Baby Dean has a check-up and Sam flirts with his doctor.

Sam smiled as he made his way to the nursery, eager to wake up his baby boy, as he went to bed really early last night, and he was worried about him. Dean hadn't been as energetic lately and was feeling a bit icky, so Sam just let him rest and dressed him in mostly t-shirts and diapers around the bunker, and put pants on him if they had to go somewhere.

Smiling even wider, Sam walked into the nursery to see Dean sitting up in his crib, hair messy and shirt wet with drool, and snot. "Hey, Deanie. You still feelin' icky?" Sam cooed as he reached down and picked Dean up, causing him to get fussy and start crying. "Ohh, I know, I know. Shhh....It's okay, baby. Let's change your full diapie, okay?" He cooed, as he carried him to the changing table, laying him down, and fastening the tummy strap, to keep him from rolling off, and getting hurt.

Smiling, Sam opens Dean's diaper, a bit surprised by the color of Dean's bowel movement, but that was something to tell the doctor today. Sam opens the wipe box, and gets a few out. Then, he gently starts to clean his brother. Dean fusses, tears forming in the corners of his eyes.

He doesn't like the feeling of the cool wipes against his skin. "I know. You don't like this part, baby. I'll be done, soon, I promise." Sam cooes, as he wipes off the remaining mess, placing the wipes in the diaper, rolling it up, and throwing it in the diaper pail. Sam grabs another diaper from the shelf, and unfolds it, lifting Dean's legs, as he slides it under him. Sam puts Dean back down, and adds a generous amount of powder, to his privates.

Dean cries harder and chews on his fingers, as he's starting to teethe, and it was not a fun experience...
for him. "I know it hurts, buddy. I'll put some stuff on there, after you eat, okay?" Sam cooes as he changes Dean into a cute pale blue onesie with little safari animals on it, along with some striped socks.

"Alright, let's go feed you some breakfast, huh?" Sam cooes as he carries Dean downstairs to the kitchen, and puts him in his highchair, giving him his teething keys to chew on while he prepares his breakfast.

Pulling some frozen baby food cubes out of the freezer, Sam lets them thaw out, playing with Dean while he waits. But he doesn't mind waiting. He loves to play with his little boy, to see him smile and giggle, to see his green eyes full of wonder.

After about 15 minutes, the cubes are thawed out, and ready to be served. "You ready to eat, Deanie? Maybe it won't hurt too bad, this time, huh?" Sam cooes, as he gets a spoonful of food and brings it to Dean's mouth, making airplane noises as he feeds him, trying to keep him clean for his doctor's appointment.

Once Dean is finished eating, Sam grabs the tube of teething gel off the nearby countertop, and squeezes some onto his finger, pushing Dean's lip up, so he can rub it on, trying to be quick, because it's very irritating to Dean.

Dean whines and cries a bit, turning away from Sam. "It's okay, Dean. I'm finished, and we won't have to do it again for a few hours." Sam cooes, as he lifts Dean into his arms and rubs his back soothingly, shushing him as he cried a bit more. Being a single Daddy was a bit hard sometimes, especially when you have a fussy, crying baby. But Sam did the best he could to care for Dean, even though it was hard sometimes.

"Okay, Deano, we've gotta get going." Sam cooed, as he carried Dean out to the impala, and gently sat him down in his carseat, carefully buckling him in. Dean whined and fussed, not liking those straps being fastened over his chest and crotch, restricting his sporadic movements.

"Shhh. I know, buddy. It's not fun, but you gotta sit in it, okay?" Sam cooed, as he tightened the straps a bit, and gave Dean a pacifier to suck on, to keep him calmed down.

Once they arrived at the clinic, Sam unbuckled Dean from his carseat, and scooped him up, carrying him inside the special Adult Baby clinic, signing him in and taking a seat in the empty waiting room.

Dean looked up at Sam and gave him a toothless smile, letting out a soft coo, as he played with his long hair, tugging on it a bit. "Oww...okay, let's play with something else, hmm?" Sam said as he sat on the floor with Dean and played with some of the toys provided in the waiting area.

Dean smiled as he held up a block and started to bang against the floor, giggling and squealing happily, entertaining himself. Sam scoffed and smiled at Dean. It was amazing how easy it was to entertain Dean sometimes. "Hey, Deanie, want to help Daddy make a tower?" Sam asked, as he started to make the base of the tower, hoping Dean would join him. Dean just babbled nonsense and picked up the block, bringing it to his mouth, but Sam stopped him.

"No, Dean! There's lots of germs on that, bud." Sam said as he gently pried the block out of Dean's hand. Dean poked out his bottom lip and whimpered, tears forming in his eyes. "Oh, no. Don't cry, Deanie. Here, chew on your keys instead." Sam said as he handed Dean his keys, avoiding the oncoming tantrum.

A nurse came to the door and called Dean back. "Come on, Dean." Sam cooed, as he picked Dean up and carried him to the room the nurse pointed to. After taking Dean's blood pressure and blood
and urine samples, she told them that the doc would be in shortly and left. 

After about 15 minutes of waiting, a man came in. He had beautiful blue eyes, dark brown hair and stubble. There was something about him that seemed familiar, but Sam didn't know what.

"Hi, I'm Dr. Novak. You must be Baby Dean. You sure are a handsome boy, yes, you are!" He cooed, as he tickled Dean's chin, making him giggle. Sam smiled, and for some reason, couldn't keep his eyes off of the doctor. He was very handsome.

"Oh, silly me, I didn't introduce myself to you, yet, Mr. Winchester. I'm Castiel Novak. You look awfully familiar. Have we met before?" Castiel asks. "I don't think so." Sam says, blushing a bit, when Castiel smiles at him.

"Right. Well, let's get started on the check up, shall we?" He asks, as he gently lays Dean down and starts to feel of his tummy, chuckling when Dean squirms and giggles. "Someone's ticklish, huh? Um, when was his last bowel movement And what was it like?" Castiel asks, looking at Sam.

"Well, I think it was sometime last night or this morning. And it was very soft and a greenish-yellow color. Is that normal? He had pureed spinach and carrots last night along with a bottle, could that be causing it? Or could it be because he's teething?" Sam asks, smiling down at Dean and tapping his nose playfully.

"It's possible that it could be both reasons, but it's most likely what you're feeding him, with greens and veggies, his bowel movements are more likely to be a greenish color. It's perfectly normal, as long as it's not red or black." Castiel says, as he listens to Dean's heartbeat, smiling down at the baby, knowing he's a bit nervous.

Sam just watches Castiel, amazed at how gentle he was with Dean, keeping him calm, and making him smile. He wonders if Castiel is single, because he doesn't see a ring on his finger or anything.

"Alright, big guy, let's get you on the scale over here, so I can see how much you weigh." Castiel says, as he picks Dean up and carries him over to the adult-sized baby scale and lays him down.

"Hmm, he's a healthy weight. You must be feeding him lots of veggies and fruits, huh?" Castiel asks, chuckling softly, as he lifts Dean up and carries him back over to Sam, gently placing him in his arms.

"Well, you guys are free to go." Castiel says, giving Dean a balloon, and ruffling his hair gently. Dean smiles and holds onto his balloon, as Sam carries him out of the room.

"Hey, Castiel. I have a question." Sam says. "Yes? What is it, Mr. Winchester?" Castiel asks. "Would you...like to go out on a date sometime?" Sam asks, blushing heavily.

"Yes, I would like that, very much, Mr. Winchester. How about Friday at 7:00?" Castiel asks.

"Yeah, that'll work out just fine." Sam says, grinning like an idiot.

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