despised him.

Cas just wanted to have pieces of his Romani history to pass down to the baby, a cradle, clothing, photographs and other things that would be meaningless to anyone else took on a great importance now that there was child involved.

Jo plunked herself down on Sam’s lap, “Come on handsome give me a spin.”

Sam wrapped a long arm around her waist and twirled them on the counter stool a few times. He stopped when he spotted the cinnamon roll. “Is that a bribe?”

Jo opened her eyes extra wide and gasped. “Sam, I’m not that manipulative!”

Sam tossed out some bait for his little blonde fishy. “So I couldn’t help but notice Cassie has a really nice caboose.”

Her cheeks flared the color of ripe cherries, “Sam Winchester you are disgusting.”

He kept on going, “If you ever dump me I might try for her. I know you said she was Dean’s girl but we both know he likes boys best and loves Cas. Big brother wouldn’t care.”

Jo hopped off his lap and stomped her foot. “Oh yeah, what If told you that was a boys butt you were looking at?”

Sam pointed an accusing finger at her, “Ah ha, it is Cas!”

She gave him a sheepish look, “I was going to tell you Sam but the whole situation is very unusual and I wasn’t sure how to start the conversation.”

“Jo you know you can trust me with stuff. I can understand boys liking boys only because of my brother. Dean being that way showed me that love is love even if most people are against it. But the makeup and girls clothes on Cas I confess I’m pretty confused about. Why would he even want
to do that?"

Jo took her boyfriend’s big hands in hers and looked him in the eye only because Sam happened to
be sitting down. “Get ready to feel even more confused my sweet moosie pie. Yes that is Cas or
Cassie I should say. He’s pregnant with Dean’s baby and that’s why he’s switched to living as a
girl.”

Sam burst out laughing and slapped his knee, “Come on Jo, what are you trying to pull? I’m not a
Romeo or anything but I do know that boys cannot have babies.”

She knew this would be an uphill battle. “They can if they were born with boy and girl parts. After
Dean left Cas realized he was pregnant and that was how me and mom found out.”

Sam gave her what Dean called a bitch face, “You stay right here and I’m going to ask him
myself.” Jo got up to follow him but Sam put his foot down. “I mean it Jo, stay!”

She called after him, “Ok but I’m telling the truth.”

…………………….

Cas had slipped on the pale yellow chemise Ellen and Jo had given him so he could feel more
feminine. He smiled at himself in the mirror. “I’m not bad looking.”

There was a knock on the door and assuming it was Ellen or Jo, Cas told them to come in. When it
opened Cas heard someone take in a sharp breath and when he turned there was Sam Winchester
staring at him.

Sam’s eyes traveled up and down his friend’s body. The garment Cas was wearing outlined
everything, proving Jo was not a liar.

Being a healthy, normal sixteen year old Sam focused first on the pert little breasts with stiff
nipples poking boldly under the silk chemise. Sam felt his dick twitch and for a split second
wondered what they felt like. Next was the small round belly that was firm and obviously not fat.

He finally turned away, “Cas what are you?”

Cas, feeling that Sam would find out sooner or later told him he was a fully functioning
hermaphrodite. He sat Sam down and went into details that perhaps Sam wasn’t ready for but
needed to know. He assured Sam that someone like him was rare and he didn’t know he could even
become pregnant.

Sam looked everywhere but at the boy sitting across from him in the silky garment. “So you
have…” Sam almost choked on the words, “…menstruation like a female then?”

Cas didn’t care to talk about that with Dean’s little brother. He lowered his eyes which didn’t
matter since Sam was staring at the floor. “Yes, not now of course because of the baby.”

After a stint of awkward silence Sam cleared his throat then pulled a letter out of his pocket. “Dean
sent me this. He was pretty insistent that I need to take care of you just like he would if he was
here. Dean said it was really important and that you were very fragile. I guess I know what he was
talking about now.”

Cas wrapped his arms over his chest feeling self-conscious. “Don’t stare at my boobs.”

“I’m not!”
“I know it’s weird with me having them but I can’t help it.”

Sam covered up his blushing face, “Just put on a robe...geez this is weird. Anyway I’ll keep the predators at bay and protect you and the baby as best I can until Dean gets home.”

Cas gave him a crooked little smile, “Thanks Uncle Sam.”

“Ha ha.”

The pregnant teen turned melancholy. “Sam do you think some Sunday you could drive me out to my father’s farm? He won’t be home on a Sunday and I want to pick up my baby clothes and toys. The cradle my grandpa Radu made for me before he died is still in the attic I think. There is a trunk of my mother’s clothing and jewelry plus some photographs of her family.”

Sam nodded, “Absolutely, anything you want Cas. I’ll borrow a truck from someone and get a buddy to help carry stuff.”

Cas frowned, “I can carry things, I’m not that fragile.”

The sixteen year old stood up towering over him, “No way Cas, not in your condition, I forbid it.”

Relieved he had a knight in shining armor until his Prince came home to him, Cas stood and did a half ass curtsy. “Anything you say.”

Sam pointed to the bed, “Get some sleep, remember your resting for two now. I’ll have to monitor your eating. I wonder if the library has a book on pregnant ladies….hmmm, I’ll check on that.”

Cas slipped under the covers and let out a long yawn. “Remember you have school Sam. I don’t want you slipping because of me.”

“Don’t worry; Ellen will keep an eye on you during the day.”

Sam left and Cas immediately fell asleep feeling safer that before.

TBC

A/N- Vegetables were very plentiful in WW2 as people were encouraged to grow their own. Gardens, parks and even window boxes were used to grow vegetables and herbs.

Vegetable & Oatmeal casserole

- 450g (1lb) mixed root vegetables
- knob of dripping
- 50g (2oz) coarse or medium oatmeal
- sprinkling of paprika
- chopped parsley and herbs to flavour
- salt and pepper to taste
- 5ml (1tsp) meat extract or stock cube
1 pint vegetable stock

Peel and dice the vegetables
Fry in dripping until slightly cooked
Add the oatmeal and stir until the fat is absorbed
Season with paprika, herbs, salt and pepper and add the meat extract
Add the vegetable stock and simmer gently, covered for 1 hour. Stir occasionally or it may burn on the bottom
A little corned beef, cooked meat or fish may be added at the last minute.
Thanksgiving 1943

Dean was down in the dumps. It was Thanksgiving back home and he was hankering for some of John’s mincemeat pie and some turkey. He missed Sam and Dad and most of all Cas.

Still there was a bright spot to his day. He was going to get a chance to practice with his brace and crutches but first the doctor was stopping by to share Dean’s progress with him.

Most of the time someone in his lowly position was easily ignored, you took the information offered and kept your pie hole shut. Dean had been lucky to have Rose take a shine to him. She made sure the teen with the pretty green eyes was tended to.

The head nurse breezed into the ward giving each man a warm smile and a kind greeting. Despite the often grim feel in the air the nurses worked hard to keep everything calm and running smoothly.

Rose stopped at Dean’s bed. “Good morning sunshine. You look a bit down.”

Dean brushed back his bangs with his fingers. He was in need of a haircut. “It’s Thanksgiving back home. I miss my family and I’m worried about the baby. I should be there instead of my little brother. Here a sixteen year old kid is watching out for my girl.”

“If your brother is anything like you I’m sure your girl is in good hands. Tell me Dean, will you make an honest woman out of her when you get home?”

He shrugged, “It’s complicated. Even if we can’t she’s still gonna be my wife. I want to ask her properly and not through a letter. I gave her a promise ring before I left to hold my spot.”

Dean pulled out the silver pendent, “She gave me this and I never take it off. Her mom gave it to her and now I have it.”

A doctor Dean had never seen before walked up next to Rose and smiled down at Dean. He was young and fresh faced. Life hadn’t had a chance to beat him down quite yet but Dean figured by the time the war was over the doctor would be a very different man.

He introduced himself as Dr. Bailey. “I see your surname is Winchester…maybe you have some relatives in the vicinity.”

“The only relatives I’m thinking about are the ones back home in Prosper Kansas.”

Bailey nodded, “I’ve gone over your progress and it seems the break has healed nicely but your leg is quite weak.” He checked the buckles on Dean’s leg brace and handed him to crutches. “Show me how you ambulate.”

Dean frowned, “How do I do what now?”

“Ambulate…move, walk.”

“Oh ok.”

After several false starts Dean righted himself. A dull throb started in the leg as soon as weight was
put on it. He slowly made his way to the wall, turned even slower then progressed forward until he stopped at bedside, turned again and sat heavily on the bed.

Bailey nodded, “Good.”

Dean wiped the cold sweat from his face with a forearm. “Tell me this will get easier.”

“It will with time. I’m of a mind to ship you back home soon. Patients heal much better surrounded by loved ones and of course we need the bed sooner than later.”

Dean glanced over at the gifts for Cas and the baby, “How soon?”

“Soon enough that you might want to write your letters home and let them know. Your family will be contacted upon your arrival. After an evaluation in a stateside military hospital and they deem you fit enough to go you will be sent back to your hometown.”

Dean let out a sigh of relief, “Good because I’m a hometown boy.”

John sat at the kitchen table peeling potatoes for Thanksgiving dinner that evening. The turkey was in the oven and the Sam was working on the yams. It was just the two of them. John glanced over at his youngest and smiled at him.

Sam raised a brow and gave his dad a funny look, “What?”

“Can’t a guy look at his son with pride? Your excellent grades and all the responsibilities you take on Sam, it warms my heart to know what a good man you’re turning out to be despite me as an example.”

Sam turned his attention to his task again feeling embarrassed at the praise. “You weren’t the Antichrist dad. There are worse out there trust me.” Sam thought back to what Dean had shared in confidence about Cas’ father.

“I haven’t had a drink in a month.”

Now it was Sam’s turn to smile, “I know dad, I’m proud of you.”

John dropped the last potato in the pot of salted water and carried it over to the stove and lit the burner. “This is a lot of food…maybe we should have the gypsy boy over here for dinner.”

Sam froze; his mind went a mile a minute trying to find the words. It would be a disaster for John to find out about Cas right now.

Cas being a homosexual and his own son bisexual was bad enough in the eyes of the world but what was happening with Cas would be almost impossible to explain without Dean there.

Sam didn’t want to rock the boat, so far John hadn’t been as bad as Sam thought he would be. It was in part to Dean being overseas and now injured in the line of duty.

It also helped that Cas was slight statured, looked even younger than Sam and had a perpetual air of innocence about him plus vulnerability that tugged at John’s heartstrings. Also Cas showed his feisty side to John and the man couldn’t help but like the kid.

Their dad wanted to change and that meant overlooking things that would have normally sent him into a tail spin. Sam actually felt it was brave of John to be as good as he was over the whole thing.
“Sorry dad, Cas is spending Thanksgiving with Ellen and Jo.”

“Well invite all of them!”

“Um… they already have their Thanksgiving underway.”

Disappointed John checked the flame under the kettle and went to listen to his serials. Sam followed him in and handed his dad a strong cup of coffee then the two listened to The Adventures of Nero Wolfe.

Cas was now three months and three weeks along by Ellen’s calculations. She watched with amusement as he walked around the kitchen in his elastic waist lounging pants and shearling slippers. For a top he wore an old flannel shirt so he didn’t drip any gravy on something good. Jo had been experimenting with Cas’ hair which had been growing out for months. It was slowly being coaxed into a side sweep bob. Cas would appear with various shades of lipstick and Jo was always busy working on altering clothing for him. She treated her brother-sister like a big dolly used for dress up.

He had his back to Ellen and when she went to check Cas had his fingers in the pumpkin pie shoveling it into his mouth.

“Damn it Cassie what is wrong with you?”

“I’m so hungry and I want something sweet. When is supper?”

“In a few minutes, we’re going to eat up the leftovers from the Thanksgiving lunch special.”

Cas eyed the bowl of mashed potatoes and the gravy boat next to it then cast pleading eyes toward Ellen.

“Oh hell… go ahead and eat right out of the bowl if you want. You know I can’t resist those big blue kitten eyes of yours.”

Jo walked in eating a turkey leg, “When are we going to eat?”

“Seems like you two already got a head start. Alright you little oinkers, lets at least eat at a table.” They carried out the leftovers, set a table in the closed diner and put music on the jukebox.

After diner they all toasted with apple cider and relaxed. Later Jo and Cas slow danced for Ellen. Sam snuck out to join them after John fell asleep since he had work in the morning at the plant. Jo danced with Sam cracking up Cas and Ellen. Jo’s feet never touched the floor through most of the song and Sam was two left feet as always.

Thanksgiving at both households were missing one important element, Dean. Still the two families made the best of the situation.

…………………..

Dean moved along using his upper body strength to work his way from one end of the ward to the other. The brace made a squeaky sound that was driving him crazy and asked the nurse for something to put on the hinge. She dosed it with oil and all was well again.
He was determined to impress the new doctor and get shipped back home as soon as possible. There were some mishaps, a few falls that landed Dean back in bed but he kept trying.

Dr. Bailey watched unnoticed as Dean moved along. The Private had told him that he had a pregnant woman back home and was desperate to get stateside and start taking care of her.

“Hello Private.”

Dean did a slow turn with the crutches and smiled when he saw the doctor. “Hey Doc, I’m doing good right?”

Bailey looked down at the soldier’s thigh with the long, recessed scar and felt Dean was about as good as he was going to get for now. The doctor hoped back home he would make more progress but for now Bailey was thinking conservatively over the outcome of the injury.

He placed a hand on Dean’s shoulder, “You’re ready to travel. Remember to be realistic on the progress you make but don’t get discouraged.”

Dean worked his way back to his bed with the doctor right behind him. He plopped down on the mattress out of breath from all the exercise. “I don’t care if I’m crippled up. I just want to go home.” He rolled his big green eyes up to the young doctor, “When can I leave?”

“There is a troop transport set to leave in a few days. It has a large medical staff on board and you will be in good hands.”

Dean broke down from relief. He hid his face from the doctor not wanting to look weak. He mumbled, “Thanks Doc.”

That night Dean wrote letters hoping they would get there before he did and give everyone the heads up.

Dear Dad and Sam,

Guess what, I’m coming home! I leave on a ship in just a couple days. I thought I better write and let you both know.

A warning, I’m still messed up. If you are expecting the same person to come home you will be disappointed. Don’t worry Dad I’m going to try my hardest to get back to some sort of normal.

We all have a lot to talk about when I get back. I don’t know if I’ll be there for Christmas. I hope so.

I miss you guys so much. Be prepared Dad, I’m going to hug you and Sammy a lot when I get back.

See you soon!

Dean

Dear Angel,

I’m coming back home! In a couple days a ship will take me away from this godforsaken war and back to you. All I want is to feel your arms around me. With you I can really be myself after months
of wearing a mask. I’ll take such good care of my family I promise.

As always I love, love, love you and the baby so very much. We have to start thinking of names. Does it feel like a boy or girl or…?

We need to settle on some sort of doctor or midwife. I don’t want you or the baby to have problems. I don’t know how we will figure this out but love will find a way.

See you soon my pretty blue eyed Angel.

Yours Always,

Dean xoxoxo

Hi Benny,

How are you doing Brother?

Guess what, I’m getting shipped back home in a couple days! I wanted to give you a heads up. Maybe we can get together sometime what do you say?

Did Josie have the baby yet? I know this is a delicate subject but who did she use for a midwife or doctor? I can’t get into the reason why I’m asking but I’m looking for someone very discreet.

Don’t bother writing back because I will be gone before your letter gets here. Hope to see you soon.

Dean

It was the first Sunday in December when Cas, Jo, Sam and a friend planned to head out to the Novak farm and collect Cas and Tasaria’s things.

Sam drove up in John’s old sedan so Jo could drive Cas there in comfort. When Billy pulled up behind the car with a panel truck Cas frowned. “Why is he here?”

Sam bent down and whispered, “Because he’s the only guy I know that had a truck we could use. Don’t worry; he’ll be on his best behavior.”

Cas folded his arms over his belly hidden under the wool coat he was wearing, “Promise Sam?”

Sam gave him a kiss on top his head. “I promise.”

Billy got out and greeted the three teens. Sam nodded to his friend, “Tell Cassie what I told you.”

Billy lowered his eyes, “That if I hit on Cassie you will kick my ass and then when Dean gets back he’s gonna whup me good.”

He looked right at Cas with a sincere look on his face, “Sorry I was eyeballing you the other day. Sam convinced me was rude. I couldn’t help it because you are so beautiful.”

Cas was flattered and relieved, “Thanks, no hard feelings.”
Jo was already in the car, she honked the horn. “Get a move on. We have to do this before Cassie’s jackass dad gets home.”

Rose personally packed Dean’s things for him in the duffle and marked it well. She hugged her patient goodbye. “Bon Voyage Dean, I wish you all the best with your lady and your baby. Stay strong because I just know things will all work out.”

Dean figured Rose would be the only person he would miss. He let some tears flow because with her it felt ok. He handed her a letter. “This is for you. I’m better at writing things down.”

She watched him hobble along next to an orderly carrying his duffle until they were out of sight. “Good luck you brave young man Godspeed.”

Rose sat down and opened the letter.

……………………

Dean Rose,

Thanks for everything. You treated me like one of your own. I felt like I had a mom looking out for me. I bet all the other guys in the ward felt that also.

You earned your place in Heaven a thousand times over.

Rose you made me feel like I mattered and bucked me up when I was lower than a snake’s belly. I will never forget you or your kindness.

I wanted you to know that you made a difference in my life.

Sincerely,

Dean Winchester

P.S. See, I am better expressing stuff in a letter!

……………………

Rose choked back her tears, folded up the letter and tucked it in her pocket. It would go with all the others in her cedar chest. She waved to one of the volunteers, “Please get this bed ready for the next patient.”

She knew it would be filled all too quickly.

……………………

Dean was about to set foot on the ship where one of the medical staff was waiting to help him. “Welcome aboard Private. Thank you for your service.”

Dean looked around with worry, “Where is my duffle? I got gifts in there for my family.”

“Don’t worry Private, its well tagged and stowed with the rest.”

Dean slowly made his way with the brace and crutches along the deck. He took one last look around before descending into the bowels of the massive ship.
The soldier hoped that once back home he would be able to sleep again. That the nightmares of the things he had done out of self preservation and duty, the killing and death would vanish from his mind and lighten his heavy heart.

It might have been too much to hope for but once Cas wrapped his arms around him Dean felt at least it would be better.

TBC

A/N-Couldn’t we all benefit from a little beauty advice from 1940’s glamour girl Ginger Rogers?

“There are few girls,” observes Ginger Rogers who has had to change the color of her hair at different phases of her career and, most recently, for her poignant role in “The Primrose Path,” who can afford to pass up the opportunity offered by at least a special rinse after every shampoo. No matter how glorious the color of hair may have been originally, there are so many factors – too much indoor work or outdoor pollution – that dim the radiance! I still follow my mother’s advice of brushing my hair out every night for half an hour to keep it clean between shampoos!”

A/N- On a duller but still interesting note.

On October 6, 1941, both houses of the U.S. Congress passed a joint resolution fixing the traditional last-Thursday date for the holiday beginning in 1942. However, in December of that year the Senate passed an amendment to the resolution that split the difference by requiring that Thanksgiving be observed annually on the fourth Thursday of November, which was sometimes the last Thursday and sometimes (less frequently) the next to last. The amendment also passed the House, and on December 26, 1941, President Roosevelt signed this bill, for the first time making the date of Thanksgiving a matter of federal law and fixing the day as the fourth Thursday of November. However, for several years some states continued to observe the last-Thursday date in years with five November Thursdays (the next such year being 1944), with Texas doing so as late as 1956.
The panel truck and sedan pulled up in front of the ramshackle farm house. It seemed that since Cas had been thrown out things had fallen into disrepair. The place still held its charm despite needing a good whitewashing and a railing that needed replacement.

Sam got out first and went to the car opening the door for first Jo and then Cas. Jo was a good egg; she was pleased with the attention Sam showed her big brother or sister depending on how you looked at him.

Sam draped a long arm across his shoulders and guided him up the steps to the front door. “Are you sure your old man isn’t home Cassie?”

Cas’ stomach clenched at the very thought of his father, “I’m sure. He’s at church pretending to be a good Christian man.” He reached up and fished around for the key behind the light fixture above the door. Finding it where it had always been, Cas unlocked the door and the four of them entered.

The three strangers to the home noticed how sparsely furnished and decorated the rooms were. Everything was neat and clean, with no visible extra comforts save the large couch in the parlor. Cas was disappointed to find even his mother’s photo was missing from its spot on the fern table.

He led the way upstairs to the finished attic. Pointing to a beautiful hand carved cradle, a large steamer trunk, a small wooden chest, jewelry box and various crates Cas instructed them that all of it went back. A search also brought up some boxes with baby clothes and toys. A heavy old rocking chair was also taken down to the truck.

While the three were busy Cas went to his room and found it just as it was when his father tossed him out. Everything was covered in a layer of dust and cobwebs filled the corners like sad decorations. Dead flies were piled on the windowsill losing their bid for escape. Cas couldn’t blame them, he would have rather died than live with Lawrence again.

Soon a big empty suitcase was filled with anything that Cas could use. Most of his clothes from two years ago he had outgrown. There wasn’t much anyway, his father hardly ever purchased his son new clothing. A Stieff monkey his grandmother had purchased him for a first birthday gift, a box of photos, shoes and socks, odds and ends soon filled it.

Jo entered silently and placed a hand on his shoulder, “Cassie, are you ready to go? The guys have everything loaded up and even had room for your mom’s rocking chair.”

Cas nodded, “Almost, I just have one more thing to get.”

Jo insisted on taking the suitcase and left him to it.

Cas went into the kitchen and pulled a chair to the cupboard. He climbed up and reached over the high, decorative trim. After running his hands over the wood he found the envelope. It was the money Tasaria had saved over the years. She told Cas about it right before she died. He never had a chance to collect it but be damned if he would leave it for his father to find someday.

Cas tucked it in the waistband of his wool skirt and buttoned his winter coat back up. He went to get down and felt himself falling.

Sam caught him bridal style, “What did I say about doing dangerous stuff?” He gently set Cas on his feet and smiled down at the pretty and confusing person, “Time to go. Jo and Billy just left with
all the belongings. The weather is looking ugly and I wanted to be the one to drive you back. I can handle a car in a snowstorm better than Jo.”

Cas reached up and touched his protector’s cheek, “Dean would be so grateful for all you do for me. I know I am.”

The rumble of a vehicle came from the front drive. Cas went to the kitchen window and gasped loudly. His face blanched and the teen’s entire body started shaking to the point where his teeth chattered. Sam stepped up behind his charge and looked out.

A very tall man in a long black overcoat stepped out of a pickup, donned his hat and was headed for the front door when he spotted the old sedan.

…………………

Dean was resting on one of the immobile cots in the medical bay. This ship was better than the one he came over on. The medical staff was larger and the accommodations for the wounded men were chosen by the extent of the injuries they suffered.

Dean was considered low risk and was sleeping in the general population of soldiers although he got an end bunk in the middle to make standing and navigating with a brace and crutches at least a little less risky if he went to use the head. There was always someone willing to lend a helping hand. It was embarrassing but he got over it quickly enough.

Sometimes a guy had to suck it up and do what he needed to do. Dean was afraid of ruining the small progress he had made with his leg so far. If he was prideful and denied the help offered he could very well reinjure himself.

At the moment a nurse was working on his leg. The scarring was deep and the leg was stiff just from the lack of movement. She didn’t need Dean wandering around on the cold, slippery deck on crutches but still he couldn’t stay immobilized on a cot for the journey.

The nurse was a tan, gray haired woman with ample, low hanging bosoms that had seen better days. She frowned at Dean for no reason, “How does the leg feel and don’t lie to me. I can sniff out a liar.”

Dean was actually scared to lie to Nurse Tegin. She looked like a ball buster. “It hurts like the dickens.”

She smiled then; the kid wasn’t a liar. “Good man, I hate it when someone holds it all in. It makes my job harder. I’m a lot of things but Mind Reader is not on the list. I’m going to give it a quick rub with the liniment to keep the scar supple and then I want you to walk for me.”

Dean couldn’t help himself, he gave her the business. “Uh…what are you gonna rub?”

Tegin began working on the ugly scar. “I got a real comedian here.”

Dean closed his eyes and tried to let the woman do her job in silence but he was bored as hell. “So what are you?”

“What do you mean?”

“My girl is sorta tan…you can tell me.” One green eye popped open, “I won’t tell.”

She looked at the row of men waiting for attention. Tegin sighed, “Spanish mother.”
“Really, my girl is a half Gypsy but you call them Romani because she says it’s more respectful. I think it’s good that people that have other things in them get respect. Life is figgin’ hard for everyone, why make it worse for someone by treating them different because they got a tan?”

Tegin shook her head and chuckled, “You’ve really thought about all this. How old are you?”

“Eighteen but my birthday is next month.”

The nurse wiped the excess liniment off his leg and dropped his trousers on his belly. “It’s the younger generation that will change things for everyone. You’re a wise person for a teen. Put on your pants and then walk to the wall and back.”

Dean put his trousers back on and walked to the wall and back for her with the crutches.

“Good, you’re moving easier. When you get back maybe you won’t need the crutches.”

Dean was pleased with himself. “I’m ambulating better now. Ambulating means walking…I learned that in England.”

Nurse Tegin thought if Dean got any sweeter she was in real danger of a toothache. “Good luck with your tan girl Private Winchester.”

Dean grinned, “I don’t need luck because she loves me already.”

………………..………………)

Lawrence was between them and the car. He stood there arms folded watching silently as the two boys moved toward him. Cas’ father could clearly see he was wearing a long wool skirt with tights underneath and a woman’s winter coat. Also the fit was tight across the belly and there seemed to be a definite bulge there.

Cas knew if not for Sam he would have fainted under the stern gaze of his father.

Sam stepped right up to the stranger blocking the passenger side of the sedan. They locked eyes, both almost the same height. The sixteen year old looked over the man that had made Cas’ life a living hell.

Lawrence was not as tall as Sam but strongly built. He had a well trimmed reddish blonde beard and moustache and under the fur felt Trilby hat curly hair of the same color stuck out. As far as Sam could tell the only features Cas shared with his father was the nose with the slightly flared nostrils and the startling blue eyes. With both parents Cas had won the jackpot in the looks department.

Finally Lawrence broke the tense silence. “What in the hell are you doing here boy and why are you dressed like that?” Before Cas could utter a word his father continued. “You finally did it, got yourself in trouble. I knew it would happen someday…men sniffing around you like twisted, filthy dogs trying to see what you have between the legs.”

Cas lost his footing but Sam caught and carried him to the other side of the car putting the pregnant teen in the back and shutting the door. Lawrence marched over and shoved Sam’s shoulder.

“What were you two doing in my house?”

Sam shoved him back twice as hard and the man landed on his ass in the snow, “Getting her personal things. Don’t you ever talk to her like that again; in fact don’t ever utter a single word to
Cassie.” Sam balled up his fists in a full rage now, “I used to think my dad was about the worst in the world but he was a picnic in the park compared to you. Enjoy your shitty, lonely life asshole!”

Lawrence stood again and brushed the snow off his overcoat, “Listen to yourself, it’s not a female, it’s a mistake and that spawn inside is an abomination.”

Sam took a step toward him, “You have some friggin’ nerve calling my…my girl an “it”. Another thing, I know what you did to her. If you so much as lay another finger on Cassie I will be the last person you ever see.”

Cas knocked on the window and it distracted Sam enough to snap him back from the brink. He got in the driver’s seat and pulled out of the driveway and onto the slippery country road.

The sedan skidded a bit but Sam righted it again and drove cautiously back to town. Cas lightly touched his shoulder from the back seat, “I’m your girl?”

Sam glanced in the mirror then back to the road, “I tried to think of what Dean would say and talked like him…sorry.”

“No problem, I’m flattered but taken.”

“In your dreams pretty boy, Jo has bigger boobs.”

They both broke out laughing and the tension waned.

“Thank you Sam…thanks to all three of you for helping me. I feel better having my things back and my Mother’s belongings from the attic. I hope you don’t think I was stealing. I know he didn’t want them and everything has been sitting up there since I was fourteen. It all deserves a new home.”

Cas patted his belly where the envelope of money was stashed in the waistband of his skirt, “This is my inheritance. Maybe it will make things a little easier at least for awhile.”

Sam said grimly, “With Dean being injured it’s going to be tough.” He heard Cas sigh from the back. “But don’t worry, you guys will be ok. I’m always here for the three of you.”

“Thanks Uncle Sam.”

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Once they hit Prosper Cas pointed eagerly to the Woolworth on Main Street. “Please can we stop in?”

Sam slowed down but didn’t stop, “Shouldn’t we get back so I can help unload stuff? That trunk is bigger than Jo. She’d kill herself trying to move that thing.”

Cas sat back and murmured, “You’re right…do you promise to take me next weekend? I have a little money now and I want to look at baby items and get Dean something nice for Christmas.” He brightened up, “Oh, maybe I should get a string of colorful glass fancies for the bedroom! Does Dean like Christmas?”

Sam smiled thinking back to how much his big brother went overboard at Christmas. “It’s Dean’s favorite holiday. Even when we had nothing under the tree or maybe not even a tree that particular year Dean made it all good somehow. He’s a glass half full sort of fella.”
“I miss him so much Sam.”

“So do I Cassie…so do I.”

…………………

John sorted through the pile of mail. He sipped the mug of hot coffee and dreamed of spicing it up with a shot of whisky then remembered he didn’t drink anymore.

When he came across the letter from Dean he tore it open and read it twice before he let out a whoop of joy.

…………………

Benny fed logs into the fireplace as Josie read him and his mother the letter from Dean Winchester. Benny was so excited he dropped a long on his toes. It was difficult holding things with one arm.

Baby Dell burst out crying for his mama. Instead his grandma creaked over and lifted him out of the cradle. “Boy you got lungs like your daddy!” She sat back down and rocked the infant, “Benny why does your soldier friend ask about a discrete midwife or doctor?”

“He shrugged I don’t know Mama, it must be very important.”

Josie smiled at Mama Lafitte, “I know of a good one.”

…………………

Billy and Sam were busy carrying up everything from the Novak home. Most of it ended up in the storage room across the hall.

Cas was too tired to sort through anything. He put on his plaid flannel nightgown and sat on the bed sipping tea and eating a cheese sandwich while Jo played boss directing where things went. She was very good at her job.

The two teens took a break and sat in Cas’ room on the floor drinking purloined beers and a couple cheese sandwiches each.

Ellen breezed in, ignored the beers and handed Cas a letter.

“Here Cassie, it’s from Dean.”

He tore it open and read it quickly, “My Comoara is on his way home!”

TBC

A/N- Woolworths

World War II brought the Company’s development to a halt. Hundreds of Woolworths’ men and women joined the Services. Company employees sent regular company-subsidized parcels and letters to colleagues in the armed forces and raised funds for ambulances and comforts funds.

Five-and-dime stores became a sensation across America after Frank Winfield Woolworth opened a store in Lancaster, Pa.in 1879. Woolworth initiated the five-and-dime concept a year earlier while
working at Moore & Smith dry goods store in Watertown, N.Y. To unload surplus goods, he created a counter loaded with a hodgepodge of nickel-priced items popular with price-conscious customers.

For decades, millions of Americans shopped at dime stores stocked with a variety of merchandise, from bobby pins to fishing bobbers and perfume to parakeets. Some stores had lunch counters where shoppers refreshed with a grilled cheese sandwich, a Frito pie or an ice cream sundae.
Any Port in a Storm

Cas almost tripped over Billy on his way to the bathroom. He just made it to the porcelain throne when the poor pregnant teen lost his tea and cheese sandwich. Jo knelt beside him ignoring the smell like a good little sister.

“The baby?”

He wiped his mouth on a wad of tissues and then sat back against the tub. “Yes, it’s worse than ever now. I seem to throw up at the drop of a hat.”

Sam stuck his head in the door. “Are you ok Cassie?”

“My tummy hurts.”

Sam looked worried and felt helpless. “What can I do to make it better?”

Cas managed a smile to put him at ease, “More tea.”

Sam galloped down the stairs and to the kitchen to put the kettle on.

Jo helped Cas to his feet and waited until his teeth were brushed and then helped him into bed.

Sam showed up shortly with a fresh mug of tea. He explained it was catnip because he had read in Family Circle Magazine that it helped with nausea and relaxed expectant mothers.

Sam settled on the bed at Cas’ side and Jo on the other bookending the teen as he sipped from the steaming mug.

Sam pointed to the letter, “Could I read it…unless there’s some naughty stuff in there.”

Cas smiled up at him, “Sure, it’s just romantic stuff. Your brother writes beautiful letters to me.”

Sam read it twice with a dimpled happy look on his face. “I’m so glad he’s on his way home. Since we found out he was wounded me and dad fixed up the downstairs bedroom for Dean so he doesn’t have to navigate stairs. There is a full bath down there he can use.”

Cas lost his smile, “But I want Dean with me.”

“I know Cas but if he can’t manage the stairs here yet then he can live at home for now.”

Jo saw her brother’s blue eyes fill up with tears. “It’s ok Cas, if he’s able to stay here then Dean is welcome but we have to see how mobile he is first and what Dean decides to do.”

It occurred to Sam to ask John if Cas could stay with them instead but John might never be totally accepting of Dean’s homosexuality. John didn’t know about the baby and Sam doubted he would ever understand the way Cas was born. Sam decided to keep his mouth shut afraid to open a can of worms. John was no Lawrence Novak but he was still a man of the times they lived in.

Sam didn’t want Cas to be rejected by another adult male in a father’s role. It seemed that before Cas met Dean there wasn’t a single man that ever loved him.

…………………………
Dean stood at the rail watching as the Explorer sailed along toward the Port of New York. His stomach was in knots and he had been standing so long his arms were shaking on the grips of the crutches.

One of the guys he befriended on the way back stepped up next to him. Leonard pointed, “Look Winchester, Lady Liberty.”

Dean squinted, despite her size they were still very far away. “She is the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen! I can’t wait to set foot on American soil again.”

Leonard thought the younger man’s enthusiasm was sorta sweet and amusing, “Eager to get back and have some lovin’ with your girl?”

“I can’t wait to hold her and touch her belly; maybe I’ll feel the baby. The rest after that is all gravy.”

Leonard patted Dean on the shoulder, “Congratulations, a family is a beautiful thing. How long you’ve been married?”

Dean frowned down at the deck, he didn’t know if he should lie or be truthful. He would never see Leonard again once they docked. “We aren’t. I’m going to work on fixing that if I can.”

The fellow soldier became very serious, “You have to marry her Dean. An unwed mother carries a stigma. Your girl would be seen as loose and men will think they can make time with her.”

“No one touches my gal! She’s not loose; my Angel is pure as the driven snow. I’m the only one that’s had her and we love each other. I’ll beat anyone’s ass that says different!”

“Whoa there, I’m not saying she’s an easy dame. I just mean you better get a ring on that finger of hers. You don’t want your kid to be a bastard.”

Dean turned and began his long trip back to his bunk. He was afraid he’d smack Leonard with a crutch even if the guy thought he was being helpful.

……………………

Lawrence stood inside the attic trying to remember what had been stored there. He knew at least the rocking chair was missing and the steamer trunk and the baby cradle. The farmer was furious that strangers came into his home and pawed through his belongings.

When he tossed Cas out on his sixteenth birthday it was a burden lifted. Lawrence never accepted his son’s condition and now having seen with his own eyes Cas’ belly and breasts outlined under a woman’s coat Lawrence felt sick to his stomach.

After Tasaria died Lawrence only allowed Cas out for school even though he felt it was as worthless as educating a monkey.

The child was shy and always walked with his shoulders stooped and eyes downcast. He barely spoke except to his mother and grandmother. Even worse Cas looked more like Tasaria, small, slim, and pretty featured with dark hair and tan skin. Lawrence planted doubts in his own mind that just maybe the child wasn’t his.

Tasaria always pointed out the nose that was much like her husband’s and the striking shades of blue in the child’s eyes were identical to Lawrence. He didn’t care, Lawrence saw what he wanted.
Disgusted with the memories and the sight of a pregnant Castiel, Lawrence decided to put the fear of God in his son once and for all.

Lawrence went down to the kitchen and dialed out for the Prosper police.

..................

With Jo at school Cas was running the dining room, Ellen was cooking and the new hire Alice was doing dishes and miscellaneous tasks. Around the holidays business picked up with out of town people coming in to visit relatives.

The locals splurged more on eating out despite the hard times because Ellen always ran a decent lunch special. Ellen told Jo and Cas that she wanted them to survive the war so when life turned around when it ended Jo’s Diner would thrive once again.

Alice, a nondescript single young lady in her twenties was quiet and pleasant. She did her job then went back to the safety of her parents home. She only knew Cas as Cassie and the two got along fine.

Cas was working the lunch crowd consisting of mostly workmen. The bigger his belly got the harder it was on his feet. It was mid December and Cas was now four and a half months pregnant.

The blue collar guys were actually kinder to Cassie than Cas. The growing baby inside Cassie brought nicer tips because the men felt sorry for the poor knocked up teenager. In fact most of them enjoyed watching Cassie’s belly grow. Ellen said it was because the men had hard, grim jobs and watching a life grow put a little sunshine in their dreary days.

Cas didn’t know about all that but he sure appreciated the extra money. He was careful to save most of it in the bank account he opened with the money from Tasaria. It was still a modest amount but with Dean coming home and not knowing his prospects for work Cas wanted to make their lives go as smooth as possible.

..................

Officer O’Toole wrote on his little notepad as Lawrence told him about the missing items. “So this is your daughter then? I didn’t know you had a daughter.”

“She grew up with relatives. It’s a long story and not pertinent to why you’re here.”

Lawrence’s curt answer rubbed the young officer the wrong way. “It seems a little petty that you want me to talk to your daughter about a rocking chair, a trunk, a baby cradle and her own clothes.”

“Well I think there are other things but I can’t tell you what offhand.”

“You say she’s pregnant?”

“Again, it doesn’t pertain to the reason you’re here.”

O’Toole sighed as he closed his little notebook and tucked it in his shirt pocket. “I’ll go talk to her. You wouldn’t happen to know where she lives.”

Lawrence grumped, “Some place in Prosper.”

“Well that narrows it down. I’ll let you know what I find out.”

.....................
It was easy enough to track down the Novak girl. With a description of pregnant, dark hair, blue eyes and a tan she stood out in peoples’ minds.

O’Toole entered Jo’s Diner just before closing to afford them privacy. In a small town your business was everybody else’s.

Cas backed into the kitchen when he saw the cop. Authority figures meant trouble for someone like Cas.

Ellen peeked out the service window and spotting O’Toole she told Alice to knock off for the night. The young woman gratefully accepted and headed out the back.

Ellen hustled out to his table and sat down. “Well if it isn’t little James O’Toole, how is your mama doing?”

He tried his best to be professional but Ellen was friends with his mother and he knew Ellen since knee high to a grasshopper. “She’s been feeling poorly.”

Ellen took his hand across the table and clucked, “Well before you go I’ll give you a quart jar of soup to take to her. Now what brings you here?”

James flipped open his notebook and pretended to read over his notes to avoid Ellen’s piercing gaze. “I spoke with Lawrence Novak out at his farm. It seems his daughter and a couple friends went into the house and removed some items without permission.”

“Oh you mean the baby cradle, rocker and some clothing.”

“A trunk also and he said there might have been other things but he wasn’t sure.”

Ellen dropped her head and shook it sorrowfully, “The poor thing is pregnant and alone in this world except for Jo and me. Her beau was injured fighting for our wonderful country and is on his way home right now. Dean is only eighteen…such a sweet boy.”

Ellen pulled a napkin from her pocket and dabbed her eyes, “I don’t know if he can walk or not. Before he left Dean gave her his silver ring, I think it might be replaced with a wedding ring soon enough. They don’t have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of,”

Ellen sniffed and blew her nose, “just two teenagers struggling to survive in a cold, cruel world.”

James folded like a card table after hearing their tale of woe. “I’m so sorry for them Miss Ellen. I have to do my job though and talk to her.”

Ellen called for Cassie. The kitchen door opened and he stepped out then hesitated. Ellen held out her hand, “Come here sweetheart, Officer O’Toole wants to ask you a few questions.”

Cas fainted on the spot.

Jo sat on the floor with Cas’ head on her lap. “Wake up…Cassie can you hear me?”

His eyes fluttered open and he clutched at Jo desperately sobbing, “Please Jo, don’t let them take me away. I want to keep my baby.”

James was apologizing profusely to Ellen, “I’m sorry Miss Ellen, I didn’t know this would be so upsetting.”
“If she is harmed in anyway because of these trumped up accusations…”

“No I’m letting this go. I thought it was all hogwash anyway. The items were obviously for the baby, personal items and sentimental things. I felt it was petty of Mr. Novak to call the police and I told him so.”

Ellen stabbed a finger toward him, “You tell that old goat to go suck an egg.” She shoved a quart of soup toward him, “Here, for your mother.”

Sam stood over Cas guarding his charge and the precious cargo. He glared at the cop.

James took the soup and apologized again. He offered to fetch a doctor and when Ellen said one wasn’t needed he quickly left to tell Lawrence to go suck an egg.

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Upon arrival Dean and other injured soldiers were brought to a military hospital. Currently a doctor was watching him move along on the crutches. “I’m going to have you take off the brace and put weight on your leg. Our goal here is to get you using a cane.”

Dean took off the cumbersome device and put weight on the leg feeling confident because of the crutches. It was painful but possible. By the end of their session he was using one crutch and no brace.

“This is good Dean, I know it must hurt but with time and practice I don’t see why we can’t get you moving with just a cane but I believe your hip was affected by this permanently.”

Dean’s good mood was dashed, “So I’m stuck here?”

“I’ll have your x-rays forwarded to the nearest hospital with veteran’s services. It’s going to mean some traveling on your part. Do you have reliable drivers to take you back and forth…in Prosper I mean?”

“Really, I can go home?!”

“I think you might be home for Christmas.”

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Sam knocked on the bedroom door, “Cassie open up, the cop is gone and everything will be ok.” A shadow moved beneath the door and then Sam heard Cas sliding down to the floor and sitting.

“Please?”

“No, I have to hide. What if more cops come and they find out about me?”

“Ellen fixed everything. If I promise to take you to Woolworths after school tomorrow will you open the door?”

Sam heard movement and then the door slowly opened. Two blue eyes appeared around the corner, “Woolworths?”

“Yup, I might even buy you a hot chocolate and a cheeseburger.”

“And a banana split?”
“Sure.”

With cherries on top?”

“Of course.”

The door opened all the way and there was Cas in a little white bra and boxers. He was smiling again, “Ok thanks Sam.”

Sam rolled his eyes toward the ceiling to avoid the urge to stare at the hard nipples and soft little handfuls of boob showing clearly through the fabric.

Jo was walking past with a stack of clean towels but she couldn’t resist the urge to stop and giggle. “Poor Sam, Cassie does have cute ones.”

Sam hissed, “I swear you are the devil sometimes.”

Ellen burst through the apartment door, “Cassie come quick, Dean’s on the phone!”

TBC

A/N- Information is from the New York State Museum

During World War II, New York harbor was divided into six hundred individual ship anchorages able to accommodate ocean-going vessels awaiting berthing or already loaded and awaiting convoy assignment and sortie. On the peak day in March 1943, there were a total of 543 merchant ships at anchor in New York harbor, a figure very close to maximum capacity.

The Port of New York was really eleven ports in one. It boasted a developed shoreline of over 650 miles comprising the waterfronts of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, the Bronx, and Staten Island as well as the New Jersey shoreline from Perth Amboy to Elizabeth, Bayonne, Newark, Jersey City, Hoboken and Weehawken.

The Port of New York included some 1,800 docks, piers, and wharves of every conceivable size, condition, and state of repair. Some 750 were classified as "active" and 200 were able to berth 425 ocean-going vessels simultaneously in addition to the 600 able to anchor in the harbor. These docks and piers gave access to 1,100 warehouses containing some 41 million square feet of inclosed storage space.

In addition, the Port of New York had thirty-nine active shipyards, not including the huge New York Naval Shipyard on the Brooklyn side of the East River. These facilities included nine big ship repair yards, thirty-six large dry-docks, twenty-five small shipyards, thirty-three locomotive and gantry cranes of fifty ton lift capacity or greater, five floating derricks, and more than one hundred tractor cranes. Over 575 tugboats worked the Port of New York.

Between Pearl Harbor and VJ-Day, more than three million troops and their equipment and over 63 million tons of additional supplies and materials were shipped overseas through the Port of New York.
The Homecoming

When Dean heard a nearly breathless Cas blurt out, “Dean I love you!” he thought he died and went to Heaven. It seemed a lifetime since he heard his sweetheart’s voice.

“Oh Baby I love you too! Speaking of babies how is our bun doing in your sweet little oven?”

Dean listened and heard crying but didn’t get an answer, “Honey?”

Cas wiped his runny nose on his bare forearm. He tried his best to stop the hitch in his voice, “I’m sorry, I just miss you so much. I don’t know how our bun is doing. I haven’t seen a doctor because of my condition.”

Dean felt like the worst father to be in the world. “Cas, don’t worry. I’ll be there by the weekend and we can work out some way to get you medical attention.”

Cas was silently grateful for that. He worried from day one about the bad things that could happen to him or the baby. Cas worried about his ability to carry a child to term let alone the birth itself.

“Please come home to me as soon as possible Comoara, I need you badly.”

“I promise Angel. I hope to be holding you in my arms by Christmas Eve. I have to go now sweetheart because this call is long distance. I love, love, love you!”

“I love you too my precious Dean.”

Jo made gagging sounds then said the room smelled like sugar. Cas handed the phone over to Sam then swatted Jo on the butt and called her a smarty pants. She told him it wasn’t polite to swear.

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Sam listened as his big brother gave him orders. “Sammy, tell Dad I’m coming in by train on Friday. I don’t have the schedule yet so I don’t have a time but it’ll be at the Prosper train station.”

“Oh Dean, no problem. Friday is Christmas Eve and Dad gets off work early and I don’t have school that day. Dad moved upstairs and fixed up the downstairs bedroom for you because there is a bathroom right there and you won’t have to navigate stairs.”

There was a long pause before Dean answered, “What about Cas? I can’t leave my Angel alone or the baby.”

“Dean, Dad doesn’t know anything about it. How the hell are you going to break the news? Its bad enough Lawrence Novak sent a cop over here for Cassie. That upset her so much she fainted.”

“Who?”

“Cas…Cassie. He’s living as a female Dean. What did you think; we had him locked in his room this whole time?”

“He didn’t tell me. I guess it’s something you can’t write in a letter. A cop…what is going on?!”

“Don’t worry Dean; I’ll explain everything when you get here.”

Someone was yelling in the background to get off the phone, “Got to go little brother. See you all
Jo, Sam and Cas wandered around Woolworths. It was evening and just days before Christmas so the store was filled with shoppers. Cas was at the counter with the perfume and colognes.

Sam was the guinea pig having men’s colognes dabbed on various spots on his body. He took off his winter coat and even lifted his sweater so Cas could put a bit of Bay Rum on his abdomen. When Cas bent down to sniff Sam turned shades of red. Jo did a sniff and let out a “Mmmm, very manly.”

Cas told Sam and Jo to leave the counter so he could shop in private.

Cas picked out a bottle of Clubman Pinaud Eau de Quinine Compound Hair Tonic for John Winchester because he had such luxurious wavy hair. For Dean he chose Ogallala Bay Rum, Limes & Peppercorns feeling that the heady combination would be delicious to sniff on all his beautiful hidden places. For Sam he decided on the Bay Rum because it smelled so nice on his belly.

For Jo a bottle of ChiChi perfume and for Ellen Emeraude. Even though money was very tight, Cas picked out a bottle for himself. He wanted to smell pretty for Dean and decided on Surrender even though Cas had surrendered to Dean long ago.

By the time he reached the counter there was a pair of baby shoes and a bunting added and a special gift for Dean that was practical and pretty at the same time.

The three sat at the counter in Woolworths having a treat. All three had big mugs of hot cocoa with a generous dollop of whipped cream on top. It was much too cold out to have the banana split Cas had been dreaming about.

Sam bought them all a grilled cheese with the money he made by shoveling walks and driveways in the neighborhood.

From behind, Cas’ long, shiny dark waves spilled to his slim shoulders and from the front with his perky little breasts outlined by a snug sweater and his belly hidden under the counter he looked to be quite the catch.

Even with the more masculine planes of his face Cas’ thick dark lashes and pretty blue eyes drew males like bees to honey. He had put a soft shade of rose on his lips and lined his eyes making them pop. Cas was practicing being pretty for Dean.

A strapping young man hopped on the stool next to Cas. A new girl was always exciting in a small town like Prosper. “Hi, I haven’t seen you around here before. My name is…”

Sam leaned back and glared at the potential hazard to his charge and the baby. “Move along buddy, this one is taken.”

Cas turned toward the stranger so the young man got a gander at the belly straining under the baby blue sweater. He took off like he was on fire.

Sam rested his head on the counter and let out a sigh, “I’ll sure be glad when Dean gets back.”

Cas felt bad for the responsibilities Sam had on his shoulders. “I’m sorry Sam.”
“Sorry for what? You can’t help being pretty. I go through this with Jo all the time.”

Jo balled up her fists and made a few punches through the air, “Don’t worry Sam, I can protect myself.”

“I know but that’s my job.”

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Dean boarded the train headed for Prosper with many stops on the way. He got a lower berth sleeping car but there wasn’t much room for sleeping. Dean refused to check his bag or the huge duffle that was filled with gifts and mementoes.

He was moving around now without the brace. Dean was still in a great deal of pain and the cold wasn’t helping any. He had a prescription to fill and a bottle of pain pills to tide him over. Dean was now using one crutch. He would be reevaluated at a local hospital and be issued a cane later.

Dean didn’t care, he just wanted to long journey to end. Going by the train schedule, they would hit the station just inside Prosper by Christmas Eve. That meant several days and nights on the train but in the end it would all be worth it.

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Cas had their room, formerly known as his room ready for Dean. The bedding was washed, Ellen gave him an old standing wardrobe for Dean’s belongings and the cradle and rocking chair were in place. Next to the rocking chair was a large wicker basket with the few baby items Cas had gathered from his father’s house along with the bunting and the pretty outfits Ellen knit for the baby in shades of yellow and mint.

Jo went on a diaper sewing spree having found the right materials. Maybe it was early but it took time to gather what was needed and still Cas didn’t think it would be enough. He hoped Providence would provide. Even at times when Cas felt God had turned his back on him he hoped a baby was different.

Babies were pure and born into a harsh world. Surely God would never turn his back on this child.

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Ellen and Jo put the finishing touches on the Christmas tree in their large apartment. Cas had fallen asleep on the couch wrapped in a blanket. He had taken a hot bath after wrapping his gifts for everyone. Dean would be arriving that night so he wanted to be fresh, clean and well rested.

Cas had begged Sam to take him to the train station but Sam explained again that John was in the dark about the baby and didn’t know for certain about the nature of the relationship Dean had with him. John had suspicions but no hard facts.

Sam said it was Dean’s job to explain things when the time was right. Cas cried buckets but didn’t ask again. He knew Sam was doing the right thing.

“Sam, would you please bring Dean over after settling him in at home?”

“I don’t know Cas, I’ll get him here as soon as possible but Dad might want to monopolize the time right away. He misses Dean.”

The thought of Christmas Eve without his Comoara was heartbreaking but again he accepted it.
John waited inside the train station with Sam and when passengers began to pour in he stood on his tiptoes trying to spot his son. There were many soldiers of all sorts coming in. Some obviously wounded and the ones that looked possibly healthy made John wonder what was hiding beneath the uniforms.

A porter walked in with a bag and a huge duffle. From behind him Dean limped out and stopped to get out his wallet doing a bit of a balancing act in the process. Sam rushed forward to get his big brother while John tipped the porter.

Sam tried to guide Dean to a bench but he declined, “No I want to go home. I can sit there as well as here. Geez I missed you Sammy.” The brothers hugged and Sam even kissed his brother on the cheek. Dean laughed and wiped off the kiss, “I’m limping not dead.”

John took his eldest in a bear hug, “Son you just don’t know how glad I am to see you. I have everything fixed up for you.”

Dean melted into his embrace. John had changed, he sounded genuine. That was one of the best gifts Dean could have hoped for from his dad.

John gave Dean a tour of the downstairs bedroom pointing out all the nice changes. “I did a fresh coat of paint in sky blue your favorite color. New bedding even with a nice feather pillow, I replaced that crappy nightstand with a sturdy one so you can hang on to it when you get up. Now you can use the downstairs bathroom and things will be easier.”

Dean sat heavily on the big bed his father once shared with Mary and looked around at all his possessions in their new places. He missed Cas badly and wished he could move him here to a real house. That was all in the future and right now he needed to figure out Christmas.

“One day at a time Dean...one day at a time.”

John had fallen asleep in his comfy old chair in front of the fire. Sam had cleaned the chimney before winter hit and father and son had stocked wood out back.

Sam went in search of his brother and found Dean looking agitated. He was sitting on the bed with packages wrapped in funny papers sitting around him. “Sam please take me to see Cas. I think I’m gonna die otherwise. I need to be with him.”

Sam looked at the rapidly falling snow outside and then back to his brother staring up with liquid green eyes full of wanting and pain.

“Ok but we have to tell dad first.”

John was grumpy as hell when woken from a sound sleep to be told his boys wanted to leave on Christmas Eve. “Dean you need to rest. Is it that important to visit the Gypsy boy tonight?”

Dean was dressed and ready to go. He stood there with a crutch braced under one arm and a bag in his other hand. “Yeah Dad, I need to see the Gypsy boy tonight. You know he’s my friend.”
Not once had they talked about what exactly the relationship was between Dean and Cas. It was such a forbidden topic fraught with actual danger if the wrong people found out that Dean felt sick just thinking about it.

“How do I tell Dad about this…all of it. Oh God this is impossible…runaway maybe…start over…”

Sam took the bag from Dean, “Are you ready to go?”

Dean snapped out of his despairing thoughts. “Yeah Sam, I’m ready.”

Cas waited at the window watching for Dean just in case. Jo and Ellen told him to get some sleep and on Christmas morning they would call Sam.

Ellen tucked her sad eighteen year old under the covers in his own room and kissed him on the forehead. “You know I spoil the crap out of you.”

Cas gave her a crooked grin, “I know.”

“Get some sleep; I’m not babysitting you all night. Bad enough this spring I’ll be babysitting for real.”

“It’s not babysitting if you’re a grandma is it?”

Ellen shut off the lamp and headed to the door. “Goodnight smooth talker.”

Eventually the fatigue from work, shopping and being almost five months pregnant got to him and he fell into a fitful sleep.

Sam parked on the street and helped Dean through the alley and unlocked the back door to the diner. It was a process getting him up the stairs and when they reached the top Sam set the bag down outside Cas’ bedroom door.

He whispered, “Do you need help?”

“Thanks Sam but I don’t need help from here.”

Sam left Dean to his own devices and decided to head home to John.

Dean tried to be as quiet as possible closing the door behind him. Dean set the bag on the little table by the window then limped over to the side of Cas’ bed.

Dean ran his eyes over the sleeping form with moonlight accentuating all the curves of the formally stick straight body. It was amazing to him, the swell of breasts and belly hidden beneath the cream flannel nightgown covered in tiny roses.

Dean had so many important things to do and questions to ask but there would be time for that later. All he wanted to do now was run his hands over every inch of his Angel’s flesh followed by little kisses then hold his woman in his arms and never ever let go.
A/N-- Friday December 24, 1943

World War II: U.S. General Dwight D. Eisenhower becomes the Supreme Allied Commander.

A/N—Bay Rum Cologne -It is a distillate that was originally made in Saint Thomas and probably other West Indian islands from rum and the leaves and/or berries of the West Indian bay tree, Pimentaracemosa Other ingredients may be citrus and spice oils, the most common being lime oil, oil of cloves and cinnamon.

The onset of World War II forced AH Riise Enterprises, the largest Virgin Island bay rum company, to buy their own boats to transport bay rum to Miami. They also brought back food and merchandise to help ease the painful shortages created by the war.

John Webb of Minneapolis was stationed with the U.S. Navy on St. Thomas during WWII. He became intrigued by the bay rum industry and decided when the war was over he would revive bay rum in the Virgin Islands. Webb settled on St. Thomas and embarked on producing St Johns Bay Rum in 1946.

A/N- World War II caused a decrease in new perfume creations, as well as a decline in the quality of perfume presentations. After the war, the perfume industry was re-established, and many new perfumers emerged.
I'll Be Home For Christmas

Dean’s movements were awkward; he hadn’t managed to get back his balance and needed something to hold on to. Lowering himself to the bed Dean froze when Cas shifted in his sleep then curled into an ball protectively hugging his belly.

Working as quickly and quietly as he was able, Dean removed all his clothes and wiggled underneath a layer of blankets then spooned against Cas.

Cas jolted awake from the feeling of someone touching him. Warm breath caressed the back of his neck as Dean whispered, “I’m home Angel”.

When strong hands slid over his belly he knew it was real. “Comoara” was all Cas managed to say.

Dean reluctantly moved away so his lover could face him. Cas rolled over and found himself face to face with the young man that taught him acceptance, tenderness and love in one magical week. He didn’t know what Dean would think of him now with the obvious changes in his formerly slim body.

Cas got his answer when Dean ran his fingers lightly over a nipple hidden by flannel. “You are so beautiful.”

They embraced, both unwilling to let get go. Cas noticed his Comoara was shaking very hard, it was nothing like a tremble of excitement.

For months Dean tried his best to be strong because there was no other choice. All that loneliness mixed with fear surrounded by friend and foe alike, people who held his fate in their hands was over. His careful wall of protection began to crumble. He told himself not to cry but his body had other plans.

Dean buried his face in the crook of Cas’ neck and broke down sobbing. There was no stopping it. Cas in his wisdom didn’t question why Dean was crying, he knew his lover had been through things that he couldn’t begin to imagine.

Dean felt shame for those tears feeling it showed a lack of strength when Cas needed him most but he couldn’t pull back the emotions no matter how he tried. Now in the arms of his Angel at last with the baby comfortably between them Dean felt safe for the first time since leaving Prosper.

Slowly the weeping subsided and Cas was left with a quiet eighteen year old slumped against him. Cas cooed to Dean as he passed a cool hand over his lovers cheek. “I’m here, no one will hurt you ever again I promise.”

Dean mumbled, “I’m useless to you…crying like a damn baby instead of bucking up and comforting you instead.”

Cas slowly ran his fingers down the lean, muscular frame until he reached Deans thigh. His thumb circled the top of the long, deep, jagged scar but Dean caught Cas’ wrist and moved his hand away.

“No don’t touch it.”

“Why Comoara, does it hurt?”

“It’s not that…it’s ugly. You might think different of me in the morning when you see what I am
Dean was surprised and upset when he heard soft laughter, “What’s so funny about that?”

“I’m not laughing at you Dean. I’m laughing because I was thinking the same thing will happen when you see me in the daylight. I suppose we are both very insecure about our bodies.”

Dean sat up and pulled the covers off Cas, “Could I touch you?”

After a long silence Cas said yes.

Dean undid the mother of pearl buttons running down the flannel gown. He opened it wide then sat back and looked over the supine figure cast in moonlight and shadow.

Cas has his eyes closed tight waiting for a sound of disappointment. Instead he felt lips suck a nipple until it stiffened then Dean went on to the next as his hand squeezed the small breast. Something long and stiff was pressed against his thigh and it didn’t take a rocket scientist to know what it was.

A free hand rubbed slow circles over his belly and Cas was caught between excitement and relaxation. His bladder had other ideas. “Dean I have to pee.”

Cas rolled out of bed. Dean smiled when he noticed his Angel’s little fanny looked much plumper and shook as Cas hurried to the door.

“Wonder if I should compliment him on his rump…better not, maybe pregnant ladies are touchy about things like that.”

Dean pulled down the bedding so only his legs were covered. Dean wasn’t ready for Cas to see the damage. In fact he planned on hiding it as long as possible hoping the rest of his body would be enough to keep his Angel interested. Even the thought of walking in front of Cas was almost too much to think about.

“Do I call him Cassie…can he, I mean she…I mean…damn it …can he still have relations like that…will I hurt the baby…oh god I’m a mess.”

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“Come on Cassie…where is that pee going to come from?”

Cas’ sighed with relief as a stream ran out of both places. For him having an urgent bladder was twice as bad. That combined with the fact he was now vomiting into a little waste basket wasn’t helping matters any.

Trying to retch as quietly as possible was difficult. Jo and Ellen slept through it most of the time. Cas always told them he didn’t need help. Still sometimes he ended up with one woman or another sitting on the edge of the tub watching to make sure he was alright.

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Dean heard what sounded like gagging coming from the bathroom. “Crap something is wrong!”

He swung his legs over the side, took a deep breath and got up by hanging onto the night stand. Dean’s pants were in a pile on the floor and he couldn’t reach them without falling. The whole thing was an exercise in frustration.
Grabbing his crutch Dean hobbled to the bathroom and knocked lightly on the door. “Angel, are you alright?” When he heard the sound again Dean steeled himself and opened the door to find Cas dry heaving into a waste basket while still sitting on the toilet.

Cas set the basket down and his eyes went right to Dean’s leg. He let out an involuntarily gasp. It looked much worse than he expected. He looked up at Dean with big, sad eyes, “My poor Comoara…I’m so sorry.”

Dean growled, “Why, you didn’t shoot me.” He turned and limped back to the room.

When Cas came back he found Dean wrapped in a blanket sitting in a chair by the window watching the snow fall. “I didn’t mean to gasp, I was just surprised. Your leg doesn’t affect my feelings. I love you more than anything except the baby. It sounds strange I suppose loving someone I haven’t met yet…”

Dean tightened the blanket around him. “The day I read your letter and found out I was gonna be a dad at first I felt scared you know. Then it took me five seconds to get over it and I was in love with the kid. I never thought I’d ever be a dad…you know because of the way I am.”

“But you’ve been with a real girl before. Haven’t you ever thought of living a normal life and marrying one…having kids?”

Dean blew on the cold glass then traced a heart in the fog left behind. “Sure, with you. To me Cas you are as much a girl as the ones without boy parts.” He finished by writing D+C in the center. “Don’t ever question what I really want. You know I only want you. The rest pale in comparison.”

Dean turned to face him, “Are you Cas or Cassie? I think you’re gorgeous by the way.”

Cas lowered his eyes and smiled, “I’m anything you want me to be.”

“Ok, in public you’re my Cassie. In private it depends. I don’t want anyone to hurt you.”

Cas beckoned for him, “Come here my love. I brushed my teeth don’t worry.”

Dean got up then grabbed the crutch and limped over sitting heavily on the bed then gathering the courage to lift his leg up and onto the mattress. The traveling, stairs and stress had gotten to him but he didn’t want to appear weak.

Once resting next to Cas Dean pressed his erection against the soft flesh of his woman’s thigh. “I can’t believe I’m too exhausted to make love to you. I’m only eighteen but a friggin’ mess. I promise after a little sleep…”

Cas rolled toward him and positioned his belly so Dean’s dick was pressed tight between them. Cas wrapped his arms as best he could around his lover and moved slowly creating friction against the hardness.

Dean closed his eyes and let out little whimpers until he grasped Cas tight and shot his spunk between them. After his breathing settled he rolled on his back and smiled up at the ceiling, “Thank you.”

Cas wiped the cum off his own belly with the quilt. He dragged his tongue through the cooling puddle on Dean’s abdomen until it was clean then pulled the covers over them both. “I love you Dean. When you’re happy then I’m happy and right now I’m on top of the world. You home with me is the best Christmas gift I could ever hope for.”
Dean twined his fingers in Cas’, “I’m never leaving you again. No war or anything else will ever keep me away from you. I’d rather die first.”

Dean wanted to ask Cas about Lawrence but that was a question for another time.

The pair fell asleep in each other’s arms as the snow fell over Prosper covering the town in a blanket of white.

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Dean’s nightmare was interrupted by something warm and wet touching his thigh. Reaching down he felt Cas doing something to him beneath the bedding. Dean murmured, “Don’t.”

He felt a tongue trace along the deep, ugly scar down his thigh then feather light kisses all the way up, “Baby what are you doing?”

A muffled, “Kissing you in naughty places” was the answer.

Teeth raked over his dick and Dean let out a low hiss of pain.

Cas’ head popped out from under the quilt. “I’m sorry Comoara. I’m not very good at this.”

Dean held out his arms, “Come here sweetheart.”

Cas settled on top of Dean turned slightly to the side. He took Dean’s hand and placed it on his belly, “The baby is moving…do you feel it?”

Dean let out gasp. “Holy crap, was that a kick?”

“Yes it was.”

“Do you think it’s a boy because that was a really hard kick.”

They both started laughing at the same time for no particular reason. It ended with Cas on his back and his legs spread. Dean said with complete sincerity, “Gosh I love you so much.”

Dean, careful not to crush the baby braced himself and slide inside the tight, silky warmth then waited before thrusting. “I’ll take it easy.”

Cas looked up at him with sleepy eyes and a little smile, “I trust you.”

It only took a few pumps and it was all over. He had been without what was considered a lifetime for an eighteen year old. Afterward Dean fingered Cassie until she trembled and keened leaving a puddle on the blanket.

They looked out the window at the sunrise painting colors over the crisp, white landscape. It was a fresh new day filled with hope and promise for the young couple.

There would be trials and tribulations to come but for one blessed moment everything was perfect.

TBC

A/N-Thank you for all the great comments on Shades of Blue everyone!

Here are some WW2 Christmas tidbits for you.
The wartime production priorities greatly restricted the presents that children could receive for Christmas. This needed to be told to the kids - and who better to tell them than St. Nick himself. Santa Claus at the local department stores had to lower expectations when talking to the children that came to sit on his lap. Santa would tell the kids not to expect too much because of the war. He made no promises. Sometimes Santa had to explain that a particular toy had too much steel in it - and that steel was needed for the war. If a child seemed disappointed in Santa’s lack of promises, Santa would inform the child that some children living in the countries where the war was being fought will have no Christmas at all.

The wartime Christmas years introduced classic Christmas songs to the culture. The song White Christmas first debuted in 1942 in the Movie Holiday Inn. Sung by Bing Crosby it became an instant hit as its peaceful feeling hit home with both those on the home front and those on the battle front. Another Christmas standard I’ll Be Home for Christmas made its debut in 1943. The words touched the hearts of separated loved ones as the song speaks of yearning to be home at Christmas even “if only in my dreams”.

As for the soldiers and sailors overseas at Christmas, military necessity and lack of accommodations forced them to have a minimal or close to non-existence holiday celebration.

**Rumford Drop Cookies**

*War-time way to keep the cookie jar full–with easily digested honey as the sweet-tooth ingredient!*

2 1/2 cups sifted flour 3 teaspoons baking powder 1/4 teaspoon salt 2/3 cup shortening 1 1/4 cups honey 1 egg, well beaten 1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla

SIFT together flour, Rumford Baking Powder and salt. Cream shortening, add honey slowly and cream until fluffy. Stir in well-beaten egg and vanilla. Add sifted dry ingredients, a little at a time, blending well after each addition. Drop by teaspoonfuls on lightly greased cookie sheet and bake in a moderately hot oven (425° F.) for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.
Shades of Gray

A/N- In 1947, the U.S. Army released a documentary, entitled Shades of Gray, about the causes and treatment of mental illness during WWII.

Jo knocked softly on the door. “Dean, Sam just called and he’s on his way over to get you. Your dad is making a big breakfast for your homecoming.”

There was a bit of silence then Dean answered, “Ok.”

Cas snuggled tighter against his love, “Don’t leave us.”

“Angel I have to go. I promise I’ll be back. Next week Dad is going to take me the hospital and get me set up with my appointed doctor. I’ll get my exercises going again so I don’t have to depend on Sam to help me.”

Dean rubbed from his hip down to the wicked scar, “Right now I’m useless to you.”

Cas made an awkward movement to bend and kiss the hollow of Dean’s hip, “You aren’t useless. Not to me or the other people that love you.”

Dean changed the subject to lighten the mood, “Hey Cassie I want to give you the stuff I brought back.” Dean grabbed the crutch and hoisted himself up. He went to the bag sitting on the table and carried it back to the bed.

Once settled in he took out a small wooden chest the size of a breadbox. It took up most of the room in the bag. “This is for the kid. I saw it when I first got there in a shop and once I found out we were having a baby I sent Rose out to find it.”

Cas opened it up to find a carousel music box inside.

The tiny horses were painted in gay colors and the porcelain canopy above was done in delicate stripes of sage and butter. There was a brass switch on the base and the bottom had a winding mechanism. Every little detail was done with great care. Minute sized rhinestones decorated each of the four horses that caught and sparkled in the morning sunlight streaming through the window.

Cas broke into a big smile as he ran his fingers over the glittering steeds, “Dean its beautiful. The baby is going to adore this.” He wound the bottom and pushed the lever.

Brahms Lullaby started to play as the little horses began their slow movements up and down the delicate brass poles. He set it down on the nightstand and both watched the turning horses until the movement slowed to a stop.

Cas wrapped his arms about Dean’s neck and kissed him, “You are the best father ever.”

Dean felt tears on his skin. He was confused over Cas’ reaction and tried to comfort him by rubbing slow circles down his lovers back. “Cassie, I hope those are happy tears.”

“Yes, I’m happy because our child will have the love of two parents.” He drew back and rubbed his blue eyes, “It’s a pain like no other when a father hates his offspring. I should know.”

Dean cupped the sad young man’s face, “Sam told me the highlights of what happened that day. Is your old man still a threat? Because if he is…”
“I don’t want to talk about him.” Cas got out of bed and went to the closet, “close your eyes”. Dean closed them and Cas placed something next to him.

“Ok open them.”

Dean opened his eyes and there was a cane and a wrapped box sitting next to it. He picked up the cane first and took time to admire the highly polished walnut. Dean stood up with the cane and leaned on it. He let out a low whistle, “This is top notch stuff…where do I rate something this fancy?”

Cas went from tears to smiles in a second, “You look so dapper! I just knew it was the right one for you. I got the height right and everything. That’s a derby handle, the lady at Woolworth said it was the best one they had.”

Dean worked his way across the room walking with an air of confidence he didn’t have with the crutch. The beautiful cane made him feel almost normal again. Once back to the bed he sat down next to Cas and tenderly kissed him.

“Baby you shouldn’t spend any money on me.”

Cas looked hurt so Dean lifted his chin and gave his lady a panty dropper grin, “But I love it. It makes me feel real special, thank you sweetheart.” He picked up the little box and tore off the wrapping.

The bottle of Ogallala Bay Rum, Limes & Peppercorns cologne in the emerald green bottle with the woven palm around it was the fanciest thing Dean had ever seen. He opened the top and dabbed some on his throat. “Do I smell manly?”

Cas did a sniff test then let out a soft sigh, “Very manly but you don’t need cologne for that.”

There was a hard knock on the door, “Dean, are you ready to go, Dads waiting.”

“Hang on Sam, go smooch your girlfriend for a few minutes I’ll be out in a bit.”

Dean rummaged around in the bag and pulled out a small box, “This is for you Cassie.”

Cas let out what sounded like an attempt at a giggle but it was a bit too deep for that. Still Dean thought it was charming. Cas opened the gift and took out a heart shaped wooden box with mother of pearl overlay on top forming a heart within a heart.

He opened it up and found Dean had used a penknife to carefully carve “Forever Yours” on the inside of the lid. Dean pointed to it proudly, “I did that myself. I had a lot of time to sit around at the hospital and thought I’d do a little extra to make it special.”

He slid the little brass lever and “La Vie en Rose” began to play. Dean took the music box and set it next to the carousel. He held out his hand and Cas took it. “Dance with me in bed. I can’t dance for real but we can pretend.”

Cas melted against him as they wrapped around each other. Dean whispered the lyrics in his ear.

*Hold me close and hold me fast The magic spell you cast This is la vie en rose When you kiss me, Heaven sighs And though I close my eyes I see la vie en rose When you press me to your heart I’m in a world apart A world where roses bloom And when you speak Angels sing from above Every day words Seem to turn into love songs* Give your heart and soul to me And life will always be *La vie en rose*.......
A hard knock came at the door, “Come on Dean, we have to go.”

“Shut up Sam!”

There was silence from the other side and Dean finished his whispered love song.

_I thought that love was just a word They sang about in songs I heard It took your kisses to reveal That I was wrong, and love is real Hold me close and hold me fast The magic spell you cast This is la vie en rose……._

Cas peppered kisses over the tattoo on Dean’s arm and then on his cheek, “I love you.”

Dean smashed his lips against Cas’ then broke the hard kiss, “I’m so sorry honey. I’ll be back.”

Dean looked down shyly, his sweep of thick dark lashes obliterating the pretty green eyes, “I have something really special for you but the time has to be right.”

There was a more timid knock. Sam opened the door and peeked inside, “Are you decent?”

Cas pulled up the sheet to cover his breasts while Sam covered his eyes, “Sorry…sorry…geez…I uh, I’ll wait in the hall.”

Dean tied his boots, dropped the cologne in the bag and got his new cane. “Come on Sam I’m ready.” Sam walked in backwards, “Ok I’ll help you down the stairs.”

Dean punched his shoulder, “Stop looking at my woman’s boobs.”

“I’m not! It’s always been an accident you jerk.”

“You mean you saw ‘em before me?!”

“By accident!”

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Dean got to thinking on the way back home. “Sam, do any of the guys hit on Cassie? What if creeps are looking at her little pillows?”

Sam snickered, “Little pillows…”

“I’m being serious Sam. She’s a looker and there are plenty of jerks around. Another thing, what about that bastard Lawrence? Do you think he’s gonna make problems for us?”

“Dean relax, you just got home. I swear you’re more like Dad than I thought… always looking for trouble.”

Dean grumbled under his breath but Sam ignored him.

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John and his sons enjoyed a cup of chicory and coffee blend at the kitchen table after they ate a mountain of pancakes and a rasher of bacon each. John had saved up the treats just for Christmas breakfast.

He admired Dean’s new cane, “That’s pretty damn fancy for Army issue.”

Dean bowed his head to avoid his father’s steady gaze, “It’s not, Cas gave it to me for Christmas
and a nice bottle of cologne.”

“Huh... how could he afford that for a buddy?”

Dean clenched his butter knife until his knuckles turned white. He forced himself to let go and the knife clattered to the table. Dean reached down into the bag sitting on the floor by his chair and pulled out two small gaily wrapped boxes and handed them out.

Sam tore the paper off his and crowed, “Real cologne, Bay Rum! The girls will go bananas over this not that it matters since I have Jo... but still!” Cas had included a little note for Sam thanking him for being such a good protector.

John eyed his as if a snake would pop out, “Why would the Gypsy boy buy me a gift?”

Dean shrugged.

John opened up the box and found a bottle of Clubman Pinaud Eau de Quinine Compound Hair Tonic. “This is good stuff. Jesus, that kid doesn’t have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of; he really shouldn’t have spent the money on me. What’s the kid’s angle?”

Dean grabbed his cane and hobbled to his new ground floor bedroom slamming the door behind him. John got up to follow but Sam stopped him.

“Leave it be Dad. He’s hurting inside and out.”

John growled, “I’m not going to spend the rest of my life tap dancing around the elephant in the room. This is my house and I have a right to know what’s going on.”

“If you love Dean turn a blind eye for the time being.”

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Dean shifted the food around on his plate during dinner until Sam whispered, “Eat or Dad’s feelings will be hurt.”

John came in with a pitcher of mulled cider and filled their mugs. “How’s the food Dean?”

Dean dragged a piece of over padded meatloaf through a mound of fluffy mashed potatoes and held up his fork, “Great Dad thanks.”

Later the boys opened gifts from their Dad. There were socks, gloves and dungarees for both of them.

Dean gave his dad a gold pocket watch and a Lugar pistol. Sam received a beautiful knife and his own Lugar. When questioned about the origins of the gifts Dean told them the items were in some of the boxes he had sent back home. Other than that Dean clammed up.

It didn’t matter, Sam and John were tickled with the gifts and it was very commonplace for soldiers to send home valuables that were abandoned or confiscated from the enemy. There was no shame in it.

Dean excused himself and went to bed early. He took a pill to dull the throb in his leg and crawled under the covers.

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Dean crawled his way through the mud dodging barbed wire as best he could. The wicked barbs tore through his clothing ripped at the skin.

“Eddie I got you… hang on buddy.” Dean reached for the dying young man but he was dragged back by the ankles.

“Winchester, get the hell out of there pronto!”

Dean came out the other end flailing his arms and screaming for his friend. A few seconds later an explosion sent pieces of 20 year old Private Edward Rothwell from Ocala Florida scattered around the grim landscape.

Dean felt himself carried away, ears ringing and his blood drenched uniform rapidly freezing to his skin.

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Dean’s body was stiff as a board as he screamed at the top of his lungs. Sam held him down by the legs to stop his brother from injuring himself.

John pinned his shoulders and yelled, “Dean wake up!” He gave his son a shake, “It’s just a nightmare open your eyes.”

When the green eyes popped open they were wild like a cornered animal. John ended up taking a hard right hook to the jaw sending the man reeling back into the wall.

Sam slapped Dean across the face not knowing what else to do. Dean blinked a few times then his body relaxed. He rolled into a ball and closed his eyes. Sam stretched out on the bed facing him like when they were kids sharing secrets.

His voice was soft and low, “Dean I’m sorry I slapped you. I didn’t know…”

John hardly noticed the sharp pain in his jaw because he was too busy watching Dean fall apart before his very eyes.

TBC

A/N--During the early years of World War II, psychiatric casualties had increased some 300 percent when compared with World War I, even though the pre-induction psychiatric rejection rate was three to four times higher than World War I.

Reflecting the consensus that all soldiers were vulnerable to battle fatigue due to their environments, the U.S. Army adopted the official slogan, “Every man has his breaking point”.

During WWII, treatment shifted to giving “mental patients” rest in safe areas. Other methods used by psychiatrists at this time included administering sodium pentothal or other barbiturates to induce repressed battlefield experiences, and even disbursing liquor to soldiers.

In 1946, the National Mental Health Act was passed, which provided for the expansion of mental health facilities, including VA centers that would treat mental health problems in veterans.
Cas was resting on his side with an arm draped over his belly. He had been in a fitful sleep until the baby began moving just enough to wake him from a nightmare.

Dean was lost in a thick mist drifting across an overgrown farm field. The landscape was dotted with craters and banks of barbwire peeked out from the edges of the forest. Dean was calling for him but Cas couldn’t pinpoint the voice.

After working his way to the tree line he found Dean soaked to the skin and trapped in muddy water at the bottom of a pit. Rain cut rivulets through the caked blood on his handsome face. A body floated next to Dean, the face partially submerged. Dean stretched his arms toward his Angel but Cas found his love just out of reach.

Now Cas was staring out the window as he thought over the meaning of the nightmare. He sighed wearily before hoisting his nearly five months pregnant body out of bed to begin another day.

John grabbed his lunch pail and headed for the door. He stopped to examine the bruise running along his jaw in the hall mirror.

Dean had been devastated to learn he punched John so hard the man hit the wall. John assured him he had been hit harder but that was a lie. Dean had a wallop like a sledge hammer.

He turned and waved to his boys sitting at the breakfast table. “Have a good day at school Sam and don’t forget to shovel the walk before I get home. It looks like snow again. Bye Dean.”

They both waved to their dad and as soon as he left Sam asked Dean what he planned to do that day.

Dean looked forlornly down at his toast. “I don’t know Sammy. I’m stuck here unless you got a car to drive me to the diner. Sam what am I gonna do about dad?”

“I don’t know Dean. If he sees Cas the guy is going to flip his lid.” Sam picked up his school books and winter coat. “Come on Dean, I’ll get you on a bus that has a stop just on the corner by the diner. Do you want to pack a few things…are you staying over?”

Frustrated Dean hit the table with his fist, “I don’t know! I don’t what to do anymore. I got to see the doc and Cas needs a check up and I don’t have any damn money except for the stipend from the Army!”

An ever patient Sam looked at the clock on the wall and decided skipping first period was a necessity. He squeezed his brother’s shoulder and spoke in the calmest voice possible.

“I’ll help you Dean. I’m a junior now and with my good grades I don’t need the study hall for my last hour. I’m going to talk to the principle about leaving an hour early every day. That way if I hurry I can get home by two thirty and we can take the bus to your appointments together. Heck, maybe I can move my classes around and see if I can get out of gym and be home before two.”

Dean looked up at his big little brother and managed a smile, “Thanks Sam. I…I feel all fuzzy you know? Like I can’t focus on one thing…I’m usually sharp as a tack but…”

The Savior
His voice drifted off. Sam gave his shoulder one last squeeze and then handed Dean his coat. “Come on, I’ll help you pack an overnight bag and take you to the bus stop. Remember Dean, you’ve only been back a couple days. This is all going to take some getting used to.”

Ellen waved to Dean through the service window, “Howdy handsome, take a booth and get comfy. Today is chili day.”

Dean’s stomach rumbled and his mouth watered just thinking about a hot bowl of chili. He felt for his wallet then grimaced when he realized he didn’t have money to throw away on food. “Is it on special?”

Ellen noticed the sad look on the normally outgoing young man’s face, “It’s going to cost you a smile.”

Dean broke into a big grin and pointed to his face, “Is this good enough for a bowl of chili and a piece of pie?”

She waved a dish towel at him, “Yeah it is and maybe even some homemade bread. Go take a seat and Cassie will be right out.”

An old man sitting at the counter gave Ellen a jack o’ lantern smile, “Is this good enough to get my lunch for free?”

Ellen rolled her eyes, “No Earl it is not.”

Dean found himself a booth where he had a clear view of the swinging door leading from the kitchen to the dining room. The place was already filling up for the early lunch crowd and people kept walking past him blocking his view of the door. Dean wanted to yell, “Get out of the way my Angel is coming out that door!” but he held his tongue.

When the door opened and Dean got a load of Cas as Cassie in broad daylight his voice caught in his throat. Instead of calling out Dean just sat there watching his teen dream girl move across the dining room refilling coffee cups and taking orders.

Cassie was wearing wide leg trousers with a long maternity top Jo had whipped up. It covered her problem areas between the legs. The top was fitted to just below the ribs. From there it billowed out to fit the five months worth of baby bulge. Done in a merry little plaid with black buttons she looked adorable.

Dean liked the way her hair was done. Shoulder length now, Cassie had the chin length bangs swept in a loose finger wave to the side and her hair shone like polished ebony.

One blue eye was partially covered with a lock of hair and the only makeup she wore was a dash of pale rose lipstick. Dean couldn’t take his eyes off her.

“Geez look at those perky little tits…I wonder what the milk is gonna taste like? Shut up Dean that’s perverted. She’s the mother of your child. I really need to go to the library and read up on this stuff.”

Dean watched as Cassie took an order from a table of hoity toity business types on their extended lunch break. Dean snorted and rolled his eyes when one of them flashed a roll of bills and said the
grub was on him.

There was a little bit of jealousy mixed with the disdain he felt for the men. Dean was looking at what he would never be. It occurred to him that someday Sam might be sitting there wearing a nice suit having lunch with associates like them. Then again he couldn’t see Sam being friends with any men like that.

Cassie slipped the note pad in her apron pocket and was about to leave when a handsome young rake flashed her a smile and said, “You are a pretty little thing.”

Cassie frowned and took a step back, “Thank you. I’ll get your coffee.”

Jack Rothschild tucked a business card into her apron pocket. “Give me a call sometime.”

“No thank you, I have a beau already.”

He pointed to the plain silver ring on Cassie’s finger, “That’s not a wedding ring.”

“That is none of your business.”

She turned and headed for the kitchen.

Dean heard the exchange and once Cassie was in back he limped over and tapped the man on the shoulder. Jack turned and gave the angry looking young man with the cane a once over. “What can I do for you soldier?”

“That is my woman. If you so much as look at her wrong I’ll beat you ten ways to Sunday.”

Jack held up his hands in mock surrender, “Whoa, take it easy kid I was just having a little fun.” He peeled a twenty off the roll of bills and held it out to Dean. “A thanks for your service.”

Dean growled, “Keep it I don’t need charity.”

“Suit yourself champ.”

Jack turned back to his group and they all started talking about business effectively shutting Dean out as if he didn’t exist.

Resisting the urge to punch the smug look off Jack’s face, Dean went back to his booth and watched the table of men like a hawk waiting for one to slip up with Cassie.

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The group stood there as Cassie rang up their bill. Jack reached over the counter and tucked a folded up bill in her pocket. “I have to say you are a striking young lady. There is something about you I can’t put my finger on…you have strong features with a bit of softness. That deep voice of yours reminds me of a sassy Bette Davis.”

Cassie handed over the change. Her expression was unreadable, “Keep your finger and everything else to yourself. I said I’m taken.”

One of the men nudged his friend. “Come on Jack, leave the little whore alone.” They laughed all the way out the diner.

Jack broke off from the group once outside. He passed by the alley on his way to the ruby red Oldsmobile sedan he drove. It was a college graduation gift from daddy.
A hand shot out and grabbed the front of his coat dragging him into the alley. It was Dean. “I told you I’d beat you ten ways to Sunday.” Before Jack could take a swing the battle hardened eighteen year old popped him right in the nose and he fell in a filthy puddle.

Dean wavered on his feet but maintained his balance. He spit on Jack as he passed by, “Looks like it only takes one punch to knock a punk like you down. Don’t you or your friends ever come back here again you hear me…champ?”

Jack wisely stayed down. He held the bridge of his broken nose and spat blood on the pavement. “You raggedy ass little shit, you broke my nose!”

Dean poked him with his cane, “It’s an improvement.” He hobbled away feeling just a little like the old Dean. Whistling “Paper Doll” Dean headed back inside to check on his gal.

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Cassie was bawling back in the kitchen. “I’m not a whore!”

Ellen was just glad that her charge managed to vomit into the trash can instead of on the floor this time. She smoothed back Cassie’s dark hair with a rough hand uncovering the pretty face. “I’ll tell you my theory and maybe this will make you feel better.”

Cassie now had the hiccups but managed to say, “What is it?”

“Guys like them have little pee pees.” Ellen crooked her pinky, “Like this…midget pickle dicks. That’s why they are such utter assholes because they are trying to forget the nub in their pants.”

There was a giggle that built into a full laugh punctuated by hiccups. “Thanks Ellen.” Cassie handed over the twenty to Ellen, “Here…you can have the tip he gave me I don’t want it. Think of it as rent.”

Ellen tucked it back her apron pocket, “Don’t be silly. Keep it for the baby.”

Dean poked his head in through the swinging door, “There are people waiting out here.”

Ellen got a bright idea, “Dean, do you know how to use a cash register?”

“Yeah.”

“Ring them up for me.”

“Ok.” He noticed his Angel looked sad, Cassie baby I love you.”

She looked up and managed a smile for her man, “I love you too Comoara.”

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Lawrence Novak sat in front of the fireplace feeding kindling into the flames. The man had been alone for Christmas by his own choosing even though the church had a mass followed by a lunch for the parishioners.

Seeing his son had brought back too many memories like the regret he felt after marrying the sloe eyed beauty Tasaria soon after the nuptials.

He felt she brought too much energy to the rambling farm and Lawrence preferred structure. The woman was hard working for sure but her happy attitude rubbed the dour man the wrong way.
Lawrence broke her spirit in a painstaking process that took years. When Tasaria fell ill and died he felt only slightly ashamed for being relieved. There was also the burden of the fourteen year old son Lawrence had no relationship with.

The only interaction with his son had been him yelling at the boy or beating Cas within an inch of his life. Lawrence didn’t refer to Cas as a “he” or a “she”, the boy was raised as an “it” at least by his father.

Jealous of the way Tasaria doted on the boy as a way to make up for his father; Lawrence held a deep seated disgust and hatred for the son that wasn’t truly a son at all.

Now here he sat burning the very last remnants he could find of his old life with the Gypsy woman and the freakish offspring that God had turned a blind eye to.

The cold slowly filled the old farmhouse seeping through every crack and crevice. Even the windows were coated in a display of jewel-like frost both lovely and dangerous all at once.

It would be a fitting end to bitter man that never accepted the unconditional love of a frightened child that wanted his father’s affection more than anything in the world.

…………………………

John sat across the table from Sam drumming his fingers. “So he took a bus to the diner? Why isn’t Dean back yet, that was hours ago.”

Sam was becoming tired of being the go between and smoothing the path between his brother and father. He was a junior in high school with a bright future ahead of him and Sam wouldn’t allow John to drag him down.

He answered in an uncharacteristically sharp tone, “Because he’s staying overnight at Ellen’s place that’s why he’s not back! Dean is an adult, stop harping about him.”

“You mean he’s with that…”

“I swear to God if you say “Gypsy boy” one more time dad I’m leaving.”

“Fine…that kid.”

Sam bolted from his chair and headed upstairs to escape the grilling to come.

…………………………

Jack pounded his fist on the desk of Officer O’Toole, “Look what he did to my face! Plus my overcoat is ruined and it’s very expensive!”

O’ Toole looked up at the clock, “I’ll talk to him tomorrow. Your busted nose isn’t going anywhere.”

Jack stabbed his finger menacingly toward the Officer and the cop had to resist the urge to reach out and break it.

“You better talk to him.”

“Goodnight Mr. Rothschild.”

…………………………
Dean was sitting on the toilet watching Cassie take a bath. The soap bubbles trailed over and around the stiff dusky nipples as she washed herself. Dean’s tongue darted out and wet his lips at the sight, “Must be cold in here.”

Now feeling more Cas than Cassie, he covered up his chest. “Dean when I have the baby these won’t be here forever. Are you going to stop wanting me when I lose my little pillows?”

“Nope, I’m just going to enjoy them while I can. Besides you’re going to breastfeed the baby as long as you can right?”

Cas nodded, “Yes I want to breastfeed.”

“Angel I’m sorry those jerks bothered you. I took care of it though.”

“What do you mean Comoara?”

Dean smiled and shrugged, “Don’t worry about it.”

He spent the rest of Cas’ bath time twisting a washcloth in his hands trying to gather up the courage to talk about his nightmares. Chickening out Dean let it go and figured sleeping next to his Angel would chase away the memories of what he had seen in Italy.

……………………..

Mama Lafitte kissed baby Dell on the forehead, “Lord I’m going to miss you little man.”

Josie stopped packing and looked over to her husband with a worried expression, “Benny are you sure Mama Lafitte will be alright alone?”

The matriarch answered for her son, “You just go and help this little gal of Dean Winchesters. There must be a reason she can’t see a doctor. I’ve taught you all I know about birthing babies Josie.”

She looked over at her mother-in-law with big doe eyes, “I know but…”

“No buts about it girl, what did I teach you?”

“That if a person can help another in need it’s a sin to not give of yourself.”

Benny was counting their traveling money at the table. He stroked his luxurious beard in thought before speaking, “I think this will get us there and back. I hope Dean has a place we can hang our hats.”

Mama nodded, “He’s like your brother Benny, I’m sure he has accommodations for you. After all you’re going there to help him.”

She looked over at the tan skinned beauty he married and then down at her grandson, “Just promise me you’ll watch out for Josie and Dell…you know how folks can be about mixing.”

Benny flashed his Mama a big smile, “I always take care of my own. Don’t worry, everything will be just fine.”

TBC

A/N --In 1943, faced with an increase in young servicemen's families who did not have financial means to purchase adequate pregnancy related care, the federal government instituted the
Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program (EMIC). This program paid for prenatal and postpartum care, hospital delivery, and infant care through the first year of life for servicemen's wives and newborns. Before the program ended in 1946, over a million women and infants who received care under EMIC experienced the benefits of health insurance, and many who might have delivered at home were introduced to hospital obstetric care.

Beginning in 1940 and continuing for the next 10 years, nurse-midwives established new educational programs, clinical practices, and institutions for the practice of nurse-midwifery. The profession responded to unmet needs of women for maternity care and to pressure from women seeking family-centered birth alternatives.
Hard Knock Life

Dean felt safe next to Cassie in what he thought of as their bed. The room was chilly even with the radiator on so he warmed his feet on Cassie’s legs. “This is like a dream.”

She shivered and wiggled in tighter to her big spoon Dean, “oh, the baby is moving.”

Dean slid his hand over his lover’s belly and felt the slight shift of the life inside. “I can’t believe we made a person. I thought I’d never have a kid of my own because of how I am. Thanks Cassie, you gave me the world.” He nuzzled into the soft waves at the nape of Cassie’s neck and kissed the tender skin. “I’m taking you out tomorrow night.”

“We can’t afford it.”

Dean thought it over and knew she was right, “Ok we can stay here and have dinner downstairs and play the jukebox.”

Cassie sighed happily, “Perfect. Hey maybe we can dance.” Realizing what she said she grew quiet and silently cursed herself for bringing up dancing.

Dean played the optimist for his gal, “Sure, we can figure out something.”

He sniffed Cassie’s silky hair and it smelled of cherry blossoms. “Angel I popped that guy good today in the alley so if any cops show up…”

“My mother always said, if you look for trouble it will surely find you. Don’t look for trouble Dean.”

She toyed with her silver band awhile deep in thought about many things. “Comoara what if we try to dance just a bit and maybe someday your dancing will come back to you. It could be like therapy…I could be your nurse.”

Instead of answering Dean rolled Cassie on her back and fingered her warm little treasure until she wet him to the wrist. Next he stroked his swollen penis between her butt cheeks until he left a slick of seed behind.

His headache faded into memory and as Dean drifted off he told Cassie she was the cat’s meow, a real sweet cookie and a hell of a nurse all rolled up into one.

Sometime during the night Cassie woke to Dean moaning in his sleep. The episode wasn’t as violent like the night at John’s house but still his body twisted and jerked so much Cassie tried to hold and soothe him. Instead of lashing out Dean cried buckets in his sleep unable to break the loop of hellish images running inside his brain.

“Comoara…Dean, wake up.” Cassie rubbed his cool hands over his lovers face then stroked his arms until Dean’s body went lax and the crying faded to a whimper. “Wake up my love.”

Dean looked up at him with heavy lidded blood shot eyes, “Cassie?”

“You had a bad dream. Do you want to tell me about it?”

Dean rolled into her arms and rested his cheek on a soft breast. “No.” His tongue darted out
swirling around a nipple that stiffened in an instant. In just a minute Dean went from nightmare to pleasure and his lover splayed her legs open and lifted her manhood to give Dean clear entrance.

They awkwardly rocked together. Dean trying to avoid pressing on her belly while shifting his leg to relieve the pain, somehow it worked and Cassie left a puddle of happiness on the bedding and on the underside of her belly. After that Dean was able to sleep peacefully the rest of the night.

Sam picked Dean up after school and they caught a bus to his appointment at Munson General Hospital just outside of Prosper. The bus ride over had Dean agitated. Sam was the calm that soothed Dean’s internal storm.

He loved his brother more than anyone except for his dad and Jo and even they came in after Dean. Sam was determined to get Dean back on track but it was a tall order for a kid that was still a junior in high school and had his own future to think of.

Upon arrival at Munson, Dean was ushered to a room, told to strip then was poked and prodded as Sam looked on from a chair in the examination room.

Doctor Adams had the former soldier walk for him then tested his range of movement until Dean’s entire body was trembling from the effort and a cold sweat covered his bare skin.

Sam left to let Dean get dressed and talk to the doctor in private.

Another appointment was set up then Dean got his prescription refilled. Before he left Dean asked the doctor about his nightmares but didn’t mention punching his dad and the severity of his fit.

Dr. Adams had been a physician during the Great War. The mental damage a soldier suffered in this war and the last was out of his area of expertise.

“Dean I could recommend a professional that deals with these matters. There are also pills you can take unless you’re self medicating with booze…I hope you’re not. If you decide to seek mental help I would suggest you tell no one about it.”

“Why not?”

“There will be a blemish on your record for the rest of your life. A stigma of being mentally unstable that will affect your education, job possibilities, even being able to purchase a home. I warn you that friends and loved ones might also treat you differently.”

Adams rummaged through the large cabinet of medications as he spoke, “How severe are these nightmares and do you lash out, feel angry towards those you care about? Are you feeling hopeless…suicidal?”

Dean hung his head as he chewed on a nail. He started to say something but the stern doctor staring at him now with watery blue eyes caused him to clam up. He took the prescription and left.

On the bus ride home Sam noticed how quiet his brother was, “Penny for your thoughts.”

“Huh…oh I’m just thinking.”

“Did you talk to the doctor about your fits and nightmares?”
Dean plastered on a smile for his little brother, “Yeah he said its normal and it’ll pass.”
Sam didn’t believe his self sacrificing brother for one minute.

John stood at the kitchen stove stirring a pot of chili while watching out the window for his boys. A knock came at the door and he turned the burner off and went to see who it was.
When he opened the door and saw it was a cop John was instantly irritated. “What do you want?”
Officer O’Toole asked if Dean was home.
“No.”
“Dean got into an altercation with a young man named Jack Rothschild.”
John let out a snort, “So, Dean is a crippled veteran. What are you gonna do about it?”
“Do you expect him back soon?”
John wanted to lie but he didn’t see the point of it. Instead he gestured toward the kitchen, “Come in and wait. The boys should be here soon.”
Once settled at the kitchen table John gave the man a cup of bottom of the pot coffee. O’Toole took a sip and wrinkled up his nose.
John headed for the refrigerator, “What a shot of armored heifer in there?”
The officer relaxed at the offering, “Sure that would be great.”

Dean limped along next to his brother trying to keep up. Sam took it slow but with his long legs a short stride for him was about average for others. “Come on Sam slow down. How in the hell does that midget Jo keep up with you?!”
Sam slowed to a crawl, “A lot of piggy back rides.”
Dean snickered to himself.
“What…what’s so funny?”
“Have you given Jo a real piggy back ride…you know, sex.”
Sam’s cheeks flared and not from the cold, “None of your beeswax.”
“That means you haven’t done it yet.”
Sam blurted out, “I can’t, I don’t have any rubbers and I’m not old enough to buy them myself!”
“Hey, I’ll get you some.”
Sam stopped dead in his tracks, “Really?”
Dean stopped and punched Sam playfully in the arm, “Sure, what are big brothers for?”
The brothers burst in the house laughing it up and being generally boisterous until they spotted the cop sitting with John at the table. Sam stepped in front of his brother without a thought going into protective mode. Dean limped out from behind his towering brother and went right to the table and sat down.

O’Toole looked over the wounded young man with the defiant look set on his handsome face. “Dean?”

“That’s me. Is this about the jerk from the diner?”

“It is. I just want to ask you some questions.”

“Shoot.”

O’Toole pulled out a little note pad and a pen. “This was a disagreement over a girl named Cassie that works at Jo’s Diner?”

John’s face turned beet red, “What girl Dean?”

Dean fidgeted with the handle on his cane and stared down at the linoleum as if it was the most interesting thing in the world. “I want to talk in private.”

John growled, “Not in my house you won’t. I have every right to hear this.”

Sam intervened, “No you don’t. Dean has a right to privacy.”

Dean mumbled, “Sam let it be.”

Sam stomped up the stairs and slammed his door.

Ellen had her glasses perched on the bridge of her nose as she finished up the new layette she knitted for the baby. It was done in ecru and consisted of booties, a gown and bonnet. Along the edges she had crocheted lace. It was fit for a prince or princess.

She held the pieces up proudly, “Done. This will fit the baby for the fall. I’m doing clothing ahead of time.”

Jo was patiently showing Cas how to sew on old Singer. He cursed aloud when he stuck his finger with the needle. He sucked the bead of blood from the tip of his finger and cast a frown over at his little sister.

Jo nudged him over on the bench seat and showed Cas how to thread the needle. “Well this proves it, having a vagina doesn’t mean you can master the lady arts.”

Cas reached under his flannel nightgown and adjusted his scrotum trapped inside his panties, “Maybe it’s my manhood stopping me from learning.”

Ellen waved her hand dismissively at them both. “It doesn’t matter what God puts between your legs. Maybe Cas isn’t cut out for sewing little baby clothes. One thing though sweetheart, you better at least learn how to mend things or you’ll be doing it all by hand. Even a monkey can do a straight stitch.”
Cas went over to the window facing the street through the alley and wondered why Dean wasn’t there. Sam promised to bring him over. It was dark; the January snow was falling heavy and wet making the streets slippery and soon impassable until tomorrow.

The young officer asked if he could speak to Dean in private and John gave in going into the living room to listen to Charlie Chan on the radio.

Once alone with the officer, Dean told him everything. “That jerk hit on my girl. One of them called her a whore and they all laughed at her! Cassie is pregnant with my baby. I won’t let anyone hurt my family.”

He placed a hand on Dean’s shoulder, “Listen to me, I think Jack deserved it. Between you, me and the lamppost that whole group are a bunch of spoiled little shits. They don’t know a thing about sacrifice or hard work.”

“So why are you even here then?”

“He demanded I talk to you and give you a good tongue lashing. If you bother this guy again you are going to get arrested. The only reason why you aren’t getting hauled in right now is because his daddy didn’t want the embarrassment of his son getting waylaid by a crippled soldier. It would look bad all the way around if it got out.”

Dean hated being called a cripple and people treating him like one. Managing to hold his tongue for the sake of Cassie and the baby he agreed to leave Jack alone. He told O’Toole to pass along to the creep that he was never allowed near the diner or his family ever again.

They shook hands and O’Toole left satisfied he accomplished what he set out to do. Dean couldn’t blame the officer; the guy was just doing his job and seemed nice enough for a cop.

John had been listening by the doorway between the living room and the kitchen. He had no idea who this girl was but the fact her name was Cassie made him wonder what happened to the Gypsy boy named Cas. He was determined to go to the diner tomorrow and confront this pregnant girl that trapped his son.

John at least was comforted that his boy got a female pregnant and stopped acting like a faggot. He chalked up Dean’s misadventures to lacking a mother figure in his life and figured his son came to his senses.

Benny looked over at his sleeping wife holding their son tucked in her winter coat. He couldn’t resist reaching over and touching them both. These were the two people in the world besides his mother that owned his heart.

Benny called Josie his PrincesseSombre or Dusky Princess. Sometimes Benny wondered what he did to deserve a woman like her. The young beauty stood by Benny through thick and thin and gave him the greatest gift of all, a child.

When he came home from the war with only one arm Benny wondered what she would think of him. It only seemed to make Josie love him even more than ever. He couldn’t wait for Dean to meet his little family. Benny wondered about the girl his friend had gotten pregnant and what
happened to the boy named Cas that he seemed so fond of.

Benny patted the pocket of his wool overcoat where Dean’s address was written on a piece of paper. Benny hoped John Winchester would be agreeable to them staying there while the couple helped Dean and his woman through the pregnancy.

Benny took his wife’s hand, closed his eyes and decided to leave the questions be for now. Mama Lafitte always said that answers come in their own time.

TBC

A/N—

During the war, gasoline and rubber were rationed and new car production came to a halt. Car travel diminished during this time. If you were lucky enough to have a car in working condition, you saved it for the trips that were really important.

Many railroad buffs consider the 1940s to be the “glory days” of train travel. It’s easy to see why....with commercial air travel still in its infancy, and with car travel restricted because of gas rationing, trains were the preferred method of long-distance travel. The trains were glamorous and streamlined, with fancy names like the Super Chief, the El Capitan, the Night Diamond and the 20th Century Limited. They had sleeper cars, dining cars and lounge cars made by the Pullman Company. In the 1940s, steam locomotives were being replaced by modern diesel locomotives. This would be the last decade in which we would hear that familiar, lonesome sound of a train whistle in the night.
Wishing Don't Cost a Thing

Dean stood with arms braced against the wall of the shower under the weak spray of warm water. He took one hand off and soaped up quick as he could then rinsed. After toweling off Dean wrapped himself up in a flannel robe and got under the covers.

He thought the shower would make him feel better but instead he was scared and lonely. Dean took a pill out of the bottle and downed it with a beer hoping he could sleep. It was a long time coming. There was a lot on his mind.

He was trying to figure out when to call his lover Cassie or Cas. Dean resolved the issue by not worrying about it. Cas was an acceptable knick name for Cassie or Cassandra and no one would think it was strange at all. If he forgot and used Cas he doubted anyone would blink an eye.

As for how Dean viewed Cas it changed from moment to moment. Later after the baby was born they would figure it all out. Either way Dean would love his Angel.

Feeling better now that he resolved at least one worry, Dean went on to the next issue like Mary’s wedding band and engagement ring. John had handed them down to Dean for when that special girl came along and Dean wanted to ask Cassie to marry him tomorrow night and make it official.

He had no idea if it would even be possible. For the sake of their child Dean had to find a way. A baby born out of wedlock carried a stigma its entire life. Then there was his father to contend with.

Dean finally fell into a fitful sleep.

Benny asked when they would arrive in Prosper and was pleased to find it they were less than an hour away. Josie secretly fed Dell under her winter coat when the couple ate cold cheese sandwiches she prepared for the trip. As far as breakfast was concerned it would have to do. They shared a bottle of root beer and then settled in for last leg of the journey.

Sam watched his brother from across the breakfast table and all his worries came to the surface. Dean had a nightmare sometime during the night and Sam had been sure to stay out of swinging distance until he could talk his brother down. Dean had dark circles under his eyes and wasn’t much for conversation.

“Penny for your thoughts Dean.”

Dean looked up at his little brother, “Huh? I’m just thinking.”

“About?”

“I got Mom’s wedding set and tonight I wanna ask Cassie to marry me. I love her…him, oh hell it’s confusing. Anyway Sam I don’t know how it can be done. I’m worried about dad and …”

Sam interrupted, “Don’t worry about dad just worry about yourself. He’s had his chance at life and you are just starting out. I’ll help Dean. First thing is to find out if Cas has a birth certificate or not.”
Dean relaxed and smiled for the first time that morning, “Thanks Sammy. It feels like you’re always helping me out of something.”

“Hey you took care of me for sixteen years and you’re my brother. I love you Dean and it feels good to help you. At least I can pay back a little of what you’ve done for me over the years. Plus I swore to watch out for Cas. Just because your back home doesn’t mean I stop caring.”

Sam grinned from ear to ear, “Besides I’m going to be an Uncle. That is pretty neat.”

“God, you are such a sap Sam.”

“You’re welcome.”

.........................

After the lunch rush Ellen went to the dining room and found weary Cassie filling salt shakers, “Hon I don’t think we’re going to get much business the rest of the day. With it being New Years Eve tonight it’s the bars and supper clubs that’ll get the business tonight anyway.”

Alice breezed through the diner with a damp washcloth to wipe down the table tops. Ellen hitched her thumb toward the young woman. “Go take a nap, Alice can handle things while you sleep.”

Grateful for the break Cassie got up to leave.

Ellen placed her hand on the teenager’s stomach and delighted in feeling the baby move, “Barely into the sixth month and that little bugger is making himself known already.”

Cassie placed her hand over Ellen’s and smiled at her adoptive mother, “Or girl or…” her smile changed into a frown, “I hope the baby isn’t like me. I want it to be normal and beautiful like Dean.”

Ellen wasn’t sure what to say that would sound right. “Well you said you are the rarest of the rare so I wouldn’t lose sleep over it. Another thing, if anything was different about your kid wouldn’t you and Dean still love the little angel?”

“Of course.”

“Also Dean is crippled but you still love him.”

“Yes I’ll always love Dean. He’s not crippled either. Tonight we are going to try and dance. I think I can fix him and if I can’t so what? Dean is perfect just as he is.”

Ellen had to agree, Dean was pretty perfect or at least perfect for Cassie.

“Ellen is it ok of Dean and I have dinner down here tonight and use the leftovers? Dean said he wanted to ask me something important. We don’t have any money to go out.”

Ellen let out a gasp. “Cassie is he going to ask you to marry him? Oh I bet that’s it! Don’t tell Jo or she’s going to spy on the both of you. Sure honey you and Dean eat up the leftovers.”

Cassie lowered her eyes still smiling, “I had dreams of a wedding but it could just be wishful thinking.”

“Wishing don’t cost a dime so wish away.”

 .........................
John was at the table going over bills when Dean came in and gave him that sweet look his son used when he wanted something.

“What is it Dean?”

“Could I borrow your suit and tie?”

John sat back and folded his arms, “Of course. What for?”

Dean just couldn’t look his old man in the eye. “I got a date.”

John wanted to blurt out, “I know you got a girl knocked up. Why are you keeping her a secret” but he didn’t.

“Sure Dean. Is it a girl…I mean a special girl?”

“Yeah she’s really special Dad. I love her with all my heart.”

“Is there anything else you want to tell me about her?”

“Nope.”

Dean left whistling a love song.

…………………………

Dean looked around the only florist shop in town but didn’t see anything he liked. Dorothy the lady that owned the struggling little shop had been watching the handsome young man walk stiffly with a cane. She figured he looked at everything she had at least twice.

“Is there anything I can help you with Sir?”

People never called Dean “Sir”, he liked it. “I wanted some flowers for my gal. I’m going to pop the question tonight. What do you think is nice?”

She didn’t have much in stock due to the time of year and way the world was going. Dorothy went in back and carried out several little pots of flowers.

“I have tea roses and African violets.”

Dean looked both of them over and pointed to the little rose bush, “That one.”

“Good choice, I’ll make it special for you.” She put the ceramic pot in a wicker basket then tied a ribbon on the handle. Next she placed the whole thing in a shopping bag and stapled the top shut.

“That should keep it safe from the cold until you get there.”

Dean took out his dad’s hand me down wallet and looked at the two dollars inside, “Thanks a lot. How much?”

“How much you got?”

“Two dollars.”

“For you, seventy five cents.”

Dean lit up the shop with his smile, “Really? Wow! Thanks. You aren’t doing it because I’m
crippled are you? I don’t want special favors.”

“No, I’m doing it because you served our country and you’re going to propose. I’m a sucker for young love.”

After a stop at the candy store Dean was on a bus heading toward the diner.

..................

Sam watched his dad get ready to leave. “Where are you going?”

A very determined John wasn’t going to let his kid stop him. “I’m going to the diner. Dean’s heading there for a date with this pregnant girl and I want to see her for myself. Sam I don’t want one of your damn lectures.”

Sam tried the soft approach. “Come on Dad, we talked about this. You have to stay out of Dean’s business or risk losing him.”

“Sorry Sam, I have to see this for myself.”

..................

Dean sat in his usual spot where he could see the whole dining room. Cassie was waiting tables until Ellen sent out Alice to take over.

Cassie dropped heavily in the booth across from Dean and took his hands. “Ellen said we can eat here. I found some candles and we can make it romantic.”

Cassie looked over at the shopping bags and gave his love an eager smile. “What did you get me?”

Dean put his arm in front of the bags, “Never mind. Who said they were for you?” He tried to keep a straight face but failed miserably. “Aw crap, don’t pout. It’s all for you Angel.”

..................

John walked into the crowded diner and spotted the girl with the long dark hair sitting with his son across the room. He took a booth where he could watch them together.

Alice spotted the handsome older man and the young woman hustled right over. Her mother had a talk with Alice about being a wallflower. She was told twenty five was way past the age of when most young ladies got married.

Alice hadn’t even kissed a boy before. John Winchester was older and older meant security. It didn’t hurt any that his good looks made her feel funny in the pit of her stomach and her palms sweaty.

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The waitress was blocking his view of the goings on at Dean’s table. He tried to look around her but the plain young woman didn’t budge. She handed him a menu, “Hi there. Could I start you off with something to drink?”

John didn’t want to be rude, “Sure honey, how about some coffee and a slice of whatever that pie is over there.”

“He called me honey!”
“Yes Sir.” She tapped her nametag, “Just call if you need anything else.”

John winked at her, “Will do Alice.”

“Oh Alice don’t be so bold. He’ll think you’re a silly little girl.” She floated back to the counter to fill his order.

..................

Dean set one of the bags on the table, “Here Angel.”

Cassie pulled the staples open and looked inside the bag. She took out the little tea rose in the basket with the cheery ribbon. “Dean it’s beautiful.”

Dean closed his eyes and recited something he memorized for the occasion. “If I had a rose for every time I thought of you, I'd be picking roses for a lifetime.”

Cassie’s blue eyes filled with tears. “I love you so much Comoara.”

Dean took his thumb and wiped a tear trailing down her pretty face, “I love you too Angel with all my heart.”

They both leaned over and kissed each other. It made both of them feel free to show affection right out in public. Dean thought back to the carnival and how badly he wanted to kiss Cas. Now he was kissing him in front of everyone in the diner as Cassie but it was just as special.

The significance of the kiss wasn’t lost on Cassie. She looked around and no one was staring at them. She twined fingers with Deans and smiled, “We passed Comoara.”

Dean reached over and pinched her butt, “Great now I can do this.”

..................
John watched as Dean gave the girl a box of candy to go with the rose plant. “*They seem to be over the moon for each other.*”

Alice interrupted his spying by setting down a cup of coffee and a piece of pie in front of him. “Here you go. Are you a regular here? Usually Cassie does the waitressing but in her condition I’ve been pitching in.”

John looked up at her with a frown on his face. He noticed her blouse was unbuttoned. “Your rack is showing. Be careful or guys will get the wrong idea.”

Alice straightened up and closed the button she had undone in the kitchen. “I wasn’t advertising. I’ve never even had a boyfriend.”

John sat back and decided to give this girl another look, “Really, a pretty gal like you?”

Alice turned several shades of red and stammered, “Thank you.”

He pulled some bills out of his wallet and handed them to her, “Thanks honey, ring me up.”

Now dismissed Alice went to the register to take care of John’s bill. She was lost in a dream. A man said she was pretty; it was the very first time. Alice couldn’t wait to tell her mom she wasn’t a lost cause after all.

Cassie got up to help Alice and get the place closed early for New Years Eve. She was going to pass right by John never noticing the man there at all.

Once John got a good look at her he grabbed Cassie by the arm as she walked by his table. “What kind of game are you playing?”

A taxi pulled up in front of the Winchester home. Sam was on the couch with Jo rounding second base when the doorbell rang.

He groaned in frustration and didn’t know how he would hide his erection in order to see who it was.

Jo giggled over his distress. “You poor thing, I’ll answer the door while you think about Eleanor Roosevelt nude. That should take care of your big problem.”

“I think she is a very handsome woman. How dare you besmirch our First Lady?”

Jo flounced off to answer the door. When she opened it there was a burly young man with one arm and a young woman with pretty golden skin and tightly curled black hair holding a baby wrapped up in a blanket.

Benny was holding a train case in his only hand and there were several suitcases at his feet. He bowed slightly to Jo and flashed a big friendly smile.

“Hello there pretty lady. Is Dean Winchester at home?”

Jo yelled, “Sam you better come here. I hope Eleanor Roosevelt did the trick.”

TBC
A/N-

During World War II (1939-1945), Roosevelt advocated on behalf of European refugees who wanted to come to the United States. She also promoted issues that were important to American troops, worked to boost soldiers’ morale, encouraged volunteerism on the home front and championed women employed in the defense industry. She also pushed for the continuation of New Deal programs during the war, against the wishes of some of her husband’s advisors.

A/N

“If I had a rose for every time I thought of you, I'd be picking roses for a lifetime.” Swedish Proverb
A/N -
I’ve had questions about using Cas and Cassie interchangeably. Cas had always identified as a male with female genitals that he ignored for 18 years until he met Dean who taught him to love his body in its entirety. After that he learned to accept his whole body but still felt more comfortable as a male. Now pregnant with all the hormonal changes Cas is embracing Cassie wholeheartedly. Others that know his situation alternately call him Cas and Cassie without thinking about it. They love the whole being and not just the parts. Dean loves the total package but sometimes will refer to his love as Cas. Cas is an acceptable shortening of the name Cassandra or Cassie. After Cassie stops breast feeding we will see what this character decides to go with and what the little families lives is like at that point. This is a confusing situation for the characters as it would be in real life if such a marvelous thing was happening. Stay tuned and find out what happens.

Cassie yanked her arm back but John just clamped on even tighter. “What are you?” He jerked her arm trying to make her sit down.

Terrified for the baby and her secret being exposed to everyone there, Cassie panicked and yelled, “Let me go!” She took her free hand and swung connecting with the man’s face and split his lip. John let go and Cassie, blinded by fear ran to the nearest exit, the front door.

Dean heard his lover’s voice and he stood in time to see Cassie jerk her arm away and disappear outside. He worked his way over to John as fast as he was able.

Dean stopped in front of John and growled, “What did you do?” Not bothering to wait for an answer Dean limped out the front door into the heavy snow fall and yelled for his Angel.

The first place he looked was the alley round back. Dean found the pregnant teen lying in the deep snow next to the garbage cans. “Baby stay there I’m coming!”

Cassie struggled to a sitting position by the time Dean got to her. He braced one hand against the wall and reached out to her with the other. “Come on baby, take my hand.”

Castiel “Cassie” Novak looked up with glazed eyes. To Dean she looked lost. “Dean he knows…it’s all over now.”

“No Angel it’s not over. You and me are forever. Now take my hand and let’s get you and the baby warm and dry.”

Alice came out the back door and ran over almost slipping in the snow herself. She grabbed her friend under the arm and in a moment Cassie was standing again. Once inside Dean sat down at the bottom of the stairs leading up to the bedroom while Alice spotted Cassie on her way up the steps.

While Alice was tending to Cassie Dean went back inside the diner and over to John who foolishly stuck around to talk to his son. Ellen had closed up and the few remaining customers were paying
their checks.

John watched his son limp over in pain. Not just a physical discomfort but a pain inside that he could never begin to understand. Dean sat across from him, face flushed from the cold and fury, lashes spiked with icy tears and John knew he went too far. “Sorry Dean.”

Dean blew on his red hands trying to warm them up. Finally he stuck them in his armpits. Then he let loose on his dad.

“You aren’t sorry…not really. Sorry would be if you felt bad about scaring a pregnant girl by grabbing her arm and jerking her like a damn ragdoll. Sorry would be for the distress you caused my kid when his mom was floundering around in an alley full of snow.”

“Dean I…”

“Save it, you are sorry because you don’t want me to leave you. I need you dad because of my frickin’ leg but I don’t need you enough to compromise my life. I’m using Mom’s wedding set and asking Cassie to marry me.”

“Dean what have you gotten yourself into? I’m not stupid; I know there is something strange going on. That person will destroy your life.”

Dean watched the last customer leave and Ellen lock the door. Ellen glared at the back of John Winchester’s head hoping it would melt from the sheer power of her anger. No such luck. “Dean you need some help here? I can throw his ass out.”

“In a minute Ellen.”

Ellen hung around by the door waiting.

Now free to really speak his mind Dean finished what he wanted to say. “All you need to believe is that girl is Cas’ twin sister. That she came here to take his place after he left to live with a sick relative. You can call her Cas or Cassie. It doesn’t matter. She won’t destroy my life but you will if you don’t keep your trap shut and accept how I feel about this person.”

John got up and Ellen opened the door then closed and locked it as soon as he was out.

Dean cried quietly after his dad left. Ellen set a mug of hot coffee in front of him, “Don’t worry about Cassie. Alice is a good little nurse.”

Dean took the ring box out of his pocket and opened it up. Inside was a very modest diamond engagement ring set in white gold with a simple slim band to match. “I wanted to ask Cas to marry me tonight for New Years.”

Ellen glanced at the Cocoa Cola clock on the wall with the pinup girl holding a bottle and giving the onlookers a cheesecake smile. “It’s only six o’clock Dean. Midnight is a long way’s away. Go up and take a nap and then you both come down later and the whole place will be all yours.”

“Really? What about you and Jo?”

“Sam and Jo are going out and I have a date myself.”

For the first time since the incident Dean smiled, “With who?”

Ellen looked around and whispered as if it were classified information, “Bobby Singer. He has
Singer farms…you know the meat guy.”

Dean gave a dirty laugh. Ellen just rolled her eyes knowing exactly what he was thinking.

“Ok potty brain; go tend to your woman.”

Sam kept glancing out the kitchen window waiting for his dad to show up. Jo had made Benny and Josie some coffee and heated up some leftover soup John had in the refrigerator.

Dell got a diaper change and was sleeping at the moment in Jo’s arms. She cooed to the sweet little baby with the curly dark hair and bright blue eyes, “You are a handsome little man.”

Sam grumbled, “Don’t get any ideas Jo.”

Josie nodded in complete agreement, “Yes babies are so much work. The rewards are great but so is the sacrifice.”

Benny looked around the kitchen, “Nice house. So when is Dean coming home?”

Sam thought he saw headlights but it was false alarm. “Dean is over at the diner. I think he’s going to ask his girl to marry him tonight. I can call him up.”

Benny looked worried, “We better get a taxi somewhere then. I don’t think your dad is going to take kindly to strangers popping in without Dean here. Are there any cheap places to stay?”

The sedan pulled in just then. Sam bolted to his feet and headed for the front door.

John had a lot of time to think on the way home. He still didn’t know what to do. There was no straight answer from Dean about the pregnant girl or whatever she was. He knew if he pushed the subject Dean would pull away and John would lose him forever. The father wondered if it was worth the risk.

Still he never expected his own flesh and blood to stray so far out of the social norm. John didn’t know how or if he could accept this person into their shaky little family. “Ah screw it…I’ll worry about it tomorrow. New year, new day.”

Sam greeted his dad at the door looking as nervous as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs, “Hi dad, Dean’s army buddy showed up with his wife and kid.”

John sighed and shook his head, “Sure why not, everything else has hit the fan.”

“What?”

“Nothing, just show me where they are.”

Benny was already standing in the doorway of the kitchen with his only hand outstretched hoping a handshake and only one arm would be enough for John to overlook the color of Josie and Dell’s skin.

He gave John Winchester his best smile complete with twinkling blue eyes, “Hello there Mr.
Winchester. My name is Benjamin Lafitte and I served proudly next to your son in Italy.

John looked at the stump where an arm should have been then the hand offered in greeting. He grabbed it and shook Benny’s hand, “Thank you for watching over my boy. Dean told me all about you and what a good friend you were to him. He said you were like a big brother.”

“Dean helped me as well. I was mighty homesick for my pregnant wife and my Mama but having Dean around lessened my sadness.”

Benny finally moved to the side and there was Josie feeding Dell discreetly with a shawl covering her breast. The lovely young woman smiled softly at John looking at him with big doe eyes.

John just stood there slack jawed. It was a day of tests for a man that never thought he would have to face so many things contrary to his beliefs.

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Dean made it to the top of the stairs then went to the bathroom to comb his hair and wipe the sweat off his face. He plastered on a smile and entered the bedroom where Alice was chatting with Cassie. Somehow the young woman got Cassie to smile if even just a bit. Dean decided he liked this Alice girl.

“Hey pretty ladies how are things in here?”

Alice got up and headed for the door, “I’ll leave you two alone.”

Dean called out to her, “Hey Alice, thanks.”

“You’re welcome Dean. Cassie is my friend and I was happy to watch over her.”

After Alice left Dean took off his clothes and got under the covers cuddling up to his love. “I’m so sorry about my dad.” Dean took her hand and examined the finger shaped bruises on her wrist and got angry all over again. “I’ll make him pay for hurting you.”

“No Dean let it go. I’ve been hurt a lot worse by my own father. This is nothing. The bruises will heal. If you confront him about it he could destroy us.”

“I told him off already…if he can’t accept you and me together and accept our kid then I don’t need him anymore. I won’t let my dad spoil our night. If you’re too tired to head downstairs…”

Castiel James Novak kissed Dean. It wasn’t Cassie it was just Cas kissing his man. He took Dean’s hand and guided it to his erection.

“Call me Cas…touch me.”

Dean was confused again but he went with the flow and grasped the pulsing member in his hand. He crooned, “My sweet Cas, my Angel, my everything, I’ll call you whatever you want, touch you everywhere and worship every inch of your beautiful body. Someday when you’re ready I’m going to take you like a male.”

The thought of Dean filling him up, delving into a place that was most forbidden made Cas so excited he blurted out, “Suck my penis!”

Dean wanted to say how adorable that was but he didn’t want to offend Cas since it was the teen’s first attempt at naughty pillow talk.
Dean took the perfectly sized erection in his mouth and sunk easily to the base then slowly pulled back. He popped it out and lathed the head with his talented tongue as a spit covered finger circled Cas’ entrance pressing lightly against the tight muscle.

Cas spurted immediately decorating Dean’s face with pearly drops of pleasure.

Dean dove onto a stiff nipple sucking it hard as he squeezed the other breast. “Now you’re my Cassie.”

The coupling was forceful with one pinned and whimpering and the other thrusting and whispering a string of verbal filth punctuated by brilliant romance. They turned away the darkness and clung to the happiness that had eluded both their whole lives.

Dean closed his eyes as he released inside his complicated, confusing and perfect lover.

Afterward they spent their time touching and kissing. The lovers fell asleep waking up a few hours later. Dean looked at the clock and it was already 9:30.

“Angel we should celebrate.”

Cassie rolled her head to the side looking sated and lazy, “I thought we just did?”

Dean turned suddenly serious, “Making love is always a celebration but I have important things to ask you.” His stomach rumbled, “Plus I’m really hungry.”

Cassie gave a throaty laugh as she stroked the stubble on her lovers check, “Alright then let’s eat and then you can ask me whatever you like.”

Dean examined her face closely, “Who are you now?”

“I’m feeling decidedly like a fat, pregnant girl that has to pee pretty bad.”

She rolled around like a turtle on its back before righting herself and high tailing it to the door before she wet herself.

Dean watching the perfectly padded, round ass jiggle on the way out and thought he was about the luckiest guy in the world.

……………………

John said almost as if to himself, “You’re a colored girl with a mixed baby.”

Josie and Benny had heard it all before. John was actually being pretty reserved so far. Benny struggled a bit as he put his overcoat on. “It’s alright Mr. Winchester. We don’t want to be a burden. Dean had said to look him up if we came this way.”

Josie discretely put herself in place then held out Dell along with a diaper rag, “Mr. Winchester would you hold the baby while I gather our things?”

John hesitated then took the baby holding him at arm’s length. Dell spit up on himself and John instinctively held the baby closer wiping his little cupids bow lips.

Benny cleared his throat and John turned his gaze to the one armed young man. “I’d be obliged if we could use your phone to call a cab. Could you recommend a place to stay?”

John turned his attention back to the curly haired baby. He began rubbing Dell’s back in circles.
"Why are you really here Benny?"

The young couple looked at each other then at John Winchester. Josie did the talking. “Dean’s gal is pregnant and she needs my help. He wrote Benny a letter and he sounded pretty desperate.”

Benny frowned at his wife and whispered, “Josie that was personal.”

John had choices to make, ones that would change the course of people’s lives forever including his own.

Sam and Jo had stood by quietly listening. Now they watched and waited for John Winchester to speak.

John decided he didn’t want to spend the rest of his life alone. If he turned his back on his eldest son, the little Gypsy, his grandchild and this young couple he would surely lose Sam as well. A life of solitude sounded unbearable.

Dell kicked his little legs and squealed happily after he let out a big burp.

John knew when he was beat. “Why don’t you folks stay here tonight? Dean is staying at his…”

John couldn’t believe he was saying this, “…his girl’s place.”

Benny broke into a big smile and shook John’s hand. “Thank you Sir.”

John grumbled, “Don’t thank me yet. I want the dishes washed and breakfast made tomorrow morning. This isn’t a free ride you know and it’s sure not permanent. One night do you hear me?”

Benny nodded not wanting to speak and jinx their good luck.

Josie reached out to take Dell. “Oh I’ll make you the best breakfast ever Mr. Winchester.”

John handed the baby back. “What’s his name?”

Josie said proudly, “Delbert Benjamin Lafitte”.

John snorted, “Delbert…poor kid. No wonder you call him Dell.” He waved his hand toward the stairs, “Go on, you can use Sam’s room. There are two twin beds in there and extra blankets in the closet. I don’t want any hanky panky under my roof.”

The grateful little family vanished up the stairs.

John turned his attention to Sam and Jo. “What are you both up too on New Years?”

Jo piped up, “Sam is taking me out to step on my feet…I mean dance.”

Sam swatted her butt, “Your feet never touch the floor anyway.”

John did some more grumbling, “Then you take her home. No funny business.”

“No Sir.”

Jo grabbed her coat and headed for the door. Sam stopped to talk to his dad. “Thanks for letting them stay even for tonight.”

“I didn’t have much choice, they have a baby and the little bugger is cute. Don’t think I’m soft or I agree with mixed marriage.”
Sam kissed his dad on top of the head which John hated, “Sure dad whatever you say.”

To make matters worse Sam laughed on the way out. John yelled, “Keep laughing smartass!”

John spent New Year’s Eve staring into the fire missing Mary and feeling lonely. Life was changing rapidly around him and it was either change along with it all or get lost in the dust.

He toasted his wife with a jelly glass of apple cider at midnight and sang “Auld Lang Syne”.

TBC

A/N- Since its inaugural descent in 1907, the New Year's Eve Ball has dropped every year except two. 1942 and 1943, due to wartime restrictions in New York City.

"Auld Lang Syne" is a Scots poem written by Robert Burns in 1788 and set to the tune of a traditional folk song. It is well known in many countries, especially in the English-speaking world, its traditional use being to bid farewell to the old year at the stroke of midnight.
Cassie ditched her granny flannel for an inexpensive rayon peignoir in cornflower blue. Dean had bought it as a surprise gift for their special night together. His breath caught in his throat as Cassie did a brief turn.

She had that little frown on her face and asked truthfully, “Do I look silly?” Dean knew Cassie didn’t fish for compliments like other females. She was genuinely worried about looking silly.

Dean limped toward her then stopped to admire his gal close up. The peignoir was done with puff sleeves and an empire waist with the bodice gathered just right to cup the high, firm little breasts as if presenting them to Dean as a gift.

He reached out and squeezed one lightly as he thumbed a nipple, “Wow, I knew you would look so good in this.”

Cassie blushed turning her tan skin pink. “Its skimpy, I can’t go downstairs in this.”

“Well it comes with a pretty robe you know; besides no one is here.” He was the one feeling silly now, “You don’t like it do you…”

She slipped on the long lacy robe, “I love it! I never had anything so fancy like this before. I’m not like a starlet you know.” Cassie fingered the lace running down the front of the robe, “What color is this?”

“Cornflower blue, I thought it would look so pretty with your blue eyes and skin color.” Dean smiled proudly, “I was right. You are just like a pretty flower.”

Cassie moved so she could watch the fabric swish back and forth delighting in the feel of it against her skin. “I sure feel special in this.”

Dean waxed nostalgic, “After our mom died Dad would drop us off at Grandpa Henry’s farm for the summers. I remember the cornflowers growing all over the place mixed up with sweet pea and daisies, milk weed and that damn goldenrod. The milk weed was good though…monarchs love it.”

He shook his head and laughed, “God you must think I’m a sap. Anyway your eyes remind me of the cornflowers.”

Cassie grabbed his face and kissed him breathless. “You are such a puzzle Dean Winchester. Just when I think I know you something else wonderful escapes that beautiful mind of yours and you take my breath away.”

……………………..

Dean lit the candles and set the table downstairs while Cassie heated up leftover stew and cut some bread for them. Once they settled in the effect was romantic enough. The hard edges of the diner were softened by candlelight and the young lovers gazed at each other across the table.

Dean tried to be neat while he ate but a chunk of beef rolled down the front of John’s tie and landed on the table. “Son of a… Dad is gonna kill me!” He pulled off the tie and set it on the table to check the damage.

Cassie took the tie in the back and put seltzer on it. Once the stain was taken care of she hung it up
to dry on the towel rack. Dean sat there looking forlorn and she teased him.

“I know you’re a sloppy eater Dean. Don’t worry, the stain is gone and the tie is drying.”

Dean felt the ring box in his pocket, “I wanted to look really suave tonight of all nights. It’s important.”

Cassie took his hand and gave it a squeeze, “What is it Dean?”

Dean looked over at his cane sadly, “I can’t even ask you properly.” He pulled out the ring box and opened it taking out the modest engagement ring. “I wanted to get down on one knee like a gentleman. Cassie Cas, will you marry me?”

Tears ran from the pools of blue down her face as she croaked out the word, “yes.”

Dean took Cassie’s left hand and slipped it on her ring finger. It was a snug fit but not bad. She was retaining water but before the pregnancy the teen’s fingers were slim.

She held up her hand and cooed, “Dean I love you so much. This ring is much too pretty for my fat fingers.”

He waved his hand dismissively, “It’s just baby water. Besides I’d love you fat or skinny, girl or boy.”

Dean stood and limped over to the jukebox pumping it full of coins. He turned and held out his free hand, “Dance with me Angel.”

Cassie got up and waddled over to him. Dean didn’t mention she was starting to waddle even though he thought it was about the cutest thing ever. The teen was slim and the belly was prominent so Dean imagined it did a number on her back even thought she was just into her sixth month.

“Are you sure Dean?”

“Hey you said maybe this would be good therapy for me. Dancing with you is better than some sourpuss making me go through the paces of physical therapy. It can’t hurt to try.”

She wrapped her arms around his waist more as a support than anything else. Dean ran his free arm around Cassie’s waist and the pair barely swayed to the music but still it was dancing.

Dean sang the upbeat lyrics to his Angel. Their lives were going to be A-ok he just knew it.

*Oh every time it rains, it rains pennies from heaven Don't you know each cloud contains pennies from heaven You'll find your fortune fallin' all over town Be sure that your umbrella is upside down.....*

Cassie laughed lightly and Dean joined in as she did a slow turn under his arm and came back to her love again.

*Trade them for a package of sunshine and flowers If you want the things you love, you must have showers So when you hear it thunder, don't run under a tree There'll be pennies from heaven for you and me*

When the song ended the couple ended up in a booth to do some smooching and celebrate their
engagement. For just a moment the lovers felt care free. Dean nuzzled the tender skin of Cassie’s neck as he whispered all the wonderful things to come.

Cassie looked up at the clock on the wall and smiled broadly, “Happy New Year to us Comoara.”

Sam crept in the front door and checked the downstairs. His dad was upstairs so Sam waved Jo inside and the pair hurried into Dean’s room locking the door behind them.

They were tipsy and giggly. It was just past midnight and officially 1944. Sam put his back to her as he stripped. Jo turned on the lamp so she could get a first look at his bare butt.

Jo licked her lips as she took in the two firm, snow white globes, “I just knew you would have a perfect fanny.”

Sam turned ten shades of red as he whispered, “Get undressed you little pervert. I promise not to look.”

Jo stripped in a flash much less shy than Sam. After a fit of giggles she whispered loudly, “Sam look…I’m nude.”

Sam looked down at his erection trying his best to hang on, “Jo, just get under the covers or I won’t make it.”

She got under the covers and waited for him. Sam shut off the light and quickly got underneath next to Jo cuddling up against her. He took the petite girl in his arms and looked into her eyes. With utter sincerity Sam whispered, “I love you Jo.”

Jo tucked an errant lock of hair behind Sam’s ear and ran her nails lightly across his cheek, “I love you too Sam.”

They kissed passionately both trembling from the full skin on skin contact.

“Don’t worry Jo. I have rubbers.”

“Do you know how to use them?”

“No…do you?”

“No! What kind of girl do you think I am Sam Winchester?”

She giggled when he tripped over his next words. “I…I didn’t mean…I…”

“I’m teasing you Sam.”

“Don’t tease me Jo. I’m nervous.”

She vanished under the blankets and Sam felt small hands exploring his cock and balls then a tongue swiped up the shaft.

“You aren’t that nervous…gosh Sam it’s so big out of your pants!”

Sam groaned as Jo continued squeezing, weighing and probing everything below his waist. “Jo I’m gonna lose it.”
Jo slid the length of Sam’s long frame with her head popping out from other the covers to kiss him on the lips. For once Jo sounded nervous, “I feel all slippery down there.”

Sam slipped his hand between her legs and toyed with her bush of silky curls then dipped a long finger inside.

Jo’s eyes rolled back in her head, “Oooh Sam.” She rolled off and bent her knees while still under the covers.

Sam reached down and fumbled with the weird condom contraption working it partly down his penis then settled between her legs trying his best to keep his weight off her, “You and me forever Jo.”

“You and me forever Sam” Jo deeply inhaled then slowly exhaled, “Ok I’m ready.”

The Lawrence Novak Farm, New Years Day 1944

Pastor Brown and Officer O’Toole looked through the windows of the old farm house but they were frosted up solid.

The portly Pastor jiggled the doorknob and then gave up right away. It was too much effort.

“O’Toole, bust the door down!”

“My name is James O’Toole…Officer O’Toole to you.”

Pastor Brown was shaking with anger, so much so his jowls were quivering like a bulldog stuck in a snow bank. “Lawrence Novak is a Deacon in my church and he’s been gone since Christmas. Now I demand you open the door or so help me I will have your badge!”

The officer rolled his eyes and then got to work on the lock. The door popped open and O’Toole entered first with the pastor far behind him. Just to scare the pastor James turned quickly and whispered, “Don’t make any noise…there might be a burglar in here.”

Brown made the sign of the Cross then muttered something under his breath. “I’ll stay right here and you go on.”

James was glad the Pastor left his balls at home.

He checked the kitchen first and then the living room. The house was colder than the outside since it was completely devoid of sunlight. He saw a figure sitting in a chair in front of a large fieldstone fireplace.

“Mr. Novak…Lawrence…hello? It’s Officer O’Toole. You haven’t been to church and the Pastor was worried.”

He stepped closer speaking to the man but in his heart James knew the man was dead. He stepped in front of Lawrence and found him perfectly frozen in place. Empty blue eyes facing the cold fireplace filled with ashes.

Scattered around the chair were mementos and photographs or at least what was left of them. James bent to pick one up and it was singed around the edges. In it was a dark haired baby held by a pretty young woman smiling proudly. On the back in delicate handwriting was “Cas, 6 months
James figured it must be the daughter he went to see at the diner. He wasn’t sure why he did it but James tucked that photo in his pocket.

Pastor Brown bellowed, “Well, did you find him?”

The officer bent down and gathered up all the damaged photos and mementos stuffing them behind the sofa. Again his instinct said “Don’t trust the Pastor.”

“I’m afraid it’s bad news Pastor. Lawrence Novak is frozen solid.”

After the body was taken away and a few curious parishioners were made to leave the officer began his assessment.

James noticed sheltered near the front door there was a neat, dry stack of logs and kindling. Lawrence hadn’t bothered to replenish the fire.

The only thing the officer could figure was the man either had a heart attack right then and there or he went mad and allowed himself to freeze to death. From the looks of the memories Lawrence was so eager to burn O’Toole figured the man was mad as a hatter.

“Who would burn photos of their wife and child? Special things like a little stuffed bear, wooden teething ring or a wedding picture. Things a parent and husband would never destroy.”

Pastor Brown managed to surprise O’Toole and the officer’s train of thought was broken.

He smiled at the officer and his beady little eyes looked merry, “Well if there’s no will or family I suppose this will go to the church.”

James O’Toole didn’t like Lawrence Novak, Pastor Brown or any of the pious parishioners that tried to tell him how to do his job.

“First of all we have no idea if there is a will or not, secondly I know for a fact that Lawrence Novak has at least one child…a daughter.” He waved his hand toward the expensive sedan the Pastor drove, “Why don’t you toddle on off to your church and preach about love, tolerance and generosity? You know…the things Jesus believed in.”

Pastor Brown turned bright red, “Don’t you tell me how to do my job! You haven’t seen the last of me Officer O’Toole.” He stomped to his midnight blue Plymouth sedan, got in and slammed the heavy door.

James watched the car drive off. He pulled the partly burned photo from his pocket and looked at the baby and pretty young woman. “You two must have had pretty crappy lives here with these assholes.”

He tucked the photo back in his pocket and decided he better go pay Cassie Novak a visit to tell her about her father.

TBC
You will notice that Cassie was wearing a rayon chemise.

By the 1920s rayon could be produced for half the cost of real silk. Nicknamed “Artificial Silk”, by WW2 much of ladies nightwear was made of rayon for its light, silky feel, beauty and price point.

DuPont began commercial production of nylon in 1939. The first experimental testing used nylon as sewing thread, in parachute fabric, and in women's hosiery. Nylon stockings were shown in February 1939 at the San Francisco Exposition — and the most exciting fashion innovation of the age was underway.

American women had only a sampling of the beauty and durability of their first pairs of nylon hose when their romance with the new fabric was cut short. The United States entered World War II in December 1941 and the War Production Board allocated all production of nylon for military use. Nylon hose, which sold for $1.25 a pair before the War, moved in the black market at $10. Wartime pin-ups and movie stars like Betty Grable, auctioned nylon hose for as much as $40,000 a pair in war-effort drives.

During the War, nylon replaced Asian silk in parachutes. It also found use in tires, tents, ropes, ponchos, and other military supplies, and even was used in the production of a high-grade paper for U.S. currency. At the outset of the War, cotton was king of fibers, accounting for more than 80% of all fibers used. Manufactured and wool fibers shared the remaining 20%. By the end of the War in August 1945, cotton stood at 75% of the fiber market. Manufactured fibers had risen to 15%.
Dean woke up at the crack of dawn, a force of habit from the military. He was glad it stuck with him; after all he needed an apprenticeship or trade school so he could support the family. Dean figured there would be no sleeping in after the baby was born even on a day off.

The weary former soldier fingered the silver pendant around his neck as he looked over at his fiancée who was snoring like a buzz saw with parched lips parted. The carefully coiffed hair from the night before was sticking up all over and the rhinestone clip that had been holding the thick dark bangs to the side was stuck in the rats nest.

Cassie was frowning in her sleep and making little sounds.

“Aw cute…what an adorable…”

Dean’s thoughts were interrupted when the pregnant teen cut a deadly fart that almost drove him out of the little bedroom. Dean told himself it had to be Cas because no lady could snore or fart that bad.

Dean bravely stayed, breathing through his mouth as he untangled the rhinestone clip from the heavily lacquered hair and set it on the nightstand. Cassie swatted at his hand and then rolled to the side clutching the burgeoning belly.

Dean crawled out of bed and limped to the bathroom. He was trying to not use his cane if possible in hopes of strengthening his leg.

He bumped into Ellen in the hallway. “Oh sorry…I was gonna take a whiz but you go ahead.”

“You go on hon just don’t take all day.”

Dean did his business and when he got out Ellen went right in. He was just about to go back to Cas when he heard a man with a gruff voice singing off key.

Got a date with an angel Gotta meet her at seven Got a date with an angel And I'm on my way to Heaven She's so lovely beside me And whatever betide me

Got an angel to guide me So I'm on my way to Heaven…..

Dean knew the tune and he couldn’t help himself. He burst into song.

Soon I'll hear the bells ring out And the choir will sing out When the pearly gates swing out She'll beckon to me I've been waiting a lifetime For this evening at seven I got a date with an angel And I'm on my way to Heaven....

Ellen’s apartment door opened and there was Bobby Singer in a red union suit. “I had to see if Dean Martin was out here. I see I got the “Dean” part right. You have a good voice.”

Dean turned to leave, “Sorry about that. I didn’t mean to eavesdrop.”

Bobby hitched his thumb toward the closed bedroom door, “Are you and the blue eyed gal an item then?”

He turned and smiled proudly, “My fiancée, I asked her to marry me last night.”
Bobby nodded in approval, “That shows you’re a real man.”

Dean’s voice quavered when he answered. “Thank you Sir, that means a lot. My dad treats me like a kid and thinks I don’t know what I’m doing. I’m gonna be nineteen in a couple of weeks!”

Bobby saluted him, “Anyone that goes off to war for their country is a man in my book. Some fellas would run if their gal got pregnant but you didn’t. That shows real courage.”

Dean shook his head in the negative, “It’s not courage as much as love…I can’t be without my Angel.” He went back in the bedroom and softly closed the door.

A grumpy John shuffled into the kitchen unshaven and in need of coffee. He had forgotten about the overnight visitors until Dell blew the man a raspberry from the laundry basket his mom had set him in.

John stopped and looked down at the baby whose only skill so far was the ability to sit up. He blew a raspberry back and Dell fell over on the blanket nest in a fit of giggles.

The man sat heavily on a kitchen chair and a mug of hot coffee was set in front of him along with a platter of pancakes and two fried eggs. Josie smiled at him, “You didn’t have any syrup so I hope they taste alright.”

He looked down at the amazing plate of food then back up to the young woman, “Wow, this is the first time I had breakfast cooked for me in…well I can’t remember.”

Benny came in but hung in the doorway, “Mr. Winchester we will get out of your hair today after we visit Dean’s girl.”

John jabbed a fork with a hunk of pancake dripping with yolk at Benny, “If worse comes to worse you can stay one more night and that’s only because I need to teach your boy manners.” John looked over at Dell who was busy sucking his thumb and watching his mother. “The kid blew a raspberry at me.”

Benny bent down and easily scooped Dell up in his one arm then sat at the table. “I see my son has charmed you.”

John snorted and kept eating.

Sam woke up to the tantalizing smell of fresh coffee and something cooked in butter. He looked over at Jo with her blonde hair spread across the pillow and pretty lips pursed in her sleep. He couldn’t believe it; Sam had intercourse for the first time.

He felt around under the blanket to see if his penis had magically changed any but it seemed the same. It lay there long, plump and getting plumper since there was a naked girl next to him.

The condom containing the clammy spent semen was stuck against his thigh. He peeled it off and pulled it out from under the bedding. “Yuck…gotta get rid of this…at least I used it right.”

A hard knock came at the bedroom door, “Sam get your butt out here and eat breakfast. Josie made pancakes and eggs and the food is damn good. It’s rude to let it get cold.”
Sam looked at the wicker waste basket by the side of the bed, “Crap…crap! What do I do?”

He called out cheerfully trying to hide the panic in his voice, “Be right there dad!”

Jo’s eyes fluttered open and she yawned too loud for the situation. “I feel like I got impaled on a fence post but gosh it was great!”

“Shhh…my dad is up and you aren’t supposed to be here!”

Jo sat up with a sheet covering her breasts now feeling incredibly uncomfortable. “Ok just let me think.” She looked at the bedroom window, “I’ll get dressed and sneak out then ring the doorbell and invite myself to breakfast.”

Sam grabbed her and kissed his girl breathless, “Beautiful and clever…ok go ahead.” He couldn’t resist and smacked her little fanny as she got out of bed. “Woman you are nothing but trouble.”

She looked over her shoulder pretending to be coy, “You wouldn’t have it any other way Sam Winchester.”

Jo stared at Sam across the breakfast table with a satisfied smile on her face as John droned on about work at the auto plant. She swirled a bit of pancake around in the egg and popped it in her mouth chewing slowly. Jo enjoyed watching Sam turn beet red.

Benny took his stump and teased Dell with it. The baby tried to gum the end and Benny laughed at Dell’s antics. It made everyone except Josie uncomfortable. He looked at the rest and smiled, “Come on now, Dell doesn’t mind my lack of appendage and I’ll take a laugh where I can get it.”

Josie leaned over and kissed her husband on the cheek, “My Benny is a glass half full man and I love him for it.”

Sam escaped to call Dean and let him know they going to head over.

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Dean listened as Sam explained Benny and family showed up and spent the night at their father’s house. Josie wanted to meet Cassie and help her with the pregnancy and birth.

Dean didn’t know what to do, “Sam just stay there with them and let us talk it over.”

He found his love in Ellen’s apartment trying to sew shut a hole in a sock. Ellen sat patiently by for moral support as the teen frowned through the vexing task.

Dean sat next to Ellen using her as a buffer.

“Baby, Sam called. Benny, his wife and baby are at my dad’s house. They came because Josie is a midwife and she wants to help you. I think it’s a good idea because you’re in month six and she can tell how everything is going.”

It was Cas that stood up angry and upset, “Dean how could you tell them?!”

“I didn’t tell them Angel I swear! I wrote Benny a letter expressing how worried I was about you. Cas you have to see someone…I don’t know what else to do.” Dean hung his head and leaned elbows on knees staring down at the floor.
Ellen rubbed his shoulder, “You did the right thing Dean. I’ve done a piss poor job trying to find someone that was able to help.”

She turned her attention to Cas, “This is for the best. Don’t you realize that you or the baby could…” Ellen couldn’t finish her sentence. The woman was choked up and didn’t want to show how worried she was.

Dean finished it for her, “Die…you could die Cas and so could the baby. What you are is special…different. I don’t know how this is gonna work. We need Josie because she’s all we got. I wish I knew how to find you a real doctor that wouldn’t make trouble for us. I still haven’t given up on that.”

He got up and helped Cas to the couch settling him in. Dean limped back over and sat by Ellen. The three were quiet all lost in their own thoughts.

Cas’ voice softened, “Comoara you talk to them first and let me know if you think it’s going to be ok, then I’ll meet Josie.”

Ellen got up and left for her room to let them hash things out.

Dean moved over until their thighs were pressed together. He traced his tongue around the shell of his fiancée’s ear and then blew a warm bit of breath inside. “Be my Cassie now and leave the hardness behind. I love you and I want you and our baby safe.”

They clung to each other for mutual comfort. Dean slipped his hand under his Angel’s shirt and rubbed slow circles over the firm little belly. It bothered him that it wasn’t bigger but then Dean didn’t know that much about pregnancy. Ellen said it was normal but still he worried. Dean hoped Josie could shed some light on things.

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“We’re still working on that. Please Ma’am it’s very important.”

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Dean woke up at the crack of dawn, a force of habit from the military. He was glad it stuck with him; after all he needed an apprenticeship or trade school so he could support the family. Dean figured there would be no sleeping in after the baby was born even on a day off.

The weary former soldier fingered the silver pendent around his neck as he looked over at his fiancée who was snoring like a buzz saw with parched lips parted. The carefully coiffed hair from the night before was sticking up all over and the rhinestone clip that had been holding the thick dark bangs to the side was stuck in the rats nest.

Cassie was frowning in her sleep and making little sounds.  

“Aw cute…what an adorable…”

Dean’s thoughts were interrupted when the pregnant teen cut a deadly fart that almost drove him out of the little bedroom. Dean told himself it had to be Cas because no lady could snore or fart that bad.

Dean bravely stayed, breathing through his mouth as he untangled the rhinestone clip from the heavily lacquered hair and set it on the nightstand. Cassie swatted at his hand and then rolled to the side clutching the burgeoning belly.

Dean crawled out of bed and limped to the bathroom. He was trying to not use his cane if possible in hopes of strengthening his leg.
He bumped into Ellen in the hallway. “Oh sorry…I was gonna take a whiz but you go ahead.”

“You go on hon just don’t take all day.”

Dean did his business and when he got out Ellen went right in. He was just about to go back to Cas when he heard a man with a gruff voice singing off key.

*Got a date with an angel Gotta meet her at seven Got a date with an angel And I'm on my way to Heaven She's so lovely beside me And whatever betide me

*Got an angel to guide me So I'm on my way to Heaven.....

Dean knew the tune and he couldn’t help himself. He burst into song.

*Soon I'll hear the bells ring out And the choir will sing out When the pearly gates swing out She'll beckon to me I've been waiting a lifetime For this evening at seven I got a date with an angel And I'm on my way to Heaven.....

Ellen’s apartment door opened and there was Bobby Singer in a red union suit. “I had to see if Dean Martin was out here. I see I got the “Dean” part right. You have a good voice.”

Dean turned to leave, “Sorry about that. I didn’t mean to eavesdrop.”

Bobby hitched his thumb toward the closed bedroom door, “Are you and the blue eyed gal an item then?”

He turned and smiled proudly, “My fiancée, I asked her to marry me last night.”

Bobby nodded in approval, “That shows you’re a real man.”

Dean’s voice quavered when he answered. “Thank you Sir, that means a lot. My dad treats me like a kid and thinks I don’t know what I’m doing. I’m gonna be nineteen in a couple of weeks!”

Bobby saluted him, “Anyone that goes off to war for their country is a man in my book. Some fellas would run if their gal got pregnant but you didn’t. That shows real courage.”

Dean shook his head in the negative, “It’s not courage as much as love…I can’t be without my Angel.” He went back in the bedroom and softly closed the door.

…………………..

A grumpy John shuffled into the kitchen unshaven and in need of coffee. He had forgotten about the overnight visitors until Dell blew the man a raspberry from the laundry basket his mom had set him in.

John stopped and looked down at the baby whose only skill so far was the ability to sit up. He blew a raspberry back and Dell fell over on the blanket nest in a fit of giggles.

The man sat heavily on a kitchen chair and a mug of hot coffee was set in front of him along with a platter of pancakes and two fried eggs. Josie smiled at him, “You didn’t have any syrup so I hope they taste alright.”

Benny came in but hung in the doorway, “Mr. Winchester we will get out of your hair today after
we visit Dean’s girl.”

John jabbed a fork with a hunk of pancake dripping with yolk at Benny, “If worse comes to worse you can stay one more night and that’s only because I need to teach your boy manners.” John looked over at Dell who was busy sucking his thumb and watching his mother. “The kid blew a raspberry at me.”

Benny bent down and easily scooped Dell up in his one arm then sat at the table. “I see my son has charmed you.”

John snorted and kept eating.

Sam woke up to the tantalizing smell of fresh coffee and something cooked in butter. He looked over at Jo with her blonde hair spread across the pillow and pretty lips pursed in her sleep. He couldn’t believe it; Sam had intercourse for the first time.

He felt around under the blanket to see if his penis had magically changed any but it seemed the same. It lay there long, plump and getting plumper since there was a naked girl next to him.

The condom containing the clammy spent semen was stuck against his thigh. He peeled it off and pulled it out from under the bedding. “Yuck…gotta get rid of this…at least I used it right.”

A hard knock came at the bedroom door, “Sam get your butt out here and eat breakfast. Josie made pancakes and eggs and the food is damn good. It’s rude to let it get cold.”

Sam looked at the wicker waste basket by the side of the bed, “Crap…crap! What do I do?”

He called out cheerfully trying to hide the panic in his voice, “Be right there dad!”

Jo’s eyes fluttered open and she yawned too loud for the situation. “I feel like I got impaled on a fence post but gosh it was great!”

“Shhh…my dad is up and you aren’t supposed to be here!”

Jo sat up with a sheet covering her breasts now feeling incredibly uncomfortable. “I feel like I got impaled on a fence post but gosh it was great!”

Sam stared at Sam across the breakfast table with a satisfied smile on her face as John droned on about work at the auto plant. She swirled a bit of pancake around in the egg and popped it in her mouth chewing slowly. Jo enjoyed watching Sam turn beet red.

Benny took his stump and teased Dell with it. The baby tried to gum the end and Benny laughed at Dell’s antics. It made everyone except Josie uncomfortable. He looked at the rest and smiled, “Come on now, Dell doesn’t mind my lack of appendage and I’ll take a laugh where I can get it.”
Josie leaned over and kissed her husband on the cheek, “My Benny is a glass half full man and I love him for it.”

Sam escaped to call Dean and let him know they going to head over.

……………………

Dean listened as Sam explained Benny and family showed up and spent the night at their father’s house. Josie wanted to meet Cassie and help her with the pregnancy and birth.

Dean didn’t know what to do, “Sam just stay there with them and let us talk it over.”

He found his love in Ellen’s apartment trying to sew shut a hole in a sock. Ellen sat patiently by for moral support as the teen frowned through the vexing task.

Dean sat next to Ellen using her as a buffer.

“Baby, Sam called. Benny, his wife and baby are at my dad’s house. They came because Josie is a midwife and she wants to help you. I think it’s a good idea because you’re in month six and she can tell how everything is going.”

It was Cas that stood up angry and upset, “Dean how could you tell them?!”

“I didn’t tell them Angel I swear! I wrote Benny a letter expressing how worried I was about you. Cas you have to see someone…I don’t know what else to do.” Dean hung his head and leaned elbows on knees staring down at the floor.

Ellen rubbed his shoulder, “You did the right thing Dean. I’ve done a piss poor job trying to find someone that was able to help.”

She turned her attention to Cas, “This is for the best. Don’t you realize that you or the baby could…” Ellen couldn’t finish her sentence. The woman was choked up and didn’t want to show how worried she was.

Dean finished it for her, “Die…you could die Cas and so could the baby. What you are is special…different. I don’t know how this is gonna work. We need Josie because she’s all we got. I wish I knew how to find you a real doctor that wouldn’t make trouble for us. I still haven’t given up on that.”

He got up and helped Cas to the couch settling him in. Dean limped back over and sat by Ellen. The three were quiet all lost in their own thoughts.

Cas’ voice softened, “Comoara you talk to them first and let me know if you think it’s going to be ok, then I’ll meet Josie.”

Ellen got up and left for her room to let them hash things out.

Dean moved over until their thighs were pressed together. He traced his tongue around the shell of his fiancée’s ear and then blew a warm bit of breath inside. “Be my Cassie now and leave the hardness behind. I love you and I want you and our baby safe.”

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Kissy Kiss

Dean watched with concern waiting for a reaction from his fiancée. She sat there with a stoic expression, hands folded in her lap still staring past the cop. Dean tucked a lock of silky dark hair behind Cassie’s ear, “Angel did you hear what he said?”

Cas suffered years of verbal and physical abuse at the hands of Lawrence Novak. Another wall went up in his mind built on a shaky foundation the instant he heard the news.

There had been so many things he had wanted to tell his father and so many questions he needed answers to and now that would never happen.

Rather than having a strong reaction the teen simply asked, “Was there anything my father left for me…a letter maybe?” The teen held out hope that at the end his father would relent and tell Cas he was a worthy child and Lawrence was sorry for hurting him so badly. That at his last moments the man would write, “I love you.”

The officer looked at the young lady with the prettiest but saddest eyes he had ever seen and felt his own heart breaking for her. O’Toole knew Lawrence always had ice in his veins. He imagined the man’s heart was hard and dark as flint.

“I’m sorry Miss Novak I didn’t find a letter. There was a box of mementos that were damaged by fire and some still intact. I gathered them up and hid them behind the couch. I didn’t want Pastor Brown to see anything. I didn’t explore further.”

Cassie struggled to her feet belly first and shuffled toward the door. Dean got up and limped along beside her. He turned to the cop before leaving, “I’m going to put her to bed. I’ll be back.”

…………………

Dean helped Cassie out of her clothes. It was like trying to undress a big ragdoll, all the life seemed to go out of her. Cassie was quiet and compliant.

He went to get her flannel nightgown and paused to look at her thin form from behind. The permanent marks from shoulders to buttocks had shocked Dean when he first made love to Cas last summer. They still made him flinch. Not from the appearance but from how they came about.

Dean had memorized every one and not a single scar escaped a kiss from his lips. Some nights he traced the marks like brail putting his Cassie-Cas to sleep.

It had taken everything inside of Dean not to go over and murder Lawrence Novak. Freezing to death was too easy a way out for the bastard that tortured someone that vulnerable as Cas. He was glad the monster was dead and now maybe his lover could begin to heal.

…………………

O’Toole watched Dean limping toward him. The former soldier leaned heavily on the cane as he slowing lowered himself back on the couch. The cop stuck out his hand, “My first name is James.”

Dean looked down at it warily, “So Ellen is your friend?”

“Sort of, she’s been friends with my mom since forever. Ellen scared the crap out of me when I was little.” James laughed to himself, “Who am I kidding…she scares the crap out of me now!”
Don’t tell her I said that.”

Dean relaxed just a little and shook the hand offered, “Thanks for letting us know about that abusive old bastard. What do we do now? Cassie is in no condition to make decisions and I don’t know much about stuff like this.”

Ellen came out of her bedroom and breezed toward the kitchenette, “Don’t mind me. I just need some coffee. You boys want some?”

She vanished before they could answer and came back in a few minutes with coffee and a plate of cookies. “I was eavesdropping. What is Cassie’s next step?”

Dean stuffed a cookie in his mouth and just shrugged in answer.

James spoke up for him, “Dean wanted to know what to do next. I’m not a lawyer or anything but I went through this with my mother’s estate after her death. First off you need to see if there is a will filed at the Prosper County courthouse. If not I’d check with the two law firms in town and see if they hold a copy or if there is a safe deposit box. If not then Cassie needs to start proceedings to claim the property transferred over.”

Ellen was taking notes on a little note pad, “Ok got it. Can we go to the farm?”

“Yes if it’s ok with Cassie. Honestly I would get right on this tomorrow. Pastor Brown was sniffing around. I don’t think he can lay claim to anything but he can make trouble.”

Ellen growled, “I hate that pompous, self righteous, jowly prick.”

Even though the situation was far from humorous Dean had to laugh, “Holy crap Ellen, don’t hold back your feelings or anything.”

O’Toole handed them both a card with his name and the phone number for the Prosper Police, “You know how to get a hold of me if you need anything.”

…………………..

Dean was exhausted by the time he got back to his dad’s house. When he entered there was Benny waiting for him with one arm outstretched ready for a hug. “Little brother, oh man I missed you!”

Dean dropped his cane and hugged his friend, “Benny you are a sight for sore eyes.” There were tears, smiles and many unspoken words between them. Italy had sealed their bond forever. Blood or no blood, Benny was true family.

They went to the living room where John was sitting with a baby on his lap. Dean looked over at the dark beauty sitting quietly by the fire. “You must be Josie.”

She stood and smiled, “Dean Winchester…I’m so glad to finally meet you. Thank you for taking care of my Benny.”

Dean extended his hand, “Benny took care of me actually. I’m mighty glad to meet you Josie. You are much too pretty for the likes of Benny.”

She giggled, “That is what I’ve been telling him.” Josie was overwhelmed by Dean’s brilliant smile and handsome features. The young woman blurted out, “You look like a movie star.” She sat down again and covered her smile with a delicate hand, “Don’t be jealous Benny.”
Her husband winked at Dean. “Don’t worry gal, I’m not jealous.’

Dell, feeling left out squealed loudly then cut loose with some baby babble. John stood the baby on his lap holding the little one firmly, “Dean this in Dell.” Dell danced his tiny feet on John’s knees feeling safe in the big man’s care. He had a beard like daddy so this guy was ok in Dell’s book.

Dean raised a brow, “Ok who stole my dad because this isn’t him. I like this guy a lot better.”

John snorted, “Smartass.”

They spent time catching up with each other’s lives ending with Dean discussing Cassie with Josie and Benny. He left out personal details of his fiancées condition not wanting to shock them or reveal anything to his dad.

John listened but kept his two cents to himself. Dean was grateful.

In the end all they knew was Cassie was six months along and had no medical attention. The girl needed help badly.

Later John handed Dell over to Josie but not before grumbling about how much work a baby was. She just smiled and then took the baby upstairs for feeding and a diaper change.

John yelled up, “Make sure you wash that damn diaper out. The boy craps like an elephant. It’s like having Sam and Dean at that age…big poopers that’s what they were.”

Dean looked over to Benny and both young men snickered.

John called them both smartasses and headed upstairs.

……………..

John was exhausted. It had been years since he had a baby around let alone a woman in his kitchen. It wasn’t bad though, just different. He figured the couple could rent a room at Wilkerson’s boarding house. The place was clean and cheap and the owner Betty didn’t allow any questionable characters inside.

The woman was just open minded enough to not question a couple like Benny and Josie and their mixed baby staying there. John figured it would do until something else was worked out.

After listening to the desperation in Dean’s voice while talking about the health and welfare of his fiancée and unborn baby it opened John’s eyes.

There was reason he hadn’t put his two cents in. John was too busy thinking. It finally became real to John; he was going to be a grandfather. No matter what there was no changing that.

He still didn’t truly know what Cassie was. John also didn’t believe the Gypsy boy Cas had vanished into thin air. Dean was like a dog with a bone, he never would have given up on the boy he had been so obsessed with and get engaged to the boy’s twin sister.

“Maybe I should just take things at face value and stop picking at the scab. Let this all heal over. Cassie isn’t a bad girl and the kid is half Winchester. What would Mary do? Mary would just love them…alright Mary, for you and Dean I’ll have to suck it up and accept whatever the hell this is.”

John braced his arms on the dresser and stared at himself in the mirror. He looked tired and unkempt. “I’m still good looking I suppose…good looking enough to…no I couldn’t.”
John crawled under the covers and settled in. His mind turned to Alice from the diner. Recalling Alice flirting with him in her own awkward way John had to smile. He didn’t realize how lonely he had been until there was a glimmer of hope set before him.

Cassie woke up the next morning to a freshly showered Dean buck naked and singing to himself while admiring his own visage in the cracked standing mirror. He turned and pointed to Cassie.

*You’re nobody ’til somebody loves you It's hard times when nobody wants you Fill up my cup, don’t ever stop coming Get up on top, I'll make it pop, honey.....*

Cassie couldn’t help but smile at his beautiful fiancé, Dean was a work of art from head to toe.

Dean limped over and fell on the bed next to his love, “Cassie-Cas I’m gonna kissy kiss you!”

She squealed as he ravaged the tender parts of her neck, “Dean!”

Green eyes locked on blue, “Dean…what?”

“Dean I love you!”

Dean got nose to nose with his sweetie, “I love you more because I’m nineteen and you’re just an eighteen year old kid. At least until springtime.”

Cassie gasped, “Oh Dean I’m so sorry. It’s your birthday. I’ve been so fuzzy headed that I didn’t get you anything or bake a cake.” She looked devastated.

Hey, your evil old man kicked the bucket and you’re pregnant. Of course you’re fuzzy headed.”

Dean tucked his arms under his head and smiled up at the ceiling, “Besides guess what…I talked to my old man and he’s taken’ us out tonight for a fancy dinner. Jo and Sam and even Benny and Josie are going.”

Cassie frowned, “The last time I saw your dad he was mean. Did you forget he grabbed my arm and bruised me? I was scared.”

Dean rolled to face her, “I know honey. I don’t know what happened between then and now but dad said he’s sorry and wants to apologize. I don’t expect you to forgive the guy right away but hear him out. Hey if you decide not to forgive him I’ll understand.”

Cassie let out a long sigh, “I guess he’s better than my own dad. Lawrence never said he was sorry for anything.”

Dean gave his Cassie-Cas her kissy kiss, “Thanks Angel. Also this will give you a chance to meet Josie and Benny in fun circumstances then tomorrow if we aren’t hung over…”

Cassie gave him a sour look, “I can’t drink.”

“Not you, me. I wanna have some fun and we can take the bus there and back so I can get drunk as a skunk…uh…not that I will.”

Dean hadn’t cut loose in a long time and he was looking forward to it.

“Alright Comoara as long as Benny and Sam will be there to watch out for us. I think with your pain medication it’s not good to drink.”
John told the three young couples he would meet them at Maplewood Inn for Dean’s birthday but he had some things to do. The first thing he did was dress up in his suit. He gave Dean his birthday gift early, a suit and tie with dress shoes so John could wear his own again.

Next stop was Woolworth so he could pick up a bouquet of silk flowers for Alice. John mulled over the bottles of perfume but then nixed that since perfume seemed like a very personal gift.

He parked in front of the diner and headed inside. It was Sunday and they were about to close up. John knew his obstacle was Ellen. When he entered the woman gave him her eagle eyes spotting him as a potential threat.

She marched over and whispered a little too loudly, “You got some nerve coming in here after what you did to Cassie.”

John did the only thing he could; give the woman a dazzling smile. It was something the boys inherited from him and it usually worked. “I’m sorry Ellen. Tonight is Dean’s birthday and I invited the kids out for dinner where I will formally apologize to her. I decided this is my grandbaby and I’ve been a damn fool. Besides Cassie seems like a good girl.”

Ellen studied the man’s face for dishonesty and saw none only a slight desperation. Fine, you do your level best to make it up to them but I swear if you upset her again I’ll sock you in the baby makers so hard your great granddaddy will feel it.”

He nodded, “That sounds fair.” John then turned his attention to Alice. “Would you mind if I spoke with Alice? I’d like to ask her out to dinner.”

Ellen grumbled, “Free country” then walked away.

John went over and sat next to Alice at the counter as she filled ketchup bottles. “Hi, do you eat?”

She looked at the man as if he grew an extra head, “Of course I eat…why?”

He rubbed the back of his neck then looked around the place feeling like a bumbling teenager, “I want to ask you out for dinner tonight. It’s my son’s birthday and it’ll be three young couples and then me.”

He trust the bouquet of silk peonies out to her, “What do say?”

Alice took the flowers and smiled at John, “I say yes if you take me home to change. Of course you’ll have to come in and meet my parents.”

John groaned, “Oh god…alright just tell them I’m not a pervert. I’m older than you by about fifteen years or so.”

Alice batted her lashes, “I think they will just be happy I have a suitor.”

He cleared his throat then leaned in toward her, “Like I said before I don’t know how a pretty gal like you isn’t taken.”

The three young couples sat around the large round table in the corner reserved for large parties. They were stuffing themselves with garlic bread sticks and drinking up the free water. There had
been casual introductions all around and no talk yet of a game plan for Cassie and the baby. It wasn’t dinner talk and it was Dean’s birthday. Tomorrow would be a day of serious matters.

Cas had never been out to a fancy restaurant before let alone as a female. It was a regular boy and girl date and he was nervous as hell that someone would figure out his secret. Cas worried he looked too boyish or his voice was too deep.

He wore a couple pair of tight panties to secure his manhood in place but still worried about erections. Dean looked really good in his new suit and Cas was having twitches all evening. It didn’t help that Dean kept feeling up his thigh under the table.

He chose a long, dark blue velvet maternity blouse that hit him at the thigh and a pair of loose black high elastic waist pants. With lips painted like rubies and his hair coiffed in a Veronica Lake style Jo said Cas was not only passable but looking good as his alter ego Cassie.

Sam suddenly stood and pointed, “Dean look, dad has a date!”

…………………

Meg went through the farm house from top to bottom and when she hit the foyer there was Charlie standing there looking quite upset. “Come on babe, you shouldn’t be here.”

Meg pulled down her wool cap tighter crushing her long wild curls, “Red I have a right to look around at least.” The normally feisty, outspoken young woman looked broken down. “There is nothing here of mine…it’s like I’m the one that’s dead.”

Charlie pulled Meg in and kissed her full on the mouth, “This is all that matters now. Come on, we can pick up Molly on the way back.”

Meg got in the driver’s seat of the truck and once Charlie was settled inside she gave her partner a smile, “Tomorrow we are heading out to the Singer farm?”

“You got it babe.”

TBC

A/N-

Lake’s breakthrough role was in the war drama *I Wanted Wings* (1941). The film was a major hit in which Lake played the second female lead. It was during the filming of *I Wanted Wings* that Lake developed her signature look. Lake's long blonde hair accidentally fell over her right eye during a take and created a "peek-a-boo" effect. The hairstyle became Lake's trademark and was widely copied by women.

For a short time during the early 1940s, Lake was considered one of the most reliable box office draws in Hollywood. At the peak of her popularity, she earned $4,500 a week.
Alice felt like a sideshow attraction when the table of young attractive couples all looked at her. “John maybe this wasn’t a good idea. What will your sons think?”

John wrapped a paw of a hand around her waist, “Come on sweetheart.” He guided her over to the table and pulled out a chair. Alice sat down and John nudged the chair in for her then sat down.

Sam and Dean kept giving dark glances toward their dad until John finally pulled the two aside. Once out of earshot of the table Dean grumbled, “Geez dad, you got underwear older than her.”

Sam pointed out that Alice was much too nice of a girl for John.

John simply answered, “I’ve decided I won’t pry into your business if you don’t pry into mine. I can look the other way with things I don’t understand if you two can just let me give this a try. Look…Alice isn’t Mary and never will be but you can’t replace another person you can just give someone else a try.”

Dean looked to his dad hopefully, “So you’re ok with me and Cassie?”

John looked over at the exotic bombshell sitting quietly at the table, “I’ll tell you Dean, I’m willing to turn a blind eye. I’ll accept what I see at face value but I don’t need to know anything else. I can’t handle it…I’ll never understand.”

His son answered sadly, “So you’re not really gonna try at all then.”

“I didn’t say that. I’m going to apologize tonight when the time is right. I’ve got a grandchild on the way and Cassie is a sweet…” John struggled with the word that came next “…girl. I’ll learn to accept her and I want to be a grandpa. I like that little mixed baby Dell so my own grandkid should be a shoe in.”

Dean shook his dads hand, “That’s all I can ask for.”

…………………..

After the waiter took their order the conversation at the table was quite lively. Everyone kept it light and cheerful with lots of ribbing about Dean being an old man at nineteen.

Cassie tugged on her fiancé’s jacket and whispered in Dean’s ear, “I have to pee really bad.”

“So go babe.”

She had never been out dressed as a female before and was terrified to use the bathroom. Dean could barely here his fiancée whisper back, “I can’t…I don’t know which door to go in.” Cassie struggled to her feet and did a quick waddle toward the long hallway with a sign that said “Ladies and Gents This Way”.

Dean got up to follow but Jo stopped him, “I’ll go Dean.”

Josie got up next grateful the two other girls were going because she needed a trip to the powder room herself. The girl was too nervous to go alone because the looks she got upon entering ranged from curious to ugly.

Like a group of ducklings the last to follow was Alice.
John shook his head as he watching the females leave. “Look at the pussy parade…why do women pee in packs?”

Sam choked on his brandy old fashion John had ordered for him, “Dad geez!”

Dean snickered, “They got hamster bladders.”

Benny leaned in and looked at the other males with a serious expression, “I know why…it’s lady secret.”

The men leaned in all ears.

“Ok the reason they go in there is to fart and talk about crap about us.”

That was followed by lots of deep male laugh all around. John clapped Benny on the back, “I like you kid. You are real funny.”

............... 

Cassie sat in the stall with her pants down and everything safely over the toilet so no matter what or where it came out there wouldn’t be any give away. The stream was strong from the pressure on the bladder. After the baby was born the constant need to urinate was something she would not miss along with the nausea.

Jo called out, “Everything ok in there Cassie?”

“Yes.”

“Ok.”

Cassie finished before the rest then washed her hands and sat on a bench in the hallway waiting for them. Apparently born all female humans enjoyed talking while they did their business. It was a strange thing to someone that identified as male almost all his life.

A beefy middle aged man obviously tipsy exited the men’s room and stopped in front of her. “Hey pretty lady are you all alone?”

Cassie stared past him, “No, my friends are in the ladies room and I’m here with my fiancée and others. Please leave me alone.”

Instead the man plopped on the bench beside her and planted a wandering hand on her knee, “No need to be unfriendly. I’ve never seen you here before.”

She grabbed her clutch and tried to stand but a big hand pushed her back down by the shoulder. “It won’t kill you to visit with me. I’m an important person you know.”

Suddenly a deep voice boomed, “It will kill you if you don’t get your damn hand off my daughter in law.”

Cassie looked up and was for once happy to see John Winchester. He hitched his thumb toward the back door, “Beat it scum before I clock you in the kissser.”

The jerk stood to his full height and found he was lacking a few inches on John. He grumbled, “Think you’re a big man…you don’t know who I am.”

John gave him a shove toward the door, “I don’t care, all I see is an asshole now move it.”
The man luckily staggered away but in the opposite direction toward the bar. John was just glad he left without incident. He didn’t want Dean’s birthday ruined.

John took a seat next to Cassie. “Sorry about that.”

She frowned in her usual way and plucked at a rhinestone on her bracelet, “You helped me. Thanks.”

“I want to say I’m sorry for what I did that day at the diner. I acted no better than that jerk. I was a bully and I promise it won’t happen again. If my wife saw me treat a pregnant lady that way…well I wouldn’t walk right for a week.” He stood, “I understand if you don’t forgive me.”

He started to walk away when she called out to him softly, “Did you mean it when you called me your daughter in law?”

“Sure, I mean you will be so I better get used to it now.” John turned, “Dean did a good job of picking someone. Cassie there is one thing…I don’t want to know about anything…any secrets. I can’t take it. This is hard for me. I suppose it’s hard for you too.”

She nodded, “Ok deal. I am a very private person anyway.”

He held out his arm, “I better escort you back.”

Cassie took it and used the leverage to pull herself up. The odd couple strolled back to the dining room.

……………………..

Dean was surprised to say the least when his dad walked arm in arm to the table with Cassie then pulled out her chair and helped her scoot in. Her burgeoning belly only get the teen get so close so John draped a napkin over the bump and then sat down.

The other girls came back just in time for the food.

Dean clasped his fiancée’s hand under the table and squeezed it, “Everything ok?”

She lowered her eyes and smiled, “Yes…thanks to your dad.”

……………………..

They were quite a sight to behold. All four couples brought something different to the dance floor.

There was movie star handsome Dean with his awkward gait barely moving and his exotic pregnant girl of questionable heritage barely moving as well.

Next was one armed Benny dancing with a dark skinned beauty who some thought didn’t belong there at all.

No one could miss tall, slim Sam swinging a tiny blonde in his arms with her feet barely touching the ground.

Finally there was John with his plain young Alice. People whispered the man had to be at least fifteen years older than her. Still Alice’s date was better looking than most of the men there. She felt like a princess for the first time in her life.

Before they left the waiter brought out a birthday cake with nineteen candles on it for Dean. John
had paid them ahead of time for it and Dean was all smiles. It was the very best birthday he could remember.

...............................

A tipsy Dean watched his lover take a bubble bath. He was enjoying the show and kept dipping his arm in the water to cop a feel. He slurred, “Wash your cute little ass really good.”

Cassie lifted the corner of the washcloth over her eyes and peeked at him, “I always do…why?”

“Cause I’m gonna lick it and then I’m gonna stick my dick in there. I don’t wanna poke the baby so I’m taking the back way tonight.”

She scowled at him, “You’re drunk.”

“Yeah but after the kid comes I’ll be using the backdoor when you’re fertile unless you want to be pregnant again.”

“Ew, disgusting Dean, all your manners apparently vanish when you drink. Can’t we use those stretchy things on your penis?”

“You mean rubbers?”

“Yes.”

“Nope, I like to feel you against me. You’re gonna be my wife and I don’t want to have anything between us. Besides I know once I hit your sweet spot you will go bananas.”

She knit her brows together in worry but didn’t ask what a sweet spot was.

Not one to give up Dean offered a compromise, “I’ll make love to you with my tongue and then rub up against your crack…deal?”

Cassie-Cas couldn’t help it. When it came to Dean Winchester the willingness to try anything came easily. “Ok…deal. Maybe I’ll let you put it in there sometime. Does it hurt a lot?”

Dean ran his hand down her back until he found his mark, “A little but then it gets real good.”

It didn’t help that the green eyed lothario bit his bottom lip and waggled his eyebrows at her, “Just your tongue?”

“Cross my heart, just my tongue.”

.................................

Ellen woke out of a sound sleep when she heard someone scream. The woman leapt from her bed and hurried to the hallway trying to find the source. Behind the door to the lovers bedroom came giggling and squealing then another scream.

“Oh god…now what.”

Ellen hesitated but when a string of what sounded like baby talk followed by laughter came from within she banged on the door. “Hey in there keep it down!”

Everything went quiet for a few moments. Dean cleared his throat and then answered, “Sorry.”
Ellen looked up at the horseshoe hung above the door and wished herself luck getting back to
sleep. “Ok but no more screaming unless someone is getting killed in there.”

Cassie called out, “Dean was stabbing me.” There was more giggling.

Ellen sighed and shuffled back to the apartment. She fell asleep with a pillow over her head.

……………………

Dean licked his lips as the plump butt in front of him wiggled back and forth enticing the newly
nineteen year old. “Geez you taste good. I can’t wait till you let me put it in there. I want you so
bad like this…please?”

Cassie looked back at his lover and the dangerous looking cock bobbing around just outside his
tight bud, “No, it’s really big. After the baby comes and my pussy willow feels sore you can put it
in there.”

Dean grabbed himself at the base and slapped the meat against the tender hole. He let out a laugh
and said, “Pussy willow…I like that. Maybe I’ll lick on that for awhile.”

He reached between the teen’s legs and stroked a finger lightly over the engorged little clit, “Yeah
nice and juicy.”

She buried her face in the pillow so the moans and screams wouldn’t wake Ellen. Dean turned her
turn into a needy slut with the touch of a finger. There was no way to quit Dean Winchester not
that she would ever entertain the thought.

……………………

The eighteen year old debated over Cas or Cassie. “Who do I go as Dean?”

Dean looked over his fiancée’s figure and knew there was no way to hide a belly like that on a slim
young body. “Cassie. You don’t have a birth certificate do you?”

“I don’t think so. Mom said I was born at home.”

“So no baptism or church birth record either?”

Cassie shrugged, “I don’t think so but we should check.”

Neither of them was relishing a day of talking to adults that they didn’t know. Dean straightened
his tie and combed through his dark blonde hair one more time. He wanted to appear in charge and
ward off men ogling his woman.

Cassie had told Dean what happened outside the bathroom last night and how John had saved her
from being molested. Also she shared the fact that John called her his daughter in law and also
apologized.

Dean had been angry as hell but happy his dad made some sort of progress with his bride to be and
that John helped Cassie.

……………………

Mrs. Addison came back from the records room at the courthouse and said there was no birth
certificate for either a Castiel or Cassandra Novak.
Cassie had tears in her big blue eyes. She squeezed the Lucite handle of her black fabric kiss lock purse rubbing the faux tortoiseshell in her gloved fingers. “So I don’t exist?”

Dean could see that already his fiancée was tiring and her feet seemed sore from the way she was walking. It was only their first stop of many. “Angel of course you exist.” Dean pointed to a chair, “You sit down and I’ll do the talking.”

She sat with head bowed quiet as a mouse.

Dean leaned on the counter and smiled at Addison, “My lady is in her seventh month now. It’s our first kid.” He glanced at the modest wedding set on the woman’s finger, “You got any kids?”

The stern woman softened, “I have two grown girls.” She looked past Dean at the tan skinned beauty and figured the girl had to be Italian or something.

“Look, if your wife wants to fill out some forms I can have them filed with the court. It would help if there witnesses to vouch for the birth or anyone that can recollect her childhood. Cousins, siblings, aunties or uncles…anyone.”

“What if there is no one?”

Mrs. Addison stuck a pencil in her bun then started to rummage through a wooden filing cabinet for the forms. “There is always someone. Just have her fill these out to the best of her knowledge and give them back to me. I’ll do my best by her.”

Dean looked over the two pages of questions. “Thanks. Hey if there’s no will filed here where else can we look?”

The woman looked at the clock and decided to take her break. It would be easier to spend a half with them getting the ball rolling than the constant questions.

……………………

There were three law offices in town so after filling the forms out completely Cassie and Dean checked with two of them before having lunch.

There were no wills or anything else to do with Lawrence Novak at either law firm.

The snow was falling gently outside of the small café in Prosper. It was the first time Cassie had a day time outing like this with Dean. They were two regular people in broad daylight having lunch.

Dean reached across the small table and took one of her slim hands in his. He held it up and kissed the fingers lightly, “You’re passing…not one person has given you a strange look. Baby you are a real lady.”

For once Cassie hadn’t thought about passing. She was too focused on the tasks at hand. “I forgot all about it. Dean, do you think if I’m able to get the farm…”

“When…”

“Yes when I get the farm maybe sometimes I could be Cas again. I miss him. I know it sounds silly but he’s me and I’m him.”

“Sure lover, you can be my Cas again as long as no one finds out. I’m behind you a hundred percent. Hell you can switch back and forth on the farm for all I care. No matter what hole I put it
in I’ll be happy.”

She giggled deeply if it could be called a giggle. “I love you.”

Dean winks at her with a pretty green eye, “Love you too.”

.................

The last stop before the farm house was Baker & Rothschild Attorneys at Law. Cassie stopped just short of entering. “Dean I know that name from somewhere.”

He guided her through the door and they stopped in a carpeted entry where four well-worn leather covered chairs sat against the wall.

Dean made Cassie sit while he banged on the desk bell.

A good looking young man came from the back and headed toward Dean with a smile, “Good afternoon, how may I help you?”

Dean growled, “You.”

Jack Rothschild growled back, “You broke my nose and ruined my coat.”

Chester Baker heard the sound of two males in a verbal face off. He stepped between them, “Forgive Jack, he only works here part time for his father while he finishes up his schooling. The boy has no manners whatsoever.”

Jack gasped loudly, “I’m telling my father!”

Chester yelled after the spoiled brat, “Do what you want kid, I’m still the senior partner.”

The man waved Dean and Cassie into his office and shut the door, “Now what can I do for you both?”

They told him what they were looking for. Dean explained they didn’t have any money and his fiancée was pregnant. Cassie told the man that she was desperate.

The distinguished lawyer now close to retirement asked them questions. Dean told him about his service overseas in the Italian Campaign, his injury, their one week whirlwind romance that lead to the baby baking in his fiancée’s oven and the death of Lawrence Novak.

Chester sat back in his reclining desk chair and twiddled his thumbs as he thought things over. “So how do you know Jackhole? Sorry…that’s what I call him behind his back.”

Dean hesitated for a moment then spilled the story. Chester’s face went through a range of emotions from anger, disgust at Jack’s actions and mirth when Dean spoke about busting the kid’s nose.

“I like your style Soldier and as for Cassie here I’m a sucker for a pretty face. Ok I’ll help you. It will really piss off Jack and his old man. That makes me all warm and happy inside.”

Dean struggled to his feet and stuck out his hand, “Wow thanks Mr. Baker. Thanks for giving us a break!”

.................
Bobby watched as the flame haired veterinarian finished up with his favorite horse Belle.

Meg was packing up the truck. She looked over at the grizzled man, “You look like ten miles of bad road Bobby. Have you had any sleep?”

He grumbled, “Nope.”

“I’m sorry about Belle, it was just her time. The rest of the horses look real good.”

Bobby took off his worn cap and wiped his eyes, “She’s been with me through everything. I know horses aren’t like dogs or cats but damn it she was a good old girl!”

Two of his men came from round back soaked and muddy. There had been a thaw and they were grateful for that. It was a hell of a job digging a hole that big.

Silas grinned at Meg, his crooked teeth looking even worse through the grim on his face, “Hello Miss Meg.”

The little spitfire patted the love stuck man on the shoulder, “You are so barking up the wrong tree.” She nodded toward Bobby’s housekeeper Marta, a middle aged woman with a body that had carried too many babies and it showed. “Marta’s a widow, you should go pester her.”

Silas dropped the shovel and went off in search of companionship.

Bobby sighed, “That kid ain’t right…oh well his hearts in the right place.”

Charlotte, also known as Charlie headed over with her rubber boots slipping around in the mud. She hugged Bobby if he liked or not. “Sorry I couldn’t help her Bobby.”

He took out his worn old wallet and pulled out some bills, “Not your fault Charlie. You’re as good a vet as your old man was and he was the best.”

She took the money and got into the passenger side of the truck. Meg slid in the driver’s seat and slammed the door. Meg looked around and then stole a kiss from her woman, “You did good babe.” Then she squeezed Charlie’s breast through her coat, “Honk, honk.”

That made Charlie smile no matter how weary she was, “You are a naughty little pervert Meg Masters.”

Meg stuck out her chin and gave Charlie a crooked little smile, “I aim to please.”

............... 

On the way back to their little home Meg drove slowly past the old Novak farm. Charlie squeezed Meg’s thigh, “Honey come on…”

Meg blinked back her tears, “I wonder what happened to the kid.”

“If it means that much to you maybe we could look for him…her…you really don’t know?”

Meg shook her head, “Nope, he kept the poor thing hidden away. His wife was Romani and her English was lousy. I guess and she was as trapped as the kid. At least that’s the story…” Her voice drifted off and the conversation was over for now.

...............
That night Cassie took a bath as usual and then got in bed with the covers pulled up to her chin.

Dean patted her shoulder reassuringly, “Are you ready for Josie?”

Cassie didn’t say a word.

“We have to, you’ve been getting cramps and …and damn it, I want you and the baby safe. No more screwing around I’m letting her in.”

TBC

A/N- Purses

The war saw the smooth contours of the 1930s fashion change to a more military look. Bags became larger, squarer, and more practical, reflecting a desire to appear self-sufficient. As zippers, mirrors, and leather became scarce, designers turned to wood or plastic for frames and employed new synthetics such as rayon. The drawstring bag reappeared and was often homemade. Bags in Great Britain were made both to carry gas masks and to match an outfit. In France and America, as more women entered the workforce, they turned to shoulder bags. After the war, the shoulder bag was relegated to country and travel features until its revival in the 1970s.
Cassie saw the stern, determined look on Dean’s face and didn’t argue with him. She just nodded in agreement and watched as Dean let Josie in. If felt better letting Dean take charge of things. Cassie was exhausted and the fight was drained right out of her.

The young woman turned on the lights as soon as she walked in the door. Cassie put the quilt over her face and hid from overhead glare. Josie cooed reassuringly, “It’s alright dear; I have to be able to see you.”

Dean sat down in the rocker next to the bed. “I need to tell you some things before you look Cassie over.”

A muffled voice came from under the quilt, “Just let her see Dean. It’s hard to explain.” Cassie pushed down the covers just below the belly and lifted her nightgown just above her breasts.

Josie sat on the edge of the bed and examined with her eyes at first. Cassie’s breasts were high, firm, swollen and covered in a delicate pattern of fine blue veins. The areolas were small and the nipples rosy pink.

Dean ran his hand over his fiancée’s belly, “I think her belly is too small. Cassie pukes a lot and I can’t get her to eat enough. She looks like a pregnant pencil except for her butt.” Dean got a little dreamy eyed, “Cassie has a nice round butt.”

Josie stifled a giggle, “Cassie your belly is a lot smaller than mine when I was pregnant with Dell but then every woman is different. Can I see the rest of you?”

The pregnant teen visibly tensed up, “You have to swear you won’t tell anyone what I am.”

Josie held the edge of the quilt tightly, “I promise but I’m sure it’s nothing I haven’t seen before.”

Dean took Josie by the wrist and looked at her with pure fear on his face, “This is something you haven’t seen before. You seriously can’t tell or it will destroy us.”

“I promise Dean now let me look.”

He let go, “S-sorry Josie.”

Josie yanked back the quilt and frowned at first trying to grasp what she was looking at. Then her eyes grew big as saucers and a little gasp came out of her mouth. “Is…is that a…a penis?”

Cassie bent her knees and opened them up wide, “Yes but there’s more. This is for the sake of our baby so I’ll just shut my eyes and let you do what needs to be done. She added sadly, “If you decide not to help or won’t touch me I understand.”

Josie gathered up her courage and answered in the calmest voice she could muster, “Of course I’m going to help.” The brave young woman had Dean lift up Cassie’s manhood because Josie just couldn’t make herself do that quite yet.

Once the vagina was in full view Josie’s heart sank. It didn’t seem a normal size and the midwife could see some tearing in her friend’s future. Where it was situated was another factor. With the vagina was so snug between the scrotum and rectum meant issues could arise that she might not be able to handle on her own. “I’m going to touch your woman parts…are you comfortable with
that?"

Cassie squeezed her eyes shut even tighter. “Ok.” She felt cool fingers working gently to open and stretch the vagina. When two fingers slid inside and others pressed above the groin Dean protested.

“Hey what are you doing that for?”

Josie felt around and was surprised and pleased to find things seemed in their right places. “Dean I have to know what’s going on in there. I’ve done this before, relax. Feels like everything is where it should be.”

Once her fingers were out Cassie opened her eyes, “Can I cover up now?”

Josie tossed the quilt over the pregnant teen then went to wash her hands.

……………………

Ellen caught Josie leaving the bathroom and motioned the young woman in to her apartment then closed the door.

“So you know.”

Josie, still a bit shocked nodded, “Oh yes I know.”

“You can’t tell anyone. That baby will be taken away for sure and Cassie could end up in a mental ward and for Dean might get jailed”

Josie surprised Ellen by taking a tone with her. “Do you think I’m a fool Ellen, do you think I would breathe a word of what I just saw?”

Ellen was going to answer but Josie kept on going.

“You have no idea what I’ve gone through with Benny. I’ve grown a thick skin through the years from the way I’ve been treated but when it comes to my husband and child I am ferocious! No one looks down on my family if I have anything to say about it. I would never put another family through that pain.”

She had tears coursing down her face, “I don’t understand what is going on between that girls legs or even if she is a girl. I do know that people shouldn’t be treated like dirt because of who they love or how the Lord made them.”

Ellen didn’t know Josie very well but she knew a resolute look when she saw it. This was a strong young woman with a fine character. Ellen decided she had nothing to worry about. She placed a hand on Josie’s shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze, “I believe you. Thanks for taking care of my child.”

“Your child?”

“Yeah, Cassie-Cas is my child since he was fourteen.”

Josie shook her head, “Can you please explain what I call the kid…Cas, Cassie, boy girl…hell this is confusing. How did you end up with him…her?”

Ellen laughed at Josie’s utter confusion, “Get Cassie and Dean, I’ll put on kettle and we can hash it all out.”
Meg tucked in her five year old Molly and kissed the girl on her head of fair curls. “Did you have a good time baking with me today?”

Molly gave her mother a dimpled smile, “Yes Mommy, now I know how to mush up canned peaches and put ‘em in a pie.”

Charlie came in just then and wrapped her arms around Meg’s shoulders. “How are my two best girls doing?”

Meg tilted her head back and looked up lovingly at her Charlie, “Doing great Red. You look beat.”

Charlie sniffed her armpit and wrinkled her nose, “It was a long day. I stink like sweat and barn. I’m going to take a bath.”

Molly tried to wiggle out of bed, “Give me a hug!”

Meg grabbed her just in time, “She can give you a smooch but no hug. You have clean jammies on.”

Charlie bent down and kissed Molly on the forehead, “Goodnight sweetie.” Next she whispered in Meg’s ear, “How about a slice of peach pie later on…I have a craving.”

Meg mewled like a kitten as Charlie slowly fingered her soaking wet hole and flicked a practiced tongue over what Charlie affectionately called Meg’s “pearl”. Within moments her head was in a thigh lock and Charlie had to crack her woman on the ass to make Meg let go.

The redhead came up for air and slapped Megs rump again, “I swear you are going to break my neck one of these days.”

Meg looked up at her with heavy lidded umber eyes, “Sorry Red…you get me sooo…mmmm.”

Charlie flopped beside her, “I love you too.”

Meg took Charlie’s hand and sucked each finger clean then kissed the palm, “What did I do to deserve you?”

“You suckered me in with your pretty face and pregnant belly. I’m a push over for hard cases.”

Meg gave a wistful sigh as memories came flooding back. “Five years…hard to believe.”

She lifted up on an elbow and in a rare moment became dead serious, “I got a letter from a lawyer today. This guy Chester Baker, he wanted to know if I have any information on the birth of Lawrence Novak’s kid.”

“How in the world would he know anything about you to even ask?”

“I don’t know Red but I’m going to see the guy and try and help. I’ll tell him what I know. Charlie do you think maybe....” Meg couldn’t finish the sentence. Saying it out loud might jinx everything.

Meg rested back on the pillow and started to cry as quietly as she could but there was no hiding it from Charlie. She hugged her baby in her arms. Meg could be hard as nails but the one thing that made her soft as butter in July was family.
Pastor Brown downed the last bit of scotch Rothschild had poured him “Very smooth. So anyway do you think I have a chance?”

Patrick Rothschild gave the porcine pastor a wolf’s smile, “It never hurts to try now does it?”

Brown slammed a hammy fist on the desk, “I’m not paying for you to try. I want results. There is no claim to that farm and poor Lawrence…God rest his soul…was a good man and always very faithful to the church. I think he would have wanted it this way.”

Patrick looked up from his papers and called out, “Jack I know you’re outside that door. Get your ass in here boy.”

Jack slipped in quietly. He had a Cheshire cats grin on his face, “I might have some information Daddy. How much is it worth to you?”

By the time February rolled around Dean was moving more confidently without a cane. He still walked with a pronounced limp but since taking up slow dancing again with Cassie his balance was better and his confidence was growing.

Dean had used the benefit of the GI Bill to go to a local trade school to be a mechanic. He already knew quite a bit from summer times on the farm with Grandpa Henry. John was also a motor head and had taught Sam and Dean all he knew but it was Dean that took a shine and showed the aptitude for working on motors and the like.

It would be slow going. Dean had just enough stamina to go three full days a week. The rest of the time was spent tending to Cassie.

Sam did as much as possible. He picked up the slack helping Dean with physical therapy, running him to afternoon doctor visits or picking up prescriptions. Still, the young man had to strike a balance without his grades slipping.

Dean was his big brother and he loved him dearly. Sam was determined to make everything work out but some nights the strain felt too much.

Jo would sneak in after dark some nights and curl up next to him. She was a comfort to Sam who took the world on his shoulders just like Dean. Neither of the teens knew if John suspected they were sleeping together right under his nose.

Perhaps John was turning a blind eye to that as well.

Benny found employment with the help of John. He became a bartender at a swing joint called Swanky Blue named after the owner. Josie wasn’t crazy about his late nights or the Swing music that thumped through the floor of their tiny apartment they secured right above the business.

Benny proved popular as the one armed bartender that could charm the pants off the Queen of England herself. Men respected him for his service and Benny’s easy way with conversation.

Benny appeased his wife with the pockets full of tips he brought back each night. She even started to ignore the phone numbers scrawled across some of the bills. Benny was all hers and he only had
pretty blue eyes for Josie.

There was a bus that ran by Swanky Blue. Josie could take Dell to the diner and look in on Cassie most days. Dell was well cared for between Alice, Jo and Ellen. Josie’s payment was bus fare, baby sitting and all the food she could eat with extra to take home for the Lafitte family dinner.

The baby enjoyed all the attention from the more open minded patrons that found it difficult to ignore the plump, happy, personable and adorable little guy. Between his head full of unruly dark curls and his bright blue eyes Dell was irresistible.

Even a couple of the most hardened local men were forced to smile when the little mixed baby smiled at them first, Dell was breaking the ice and making social inroads without ever knowing it.

..........................

John had been less critical and more supportive since the night of Dean’s nineteenth birthday. That being able to play the role of savoir had changed him. So had Alice, the young woman bolstered John’s own confidence after years of loneliness. His struggle with alcohol had John on the winning side so far.

Alice banished the empty places inside John that only the love of a good woman could fill.

Her friendship with Cassie helped John to just keep accepting what was in front of him, the unusual Gypsy girl that was giving birth to his grandchild in less than three months.

There had been no sex. John was a true gentleman and all the heavy petting made him feel like a young man again. It was exciting and naughty although he had lustful thoughts of his plain Alice every night. John hoped to soon pop the cork on that champagne bottle.

Cassie for her part overlooked being called “the Gypsy girl” because it was her future father-in-laws way of teasing. Besides, Gypsy, Romani or whatever she was called Cassie was proud of her heritage. At least John didn’t make Irish jokes at her expense. He was a man of a different generation and she could accept that for the sake of peace and harmony.

......................

Meg stood outside the pebbled glass door with “Chester B. Baker Attorney at Law” stenciled in big gold and black letters. She held up a gloved hand to knock then hesitated.

By the time she went to knock again the door opened and a friendly looking old gent smiled at her, “Miss Masters I presume?”

Meg lost her usual bravado and nodded, “Yes, Mister Baker?”

“At your service young lady, come on in.”

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Dean had his arm wrapped around Cassie’s waist or at least as much as possible as he helped her up the steps of the law office, “Are you ok babe?”

She wasn’t but Cassie put on a brave face, “I am Dean.”

He opened the door and walked her in. They sat across from a slender redhead with a little girl.

......................
Patrick, Jack and the Pastor stood outside the abandoned farm house looking things over. The Pastor salivated just thinking how much the property itself was worth. “No relatives come out of the woodwork yet?”

Jack spoke up, “Just the pregnant whore and the cripple I told you about.”

TBC

A/N-

As Americans danced to Swing bands during the 1940s, a new space for female musicians opened up. The outbreak of World War II gave women the unprecedented opportunity to perform music publicly for large audiences. The International Sweethearts of Rhythm was one of many “all-girl” bands that toured the country when most of their male peers were in the military. For the first time, female musicians in America consistently proved that they could play trumpets, saxophones, and drums with as much expertise as men. Sadly, many of the great jazzwomen of the 1940s and 1950s were written out of all but the most recent jazz histories.

The importance of Swing dancing to the World War II era generation – particularly dancing by women with a new sense of freedom– is a key element in the history of popular music in the 20th century.
Budding Branches

Pastor Brown let out a wheezy sort of chuckle, “The same cripple that broke your nose? Son, don’t pick a fight with a soldier even if he is a cripple.”

Jack, not used to being laughed at growled back, “Shut up you damn pork chop! He sucker punched me. I didn’t pick a fight with the guy anyway. I insulted his little slut. Stupid bitch could have had a fun ride with me…I wished I could have poled her good.”

Brown didn’t take kindly be being insulted directly, “Boy you better hope that your number doesn’t come up in that lottery or it could be your pussy ass getting shot at, rich daddy or not.”

Rothschild was sick of the both of them, “How about you both shut up. Jack, start searching for a will or any evidence of this Novak kid so we can get rid of it. Take the barn and I’ll take the house. Pastor you are useless as tits on a boar so do what you do best…nothing.”

Jack searched the lower level of the barn and found nothing. He dug through piles of rubbish, dried, dusty dung and pulled everything off the walls. Finally he made his way to the hayloft and searched for the better part of two hours. He searched crates and moldy hay, more junk and gave up. If Jack had been a persistent young man he would have tried to search the beams overhead. There he would have found a small, locked metal box that contained true treasures and papers that would change the course of Castiel “Cassie” Novak’s life.

Cassie still didn’t feel comfortable in public during the day but Dean insisted. It didn’t help any that a little girl was staring at her. Molly smiled and waved a little hand at Cassie.

“Comoara what do I do?”

“Smile and wave back Angel. Remember we’re gonna have a rug rat pretty soon so you better get used to kids around.”

Charlie eyed the attractive but unusual girl, “I’m guessing you’re about seven months?”

Dean answered with a voice filled with pride, “Seven and a half. We figure the end of April sometime.”

The redhead looked to Cassie figuring she should be doing the talking, “How are you feeling honey? You look a little tired. Are you taking care of yourself?”

Cassie’s eyes darted nervously from Dean to the stranger and back again, “I’m supposed to be tired because I’m pregnant. With hope in her voice she asked, “Why are you a doctor?”

Dean snorted to stop from laughing, “Come on Cassie how many lady docs do you think there are?”

Charlie snapped, “Not enough in the world. I’m a veterinarian and let me tell you something Mister
Movie Star that is a doctor for the four legged animals that aren’t so smart mouth.”

She sat back with arms folded, “Men.”

Molly whispered, “Charlie I think he’s cute.”

Dean made it worse by wiggling his eyebrows at her, “Geez sister don’t get your panties in a twist. The kid has the right idea…I’m adorable.”

Dean winked at Molly and the little girl went into a fit of giggles.

………………

Meg shook the lawyer’s hand, “Thank you for listening to me. Do you think I could meet this girl Cassie?”

“I need to ask her of course Miss Masters but if Miss Novak is agreeable I’ll arrange a meeting and we can put an end to many questions. He handed back the letters and Meg slipped them in her purse.

The twenty five year old felt hopeful that with a meeting her world would grow by leaps and bounds. The young woman wrapped her wool felt coat around her and tightened the belt. It was her one dressy piece of outerwear and a lawyer’s office was as good a place as any to trot it out for show.

Meg left the office and paused in the waiting room to fix her lipstick and tuck a stray lock of hair back into her chignon. She went to Charlie and Molly ignoring the other two people in the waiting room, “Ready to go ladies?”

The redhead asked, “What happened in there?”

Meg glanced at the beautiful, pregnant mouse and her delicious escort then back to Charlie, “I can’t talk here…its private stuff.”

The three headed for the door but Molly turned and ran over to Cassie handing her the rag doll Molly was holding, “Here, for the baby.” She dropped in on the blue eyed girls lap and ran back to her mother Meg.

Meg bent down and spoke in a quiet voice, “Are you sure you want to give away Annie?”

“The baby needs it more than me.”

Cassie picked up the doll and held it out, “Here I can’t take her doll.”

Charlie, a sucker for pretty pregnant girls in distress smiled at her, “Keep it or Molly’s feelings will be hurt. Congratulations by the way.”

Cassie looked down at the goofy looking rag doll with blue button eyes and dark pigtails, “Alright thanks.”

…………………

Mildred, Chester Bakers faith secretary of over twenty years stuck her head in his office, “Sir there is a Miss Novak waiting to see you but she doesn’t have an appointment.”

He jumped to his feet and rushed to the waiting room just as Meg, Charlie and Molly were about to
“Stop!” Chester couldn’t believe it, all the people involved in one room. He believed it was providence that guided them all to this spot on this particular day.

“Everyone follow me to the conference room.”

The strangers had no idea why they were all being summoned into a room together but Chester wrangled the group in and had them all sit down.

The lawyer knew he was overstepping his bounds by forcing this group together and although Meg consented to a meeting at some point Cassie hadn’t been given that option.

Chester gestured to Meg, “Miss Masters this is Miss Novak.”

The secretary asked if she could take Molly to another room to color while the grownups hashed out their tangled lives. After the little girl was gone Meg went to kneel in front of her long lost sibling and took Cassie’s hands in hers.

“I knew you existed I just didn’t know how to find you.”

Cassie was confused and becoming more distressed by the moment. She pulled her hands away and tried to get up but Dean put an arm around her shoulder. “Angel let’s hear what she has to say.”

She tried to escape in the only way she could, by closing her eyes.

Meg continued, “I was born about seven years before you. My mom worked as a housekeeper for Lawrence Novak. She was smitten with the big Irishman and I recall mom saying my dad could be quite charming when he wanted something or someone. Well nine months later there I was muddying up his life as a gentleman farmer and a good christen man with a standing in the community.”

Meg searched her siblings face waiting for the pretty blue eyes to open but there were only tears gathering along the dark sweeps of lashes. Meg continued her sad story.

“Lawrence didn’t want the problems that came with a nineteen year old and a baby out of wedlock. He gave my mom some money and then sent her away but not after striking the fear of God into her. He told her to never show her face again or he’d have her run out of town.”

Meg stood and pulled up a chair across for Cassie, “Please look at me.”

Cassie opened her eyes but didn’t say a word, her expression unreadable except for the tears.

“My mom learned through the grapevine that Lawrence had married and had a child. There was plenty of gossip about the baby born at home and then later not allowed out to socialize. The mystery kid with no friends trapped on a farm. I bet you didn’t know people made up all sorts of fanciful stories about the child…you.”

It was Cas and not Cassie that whispered, “Grandma Catherine snuck me out to church a few times when I was little. No one cared about me except her and my mother. I lost grandma a long time ago and then mom.”

“Cassie by the time I went to look for you I was pregnant and motherless. I ended up at the only place I could think of, the Novak farm. You must have been around fourteen at the time. When I showed up he told me quote, the little bitch ran away.”
When he found out who I was he got a damn shotgun!” Meg’s face was twisted with anger at the memory of that day. The very first and only meeting with her own father and Lawrence treated Meg like trash.

Dean could feel a head to toe tremble run through his fiancée who was pressed against him. “This is too much for her to take all at once.” Cassie lurched forward vomiting up what little was inside her then fainted. Her body pitched forward against Meg and all hell broke loose.

Josie was wilting like a flower after frost. This life in town living above a dance hall bar wasn’t for her at all. She missed Mama Lafitte and also the help with Dell. Josie missed the country life and their cabin.

A promise to Benny was a promise and she wouldn’t break it for anything. Josie would stay as long as Cas needed her. To be honest Josie had grown to love Cas as a true friend in a short period of time.

They had a kinship of sorts. Both of them grew up with hardships just for the fact of who they were. In fact Josie now saw her past troubles as petty compared to what Cas had been going through. She just couldn’t begin to imagine what it was like to identify as one sex and then by circumstances live as another. Josie didn’t know what type of turmoil went on inside Cas’ body and mind.

Her thoughts were interrupted by Dell trying to pull himself up with the aid of the couch. The boy was testing his limits every day. Today he fell on his ass and burst out crying more from insult than injury.

She gathered him up and cuddled Dell for a bit then put him down to sleep.

The phone rang and it was Dean Winchester babbling a mile a minute. She calmed him down enough to hear there would be car coming to pick her up to bring her to Cassie.

Josie grabbed her satchel, bundled up her baby and waited.

Charlie waved the smelling salts under the girls nose and within seconds Cassie was snorting and waved her hand around trying to bat away the vile smelling substance. Her eyes popped open and she found herself on the floor with Dean’s coat tucked under her head. All eyes were on Cassie.

“W…what happened…I feel sick.”

Charlie got doing whatever she could without anything to work with. Dean wouldn’t allow her to look below his Angel’s waist.

Josie came through the door and handed Dell over to Dean. She set her satchel on the table and pulled out some powders and barked orders for someone to get her warm water and a spoon.

Mildred came back awhile later with a pan of warm water she made in the small kitchen in back.

Josie went to her satchel and pulled out an assortment of herbal powders and several small bottles of dark liquid, Black Haw, False Unicorn Root, Maca, Cramp Bark, Partridge Berry and Red Raspberry Leaf among other things were in her midwives arsenal.
Worried about a possible miscarriage, Josie began measuring and mixing using her years of knowledge from her grandmother, mother and then Mama Lafitte. When you live where doctors are rarely available it was the healers that took care of folks. Josie came from a family of healers.

She poured the warm liquid in a glass, knelt beside Cassie and lifted the girls head, “Here drink this.”

Charlie watched with interest, “You know what you’re doing?”

Josie ignored her. What was important right now was her charge and the baby.

TBC

A/N- Warning, do NOT take any of Josie’s herbal cures as gospel. I am not a doctor and neither is she.

A/N- From the Official USO Blog.

Bob Hope

Nearly 75 years after the USO’s creation, Hope is still legendary, thanks to the USO shows he started performing during World War II at a time when international phone calls home were impossible and Internet access wasn’t even a concept.

Hope played his first massive show for troops at March Air Reserve Base in California on March 6, 1941, as a favor to his radio producer Albert Capstaff. According to America in WWII Magazine, Hope asked Capstaff why the troops couldn’t come to the studio. Captstaff—who really wanted Hope to play a show for his brother who was stationed at March—explained that there’d be hundreds of service members there.

Capstaff was right. The troops laughed. And Hope was hooked. After that, only nine of Hope’s 144 radio shows during World War II were broadcast from NBC studios.

Hope and his band of entertainers and crew did their first extensive run of USO shows for American troops in the combat zones of North Africa and Italy in 1943. They had an incredibly close call during a tour stop in Palermo, Italy, where German bombers destroyed the docks and buildings in the area around their hotel.

“[Returning to the United States] was something of a letdown,” Hope said, according to the America in WWII story. “Hollywood was tinsel and make-believe and happy endings. Where we had been was mud and reality and horror.”

Of course, Hope wasn’t the only entertainer putting smiles on muddy, forlorn American faces in two different theaters of war. In fact, the USO’s entertainment operation grew so big so fast that it spun off into its own nonprofit—USO Camp Shows, Inc.—in late 1941, just eight months after the USO was formed.

There were plenty of big names—Bing Crosby, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Marlene Dietrich and dozens more stars. But there were roughly 7,000 other performers who weren’t coming home to fame and fortune when the war was over.

All together, they performed more than 425,000 USO shows around the world between 1941 and 1947.
I know this is a long A/N but I can’t do a WW2 story without the mention of Bob Hope and the rest that kept our troops laughing and even for a little while forget about the horrors going on around them.
Chester paced the hallway waiting for some news. When Meg stepped out to get a glass of water Chester demanded to know how Cassie was. The man wasn’t happy being shut out of his own conference room with no information.

Meg calmed the lawyer down even though she was far from calm inside. “It’s alright now. Josie gave her something. It was all too much for Cassie…this was my fault. I should have done this while she was safely at home and doled the information out a little at a time.”

Chester was a sensitive man despite his years as a bulldog attorney. He rubbed his damp eyes and sniffed a few times; he pulled out a monogrammed handkerchief and blew his nose. “No, this is my fault. I’m the one that thought it would be a good idea to gather you all into a room so the truth could come out. I handled the whole thing badly. If anything had happened to that poor girl or the baby…”

“Don’t blame yourself Mr. Banks.”

“Miss Novak needs to see a real doctor. You can’t allow her to go home like this.”

Meg agreed with him, “I know but Dean and Josie won’t allow it. Even Cassie almost went into fits when I brought it up. I won’t risk upsetting her even more.

Chester offered the use of his car to transport the young woman, her fiancée, Josie and Dell back home. He felt it was the least he could do.

Meg and Charlie followed along with Molly in the truck.

………………

Charlie tapped her nails on the diner counter until Ellen grabbed her hand. “Stop I’m getting a damn headache and that’s saying a lot considering I listen to that table of old coots shoot the shit everyday at noon.”

Bobby yelled a protest from the table and his friends started laughing.

Ellen put a piece of pie in front of Molly and the little girls eyes lit up, “For me?”

“Yeah sweetie for you.”

Charlie kept watching the door leading to the kitchen and then that stairs. “What is happening up there? I should be helping.”

Meg almost grabbed her hand then pulled back remembering they were out in public. Women holding hands, hugging or even dancing together was thought of as normal, just female friends being affectionate toward each other.

Sometimes Meg went overboard with the affection part and it was just safer to not touch her lover at all.

“I know Charlie. She’s my sister and I want to be up there sticking my nose in everything but between Josie and Dean they seem pretty determined to protect her. Honestly I’d do the same with you. I’m really just a stranger, blood or not.”
Bored, Meg spun around on the counter stool then stopped so she could watch the other diners. She
needed some sort of distraction to block out the bad memory of her one encounter with her father.
The only other person that knew up until then was Charlie.

Charlie was the one person besides her own daughter that she trusted. Now Meg had to learn to
trust this new branch of her family. Molly had an Auntie and soon an Uncle and then a cousin after
that. It was amazing to find her sister after all these years. Meg let that happy thought block out the
memory of Lawrence and she relaxed.

Cassie tried to waddle out the bedroom door but Dean blocked it, “No way Cas, get your little ass
back in bed. That’s an order soldier!”

“Oh phooey, I’m not a soldier Dean. Anyway I feel better now.” Cassie stuck out her tongue and
plopped heavily on the bed secretly happy to be off her feet.

Dean gave her a wink, “Keep it up baby girl and daddy might have to spank you.”

Josie covered her face and groaned, “Oh my Lord, Dell behaves better than you two. Cassie, your
man is right. You need to take it easy these next few months. Your pregnancy is something I’ve
never encountered before. I’ll be blunt, you could have a miscarriage. The pains, the continued
vomiting and exhaustion are a worry. I have herbs I can administer to help your body hold that
child inside but you have to rest.”

Cassie slowly reclined onto the bed and Josie helped her put up her feet. “Alright, I’m sorry. I don’t
want to lose my baby. I’ll be good.”

Josie placed a hand over her friend’s stretched stomach and felt the baby moving. That made her
very happy.

“I don’t know if the baby will come out naturally or need to be taken out of the belly. That is
something I’ve only done once and under Mama Lafitte’s watchful eye. We need Charlie. I’m sure
she knows things I don’t. If you won’t accept her help then Cassie might need a doctor and we all
know what could happen after that. The third option is gambling with your life and the life of the
baby. I can send a letter to Mama Lafitte and see if she’s able to make the journey here. Still it
would be better if someone that has medical training was here to help.”

Dean was relieved that Josie laid it all out on the table. It would make handling his fiancée much
easier, “Yeah I’ll talk to her.”

Sounding more like Cas than Cassie he growled in a surprisingly deep voice, “I’m right here. Don’t
act like I’m not and don’t make decisions for me.”

Dean growled right back, “It’s my kid too you know, I don’t care if you’re pissed off Cas. Suck it
up buttercup cause this is how it’s gonna be. You wanted a man, well you got one. I’m taking
charge.”

Cas rolled from side to side trying to sit up and grunting from the effort. He gave up but not after
trying to punch Dean in the shoulder. “You are an asshole.”

Dean made it worse by chuckling over Cas rolling around like a turtle on its back. “Takes one to
know one.”

It was their first official fight.
Josie stomped her foot, “Stop! Cas…I’m calling you that now since you are far from a lady…will you accept Charles help?”

Arms folded and fuming he answered with a curt, “Yeah.”

Dean carefully reached out and ran a hand over his Angel’s dark locks, “Thanks Cas. I hope you understand why I’m making decisions for us. This is for the best.”

“You might as well because I don’t feel up to it. Sorry I called you an asshole.”

“Sorry I laughed at you.” She looked up at Dean and batted her lashes at him, Cassie was back. “Comoara would you bring me a Spamwich?”

“You mean a sandwich don’t you?”

“No a Spamwich…Ellen ran out of meat for the week so Spam is all we have right now. Put lots of cheese on it.”

Dean looked to Josie for advice, “Geez, I don’t know, should the baby be exposed to ham that didn’t pass its physical?”

“Of course, I’ve eaten worse when I was pregnant with Dell. Food is food. It all comes out the same.”

Dean left to fetch the Spamwich but not before Cassie added pie and pickles to the list.

Josie found Dell sitting on Bobby Singer’s lap eating a soda cracker. He had charmed Bobby with his smiley face and dimples. Bobby found the baby’s wild dark curls, tan skin and big blue eyes an interesting combination. “Cute kid you got here young lady.”

A few of the people at the next table grumbled over Josie and Dell being allowed in the diner at all. Bobby opened up a can of verbal whoop ass on then and sent the fool diners packing. Grateful, Josie thanked Bobby for his chivalrous behavior.

“You’re welcome. I have a pretty low tolerance for people like that.”

Josie was exhausted and the thought of going back to that cramped apartment waiting for that bar to close was almost too much to bear. She asked Bobby if he would entertain the baby a bit longer. He agreed and Josie went back upstairs.

Cassie and Dean were cuddling in bed when Josie knocked then walked right in.

“I would like to propose something that could help us all. I want to go live on the Novak farm with Dell. Benny can join us the three nights a week he’s off. I can at least work on getting the house cleaned up. I imagine it’s filthy. If I have to live above that den of iniquity one more week I’ll go crazy.”

Josie prided herself on being strong but she broke down in tears, “I have to get out of Prosper and
back to the country. I want my Benny to live there also. I promise we will help you if we can stay. Also…and I know this is a lot to ask but maybe when all is settled later on could Mama Lafitte come live with us? I imagine that house has a lot of bedrooms in it.”

A look passed between Cassie and Dean. Dean did the talking, “We’d like that. Honestly Cas and I need the help. Maybe between Benny’s two good legs and my two good arms we can rebuild that place.”

Josie instantly broke into a big smile, “Oh thank you. I swear you won’t regret this!” She dashed out the door eager to get back to the apartment and share the good news with Benny.

As Cassie was drifting off on a cloud of concoctions she mumbled something about fruit trees and chickens.

……………………

Rothschild pushed the paperwork over to the Pastor, “sign here and I’ll file a petition on the churches behalf to claim the property. There are no guarantees you will actually get it but it’s a stall tactic to keep Novak and Winchester out of there for the time being until things are settled. Maybe the threat of dragging her name through the mud will be enough to make the bitch back off.”

Jack, always listening in added, “Yeah, she’s not even married and she’s gonna have that kid this spring. Maybe we can bring up her Gypsy mother.” He was still burning mad from Cassie’s rejection and Dean breaking his nose.

Pastor Brown had to shake his head over that one, “You are a nasty piece of work Jack Rothschild. Even I feel saintly next to you. Well whatever works I suppose.” He signed his name with a flourish then left to reward himself with a nice steak dinner.

TBC

A/N- Spam

The difficulty of delivering fresh meat to the front during World War II saw Spam become a ubiquitous part of the U.S. soldier's diet. It became variously referred to as "ham that didn't pass its physical", "meatloaf without basic training" and "Special Army Meat". Over 150 million pounds of Spam were purchased by the military before the war’s end.

During World War II and the occupations which followed, Spam was introduced into Guam, Hawaii, Okinawa, the Philippines, and other islands in the Pacific. Immediately absorbed into native diets, it has become a unique part of the history and effects of U.S. influence in the Pacific.
Hope Springs Eternal

Cassie squeezed into one of the diner booths and adjusted her belly so it sat under the table. The booth afforded her protection from prying eyes. She hardly did anything outside of this little world of Jo’s Diner. It was a safe place filled with people that loved their Cassie-Cas.

Alice set a sandwich and a bowl in front of her friend, “Its grilled cheese with pickles and a bowl of tomato soup, your favorite.”

Famished, the pregnant teen dipped the sandwich in the soup then took a big bite. She let out a happy sound rolling her big blue eyes toward Heaven, “This is so good.”

Alice gave her friend a Cheshire cat smile, “It’s your birthday tomorrow.”

Cassie-Cas almost did a tomato soup spit take, “How do you know that? I hate my birthday!”

“Ellen.”

“I don’t want to make a big deal of it. My birth isn’t much to celebrate.”

Alice shrugged, “Fine, be selfish. I guess poor Dean will just mope around with those big, beautiful sad green eyes holding a gift you refuse to open. I’m glad I saved the receipt for mine.”

Cassie lost the sour face, “Wait…did you say gifts?”

The bell on the door jingled and in walked John Winchester holding flowers. He strolled over to their table and bumped Alice playfully with his hip, “slide over beautiful.” He sat down and handed them both some spring tulips, “Pretty flowers for pretty ladies.”

John had gotten used to treating Dean’s odd choice of lover kindly. Even though he still didn’t know what the hell was going on with the teenager John accepted her at face value. He was feeling more and more excited over the grandbaby coming in less than eight weeks and had been pushing for a doctor to see her. John also wanted the pair married as soon as possible.

Cassie thanked John and complimented him on being such a gentleman.

He watched as Cassie devoured the rest of the sandwich. “Have another one. You’re too damn skinny. I don’t want a sick grandchild. Did you find a doctor? When are you two getting married and did you have your blood tests? Also…”

Cassie covered her ears, “Stop! Please Mr. Winchester…”

“Call me John.”

“John, please stop nagging me.”

“Sorry I’m just concerned. What do you need help with? Tell me and I’ll try assist. I was an Army medic back in the day. I’ve never helped deliver a baby but if you got the heebie jeebies over seeing a doctor at least let me take a look at you.”

Cassie felt as if she might faint dead on the spot at the thought of John Winchester getting a gander at her genitalia. Even if she was all boy or all girl the thought of her future father-in-law seeing anything below the navel was stomach turning.
“No! I mean thank you for the offer but I have Josie and a lady doctor taking a look at me tomorrow.” Of course John didn’t know the doctor was a veterinarian.

Alice placed her hand on his, “I’ll make sure she’s eating properly and I’m sure they went in for blood tests.”

Cassie nodded affirmative, “We did and Dean is checking to see if the results are back. I don’t know why we even had to do that. We’ve never been with other people. Dean is my one and only.”

John held up his hands, “Whoa there. Remember what I said about too much information?”

She blushed as bright as a berry, “Sorry, I don’t know why I said that.”

Dean limped through the door waving a large manila envelope, “I got it Angel!” Once he made it to the table Dean plopped down next to his fiancée. “I got the test results.”

Cassie clapped her hands, excited over a step closer to being married, “Open it!”

Dean looked at John and Alice, “Maybe you guys shouldn’t be here.”

Cassie snatched the envelope and tore it open, “Don’t be silly, we both know what the results are.”

Dean rubbed the back of his neck as he mumbled something.

“What was that Comoara?”

“I said, I slow danced with that girl and...well what if something rubbed off on me...you know, a sex disease.”

John burst out laughing, “Dean you don’t get VD from dancing with someone.”

Cassie pulled the papers out and read them over, “Negative for both of us.”

Dean was relieved. It was something that bothered him ever since that dance.

John was grinning from ear to ear, “Tomorrow I’ll take you kids to get your marriage license before this baby drops out.”

Sam drove the sedan to the Novak farm to help Josie get the place ready. It was March and spring was in the air. The snow had just about all melted away except for spots in the woods where the sunshine was sparse.

Josie was feeling over the moon. Benny consented to her going to the Novak farm during the day to work. Of course only if Dell was safely at the diner and Sam Winchester drove her there and helped.

Benny offered Sam his pistol but Sam had a shotgun and told Benny he could shoot out a squirrel’s eye if he wanted to. Not that Sam would do that. They had little meat and lots of bones.

Sam opened the car door and helped Josie out. He went in first, shot gun at his side and searched the house over. When Sam felt it was safe he allowed her in.

Every surface was covered in a thick layer of dust and cobwebs hung in every corner like macabre party decorations. There was a chill in the air and Sam got to work checking out the chimney for
blockage then started a fire in the huge stone fireplace. Soon enough at least the downstairs was comfortable.

“I don’t know Josie, this place needs a decent heating system put in or no one will be living here next winter that’s for sure. Where the hell are they going to get the money to fix this place up?”

“I know Sam. Dean and Cassie don’t have a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of. Still I think it will work out somehow. Remember Benny will be here to help out and don’t forget about me.”

They went into the kitchen and found the hand pump for the water. Sam checked the stove and got that going. Josie heated up some water and opened the bag of rags she brought to clean with.

With her hands on her hips the buxom young woman looked around the room trying to decide where to begin. “I suppose I’ll start in one corner and work my way out.”

Sam headed for the stairs, “I’ll head to the attic and start sorting through and tossing junk out the window to burn and then I’ll organize.”


John looked on as his eldest son and his future daughter-in-law stood at the counter applying for their marriage license.

Afterward Dean grabbed his Angel and kissed her breathless. “Oh man, I can’t wait to get you in a wedding dress and then out of it!”

Despite how physically drained she felt Cassie hugged Dean back laughing happily, “I love you Dean.”

“Love you too baby.”

They chose the following Sunday for a small gathering with a Justice of the Peace officiating. It would take place at the diner. Ellen planned to be closed that day. Afterward there would be food, cake and dancing courtesy of the jukebox.

Dean was guardedly happy. He didn’t tell his bride the worries that plagued him at night. Things like the pastor and lawyer in cahoots to steal the farm away, Cassie needing to prove herself as the heir to the Novak farm, the health of his baby and lover and trusting Charlie to keep their secret from the world.

Those stressors compounded with his nightmares, school, finding work and hoping he would walk without pain someday had Dean feeling pressure so overwhelming that the nineteen year old often got up at night and sat outside to cry so no one would think him weak.

At times Dean worried he would lose his mind but remembered to be a brave soldier and strong man. In the evenings he’d curl up in his lover’s warm embrace. Cas was the one constant in his life who kept Dean grounded and looking toward the future.


John took Cassie and Dean to a swanky place for her birthday lunch. He knew the girl wasn’t up for a party but still wanted to do something nice for her. Cassie was sandwiched between both men in the semi-circular booth. It felt nice and safe like that and she was beginning to enjoy the extra protection from John Winchester. If not for the baby she knew he never would have accepted her
into the family but that was a moot point since she was pregnant.

John told the couple to order whatever they liked. Dean was a creature of habit and ordered a cheese burger and fries, Cassie ordered poached fish, coleslaw and mashed potatoes and John got a patty melt and fries. There was cocoa all around with a heavy dose of cream in each mug.

Afterward John surprised Cassie with a golden nugget cupcake with a big blue butter cream rose in the center. The two Winchester men sang happy birthday.

John handed her a card and when Cassie opened it there was a twenty dollar bill inside. He smiled at the birthday girl, “Buy yourself something nice then put the change in a piggy bank for the baby.”

When the baby started moving, Cassie grabbed John’s hand and placed it on her belly, “Feel that? Your grandchild approves.”

Dean watched his dad and fiancée interacting. Their bond forged over the child was more than he expected and all he could have wished for.

……………………

It was almost midnight when Cas felt something pushing at his lips. He opened his eyes and there was Dean straddling his chest and trying to feed a long, fat dick into his mouth.

It was all Cas that growled at him, “What the hell are you doing?”

“I can’t fuck anything below the belly button and I’m horny. It’s been weeks Angel and I need my balls drained.”

“I swear Dean…”

“What do you swear Cas? I know you like to suck it. Come on baby where is that horny boy from last summer?”

“He’s currently big as a house and feels like a weepy girl with a gerbil bladder.”

“You don’t even have to move just lick it. I promise I’ll pull out before I jizz.”

Cas grumbled a bit but then gave in. It wasn’t that he didn’t enjoy Dean this way, it was more about how bad his gag reflex had gotten since the pregnancy. For some reason when Dean pushed certain buttons Cassie vanished and Cas just wanted to spank his ass red for being a jerk and this was no exception.

Cas slapped Dean on the butt cheek and his fiancée let out a yelp, “Watch it Angel, don’t bruise the goods.”

Dean watched as his lover sucked him in inch by inch. It had been a long time and when Cas rolled his big blue eyes up to lock on Dean the former soldier was a goner. He shot down Cas’ gullet without warning crying out “Angel!” Dean quickly rolled off careful not to put weight on his fragile flower.

The fragile flower immediately vomited all over herself and the bedding and burst out crying.

……………………

Ellen was sitting next to the bathtub washing Cassie’s supper and Dean out of the teen’s hair. The
woman kept shooting Dean a dirty look when Cassie would get a hitch in her breathing from the crying.

“What did you do Dean? She’s on a crying jag now.”

Dean stood forlornly in the doorway with a blanket wrapped around him. He looked like he had cried at some point himself. “I didn’t mean to make her cry I swear.”

Cassie defended Dean sort of, “He didn’t mean to *hic* Ellen. We were…”

Dean interrupted, “We were talking and she just blew chow everywhere! Hey maybe I should wash her up.” He got a little queasy thinking of Ellen touching any of his semen.

Jo was the unfortunate person in the basement doing the laundry with the old Maytag wringer washer. She was not in a very good mood and Dean cringed every time Jo let off a string of curse words that drifted up the laundry chute into the hallway.

Dean decided then and there he would just rub against Cassie’s ass crack and get his jollies that way until after the baby was born. After all, he prided himself on being a gentleman.

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Jack danced from foot to foot as his father sealed up the official looking envelope. “This is going to be great. I can’t wait to see the look on that bitches face when I serve her with the court papers!”

Attorney Rothschild handed the envelope to his son with some reservations. “Don’t make any trouble. That’s all I need is that damn cop O’Toole arresting you for something. Get your jollies from her tears and then leave got it?”

Jack snatched the envelope away and gave his father a dark smile, “You got it dad. This will teach her and that loser to mess with me.”

Rothschild watched out the window as his son hurried to the car. The father wondered if maybe he had raised his son to be just a tad too ruthless. The man shook the thought off and poured himself a drink.

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Sam got distracted from his sorting when he heard a shuffling noise behind him. He turned thinking it was Josie but found himself alone.

Shrugging off the strange noise Sam went back to the large wooden crate filled with excelsior and beautiful pottery and dinnerware covered in bright patterns. He found the crate hidden behind boxes of old books and Sam had to pry the top off with a claw hammer.

The label on the lid simply said, “Tasaria” so Sam assumed Cas would want them downstairs to use and display.

The shuffling sound came again but abruptly stopped. Sam bolted up from a sitting position and looked around, “Someone there…Josie?”

What came next gave Sam goose bumps.

TBC

A/N- Washing Machines
During the First and Second World War, many industries (including the washing machine industry) were put on hold to concentrate on manufacturing efforts toward producing armaments, machines, and tools for the wars.

This gave people time to start perfecting the design of the washing machine. In 1947 the first top-loading automatic machines was introduced by the now Whirlpool Corporation. General Electric was also making a claim that it made a similar machine during this period.

A/N-Premarital Blood Tests

In the 1930s and 1940s, blood testing to screen for syphilis and/or rubella became a prerequisite for obtaining a marriage license in most states. Sexually transmitted diseases were extremely common in those days. Premarital blood tests identified those who were infected and gave them a chance to seek medical treatment before infecting their future spouse. While rubella is not a serious disease for adults, it can be extremely dangerous to an unborn fetus. Premarital testing for rubella was designed to protect the health of a newlywed couple's unborn children.
That's the Spirit!

Sam saw a human form in the corner. He could tell it was a petite female but the details were fuzzy. She seemed to shift and shimmer then fade and materialize once again.

Sam didn’t fear her but he wasn’t exactly comfortable with the situation either. This was something that hadn’t happened to him since he used to see his mother Mary as a child. As he grew older these unexplained things stopped happening as everyday life events took precedent over the unknown.

She drifted to the small attic window then beckoned to Sam with a crooked finger. He inched over until he was within a few feet of her and then stopped. He knew in his heart this spirit was Tasaria Novak.

She was as beautiful as the photograph Cas had shown him last summer. Really the only thing Cas had inherited from his father was a pair of brilliant blue eyes. The rest was all Tasaria.

Sam managed to croak out, “How can I help?”

Tasaria pointed out the window toward the barn then looked up at Sam with what he felt was an expression of urgency. She seemed to be begging in silence.

“The barn?”

She nodded affirmative then as if trying her best to hold on Tasaria tried to grip the edge of the sill but her fingers went right through. Tasaria slowly faded not able to stay tethered to this world. It took too much energy on her part.

…………………

Sam hurried past Josie and almost slipped on his ass. She was scrubbing the floor on her hands and knees and the floor was slippery. “Where are you heading off to like your ass was on fire?”

“The barn, I’ll explain later.”

He sloshed through the muddy yard and entered the barn. Sparrows stopped their nest building to squawk at the intruder then decided to ignore him. Sam’s eyes darted around looking for a clue that would guide him to what Tasaria felt was so important.

The teen decided to start in one corner of the huge space and explore it all thoroughly. After a few hours he had combed about half of the lower level going through piles of junk, old hay and loose boards. Sam tapped on every wall and jiggled anything attached. So far he found nothing but he had a ways to go.

Josie came into the barn looking worn and tired, “Sam I have to get back and feed Dell and Benny. Maybe I’ll even take a hot bath. Could we come tomorrow afternoon after you’re done with school?”

Sam nodded, “Sure Josie.”

She questioned Sam on the way back to the diner. Sam only said he was on a mission and when he found what he was looking for everything would be explained.
Cassie stood with arms outstretched as Jo pinned the hem on the wedding dress. They had decided on ice blue for the fabric color. It complimented Cassie’s tan skin and enhanced her blue eyes. The dress had an empire waist and the fabric flowed over her belly for comfort. It was almost done now with Ellen and Jo both taking turns to get the garment ready for the weekend wedding.

Jo cupped Cassie’s breasts and pushed them together, “I should tighten this part up so you have a little cleavage. If a person has nice boobies why not show them off right?”

Cassie snorted, “Little cleavage sounds around right. I don’t have much on top.”

“Oh but I bet Dean loves them just the same. I’m guessing he nurses like a giant baby.”

“Yeah you’re right, he does. Between you and me I think he’s waiting for the milk supply. It makes me a little nauseas thinking about that.”

Jo gave her sister-brother a sly smile, “Sam likes my boobies. We do it now…sex. Don’t tell anyone ok?”

Cassie wiggled her eyebrows, “Very nice. I always wondered what Sam looked like naked. I picture him as very endowed.”

Jo gasped, “Cas you harlot! Ok I’ll tell you. Sam is big all over; he has a very nice long penis although I have nothing to compare it to except yours. What about Dean? I picture him as very big and hard all the time.”

Cassie smiled so big her gums showed, “Very big and he excites easily.”

The pair broke out in salacious laughter then both went into detail on the brothers.

Sam burst in Ellen’s apartment to give Jo a big kiss. Both of them looked at Sam then Cassie gave him a good going over with her eyes. They started laughing again.

Sam slowly backed out of the room. He didn’t ask what they had been talking about but he had a pretty good idea it was something embarrassing.

Jack marched into the diner with court papers in hand. He demanded to see Cassie Novak and waved the official looking envelope around.

John was there waiting for Alice to get off work. He watched with amusement as Ellen lambasted the smarmy jerk and tried to snatch the envelope away.

Jack grinned and cackled like a hyena over a fresh kill, “Back off old lady. Go get Cassie Novak, I’m serving her official papers.”

Ellen sucker punched him in the crotch then stomped out to fetch Cassie and Dean.

Jack gasped for air as he held his wounded manhood. No one offered assistance.

Once Jack caught his breath John got off his stool and went over to see what was up. When he inquired Jack answered, “Go away, my business isn’t with you.”

“Hmmm…I see.” John pulled up a chair and sat down. He stared at Jack until the young man broke
out in a nervous sweat.

Dean eventually limped in with his fiancée moving slowly alongside him. Dean pulled out a chair for her and helped Cassie sit. Dean was very conscious of the way Jack smirked as the former solder limped over to face him.

Dean stopped right in front of Jack and growled, “What the hell do you want asshole?”

Jack kept on smiling knowing it pissed the soldier off to no end, “Nothing to do with you gimp. It’s her I want to give this to.” He went over and handed the envelope to Cassie.

She tore it open and read the contents as tears spilled down her face. It was just one more hurt. Cassie blurted out, “I hate you, your father and that filthy pastor.”

The baby felt its mother’s distress. Cassie let out a groan and clutched her belly when the baby made a well placed kick.

John got up and grabbing Jack by the collar jerking him toward the door, “Get the fuck out of here you miserable little bastard before I break that pretty nose of yours like my son did not that long ago.”

Jack struggled all the way out the door with John in the lead.

…………………….

Officer O’Toole stood over an unrepentant John Winchester who was still fuming over the man that upset his pregnant soon to be daughter-in-law.

“So you broke his nose because why?”

John looked over the young officer, “I have socks older than you.”

“Please just answer my question Mr. Winchester.”

“Because he almost made my grandbaby come early that’s why! I’d do it again. I’d break that brat’s nose and maybe an arm or two. You tell that fancy lawyer daddy that if he wants to press charges I’ll press charges right back for endangering my grandchild!”

O’Toole closed his little note pad and tucked it in his uniform pocket. “I’ll let him know. I’m sure that will be enough to end any arresting. Good day Mr. Winchester.”

……………………..

Jack was resting on the leather couch in his father’s office. He had an ice pack on his nose while he waited for the doctor to come.

Rothschild sat on the edge of his desk shaking his head. “You couldn’t just deliver the papers could you? You had to piss off John Winchester. That man could have broken you in half.”

Jack mumbled, “Put him in jail daddy.”

The attorney looked down at the envelope he was holding and said sadly, “I have other things on my mind son.” He held out the envelope, “You’ve been drafted…I’m sorry.”

Jack struggled to a sitting position and dropped his ice pack, “Daddy, fix this!”

“Put him in jail daddy.”

The attorney looked down at the envelope he was holding and said sadly, “I have other things on my mind son.” He held out the envelope, “You’ve been drafted…I’m sorry.”

Jack struggled to a sitting position and dropped his ice pack, “Daddy, fix this!”
“I really can’t this time. This is beyond me, no more second chances. Money and connections will only get us so far. You have to go. I won’t let a son of mine be a draft dodger. I’ll do my best to keep you stateside or at least far behind the lines but I can’t even promise that. You have no skills.”

Jack burst out crying. He begged and cried and begged some more.

The attorney blamed himself for not preparing his own son for the real world. For having raised spoiled and angry young man.

In the end Jack shipped out for boot camp and didn’t end up stateside at all.

……………………

Charlie stood at the upstairs bathroom sink washing her hands for much too long. She forgot when she started because the vet’s mind was on Castiel aka Cassie Novak the pregnant hermaphrodite that she had just given a thorough examination to.

Charlie had seen all sorts of things following her dad around from place to place growing up. Mr. Bradbury had been a country vet and Charlie had taken an interest at an early age in his line of work. She became his young and capable assistant and eventually went to school to become a doctor of veterinary medicine. She already had the years of field work put in by the time she got her degree.

One thing Charlie hadn’t come across was any animal or any person with both sets of sex organs. She had read about it in a few books but the descriptions and drawings showed something deformed with one set of genitals not fully functioning. This was different, Castiel had two sets perfectly formed and apparently functioning properly.

His penis was very average, perhaps a bit below that. Her vagina was hairless and looked too tight for a baby to pass through even with an episiotomy or massage and stretching. Charlie wondered if that would work or if she would end up cutting Cassie open.

Now it was only six weeks away from the due date and time wasn’t on their side. Charlie had to think of what to do. Josie would be a great help in all this and she hoped between the two of them they could bring this child into the world with as little distress as possible to the mother.

Charlie had promised not to tell, not even Meg. She kept her promises and even though it would be hard not to tell her lover it was Cassie and Dean’s wishes she respected. Josie confided to Charlie that Benny didn’t know either.

Josie also told Charlie she was so concerned that she wrote a letter to Mama Lafitte to come and assist. They were planning on bringing her there when the farm house was livable but time was of the essence and whether Cassie would be angry or not Josie knew they needed the old woman’s help.

Charlie planned to track down any medical records if they existed for Castiel Novak. Castiel had recalled seeing a doctor as a child and described it as horrendous. It changed him causing the boy to become even more scared and withdrawn.

Charlie could only imagine what the little boy had gone through. She wanted the trust of Cassie-Cas and that would be through delicate handling.

……………………

Cassie and Dean were alone upstairs. Bobby and Ellen went out for a drink and Sam had most
likely snuck Jo into his bedroom at their family home. After the vomiting fiasco from the night before and the stress of the papers served that day by Jack, Dean’s fiancée was spent.

He cuddled behind her playing the big spoon while rubbing circles on the stretched belly hoping he was comforting not only Cassie but his baby as well.

He had his dick wedged between his little lovers butt cheeks and for now little Dean was behaving.

“Don’t worry Angel I’ll file for an extension on that court date. There is no way with the wedding and the kid coming that you can go through that. I called Attorney Baker this afternoon and he said he’d take care of it. I don’t know how that poor guy can work in the same office as that jackass of a partner.”

Cassie took Dean’s hand and kissed the palm, “Thank you Comoara.”

“So have you come up with any baby names, my blue eyed dolly?”

Cassie laughed softly. “A few. What about you?”

I figure if it’s a boy we can give it my dad’s name for the middle. I don’t like having a kid a junior so my name is out. I’m bad at this stuff. Maybe we should both do our own lists and then see what we can agree on.”

Cassie looked back at him, “Yes and then we can decide once the baby is born.”

“Good idea Angel.”

“Dean…what are you doing?”

“Just rubbing against your asshole, don’t worry; I won’t stick it in your butt. I’ll do that another time.”

“One of the things I love so much about you Comora is how very charming and romantic you are.”

“Thanks…almost there…hang on Angel.” Dean’s hips and dick jerked. He let out a long moan and once he caught his breath Dean simply said, “Goodnight.”

“I’m supposed to just fall asleep with sticky buns?”

“I love sticky buns. Maybe Ellen will make some tomorrow morning. Be happy, yours are at least frosted.”

“Dean!”

“Fine I’ll get a wash cloth.”

……………………

That Saturday John, Dean, Sam and Meg worked on reroofing the farm house. Bobby had generously donated the tar paper and shingles as a wedding gift.

Benny scored new boards from someone that owed him money from the bar. When Josie questioned how that came about he just winked at his wife and said it was better not to know.

The morning flew by and at noon Josie came out and called the group inside for lunch. Dell had joined his mother this time since John insisted. He scooped up the baby and Dell giggled and
waved his hands in the air.

John held Dell out to his sons, “I’d like another one of these.”

Sam rolled his eyes, “Why so you can get it right this time?”

Hurt, John sat down at the table with the baby and shared a sandwich with Dell. He stayed quiet.

Sam apologized, “I’m sorry dad.”

“I know Sam, but what you said was true. Maybe I could get it right this time. I was thinking about asking Alice to marry me. What would you boys think about that?”

Dean did a spit take over Sam’s food, “Married? Geez dad she’s in her twenties. Are you serious?”

“Why, don’t you like her?”

Sam and Dean looked at one another and then Sam spoke up for them both, “Sure, Alice is a great gal. It’s just a shock.”

John closed his eyes and started rocking Dell. “I love Alice. It’s a different sort of love from your mother. With Mary it was that fresh, young love that left me breathless and always wanting more.”

He handed a sleepy Dell over to Josie. “With Alice it’s a comfortable sort of love. She feels safe with me. Alice makes me feel needed. Both of us were so lonely until we found each other.”

Meg dabbed her eyes with a napkin, “That is so sweet.”

Dean got to his feet and grabbed his beer and sandwich. “Whatever makes you happy dad I’m for it, as long as it’s not drinking. Now if everyone will excuse me I’m going to finish my lunch sitting on the couch. Don’t worry, I’ll be fine to work some more.”

Later John found Dean asleep on the musty old couch. He covered the boy up with an afghan and tucked a jacket under Dean’s head. His son was spent and John could tell Dean had been in pain while he worked.

Sam wouldn’t allow him on the roof and the brothers had words but John had the final say. Dean had stayed below measuring and cutting wood. John felt bad for his eldest; Dean didn’t deserve to feel this way at only nineteen. Then again life wasn’t very fair.

All John could do was be the best father he could be and help get the farm in shape, protect his soon to be daughter-in-law and be there when the couple needed him. John was grateful to whoever ran things in the universe for the second chance to make up for lost time.

………………

Sam wanted to continue his search of the barn but didn’t want to do it with Meg around. He didn’t really know her well enough to trust the young woman. He also didn’t want anyone to call him crazy over seeing a spirit so he decided to come out later and search on his own.

………………

Ellen looked around the transformed diner that Sunday morning, “I think we made a silk purse out of this sows ear.”

The tables were stacked in the back and the chairs were in rows for the guests. A large garland of
silk spring flowers was suspended from the ceiling above where the bride and groom would stand. The tables in the booths had crisp white tablecloths and little centerpieces of three roses each, blue for Cassie, white for Dean and peach for the baby.

There were tiny baskets containing mixed nuts and an itty bitty marzipan strawberry on top at each place setting. The wedding cake sat on the counter. There were three layers with white fondant over a devil’s food cake. The cake decorations were dollops of Montmorency cherry preserves.

At the top were a little plaster bride and groom standing on a platform with a heart shaped tulle wreath surrounding them overhead. The groom was in a tuxedo and the bride figurine was in an ice blue wedding gown. She had painted black hair and her skin was light tan. Jo personally painted the figurines herself having ordered them plain through the Miles Kimball catalog.

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Dean rocked forward and backward over and over taking deep breaths. He was sequestered with Sam until the wedding started. “Oh my god Sam I think I’m gonna pass out. I’m getting married… I’m having a kid! What do I do, what if I fuck it all up?!”

Sam knelt in front of him and stopped Dean’s rocking, “Look at me…everything is going to be ok.”

TBC

A/N- The year was 1934, and an ambitious young man named Miles Kimball went into business with a simple idea: to market a custom Christmas card in which the design spelled out the name of the sender. Armed with a Minneapolis phone book and some borrowed cash, Miles printed and mailed a card personalized with “Johnson” to every household with that name in the Twin Cities. The response was overwhelming, providing him with enough seed money to produce his first catalog, which mailed the next year.

The mission then was simple: providing folks with an assortment of unique and unusual gifts by mail. Miles knew that shopping by mail saved time and money, and soon, the customer base grew and grew.

Sadly, Miles died in 1949, but the company grew under the leadership of his partner in life and in business, Alberta. Mrs. Kimball’s leadership continued throughout the 1970’s, and the company flourished.
Meg walked in while Jo was doing the final touches to Cassie. The teen took a hint and left the half siblings alone.

Cassie still wasn’t comfortable with Meg despite them being blood. Blood didn’t mean someone was kind or trustworthy so she erred on the side of caution.

Meg handed a box over that looked like it contained a bracelet.

“You need something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue.”

Cassie touched her locket with a photo of Tasaria inside, “this is old”. She fingered the pearl clip earrings Ellen gave her as a gift, “these are new”. She held up a tube of lipstick in a soft rose shade, “I borrowed this from Josie”. She looked down at her wedding dress, “I guess this will have to be the blue.”

Meg smiled down at her sister, “No this is your blue.”

Cassie opened the box and pulled out a lacy, sapphire blue garter belt with touches of seed pearls. She held it up looking at the bit of fabric with a frown on her face, “What is this for?”

“A sexy garter belt silly, every bride needs one. Do you have nice legs?”

“I shaved them for the wedding. They get pretty hairy. Does that count?”

Meg took the garter then knelt down and pulled up the dress to Cassie’s knees, “Um…well they certainly are shapely and muscular.” Meg moved the fabric up a little further, “Oh, you didn’t shave above the knee?”

Cassie cocked her head and gave her sister a quizzical look, “Why, should I?”

Meg slipped the garter up one leg and on the thigh then pulled the dress down, “You know what, keep the garter on and let Dean take it off tonight.”

The bride pouted, “I told you I have hairy legs. Dean loves them shaved or not.”

Meg hugged Cassie and patted her back, “Aw sis, as long as he loves ‘em then that’s all that matters. I think you look beautiful and I’m honored you invited me.”

Cassie took in a sharp breath, “The baby’s kicking and there’s no more room to kick. Oh Meg I’m so scared.”

Meg placed her hand on her sister’s belly, “Don’t worry, Charlie may be a vet but she knows things. I still don’t know why you won’t see a proper baby doctor. Is it money because I could help you.”

Cassie pulled out a lace hankie twisting it in her hands, “I can’t talk about it.”

“Ok don’t cry your pretty blue eyes out. You’re getting hitched to a real looker. That Dean is movie star material I’m tellin’ you! If I had the inclination that’s the type of fella I’d want.”

The bride cheered right up just thinking about Dean, “He’s super Meg. The best guy ever and I love him to death.”
There was a knock on the door and a little voice said, “Mama we need Miss Cassie.”

Meg answered, “Tell them she’s coming right down Molly.”

Jo marched in holding Cassie’s wedding bouquet. All the other flowers were silk decorations but Jo made sure Cas had real flowers to carry down the aisle.

Secretly Jo wanted to catch the bouquet. She wanted to give Sam some ideas after they graduated from high school next year.

Sam was heading off to college and Jo would be stuck at the diner. Her grades weren’t good enough for a scholarship so her dreams of going to business school in order to help out their family business were dashed.

Jo did her best with the flowers, the bouquet consisted of whatever was available. Colorful pansies, hellebore, daffodils and crocus were bundled up and tied with a lace ribbon. Jo also scored some snow drops to place in Cassie’s shiny dark hair.

Jo placed them haphazardly throughout the intricate braids of hair along with the colorful rhinestone hairpins. It certainly wasn’t a traditional American bride hairdo for a wedding but it mimicked the style Tasaria had worn on her wedding day with Lawrence complete with the original hairpins.

A hard knock came at the door and John called out, “Dean is in place downstairs. I’m here to pick up the bride.”

When the door opened up John took in a sharp breath holding it for a moment then exhaled. He was looking at an exotic beauty from some fantasy land. He held out his arm to Cassie, “You are a vision in blue, my son is lucky.”

She blew him a kiss.

John still wasn’t sure what Cassie was under that dress but right now she was pure princess.

John walked down step by step slow as a turtle as the bride hung onto his shoulders so she wouldn’t fall. Jo followed holding up the dress and Meg carried the bouquet.

Josie picked out “Here Comes the Bride” on her old guitar as John walked in with Cassie on his arm. Everyone turned to look as the bride who was blushing bright pink from the attention.

Dell yelled one of the only words he knew, “Hi!” as they walked past him seated on Ellen’s lap.

John handed off Cassie to stand next to Dean while Sam stood by ready with a chair if it was needed.

The Justice of the Peace preformed a brief ceremony per Dean’s request. When it came time for the vows neither had written anything down. They each knew what to say by heart.

Cassie sat down facing Dean to say hers. She looked up at him with her kohl lined eyes so big, blue and pretty that the groom’s heart melted into a puddle of sticky sweet happy.

“That first night we met I thought, what could a guy like you see in someone like me? We both
remember how that evening ended— a little bad, a lot of good and the start of not me or you but us. When you left for the war your letters kept me going and when I found out I was pregnant our child got me through some long, lonely nights.” Cassie placed a hand on her belly, “This wasn’t planned but it was meant to be. We were meant to be.”

The bride tried her best not to tear up. There was a photographer standing by to take photos and Cassie didn’t want to look like a raccoon.

“With your love you emboldened me to step outside my haven and into the world. You make me feel worthy, wanted and beautiful. I love you Comoara…I feel like I’ve loved you forever.”

Dean bent down and kissed her. When he didn’t stop Sam pulled him off, “Take it easy tiger, you can wait for the wedding night.”

Dean pulled up a chair and sat across from Cassie holding both of her hands in his.

“Angel the moment I laid eyes on you my heart was yours. It was fruitless to hide the way I felt. When I let go and trusted this would work out my life changed for the better. You kept me going in my darkest times and accepted me back with open arms, damage and all. I’ll always be yours my Cassie-Cas and I’ll love you forever.”

Dean placed his hand on his bride’s belly, “Thanks for the great wedding gift.”

Cassie let out a grunt as the baby shifted in tight quarters, “You’re welcome Comoara.”

The Justice of the Peace guided them through the exchange of rings. He raised his arms in the air and declared, “I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the….”

Before the man could finish Dean already had his tongue down his wife’s throat and a hand on a boob.

…bride.”

Cassie laughed as her husband nibbled her ticklish neck.

Dean whispered, “I’m gonna take you on a trip around the world tonight.”

Sam pulled his brother back, “Dean save it for tonight. You act like you’ve never done it before.”

Dean adjusted the front of his dress pants and wiggled his brows at his wife. “Sam you don’t get it, this will be the first time I get to make love to my wife!” He added in a low voice, “And my husband.”

……………………..

Rothschild and Pastor Brown sat on a bale of hay passing a flask back and forth while Ricky, one of Brown’s young helpers search the barn. Ricky had no idea what he was searching for. Brown said he’d know when Ricky found it.

Ricky thought Pastor Brown was a pervert and an idiot. Still Brown paid the bills so Ricky went from being a street urchin to having a bed and three squares a day. In life sometimes you have to make hard sacrifices in order to survive.

Rothschild nodded toward the kid searching the barn, “What is he to you?”

Brown grinned, “He’s my little helper.”
“Hmmm…ok.”

Brown quickly changed the subject. “So the court date is all set? I’m worried because that damn family is working on the farm house like they own it or something.”

“It’s been postponed until after that girl has her baby. Anyway the courts wouldn’t look kindly on dragging a female in the last stages of pregnancy into court. I’m going to tell you Pastor she is well on her way to establishing herself as the rightful heir to this farm.”

Brown shook his fist making his jowls jiggle, “Then why did I hire you? Make this happen and when I sell off the farm and blow this Podunk place I’ll give you a nice chunk of change.”

“I’ll do what I can.”

Brown snorted, “With any luck that bitch will die in childbirth.”

The former Coca Cola delivery truck pulled down the driveway and up to the farmhouse. The back was packed to the gills with crates and furniture.

The door opened and a stocky little woman hopped out carrying a shotgun and a large purse.

Rothschild exited the barn and shouted, “Who are you?”

The woman leveled the shotgun at the lawyer and shouted back, “None of your damn business. Now beat it, you’re trespassing!”

TBC

A/N- The wedding festivities and the wedding night among other things are coming in the next chapter.

A/N- The custom is based on an English poem:

*Something old, something new*

*Something borrowed, something blue*

*And a silver sixpence in her shoe.*

- **Something old** - continuity with the bride's family and the past
- **Something new** - optimism and hope for the bride's new life ahead
- **Something borrowed** - an item from a happily married friend or family member, whose good fortune in marriage is supposed to carry over to the new bride
- **Something blue** - Before the late 19th century, blue was a popular color for wedding gowns, as evidenced in proverbs like, "Marry in blue, lover be true."
Little Gypsy Boy

Pastor Brown waddled out of the barn and stood next to the lawyer. He pulled out a pearl handled Derringer pistol and pointed it at the stranger.

“I don’t know who you are woman but you best get your sorry behind off my property!”

Eleanor “Ellie” Lafitte burst out laughing, “What are you gonna do with that peashooter you fool? This farm belongs to,” she glanced at her watch, “yup they should be hitched by now…Cas and Dean Winchester. My son and his family are also settling here and not that it’s any of your damn business but I’m moving in today.”

Lawyer Rothschild held up his hands in surrender, “Come on Pastor, I have a feeling she’s used that shotgun before.”

Like rats they scurried away to the Pastor’s fancy sedan and took off. It was better to run away and live to fight another day.

After the nuptials everyone feasted on the many dishes brought for the reception. Fried chicken, spring greens, fruit compote, mashed potatoes and chicken gravy were among the tasty choices.

Sam did an awkward toast and tried to crack a few off color jokes about his big brother that bombed badly. Dean, already half in the bag was laughing uncontrollably.

Cassie pinched the bridge of her nose and shook her head, “Dean, settle down.”

Dean grabbed her breasts and gave them a good squeeze, “Honk, honk, see you later little ladies.”

Benny almost rolled off his chair howling with laughter, “Now that is funny!”

Josie snapped, “Benjamin Delafield Lafitte, you are drunk!”

Benny righted himself then pulled his lady into an embrace, “My love, forgive me.” He nuzzled and nipped her ear, “You know I would rather perish a thousand times over than put one little worry line on that angelic face of yours. I shall turn my back on Satan’s nectar and only drink coffee the rest of the evening.”

Josie giggled and batted her lashes at her big, strong, blue eyed husband, “Oh Benny you silver tongued devil.”

“You didn’t complain about my devilishly silver tongue last night as I recall.”

Sam sat down next to Jo who tickled his nose with the bridal bouquet, “Don’t feel bad Sam. Think how fun it will be to have Dean do a toast at our wedding.”

“Geez Jo, let a guy graduate first.”

Undaunted Jo asked, “How many babies should we have?”

Dell, who was sitting on John’s lap across from the young couple winged a handful of mashed
potatoes at Sam hitting him in the face. The baby went into a fit of giggles at Sam’s reaction.

Molly joined in thinking the baby was hilarious.

Sam dabbed the mess off his face as the children got a laugh at his expense. “Right now I would say none Jo.”

The newlyweds took the floor for their first dance as husband and wife. Well it really wasn’t a dance but it was the best they could do. A heavily pregnant Cassie sat on a chair while Dean sat across from her with his cane on his lap. They nuzzled and held hands as the jukebox played “At Last” and as the big band sound carried through the diner Dean sung the lyrics to his blushing bride.

At last my love has come along My lonely days are over and life is like a song, oh yeah At last the skies above are blue My heart was wrapped up clover the night I looked at you I found a dream that I can speak to A dream that I could call my own……

The ladies attending the wedding and reception were all in their own secret swoon over handsome Dean Winchester in his new suit crooning to not only Cassie but his beloved Cas.

Charlie griped her lover’s hand tight while her eyes were locked on Dean.

Meg teased her in a whisper, “Are you turning straight on me Charlie Bradbury?”

“No but if I did I’d look for someone like that. What a pretty boy.”

“I agree, those full lips would look mighty gorgeous in a shade of red.”

Cassie finished the song along with her husband.

I found a thrill to press my cheek to A thrill I've never known, oh yeah You smiled, you smiled oh and then the spell was cast And here we are in Heaven For you are mine at last……

John’s little hobby was photography and he brought along his good camera with plenty of film to take pictures. He had fun posing everyone and in several set the timer and jumped in at the last minute.

He snapped photos of the couple cutting the cake then group photos of the wedding party and guests ending with shots of just the bride and groom under a bower of silk flowers. John made sure to get the bride’s bare feet in a few of the shots. She was truly barefoot and pregnant.

As the father of the groom continued taking photos he noticed his son was becoming more and more hands on meaning he had his hands all over his wife.

“Damn it Dean, this isn’t a Tijuana donkey show, have some decorum!”

Dean pulled his hand out from under his wife’s dress where he had been fondling the goodies. He replied with slurred speech, “What’s that? I wanna go see the donkeys.”

“Go take a look in the mirror and you can see a jackass.”

Sam pointed at his big brother, “Ha! Dad got you good.”
“Shut up bitch.”

“Jerk.”

Ellen took away their beers, “I believe you both have had plenty.”

Josie and Jo gave Cassie-Cas a bath scrubbing her down stem to stern. Josie was comfortable enough around the newlyweds cock and balls to give them a good washing with a bar of soap and a wash cloth.

It was all Cas who grumbled about not being able to see his man parts anymore because he was big as cow. He was embarrassed and not enjoying himself at all. Unable to navigate washing his entire body now it became a family affair and that was sure one thing he wouldn’t miss after the baby came.

The girls dried the bride off, powdered her in all the nooks and crannies, dressed her in a sheer nightgown then tucked her in bed to wait for Dean.

Jo asked if there was anything else she needed.

“Yes, my husband. Make sure someone spots him up the stairs so he doesn’t kill himself.”

Dean bumbled around the bedroom dropped his good suit and everything else on the floor. He flopped on the bed and immediately began to feel up his spouse. “Mmm…you smell soooo good.”

Cassie bent her knees then slowly undid the ridiculous bow at the neckline of her sheer nightgown. She opened it up and stuck out her chest, “See anything you like?”

Dean dove to the foot of bed then wiggled his way between her legs. He ran his hand along the smooth shaved parts below the knee then played with the hairy parts above the knee. “I’m a lucky guy; I got all this girly boy just for me forever.”

She attempted a giggle that came out as a throaty laugh instead, “Girly boy…I like it.”

Cassie went into a state of bliss as fingers and a tongue went wild below the equator. Pussy, butt and dick were all lavished with attention. She didn’t even complain when a finger found its way inside her ass.

Dean finally got to play where he wasn’t allowed before. “I’m going treasure hunting Cas…just relax and I promise I’ll make you feel real good.” He stroked lightly over his husbands prostate while teasing his wife’s clitoris.

“Oh my god…Dean what is that?! It feels so….so good…oooohhh…”

She squirmed around trying to get more sensation. Dean finished with a good crack tonguing then slid up her back and played big spoon. “Hold on Angel.”

Dean stoked petroleum jelly over his dick then worked a slippery finger briefly inside the tight asshole. Pushing his dick against the opening he coaxed his lover to breathe deeply and try to relax.

“No I don’t want to do this now Dean please. I told this before.”
Cassie heard him give a sigh of defeat. She let Dean make love her as a woman which they hadn’t done in a long time.

Afterward Cassie apologized.

“No need to apologize Angel, but you can’t blame a guy for tryin’.”

Dean shut off the lamp and pressed tight to her back. He rested his hands over her belly and fell asleep holding both his babies.

The very next day Bobby, Benny, John, Sam, Josie, Jo, Meg and Charlie went out to the farm to whip the place in shape. Dean followed later with Cassie. Time was of the essence and the family was determined to make the house livable again.

Imagine everyone’s surprise when they found Ellie Lafitte already there along with the old Coca Cola truck filled to the brim with all sorts of goodies.

Benny was overjoyed to see his mother. He wrapped his arm around her and cried on her shoulder. “Mama you should have told me you were here.”

She gestured toward the telephone hanging on the wall, “How? That doesn’t even work along with everything else around here.”

Ellie showed everyone the contents of the truck. She had sold their cabin, the horses, all the property and anything else she couldn’t take with her. Next she swapped the car for the retired delivery truck and had it tuned up. Ellie hired the neighbor boys to load up all her house wares, furniture, canned goods, medical supplies, clothing, two barrels of sauerkraut, all her canning supplies, crocks, butter churn, her red tabby cat Ernie and her dog Pickles.

Ellie was introduced to Cassie and the medicine woman wasted no time in getting to know her new patient.

Cassie and Ellie sat on the couch eating from a bag of doughnuts Meg had brought from the Prosper City Bakery. There were also quarts of milk, sandwiches, chips and soda pop later for the group lunch.

Ellie chatted with Cassie trying to put the girl at ease. Later Ellie planned on getting down to business and giving her a full examination. Josie warned Ellie that she would be shocked but Ellie doubted that. She spent a lifetime doctoring others and had seen all sort of odd things.

Molly and Dell played at their feet with wooden blocks that used to be Sam and Dean’s. Dell crawled over to the couch and pulled himself to a standing position.

“Guma up.”

Ellie lifted her grandson on her lap and covered his chubby cheeks with kisses. “Are you ready for one of these Cassie?”

“No, I’m terrified.”
Bobby and John checked out the plumbing and John’s heart fell when he saw what a state of disrepair it was in. There were heating problems and drafty windows and doors that needed replacing and fixtures in desperate need of an upgrade.

Bobby pulled John aside, “I’m going to be blunt with you. This place is going to take a lot of money to make it livable and we haven’t even addressed the outbuildings. Novak let this place run down to the ground.”

John looked over at his son Dean limping towards Benny who was working on a busted shutter with one arm, “This is a lot for Dean to handle. Maybe they could sell the place and start fresh.”

Bobby nodded, “Possibly but this amount of property is a goldmine. If they want country living they couldn’t possibly afford something like this anyplace else. There is a reason that walking ham of a pastor is after this place.”

John looked up at the blue morning sky, “God, I don’t ask you for much but if you could send my boy a little luck it would be appreciated.”

Bobby picked up the tool box and headed toward yet another project. “Come on John. We get put here on Earth and I think we’re all expected to make our own luck. That ain’t gonna happen standing around here.”

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Sam was busy rebuilding the chicken coop and fencing. There hadn’t actually been any chickens in residence for years but Cassie was hoping to get some good laying hens and a rooster after everything was complete.

The teen finished digging a post hole and then sat down to take a break. Five year old Molly popped up next to him and handed Sam a cold drink, “Here Sam.”

He patted an overturned bucket next to him, “Have a seat.”

The pair shared the soda pop in relative silence until Molly pointed to the window of the coop, “Sam look, there’s a lady.”

Sam saw her too. The spirit seemed to flicker in and out like a light bulb with a bad filament. He whispered, “Tasaria.”

Molly didn’t have a lick of fear as she watched the woman, “Who is that?”

“Cassie’s mom, she wants me to find something in the barn.”

“Oh I can help! I’m little so I can get in small places.”

Sam grinned down at her, “You know what, that is a good idea.”

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John was busy getting lunch ready. Cassie watched the man bustle about the rundown kitchen and thought to herself how drastically he had changed in a matter of months. Perhaps grandchildren and love did that to a man.

No matter the reason she was glad to have a relationship with John Winchester. Dean loved and respected his dad and she wanted to make Dean happy. John was growing on her and Cassie felt he
would be a fantastic grandfather.

She slowly got to her feet and shuffled over in her comfy deerskin slippers to the counter. “I can help.”

John shook his head, “No, you sit. The only thing you need to do is relax.”

Cassie obliged and began to shuffle her way back to the table. Suddenly she felt something give way and a strange pain pass through her body. She grabbed the edge of the table then slowly sank to her knees as fluid ran down her thighs.

“John!”

He dropped everything and sat down next to her holding Cassie under the arms, “Someone help!”

Jo dashed in and saw the puddle around the pregnant girl and John holding her, “Oh my god, hang on!” She ran out of the kitchen to get help.

John pushed the teen’s sweaty dark hair off her face, “Don’t worry little gypsy boy…I got you.”

Cassie burst out crying.

They entered the barn and Sam started where he left off as Molly went exploring. Once the ground floor was covered the pair climbed up to the hayloft and storage area above.

It was quite extensive and spanned along the inside of the barn complete with a safety railing. There was a rectangular window with shutters on the back wall where hay could be thrown below.

In the crook of two intersecting beams sat the metal box filled with treasures. Molly pointed to the first beam they came across, “Sam those are good hiding spots.”

“I wish I knew what we were looking for Molly.”

He lifted her up so she could see the top of the first beam. Molly took her little hand and felt the crevice where the cross and roof beams met, “Nothing on this one.”

He set her down and they went to the next. Sam lifted her up and Molly’s little fingers were just inches from the box when they hear Jo yelling for help.

TBC

A/N-

Coca Cola was involved in the Second World War.

Robert Woodruff made a point of supporting US troops so metal cans were introduced to meet their needs.

In 1941, when the United States entered the war, Woodruff decided that Coca Cola's place was near the front line.
"See that ever man in uniform gets a bottle of Coca Cola for 5 cents wherever he is and whatever the cost to the company".

In 1939 Coca Cola only had 5 overseas bottling plants. By 1945, they had 64. What made it so popular? Because the water was disgusting. The army kept it clean by adding chlorine-so the water tasted like your local swimming pool, or worse.

On the 29th June 1943 General Dwight D Eisenhower ordered three million bottles of Coca Cola to be sent to the allies in North Africa.

Plant and machinery for down town bottling plants were also sent so another three million bottles could be sent to the troops every six months.

By the end of the hostilities five billion bottles or cans of Coca Cola had been drunk.

Coca Cola had not only lifted the spirits of the US Armed Forces, it had also introduced itself to new markets. When the war ended the bottling plants and a little bit of America stayed too.
Sam burst into the kitchen getting there before Dean who hurried as fast as his legs would allow him.

Sam didn’t say a word. He grabbed Cassie under the arms and lifted her up like a bride and carried her to the master bedroom downstairs where the newlyweds hoped to sleep in nightly someday soon.

John grabbed a stack of bedding and layered on two blankets and a quilt in an effort to protect the mattress and make a nest for Cassie to rest on. He knew the buttons from the tufting were uncomfortable on the back.

Sam laid her down as carefully as he could. Cassie cried out for her husband. Dean burst in just then and sat at her side.

“Sorry Angel, I don’t move so fast anymore.”

He bent down and peppered his wife’s tear stained cheeks with kisses, “It’s going to be ok. They taught us everything; I did your stretching every night and gave you the herb teas and we practiced our breathing.”

Cassie was wide eyed and looking scared and lost. Dean started the breathing techniques both Josie and Ellie showed them, “Come on Angel breathe with me.”

Ellie entered with a large leather satchel. Josie had water boiling on the stove for sterilizing.

John went unnoticed until he touched his son’s shoulder, “Dean I can help. I was a medic and I haven’t forgotten any of my training.”

This wasn’t the time or place for argument. Dean was torn between accepting his father’s help and having Cassie’s most intimate secrets exposed in the flesh or sending John away. Dean came up with a compromise on the fly.

“Dad, sit outside the door and if I need you I’ll call.”

John hesitated then looked down at Cassie, “I’ll be right outside.”

The grandfather pulled up a chair right outside the door and waited. Sam grabbed a chair and joined him.

Ellie was no nonsense; she had Charlie and Josie strip Cassie of all clothing. Josie held back the male genitalia as Charlie got the teen’s legs in a bent position. She had sent Meg to bring back all the supplies they had squirrel away just for this event.

Meg stole almost all of it. Because of the war penicillin and painkillers, among other things were supplies in demand and not always available to doctors on the home front let alone a country veterinarian. Meg had her ways of getting what they needed and helping out her sister was worth any risk involved.
Josie left the room hurrying past the men sitting like bookends at the door. Josie rushed back a few minutes later with a large mug of something. John was going to ask what was happening but decided not to stop her. Dell pulled himself up on John’s knee and the man lifted up the baby setting Dell on his lap.

Dell heard Cassie crying so he burst out crying in commiseration.

John carried him into the living room and sat on the floor next to Molly, “It’s alright big boy. Cassie will be ok. She’s having a baby you know.”

Dell rubbed his snotty nose then looked up at John with sad blue eyes, “Bee bee?”

“Yup, a baby.”

Molly stopped her childish singing and smiled at Dell, “We get a brudder or a sister.”

John didn’t dash her dreams of being a sibling and replace it with being an auntie. The whole situation was odd and in the end who cared what the little girl’s title was. The Winchester family tree was now riddled with little branches of mysterious origins but that didn’t make them any less important.

…………………..

Four hours later found Cassie still in labor and crying softly with her head on Dean’s lap. Dean felt every sob and shiver every tear and moan his wife made. It was devastating to see her like this.

He blamed himself for not being smarter, for thinking with his dick and not his brain. When Cassie tensed Dean rubbed her back in slow circles, “I’m sorry Angel.”

“W-what do you mean?”

“I’m sorry you hurt so much Cas.”

Dean turned to look out the window so those pain filled blue eyes couldn’t see the worry on his face. He roughly wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt.

He toyed with her long, silky dark hair fanned out on his lap then tweaked Cassie’s nose, “I love you babe…everything will be ok.”

“Dean I have to pee so bad can you help me?”

Cassie-Cas’ plumbing was still a mystery to Dean. “Um…where is it coming from?”

She held up her pointer finger and wiggled it. Dean fetched a milk bottle and helped his lady out while the woman gave them a moment of privacy.

…………………..

A beat up Nash Rambler pulled up to the farm house and a hawk faced little man in an ill fitting suit got out of the vehicle. John watched him from the porch blocking entrance to the home.

The stranger stopped at the bottom of the stairs, “Are you Dean Winchester?”

John folded his arms and stared down at the man like he was a rat in a gutter, “Who the hell are you?”
“Are you Dean Winchester?”

“Depends on what you want.”

The weird little man climbed the stairs and stopped directly in front of John; he fished a formal looking envelope out of his overcoat and handed it to John. The elder Winchester frowned deeply as he rubbed his thumb against the envelope seal.

“What is this?”

“Open it and find out.”

The little man scurried away before the angry looking bear took a swipe at him.

Sam stuck his head in the door of the bedroom where he found Cassie spread open like a set of saloon doors and Dean holding her dick in a milk bottle. Poor Sam slapped a hand over his eyes, “Geez sorry!”

Dean barked, “What the hell Sam!”

“I uh…I’m going to head out to the barn unless you need me for something.” Sam couldn’t help it, he peeked through his fingers. Cassie’s boobs were showing and everything below the equator. It was all much too interesting not to give a second look.

“Sam!”

“Sorry.”

Sam left before he got a bottle of pee thrown at him.

Sam counted the beams, “We left off at this one.”

Molly danced in a circle, “I just know we are gonna find treasure!” She held her arms up and Sam hoisted her on his shoulder as if Molly was a feather.

She craned her neck trying to see as she worked her little hand toward the crook of the beams. “Sam I feel something…a metal box.”

“Can you reach it?”

“I’m tryin’…almost got it.”

The box went tumbling off the beam and onto the barn floor below. Sam carried Molly down and the amateur ghost hunters and detectives ran over to the box. Sam lifted it up and found it was heavy. There was also a solid looking padlock holding it shut.

On the lid was the name, “Castiel”

Molly looked up at Sam, “Who is Cas..ti..el?”

He smiled when he saw the name. Obviously Tasaria hid this important box for her child. “Castiel is Cassie…or Cas.”
Molly didn’t question the name, “Oh ok. Can we open it?”

Sam tucked the box under his arm and took Molly by the hand, “No, this belongs to Cassie. When the she feels better then we can cut the lock off. I think right now Cassie is a little busy.”

John sat in the parlor with chubby little Dell on his lap. The man stared down at the envelope wanting so badly to open it up but it wasn’t for him. It was from the Prosper County Court and though John didn’t know what was inside he imagined it wasn’t anything good.

It was addressed to Dean and Cassandra Winchester. “Cassandra…Cassie…Cas…Castiel. So fucking weird and confusing…well too late you love her as family…no going back now.”

John’s head snapped up when he heard her screaming from the bedroom and he so badly wanted to help but with Dean and three very capable women at her side he knew he wasn’t needed. They promised to call if they did.

Dell pointed to the door, “Bee bee.”

“Don’t worry buddy, the bee bee with be ok and so will Cassie.”

Meg couldn’t sit still. She was one that needed to be active in times of trouble either helping or working on a project. She took over the fixing up of the chicken coop when Sam and Molly left to search the barn for, as Molly put it, treasures.

She worked inside putting together nesting boxes and after a bit Meg just sat down and cried. She wasn’t exactly sure why.

It could have been worry over her new found sister having such a difficult time of it with the baby, the disrepair of the farm with little money to do anything about it or maybe it was because she was on Lawrence Novak’s former farm and her father couldn’t have cared less about his children.

Meg decided it was all three. She had a good cry then in true Meg fashion sucked it up and got back to work.

Jo joined her and the two young women worked silently determined to make a silk purse out of a sow’s ear.

The three women had a private conference. Josie, Charlie and Mama Lafitte discussed the pros and cons of what they should do next. Cut Cassie open, give her an episiotomy or hope that all of Dean’s and the ladies hard work of stretching and working Cassie’s little vagina was enough.

The teenager wasn’t very big during any point in her pregnancy. Charlie thought the infant would be small. She voted to not cut. The conversation went on until Dean yelled, “I see something!”

The decision was made. The baby took its sweet time through the birth canal keeping them on pins and needles for hours and exhausting the mother but when the baby decided to make an entrance it was quick.

Dean was on his knees between his wife’s legs at the end of the bed. He was holding out his hands
and looked scared as hell.

“What do I do? There’s something coming out… what is that?!”

Cassie was taking shallow breaths going into a panic attack. Josie sat next to her and coached the girl’s breathing as they practiced.

Charlie stood by with a hand on her bundle of supplies at the ready.

Ellie nudged Dean aside, “It’s the baby’s head Dean. Settle down this is good.” She called to Cassie, “Hang in there darlin’, Mama is here for you.”

Dean clasped a hand around his wife’s hairy ankle and gave it a squeeze, “You’re doin’ great Angel. Holy crap…I see…wow!”

She groaned and twisted on the sweat soaked sheets. The room went silent except for the young mother’s sounds.

Ellie murmured instructions to Dean and they worked efficiently together both driven toward a common goal.

Cassie was spent, too tired to sit all the way up and see what was happening. She felt extreme pressure and worried her body would be torn in two. Then something wonderful happened, she felt the baby slip out completely along with fluid and she didn’t really want to know what else.

She reached out to her husband, “I wanna see my baby.”

“Hold on Angel.”

Dean held a bundle wrapped in an afghan and the teen dad and former soldier was grinning from ear to ear. Josie moved out of the way and Dean sat next to Cassie placing the baby on her chest.

She looked up at Dean with a silent question. He knew what it was.

“We have a daughter Cas, one hundred percent female.”

Cassie cried tears of relief when she heard that, “So she’s…normal.”

“No, I didn’t say normal I said she was all female. Cas there is no such thing as normal. You are what you are and that’s normal for you. It’s the same for everyone. Honey you know I think you are the most beautiful person in the world no matter what you wear or what you got between your legs.”

Dean moved the baby to a nipple and the infant latched right on. Cassie gasped then frowned down at her daughter, “It feels strange.”

“No weirder than me doing it.”

Dean toyed with the swirls of dark hair covering her little head, “She has your hair and your eyes. Lucky kid, she’s a beauty like her mama.”

“Comoara you are beautiful and so is our girl.”

The women had to ruin the tender moment cleaning up the afterbirth and fluids. Giving birth is indeed a miracle but the pain and mess is quite sobering. Ellie set a piece of the umbilical cord on the window sill because Cassie wanted to save it. Dean silently thought that was strange but
whatever made his wife happy.

Later that night everyone else was allowed in to see the mother and child. John held the blue eyed baby girl with the pretty dark hair that reminded him of chick fluff. He couldn’t take his eyes off of her.

“She’s gorgeous and perfect but I don’t know her name. Did you both decide?”

Dean did the talking for them both, “Dawn Rosemary Winchester.”

Jo held out her arms and John handed the baby over. “I love it. How did you come up with that name?”

Cassie answered, “Tasaria is Romani for Dawn. Dean’s nurse over in England was named Rose. He credits her for getting him to walking again and was so kind and helpful. Of course Mary was Dean’s mother and it’s a tribute to her.”

Molly and Dell cooed and fussed over the baby. Dell kissed her on the forehead and said she was a good bee bee.

When Meg got her turn she was overcome with emotion. This child was a wee bit of her as well. Dawn was a healthy new branch on the battered Novak family tree. Meg felt this child would bring them all closer.

Sam had set the box on the dresser in Cassie and Dean’s makeshift bedroom. Cassie was asleep and Dean was busy watching over both his girls.

“What’s in the box Sammy?”

“Molly and I found it in the barn. It’s from Tasaria to Castiel.”

Dean touched the lettering on the top, “How do you know it’s from Tasaria?”

Sam placed a hand on his brother’s shoulder and smiled softly, “Because she showed me…Tasaria I mean. I’ll explain it in the morning. Get some sleep big brother.”

At sunrise Cassie was awake resting in bed holding her daughter. She attempted to sing a song to Dawn. Tasaria sang to Castiel all the time and his fondest memories were of his mother waking him up with her beautiful voice. Although Castiel was far from a good singer it was Cassie that tried her best to sing to her Dawn.

Morning has broken Like the first morning, Black bird has spoken Like the first bird. Praise the singing Praise for the morning Praise for them springing Fresh from the Word…..

Sweet the rain's new fall Sunlit from heaven, Like the first dewfall On the first grass. Praise for the sweetness Of the wet garden, Sprung in completeness Where His feet pass….

That was when another voice joined in. A familiar voice that sounded far away, lost in another time. It was Castiel’s mother’s voice smoothing out the rough edges. Cassie stopped when she heard Tasaria and felt a hand on her shoulder.
She was afraid to turn around and lose the feeling of her mother’s gentle hand. She felt a squeeze as if urging Cassie to continue.

Mine is the sunlight Mine is the morning. Born of the one light Eden saw play Praise with elation, Praise ev'ry morning, God's recreation Of the newday....

It was two voices joined together. Dawn stared up at someone Cassie didn’t see. The infant gave a gummy little smile to her grandmother.

Cassie was crying quietly wondering if she was crazy or this was wishful thinking. “Mama I miss you so much…it’s been so hard.” She tilted her head back and caught just a glimpse of Tasaria smiling down at her and then the spirit faded away.

TBC

A/N-

The hymn originally appeared in the second edition of *SongsofPraise* (published in 1931), to the tune "Bunessan", composed in the Scottish Islands. In *Songs of Praise Discussed*, the editor, PercyDearmer, explains that as there was need for a hymn to give thanks for each day, English poet and children's author EleanorFarjeon had been "asked to make a poem to fit the lovely Scottish tune". A slight variation on the original hymn, also written by Eleanor Farjeon, can be found in the form of a poem contributed to the anthology *Children's Bells*, under Farjeon's new title, "A Morning Song (For the First Day of Spring)", published by OxfordUniversityPress in 1957.

A/N-

World War II was a historical turning point not only for the basis of political power and war tactics, but also for drugs and medical advances. Between 1939 and 1945, new medical techniques were developed as a direct response to new weaponry. One of the more profound advances was penicillin, discovered in 1928 by Scottish scientist Sir Alexander Fleming. During the war, the drug helped reduce the overall number of amputations and deaths.

Even though penicillin was discovered in 1928, before the war broke out, it took the devastation of the war to force governments to adopt it on a wide-scale basis and to force companies to produce it en masse. In 1941 and 1942, British and U.S. scientists respectively discovered that it could be used to treat wounds. Penicillin was so effective that production increased from 400 million units in early 1943 to more than 650 billion units per month by the end of the war in 1945.

A/N- Thank you for being patient everyone. Sometimes real life gets in the way of my fun.
Dean spent his week caring for and watching over his wife and baby. Parenting came naturally to Dean. He helped raise Sam and now with his own daughter it was a piece of cake. It was exhausting but Dean thrived on taking care of the two most important people in his life.

Cassie on the other hand was still trying to wrap her mind around the great responsibility of caring for this fragile little human that was so dependent on her. She wanted to be the best mother she could to Dawn.

Considering Castiel’s strange childhood trapped and hidden away from most of the outside world in a bi-lingual home consisting of a loving but timid mother and an a physically and mentally abusive father some would have found it amazing that Cassie had the ability to care for an infant at all.

Castiel was loved unconditionally by his mother who always tried her best to make up for the massive shortcomings of his father. That coupled with Ellen taking in the fourteen year old and raising Castiel as her son were enough examples to give Cassie her nurturing spirit.

Dean assured his wife that once she was healed up and got her energy back things would be easier.

He knew he would have to tell Cassie about the court papers. There was a date set for a hearing just a month away. It was difficult considering what she had been through.

They were expected to be off the farm in a matter of days until after the hearing. Dean had spoken with John and the grandfather was more than happy to let the three of them move into the downstairs master bedroom he had originally fixed up for Dean after he returned from England.

Josie and Dell would return to the tiny apartment above the bar that Benny still worked at and Mama Lafitte would live in the apartment above the diner.

They were temporary fixes to a larger problem but for now it would have to suffice.

…………………..

Cassie stared down at her plate too upset to think of eating. Dean told her everything. They needed to leave only temporarily he assured her just until after the court hearing.

Dean gave his love an easy smile and acted as if everything was alright. Inside Dean wanted to strangle Pastor Brown with a length of barbed wire.

To cheer his wife up Dean went to get the box Sam had found in the barn. “I would have given you this earlier but you were pretty spent this week. Sammy and Molly found it stuck in the crook of a couple barn beams.”

Her big blue eyes lit up and she reached for the box he was holding, “Gimme’!

“No way, you have to eat something first.” Dean pointed to the plate, “how about some mashed potatoes and some string beans?’

Cassie made a frownie face, “I guess.”

Dean took the fork and stabbed a bean holding it up to her mouth, “Come on, open wide for
“daddy.” He gave a dirty chuckle, “I hope I’m saying that for another reason pretty soon.”

He got the stink eye from his wife, “I mean months from now and only if you want to do it and your pussy is in first class condition. Wait…I didn’t mean it like that, I mean when your snatch feels better…crap, I…”

“Hush Dean.”

She ate her food as Dean put it, “Like a good girl” and then Cassie got the box.

Cassie’s face lit up like a Christmas tree when she saw her name on the top, “This has to be from my mother.”

“Yeah Babe, your mom really loved you.”

She frowned at the box and then at Dean, “It’s locked.”

Dean sat on the bed next to her and pulled out a leather roll from his jacket, “No problem, I can pick it.”

“Since when can you pick locks?”

“There’s a lot of neat stuff you don’t know about me.”

Dean cursed a blue streak as he struggled with the stubborn lock, “Stupid piece of shit lock, open up damn it!”

Dell crawled inside the inviting room with the crack in the door and all the fun noises. He pulled himself up by using the bedspread as an anchor and smiled at Dean and Cassie.

Dean lifted Dell onto his lap and messed up the babies curls, “Hey little buddy, what’s up?”

Dell apparently had excellent hearing and a rapidly growing vocabulary. He pointed to the locked box with the lock pick stuck in the opening and said, “Shit.”

Just then the lock popped open. Dean said, “Dell you have magic swearing powers!”

Cassie took the box and opened up the lid. Inside was an envelope with her name written in delicate, spidery handwriting, underneath it said “Open this first.” She took it out and under that was a smaller box.

Curious, Dean tried to peek, “What is it Angel?”

“I’m supposed to read the letter first.”

She unfolded the yellowed piece of paper inside and read it to herself.

“Dearest Castiel,

The contents of this box belong to you. There are treasures my family brought from the Old Country and the rest I accumulated from Lawrence. It should stay our little secret.

Please don’t be stuck on sentiment, sell the treasures and use the money to take care of yourself.

Chin up sweetheart. I know a man will come along someday that will love and cherish you. Not only accept your differences but embrace them as something marvelous. You are too special and
loveable to live your life alone.

I’m very sick. By the time you receive this box I’ll have been gone for a long time. Don’t spend your precious moments grieving me. This life we are given is just a stop on a much greater journey.

I saw a handsome, tall young man in my mind’s eye with the gift of foresight and a spiritual connection to the other side. Thank him for finding this box at the time when you needed it most.

Te iubesc ingerasul meu.

Mom xoxo

Castiel handed the letter to Dean. After reading the touching message Dean had tears in his eyes that he scrubbed away with a shirt sleeve.

Dean pointed to the words he didn’t understand, “What does that mean?”

“It means, “I love you my little angel.”

……………………

They curled up together on the bed with Dell now sleeping in the crib and Dawn in Cassie’s arms. She was happily latched onto a nipple oblivious to what her parents were about to discover.

Cassie looked to Dean, “Ready?”

“Ready.”

They opened the lid together.

Dean let out a low whistle. He picked out a ring from the pile of jewelry, gemstones and gold coins. He held it up to the window and when the sun struck it just right a rainbow of colors decorated the walls around them.

“Cas is this a real diamond?!”

Cassie’s mouth worked with no words coming out. She finally managed to say, “I think so Comoara.”

“Holy crap, do you know what this means?”

She nodded and smiled, “Yes, my love, we will be safe from financial hardship.”

Dean draped an arm around Cassie’s shoulders and kissed her.

“Life is really going our way.”

……………………

Attorney Baker whistled just like Dean had when he first saw the contents of the box. “Where did you find this again…wait, don’t tell me! I don’t want to know. This is incredible!”

Cassie clutched Dean’s hand tightly for support. “I don’t know what to do with it all. I’ve never had money before or treasures except for my husband and child. What do we do?”
“If you trust me Cassie I’ll get everything appraised. If you’re agreeable I can arrange for buyers to come look at the contents and make an offer. Of course you can say no at any time. With the money I can set you up with a trusted financial advisor and he’ll be able to guide you on the best way to make this last for a lifetime.”

The couple looked at one another then Dean spoke for them both, “We trust you.”

“Sam…Sam, wake up.”

Sam opened his eyes to find Cassie sitting on the edge of his bed “Is everything ok?”

She lightly ran her fingers over his cheek, “Everything is wonderful. I want to thank you for finding that box.”

Sam never told her who actually guided him to the box but now was as good a time as any, “Your mom came to me while I was cleaning the attic. I saw her several times after that and Molly even saw Tasaria. Please don’t think I’m crazy, it’s true but I can’t really explain how it all happened.”

Cassie handed Sam the letter, “I believe you. It was my mom that wanted me to thank you although I would have anyway. You are a very special man Sam Winchester.”

Pastor Brown drummed his fingers on Rothschild’s desk with a scowl on his face. He didn’t like what his attorney was telling him, not one bit.

“So what are you saying, there is no chance of me claiming that farm?”

“There is a chance but it’s very slim. I want you to aware going into court. At this point you’ve spent plenty on trying to push this through. What do you want with that farm anyway?”

Brown leaned toward his attorney with the same scowl on his face, “Are you getting soft on me Rothschild? I though you hated that little slut and her husband as much as I do. After all she rejected your son. Jack got a busted nose because of Dean Winchester. Would you let them get away with harming your own blood?”

The attorney ran his hands through his silver mane of hair and twirled his chair away from Brown to look out the window at the busy main street below. The way he felt about life in general had changed since Jack was drafted.

“It all seems so petty. Holding a grudge over my kid getting a poke in the nose he well deserved. Jack terrified and manhandled a pregnant girl and her fiancée punched him. Sounds like justice to me.

What Jack didn’t deserve is getting drafted into this horrible war.

Did you know the Winchester boy was crippled in the line of duty? His buddy Lafitte lost an arm. Both of them are family men with babies. When I’ve checked into their backgrounds trying find some dirt for court all I found were decent young people trying to make it.

He twirled his chair back to face the pastor, “Yup, you could say I’ve gotten very soft. I’ll still help you and you’ll still pay me but after this don’t ask me to represent you again. I’m retiring just like my partner. Do you know what I want to do after I retire?”
Brown sputtered, “I could care less!”

“I want to take up fishing to pass the time. When Jack is back safe then I’m going to go fishing with my son. I’m going to apologize for his mother and I spoiling him rotten and then I’ll tell Jack I love him.”

Pastor Brown was born to kind, loving, doting parents. The Browns could never figure out why their sweet baby turned into such a nasty little boy who grew into a nasty and bitter man. His grandfather told his daughter Sally that some people are just born bad.

Years later when both parents died in an automobile accident the young pastor had no idea. He had to be tracked down and told the news. Brown didn’t even attend the funeral. In fact he didn’t show up until the reading of the will where the dark hearted man inherited his parent’s meager belongings. He promptly sold everything and moved to Prosper where he founded started up a church.

If Pastor Brown couldn’t have something then no one could and letting someone like the strange Novak girl inherit her father’s farm when Brown felt Lawrence meant to leave it to the church, aka him, made the porcine pastor sick to his ample stomach.

Brown had the nerve to have lunch at Jo’s diner along with a man he hired to do his dirty work if things didn’t go his way at the hearing. The pastor snapped his fingers at Alice who hustled right over.

“More coffee for the both of us and how about a couple slices of that cherry cake.”

Alice took away the empty platters and hurried to the kitchen.

Ellen was very busy glaring at the two men through the service window. She would have kicked them both out but they already ate and she wanted to wait until after the check was paid.

“He’s got some balls coming in here.”

Alice doled out two pieces of cake and took the coffee pot. “I just hope they tip me. Things have been slow this week.”

Alice wasn’t privy to the goings on with the Winchesters even though she was now John’s fiancée. Ellen didn’t fill Alice in on the details. The girl was nervous enough as it was. At first Ellen didn’t care for Alice dating John Winchester but since the man’s turn around she was on board with the relationship. John was worldly and Alice was about as green as spring grass. They seemed a good match.

She watched as Alice gave the men their desserts and refilled their coffee cups. “I wonder what that beady eyed potato is up to.”

Sneedley shook the Pastor’s beefy hand, “Remember to have the cash because once I do this I’m outta Prosper.”

“I wouldn’t want you to stay Sneedley. I’ll phone you after the verdict and let you know either
way."

Almost a month after Dawn was born the Winchesters found themselves still living with John in the downstairs bedroom. The doting grandfather had even set up the crib that had been used for Sam and Dean.

John worked his boring job day in and day out but coming home to baby Dawn made it all worthwhile. John worried what he would do once the little family moved out and Sam went off to college in the fall.

The looming threat of loneliness spurred the man into popping the question to Alice. For two people with age disparities and very different upbringings they seemed to be a very good fit.

Alice had mentioned she’d like to have a baby soon since at twenty five she was well past her prime. After John stopping laughing he agreed, one baby and a sweet young housewife would be perfect.

Now here the grandfather sat watching the sunset with Dawn in his arms while her parents had private time. John had a pretty good idea of what private time meant and figured it had to be Dean’s idea.

He even cuffed his son on the back of the head when Dean brought it up, “For god sakes Dean it’s been less than a month. Give Cassie some time. Mary didn’t let me touch her for ages after having Sam. At least it felt like ages."

Dean gave a snort and an eye roll, “That was because Sammy was the size of a baby buffalo…poor mom. Anyway I’m just gonna rub against…”

“Please spare me the details!”

Dean grinned down at his dad and then rushed out the rest, “…her ass.” He walked away cackling over the look on his dad’s face.

John shook his head as he looked down at Dawn, “There is something you need to know about your dad…he’s a weird.”

Dawn did a frog kick and squealed happily up at her grandpa in reply.

Cassie had the covers pulled up to her chin. She watched Dean do a goofy striptease made even goofier by the fact he was dancing to “Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B”.

She burst out laughing as Dean wiggled his butt right up the edge of the bed. Cassie reached out and slapped it, “You are so bad!”

“Better spank me then.”

“I’m not having sex Dean. I hurt bad and have zero energy.”

Dean turned in a circle as he twirled his pointer finger in the air, “No problem beautiful. I figure you can rest while I do the rubbin’.”

Now the covers were up to her eyes, “Fine.”
“Can I suck your boobies Angel? Dawn already had supper.”

Cassie tossed off the covers and stretched her arms out to the sides, “Fine have at it. If I doze off don’t get mad ok?”

Dean shook his stiff dick at his wife then jumped on the bed, “Like I said no problem. Just rest and let me do the drivin’.”

He humped her ass carefully all the while whispering sweet nothings into the shell of Cassie’s ear. After leaving a puddle on the small of her back which Dean failed to wipe up he latched onto one nipple for awhile then switched to the other.

After a few minutes Cassie looked down and found her husband sleeping with his lips still latched on to a nipple. She patted his cheek lovingly and allowed him to sleep for just a little awhile.

“I sure am lucky to have you Dean Winchester.”

TBC

A/N- In 1942 the U.S. government closed down the gold mining industry as a non-essential, war-related industry (War Production Board’s Order No. L-208.) This was an attempt to move the mining labor force into mining metals needed for the war effort.

In 1945 at the end of WW2, U.S. gold mining was reinstalled. Many California gold mines had flooded, caved in and were in a general deteriorated condition, requiring prohibitive capital needs to reopen.

When the Second World War broke out control of sources of vital materials, including industrial diamonds was of the utmost importance. Even though the world's biggest sources of diamonds, South Africa and South-West Africa (Namibia), were part of the Commonwealth and Empire, industrial diamonds were in short supply in the British aircraft industry and also in the Canadian mining industry during the early years of the war.

Germany had been stockpiling diamonds in preparation for war since 1936. After the commencement of hostilities Germany continued to import diamonds from producers over which Britain had no control, namely Brazil and Venezuela.

Neutral countries such as Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and the United States that imported diamonds from the British Empire resold some of them to Germany and large stocks in Antwerp, one of the of world's main diamond cutting centers, fell into German hands after the conquest of the Low Countries in May 1940.
The Long Road

O’Toole watched the arsonist pace like a caged beast inside the jail cell. “You could make this easier on yourself if you’d just come clean.”

Sneedley stopped on a dime then turned to face the cop, “I didn’t do anything.”

“Why did you go straight to Brown’s church?”

“I felt like praying.”

Marla the station clerk stuck her head in the door, “His lawyer is here.”

The officer tipped back his hat and scratched his head, “This scumbag has a lawyer already?”

Rothschild pushed open the door and breezed past Marla, “I’d like to speak with my client alone.”

..........................

The lawyer laid it out on the line for his client, “As your attorney I will advise you to roll over on Brown and save your own ass. You are probably going to do jail time but Brown is the one that will take the brunt of the punishment for masterminding this stupid revenge plot.”

Sneedley unfolded his arms and dropped his head. He couldn’t meet the steely gaze of the lawyer. “But they don’t have proof I did anything. No one saw me there…not that I did it.”

“You have a rap sheet a mile long in Prosper County. That coupled with the fact you can be placed in the vicinity of the fire, you had empty gas cans in the back of your truck and gasoline on your boots and jeans adds up to arson.”

“But…”

Rothschild growled, “Don’t be a fool. Save yourself some years in the slammer and come clean.”

The man with a lifetime of criminal behavior knew he was beat. “Why are you even helping me?”

“Because when my son was drafted I made a vow to live up to the ideals that made me become a lawyer in the first place. Somewhere along the line as the money began to roll in I forgot all the good things I set out to do. I aim to correct that.”

Sneedley looked up at Rothschild, “A person can’t make up for a lifetime of bad deeds.”

“No but people can change…atone for their sins. All it takes is a first step.”

The career criminal nodded, “Alright, I’ll tell you everything and then you get me the best deal possible.”

..........................

Dean was the one that answered the door late that night. It was a local cop coming to tell them that the farm was burning down. Cassie came out in her granny nightgown holding Dawn who started to fuss after the doorbell rang.

“What is it Dean?”
“Angel, you and the baby go back to bed and I’ll handle all this.”

John stomped down the stairs grumbling about all the noise and how he had work in the morning. When he saw the cop his heart sank. Police showing up at a man’s door in the middle of the night was never a good thing.

Sam watched over Dawn while Dean, Cassie and John headed out to the farm or what was left of it. The morning sun exposed the extent of the damage.

The old barn and farmhouse were both charred ruins with nothing left to save. The only things spared were the machine shed and chicken coop. There had been a cloudburst just hours before, that prevented the fire from spreading all the way to the other outbuildings and the fruit trees.

Cassie wandered aimlessly around the destruction for so long that Dean finally stopped her. “Come on Angel, there’s nothing we can do here.”

She shook with rage pulling away from her husband, “You know who did this!”

“I know babe but we’re taking you back to Dad’s house. What I need you to do is take care of our girl and I’ll handle the rest.”

“But Dean…”

“Please just do this for me.”

Cassie nibbled on the end of her long, dark braid as she thought it over, “Ok, but promise Brown won’t get away with this.”

Dean flashed his wife a confident smile even though inside he was feeling less than confident about the entire situation, “I promise.”

John pulled his son aside, “Dean, don’t do anything stupid.”

“I’m just planning on heading over to the church and beating that bastard pastor until he admits what he did.”

“No, I’m serious Dean. I’ll put your ass on lockdown if I have to.”

Dean looked over at Cassie who was obviously crying, “I’m just tired of people dumping on her. There isn’t a bad bone in Cassie’s entire body. All her life it’s been one bastard after another hurting my wife. Her dad, kids in high school, the Rothschild family and Brown. Maybe more people than that.”

John felt ashamed knowing at one point he also hurt Cassie, “I promise the pastor will get what’s coming to him. Let your old dad take care of things. You’re nineteen going on fifty with all the crap you’ve been through. I’m taking you both home and making breakfast.”

John kept his word and made everyone a big breakfast then headed out to work. Dean watched John get into his old car that ran on a lick and a promise. “Poor dad, he sure tries his best for us.”

Dean felt guilty at the long hours John worked and then when he came home the man spent his time cleaning up everyone’s messes.
He hoped someday to do something nice for his dad as a “thank you” for making a turn around and accepting and loving Cassie and adoring Dawn. All Dean ever wanted was peace and a close knit family. John’s change of heart meant the world to his eldest son.

…………………..

While Attorney Baker’s secretary cuddled Dawn, Cassie and Dean met with the man that held their future in his hands.

“I’m glad you both made it in today. I heard what happened with the fire and I’m so very sorry that happened. It seems there are unsavory people in our midst and I hope they get what’s coming to them.” He nodded to Cassie, “Ma’am how are you holding up with all this?”

She managed a slight smile, “As well as can be expected. At least the fire didn’t take the orchards.”

Baker pushed some documents across the desk, “I had everything appraised by someone I trust. Teddy has been in the precious metals business his whole life and his partner Kenneth works with gems and jewelry appraisal. I have personally used their services.

Here are their findings on the pieces you gave me. Teddy and Kenneth both feel an auction would be the best way to go. Have you heard of Kestenbaum and Lindell Auctions?”

Cassie and Dean both shook their heads in the negative.

“It’s one of the top auction houses in the United States. They are putting together a catalog as we speak for their next auction. The company deals in jewelry, gemstones, fine art, precious metals and coins. If you sign this agreement they will still have time to photograph and place your items in their next auction. There will be a reasonable reserve on everything so the risk will be at a minimum. We can always seek out private buyers if the reserves aren’t met.”

Cassie took the appraisals and went through the papers with Dean. The couple kept glancing at each other wide eyed and speechless.

Baker finally asked, “Do you approve?”

The young couple both bobbed their heads as if they were on springs.

“Excellent. I will ask that after the auction you will need to pay the appraisal fees and for my work starting today.”

Dean looked at Cassie and the couple had one of their nonverbal conversations. Both could tell what the other was thinking with just an expression.

Dean did the talking, “We plan to pay you for all your help. I’ve felt like a charity case since I got back from the war. I’ve been trying to find a mechanics shop that would give me a chance but they see my limp and figure I wouldn’t be able to handle the work.” He smacked his fist on his hip, “It’s not true, I’m damn strong and dependable!”

Cassie took her husband’s hand and gave it squeeze, “Comoara, your job is taking care of me and our daughter.”

The lawyer agreed with Cassie, “That is the most important job in the world. If the auction goes well Dean neither of you will be wanting.”
Pastor Brown for once in his life was feeling less than confident on a decision he made. He saw O’Toole arrest Sneedley in front of the church and so far he hadn’t heard a peep from anyone.

He decided maybe this was a good time to cut his losses and leave. The Pastor had plenty of church money socked away for just such an escape. He tucked the stacks of bills in the silk lining of his suitcases and tacked the fabric then stuffed his clothing around it tight. If anyone decided to get nosy they would be none the wiser.

Brown looked around his luxurious home and let out a defeated sigh, “It was a good long run…I’m sure going to miss this country filled with sheep.”

He loaded up his car with church treasures to pawn and luggage stuffed with personal items then took off for the country line in the vehicle he purchased from skimming off the funds raised to buy new doors and windows for the old country church.

Brown didn’t get far. O’Toole was soon on the pastor’s tail. The Officer laid on the horn. He broke the stations only bubble light and had no siren so he made do with what he had available to him.

The pastor tried to make a run for it desperate to get over the Prosper County line but found another police car from Douglas County blocking the road. Trapped in Prosper he slammed on the breaks, grabbed his suitcase full of cash and actually tried to run and hide in the woods.

Brown tripped on a root, rolled down a ravine and ended up in a thicket of wild blackberries. Trapped he flailed around a few moments then began yelling for help.

O’Toole found the criminal on his back like a turtle unable to right himself again.

The officer grinned down at the pain in Prosper’s ass, “Looks like you got yourself into a thorny situation here.”

It was Cas that drove out to the farm not Cassie. He left Dawn with Ellen and borrowed her truck. Jo had been giving him driving lessons and though he didn’t have a driver’s license the teen wanted to get away on his own if only for a bit.

He only practiced during the rare times Dean wasn’t at his side. Cas’ husband was a proud young man and the thought of his wife driving him around was a little embarrassing.

Dean had gained good control of his leg now and felt he was able to drive his wife and daughter around when they could afford a car. He didn’t see why Cas needed a license at all not that Dean forbad his wife to get one.

Today Cas needed to be alone to pick through the wreckage and think of their next step. Until now Dean had lead the way for them. Now it was time he eased the weight on Dean’s strong shoulders.

The teen picked around the destruction trying to find anything worth saving. He found the wedding photo of his parents partially burned. Lawrence was almost obliterated from the photo but Tasaria was still salvageable. Cas took the picture out of the broken glass and tucked it in his back pocket.

He searched for a few hours then gave up. It was like hunting for a needle in a haystack with no actual needle in the middle. Cas wondered if they should cut their losses and sell the property or rebuild.
Cas decided to walk over to the apple orchard and sit among the blossoming trees. He took a sandwich and a thermos of coffee Ellen had sent along.

He found it thoroughly enjoyable sitting in the grass under a tree eating the chicken salad on homemade bread and drinking the strong coffee all alone with his thoughts.

A spring breeze kicked up and a shower of fragrant petals snowed down upon Cas’ long silky hair. He flopped back in the grass to do a little cloud watching. Industrious little honey bees worked above Cas. Before he knew it the boy was fast asleep.

“Angel…Cas, wake up.”

Cas was sleepy, warm, relaxed and grumpy someone intruded on his peace. He popped open a blue eye and saw Dean sitting next to him with Dawn.

Dean wasted no time unbuttoning the blouse Cas was wearing and settled Dawn on the mother’s chest, “Our daughter was hungry and I was lonely. Since when do you drive?”

Cas navigated a nipple into position and Dawn latched on. He placing a protective hand on her back.

“I drive since Jo has been teaching me. I didn’t think you’d want to do it.”

Dean rested in the grass next to his two girls and decided to do a little cloud watching of his own.

“You know I wouldn’t stop you from learning. I didn’t know how serious you were about it Angel. You should have told me.” The former soldier breathed in the perfume of blossoms. He felt more relaxed than he had for a long time and that was even after the arson.

“It’s nice out here Angel.”

“It is my love. If the auction goes well would you be willing to rebuild on this property if it was possible or would it be better to sell?”

Dean rolled into his wife resting his head on Cas’ shoulder and holding Dawn’s little foot, “Where my girls go I go. Whatever you want Angel.”

He pulled a paper from his jacket and the couple read the latest headlines. It had been their habit since Dean came back from England.

For awhile they stopped with the news being so grim and Dean having such devastating dreams but lately he began to read the paper again. There was hope with every new headline. It seemed one of the darkest times in the history of the world was coming to a close.

John Winchester stood outside the jail cell with angry eyes locked onto Brown. O’Toole had called the house to tell the Winchesters the good news but it was John that had answered the phone.

The former pastor sat with his back to the bars avoiding the man staring at him.

John rattled the door to the cell, “Look at me you bloated tick…yeah you heard me. You’re a parasite full up on all the pain and sorrow you’ve caused my family”
Brown turned his head and smirked at the pissed off father, “I’ve weathered worse things than this. Run along home to your slut daughter-in-law and your crippled son.”

John punched the bars then howled in pain. O’Toole escorted him out of the station with instructions to go ice his hand.

The day spent in the orchard seemed to rejuvenate Cas and Dean. Coming home to hear Brown was sitting in jail awaiting trial was music to their ears.

Sam and Dean were surprised to find Alice there in the kitchen cooking a meal for the family. During supper John made the announcement that their engagement was official.

Alice flashed a modest little diamond in an illusion setting to make the gem appear bigger than it was. John picked white gold because he thought it would look pretty against Alice’s fair skin.

When John told Sam, Cassie and Dean they were having a quickie wedding at the house the next weekend the three were surprised and Dean asked what the rush was. Alice blushed as red as an apple and scurried out of the kitchen.

As soon as she was gone John came clean, “Alice is knocked up.”

Sam did a spit take over Dean’s fried chicken and got a punch in the shoulder for ruining his brother’s meal.

As soon as it sunk in Dean started laughing at his dad.

“See Sammy, this is why you should always wear condoms. Good thing I gave you the sex talk. Guess I should have had a talk with our old Dad here. See dad, there are these things called condoms…”

John growled, “Didn’t do you any good.”

Sam snickered, “Dad let his little soldier out of the tent without a helmet on.”

Cassie handed over Dawn complete with a poop diaper. “Here John, you can get some practice on Dawn.”

John held up the baby and sniffed, “Aw come on!”

John stood up to do a diaper change on his granddaughter when Dawn decorated her grandfather’s back with sour milk puke. He grumbled all the way out of the kitchen.

Cassie yelled, “Rinse out the diaper while you’re at it then give her a bath and put her in the nightgown with the little blue kittens on it. The one with the duckies is in the dirty laundry.”

Happy to have a baby break she went to take a bath and go to bed. Dean stayed up with Sam. The brothers grabbed a couple beers and headed out to the back yard. That was where they found Alice crying.

Sam was the one that went to her first, “It’s going to be ok. Dad is crazy about you Alice and he’s going to be a great dad and husband.”

Alice dabbed her eyes with the corner of her apron, “I don’t know how this happened.”
Before Dean could open his mouth Sam shot his brother a look. Dean was a good boy and didn’t point out the obvious.

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The next weekend there was yet another wedding to celebrate. John and Alice were married right in the living room of John Winchesters home.

Alice’s parents were in attendance and rather than being upset with the situation they were happy John was doing the right thing by marrying Alice immediately. Her parents had almost given up hope of grandchildren until she met John Winchester.

Their awkward wallflower had blossomed in more ways than one by dating John.

Alice wore a plain white dress with pearl earrings and matching necklace. She had little silk pansies placed in her upswept hair. She wore flats because of her height although John still had inches on Alice.

During the vows John showed himself as a bit of a romantic causing the ladies in attendance to dab their eyes. Sam and Dean had no idea their father could be like this, it was a pleasant surprise.

John took her hand and said, “Alice to me you are the sun. You guided me out of the darkness and back into the light. You softened my heart and showed me I could love again.” He kissed both her hands and slipped the slim white gold band on her finger, “Thank you for loving me.”

Cassie whispered to Dean, “This is where you get all your romantic ways.”

He whispered back, “Angel, with you being romantic is easy.”

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Cassie carefully ran the pink lipstick over her upper lip then rubbed both together making a smacking sound. Next she artfully shaped her brows and lined her big blue eyes with liquid liner.

Dean stood in the doorway watching, “You know honey you’re a regular artist with that makeup. Not that you even need any.”

“I’m practicing so I look pretty for the auction. There will be fancy people there.”

Dean stepped up behind her, he bent down to place a trail of little kisses around her neck, “Have you thought about what you want for your birthday?”

She closed her compact then sat silently. Dean didn’t ask again, he knew she liked to think things through.

“I don’t know…what do other teens do on their nineteenth birthdays? I don’t have a lot of practice with these things.”

“We can do anything you want babe. The sky is the limit as long as you keep our lack of income in mind.”

“Oh I know Dean, when we take the train into Ephraim for the auction maybe we could stay in a hotel over night. Would we have enough for that? It’s such a long trip. Maybe we could even eat supper at the hotel of they have a dining room.”

When Dean didn’t say anything Cassie back peddled, “Never mind it was just a thought.”
“Sorry, I was in shock you actually wanted to do something like that. I think we could swing it. My stipend comes in before the auction and that’s enough for the tickets to Ephraim and I would think one night and a meal at a hotel. Hell we could stay at the one where the auction is gonna be.”

“Dean that place is too fancy! I’m nervous even hobnobbing with those rich people.”

Dean swept her up in his arms and kissed his Cassie hard smearing her lipstick across both their faces, “Those rich people are there to buy treasures including your stuff. We are just as good as anyone else and don’t you forget it.”

Cassie’s smile got so big her gums were showing so Dean knew his wife was extra happy, “This will be our adventure Comoara.”

“Yup, a real adventure Cas.”

“Dean what about Dawn?”

“It’s only over night and it’ll give me a chance to test out that fancy boob pump Ellen bought for you, some for Dawn and some for me.”

Cassie cupped Dean’s freckled cheek as a surge of love washed over her for this special man. Some people would find what Dean just said as crude or bizarre but she knew her husband had particular needs and one of them was being as close to her as possible.

If a little breast milk made him happy then she was fine with indulging him. Maybe it was mommy issues and maybe it was just a kink of his but either way Cassie found no harm in it. She decided to give him everything he wanted.

“Dean when we have our night at the hotel maybe we could do that thing that you want to do.”

Dean was all ears, “What thing…the butt thing?!”

She smiled and nodded.

“Aw Angel don’t pull my leg…do you mean it?”

“Yes I mean it. I confess I’ve been curious about trying it out. If it feels good maybe it would be a pleasant form of birth control for both of us.”

Dean raised his arms in the air and declared his wife as the best wife ever in the history of wives.

Dawn was excited by whatever was getting her daddy riled up. She let out a series of vocalizations in order to feel she was part of the fun conversation.

Dean picked her up and rubbed her button nose with his, “No comments from the peanut gallery kid. I’m sure glad you don’t know what we talk about. It’s too early to find out your parents are weird.”

“I’m pretty sure she’s figured that out already Dean.”

TBC
1945 Monday April 30th
The bodies of Adolph Hitler and Eva Braun are taken to the Chancellery Gardens and incinerated under previous orders from Hitler, this to avoid capture and ultimate humiliation at the hands of the progressing Soviet Army.

1945 Tuesday May 1st
Berlin formally and unconditionally surrenders to the Soviet legions and Western Allies. General Jodl signs for the defeated Germans and Generals Bedell Smith and Suslaparov for the Allies.

1945 Wednesday May 2nd
The war in Europe officially comes to a close

1945 Tuesday May 8th
This day is formally announced as "VE Day" and celebrations break out across the world, though fighting in the Pacific against the Japanese Empire is ongoing.

A/N-
A peanut gallery was, in the days of vaudeville, a nickname for the cheapest (and ostensibly rowdiest) seats in the theater, the occupants of which were often known to heckle.

The least expensive snack served at the theatre would often be peanuts, which the patrons would sometimes throw at the performers on stage to show their disapproval. The phrases "no comments from the peanut gallery" or "quiet in the peanut gallery" are extensions of the name.

In 1943 the Howdy Doody children's radio show adopted the name to represent its audience of children. Howdy Doody is most remembered for its later transition to television, which continued the Peanut Gallery audience, now on camera. It is from this usage that the name of the comic strip Peanuts was derived.
Dean walked proudly into the Winfield Hotel with Cassie on his arm. They went to the front desk and the clerk greeted the couple with a smile.

“Welcome to Winfield. Do you have reservations?”

Dean waggled his eyebrows at his wife, “Yeah we sure do.”

“What name would that be under?”

“Dean and Cassandra Winchester.”

Dean signed the register with a flourish while his wife looked around the lobby drowning in red velvet and gilded furniture. A fountain stood in the center of the grand room where a life size statue of an angel stood as sentinel to the goings on in at the Winfield.

She went over and took a penny from her purse and tossed it in. The wish was simple, good things to come their way.

Dean stepped up behind her bumping his crotch against her rump, “Pretty swanky huh babe?”

“Very swanky, I’ve never been in a place like this before. What time does the auction start?”

Dean checked his watch, “We have an hour. Do you want to go check out the room?”

“No because we won’t make it out of there in time. You have one thing on your mind Dean.”

He patted her on the fanny causing a couple of swells to gasp as they walked by. The woman said, “I never!”

Dean waved and answered cheerfully, “I bet that’s right lady.”

Cassie looked down at the locked glass case containing the coins, jewelry and gems. Small cards sat next to each item and lot along with detailed descriptions.

Dean pointed to the oval emerald ring with seed pearls, “We should have kept that ring for you. Are you ok with selling everything?”

She traced her fingers across the glass and let out a sigh, “Yes, mom didn’t want me hung up on sentiment. Besides I have items of hers that mean more to me than this. Her hair combs are more precious to me than jewelry. Although I do love this ring…it’s the color of your eyes my love.”

“Angel we should have it pulled then. I think it would look pretty on your finger.”

“No, its best we sell it.”

Dean pointed to a men’s gold band with a square cut sapphire, “That one is almost the color of your eyes except nothing can match the blue of your pretty peepers.”

Cassie’s artfully shaped brows knit together, “Then you should have it my love.”
“Nope, we sell it and use the money for Dawn.”

Dean found his wife a comfortable seat and put his coat on the chair next to her. He hitched his thumb toward the door to the lobby, “I gotta hit the head. Do you need to pee first?”

“No Comoara you go ahead.” She blew him a kiss before Dean hobbled off into the crowd.

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It took several hours before the Winchester lots went up for bid. Cassie and Dean gripped each other’s hands tight as the bids went higher and higher.

With the end of the war came renewed interest in indulgences. People began to finally loosening their purse strings. Jewelry and coins were now safe from the government’s need for precious metals for the war. Baker’s associates felt it was the right time to sell.

Cassie followed the lots on her list until Dean took it away, “Don’t obsess Angel, just enjoy. The surprise will be the total at the end.”

“How do we get the money Dean?”

“It’s getting wire transferred to our bank. Next week we have that appointment with the financial advisor Baker set up for us.”

“Oh yes that’s right.”

A European cut diamond in a white gold setting was the last lot up for bid. Even with inclusions it went for a tidy sum of money.

In the end when they were given a total Mrs. Winchester went weak in the knees but Mr. Winchester was there to catch her. It was difficult because he was feeling a little lightheaded himself. It was a most excellent day.

After the auction those in attendance were invited to a soirée in the ball room with music, a light meal and plenty of booze. Cassie tried to beg off saying she had nothing nice to wear. Dean said he had a fix for that.

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Dean took his hands away from Cassie’s eyes, “Ok babe open up your lovely peepers.”

She looked directly at the bed where two boxes were sitting. “Dean what’s in there?”

“Open ‘em up.”

Cassie took the lid off the large one first and inside was a stunning ice blue gown with a daring neckline surrounded by icy sequins. It was slightly gathered below the breast with volume below the waist to hide any penis bulge. Sheer elbow length sleeves would soften her shoulders. Dean had thought of everything.

Her eyes lit up, “Wow, Dean this is so beautiful! How did you afford this?”

He slipped an arm around his little honey and squeezed a boob, “I put it on our tab here at the hotel. Did you know this place has a swanky place to buy formal clothes with a tailor and seamstress on staff? They have a beauty shop and a place to get your nails done even.”
“But how…”

“I called ahead and described my beautiful wife and what I wanted. You know, no dick bulge or bare shoulders but I wanted your boobies showed off.”

Dean burst out laughing when Cassie’s eyes got big as saucers and her jaw dropped. “Don’t worry, I didn’t say that exactly.”

After wrangling Cassie into the gown then reaching in the bodice and adjusting her breasts Dean stepped back and gave a low whistle, “You look swell honey. Every guy is gonna want to motor boat those sweet little pillows of yours.”

That earned Dean a frown, “Well then I’m wearing a shirt over this.”

“No you’re not. I want to show you off.” He handed Cassie the other box, “Here this will make you feel better.”

She opened up the box and pulled out a pair of men’s grey cotton oxford shoes with comfy rubber soles.

Cassie squealed with delight, “Man shoes! Thank you Dean, they are perfect.”

Dean was happy she was happy, “I know how stupid you think lady shoes are and how much you hate them. Sit down Cinderella. I’ll help you put them on.”

First Dean gave her a foot rub eliciting moans of pleasure from his wife. He kissed each toe then each hairy leg up to the knee. Dean happened to like hairy legs and his Angel had pit, groin and leg hair in nice quantities.

“Mmm…I know another place you’re nice and hairy.”

He put on her socks and comfortable shoes, “Ready beautiful?”

When Cassie stood the gown covered the tops of the man shoes. No one would be the wiser. “I’m ready Comoara, ready to show off my gorgeous husband.”

Dean held out his arm and his wife took it. They took on last look in the mirror together before leaving. Dean touched his tie and smiled at their reflections, “I guess we have a real mutual admiration society going on here.”

“Yes we do my love.”

They were seated for a formal meal near the bank of windows overlooking the gardens behind the hotel.

The conversation with the other coupled seated with them was awkward. Cassie was used to being around her family and not strangers. It always made her nervous.

The young man who was escorting his sister to the after auction soiree found Cassie Winchester beautiful. Her voice was deep and very sensual. Even with Dean sitting right there he asked her to dance after dinner.
Dean’s cheeks turned red when the stranger kissed the top of Cassie’s hand, “Hands off the merchandise buddy, she’s my wife.”

He put up his hands in surrender, “No worries, I simply wanted a dance with a pretty young lady other than my sister.”

The rest of the meal was spent in relative silence. The Winchesters both ate one handed because Dean refused to let his wife’s other hand go.

For dessert Dean fed cake to his wife breaking off little pieces and smiling at Cassie every time she leaned in and ate it off his finger. Men around them found it titillating but the women were either envious or felt it was in bad taste.

The former soldier stood and held out his hand, “A slow dance with me Angel?”

There were people decked out in fine jewels and expensive clothing, there were politicians, blue bloods, business owners with sway but none of that mattered. All eyes were on the strange young couple slow dancing in the middle of the ballroom.

They were both a mystery. The young man danced with a pronounced limp but still managed to cut a fine figure. The young woman wore the most unattractive shoes for a lady and was almost as tall as her partner. There was something different about her that no one could quite put a finger on.

It was said that they came from a small town called Prosper and had auctioned off lots of jewelry, gems and coins the woman had inherited from her mother. The man was some sort of war hero wounded trying to save his friend.

In fact if Cassie and Dean knew all the whispered stories going around the ballroom they would have ran for the hills and never came back. Privacy was important to them. It protected Cassie-Cas and their family.

Dean twirled his baby reeling her back into his arms. She gave a throaty laugh and gave her Comoara a sloppy kiss. Groin pressed to groin Cassie was in danger of losing her careful tuck.

Castiel began to emerge as they pressed dick to dick as Dean murmured dirty little things in his sweetheart’s ear. “Let’s grab a bottle of that champagne and head up to our suite. I’m gonna run you a bubble bath and get some soapy fingers in the tight little butthole of yours.”

Castiel nipped Dean on the neck leaving a bruise.

“Ow, what are you trying to do blue eyes?”

“Just marking my territory baby.”

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Drunk on not one but two bottle bottles of champagne Dean had purloined, both of them were well on their way to getting shitfaced.

The lovers were sitting in a huge tub of bubbles giggling and smooching like crazy.

Dean stuck his head under the water and started to suck Cas’ dick and fingering his ass. For Cas’ part he was too busy enjoying the attention paid to his neglected penis than to protest the intrusion of his butthole.
Dean burst up from the water out of breath and switched to his hand jerking his teen queen firmly until Cas was shaking. He bucked his hips wildly sending soapy water over the edge of the tub.

“Dean I’m gonna…c…”

Cas’ body went taut, he held his breath until Dean reminded him to breathe.

Pearly strands of semen rose to the surface of the water. Dean ran his finger through the leavings and sucked the slippery mess off his hand, “Tastes like some little boy is ready for a nice hump.”

Dean carefully got out and tossed several towels on the floor to sop up the water then helped a decidedly manly acting Castiel out of the tub. Dean took a moment to admire the sight before him.

Cas had stopped shaving his legs and armpits after Dawn was born. Besides his public hair and ass crack those were the two hairiest parts of his body.

Dean noticed his wife’s midsection was still soft from having the baby but the muscles beneath the slightly loose skin were tightening up nicely. He actually enjoyed playing with Cassie’s belly roll while Castiel on the other hand didn’t like Dean squeezing the softness.

The breasts swollen with milk sat high and proud on a tan, smooth chest. Dean loved those little pillows; in fact he loved every confusing part on his mate’s body.

“Every inch of you is so beautiful. I’m damn lucky.”

Dean escorted him to the bed.

Cas laughed when he landed square in the middle and immediately got on his hands and knees, “Do it Dean, stick it in there.”

“Jesus…you are pretty drunk aren’t you?”

Cas looked over his shoulder and blew Dean a raspberry then wiggled his ass.

Dean grabbed the petroleum jelly sitting on the nightstand and greased up his dick then stuck a glob inside Cas’ furry little butt plunging it in and out getting everything slippery. It was hard to not be distracted by the little pink pussy just below winking at him.

“So much good stuff to play with…ok Dean, don’t veer off course…be romantic don’t be a brute. Make it good…yeah you can do it!”

Dean had only had preformed anal sex on one other person and that had been a lot of trial and error with poor Collin getting the brunt of the error. But by the time they broke up Collin was enjoying Dean’s exuberant poundings.

This was different, this was the person Dean would spend forever with and he didn’t want it to turn into a drunken, bumbling roll in the hay. It could scare Cas from ever allowing Dean inside his darkest treasure forever.

Dean gently rolled Cas on his back then tucked a pillow under his wife’s hips. “I want to make this really good for you Cas. I want you to want it as much as I do.”

Cas reached up and stroked his fingers over his husband’s jaw and lips, “My sweet and tender Dean…always thinking of others. I do want you.” He closed his eyes and let out a sigh followed by the lazy smile of a man that just had a great orgasm.
Permission didn’t need to be given twice. Dean’s dick was ready, willing and able to go where no man had gone before. He lined himself up with the fuzzy little opening and pushed his way inside not stopping even when Cas started to whimper.

Dean shushed him with a sensual kiss. Cas returned the kiss followed with tongue. When Dean sunk balls deep Cas tilted back his head and moaned loudly.

Soon the bed was squeaking in protest as the headboard banged against the wall. When Cas locked eyes with Dean and met his thrusts the husband’s confidence soared.

“C-Cas…I’m almost there…oh fuck!” He suddenly stopped, hissing through his teeth. If Cas didn’t know better he would think Dean was in pain. That couldn’t be further from the truth; Dean was in a state of bliss.

Cas could feel the spasm inside him, the rush of seed filling his ass and it was incredible. He had no idea how good it could be and how much he needed this, to be taken like a male by his husband. He felt totally complete. Castiel was now truly Dean’s everything.

They held each other both completely sated. Dean kissed Cas atop the head, “You feel ok?”

“Sore…happy…wanna do it again.”

“Really?”

“Not tonight Dean.”

“Oh.”

Cas reached down and lifted his purse off the floor then snapped the kiss lock open, “I have something for you.” He took out the sapphire ring Dean had admired and slipped it on his husband’s right hand.

“Aw honey you didn’t have to do that but I’m glad you did. This ring reminds me of you.” Dean lifted his hand admiring the gem, “Still not as pretty as your eyes but close.”

Dean rolled to the bedside and fished around in his pants pocket then rolled back next to his wife. He took Cas’ right hand and slipped on the emerald and seed pearl ring. “Now my idea doesn’t seem so original.”

Cas was all smiles, “Thank you. I would have felt too guilty to keep this.”

“I know that’s why I pulled it from the lot.”

They smooched and cuddled, spoke of about silly things and did lots of laughing. Both enjoyed that level of comfort a person can only have with someone they love and trust implicitly.

Before the lovers drifted off to dreamland Cas asked, “What do we do now Dean?”

“Anything we want baby.”

TBC

A/N-
The return of the soldier-father back to domestic life effected gender relations after the war.

Girls that had mothers working and performing what was before considered a male role were found to develop less traditional feminine sex roles. It could be said that the working mom inspired the children of the era to be more independent themselves. This also could serve as an origin to the feminist movements in later decades.

Post-traumatic stress, "shell shock", was common among the returning soldiers. Most wives and children noticed behavioral changes in the men that they knew before the war. Veterans returning from the battlefield would suffer nightmares and flashbacks of combat, about their alienation and loneliness, desperation and withdrawal.

These results of combat and the increase in alcoholism among the returning G.I.'s lead to an upward spiral in the number of divorces that occurred after the war. After fighting under unbearable conditions for years, the return to domestic life was undoubtedly not what was expected. With the problems of finding work and those encountered on the family scene, this reintegration was anything but smo
Chapter 40

World War II left the world a different place. It had taken an estimated 40 to 70 million lives and destroyed much of Europe. It brought about the splitting of Germany into East and West and created two major superpowers, the United States and the Soviet Union. These two superpowers, who had tenuously worked together to fight back Nazi Germany, became pitted against each other in what became known as the Cold War.

Hoping to prevent a total war from ever happening again, representatives from 50 countries met together in San Francisco and founded the United Nations, officially created on October 24, 1945.

Pastor Brown was brought up on charges of theft, arson, attempted murder, fraud and criminal menacing. He was sentenced to twenty years since the judge doubted he would survive longer than that in prison anyway.

Brown ended up at Tuckahoe Prison where the defunct pastor became a sort of counselor to the scarier inmates. It saved the piggy eyed prisoner’s bacon.

He was won in a card game one month in and became the special friend of Theodore Meister otherwise known as “Pickle.” The nickname came from his sour disposition as well as an unusually bumpy part of the male anatomy.

Chester Baker was compensated for his work with the Winchesters. He forgave part of the debt in exchange for a home cooked Sunday dinner at the farm once a month. The Winchesters were more than happy to comply.

Baker was the only one to help them thought the tangled legal jungle when Cas and Dean hadn’t a penny to their names. They considered the now retired attorney a friend.

As for Attorney Rothschild he continued working part time helping the returning soldiers and their families navigate the paperwork involved to access and utilize the Servicemen’s Readjustment Act of 1944 otherwise known as the G.I. Bill.

His former bully of a son Jack returned physically sound except for a facial disfigurement from shrapnel on one side of his face. The former pretty boy was humbled and changed forever by his experiences.

Jack became a clerk at the local post office and married a stout, pleasant girl with pretty red hair. They eventually had four children.

With the money garnered from the auction the previous year along with wise investments Cas and Dean rebuilt. The new home was done in a sprawling ranch style and placed where the barn used to stand.

It was a fresh start and Castiel wanted the family in something they could truly call their own. Modern plumbing and heating in addition to a rotary phone right in the kitchen made the ranch comfortable and much safer. Dean complained about sharing a party line with the neighbors but Cas pointed out it was a luxury to even own a phone out in the sticks.

The Winchester farm covered miles around them leaving them with the privacy they so needed and craved except for friends and family in the know of course.

Alice and John had a daughter the spring of 1946. She was a tow headed cutie as sweet as a peach with warm brown eyes and a good nature.

Sam and Dean were horrified when John announced their new sister’s name, Deanna Samantha Winchester. Everyone called her Dee for short.

When the brothers protested the use of their names in chick form John told his sons they should quote, “Shut your damn pie holes and be proud I honored both of you this way.”

Sam and Dean couldn’t argue with that and learned to accept Dee’s full given name. They doted on the baby and little sister seemed to just know these two oversized children loved, adored and would
protect her within an inch of their lives.

Benny, Josie and Dell moved to the cottage built at the edge of the property. Benny still worked the bar in Prosper three nights a week but always came home to his family. The other four days he helped out the Winchesters around the farm in exchange for housing and supplies. Josie was employed by Cas to help with the extensive line of preserves the farm churned out along with the eggs, honey, poultry and produce.

As smaller farms were swallowed up by bigger producers, “Winchester Farms” rapidly became known even outside of Prosper County as a place for quality pesticide free products.

As the old growth orchards reached their peak of productivity and slowly declined Castiel was sure to replace the trees with new varieties of fruit, some of which he created by crossing different varieties. He found he had a knack for such things.

Dean called him the mad fruit scientist. Cas said Dean needed to learn about phrasing. Dean countered, “You get mad a lot, no doubt you’re a fruit and this is sorta scientific.”

Dean got through his mechanics apprenticeship at Singer Farms keeping their machinery and vehicles in tip top order. Bobby hired him after that on a part time basis as a jack of all trades. Dean split his time between his own farm and Singers. There was no rivalry as Bobby was the main beef and pork supplier in and around Prosper. The Winchesters raised neither. They traded items produced from their own farm for beef and pork. Dean had a major love of bacon and thought the deal was more than fair.

Sam had started college that fall leaving a devastated Jo behind. He asked her to marry him before he left giving Jo a diamond engagement ring. It served as a reminder of her Sammy gone off to school in order to make them a better life.

Ellen stepped back just a little allowing Jo to fill her time learning the running of the diner including the nuts and bolts of it all. It kept her daughter busy and happy.

Charlie opened a small animal practice in Prosper available by appointment only. Most of her customers were still local farmers and ranchers. Meg was her ever present assistant that stole kisses from the boss in private. Their world now involved Meg’s new found family and visits were welcome with open arms.

The Novak siblings grew to know each other very well. One a lesbian and the other a hermaphrodite with blood to tie them together, Meg and Cas could confidently share their trials and tribulations with each other.

Molly started at the little country school enrolling in first grade. She adored her extended family and a trip to the Winchester farm was always the highlight of her week.

The little girl had a bond with Sam as they had a ghost hunt together. Molly never questioned Castiel as to why one visit she was Cassie and others Castiel. The child simply called her auntie-uncle or just Cas.

July 4th, 1958, The Winchester Farm

Cas shouted, “Dean harder…there, there, there!”

Dean tugged his wife’s dark, wet hair back and growled, “You love it like this just say it.” He rammed home right up the perfect little ass that somehow got better with time.

“I-I love it damn you!”

“That’s what I thought.”

Cas turned his head so Dean could plunder his lips. The only thing that drove the pair out of their nice big shower was the water turning cold. Dean chased Cas out of the master bath and into their bedroom with both of them laughing like crazy.

The couple wrestled on the bed struggling for dominance but as usual Dean was the winner. Cas wouldn’t have it any other way.
Castiel looked up at those stunning green eyes that took his breath, “I think your eyes are magical.”
Dean grinned down at the love of his life, “Oh yeah?”
“Yeah, and you get better looking every day. Thirty three and still movie star handsome.”
“I got good genes.”
A hard knock sounded on the door, “Come on you guys, Benny finished up the grilling and people
are starving out there.”
Dean whispered to his wife, “Listen to this.” He called back, “Ok Dawnie, give me a sec. I’m just
about done banging your mom.”
There was a screech followed by, “You are disgusting dad! Mom wash his mouth out with soap.”
“I will as soon as it’s empty.”
“EEEWWW!”
She stomped away and when they heard the front door slam Dean hopped to his feet, “Come on
Angel, I’m starving.”
Cas looked out the window at the crowd of family gathered, “Dean what if we scar her for life?”
“It’ll never happen. She takes after me.”
It was true. The thirteen year old was no shrinking violet. Dawn was athletic and outgoing, and the
girl could give as good as she got.
From a looks aspect the teenager was a mix of mom and dad. The blue eyes never changed and her
thick hair hung in dark waves past her shoulders. Dawn was a few inches shorter than Castiel with
a sturdy frame and curves in all the right places.
Dean and Cas didn’t worry about her. Their daughter had her head screwed on straight and
harbored a good heart. Considering her family tree, Dawn easily accepted differences in others. She
had aspirations of becoming a teacher or a mechanic, Dawn hadn’t decided yet.

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Molly saw the sedan drive up and went into excitement overdrive, “Uncle Sam is here!”
Sam stepped out driver’s side and immediately went to open the passenger door where his wife, Jo
Winchester got out. From the back door the triplets exited with assistance from their daddy.
The five year old boys were dressed in dungarees and different colored tees so people could tell
them apart. Not that it made a difference because the brothers would switch shirts just the mess
with the grownups.
Mike and Max dashed toward the long tables of relatives to seek out their grandpa while Milo went
in search of Mama Lafitte.
In Milo’s own words he thought she was pretty neat even though the woman was older than dirt.
That and Mama always had butterscotch candies in her purse.
When the little boy saw Mama Lafitte, Ellen and Bobby sitting together his hazel eyes lit up. He
hit the candy jackpot.
Sam watched as Milo went into cuteness overdrive as the old people pinched his cheeks and
laughed at his funny jokes. He reminded Sam of Dean.

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Dawn came running past the tables giggling and screeching, “Help!”
Dell was right on her heels laughing up a storm. He caught his quarry until a big old oak out of
sight from the adults. The cute fourteen year old grabbed Dawn around the waist and stole a kiss.
He got shoved backward for his troubles.
She huffed, “Dell Lafitte if you dare kiss me again you’re gonna be singin’ soprano!”
Dell flashed her a smile so big he got those happy lines in the corners of his big blue eyes that
Dawn found adorable although she would never tell him that.
“Come on Dawnie, I’m crazy about you. When are you gonna be my girl?”
Dawn raised an artfully shaped eyebrow and cocked her head looking very much like her mother,
“I’m nobody’s girl.”
Dell’s broad shoulders slumped and the poor boy was crestfallen. She reached out and tugged on
his sleeve, “Don’t worry…someday I’ll wanna be someone’s girl and when that time comes you’re
the only boy I’d consider.”
She quickly brushed a kiss across his lips and ran back to the picnic. Dell jumped for joy letting out a loud whoop then hurried behind her.

Cas and Dean made their entrance looking a little disheveled. Baby sister Dee ran over and hugged Cas, “You promised to give me makeup pointers.”

“That I did, how about this weekend Dee.”

She grabbed her wonderful Auntle, a combination of aunt and uncle, “You are the best!”

Next Dee hugged her awesome big brothers. “Hey you guys promised to take me shooting.”

Sam patted her atop the head, “You’re too runty for that.”

Dean nodded in agreement, “Yup, you have to be bigger than a breadbox to handle a gun.”

Her freckled cheeks flushed cherry red and Dee stomped her foot, “You guys stop teasing!”

Dean tugged her pigtails, “That’s the bonus of being a big brother. We give you the business and you keep on adoring us.”

Sam plopped down next to Dean under a tree and the pair toasted each other with beer. “Look at ‘em all Dean.”

Dean watched Jo waddle by sucking on a giant slice of watermelon, “Hey Sammy they have these things called condoms…”

Sam punched him playfully in the shoulder, “I know what condoms are. We planned this. I’m really good at being a father Dean… I love it. Now that I have my own practice I can afford to have a big family.”

Cas walked by wearing pedal pushers, denim sneakers and a gingham shirt tied under her breasts. It was a Cassie sort of day.

Sam whistled at her. Cassie smiled and waved then wiggled her butt at the Winchester brothers.

Sam admired the whole package, “She sure looks cute in a pixie cut.”

“Yeah she does. It’s interchangeable with male or female depending on how she combs it. Today is lady day.” Dean nudged his baby brother, “In the shower this morning Cas was all boy.”

“Dean, too much information… um… was it good?”

“Oh yeah, that ass is snug as a glove.”

“Is it wrong I find that fascinating?”

“Face it Sam, you’re a bit of pervert just like me.”

They toasted to perversion then sat back and enjoyed the family circus.

After nightfall glowing lanterns dotted the huge yard like fireflies. The family branches and friends drifted off here and there to drink have conversation and relax.

The older kids tended the little ones playing in the orchards and eating any early fruits they came across.

Laughter floated along the warm summer breeze punctuated by the sound of fireworks going off over Prosper Lake miles away.

Cassie, snuggled on a blanket in Dean’s arms whispered sweet nothings to her man then they made out like teenagers under a sea of stars. Not once in all those years did their love waiver. Instead it grew day by day, year by year both stuck like glue and happier for it.

Dean rolled her on top of him and hugged Cassie tight. “Angel, do you what was the very best day of my life?”

“Tell me Comoara.”

“The day Sam dragged my ass to that diner and I laid eyes on you.”

“I was so …” Dean had to stop for a moment so he didn’t start crying, “…so lost and scared. I didn’t want to leave, didn’t want to die but even if I had stayed at that time I had no one to love. I spent my life pretending to be something I wasn’t. Then it was like Heaven just dropped you in my lap.”

He rubbed his eyes with a forearm and then continued, “I knew no matter what I’d end up with you Cas. I formulated a hundred lies in order for us to be together. I would have given everything up
and lived in a cave as long as you were in there with me.”
Dean gave her a slap on the fanny, “Then I found out you had all the bells and whistles and I was in paradise. You are everything I could have ever wanted.”
Cassie laughed softly and buried her face in the crook of his neck, “I love you Dean. I’m so glad I am able to be everything you need.”
“Everything I need and then some.”

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Back in their room sheltered from prying eyes Cassie waited in her birthday suit while Dean put on a record.
Dean turned and crooked a finger, “Come here Angel. Let’s have a dance.”
She pressed against him flesh on flesh their bodies fit together perfectly just like always. Somehow when Dean danced with Cas he lost his awkward gait. Just being in his lovers arms was enough to chase away the pain and allow him smooth movement.
Dean sung along with Etta. The words a tribute to the person that changed his life forever.
Stars shining bright above you
Night breezes seem to whisper "I love you"
Birds singing in the sycamore trees
Dream a little dream of me
Say nighty-night and kiss me
Just hold me tight and tell me you'll miss me
While I'm alone and blue as can be
Dream a little dream of me
Stars fading but I linger on dear
Still craving your kiss
I'm longing to linger till dawn dear
Just saying this
Sweet dreams till sunbeams find you
Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you
But in your dreams whatever they be
Dream a little dream of me
The End

A/N-
Thank you all for your wonderful support and enjoyment of this story. The out pouring of love for these characters made this a true pleasure to write.
Historical stories are so fun to work on. “Shades of Blue” wasn’t my first and it won’t be the last but it holds a special place in my heart.

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