**Family at its Finest**

by **bringmesomepie**

**Summary**

Decide to be fine until the end of the week; Make yourself smile because that's your job; then do it again the next week...Do it with a smile or don't do it at all. ~Frank Devereaux
“Uh-uh-uh, yes, yes, yes.” Dean moaned. “Fuck, fuck, there, right there!”

“I feel it this time. This is it, Dean.” Cas grinned. “We’re gonna do it this time, Love.”

“Not too deep, Cas. Not this time. Uh-next time. Shallow penetration, small thrusts.” Dean ran his fingers through his hair on his back. “That’s it, right there. Uh-uh.”

“You look beautiful, Dean. A little longer, babe. So close.” Cas cooed.

“This one needs to work. I can’t handle another negative.” Dean groaned.

“Don’t think about that, Love.” Cas kissed Dean’s neck. “I love you. We are going to be ok.”

“I love you, Cas.” Dean kissed Cas and closed his eyes.

Why did he take that test while Cas was at work? He was sitting on the tub covering his face and shaking. Why did he look at the test? Tears rolled down his face. He chucked the test across the bathroom where it hit the wall and broke into many pieces.

He grabbed his phone. He couldn’t read it, but he knew Cas’s speed dial placement blindfolded. He held it up to his ear and waited.

‘Dean? I’m about to head home.’

“Cas, I took a test.”

‘Are these happy tears? Please, tell me these are happy tears.’

Dean used his free hand to cover his face. “No. It's negative.” Dean rasped.

‘I’ll be home in 20-25 minutes. Dean, I love you. You’re gonna be ok.’

“I thought this was gonna be the one, Cas.” Dean wiped his eyes. “What are we doing wrong?”

‘Nothing wrong. We are doing everything we can to conceive. We are gonna keep trying.’

Dean hung his head. “It’s been three years. I want a baby.”

He hung up and waited for his husband. Cas found him in the tub with legs draped over the edge. Cas crawled into the tub with Dean. “We are going to get through this. How about we take a break from trying to conceive for 6 months and trying again then.”

“Whatever.” Dean blinked blankly propping on Cas’s shoulder.

“Don’t give up, Dean.”

Cas had figured out that Dean had given up. It made him nervous. Dean was quieter, drank more, and doubled his hours at the garage. Their sex life went down the drain.
They hadn’t had sex in 5 ½ months. Cas decided to call Dean when he got home. This was one day that Dean was supposed to be home before dark.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Babe.” Cas sat down on the couch. “How are you?”

It sounded like Dean hissed. “Uh---I was fine until like four hours ago”

“What’s wrong?”

“Just—just been having these cramps in my stomach. Every like five minutes now a cramp—starts in my back and wraps around my stomach. Like tightening. It really fucking hurts.”

“Do you want me to drive you to the hospital? I can be at the garage in 10 minutes.”

Dean hissed in pain again. ‘Fuck, Cas, I need you here. Something is wrong.”

It took 45 minutes to get Dean to the hospital. They walked into the main building of the ER and over to the desk. “Hey, How are you?” Dean mumbled.

“I’m good.” The nurse smiled. “How can I help you?”

“I have been having really bad cramps starting in my lower back and stretched around my stomach. They started about five hours ago every 15 minutes, now they are 2-3 minutes.” Dean held his back cause he could feel the next cramp.

“Is there any chance you could be pregnant?” The nurse asked.

“No, no, we haven’t had sex in months.” Dean groaned as the next cramp bubbled up. He gripped the counter and bent over.

“I’m sorry, M’am. I can fill out paperwork for my husband.” Cas gently rubbed Dean’s back.

“No need. We aren’t that busy and have a bed ready in triage.” She smiled. “Whenever, you’re ready.”

“I’m Castiel and this is Dean Winchester. I can really fill out the paperwork.”

The nurse smiled. “Let’s get him settled into his bed.” She pulled out a wheelchair and helped sit down. “You’ll have time to fill it out when Dean is being examined by the doctor.”

“Where is that damn doctor?” Dean groaned as he curled up on the gurney. Cas had just finished the paperwork which gave him the ability to now comfort his husband.

“Not much longer, sweetheart.”

“Argh, what the fuck is wrong with me?” Dean shot up from the bed. “I’m wet. Between my legs is wet. I didn’t fucking pee. Why am I wet?”

Cas was wide eyed. He got out of his chair and looked for a doctor. Minutes later Cas came back with a woman in a white coat.
“Hello, Mr. Winchester.”

“Dean, Mr. Winchester is my father.” Dean spat out.

“Ok, Dean. Let me feel your stomach first.” She walked over to Dean.

“You gotta name?”

She laughed. “Very Sassy, now are we?” Cas snorted. “I’m doctor Blake, but you can call me Sarah.”

She touched Dean’s middle. She slipped her hands under Dean’s gown to get a better feel. “You know what Dean. I’m gonna grab a sonogram machine to check the inside of your tummy.”

“Tummy?” Dean mumbled as she walked away from the bed. He closed his eyes and groaned. “Fuck.”

“Wow, Castiel, has he always been this bad of a potty mouth?” Dr. Blake smiled when she came back pushing a sonogram machine.

“Only for as long as I have known him.” Cas joked. “He’s a different person around children. He uses all those funny curse words replacements around his brother’s kids.”

“Well, let’s see what we can see.” She grabbed the gel. After squirting the cool gel on his stomach she pressed the wand down. “Oh?”

Dean stiffened. “Oh? What Doc?”

“Umm, you’re in labor, Dean.” She smiled. “Pretty far along, I’d say you are just started active labor.”

“You have to be pregnant to be in labor. I’m not pregnant.” Dean huffed.

“You are pregnant, Dean. I’d say 35-36 weeks along.” Dr. Blake smiled. “You and Castiel are gonna be Daddies.”

“Dean.” Cas beamed a smile and tears in his eyes. “We’re—gonna be parents. 3 years finally paid off.”

“Why did we not know? The test was negative. I took 4 tests. They were all negative.” Dean wiped his face clear of tears.

“I’m gonna to get a few nurses to get you, Dean.” Dr. Blake wipe the gel off. “They’re gonna take y’all to labor and delivery. Dr. Fitzgerald will take good care of you.”

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“Argh!” Dean groaned when they reached the new room. “This hurts.”

“I know, Love.” Cas rubbed Dean’s back. “Sweetie, we’re gonna be Daddies.”

“I’m scared, Cas. I drank a lot. I worked at the garage…fuck…Cas.”

“It’s ok.” Cas spoke softly.

“Hello?” Dr. Fitzgerald entered. “Dean, Castiel? Dr. Blake told me that being formal was not
allowed.”

“Hello, Doc.” Dean mumbled.

“Can I get you to slide to the end of the bed and place your feet in the stirrups?”

“Yeah, sure.” Dean nodded. “Can you wait a moment?” He curled up on his side and groaned.

“Take your time. Are yall overwhelmed and excited about having a little baby?” He sat down on a stool and pulled on latex gloves. “You sure look good for being 36 weeks pregnant.”

Cas laughed. “Hit the nail on the head, Dr. Fitzgerald.”

“Call me Garth.” The doctor smiled. “Are you good Dean?”

Dean nodded.

After a few minutes of silence. “You’re about 6 centimeters dilated. It’s gonna be a little longer. You are free to move around. Just press the call button if you feel any charges or want an epidural.”

“Thanks, Doc.” Dean curled over on his side.

“I’ll be back in an hour or so.” Garth patted Dean leg. “Hang in there.”

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“Cas, call Sam.” Dean leaned over the bed. “He would want to be here…uh—fuck, I was—there for his daughters and son’s birth.”

“Of course, sweetheart.” Cas nodded. “Do you wanna talk to him after I tell him?”

“No…” Dean lowered his head.

Cas pulled out his cell and brought it up to his ear. “Hey Sam, it’s Cas.”

‘Hey Cas, Kylee and Jade were talking about you just a little while ago.’

“Tell them I said that I know.”

‘You’re gonna freak ’em out with this whole Uncle Cas’s eyes always watching.’

Cas laughed. “Keeps them on their toes. Like Dalton loves Dean’s tickle monster.”

“How is Dean? Bobby told me he left early cause he wasn’t feeling too great. He hasn’t been answering his phone. I was worried.”

“Don’t be worried. Don’t get Gabe all worked up.” Cas watched as Dean looked up at him. “Uh, Sam. I have something important to tell you.”

‘What’s up?’

“Well, Dean’s pregnant.” Cas took Dean’s hand as his husband straightened up. Cas sat cross legged on the bed as Dean stood in front of him. “Not only that but he’s in labor.”

‘What?’ Sam gasped.

“We didn’t know he was pregnant. The test Dean took a false negative. Dean would love it if you could be here as he was for Kylee, Jade and Dalton.”

‘Of course, I will. I’ll be there in like half an hour. Can I speak with Dean?’

“Dean, sweetheart, Sam wants to know if he could talk to you?”

The man was in the middle of a contraction. “Shut up, Angel.”

“Um, it would be best if I say no.”

“Get off the phone, Darlin.” Dean snapped.

Cas nodded. “We’ll see you when you get here, Sam.” Dean shifted his weight and groaned as Cas hung up. “Deep breaths, sweetie.”

“We’re not ready, Cas. We don’t have baby clothes, toys, crib, diaper, bottles, pacifiers, blankets, stuffed animals, changing table.” Dean groaned at another contraction. “Stroller, bouncers, rocking chair, baby books, bibs, baby monitors, baby gates…” He spoke through the contraction.

“Sh, sh, it’s ok, Love. Let’s not think about that right now.” Cas slid off the bed. “Sam is gonna be here half an hour.”

Chapter 2
Dean paced the delivery room with his arms on his back. “This is not how it happens on the ‘I didn’t know I was pregnant’ show. They have babies on the toilet like they were taking a shit or discovering they are in labor and crowning and then have the kid and go on with their day.”

“Guess we aren’t that lucky, sweetie.” Cas watched Dean. “Sam texted me saying he was parking his car.”

Dean closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “Fuck, fuck, shit, fuck, Cas.”

“Dr. Fitzgerald should be here shortly.” Cas set his phone down. “Wanna sit down, babe?”

“No, walking feels good.” Dean nodded.

“Cas? Dean?” Sam entered the room. He was wearing sweatpants, an old Stanford t-shirt and tennis shoes. “I tried to get here as soon as possible.”

“It’s fine, Sammy. We kinda dropped a bomb on you.” Dean sat down on the couch. He leaned forward on his forearms and groaned in pain. “Sorry bout that.”

“Don’t worry about it. I’m about to be an Uncle. This is what you and Cas have wanted for years now. Gabe is sorting through the attic to find the girls and Dalton’s old baby clothes. We are gonna bring our old baby furniture to you house. We don’t need them anymore. Dalton had out grown all those clothes and doesn’t need a crib and out of diaper.”

“Thanks, Sammy. It means…” Dean ran his fingers through his hair. He groaned. “Uh—un, God… Cas, the call button.”

Cas was wide eyed and grabbed the remote and pushed the button. “Talk to me, Love. I need to know what’s going on.”

Dean clenched his hand above his head. He was shaking. “The contractions have gotten intense. There is a lot of---pressure, um, fuck.”

Cas got off the bed and took Dean’s hand and helped him to his feet. “Let’s get you on the bed.”

“Is everything alright in here?” Garth walked in. “Oh, hello, who are you?”

“I’m Sam, Dean’s brother.”

Garth asked Dean to assume his recent position. “How are you feeling?”

“Lots of pressure.”

“I would hope so, you’re fully dilated.” Garth smiled. “Ready to become Daddies?”

Dean nodded. Cas hooked his arm under Dean’s knee and clasp his hands. Sam mimicked Cas on the other side. “This isn’t how I pictured this moment. For one I expected a huge middle.”

Cas and Sam smirked. “Even with a baby is making his was out of him, he is still cracking jokes.”

“You’ve done it three times, bitch.” Dean managed to grunt before he threw his head back and let out a pained whine.

“I’m gonna need you to push whenever you are ready.” Garth announced.
“Sammy, you’re a pro at this. How do I do it?” Dean let out a shaky breath.

“Like you’re taking a huge shit.” Sam laughed.

“I had a big lunch, Doc. I’m sorry if I fart by accident…or actually shit.” Dean joked than began to push.

“It’s completely natural. It’s not fun, but it happens.” Garth smiled. “That’s a good push, Dean.”

“I’m a pro-pooper. Years of fast food burgers and tacos.” Dean panted.

“Wow, Dean, classy.” Cas laughed.

Garth laughed. “This is the calmest laboring patient I have ever seen. You’re even carrying a conversation.”

Dean sat up on his elbows and pushed hard and threw his hand back. He groaned. “Feels like a firepoop. Burns like hell.”

“The baby is crowning. Let me see your hand, Dean.” Garth stretched a hand towards Dean.

Dean let go of Sam’s hand and Garth made him touch his opening behind his penis. Dean’s eyes grew wide. “Is that the head?”

“Yes, it is. Just a few more pushes and you’ll bring a cutie into the world.” Garth smiled.

Dean pushed and groaned. Tears started bubbling in his eyes. “Is the baby almost out?”

“Yeah, the whole head is out, sweetie.” Cas squeezed Dean hand. “We’re about to be Daddies.”

With one push the infant slid right out and the baby let out a cry. “Oh God, holy shit.”

Garth laid the newborn on Dean’s chest. A tiny baby girl. “Dean, Cas, you have a tiny baby girl.”

“She’s so tiny. Why is she so small?” Dean frowned.

“She’s premature and a little underweight from the alcohol use during the pregnancy.”

Sam had stepped away and went out into the hallway. Dean ran a finger down the newborns face. Tears ran down his cheeks. “Please, tell me she’s gonna he ok. I didn’t know she was in me. I was depressed and drank. We tried for years to get pregnant and after 3 years of negative pregnancy test, I couldn’t take it.”

“Whenever you are ready I will take her off to make sure she is ok. We’ll take some blood, clean her up and doll her up for y’all.” Garth smiled.

Hours later Dean is holding his little baby girl in his arms. She’s perfectly healthy other than a tad underweight.

“Hey Mama.” Dean said over the phone.

‘It’s pretty late, sweetheart. You know I love you but I have work in the morning.’

“I know, Mama. Um—I just wanted to let you know that you’re a grandma.”
'What? Honey, are you drunk? I am a grandma of your two nieces and nephew. Why are you calling? Your father has to be at the garage early.'

"Mama, I had a baby three hours ago." Dean smirked.

'You’re kidding. Sweetie, you weren’t pregnant.’

"I didn’t think I was. She’s a surprise.” Dean looked down at the baby.

'John, wake up. John, honey. Dean just had a baby…he just had a baby, three hours ago.’

Dean smiled at his mother’s excitement. “She is waking John.”

“Are they going to come here?” Cas asked from the recliner.

“Mama, are you gonna visit?”

'Of course, honey. I’m waiting on John to put his shoes on.’

“I’ll see you when y’all get here to meet her.” Dean smiled.

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By the time Mary and John arrived Dean had fallen asleep. Cas was spending time with his new daughter.

Mary walked over to Cas. “She is adorable and tiny. How did y’all not know?”

“We have no clue. Dean didn’t gain any weight, he didn’t have any morning sickness, nothing. He had the room smiling while he delivered her.”

“You’re kidding.” Mary smiled.

“He was joking, talking and smiling the whole time.” Cas rocked the baby.

“What’s her name?” John asked standing behind Mary. “Do you have one in mind?”

“We do. We had been trying for years.” Cas smiled. “We had a name for a girl or boy.”

“What is the name, sweetheart?” Mary smiled.

“Celeste Brae Winchester.”

Dean blinked awake. Mary was sitting on the couch and John was holding Celeste. It was bright outside. He had slept through the night.

He sat up. Cas was fast asleep on the recliner. “Good morning, Kiddo.”

“Morning.” Dean ran his fingers through his hair. “When did you get here?”

“Last night. You were already down for the count.” John smiled.

“How do you feel, sweetie?” Mary asked.

“Sore, just pooped a baby out.” Dean swung his legs over the side of the bed. “Gotta pee something bad.”

On his way to the bathroom he popped Cas’s leg to wake him up. He snorted and wipe a hand down his face. “M wake.”

“Good.” Dean smirked and closed the bathroom door.

When Dean came out John sat down beside Mary on the couch. “She’s adorable, Dean.” Mary smiled.

“She’s a mix between me and Castiel. Of course, she is adorable.” Dean smirked

“Good morning everybody. Every time I walk in here there are more people.” Dr. Fitzgerald said.

“My parents had to show up.” Dean smiled as he sat down on the bed. “Can I hold my baby, please?”

John walked over and settle the newborn into Dean’s arms. “Here you go, Princess. You’re in your
Daddy’s arms.”

“Hey, Darling.” Dean cooed

“Well, dean. I had bunches of fun yesterday. Never have I had so much fun delivering a baby.”

Garth smiled. “I think that y’all will be able to leave here today.”

“Yeah, Bobby, it wasn’t stomach problems yesterday.” Dean rocked Celeste.

“Well, are you better? You sound better.”

“Yeah, I’m better. Still sore and tired.” Dean smirked. “Uh—I need to speak to you about something important.”

“What’s going on?”

“Uh—well, what we thought was stomach pains turned into contractions. Umm…I had a baby last night.”

“Well, I’ll be damned. I’m guessing you are gonna wanna take some time off.’

“It doesn’t have to be long, but I need like 3 weeks.”

‘Hell no, boy. You take all the time you need. You and I both know that you don’t need to work at the garage. You just work here for the hell of it.’

“Bobby, if you ever need me. I will still come running.” Dean placed the infant in the crib. “I wanna just stay working.”

‘Awh, hell, boy. You are gonna be working hard with that little one.’

Dean stepped out of the room and turned on the baby monitor. Sam and Gabe were awesome and got everything they need that they didn’t already have. “You need to come and visit. She is beautiful.”

‘A girl? What’s here name?’

“Celeste Brae Winchester.”

‘Whenever you’re free, me and Ellen will come and have supper.’

5 Years Later…

Dean waited at the bus stop like he had been doing since Celeste started school. Today was her first last day. Dean was excited, His little kindergartener is about to be a rising 1st grader.

He saw the bus near him and he smiled brighter. It stopped close to him. A few kids exited the bus then his bubbly little blonde hair, blue eyed, tiny little girl heads over to him.

He crouched down as she ran into his arm. “Daddy!”

“Hey Kitten!”
“When Cc getting home?” She took her Dad’s hand.

“He is on his way home right now. Once he gets home we’ll go out for supper.” Dean scooped her up in his arms. “How was your last day?”

“Fun!” She smiled.

“So you have 3 months of summer that you get to spend with Daddy and Cc then you will start 1st grade.”

“Meg and Ruby are gonna go to the beach this summer.” She grabbed Dean’s house key. Dean smiled. She always wanted to unlock the door, she has stopped asking.

“We might go to the beach, or we might go a on trip with the whole family.” Dean set her down in the foyer.

“Cartoons!” She squealed.

Dean laughed and followed her a flicked on the TV for her. “There you go, sweetheart.”

“Thank you, Daddy.” She smiled.

“Cc, Daddy’s been in the bathroom a long time.” Celeste woke up Cas up one morning. “Cc?”

“Yeah, sweetheart?”

“Daddy had been in the bathroom a really long time.” Celeste sat on the bed.

Cas sat up and looked at his daughter. “Thank you for letting me know, Kitten.”

“Are we still going on vacation?” She beamed her big blue eyes.

“Of course, sweetheart. We lave bright and early tomorrow morning.” Cas ran his fingers through his hair and looked at the clock. 7:30. “Ok, you go to the play room and I’ll check on Daddy.”

She trotted off while Cas made his way to the bathroom. Dean was smart enough to lock the door. He pressed his ear to the door and didn’t hear anything.

“Dean, sweetie? Are you ok? Celeste is worried about you and not being able to go to the vacation.” Cas knocked on the door.

The door slowly opened. Dean appeared with a shocked expression stared Cas in the face. “We have a bigger problem.”

Cas noticed the thing in Dean’s hand. “What’s that?”

Dean lifted his hand to reveal a positive pregnancy test. “I’m pregnant.”

Cas smiled. “You’re pregnant. I’ll see if we can get an appointment for today.”

“I’m going to continue puking.” Dean headed back into the bathroom.

Cas closed the door and walked into the playroom. “Kitten?”
“Cc, is Daddy ok?” She ran over to Cas. “Is he sick?”

“No, Daddy isn’t sick.” Cas scooped up his daughter. “Me and Daddy have a surprise for you, but you’re gonna have to be a good girl and wait.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll be a good girl, Cc.” She smiled. “Are we still going on the vacation?”

Dean walked into the room. “Garth said he can squeeze us in, in like 30 minutes. We have to go, now.”

“Celeste, Kitten, we’re gonna have to drop you off at Uncle Sam’s for a little while.”

“Why?”

“Daddy and Cc have to go somewhere before the trip.”

“There, my friends, is the newest Winchester.” Garth said looking at the sonogram machine. “I’d say you are about 12-13 weeks along.”

“Why couldn’t you use a normal ultrasound? I only allow his stick in me.” Dean glanced up at the ceiling.

“This is how we get a better pictures of the fetus during the earlier stages of pregnancy. Get used to it, Dean-o.” Garth smiled as he snapped a few pictures of the baby.

“Is it ok if we fly? We’re going on a big vacation to Hawaii. The whole family is going.”

“This is a weird time to have a baby.” Garth smiled. “But you should be fine. Just don’t do anything to strenuous.”

“That should be easy with a 5 year old daughter, a 10 and 8 year old niece, 7 and 3 year old nephew.” Dean laughed.

“Have a great time. I’ll prescribe some anti-nausea medicine and pre-natal vitamins. You should be able to get them later today.”

“Thanks, Garth.” Cas nodded as Garth finished the appointment.

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“I’m saying that we should tell the whole family in Hawaii.” Cas stepped into the car.

“I’m still getting over how when we try we fail, but when we have casual sex when Celeste isn’t home we succeed.”

“I mean it’s not like we weren’t trying for this one.” Cas shrugged.

“I mean it’s so easy for Sam and Gabe to have kids? I mean Gabe knocked Sam up when Sammy was 18, which meant Gabe was 24.”

“Kylee was a surprise to all of us, Jade was their fault. Dalton and Bradley were planned.”

They pulled into the driveway of Sam’s house. “We should tell them all at the first dinner of the vacation.” Dean suggested as he rang the doorbell.

“Sounds good. I wonder how Celeste will react.” Cas smiled.

Sam opened the door with a 5 year old at his side and a 3 year old on his hip. “The nugget has been staring out the window since you texted saying you’re on the way.”

“Daddy! Cc! I missed you!” Celeste wrapped her arms around Dean’s legs. “Are you feeling better, Daddy?”

“I am, sugar. Thank you for asking.” Dean scooped her up. He kissed her cheek. “Are you ready for the trip, Sammy?”

“We’re all packed. Right now, we are keeping everyone calm, but excited about tomorrow.” Sam smiled.

“Just remember our flight leaves at 7.” Dean pointed. “We need to be at the gate by 6:30 at the latest.”

“I know, Dean. Believe me I know. I have four kids, big brother.” Sam hoisted Bradley higher on his hip.

“Are you done babymaking? For enough for you?” Cas joked as they stepped inside.

“Maybe, haven’t decided yet. Have you decided to have another? You only have the one.” Sam closed the door.

“Maybe, haven’t decided yet.” Dean mimicked.

“Har Har.” Sam faked laughed.

Bradley giggled and pointed at Dean. “Unca Dee is funny.”

Dean made a fist. “Yes!”

“Look, Daddy!” Bradley pointed at Dean. “Look.”

“I see, Bee. Unca Dee is a goofball.” Sam smiled. “Why don’t you go find everyone?”
The little boy trotted off. “Hey Kitty, why don’t you go play with the others?” Once she was out of eyesight the three sat in the living room. “Are you seriously thinking about a fifth?”

“Maybe, why not?”

“You just Bradley 3 years ago.” Dean spoke.

“Gabe is the one who wants a big family. I would have just settled for Kylee and Jade.” Dean stood from his seat. “I’ll be right back.”

(Morning, Kitten. It’s time to wake up, sweetheart.” Cas crouched at the side of the bed. “Sweetie, we have to get ready to go to the airport.”)

Celeste blinked awake. “Cc?”

“Morning Sweet Pea.” Cas smiled. “Time to get dressed.”

“It’s too early, Cc. ‘M tired.” She sat up.

“Daddy is downstairs packing up our into the car. Once we get dressed we can go to the airport and meet up with Uncle Sam, Uncle Gabe, Grandma, Papa and all of your cousins.”

She yawned while Cas pulled the covers of her. “I wanna sleep, Cc.”

“I know, Kitten. So do I. Daddy is waiting on us, sweetheart.”

“Are we gonna eat breakfast first? Celeste asked while Cas helped her out of her pajamas.

“We are gonna grab something small at the airport.” Cas grabbed clothes Celeste picked out last night.

After 20 minutes later Cas and Celeste are walking downstairs. Dean was sitting on the couch with his eyes shut. “Look, Cc.” Celeste whispered.

“Why don’t you wake him up?” Cas smiled as he set her down.

“Daddy, if I can’t sleep neither can you.” She crawled on the couch and into Dean’s lap. “Wake up, Daddy.”

“I’m awake, pumpkin.” Dean snorted. “Time to go?”

“Up and at’em, Babe. We have a plane to catch.” Cas smiled.

“Why are you the only person who is actually awake at this time in the morning?”

“Cause I used to be up this early when Celeste was tiny.” Cas scooped his daughter. “Do you have to potty before we drive to the airport?”

“Yeah, I’ll be right back.” She trotted off. Dean stood.

“Now that you mention it.” Dean walked to the half bathroom. 
Cas and Dean spotted Sam and Gabe instantly. It wasn’t that hard since they were handling four tired kids; one of which is still potty training.

“Morning.” Dean yawned.

“You could say that.” Gabe sighed holding Kylee and Jade’s hands. “Have you seen John and Mary yet?”

“Let me guess you want all of us to sit with one of the kids.” Dean smiled.

“Well just for the beginning and end.” Sam answered. “Except for Bradley. He’s with me the whole time.”

“If I know my parents well enough they have been at the gate since 6 since the plane leaves at 7:00.” Dean set Celeste down on the ground.

“No, Daddy.” She whined.

“You can lay on me when we get to our gate, sweetie. Right now, I need you to use your feet.” Dean explained.

Right at 6:30 they made it over to the gate where John and Mary were waiting. Celeste wasn’t in the mood to be really cheery so she hugged her grandparents and then crawled into Dean’s lap.

“Are y’all ready to fly?” Mary asked.

The four Sabriel children said in unison ‘yes’ and ‘yeah’.

John looked at Celeste who was cuddled up in Dean’s lap. “She is a true Winchester.”

Dean laughed. “All the other are the Novaks?”

“For one Celeste is already conked out.” John smiled. “Sammy and you both married early birds.”

“Oh shh, John.” Mary swatted John’s shoulder.

Dean looked down at Celeste. “Kitten, you ok?”

“M tired, Daddy.” She mumbled.

“Is it too early to be awake?” He ran his fingers through her hair. “You feel ok?”

“Unca Ce!” Bradley jumped in front of Cas. “UP! UP!”

Cas scooped him up. “You ready to fly, Cowboy?”

“Yeah! Yeah!” He cheered.

“I’m scared.” She whispered in Dean’s ear. She looked up at him with teary eyes. “Daddy.”

Dean stood with her in his arms. “You’re coming with me, Darlin’”

“Daddy, I don’t wanna fly.” She whimpered.

“Hey, hey, this is a happy vacation time. Honey, Cas you keep a secret?”

“Yeah.” Celeste wiped her eyes.
“Daddy is scared of flying too. Only Cc knows. Daddy has never flown with Granny and Papa. Uncle Sam and Gabe have flown with once and Daddy was really, really drunk.” Dean smiled.

“Really?” She seemed to relax more. “Daddy’s not supposed to be scared.”

“I was a little boy once, too. Can you help me get through this flight? We can get through this together. We are going to have so much fun in Hawaii, sweetie.”

“Can I sit beside you, Daddy?” She asked.

“We are gonna be sitting three to a seat. Who do you want with you?”

“Cc. I’ll sit in the middle and you and Cc on both sides.”

“Let’s break the news to the family that Daddy and Cc get you all to ourselves.” Dean smiled and walked back to the family.

Dean sat back down with Celeste in his lap. Sam stood in front of Dean. “So, here’s the plan, Dean. It’s gonna be Mom with Kylee on the other side with the two of the three seats on that side. Gabe will be with Dalton and Jade in front of Mom and Kylee. On the other side will be Me, Dad, and Bradley, then in front of us will be you, Cas, and Celeste.

“That’s perfect. Celeste wanted to sit with her Daddies.” Dean smiled. “Mary and Kylee will be great entertainment.”

“Exactly.” Sam smiled.

“Come on, lovelies. We’re about to board.” Mary smiled.

Celeste stiffened. “Daddy.”

“It’s ok, sweetie.” Dean kissed the top of her head.

They got on the plane and soon the planed started rolling on the runway. They stopped ad they were second in line to take off. Celeste held Dean’s hand tightly. She was fine until the plane started moving down, faster and faster, and tilted back.

She gasped and now grabbed Dean’s hand with both of hers for dear life. Tears started rolling down her face. “It’s ok, Kitten.” Dean wrapped an arms around her while he forced down his own fear by gripping Cas’s hand.

“Daddy! Daddy!” She sobbed.

Immediately, Dean let go of his husbands hand, unbuckled his daughter and pulled Celeste in his arms. “Shh, shh, you’re ok. You’re safe. Daddy and Cc are here.”

“Daddy! I want off. I don’t wanna be on the plane!” She panicked. “I wanna go home. Daddy, Can we go home?”

“Shhh, baby, we can’t go home. We can’t stop the plane. You’re gonna have so much fun in Hawaii.” Dean kissed her head. “You’re safe, sweetheart. Look at me, baby girl.”

Celeste peeked up at Dean.

“Me and Cc are going to protect you. You are safe. You are going to have so much fun. Dean ran his fingers through her hair. “Take a deep breath for me.”
Celeste did as she was told. “Daddy.”

Cas pulled Celeste into his arms. “Hey, little angel. My sweet little angel. Remember you are always safe in Cc’s arms. Cc has powerful angel arms that will always keep you safe. Safe and sound.” He rocked her side to side.

***
Chapter 5

It was a very long flight. Dean carried Celeste off the plane. Gabe carried Bradley and everyone else walked.

Once everyone was settled in the hotel Dean and Cas had time to talk with Celeste watching TV. “So, how do you want to tell the family?” Cas asked surfing through his things to find what to wear.

“Just sometime during dinner. Now, hurry up and pick a damn shirt.” Dean smiled as he pulled on a nice Henley.

“I was so glad when Celeste was able to fall asleep.” Cas smiled.

“When you pulled her into your arms and she calmed down, settled my stomach. Seeing her freak out like that twisted my insides into knots.’ Dean frowned and held his stomach.

“I think she will be better on the flight back.” Cas nodded as he changed. He watched Dean not remove his hand from his stomach.

“She’s content right now.” Dean frowned.

“You ok?” Cas asked and Dean shook his head. He covered his mouth and darted to the bathroom.

Cas made sure Celeste hadn’t noticed Dean getting sick. He walked back to the bathroom to find Dean standing by the sink. “Sweetie?”

“I’m ok…” Dean gagged and jerked towards the toilet again, but stopped. “Yeah, I’m good.”

“I’ll get some anti-nausea medicine.” Cas nodded.

“Thanks Darlin’.”

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“Well, please tell me that isn’t my oldest son wearing a flower in his hair.” John laughed.

Dean smiled while he walked towards his father with a Hawaiian flower pin in his hair. “it was the only way I could think of to get Celeste to wear one.”

“Daddy looks pretty with the flower in his hair.” Celeste smiled.

“Oh hush, John, Dean you look adorable.” Mary spoke. “C’mon, lovelies, come and sit. We have been waiting on y’all.”

“Great.” Dean walked over to the table. “Evening everyone.”

“T ook you long enough. Nice flower.” Sam smiled with Bradley in his lap.

“Have y’all already order your drinks?” Cas sat down and pulled out a chair for Celeste.

“Yeah, but we haven’t ordered.” Sam smiled glancing at Dalton.

They all sat down, Dean, Cas and Celeste got their drink orders. “We’re in Hawaii, Dean-o, buy some fancy alcohol drink.” Gabe smiled.
Dean looked over to Cas. They smiled and nodded. “Uh, Mom, Dad, Sam, Gabe, kids…Me and Cas have something to tell y’all.”

Mary perked up and John smiled. “Did you get promoted? A raise? Both?”

“Mama, me and Gabe own a bakery. Can’t get much higher than that. Especially since I was a stay home Dad three years ago and a mechanic 5 years ago.” Dean smiled.

“Then what, Dean?” Sam asked.

Cas pulled out his wallet. “Well, uh, I’m pregnant.” Dean looked across the table at all the stares. “Cas, show’em the sonogram.”

Mary smiled brightly. “Dean!”

“He’s about 12-13 weeks along.” Cas passed the picture around. Celeste tugged on Cas’s sleeve. “Yes, Kitten?”

“Cc, what’s going on?”

Cas pulled the girl into his lap. “Well, sweetie, you’re gonna be a big sister. There’s a baby growing in Daddy’s tummy.”

“A baby?”

“Yeah, sweet pea. You’re gonna be a big sister.” Dean spokes as Sam handed him back the picture. “Look, this is what the baby looks like in my tummy.”

“When will the baby come?” She beamed a smile.

“It takes 9-10 months for the baby to be born. I’m 3 months pregnant. Can you do the math?” Dean tapped his daughter’s nose.

“Uh…” She was just starting to learn simple math.

“6-7 more months.” Dalton smiled.

Sam patted his eldest son’s head. “Good job, Sport.”

“Are you excited, sugar?” Dean asked.

“Yeah! I want lots of brothers and sisters, like Uncle Sam and Gabe.” She beamed.

Cas about spit out his drink. “How many?”

“A lot.”

“I don’t know, Kitten. Let’s just think about this one, right now.” Dean cleared his throat.

“Ok.” She shrugged and went back to her kids menu and colored.

Gabe pulled Dean aside after supper. “Dean-o, believe me when I say, she won’t care if she has one brother/sister or five of both.”

“I know, Gabe. I just wasn’t expecting that kinds of reaction.”
“Why aren’t you showing?” Gabe scoffed. “Sam blows up like balloon.”

“Did you forget how big of a surprise Cesete was? Or did it slip your memory?”

“That doesn’t mean a thing. You were in a depressed state, not eating, sleeping, and worked yourself into the ground.” Gabe quipped. “Lift your shit, show your belly, Princess.”

“No way, Sugar.” Dean shook his head. “This is all Cas’s property.”

“And Sam’s all mine, now uppsy daisy.” Gabe egged.

Dean rolled his eyes and lifted his shirt. His firm muscular abdomen had gotten soft. “Happy now?”

Gabe whistled. “If I wasn’t married to your brother I would put a twenty in your pants. When you’re a little soft you’re still sexy as Hell.”

“Oh ok, I’m getting Sam. You’re drunk.” Dean pointed and started walking towards the outside of the restaurant where the rest of the family herded off too. “Sammy?”

“Yeah?”

“Your husband is drunk and hitting on me.” Dean smirked.

“Dammit, Gabriel.” Sam rolled his eyes. “Can you watch Brad?”

Dean crouched down. “C’mere, Marshmallow.”

Bradley trotted over to Dean. “Can I has your flower?”

“You’re gonna have to ask Celeste if you can have it.” Dean smirked and looked at his daughter holding Kylee’s hand with Jade, Cas and Mary. He ruffled the boys hair. “Atta boy.”

Bradley toddled over to Celeste with Dean behind him. “Leste?”

“Yeah, Bradley?”

“Can I had Unca Dee’s flower?”

Celeste looked at Dean then at Bradley. “Ok.”

Bradley beamed a smile and turned to Dean. He watched Dean take the flower and tucked it into Bradley’s hair. The toddler smiled at Celeste. “Look, Leste, I gots flower like you!”

“I like it, Bradley.” She smiled.

***
Chapter 6

Dean stood in the waist deep water of the shallow end of the pool. Celeste sat on the edge. “Wanna get in, lovebug?”

She shook her head. “Where’s Ce?”

“He went with Uncle Gabe, Dalton and Bradley.” Dean placed his hands on either side of the girl.

“Where’s Granny, Kylee and Jade?”

Dean smirked. “You didn’t want to go with the girls to spa day.”

“Where’s Papa and Uncle Sam?”

“At the bar, right over there. It’s just you and me, butterfly.” Dean lifted her up.

“No, Daddy!” She squealed. “I don’t wanna swim.”

“Kitten, swimming is fun.” He slowly began to descend until he was on his knees, the water to his neck, and Celeste hoisted herself higher. “See, sweetie. The water is fun. It’s like a big bathtub just filled of Chlorine and people. Less soap and less naked.”

She giggled.

“Y’all having fun?”

Dean looked up to find John and Sam standing by the edge holding beer. “Quit tempting me with alcohol, fellas.”

“Sorry, son. Just because you got a bun in the oven doesn’t mean we can’t drink, just means you can’t drink.” John snorted.

“Wanna join us?” Dean asked.

“I’m gonna call Gabe.” Sam backed away.

John got down on the edge of the pool and dipped his feet in. “Sam seems a little on edge since last night.”

“Do you have any ideas?” Dean twirled around watching Celeste smile.

“No, after your sonogram picture was passed around Sam got quiet and Gabe got drunk.” John took a pull of his beer.

“You think Sam’s pregnant again?” Dean asked gently wet Celeste’s hair with his hand.

“Unless he is planning on abortion, no. Sam has been drinking like he normally does.” John shook his head. “I have a bad feeling about it.”

“Sam’ll come around soon enough. Just like he always does.” Dean turned his head to Celeste. “Liking the water, now? Little cece?”

“Yeah.” She nodded.
“Dad, you and me both know Sam will tell us everything sooner or later. He’s just like Mom.” Dean nodded.

Sam came back to the edge of the pool. “Cas and Gabe are on their way back.”

“Yeah, are they gonna meet us here or at the beach or something?”

“Uh—do y’all mind watching Bradley and Dalton when they get here? I have to talk to Gabriel.” Sam frowned.

“Yeah, sure, Sammy. Is there something wrong?” Dean asked bouncing gently up and down in the water.

“Uh—“

“Uncle Sammy! I got in the water.” Celeste smiled.

Suddenly, a smile appeared on Sam’s face. It was like Celeste was an angel sent from God. “Daddy got you to get in the pool?”

“Yeah. He said it was like a big bathtub.” She giggled.

“That’s what your Daddy does. He gets you to try things that you might not like, but you end up loving it.” Sam answered.

“Celeste, you want to get out and dry off and maybe nibble on some snacks.”

“No, Celeste wants to spend time with her Papa. Is that right squirt?” John slipped into the pool.

Dean hopped out of the pool. “C’mon, Sammy. Let’s get some sun for our hubbies.”

Sam looked down at his hands. “It’s complicated.”

Sam wiped a hand down his face. Dean knew his little brother was crying. “Dean…”

“Squirt, what’s up, Sammy?” Dean faced his brother. “Something is buggin you. Something’s ruining this vacation for you. This was supposed to be fun. Relaxing and smiling, family time. You always say we don’t spend enough time together.”

Dean hopped out of the pool. “C’mon, Sammy. Let’s get some sun for our hubbies.”

Sam looked down at his hands. “It’s complicated.”

“Then make it uncomplicated.” Dean blurted out. “Talk to me, Sam.”

“Gabe and I are having relationship problems.” Sam spoke softly.

“So? Every relationship has problems.” Dean shrugged. “You and Gabe have been married since Kylee was two and y’all have been together since you were 15. That’s over 10 years. Your relations with Gabe is solid.”

Sam wiped a hand down his face. Dean knew his little brother was crying. “Dean…”

“What’s wrong, Sammy?” Dean glanced over to John and Celeste who were splashing away.

“Sammy?”
“I cheated.”

“What?” Dean gasped. “Sam?”

“4 months ago…I want on this business trip with my partner, Brady…” Sam held his head in his hands. “I was stressed…Brady got me drunk and we slept together…unprotected. I felt so guilty for doing it. It hit it from him for as long as possible but.—”

“You’re pregnant.” Dean spoke monotone. “Fake alcohol.”

“Yeah, 16 weeks tomorrow.” Sam spoke quietly. “Gabe hates me…”

“No, he doesn’t. Gabe would never hate you. Y’all built a family together.”

“He wants a divorce.” Sam said flat out.

“Sammy…”

“No, he can’t stand to look at me. He has been sleeping in the guestroom since he found out. We put on a front for the kids, but he can’t hold off much longer.” Sam whimpered.

“Gabe loves you, Sammy. Don’t ever forget that. Yeah, things are going to be hell until that baby is born, but Gabe will never stop loving you.” Dean patted Sam’s knee. “But seriously Sammy, I’m working on #2.”

Sam tried to smile. “I’m going to my room. When Gabe, the boys, and Cas get back, ask Gabe to meet in the room.”

“Of course.” Dean nodded and watched Sam leave. He watched John play with his daughter. He hadn’t even notice Dalton jumping into the pool with John and Celeste. He about jumped out of his shoulder. ‘Fuck, Cas.”

“Maybe later, Dean-o. Not with me and my kids and yours, plus your father around.” Gabe smirked.

“You sure were deep into thought.” Cas smirked.

Dean flicked his eyes to Gabe. “Gabe, Sam wanted to talk with you in your room. He said it was very important.”

“I’m gonna play with Celeste.” Cas walked away.

Gabe sat down beside Dean. “Sam told you.”

“Sam can’t hide things from me.” Dean spoke softly. “He’s really torn up about it.”

“He should be, I never thought he would do something like that. It seemed like something I would do, not Sam.”

Dean could feel Gabe’s anger. “Gabe, I understand that you are angry. Please, let Sam talk to you. He’d never do this on purpose. He loves you. He never stopped loving you.”

“I’m gonna go talk to Sam.” Gabe rose to his feet.

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Beaches, pools, food, sun, tourist crap, and more beaches was the rest of the week. Sam and Gabe
were tense and putting on a fake face.

Up until the last day. “Gabe calm down, what are you saying?”

“He’s gone. Disappeared, I woke up this morning and his stuff was gone. He’s suitcase, clothes, wallet, shoes, carryon bag, laptop, everything but mine and the kids’ stuff and the kids. Our plane leaves in a few hours and my husband is nowhere to be found.”

“Calm down, Gabe, Sam is fine. He’ll be back before the plane takes off.” Cas paced the hotel room with Celeste sleeping in the bed. Dean wasn’t in the room but his stuff was still here.

“Where’s Dean? I need to speak with him.” Gabe panicked.

“I don’t know where he is right now. His stuff is still here.” Cas looked around.

Suddenly the hotel door opened and Dean slid inside with a worried expression. “Who are you talking too?”

“Gabe, Sam is missing.” Cas covering part of the phone.

“Let me talk to him.” He walked over to Cas. The man handed the phone to the Winchester.

“Gabe?”

“Dean, tell me you know where Sam is.”

Cas watched Dean’s posture. He was holding his stomach. “You’re not gonna like it.”

“I didn’t like finding out Sam was pregnant with Kylee at 18. I didn’t like finding out my husband was pregnant with another man’s baby.”

“He’s gone, Gabe.”

“What?”

“He got on a red eye last night at 3 in the morning.” Dean spoke shakier.

‘Dean, please tell me you know what the hell my husband was thinking by leaving.”

“He flew to California, not Kansas.” Dean huffed.

“What is he going to do? File for divorce? Plastic surgery, Botox, or file a restraining order and run away?”

“He didn’t say. Gabe, I didn’t drive him. He called me in California an hour ago.” Dean looked pale.

“Why would he do something like this, Dean?”

“Same reason he let you fuck him and get knocked up. Because he loves you.” Dean closed his eyes. Cas watched a tear drip down Dean’s cheek. “He’s pretty broken up right now. Whatever you said he took his heart.”

Cas touched Dean’s cheek and took the phone. “Gabriel, we have to go, Celeste is waking up.” Cas spoke as Dean darted to the bathroom. “We’re all still meeting up in the lobby at check out.”

As Cas hung up with his brother. Dean walked out of the bathroom. “Cas…”
“What’s going on, Dean?”

“Sam’s getting an abortion in California to make things better between them so they can go back to normal. Where he wasn’t carrying another man’s baby.” Dean said with a very shaky voice.

“Oh no, Dean.” Cas walked over to Dean.

“He’s 16 weeks, Cas.”

“Did you try to talk him out of it?” Cas cupped his husband’s face.

“I tried, but Sam was deadest on it. He was completely serious.” Dean grabbed Cas’s wrists. “Cas, my brother is killing a baby in California.”

“This is Sam’s choice, Dean. If he feels like this is the right thing to do, that’s his right.” Cas wiped Dean’s tears with his thumbs. “We might not like it, but this is Sam’s choice.”

“Fucking hormones.” Dean felt a tug on his pants. He looked down at Celeste who was frowning and rubbing her eyes. “Celeste, sweetie. Good morning.”

“What’s wrong, Daddy?”

“Nothing, Sugar. Uncle Sammy just got himself into a pickle.”

“What happened?” She asked while Dean lifted her in his arms.

“Nothing too bad, let’s get you ready for the long plane flight.”

“Don’t wanna fly.” She frowned.

Dean smirked. “The flight wasn’t that bad.”

Celeste was attached to Cas’s leg while Dean tried to get a hold of Sam. Cas was checking them out of the hotel.

“Come on, Sammy.” Dean groaned, but he answered. “Sammy?”

“Hey, Dean.” Sam sounded upset.

“How are you?” He couldn’t figure out what to say to his brother.

“Oh—I’m ok.” Sam cleared his throat.

“Have you—done it?” Dean began to bite his nails.

“No, uh—it’s gonna happen tomorrow.”

“Gabe is gonna be there tomorrow. He’s freaking out. He called Cas panicked about your whereabouts.”

“I know, I’ve listened to all of his messages. I can’t tell him.”

“I haven’t told him what you were doing. I just told him you were in Cali doing something he must have said to you, but Sammy, really think about what you are doing.”
“I have thought about it. I don’t wanna lose my husband. I don’t wanna force my kids to be in a broken home.”

Dean nodded as he saw Gabe walked over to them. “I gotta go Sammy. Be careful. Text Gabe your location.”

“No, Dean. He’ll just try to stop me even though this is what he wanted.”

Dean sighed. “Ok, Sam. Text me when everything is done. Please? Let me know you’re ok.”

“I will, Dean. I’ll be fine.”

“Bye, Sam.” Dean hung up.

Gabe walked over to Dean. “Was that Sam?” He was holding Bradley hand.

“Where is Kylee and Jade, uh—and Dalton?”

“They are with John and Mary.” Gabe looked down at Bradley. “They already checked out—now, was that Sam?”

“Yes, it was, but Gabe, Sam doesn’t want you to know where he is.”

“I already know. I’m taking a different flight.”

“You can’t do that, Gabe. That means you’re leaving all four of your kids with me, Cas and my parents.”

“What else am I supposed to do?” Gabe blurted.

Dean looked down at Bradley. “Bradley, do you wanna ride on the plane with Uncle Dean?”

“Yeah!” he chanted.

***
Chapter 7

4 Weeks Later…

“Yes, Kylee, you can babysit Celeste Thursday with Papa.” Dean flopped on the couch. “It would be great while me and Uncle Cas go to the baby doctor.”

Celeste darted across the living room with Cas on her tail.

“How is Daddy?” Dean ran his fingers through his hair. “Can I talk to him?”

There was a long pause. “Dean?”

“Hey Sammy.” Dean cleared his throat.

“What’s going on? Kylee got the phone before I got there.”

“No, its fine, Sam. Kylee volunteered to babysit Celeste Thursday wi—”

“Why would you do that? She’s only ten. I wouldn’t leave her alone to babysit Celeste.”

“Calm down, Sam. You really think I’m that stupid?” Dean snapped back.

“I don’t know, Dean. You just told me that you would let my ten year old daughter watch over your five year old daughter.”

Dean was taken back by Sam’s anger. He looked around for his daughter. “What the fuck is your problem, Sam?”

“My problem is that you are telling lies to my daughter. I trust Kylee enough to let her watch the kids while we were out of the room, but never by herself.”

Dean was getting angry. “Sam! What’s wrong with you? I’m not stupid, I was gonna—”

Apparently you are stupid if you think a ten year old should babysit a five year old. Nothing is wrong with me. Something must be wrong with you to think that. You must be damn stupid.”

Dean couldn’t find words to say to his brother. He cleared his throat and watched Celeste creep into the living room from the kitchen. She must have heard his yells. “I told Kylee she could babysit with Gabriel. I know Kylee is too young to babysit alone, Sam, but thanks for telling me how low my intelligence is since I am but only a former mechanic, turned baker.”

“Why would you leave that piece of information out? Why make me assume you were going to let my daughter do something like that? What kind of brother are you? How stupid are you to leave out the most important piece of information?”

Dean immediately hung up the phone. He ran his fingers through his hair. Him and Sam had been on rocky road ever since the vacation. Sam and Gabe were better but Dean and Sam haven’t seen eye to eye. His phone rang again. “Screw you, Sam.”

“No, Dean, it’s Gabe. I heard everything Sam said. I’m sorry he didn’t mean it. He doesn’t mean a word of it. Calling you stupid would be like calling me moron. You and I own a bakery together and you handle most of the money stuff.”
“Thanks, Gabe. It’s just hearing my brother say how incredibly stupid I am…it hurts. What if Cas told you that Kylee volunteered to babysit Celeste on Thursday.”

“I’d ask if Sam was gonna join you because she was too young.”

“That’s understandable. I was gonna tell him that I had already asked you and Kylee knew that. Sam just flipped out and insulted me.”

“I’m so sorry, Dean. I will talk to him. After everything he has changed.”

“I knew that. He tried to pick a fight every time. I speak with him.” Dean rubbed his temple. “Why is he mad at me?”

“Let me talk to him. I’ll see you Thursday.” Gabe hung up.

Celeste jumped up on the couch and squished herself against Dean. “Daddy, are you ok?”

“I’m ok, Darlin.” Dean wrapped an arm around her. “Are you ok?”

‘Yeah, Daddy. I chased Cc and he chased me. He hit his knee on the door frame so he said he had to take a breather.’

“Well, let’s go see if Cc is ok.” Dean stood from the couch. “Cc, are you ok?”

Celeste held onto Dean’s pants leg. “Cc?”

“Yes, I’m fine, just meditating on the floor.” Cas spoke covering his eyes with his forearms.

“Cc, are you crying?”

“No, Cc’s don’t’ cry.” Cas removed his arms. Dean could easily see the tear tracks.

“Oh, Darlin. I know I have told Celeste many times about running in the house.”

“Yeah, Cc, you could get hurt running in the house.” Celeste spoke.

“See Celeste, this is what happens when you run in the house.” Dean smiled.

Cas sat up. “Kitten, could you go play in your room?”

“But I wanna know you’re ok.” She frowned.

“I’m ok, darling.” Cas began to stand. “Really, now. Can you do as I say and go to the playroom or your bedroom?”

“Yes, sir.” She climbed the stairs.

Cas pushed Dean back into the living room. “I heard you get pretty upset over the phone. Are you alright?”

“I guess. Sam chose to pick a fight. Kylee was gonna babysit Celeste with Gabe, but Sam freaked out before I said with Gabe. Sam flipped and he told me that I was so damn stupid.”

“He didn’t mean it, Dean. Sam would never mean that. He knows how hard you work.”

Dean sighed. “Does he? I didn’t go to college like he did. I worked as a mechanic until Celeste was born, then just up and started a bakery with Gabe. I do most of the finances, but I’m no college
“I don’t know what has gotten into Sam, but I’m not liking it. Is Gabe gonna talk with him?”

“Yeah, but what is that gonna do?”

“Try to help. You work with my brother, he won’t lie to you.” Cas took Dean’s hands. “Don’t let Sam get to you.”

***
“Is the baby kicking?” Celeste asked poking his head to the bed of Dean and Cas. “Daddy?”

Dean snorted. “What? Huh?”

“Is the baby kicking?” She asked again.

“Uh, I don’t know sweetheart. I can’t tell if the baby is kicking if I’m asleep.”

Celeste crawled on the bed in between Dean and Cas. “Why did we not figure out if it’s a boy or a girl?”

Cas took a deep breath and lifted his head. “Huh? Morning.” He mumbled.

“Morning, Cc.”

“Morning, Kitten.” Cas sat up.

“Cc, why didn’t we ask if it was a boy or a girl?” Celeste snuggled between her dads.

“We wanted it to be surprise.” Cas mumbled.

“I wanna know if I’m gonna have a brother or a sister.”

Dean sat up. “Why are you asking a month after the appointment?”

“Just, I changed my mind I wanna know.” She whined.

“Sweetheart, you’ll know in 16 weeks.”

“But I wanna know now.” She whined.

“M sorry, Darlin.”

“Why?”

Dean swung his legs over the side of the bed. “Baby is telling me to go to the bathroom.”

“I WANNA KNOW!”

“Shh, shhh, Celeste.” Cas wrapped his arms around her.

“NO, let go, Cc.” She yanked Cas’s arms off her.

“Celeste Brae Winchester, calm down. You know better than yank Daddy and Cc.” Celeste gave a high pitched whine. “Celeste, what is wrong with you?” Cas asked sternly.

“I wanna know, now!” She yelled.

Cas covered his daughter’s mouth. “Celeste, if you yell like that again I will spank you. Honey, I was thinking about at the next appointment asking if we could know the gender, but not with that attitude.”
Tears instantly bubbled up in her eyes. Dean walked in. “Put away the tears, Sugar. You know tears don’t work on us.”

“I’m sorry, Daddy, Cc.” She rubbed her eyes.

“It’s ok, sweetheart. It’s early go lay down in bed for a little longer.” Dean plucked her off the bed. She trotted down back to her room. “Damn.”

“She has your attitude.” Cas smirked.

“She acts like you.” Dean replied back rubbing his stomach which had blown up quite a bit.

“Would you mind to figure out the gender of the baby?” Cas folded his legs into Indian style. “Celeste seemed so eager to know.”

“I don’t care. I couldn’t care less if we are having a boy or a girl.”

“We would have a peppy little 1st grader again.” Cas smirked. “We would be able to pick out the correct gender baby clothes and toys. We could paint the walls pink or blue.”

“Fine.” Dean sighed.

“I’m not convinced.” Cas frowned.

Dean placed his hands on his back. “Because I want to be surprised. If I wanted to know I would have asked at the 20 week appointment.”

“You saw how upset Celeste was.” Cas pointed out the dilemma.

“Well, she’s gonna learn you can’t always get what you want.” Dean grunted.

“Please, don’t get upset over this.” Cas sighed.

“Sorry, I’m sorry.” Dean crawled back into the bed. “I just wanted to be surprised.”

“That’s ok, I will tell Celeste. I will get her to understand. I think we all need more sleep.”

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“Oh there.” Dean smiled. “There.”

“Right there?” Cas asked while they sat on the couch. “Oh yeah, right there.”

“The bugger is getting bigger.” Dean rubbed his swell.

“Celeste really wants to know the gender.”

Dean set his feet on the coffee table. “She’s got 16 more weeks. She only freaked out three days ago.”

“Your 24 week appointment is tomorrow.” Cas laced his fingers with Dean’s. “You and I know already that we want one more after this one Maybe that one we could be surprised on.”

“Cas, please, stop egging this on.” Dean tilted his head back.

“I’m not trying to start something but Celeste has been pouting since you said no.” Cas groaned.
Dean traced a circle in his swell. “Just stop, Cas.”

“Promise me you will give it some thought. Please?” Cas begged.

“Fine, but the answer is probably gonna be the same.”

“That’s all I ask.” Cas rose from the couch. “You hungry? I can fix you anything you are craving.”

“No, I’m fine, right now.” Dean closed his eyes.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I gotta pick Celeste up from the bus stop in half an hour.”

“Are we going to the baby doctor?” Celeste asked the next day.

“Yes, sweetheart. We just have to get home and pick up Cc.” Dean spoke as they walked down the street. “Are you excited to see the baby on the ultrasound screen?”

“Yeah, Ruby says that she saw her little sister wave.” She smiled.

“Did Mrs. Rowena have her yet?” Dean placed the hand not holding Celeste’s hand on his back.

“Yeah, Mrs. Rowena had her baby last month. Right after school started. Her name is Lilith.”

“So, Crowley, Ruby and Baby Lilith McCloud?” Dean smirked.

“Yeah. When you have the baby can me and Ruby have a playdate so Lilith and the baby can play too.” Celeste smiled.

“Maybe, Darlin.” Dean saw Cas standing by the Impala. “Right now, we are heading to the OBGYN office.”

“Kitten, the faster you get over here the faster we can get going.” Cas smiled.

Celeste took off leaving Dean to waddle his way to the car that he was letting Cas drive. It took them 20 minutes to pull into the parking lot. “Alright Cc, you take Celeste to the waiting room and check in. Daddy’s gotta take a potty break.”

“Dean Winchester?”

“Yeah, that’s me. C’mon guys.” Dean stood.

Celeste shut up from her seat and took Cas’s hand. “We get to see the baby.” She squealed.

The nurse smiled. “Someone is excited. Are you excited to see your baby brother or sister?”

“Yeah.” She smiled.

Cas walked beside Dean hand in hand. Dean his hand across his swell. “Man, this bugger is moving around.”

“Hope we get some good pictures.” Cas smiled. “Keep moving, little bugger.”
“No, calm down.” Dean frowned as they entered the room.

“Ok, Mr. Winchester. Dr. Fitzgerald will be here shortly.” She smiled.

“Thanks.” Dean sat on the table and leaned back and propped on his arms. Celeste stepped up on the little step that helps the shorter people get on the table. She slotted herself between Dean’s legs and placed her hands on Dean’s belly. “Trying to feel baby?”

“You said baby was moving a lot, I wanna feel.” She beamed her big blues at Dean.

“Kitten, your hands are glued to me. You feel baby kick, all the time.” Dean pushed hair out of Celeste’s face.

“Hello? Hello?” Dr. Fitzgerald opened the door. “Everybody ready to see a baby?”

“Yeah!” Celeste squealed.

“Alrighty.” Garth smiled.

“Alright, Garth. Let’s get started.” Dean sat back on his elbows.

He walked over to Dean’s side. “Celeste watch closely. I’m gonna measure your Daddy’s belly.”

She looked so excited. “Why do you do that?”

“I have to see how big your Daddy’s tummy has gotten since last time and see if it’s as big other 24 week pregnant bellies.”

“Daddy has gotten bigger. He can’t bend over when something falls over. He has to have Cc help put on his shoes.”

“That’s perfectly normal.” Garth smiled. “Dean, you are right where you need to be.”

“Can we do the ultrasound, now?” Celeste locked her hands together. “Please?”

Garth laughed. “This is the reason you joined us this afternoon.”

“Yeah!” She squealed.

“Sorry about that, Doc. She’s a squealer like her father.” Dean smiled as he unbuttoned his jean button.

“I wanna see! I wanna see!”

“I haven’t even started yet, girly.” Garth smiled.

“Celeste, sweetie. Come sit in Cc’s lap. You’ll have a better view.” Cas patted his lap.

She trotted over while Garth sat on a stool and squeezed cool gel on Dean’s stomach. “What’s that?”

“That’s inside Daddy’s tummy.” Garth moved the wand around. “I’m trying to find baby right now.”

“He’s in Daddy’s tummy why do you have to look for him?”

“You think baby is a boy?” Cas asked.

“I don’t wanna have a baby sister.” She frowned.
Dean laughed. “You’ll be happy if you get a sister though?”

“Yes, I just want a baby brother.” She blinked and then nodded.

“Oh hey, your laughing popped the baby out of hiding.” Garth smiled. “Right there is the baby’s heartbeat.”

“Daddy! Daddy! The baby has a heartbeat.” Celeste squealed.

“I see, Kitten.” Dean smiled. He looked at the screen then at his daughter and her excitement. “Hey Doc, I changed my mind.”

“On what?” Garth looked up.

Cas beamed a smile. “I wanna know the sex of the baby.”

“Oh really?” Garth raised an eyebrow.

“Really Daddy?” Celeste smiled.

“Yeah, C’mon Doc. Boy or girl?” Dean smiled.

“Imma have to look again. Hold on a moment.” Garth went silent for a few beats. “Ok, right there is the foot.”

“C’mon Doc.” Celeste squealed and Cas burst into laughter. “What Cc?”

“Nothing, Kitten.” Cas wiped tears of laughter from his eye.

“Well, Celeste, you’re gonna have a baby brother.” Garth smiled.

“A brother?” She beamed.

“Yeah, girly.” Garth took some pictures then wiped Dean’s belly free of gel.

“Thanks, Garth. Sorry, I changed my mind.” Dean buttoned his pants then sat up.

“It’s not a problem. Kids are a big influence on whether you find out or not.” Garth took his gloves off. “Alright, everything looks fine. He looks healthy and a good size. I want you back in 4 weeks. Just a routine appointment.”

“Sound good. Thanks again.” Dean got off the table.

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Cas got Celeste out of the car. “Hurry, Cc.” She squirmed.

“I’m hurrying. Go ring the doorbell.” Cas set her on the ground.

“Yes, Mama. We found out the sex of the baby. If you wanna find out you’re gonna have go over to Sam’s house.” Dean waddled over to Cas.

“You and Sam are on good terms?” Mary asked.

“I don’t know anymore. Gabe tells me Sam regrets everything he says to me, but when I talk to him he gets angry.”
“Does he know you’re there?”

“I called Gabe when we left the appointment. Just Mom get Dad and come over to Sam’s.”

“Alright, don’t start anything.”

Dean hung up and took Cas’s hand and they watched Celeste reach and press the doorbell. Sam came to the door and smiled at Celeste. “Hey Celeste. What are you doing here?”

“Daddy called you when we left the baby doctor.” She frowned.

“Hey Sammy.” Dean smiled.

“You called me?” Sam looked confused.

“Gabe answered. He said he would tell you.” Dean walked up the stairs.

“He never did.” He let them inside.

“Can I talk to you in private, Sam?” Dean asked.

Sam frowned. “Yeah, sure.”

They walked into Sam and Gabe’s bedroom. “Are you ok?”

“Yes, I’m fine. Why?” Sam crossed his arms over his chest.

“Have you forgotten the fights we have been getting into the past two –three months?”

Sam cleared his throats and didn’t look directly at Dean. “I’m sorry about that Dean.”

“It’s ok, I just wanna know why you got so angry.”

He got quiet. Sam turned his back to Dean. He sat down on the bed. “I’ve had kinda a short rope since Hawaii.”

“Ya don’t say.” Dean placed his hands on his back. “Sammy, you crossed a line.”

“I’m sorry, Dean. I didn’t mean what I said.” Sam frowned. “You’re not stupid. I know how hard you work. The bakery wouldn’t be where it is now without you. For the past few months I have been worried that I did the right thing in California.”

“You saved yours and Gabe’s relationship. If you had that baby you and him would have probably gotten a divorce. Things were bad, but they are better now.”

“Can we put this behind us, please?” Sam tried to smile.

“Only if you don’t snap at me again for no reason.” Dean sighed.

“I promise. So, why did you and the fam show up?” Sam smiled softly.

“Celeste broke me and Cas and we found out the sex of the baby.” Dean smiled.

“Have you told anybody?”

“Cas and Celeste were in the room when I found out.” Dean smiled.
They walked into the living room and Cas, Gabe and the kids were all there. “C’mon, Uncle Cas! Please! We’ll act surprised.” Jade and Dalton begged.

“Jade and Dalton…” Sam said sternly.

“Sorry, Dad.” They said in unison.

“Mom and Dad should be here soon.” Dean looked at his watch.

“You can go ahead and tell us. We can be really surprised for Granny and Grandpa.” Dalton begged.

“Yeah, I wanna know, now!” Bradley whined.

Sam scooped Brad up in his arms. “Bradley. It will be awesome if we all found out together.”

“But they already knows!” Bradley frowned.

“That’s your cousin, that’s Celeste’s brother or sister.”

“Celeste smiled. “Can’t wait until Granny and Papa get here.”

Ten minutes later Mary and John got there. They talked for a while. “Dean, honey, can you please reveal the gender.” Mary begged.

“Celeste do you wanna tell everybody?”

She brought her hand to her mouth. “I’m gonna have a baby brother!”

“It’s a boy.” Dean smiled.

***
Chapter 9

3 Months Later…

“When will the baby come?” Celeste asked when Cas picked her up from the bus stop.

“Hopefully soon because Daddy is not liking it anymore. He just wants to hold Chezden in his arms.”

“I want to see Chezden.”

They stepped into the house to see Dean walked around the house. “Daddy, what are you doing?”

“Getting Chezden ready to come out.” Dean walked with them into the living room.

He sat slowly down. “Do you think he’s ready to come soon?”

“God, I hope so. Come on Chez. We wanna meet you and Celeste is getting eager. You gotta come out some time sooner or later.” Dean whined.

“If he doesn’t come by the end of the week we’ll go get you induced.” Cas sat down beside Dean.

“I don’t wanna induce, Cas. I want this to be natural 100% completely without medication.”

“Then pray he makes his arrival soon. Maybe we could walk Celeste to the park. She was telling me last night that that’s what Rowena did with her newest.”

“Yeah, let’s go now.” Dean scooted to the edge of the couch and hoisted himself to his feet.

“YaY! Park!” Celeste cheered.

Celeste was overjoyed when she saw Ruby at the park. She darted towards her best friend, while Dean headed to the park bench that Rowena sat at with 3 month old, Lilith.

“Oh, Deany-boy. I thought you would have had the wee one by now.” Rowena spoke. “Does the little bugger just like his home?”

“Rowena, do you know any natural induce remedies?” Dean sat down and rubbed his middle. “I thought last week those Braxton hicks should have been real ones.”

“Exercise, spicy foods, castor oil, Acupuncture, acupressure, eating date fruit, walking up and down stairs, keeping upright or standing, my favorite---nipple massages and sex.”

“Thanks, Rowena, but I think those last two things aren’t an option cause of Celeste.”

“Non-sense, my boy. Me and Luci have 3 kids, you can have sex.” She smiled. “Tomorrow is Friday. Ruby and Celeste can have a sleepover and you and Cas can try all of the remedies including sex.”

“That would be great.” Dean sighed.

The Scottish woman gasped. “I know! Celeste can sleepover tonight, so you could get it on with
your hubby."

“Hey! The hubby is right over here.” Cas walked over to the two. “But yeah that would be great, Rowena.”

Dean rubbed a hand down the front of his stomach. “He moves around like he wants out, but doesn’t want the full commitment.”

“He’ll come out when he’s ready. Don’t worry, Deany-boy.” Rowena smiled.

Ruby and Celeste came running over to them. “Mama!”

“Yes, sweetheart?”

“Celeste says Mr. Dean hasn’t had her brother yet.”

Dean smiled. “You’re right, Ruby.”

Rowena leaned down. “Ruby, darling, how would you like it if Celeste spends the night at our house?”

The two girls beamed smiles. Celeste turned to Dean and Cas. “Please Daddy and Cc?”

“Yeah, sweetheart.” Dean shifted in his seat.

“Can we go now?” Celeste squealed.

“Sure, Me and Daddy will show up late with a change of clothes.” Cas nodded.

“Ruby and Celeste are about the same size they can share clothes.” Rowena smiled.

Dean and Cas watched Rowena take the girl to the car with the 3 month old. “A whole weekend of sex, no, no pregnant sex.” Cas smiled.

“Uh—Cas, I don’t think that’s gonna happen.’ Dean cleared his throat. “A contraction hit as they were walking away.”

“Seriously? Before we can have pregnant sex? Chezden is a serious party pooper.” Cas frowned but then smiled. “Should we head to the hospital?”

“Not yet.” Dean stood from the park bench. They got halfway before contractions started. “Oh wow, that’s a contraction.”

“You alright?”

“Yeah, yeah. Time those.” Dean kept walking through the contraction. “Damn, I forgot the labor with Celeste.”

“You’re gonna do great. You did great with Celeste and she was a mighty surprise.”

“Let’s just walk home. From there I’ll figure it out.” Dean waddled.

“Your water hasn’t broken yet, we can still have sex.” Cas smiled. “I understand if you’re not in the mood, but I read up and as long as your water hasn’t broken we can have sex.”

Dean walked up the porch and leaned forward and blew air through his mouth. “Not in the mood,
“They are five minutes apart. We should head to the hospital.” Cas unlocked the door.

“Just make an overnight bag. I’ll call Sam, then Mom and Dad, then Rowena.” Dean straightened up.

Cas nodded and jogged upstairs. He pulled out his phone and dialed Sam’s number. “Hey Dean, this isn’t a good time…I’m gonna have to call you back.” Sam hung up.

Dean groaned. “Fuck, Sam, you know I need you to be close to the phone because I was gonna go into labor.” He dialed John and Mary. “Hey Dad.”

“How are you doing, Dean-o?”

“Uh-well, I’m in labor. Sam’s hung up on me. What’s going on there?”

“How about I go over to Sammy’s and Mary meet you at the hospital?”

“I’m gonna keep trying to get a hold of Sam.” Dean made his way to the couch.

“I’ll tell Mary to call when she gets to the hospital.”

“Thanks, Dad.” Dean hissed as a contraction built up.

“Take it easy, buck-o.” John hung up.

Dean groaned and dialed Rowena’s number. “Rowena, it’s Dean.”

“Oh Darlin, pregnant sex might not work the first time.”

“No, Ro, Chezden decide to join us right after your left.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful. Don’t worry I will take care of Celeste like she is my own until you are ready for her to visit you.”

“Thank you, Rowena. I owe you.”

“Oh, pish posh, all I ask is the next sleepover be at your house.”

“Deal.” Dean smiled.

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Chapter 10

“Fuck.” Dean gripped the hand rail in the car. “Solid 5 minutes.”

“You’re doing great, babe.”

“Sam answer your damn phone.” Dean groaned. “Sam?”

“Dean, I really can’t talk right now.”

“Sam, I really need you right now. I’m in labor, dammit”

“Fuck, Dean your kids are horrible with timing.” Sam grinned. “This really isn’t a good time.”

“I don’t give a damn. Either show up and help or don’t show up at all.” Dean hung up.

“What did Sam say?” Cas asked stopping at the stoplight. “Is he gonna meet us there?”

“I don’t know. He just told me he couldn’t talk at the moment.”

Cas nodded. “We are close to the hospital.”

“Thank God.” Dean closed his eyes.

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“Can we sit for a minute?” Dean hummed.

“I’ll go check you in.” Cas started walking.

Dean dialed Mary’s number. “Hey Mama.”

“Hey sweetheart, I’m pulling into parking space at the hospital. Have you got a room yet?”

“Uhh—no, fu—Cas is checking me in, but I had to take a contraction break.”

“Aw, sweetie, I’m walking to the front entrance. I’ll be there in a flash.”

Cas walked back over to Dean with a nurse and a wheelchair. “Hey, Dean, Nurse Robinson is gonna take us to your room.”

“My mom is on her way here.” Dean looked around.

“We can wait here until she get here.” Nurse Robinson smiled.

“I see her.” Cas smiled. “Mary!”

Mary trotted over to the two men and nurse. “Hello, Hello, hey, sweethearts. How are you doing, Dean?”

“I’m doing ok.” Dean stood then sat down in the wheelchair.

“Has John called you about Sam?” Cas asked.

“He hasn’t called me yet. He tried calling Sam before we both left. John said something about not
being able to talk at the moment.” She said as they walked to the elevator.

“Your family sounds interesting.” Nurse Robinson smiled.

Dean smiled. “This is the least chaotic we have been lately.”

“Oh wow, I’m glad I get to be your nurse for y’all.” She pushed the elevator button. “Are things gonna get more reality TV style drama?”

“I’m pretty positive.” Cas smiled as he watched Dean carefully. “You ok, Dean?”

“Lovely.” Dean groaned. “Oh Nurse Robinson, shits gonna hit the fan when the rest of the crew gets here.”

“Can’t wait.” She pushed Dean into the elevator. “So, what number baby is this?”

“Two.” Cas answered.

Mary’s phone stared to buzz. “John? You have Sam?”

The elevator door opened. “We’re almost to your room, Dean.”

“Really that’s why Sam couldn’t talk?” Mary smirked. “Did the kids see?”

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“John is on his way with Sam.” Mary hung up the phone.

“Hey Celeste, baby. Having fun at Ruby’s?” Dean rubbed his middle as he paced the room.

“Hey, Daddy. I’m having so much fun. Thank you for letting me stay the night with Ruby.”

“No problem, sweetheart. But Celeste, I have something to tell you. Do you know why you are staying the night at Ruby’s?”

“Is Chezden coming?”

A contraction hit. “Hold on, talk—to Cc.”

Cas took the phone. “Hey Kitten. Daddy can’t talk right now.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Chezden is coming. We just wanted to make sure we said goodnight.”

“Oh will I see you tomorrow, Cc?”

“Maybe, Darling. Depends on if Chezden is born by then or not. Probably he will and you will probably see us tomorrow.”

“OK, Tell Daddy I said I love you. I also love you, Cc.”

“We love you too, Kitten.” Cas hung up.

Dean laughed with Mary. “Cas, you won’t believe why he couldn’t talk.”

“Why?” Cas smiled.
“Sam and Gabe were having a threesome with Madison, Dalton’s teacher. Dalton, Kylee, Jade and John walked in on them.” Dean laughed.

Cas burst into laughter. “Oh my God!”

“I’m guessing it’s gonna be just like last time based on the laughter in here.” Garth smiled.

“Hey Garth.” Cas smiled.

Dean began pacing around the room again. “We are waiting and laughing at my brother.”

“I can’t wait.” He smiled. “How are you feeling?”

“Fuck, great. Fine and Dandy.” Dean closed his eyes.

“Take your time, but I will need you to get up on the bed.” Garth waited.

Dean groaned. “I don’t wanna lay down. I just wanna stand.”

“Dean, stop whining. Just get on the bed for 2 minutes.” Cas sighed. “You don’t have to stay in the bed.

“Dr. Fitzgerald, could he just lean over the bed, so he could still be standing?” Mary asked.

“I could do that.” Garth nodded. Dean leaned on his forearms over the bed. “Just like that, great, Dean. You are about 4 centimeters. You’re gonna be here for a while.”

Dean groaned. “Great.”

Sam and John walked into the room an hour later. Dean was sitting at the edge of the bed with his eyes closed. His face was pained. Cas was sitting behind Dean massaging Dean’s neck then back.

“Hey, how is everyone?” Sam spoke.

“Shut up.” Dean groaned. “How do you think everyone is?”

“I’m sorry.” Sam frowned.

“How far along are the contractions?” John asked while he sat down beside Mary.

“Too close.” Dean leaned back and covered his face with his face.

Cas rubbed Dean’s hard middle and kissed his shoulder. “Just breathe, Darlin.”

“Why did we decide to do this again?” Dean was getting emotional.

“Shh, shhhhh, it’s all gonna be worth it. Just breathe. Think about what Sam was doing when he wasn’t answering the phone.” Cas spoke softly.

Sam’s face turned bright red while John and Mary laughed. “C’mon, we were trying to spice up our sex life.”

“Your kids shouldn’t be able to just walk in or even be home. And it shouldn’t be with your kids teacher.” Dean wiped his eyes but stayed propped against Cas.

“The kids were all downstairs.” Sam hid his face.
“How did Madison get in the house?” Dean smirked.

“Gabe distracted the kids.” Sam couldn’t get any redder.

Cas laughed. “I think you should just stop talking, Sam.”

Sam sighed. “How far apart are the contractions?”

“About 4 minutes.” Cas spoke. “About 2 minutes until the next one.”

“John and I are gonna go get something to eat. Call John if he starts coming fast.” Mary stood.

“No, Mama, Dad. Don’t leave me with them. They are gonna eat me alive.” Sam yelled.

John patted Sam’s shoulder. “I wish you the best of luck, Sammy.”

***
Chapter 11

“Alright, Dean, you should feel some pressure and then a gush of water.” Garth explained.

Dean groaned. “Already feel pressure.”

“I’m saying that you’re gonna awkwardly feel my fingers inside of you.” Garth replied.

“That’s wet…” Dean raised an eyebrow. “That’s a lot.”

“That’s completely normal. Things should progress faster now, and things might get more intense. You’re about 7 centimeters now, so let’s just hope things move along.”

“I’ve been in labor as long as I am progressing.” Dean sat up.

“Hang in there, Dean-o.” Garth patted Dean’s leg. “I’ll be back in a few hours unless you press the call button.”

Cas handed Dean his sweatpants. “You’re doing great. 3 more centimeters.”

“This isn’t that hard. God, I don’t want this to get worst.”

It was 4 in the morning and Dean hadn’t progressed any. “12 fucking hours!” Dean groaned pacing the room. He was refusing to sit down or rest. He was certain that gravity was gonna work.

“Sit down for a little bit, Babe.” Cas spoke softly from the hospital bed he was laying on almost asleep.

“Just sleep for a little while, Cas. You’re exhausted.”

“So are you, Dean. If you can’t sleep I won’t.” Cas yawned.

Dean placed his hands on the arm of the couch and leaned forward. Sam watched Dean. “You ok, Dean?”

“No!”

“Hey, hey, Dean. Calm down. Your stress and frustration is only gonna exhaust you more.” Sam tried to calm his brother.

Dean clenched his jaw. “Why was Celeste so easy?”

“Dean, take deep breaths. The more relaxed you are the smoother the ride is.” Sam stood from the couch.

“Oww! Fuck! This hurts! This fucking hurts!” Dean yelled.

Sam placed a hand on Dean’s back. “Calm down, Dean. You have to calm down.”

“How the fuck do I stay calm when I’m in mass amounts of pain?” Dean growled.

“Dean, I went through 4 natural births. I understand what you are going through. All of them were
over 12 hours by a long shot.” Sam helped Dean sit down on the couch. He crouched down in front of Dean. “Take deep breaths. In through the nose and out the mouth.”

“Sam!” Dean gritted his teeth. “I want an epidural.”

“Are you sure? It’s fine if you do. Do you wanna talk with Cas or Dr. Fitzgerald first?”

Dean leaned back on the couch. “Um, fuck, they are like 2 minutes apart.”

Sam walked over to Cas, who had fallen asleep. “Cas, wake up. You fell asleep.”

“Oh crap. What’s going on?” Cas sat up.

“Cas, I want the epidural! I want it!” Dean groaned.

“I believe you can do it naturally, Dean.” Cas walked over to Dean. “We are so close. Chezden is almost here.”

“I can’t take it anymore.” Dean frowned.

“Where are the smiles?” Garth knocked on the door. “How are you doing?”

“Can I have an epidural?” Dean groaned.

“How about if I check to see where you are before I say yes or no.” Cas sat up on the bed and Dean slotted between his husband’s legs. Garth checked Dean and smiled. “Are you sure you want to have an epidural? Cause you’re 9 ½ centimeters. Shouldn’t be too much longer.”

“No, I need an epidural. It hurts.” Dean groaned.

“You don’t, Dean. You’re doing so well.” Cas rubbed Dean’s middle.

Sam walked over to Dean and Cas. “Come on, Dean. You can do this naturally.”

“Fuck you and your rabbit food.” Dean groaned. “You fucking hippie, threesome, vegetarian, natural fucking douchebag.”

Cas laughed while Nurse Robinson walked in. “What’s so funny?”

“Hey Dean, me and Gabe are thinking about going vegan.” Sam took Dean’s hand and hooked his arm around Dean’s leg. “I mean Kylee and Jade wanna go vegan already. Dalton just wanna stay vegetarian. Bradley never been introduced to meat.”

“You need meat. Dammit! Fuck! This hurts!” Dean moaned tilting his head onto Cas’s shoulder.

Nurse Robinson hooked her arm around Dean’s other leg. “I have been talking with your parents in the waiting room and they have been telling me stories. Lovely people.”

“Of course. My Mama is great company, my Dad is just an asshole alone, but around my Mama he is a shy teddy bear.”

Cas laughed. “Celeste wouldn’t kill us if we took her meat away.”

Garth stayed quiet and smiled at the distracting conversation. He just watched Chezden slowly dilate. “Who is Celeste?” Nurse Robinson asked.
“Our daughter. She’s six…fuck!”

“Bradley can’t wait to have a little cousin.” Sam smiled. “Kylee has been begging for when Chezden is born for the permission to come over to your house.”

“Shit—of course she can! Fuck!” Dean pressed his face into Cas’s neck. “God, I hate this.”

“Dean, you have barely pushed and he’s crowning.” Garth explained. “Ready to give a real strong push?”

“Dammit, why did you have to distract me?” Dean moaned.

“You’re doing better than me with any of my kids.” Sam smiled.

“Dammit, Sam.” Dean sat up. “Fuck…why was Celeste so easy?”

Cas rubbed Dean’s back. “You’re doing great. Chez might be born before the sun rises. It’s not even 5:00 yet.”

“Shut up! There’s a cantaloupe coming out of me!” Dean yelled.

“Almost there.” Sam looked down at Chezden’s progress.

“No! You’re not allowed to look down there.” Dean said through his teeth as he pushed. “Only Cas is allowed to look!”

“He’s crowning, Dean.”

“What’s gonna be this guy’s full name?” Nurse Robinson asked.

“Chezden Henry Winchester.” Dean pushed again.

“That’s such a unique and pretty name. Celeste and Chezden; the Cc’s.” She smiled.

“Fuck, Cas, that’s three C’s in our family.” Dean whined.

Sam outwardly laughed. “That’s great! You didn’t plan that!”

“Don’t laugh! We really liked the name. We didn’t think that it was another C.”

“Big push, Dean.” Garth smiled.

Dean pressed his face into Cas’s neck again. “That’s it, Dean.” He relaxed and there was a soft cry. Garth placed the baby boy on Dean’s chest.

“Hey, Chezden.”

***
6 Months Later…

“Hi, how are you doing?” Dean asked to a customer who walked in.

She smiled. “Hi, I’m good, how are you?”

“Great, what can I do for you?”

“Are you the owner?”

“I am one of them. What can I do for you?” Dean stepped out from behind the counter.

“I need a lot of cupcakes and a big cake for my daughter’s 16th birthday.” She smiled.

“Great, you’ve come to the right place.” Dean smiled. They talked for a while and she was paying Dean saw Cas walk in. He realized Gabe was supposed to be here over an hour ago. “See you next week, M’am.”

She walked out and Dean walked over to Cas who was rocking the stroller. “Celeste is at Ruby’s. I said she could sleepover since it was Friday.”

‘Do you know where Gabe is? He was supposed to be here an hour ago.”

“He didn’t call you?” Cas looked confused. “Sam went home early cause he was throwing up. Gabe picked him up. He said he was gonna call you saying he couldn’t come in.”

“He never called. Dammit, Gabe.” Dean groaned.

“Sam looked horrible, but he didn’t right when he got to work this morning.”

Dean ran a hand down his face. “Gabe really wants me to open and close? Even when I was at the end of my pregnancy with Chez I opened most mornings or closed.”

“I can help you, Dean. If you need a break. Go take one.” Cas ran his fingers through Dean’s hair.

“No, no. I sent Jo and Ash on their breaks. I guess I can get one of them to stay later.” Dean huffed. “It’s not like our staff wants to work all damn day.”

“Calm down, Dean. Sam looked rough. I had to help him with Gabe to get him to the car.” Cas spoke then Chezden squealed from the stroller.

Dean fished his phone out of his pocket to his ear. “Gabriel.”

“Oh fuck, Dean. I’m sorry, I forgot to call you. Sam got sick at work and I took him to the doctor’s office.”

“Gabe, we work together. The store isn’t very big. You have to tell me when you aren’t gonna show up for work. I have been here since 5:30 in the morning and without you I will be here until 10 tonight. Jo and Ash don’t get paid enough to work that long.”

“Dean, I’m sorry. Fuck, Dean. Sam…Sam, he had-had a miscarriage.”
Dean closed his eyes. “When—when…”

“We found out he was pregnant when the doctor told us he had the miscarriage.”

“I’m sorry, Gabe.”

“It’s fine, we’re fine. We didn’t know he was pregnant so how could we be upset over its death.”

“Gabe.” Dean spoke softly. “I’m sorry.”

“I’ll be back at work tomorrow.” Gabe sounded normal.

6 Year Later…

“Hold on, Sam. I’m gonna have to talk to you later.” Dean stared at the object in his hands. “Yeah, I’ll see you tonight.”

He heard the footsteps of Celeste and Chezden getting home. “Daddy?”

“Is that Chezzy or Leste?”

“It’s Chez!” Chezden opened the bathroom door. “What are you doing?”

“Well, Chez, when someone is in the bathroom you don’t just walk in.”

“Oh, I’m sorry.”

“It’s ok, bud. Just remember that tip, buddy.” Dean smiled. “Let’s go into the playroom.”

“Dad, when does Cc get home?” Celeste asked. “I told him I would let him read my story I wrote in school.”

“You won’t have time when Cc first gets home. Once he gets here, we are heading over to Uncle Sam and Gabe’s house. Uncle Sam wanted us to come over.” Dean walked into Celeste’s room.

“Why? Thursday’s night is pizza/movie night.” She frowned.

“Honey, Uncle Sammy said it was important. Sorry, it was a last minute thing.” Dean picked up a few things from the floor.

“I was looking forward to movie night.”

“Sorry Kitten.” Dean smirked.

She sighed. “Will it still be my turn to pick the movie next week?”

“Yes, sweetheart.” Dean sat at the end of the bed. “Leste, start on your homework. Once Cc gets home, we’re gonna give him a second so he can change out of his monkey suit.”

Celeste smirked. “Yes, sir.”

“Dean? I’m home.” Cas called.
Dean walked into the foyer. “We did it.”

Cas blinked. “What?”

“We did it.” He couldn’t be smiling bigger. He was holding the device in his hand again. “Cas…”

“No way.”

“Yes, way.” Dean took Cas’s hands. “Hurry up, get changed. We are heading over to Sammy’s. He said he had to tell us something.”

Cas was basically vibrating in excitement as they walked to Sam’s house. “Cc, why are so happy?” Chez asked.

“Just had a great day.” They walked up the porch steps. “Cc can’t have a good day?”

Celeste smiled as Sam opened the door with a huge smile on his face. “Uncle Sam!”

“Hey guys! Come in.” Sam stepped back.

“Celeste, Chez, go find the cousins until supper.” Cas stepped inside, Dean followed.

“So what was so important you wanted to tell us? Cause we have something to tell you too.” Dean smiled.

Sam sat down on the couch with Gabe. “Should we say?”

“What’s your important news? Ours can wait a little bit.” Gabe nodded.

Cas nodded. “Go ahead, Dean.”

“Well, Sam, Gabe. I’m pregnant.” Dean smiled. He watched Sam gasp and cover his mouth with his hands. Gabe was wide eyed and shocked. “What? What’s wrong?”

“Dean…I’m pregnant, too. I found out today, right before I called you.” Sam removed his hands.

“So did I…” Dean was taken back. He felt lightheaded. He was weak in the knees.

Gabe and Cas must have known what was gonna happen. Cas wrapped his arms around him and Gabe lead him to the couch and plopped him down on the cushion. “You doing alright, Dean-o?”

“Yeah, yeah, just took me by surprise.” Dean ran a hand down his face. “Congrats, Sam, Gabe.”

“I guess you’re gonna have #3 and I’m gonna have #5 around the same time.”

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3 Months Later…

Dean and Sam stood in the driveway of Sam’s house. Celeste, Dalton, and Bradley were running around while Jade and Kylee hung out with Chezden.

“Any morning sickness?” Sam asked.

“Hell yes. What about you?” Dean glossed a hand over his stomach.

“None more than usual. I get really nauseous, but thankfully that’s it.” Sam crossed his arms over his
eldest.

“Fuck you, Sam. I threw up four times today. Once in your half-bath.” Dean watched a boy around Kylee’s age walk over to Kylee. “Who’s he?”

“Kylee’s boyfriend, Brant.” Sam frowned. “They are obsessed with each, but he’s a major douchebag.”

“Just like Gabe was? When did she start dating Brant?”

“A year now?” Sam frowned.

“Sounds a whole lot like you and Gabe.” Dean smirked.

Sam groaned. “God, I hope not. I’m too young to be a granddad. I’m only 34.”

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Chapter 13

2 Months Later…

“Chezzy, put your hand here.” Dean sat on the couch. “You can feel the baby.”

The 6 year old darted over to the couch. “I wanna feel!”

Cas was laying on the floor with Celeste’s head on his stomach. They both craned their necks to see the two boys. “Feel anything, Chez?”

“You should, bucko, baby is moving around.” Dean smirked. Chez smiled and plastered his face to Dean’s swell. “Trying to hear baby?”

“No, Daddy. I want him to kick my face.”

Cas laughed. “Chez, you have your Daddy’s logic.”

“When is the doctor’s appointment, Dad?” Celeste asked rolling over. Cas grunted.

“We leave in about 10 minutes.” Dean looked at his watch.

Cas phone beeped. “Leste, roll over so I can fish out my phone.”

She grinned and rolled over. “Wasn’t Uncle Sam’s doctor appointment today?”

“Yeah, Uncle Gabe said they were given an envelope that has the gender on it.” Cas spoke as Celeste made herself comfy again.

“We’ll do the same thing and announce the gender together.” Dean stood from the couch. “Get ready to go.”

They hurried to the car and to the office. Celeste sat down in a chair at the doctor’s office while Dean and Cas checked in. Chez crawled in Celeste’s lap. “I just realized that you are bigger than with Chez.”

“Garth said I was small with Chez…then there was Celeste.” Dean smirked.

“But you’re much bigger this time. You’re even bigger than Sam.” Cas rubbed his hand over Dean’s swell. “It’s not a bad thing. It’s just an observation.”

“I’m just happy about the baby.” Dean walked over to the kids.

“Daddy, when do we go in?” Chez asked.

“When a nurse calls my name.”

“Do you want a brother or sister?” Cas asked.

“I want a brother.” Chez nodded.

Celeste smirked. “I don’t care. I would like a little sister, but another brother is ok.”

“Dean Winchester?”
“Right here, give me a hot second.” Dean pulled himself to his feet.

Him and his family follow the nurse and waited for Garth. “He shouldn’t be too long.”

“Great.” Dean smiled.

They waited not even 5 minutes before Dr. Fitzgerald knocked and opened the door. “Hey everybody.”

“Hi, Dr. Fitzgerald.” Celeste smiled.

“You have gotten big, Celeste. You were a tiny baby last I saw you, you were tiny.”

“Can we see the baby, Dr. Fitzgerald?” Chez asked from Cas’s lap.

“I have to do a few measurements. And feel around first.” Garth sat down in his chair.

“Dr. Fitzgerald, I have noticed that Dean is bigger than with Chez.” Cas asked.

Dr. Fitzgerald measured Dean belly. “You’re right. You’re not too big, but I do wanna see inside.”

A nurse brought in the sonogram machine and Garth put gel on Dean’s stomach and moved the wand around. “Oh?”

Dean flicked his head to Dr. Fitzgerald. “What?”

“Umm…I don’t know how we missed this but you’re having twins.” Dr. Fitzgerald spoke taking pictures.

“Twins?” Cas and Dean gasped in unison.

Celeste and Chez beamed smiles and stared at the sonogram machine. “Really?”

“Yeah, there is Baby A and Baby B.” Garth pointed at the screen. “Do y’all wanna know the genders?”

Dean was doing everything he could to keep from crying, that meant Cas had to do all the talking. “Garth, uh—we do wanna know the genders, but not right now.”

“Sure, I will, write them on an envelope and you can look at it later.

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“Two babies! Dad!” Celeste practically vibrated in excitement.

“I know, sweetheart. We are almost to Uncle Sammy and Gabe’s house.”

“Cc, are we gonna find out Uncle Sammy’s baby today?” Chez asked while they pulled into the driveway.

Before they even pulled the car into park. Bradley flung the front door open. Sam waddled behind the kid. “Bradley, hold your horses. Let everyone get inside.”

Dean pulled himself out of the car while Celeste and Chezden ran into the house. “How was your appointment?” Sam asked.

Suddenly Kylee walked out of the house. “Bye Dad.”
“Where are you going? You know you had family coming over today.” Sam frowned. “You’re not going out.”

“Dad, I’m the oldest out of all my cousins and siblings. I’m not missing anything.” Kylee rolled her eyes.

Sam huffed. “Back inside. You’re going nowhere with that attitude. You know better.”

“Dad!” She stomped her foot. “I’m going to the movies with Brant and some friends.”

“NOT tonight you aren’t.” Sam pointed towards the house. “In the house. Your attitude is not gonna be tolerated.”

“Please Dad!”

“No, you know better!” The teen stormed back into the house. Dean and Cas followed. Sam brought up the rear. “I’m sorry, guys. She has been acting very rebellious lately.”

“Sounds like you when you were her age.” Dean laughed.

“Don’t remind me.” Sam stepped into the living room. Bradley darted around them and jumped on the couch. “Brad, give me and Uncle Dee some room on the couch.”

“So, let’s figure out some genders.” Dean plopped on the couch. “How about you go first?”

Gabe grabbed the envelope. “Cas, you open yours.”

“Tell the gender already, Gabe.” Sam huffed.

“We are having…” He opened the envelope. “A girl.”

“Yes, you owe me 50 buck, Gabriel.” Sam laughed.

“Congrats, Samantha, now you can finally have a Samantha.” Dean chuckled.

“Are you done, Dean?” Cas raised an eyebrow. Dean nodded. “Before we reveal the gender we have something important to say.”

“We are having twins.” Dean blurted out.

Sam and Gabe gasped. “Twins.”

“Yeah, we found out at the appointment today.” Cas smiled.

“What are the genders?” Sam smiled.

Cas slowly opened the envelope. “Ok, Winchester-Novak family. We are having…two girls.”

“All girls!” Dean lifted his arms in celebration. “Whoo!”

“That’s awesome.” Gabe smiled.

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“I think Lilith and Chezden might be a thing later on since they are best friends now.” Rowena smiled.
“You think so?” Dean rubbed his middle. “They do hang out a lot without Ruby or Celeste.”

“Of course. They love each other. They are practically dating already.” She smiled. “I can see wedding bells in the future.”

“Oh, no wedding bells yet. They are in 1st grade, I mean wait until 5th grade.” Dean shifted in his seat.

“Are you ok, Dean-o?” Rowena frowned. “What’s going on with you?”

“The twins are moving around. It’s annoying, I mean them moving around is a good sign of their life, but they move constantly.” Dean straightened his back.

“You’re 2 months away. 7 months is pretty close to the end of the pregnancy.”

They heard footsteps run down the stairs. “Chezden is a little upset that he doesn’t get a baby brother like he wanted.”

“Well, maybe next time.” She smiled while the two kids ran into the living room.

“Daddy, why are you still here?” Chezden frowned.

“Mrs. Rowena is my friend too.”

Chezden crawled into the cushion beside Dean. “But you’re supposed to leave.”

Dean smirked and scouted to the edge of the couch. “Ok, ok, Chezzy, I’ll leave.”

“When are you leaving?”

“It takes me a second, Chezden. Calm down.” Dean pulled himself to his feet. “Keep giving me attitude like that and your coming with me.”

“No…” He whined.

Dean crouched. “Chezden Henry, calm down or you are going home.”

Chezden nodded. “Yes sir.”

“Atta boy. Have fun and stay out of trouble.” Dean kissed Chezden’s head.

“I’ll walk you to the door, Dean.” Rowena smiled.

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“Stop moving so much, Dean.” Sam said. “How long have you been working?”

“I opened today.” Dean closed the cash register then held his back behind the counter. “It hasn’t been too bad. I have been the one to sit and talk with clients and have been sitting and talking with regulars.”

“I told Gabriel to take up more hours so you could chill.” Sam frowned. “Where is he?”

“I told him he could go on break. He should be back in about half an hour.” Dean walked over to the register as a man and woman walked. “Hi, how are you doing?”

“Hi, we’re doing great. Are you the famous Dean Winchester?” The woman asked.

“I wouldn’t say the famous…but yes I am Dean.” Dean kept holding his back.

“Oh, I would say you have some kind of special gift. We were here a few weeks ago for a few sweets and now we are back to announce the gender of our baby to the family.” The man said.

Dean blushed. ‘Well, thanks. So what can I do for you?’

“Well, I think we need 25-30 cupcakes.” The woman said. “We need them to look normal, white icing on the outside, but on the inside we need pink.”

“That’s pretty simple. I can get them done by the weekend. Does that sound good?” Dean wrote on his notepad.

“That’s perfect.” The man smiled.

“We are you due?” The woman asked.

“Uhh, next month.” Dean ran a hand down his stomach. “Can’t wait to get them out.”

“Them? You’re having more than one?” The woman asked.

“Yeah, twins.”

“That’s awesome.” The woman smiled as her husband paid. “We will see you this weekend.”

“Y’all have a good day.” Dean watched them leave and walked back to Sam again. “You should be sitting, Sammy. You are the same stage of pregnancy as I am.”

“You’re carrying twins, bro.” Sam held his back.

“Sammy, I’m fine. I’m not gonna work if I’m not fine.” Dean rocked side to side. “Once Gabe gets back, I’m gonna take my break.”

“No, it’s five o’clock. When Gabe gets back you are going home.” Sam pointed.

Dean rolled his eyes. “I’m 36 weeks pregnant, not dying, Mom.”

“Can you get me a muffin and a bottle of water, while I wait for Gabe?”

“Yeah, sure.” Dean groaned Sam’s favorite muffin and the water.
Sam walked to the bathroom. Dean placed both on the counter and leaned forward. “Damn, my back hurts.” He mumbled to himself.

Gabe walked over to the counter. “You alright, Dean-o?”

“Just need to sit down for a little while.” Dean straightened up.

“When are you gonna head out. I’m good by myself until closing.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, go home rest and relax.” Gabe smiled.

“Thanks man. If Sam asks I am fine and decided to go home because we were slow.” Dean grabbed his stuff.

“Whatever man.”

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Dean opened the front door. “Honey, I’m home.”

“You were supposed to be home at 9 or 10.” Cas walked into the foyer. “It’s 6 o’clock.”

“Sam came in and started freaking out. He was worried that I shouldn’t be working at 8 months pregnant with twins.” Dean waddled towards Cas.

“I don’t agree with Sam, but I do think you should cut back your hours some especially since you’re 4 weeks away.” Cas smiled.

“I only have 4 weeks left. I can’t do much anyway.” Dean ran his hand down his middle.

Cas followed Dean into the living room. “God, I just hope Sam goes into labor so I can laugh at him and say I told you so.” Dean said as he sat down.

“We aren’t going to his labor. They are way to involving.”

Dean leaned back and closed his eyes and propped up his feet on the coffee table. He rubbed his stomach. “Where are the kids?”

“Chezden is sleeping over at Lilith’s again and Celeste is sleeping over at Meg’s.” Cas walked into the kitchen. “Want anything to eat?”

Dean held back a groan. “Fuck.” He whispered.

“Want any supper?” Cas stepped into the living room again.

“No, I’m good. I ate at the store.” Dean lied.

Cas shrugged. “Whatever.”

“I’m gonna go lay down. I’ve had a long day.” Dean struggled to his feet. He made his way to the bedroom when his phone rang. “Hello?”

“Haha, funny, ironic, turn of events. Once I left the bakery after you, my water broke. So uh, yeah, I’m in labor.”
“That’s great Sammy. I’m not going to watch your labor. I’m too tired and huge to move around.” Dean crawled into the bed.

“That’s fine, Dean. I understand. Number five is nothing impressive. I should have her before morning.”

“Call us in the morning.” Dean rolled over on his left side.

“Definitely, do you want me to call you when she’s here?”

“Yeah, yeah, but don’t stress out over it.” Dean smirked. “Damn, Sammy, how have you done this, now, five times? Pregnancy pains suck.”

“I’m just not that smart.” Sam laughed. “Well, big brother, I’m in the middle of a contraction so I’m gonna have to hang up.”

Dean woke up early that morning with a familiar tightening in his stomach. “Oh no, Cas.”

Cas snorted and lifted his head. “Wha?”

“It’s time, Darling. These are definitely contractions.” Dean sat up.

“Try to get a little more sleep.” Cas sat up and yawned. “You might progress some more if you get some more sleep.”

Dean started to nod but gasped. “Oh no, Cas, no. It’s time to go now. Like now.”

He hadn’t seen his husband move so fast. Cas ran down the hall. “Celeste! Chezden! Wake up!”

Dean grabbed the overnight bag. “Hurry up, Cas!”

Cas helped Dean down the stairs. “Daddy, Cc, what’s going on?”

“Get your shoes on and meet us at the car immediately.” Cas ordered.

“Come on, Chez. Let’s get your shoes.” Celeste lead Chezden in his room.

“I felt crappy yesterday. I didn’t think it was labor pains and I must have slept through most of the labor.” Dean moaned as he put on his shoes.

“It’s fine, I guess Winchester-Novak #5 for Sabriel and Winchester Winchester-Novak #3,4 for Destiel will have the same birthday.” Cas pulled on his shoes and grabbed the overnight bag.

“Where are we going?” Celeste rubbed her eyes.

“Daddy is having the baby girls very soon. Get in the car, see we can get to the hospital.” Cas came back from the car.

The kids walked towards the car.” C’mon Darlin.”

Dean groaned. “Dammit, these contractions are close.” He leaned forward. “Fuck, my water just broke.”

“We are heading to the hospital now. We’ll be there in 20 minutes.” Cas opened the passenger seat.
Dean sat down and he ran over to the other side. “Leste, Chez, you’re gonna meet your sisters today.”

“Are we gonna be there when they come?” Chezden asked.

“Maybe, buddy. They are coming fast.” Dean gripped the hand bar. “Cas, we might have the girls in triage or in the waiting room; maybe in the parking lot.”

“We are over halfway there.”

Dean gripped his stomach. “I thought Sam had Samantha hours ago.”

“No, his labor slowed down for a while. Gabe texted me that they are halfway there at 5 centimeters.” Cas pulled into a parking spot. “Glad we aren’t doing a homebirth.”

“2 minutes apart, Cas.” Dean waddled holding Chezden’s hand.

“It’s ok, Daddy. You’ll feel better soon.” Chezden smiled.

“Thanks, Chezzy.” Dean stepped through the hospital entrance. Celeste and Cas walked over to the front desk.

Chez sat down and Dean rocked side to side with his eyes closed. “The nurse up front is bringing another nurse to take you to an open labor delivery room.” Cas walked over to dean and wrapped his arms around him.

“Dad, are you doing ok?” Celeste sat down beside Chezden.

All Celeste got in response was a pained whine from Dean. “Mr. Dean Winchester?”

A nurse smiled with a wheelchair. “That’s me.”

***
Chapter 15

“Remember what I told you. What Daddy says you are not allowed to say ever?” Cas crouched down in front of the couch that his kids sat on.

“Yes, sir.” They nodded.

Dean paced the room. “Where is Dr. Garth or whatever doc on-call?”

“Garth is on his way here.” Cas watched Dean lean over the bed and moaned into the sheet.

“I’m sorry, folks. I came as fast as I could. Nurse Robinson told me the twins were coming fast.” He got in position. Dean crawled on the bed and took off his pajama pants and boxers.

“Oh just in time, you’re fully dilated.”

“I could have told you that.” Dean growled through his teeth. He pushed as he sat himself up.

Cas rushed over to Dean’s side. “Whoa, Dean. Wait a second.”

“Can’t they are coming now.” Dean curled up and pushed harder.

Celeste and Chezden rushed over to the opposite side of the bed that Cas was on. “Come on, Daddy. You can do it!” They cheered.

“You’re very determined this time around. She’s crowning.” Garth smiled.

“Fucking Hell! Come out already!” Dean growled. “Why did you make me do this again?”

“We wanted one more or now two more.” Cas ran his fingers through his hair.

Dean threw his head back. “Dammit, I just figured out that the names we picked out were all C name. Four kids and a baby in a trenchcoat with C names!”

Celeste and Chez laughed as Cas pouted. “She’s almost out, Dean.”

“Her sister has to be right behind her.” Dean pushed again and went limp as the little girl slid out.

“Hey pumpkin.” Dean smiled as the infant was placed on his chest. “Latch on, sweetheart. That’ll make your sister scoot along.”

“I don’t care, Sammy!” Dean yelled into his phone.

“Fuck you, Dean! I’ve been in labor for 12+ hours and it’s looking like another 6 – 10 more!”

Dean yelled as a contraction hit him. “I never got the slow torture! I woke up in extreme pain. You only have to push out one. I have one more to go!”

“It’s 7 in the morning! I have been in slow going pain for 14 hours. You don’t know this pain!”

“Did you forget how long Chezden’s labor was? I’m going through two labor back to back!”

“At least your kids aren’t with you!” Sam growled.
“They are right beside me, Bitch!” Dean yelled through yet another contraction. “I just gave birth 20 minutes ago!”

“Fuck Dean! Is this I told you so because I went into labor first or do I have the I told so because you had them first?”

Dean threw his head back. “Neither! Argh! Fuck Sam! I got to go!”

Cas sat on the couch. “What did Granny say?”

“She is gonna pick us up.” Celeste spoke.

“Cc, why can’t we stay?” Chezden asked.

“Daddy needs time to relax and have your second sister.”

“The second one shouldn’t be so much of a problem.”

Cas frowned. “What do you mean?”

“She’s making her way out!” Dean gripped the sheets and hiked up his legs.

“No, no, no, Dean, wait for Garth.” Cas rushed over to the call button.

“She isn’t waiting, Cas.” Dean pushed.

“These kids aren’t waiting this time.” Garth stepped in.

“If you don’t get over here now, she’s gonna be born without you.” Dean groaned.

Garth got between Dean’s legs. “Wow, you pushed most of her out already.”

“I could have done this by myself.” Dean yelled.

Cas took Dean’s hand and the two younger Winchester ran over to the bed. “Come on, Daddy.”

“Argh! Chezzy! Celeste! Don’t get pregnant until you are 110% ready.” Dean yelled as the second twins came right out.

“Here’s your second baby girl.” Garth laid down the baby on Dean’s chest.

“Where’s the first one?” Dean looked around.

“We’ll bring her to you.” Garth smiled. “What are their names?”

“The first one is Courtney and this one is named Colette.” Dean smiled.

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“She is taking her own G**damn time! 20 fucking hours! Fuck you and your 3 hour twin labor and delivery. 4 more hours and I have to go to the hospital and get Pitocin.” Sam yelled.

“I will come down there, Sammy.” Dean sat cross legged watching Cas rock the twins.

“7 fucking centimeters in the past 20 fucking hours.” Sam groaned. “That would be awesome, but I couldn’t do that! You just had two babies.”
“I’m fine, Sam. You sound seriously stressed. I can make my way there.” Dean closed his eyes for a moment.

“No, as much as I would like that I can hear the exhaustion in your voice.”

There was a moment of silence. “Hey Sam, it’s Dad. Dean conked out on the phone. You know your brother he says he’s fine, but you know he’s not. He like slow blinked and he was out.” John laughed. “The boy just dropped the phone and hung his head. Castiel is gonna laugh his ass off when he sees this.”

“Fuck, can you pick up the kids, please?” Sam groaned.

“Yeah, yeah, Mama Winchester is taking Celeste and Chezden to Naomi and Chuck’s house.” John watched Cas silently laugh at Dean who was still sleeping sitting up.

“Tell Mama, Sabriel baby #5 will be a few more hours.”

“Well, Destiel baby #3, 4 were born a few hours ago.”

“Dean, you just had a baby. You should be resting and in bed.” Cas walked beside his husband.

“I’ll be back. The twins are in the room. Dad and Mama are there.” Dean mumbled.

“Honey, you’re holding yourself up by my arm.” Cas huffed. “We aren’t staying long. Gabe called saying Sam was in a room one floor down. Gabe also said that Sam was getting moody.”

“I don’t care. Sam needs someone other than Gabe.” Dean glared. “Let me see my little brother.”

“Fine, fine. You are gonna be back in bed nursing our babies in an hour.” Cas pointed.

“Yes, Mom.” Dean started searching for the right room.

“Wrong way, Sweetheart.” Cas tugged Dean in the opposite direction.

“Thank you, Hon” Dean nodded and stumbled around.

Cas chuckled. “Do you think Sam isn’t just gonna yell at you?”

That’s when they heard a thud and Gabe hop out of the room. He looked like he had seen better days. He was scruffy and had bags under bags. “Hey, Cassie…Dean-o. Uh—it’s been a long 24 hours.”

“I can tell. How is the Pitocin working?” Cas asked.

“Oh, just great…just great. He finally bumped up to 8 centimeters and now the contractions have doubled in intensity. He’s fantastic.”

Dean patted Cas’s shoulder and began walking towards the door. Cas placed his hands on Dean’s hips and guided him into the delivery room. “Thank you, Hon.”

“Dean ok?”

“He’s a little out of it. I’m used to it because he does it after every time he wants to walk around after having a baby. It’s a little worse cause of the twins.” Cas let go of his husband.
Sam was standing at the side of the bed. He leaning forward and placed his hand on the mattress. He was wearing his old Stanford sweatshirt and grey sweatpants. Dean smiled the second he saw Sam’s hair in a messy man bun. He was rocking his hips side to side. Dean walked over to Sam’s bed.

“Hey Sammy.”

“Huh?” He looked up at Dean. “Hey.”

“Gabe told me that the contractions are getting intense.” Dean propped on the bed. “What do you want me to do, Brother?”

“I don’t know. I’m so tired, I just want to have my baby girl in my arms.” Sam groaned.

“Sammy, I just pumped out two beautiful baby girls. If I can do that you can do this. You have had four beautiful kids naturally. The only difference between them and now is that you are on Pitocin because your water broke 24 hours ago.” Dean crawled up on the bed.

“Dean, the doctor said if I stay at 8 centimeters as long as I did at 7 they want to do a C-section and I can’t do that.” Sam groaned.

Dean got off the bed and Cas lunged to him in case he rumbled around. Cas held Dean’s shoulders.

“Thanks, Hon.”

“No problem.” Cas nodded and let go.

“Sammy, just go into a happy place. Crawl onto the bed.”

Sam groaned. “No, no, I just wanna stand.”

Dean huffed. “Sammy, you’re so tall that your womb has it’s own zero-gravity.”

“What?”

“Squat, sit, lay down so gravity will actually work.” Dean pointed and walked around to Sam. Cas followed him like a worried puppy. “Knowing you this is why all of your labor are so long. Sit down on a bouncy ball and bounce around. Maybe then the baby will come out and join the party.”

Sam looked dumbfounded. Cas wrapped his arms around Dean and placed his head between Dean’s neck and shoulder. “I’m sorry, Sam. He’s really out of it. They gave him some drugs after the births and he also just acts like this. Don’t worry the medicine is safe for Dean to nurse.”

“No, no, he’s right…weirdly. I stand during all of my labors. They always slow down when I start pacing.” Sam looked at Gabe.

Gabe darted over to the corner and grabbed the ball. “I gotcha, I gotcha.”

He helped Sam lower down onto the green ball. “Fuck, Dean, where were you 20 hours ago?”

“Asleep…or in labor…it’s all a blur.” Dean mumbled as he crawled onto the bed.

Gabe turned to Dean. “Thank you, Dean.”

“No problem, Pal.”

Sam groaned. He gripped Gabe’s shirt and pulled his face into Gabe’s stomach. “Ow, ow, Sam, Sam, scream! Be vocal! Don’t bite me!” Dean laughed and Cas kept Dean from falling off the bed.

“Sam! Please! Teeth on flesh.”
“Fuck, Dammit, that one was the strongest of them all.” Sam panted.

“Takin it like a champ, Sammy.” Dean smiled.

It took four hours and Sam was finally progressing. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!”

“Great, Sammy. You’re doing great.”

“I should be saying that to you, Dean. This is my fifth one!” Sam got off the ball and got on his knees.

“Gabe, press the call button, please.” Dean stumbled off the bed. “Sammy, just breathe. Your doctor will be here soon.”

“Oh no, the Pitocin is rushing things…” Sam placed his hands on the cold ground.

Dean made his way to the ground and plopped his butt down in front of Sam. “Breathe, Sammy. Do what you have to.”

“She’s coming, Dean.” Sam pressed his forehead to Dean’s knee. “Fuck!”

“Do what you have to. If you need to push, go for it.” Dean pull out Sam’s man bun. He ran his fingers through Sam’s hair and fix the bun.

“I need my pants off.” Sam fumbled with his pants until the off his ass and at his knees. “Where is Dr. Bradberry?”

“She’s on her way.” Gabe smiled.

“On her way and here are two different thing.” Sam growled.

Dean rubbed Sam’s back. “Don’t listen to Gabriel. You do what your body tells you to do.”

“Sorry, I’m sorry, Sam, Gabe. A girl has to eat.” Dr. Bradberry rushed in. “Getting started without me and this must be your brother.”

“Yeah, big brother Dean. Just had twins five hours ago.” Dean smiled.

“You should be resting, Dean.” Dr. Bradberry frowned.

Dean rolled his eyes. “I am resting. I’m sitting on a floor.”

“Shut up!” Sam yelled.

“Yeah, his nails are digging into my thigh…it’s numbing.” Dean looked over at Cas. “How about you be a doll and let me lean on you cause you know I did just have a baby, a matter of fact I had two.”

Cas nodded and got on the ground. “Ugh, Sam, why did you choose the ground?”

Sam whipped his head up. Dean craned his neck to Cas. “Sam’s two seconds away from biting your face off.”

“I can tell from his eyes glaring at me.” Cas responded. “I’m just gonna rest my forehead on your shoulder and stare at the ground.”
“Smart move.”

“You’re doing a great job, Sam, just like always.” Dr. Bradberry spoke. Sam groaned he dug his fingers deeper into Dean’s thigh and now bit down on Dean’s calf. “Just like that, Sam.”

“Castiel, I’m about to start hair pulling and digging my nails into you.” Dean gritted through his teeth.

“She’s crowning.” Gabe stepped over to the group. Sam looked over to the man and took his hand.

“Wanna trade spots, Gabe?” Dean offered.

“Move and you’re dead.” Sam glared. “I’m in the zone.”

“Oh God…I forgot how involving these were.” Dean rolled his eyes. Dean felt Cas gently massaging Dean’s back and softly placed kisses to the back of Dean’s neck. “How long was your longest labor, Sammy?”

“48 with Jade?” Gabe pondered.

“No, that was Dalton. Jade was 37. You forgot Kylee…63. Bradley was only 17.” Sam moaned after he pushed.

“Oh yeah, Kylee was stressful on the whole family.” Dean shook his head.

“Well, your fifth baby is gonna be here right at the 30 hour mark.” Dr. Bradberry smiled. “One more push and she will be all out.”

“Thank God, Deanna is just like her Uncle!” Sam yelled as he pushed.

“Deanna?” Dean gasped. “You’re naming your baby after me?”

Sam panted and he sat up as he caught his baby Gabe and Cas helped Sam into the bed. “Yeah…”

Dean smiled. He propped against the wall. “Sammy…”

Gabe cut the cord and Dr. Bradberry cleaned up the baby. “Congrats, Sam and Gabe.”

“Thank you, Charlie.”

“Don’t thank me.” Dr. Bradberry sighed. “Your brother coached you. I just sat back.”

“But you came running when you were eating.”

“You’re welcome, Sam. So, what’s her full name?”

Gabe smiled and looked at Sam. “Deanna Rose Winchester.”

“That’s very sweet, Sam. Why did you want that name?” Cas walked over beside his brother.

“Well…” Gabe started.

“I look up to Dean. Always have. We couldn’t think of a perfect name for her. Whenever we thought of a name Deanna came to mind. Then when I got to the stage of pregnancy where she started moving…it became definite that her name was Deanna…because she was annoying, stubborn, strong, and loved sleeping.”
“That does sound like Dean.” Cas laughed. “Isn’t that right De—“

They are looked at Dean and he was asleep on the floor against the wall. “And he’s down for the count.”

“I’ll get a nurse to get a wheelchair.” Cas rolled his eye and stepped out of the room. “Good job, Dean. Conscious for only the good stuff.”

***
Chapter 16

I Year Later…

“Are y’all gonna walk today or are just gonna furniture cruise?” Dean said from the floor.

“Dada!” Colette smiled.

Celeste ran in. “Can we go to Uncle Sam and Gabe’s?”

“Why do you wanna go so bad? I heard you ask Cc earlier. He said no.” Dean looked up from the two twins. “Why should I say yes?”

“Cause I want to go see Kylee.” She whined.

“You have been wanting to see her a lot lately. What’s going on with her?” Dean frowned then looked at Courtney who was handing him a toy.

“Nothing. I just wanna hang out with her. Please, Daddy?” She begged.

“Cc said no. I’m not gonna let you go when you already asked him.” Dean shook his head.

She stomped her feet and pouted. “That’s so unfair!”

“How is it unfair, Celeste? Your Dad said no, so I’m gonna say no.”

“I wanna go! Why can’t I go?” She yelled

“Celeste Brae Winchester, you will not raise your voice to me. If you wanna go you are gonna have to fix that attitude, apologize to me, and talk to Cc.” Dean pointed at his oldest Daughter.

She pouted and stormed up the stairs. “This is so unfair!”

“You better not slam that door.” Dean called out.

Dean played with the twins for about an hour and the front door open then close. He looked around.

“Cas? You get home?”

There was silence. “Dada?” Colette squealed.

“Dada!” Courtney squealed with more confidence.

“Chezden?” Dean called out.

“Yeah?”

“Did Cc get home?”

“No, why?” Chez walked down the stairs.

“I heard the door open and close. I thought it was Cc getting home.” Dean got up on his knees.

“Cc’s not gonna be here until 6.” Chezden laid down on the floor by the twins.

Dean shot up to his feet. “Leste?” he ran up the stairs and to Celeste’s room. The room was empty.
“No, no, no!”

“What’s wrong?” Chez asked.

“Watch your sisters.” Dean pulled his phone out. “Fuck, Sammy. Celeste is walking to your house. She just up and left the house. I told her no and she ran out of the house.”

“Don’t worry, Dean. We live 4 blocks away from each other.” Sam answered.

“Don’t let her in. I told her she couldn’t go. Keep her at the porch.”

“I didn’t want her to go over there. I told her no and she disobeyed me. She basically ran away. I’m home alone with twins and Chezden.”

“Ok, ok, I get it, Dean. I’ll wait on the porch and when she gets here I’ll walk her back to the house. Cause you know it’s not like I’m home alone too with Kylee, Jade, Dalton, Bradley, and Deanna.”

“Kylee is 17, Jade is 15, Dalton is 14 they can be left at home alone for half hour. I have a 7 year old and two one year olds and I’m panicking and boiling with anger at my 12 year old daughter!” Dean was yelling by the end.

“Ok, ok, I get it. I’m sorry, man.”

Apparently you don’t get it! This is exactly like when you flipped out at me because I said Kylee could babysit when she was 10, but you didn’t let me say that Gabe would be with her, but this time you aren’t taking this seriously!”

“Whoa! Whoa! Calm down, Dean. I’m takin it seriously. I was trying to keep you calm but it wasn’t working.”

“I just wanna have my daughter home and make sure she is safe, so I can punish her.”

“I see her running down the driveway. Kylee just started bolting down the stairs—‘Where are you going?’—I’ll see you later, Dean.” Sam hung up.

The door bell rang and Dean ran to the door. Sam stood with his hand on Celeste’s shoulder. “You doing ok, Brother?”

“It took you longer than I thought.” Dean let Celeste walk in.

“Kylee about took me out diving for the front door for Celeste.” Sam crossed his arms over his chest. “Kylee’s hiding something and Celeste knows the secret.”

“I’ll figure that out later.” Dean watched Celeste walk up.

“She acts just like you, Dean.” Sam smirked.

“You wanna come in?” Dean stepped back from the door.

“No, I gotta be getting back. I don’t want to leave the kids alone for too long.”
“Thanks again for bringing her back. I’m sorry for yelling.” Dean scratched the back of his neck.

“It fine, man. You seem a little mood swingy. Must be a little stressed.” Sam waved off the apology off.

Dean frowned. “I haven’t been stressed. Things have been smooth sailing since the girls stopped nursing.”

“Do you think, Dean?”

“No, Cas and I have been using protection. We barely have time anymore.”

Sam raised an eyebrow. “It’s probably nothing. I better go home.”

“Try to figure out what’s up with Kylee.” Dean nodded.

“Celeste Brae! Get your butt down here!” Dean called out once he shut the front door. “Celeste! When I call your name you answer me, darling!”

There was silence. Dean stepped into the living room. Chez was watching TV with Courtney in his lap and Colette beside him.

Dean walked to the top of the stairs. “Celeste, TV privileges get taken away in 5…4…3…2…1! Ok, video games get taken away in 5…4…3…2…1!” He waited a second. “If you make me walk all the way to your room you will not like it, young lady!”

He started walking up the stairs.

“Ok, spankings start 10 pops in 5…4…3…2…1!” Dean started raising his voice. “Celeste Brae, you’re father angry.”

He walked down the hall. Celeste was sitting on her bed with her knees to her chest.

“You’re in a world of trouble, young lady.” Dean crossed his arms over his chest.

“I’m sorry, Daddy.” She whimpered.

“No, I’m not forgiving you right now. You ran away, disobeyed me too many times and made me raise my voice.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to Daddy.” She whimpered.

“No! You ran away because both me and Cc told you no. and that’s not what you wanted! You flat out disobeyed me! You’re not gonna get off that easy. Just wait until Cc gets here.”

Celeste sniffed. “No! Daddy! Punish me now!”

“Stay in your room until Cc gets home and he comes to get you.” Dean shut the door. He pulled out this phone. “Cas, Baby?”

“Dean, I’m very busy right now, what is it?”

“I just want to know that Celeste is up to her neck in trouble.”
“Can you tell me later?”

“Yeah, yeah. Just wanted you to get into Big bad Cc mode.”

“Oh I will, Love. I have to go, Darlin.” Cas hung up after saying goodbye.

Dean walked back downstairs. “Chezzy, thank you for taking care of the bunnies for me while I dealt with Leste.”

“No problem, Daddy. They crawled all over me.” Chezden smiled.

“Bunnies, did y’all have fun spending time with Chezzy Bear?”

They squealed Dean lifted each other them one by one. “Chez, I got’em now.”

The young boy ran off and Den bounced around the room with them in his arms. “Would y’all like a baby brother or sister already?”

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Chapter 17

Cas quietly walked into the house. He looked into the living room to find it completely empty. He started up the stairs and looked in the nursery to find the twins standing in their cribs. They were babbling to each other. So they hadn’t been there that long.

He walked into the master bedroom. It was empty except the bathroom light was on. That’s when he heard the retching. “Dean?”

“Fu-uck.” Dean burped and gagged. “Yeah?”

“You ok, sweetheart?” Cas stepped into the bathroom. “You don’t sound ok.”

Dean sat into the toilet. “I was fine like 2 minutes ago. I had just put girls down for bed since you were running late. Chez and the girls were fed supper. What time is it?”

“8:30. Sorry I ran really late.” He watched Dean groan. “What?”

“No, don’t tell me it’s 8:30.” Dean covered his face. “I’ve been here for over an hour and 15 minutes.”

“What’s going on? You seemed fine when you called me about Celeste.” Cas crouched down and rubbed Dean’s back.

Dean gagged and twisted back into the toilet and puked into the bowl. “Just go punish our daughter, so she can eat dinner and go to bed.”

“Tell what’s wrong with you.” Cas refused to stand yet.

“Fuck, let me finish puking while you punish our fucking daughter.” Dean groaned.

Cas walked down the hall and opened Celeste’s door. She gasped and curled up. “Celeste, I’m gonna give you one chance to explain what happened before we discuss your punishment.”

She instantly had tears in her eyes. “I-I asked Daddy if I could go to Uncle Sammy’s house to see Kylee but he said—said no, so I snuck out of the house and ran to his place. Uncle Sam walked me back home. I stormed upstairs and ignored Daddy. I didn’t listen to him.”

“What has Daddy already punished you with?”

“No video games, TV and 10 spankins.” She wiped her eyes.

“Do you think that’s enough?” or do you think it should be more than 10 spankins?”

She nodded.

“Ok, here’s the final punishment. No TV for 2 weeks, no video games for 3 weeks and 15 spans.” Cas spoke sternly and calmly.

“Yes, sir.” She whimpered.

“Celeste, I told you no, then Daddy said no. That means no. You do as we say no matter what. Understand?”
“Yes, sir.”

“No matter how mad you are you listen and do what me or Daddy says. Don’t ever leave the house by yourself.”

“Yes, sir.”

“No, it’s time for your spanking.” Cas patted his lap. She crawled over his thighs. “I love you, Kitten, but you did this to yourself.”

15 pops later. Celeste’s face was tear stained. “I’m sorry, Cc.”

“Are you hungry, Kitty?”

“No I just wanna sleep.” She whispered softly.

Cas kissed his forehead and walked towards the door. “I love you.”

Cas was worried Dean was sick for most of the night and it was 6 in the morning before Cas could help Dean to the bed. Cas grabbed a thermometer and stuck it in Dean’s mouth.

“101.7” Cas sighed. “Awh, sweetie, you were slammed in the face with a illness.”

“Cas…’m hot…” Dean whined.

“I’ know, I’m gonna call Gabe and the office. I’m not leaving you alone.”

Dean curled up and stared at Cas with glassy eyes. “S’mmy thought I w’s pr’gn’nt cause I wa’ moody.”

“You were just slowly coming down with this.” Cas kissed Dean forehead. He walked out of the room and called Gabe. “Gabe?”

“Fuck, Cas? It’s 6 in the morning. I had one more hour to sleep before getting up for work. Why are you calling me?”

“I’m sorry, brother.” Gabe sighed.

“Call me tomorrow morning so I know if he’s gonna come in.”

“Of course,” Cas hung up after saying goodbye. He called his office and explained his husband’s ailment. He walked into the bedroom to check on Dean. He grabbed the trash can from the bathroom and set it beside Dean.

The man was sweating and restlessly sleep. Cas walked into the kids bedrooms. They could sleep for another hour.
Cas had called Sam to pick up the kids, including the twins. Celeste and Chezden were waiting on
the couch for Sam to take them to school. Cas walked down the stair with Colette and Courtney on
each hip. He was getting them ready for Sam. “Everyone ready to go?”

“Why is Uncle Sam taking us to school and the twins to his house?” Celeste asked.

“Daddy is sick and I need to focus on him and I don’t want y’all to get sick.” Cas set the twins
down. “Time to fix your diaper bag, Bunnies.”

15 minutes later the doorbell rang. Cas was finally alone. He laid down on the couch and conked
right out.

He slept for a few hours. He blinked awake and sat up. 1 in the afternoon. “Fuck.”

He walked up the stairs. He heard the retching. Dean had made it to the bathroom. Dean coughed.

“Dean, how are you feeling?”

He looked at Cas with his glassy eyes and dark shadows under them. “Where have you been?”

“I fell asleep on the couch.” Cas frowned. “I’m sorry.”

Dean gagged and hung his head in the toilet. “Cas…I don’t feel good.”

“I know, sweetie. Wanna go back to bed?”

Dean groaned. “I’m tired.”

“I know, darling.” Cas rubbed his back. “Let’s get you back to bed.”

“Mmm…where’s the kids?” Dean mumbled as Cas helped him to his feet.

“Sam has the twins and Celeste and Chezden are at school. Don’t worry about them. Let’s get you
better.” Cas helped Dean sit down on the bed.

“Why now?” Dean grumbled.

“Why now, what?”

“I get sick as soon as we start trying.” Dean nuzzled into his pillow.

“You can’t plan when you’re sick. This is just a little stomach flu. You should feel better in a few
days.” Cas ran his fingers through Dean’s hair. “Get some rest. I’ll be back soon with something
easy on the stomach.”

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“Is Dad feeling better?” Celeste asked as they ate breakfast.

Cas sat down across from Celeste. “He’s getting better. His fever has dropped and he is keeping more food down. He should be back to normal in a few more days.”

“I don’t like Daddy being sick. He’s just in bed all day. He can’t play with me or eat with us.” Chez pouted.

“Neither do I, Chezzy, but he’s getting better.” Cas nodded. “Now, finish me breakfast. Uncle Samny should be here soon.”

Dean stumbled down into the kitchen. His hair was a mess and he had bags under his eyes. “Morning.” He mumbled.

“Daddy!” Chezden smiled. “Are you feeling better?”

“Better then yesterday, sport.” He sat down at the table.

Cas rubbed Dean’s back. “Wanna try eating some, Darlin?”

“No, just wanted to get out of bed.” Dean ran a hand down his face. “Where are the twins?”

“They are in the living room.” Cas sat back in the chair.

Dean laid his head on the table. They heard the doorbell ring. “Uncle Sam is here!” Celeste smiled.

“Hi, welcome to Heavenly Delights.” Dean smiled.

A woman smiled. “Hi, I had hoped Gabriel was gonna be here today.”

“He should be back from his break in half an hour or so. I can help you out just the same as co-owner.”

“No, no, I have to speak with Gabriel. I’m not here to buy anything.”

Dean frowned. “Ok, now, he should be back soon. But, he’s family. I need to know what your intent to see him.”

“I’m here to talk to him about his daughter, Kylee. That’s as much as I can say.”

“Dr. Rosen, what are you doing here?” Gabe stepped inside. “I was expecting your call, not for you to show up at my store.”

“Call me Becky. Gabriel, Kylee passed out in her class today.” She frowned. “She told me she hadn’t been eating lunch. This is the third time in 2 weeks.”
Gabe was wide eyed. “Oh God, is she ok?”

“Sam picked her up from school and taking her to her actual doctor.” She answered.

Gabe turned to Dean. “Dean, could you?”

“Sure, Gabe, you need to figure out what’s wrong with her?” Dean yawned. “Keep me updated.”

“Thanks, Becky. I’ll head out soon.” Gabe took a deep breath.

Dean watched the woman leave. “You alright, man?”

“I don’t know, man. Kylee has been so weird. It’s like something has been off with her. Brant has been over a lot more lately and he has been acting strange and trying to be nicer to the family.” Gabe hung his head.

“Kylee is how old?” 17…almost 18? Teen pregnancy can run in the family.” Dean frowned. Suddenly, Gabriel was down for the.” count. “Dammit, Gabe

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Dean grabbed the seat cushion from their office and placed it under Gabe’s head. He grabbed a bottle of water and sat down on the ground beside his brother in law.

He wasn’t working at 100% yet. Cas thought he should have stayed home for one or two more days, but he thought Gabe had been working too hard. Dean lightly popped Gabe on the face. “Gabe?” Gabriel?” Wake up, man.”

“Hmmm?” Gabe blinked.

“Hey, bud, you passed for a few minutes.”

“Don’t tell me things like that, man.” Gabe rubbed his head.

“Are you good to drive to the doctor’s office?” Dean helped his business partner up from the floor.

“Are you ok to hold down the front today?”

“I might close up early. Still not completely 100% yet.” Dean propped on the counter. “Keep me updated, cause I know Sam will try to hide it.”

“Of course.” He walked out of the store to leave Dean, by himself. Jo wasn’t gonna be here until 5 and today Ash had off.

He cleaned off a few tables and started to fix a batch of sweets when he got a call not from Cas, but from Kylee.

“Kylee?”

“Hey, Uncle Dean.”

“I thought you were with your dad.”

“I got my dad to take me home, I wanted to ask if I could meet up with you so we can talk.”

“Honey, I’m at work.”
“Please? I really need to talk to you.”

Dean looked around. “Fine.”

“Thanks, Uncle Dean.”

“We can meet up at the Diner a few blocks from the store.” Dean ran a hand down his face.

“Thank you, thank you, Uncle Dean.” She hung up.

After he made a few calls he closed the store and walked to the diner. He stood around in the parking lot until he saw Kylee’s car she had gotten a year prior. He waited for her to walk up to him. “Hey Uncle Dean.”

“Let’s go inside.” Dean waved towards the entrance.

She nodded. “Dad and Papa are freaking out.”

“Do they have a reason to freak out?” Dean sat down at the booth.

“Kinda.” She frowned.

“What is it, Ky?” Dean leaned forward.

“Please, don’t tell Dad.” She begged.

Dean shook his head. “No, no, no, I can’t do that Kylee. Your Dad is my brother. We don’t keep secrets.”

“I’m gonna tell at some point but right now, I need it to be between you and me.”

Dean sighed. “Fine, you better not keep it a secret for long. Don’t let your dad know I know.”

She nodded. “Uncle Dean, I’m—I’m pregnant.”

“God, Kylee…”

“I’m sorry, Uncle Dean. I know Dad and Papa told me all about how I was born when Dad was only 18.” She frowned.

“Kylee, how far along are you?”

“About 4 ½ months.”

“Kylee…you should have said something sooner.” Dean groaned. “You’re almost halfway along. You have to tell your parents now.”

“No!” She snapped.

“Hey, I’m trying to help you out. Sam would never kick you out because of that baby. He knows where you are coming from.”

“Uncle Dean, I can’t tell Dad. He will be so disappointed in me. He has been telling me and telling me to not have sex because of what it could lead to but I thought it would never happen to me.”

“Believe me, Kylee. You need to tell them. They might be upset but they will get over it.”
“Apparently, you don’t know my Dad.”

“it’s not like he’s my brother.” Dean remarked. “Kylee, Sam was terrified to tell my parents, but he took my advice and told them.”

“Dad would be angry and hate me cause I did exactly what he told me not to. I’m only a junior in high school.” She hid her face.

“Hell yes, Sam is gonna be angry. He will get over it. Sam just had Deanna a year ago and you saw how his labor was.”

“I know, I know.”

“Kylee, does Brant know?”

“Yeah, he knows. He’s known for a while. His parents know…that’s why Brant has been acting better towards the family. He is trying to prepare to be a dad.” She frowned.

A waitress came up and got their drink and food orders. “Kylee, you have to tell your parents. The longer you wait the more upset they are gonna be.”

“I just can’t, Uncle Dean. I understand, but I just can’t see them disappointed in me.”

Dean sighed. “Kylee, you told me you were gonna tell him, please, don’t tell me you lied to me.”

“No…I just can’t…” She looked to the waitress start walking towards them with their food.

“Thank you.” Dean smiled as the waitress walked away. “Kylee, you are gonna regret not telling your parents.”

“Were you there when Dad told Granny and Papa John?” She frowned.

“I was. You wanna know how far along your dad was when he told my parents?” Dean said as he grabbed his spoon so he could eat his soup that was easy on his stomach.

“How far along?”

“6 ½ months. I had to keep it a secret for 4 months and it was the worst 4 months ever.” Dean set his spoon down. “Your parents won’t kick you out or disown you because they have gone through the same thing. There is no reason to be scared.”

“Uncle Dean, I regret everything that happened. Brant, he actually wanted to wait but it was me who thought it would be a good idea so it makes things even worse.” Kylee started to tear up.

“It doesn’t matter how it happened they won’t shun you. I will come with you right now…after we eat so that you’re not alone.”

She wiped her eyes. “Please, Uncle Dean.”

“No problem, sweetheart. I’m glad you came to me instead of keeping all of this to yourself.” Dean nodded as his phone buzzed. “Hey Gabe…”

“She isn’t in her room. Sam told me that she felt better and just skipped lunch. Sam told me she was in her room and when I opened her bedroom door she was gone. Do you have any clue where she is?”
Dean stared at Kylee. She was rapidly shaking her head. “No, I haven’t seen her. I just closed the store for the day. I was still feeling weak so I grabbed something small to eat before heading home.”

“Please, tell me if you see her or she calls you. We are kinda freaking the fuck out.”

“Just calm down, Gabe. She should be fine.” Dean frowned at Kylee.

“Something is really wrong. Fuck, Dean, I really think you might be right, she might be pregnant.”

“I don’t know. Call me if you find her or if she comes back home.” Dean hung up. “Dammit, Kylee. You are lying to me left and right.”

“I’m sorry, Uncle Dean, I needed to talk to you and Dad thought I was resting.”

“I’m taking you home.” Dean threw a 20 on the table.

“No, not yet. Uncle Dee. Please, I’m not ready.” She panicked.

Dean walked towards Kylee’s car. Cas drove him to the store today. “Give me your keys, sugar.” She pouted and stepped back. “No, Kylee, you lied to your father.” Dean stretched his palm up to Kylee. “Now, give me your keys.”

She pouted and handed over the keys. “I’m sorry, Uncle Dean.”

Dean parked the car and lead to the front porch. Sam and Gabe were swinging on the porch swing with little Deanna in Gabe’s lap. “Look who I found.” Dean called out. “She has something very important to tell you.”

Sam stood. “Kylee, don’t you ever do that again or I will beat your ass.”

She frowned. “Daddy…Papa…I—I-Uh…” She looked at Dean. “I’m pregnant.”

“Ky…” Sam sighed.

Dean watched Kylee break down. “Don’t be too hard on her, Sammy. Remember when you were young.”

“Ky…how far along are you?” Sam frowned.

“18 weeks.” She hid her face.

Sam cupped Kylee’s face. “Honey, I’m gonna tell you what my mom told me.”

She looked up. “What?”

“Why the Hell did you wait so long to tell us? And why did you tell Dean first?” Sam, Dean and Gabe all laughed.

Kylee was confused. “You’re not mad?”

“Of course not, sweetheart. Are we upset? Yes, but what happened happened and you obviously feel guilty.” Sam smiled.

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“Knock’em dead. You are gonna be the best damn lawyer in the US. If you win this case is Pontiac you are a shoe in for a promotion.” Dean smiled.

Cas laced his fingers with Dean’s as they stood in the foyer. “Are you gonna be able to hold down the fort while I’m gone?”

“Of course. I’m gonna have Colette and Courtney run around the lobby while I open and start making the goodies.” Dean kissed Cas.

“Get a few more hours of sleep. I’ll call when I get off the plane in Pontiac.” Cas kissed Dean.

“I probably won’t. It’s 4:30, the twins should be up soon.” Dean yawned. “Have fun and don’t work too hard and win that fucking case.”

Dean got a little bit of sleep before getting up to get ready for work. It might have only been 30 minutes. He took a quick shower and got dressed. Gabe texted him that he was on his way over. He checked on Celeste and Chezden as they slept peacefully.

She stumbled down the hall and packed the diaper bag for Colette and Courtney. They were starting to wake up by that time.

Hey Bunnies. Good morning.” Dean smiled. “Are y’all ready to have fun at the bakery?”

He got them dressed and ready right as Gabe knocked on the door. Dean set the twins on each hip and walked down the stairs and opened it. “Morning, Gabe.”

“Morning.”

“Thanks for staying here to watch Celeste and Chezden get on the bus for school.” Dean let Gabe inside.

“No problem, man. You are opening today and I’m not and Cas is in Pontiac.” Gabe yawned. “Why did we decide to open the bakery so early?”

“One of the many questions we didn’t think through.” Dean yawned. “How’s Kylee doing?”

“As good as any 7 month pregnant 17 year could be.”

“I’m surprised she didn’t want to know the gender.” He grabbed his keys. “Celeste and Chez need to wake up at 7.”

“Did you forget that I have 4 kids that are school age at home?”

“I’m sorry. Cas has never been on a business trip during the school year.” Dean swayed side to side and rocked the still sleepy twins. “Well, I have to go or I will never get the store opened on time.”

He headed to the car. ‘Cause the players gonna play, play, play, play, play…’

The twins giggled. ‘And the haters gonna hate, hate, hate, hate. Baby, I’m just gonna shake, shake, shake, shake, shake,-- I shake it off, I shake it off…’

Dean discovered he liked a Taylor Swift song thanks to Celeste and the twins loved to hear Dean
sing it. If Sam ever said anything he would deny every word. “Y’all like Daddy’s singing, Bunnies?”
He strapped them in and after a 15 minute drive he entered the store. “De ite?” Courtney squealed.
“That’s right, Cupcake. Delights.” Dean smiled.

Time got away from him. He finished everything but he was covered in ingredients.

He was putting dough in the oven when Cas called. “Hey Hon. I’m really busy, right now.”
“Really? How? This isn’t the first time the twins with you while you open.”
“I don’t know, babe. Something feels off.” Dean yawned. “I can’t seem to wake up and I feel off.”
“Maybe by me throwing you off your schedule which would have made you off.”
“Yeah, that’s probably it.” Dean yawned.
“I’ll be back in two weeks max.”
“I’m gonna miss my angel.” Dean frowned. “This will be the longest you’ve been gone.”
“I know, Darlin’. We are gonna talk every day and it will seem like I was never gone.”

“Daddy, are you ok?” Celeste sat on the counter.
“Yeah, I’m fine, sweetie.” Dean wrapped his arms around her.
“You keep getting really pale.” She craned her neck.
“I don’t know, sweetheart.”
“Please, tell me you aren’t sick like a few months ago.” She frowned.
“No, Honey, I don’t have a fever and I’m fine. Today the store just isn’t settling on my stomach.”
Dean kissed Celeste’s cheek.
“Ew, don’t spread your cooties.” Gabriel made a gross face.

“Uncle Gabe, what are you, Uncle Sam and everyone gonna do for Jade’s 16th birthday?”
“She doesn’t want a party. She just wants to hang out with the family.” Gabe handed Celeste a warm Apple Cider.

Dean flinched and back away. “Fuck…”
“Daddy?” Celeste watched Dean crouch down behind the counter.

Dean hung his head tried to block his nose. Gabe walked over to Dean and crouched down. “What the Hell, Dean?”
“Give me a minute.” Dean huffed.
“Want me to call, Cas?”

“No, no, I’m fine.”

“Then how about you stand up.”

“I can’t…”

“Why?”

“If I stand up I will puke on the counter. From here I can do it in a trash can.” Dean gagged

“Dad, I thought you said you were ok?”

Gabe placed a hand on Dean’s back as Dean puked in the trash bin. “Celeste, can you go into mine and your Dad’s office for a little while?”

“Ok.”

“Fuck,” Dean spat into the bin.

“I’m calling Cas.”

“No, he gets home tomorrow.” Dean blurted out.

“I’m calling him.” Gabe held the phone to his ear. “Cas?”

“Hey Gabe, I’m about to get on my plane. Dean thinks he gets home tomorrow. I’m gonna surprise him.”

“Well, your husband is throwing up because he smelt warm apple cider.”

“What? Dean loves warm apple cider. That’s why Celeste drinks it.”

“Well, I handed Celeste a apple cider and he proceeded to drop to the ground and puke.”

Dean rose to his feet and took the phone from Gabe and started to the back. “Cas, baby, I’m fine. I’ve just been nauseous today. It wasn’t the cider, it was something else.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure, Cas. I’m fine. Have fun on your last day in Pontiac.”

“Ok, you better not by lying to me, Dean. Tell me you are not sick.”

“I’m not sick, Cas. I’m not lying.”

“Then explain why you are vomiting and getting nauseous. That spells out being sick.”

Dean huffed. “I’m fine, Cas. I’ll talk to you when I get off work.”

“Don’t work too hard. I love you.” Cas hung up.

Dean ran his fingers through his hair. He handed his phone back to Gabe and walked to the small office in the back. “Celeste?”

She was sitting on the chair. “You’re not sick.”
“No, I’m not sick.”

Celeste stood. “Daddy, what’s going on?”

“Uhhh—nothing, Kitten. Go back up front. Uncle Gabe can start to teach you the register. You could help around that store since Kylee, Jade, and Dalton did want to…”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.”

The 13 year old crossed her arms. “I just hoped you were maybe…hopefully…gonna have another baby. You acted like this with Chezden, Courtney and Colette.”

Dean gasped and covered his mouth. “Leste, do not breathe a word of this to anybody.”

“Why aren’t you happy, Daddy?” She stood from the chair.

“No, no, I am happy…I-I-I just want it to be a surprise. Please, don’t tell anybody.”

“Fine.” She shrugged.

“Go up front and keep Uncle Gabe company, Kitten. I have work I have been stalling to do.”

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Dean came up front 4 hours later after doing paperwork then made a batches of some of the goodies that they were running low on.

He walked up front carried a tray of perfectly decorated cupcakes. Dean hummed Aerosmith and started filling up the display. He was covered in flour and frosting, it had, somehow, made it’s way into his hair. Once the display was full he straightened up and saw Cas standing at the counter. “Cas?”

“Hey Hon…”

That’s when Dean blinked at Cas then collapsed. “Daddy?” Celeste gasped.

“Dammit, Dean.” Gabe ran to the back and returned with office chair cushion. Cas watched from the other side of the counter. He held Celeste from where she sat on the counter. “Dean, Dean-o. It was ok when I did it in the dining room, but you’re freaking me out.”

“What all has been wrong with him?” Cas frowned.

“There was the whole apple cider thing, he’s been having lightheaded spells and he gets really pale.” Celeste frowned.

“God, Dean.” Cas groaned. “Where are the twins?”

“When you called saying you had to stay for 3 more weeks Dean decided to let Sam take Colette and Courtney with Deanna to the daycare at the firm like normal.” Gabe explained.

Cas frowned and started to bite his nails. “What’s the matter, Cc?”

“Nothing.” Cas blinked over to his daughter.

Gabe lightly popped Dean’s face. “Time to wake up, Dean-o. Night-night isn’t for couple more hours. Oh I have been putting Little Dede to bed for too long.”

“Yeah, you love her too much.” Celeste remarked.

Dean snorted. “Mmm?”

“Feeling alright, man?” Gabe asked.

“Yeah, I’m good. Just got a little woozy.” Dean mumbled as Gabe helped him sit up.

“A little woozy? Dean, you dropped like a rock.” Gabe frowned.

“It was a little head rush. I’m fine, now.” Dean started to stand but plopped back down and closed his eyes.

“OK, Dean, Cas is gonna take you home.” Gabe helped his co-partner up.

“No-no, I’m fine really. I still have like—“ Dean pushed away Gabe but then froze.

“Dean?” Cas asked.
Dean pointed at Cas. “Yeah, Cas take me home.”

“Why didn’t you call me saying you weren’t well?” Cas said as he unlocked the front door.

“This was your biggest case ever. You haven’t even told me anything about the case.” Dean walked into the foyer.

“It was great. I won the case. Everyone thought it wouldn’t have happened, but I proved them wrong.” Cas smiled. “How’s Sam and the bunch?”

“Oh—not much has changed in the 5 weeks.” Dean shrugged. “Except I missed you. Five weeks alone taking case of four kids and no one to crawl into bed at the end of the day.”

“I’m sorry, I was gone for so long, Baby.”

“Kylee’s due in a month or so.”

“Is Chezden at Lilith’s?” Cas guided Dean into the living room.

“Yeah, Sam should be dropping off the twins at 7.” Dean laid down on the couch.

“I saw Celeste working the register. Does she want to start working there?”

“Yeah, she saw Jade working at the diner and started begging to come with me to work and learn different things. That’s why she stayed with Gabe…that and she didn’t wanna see me like that.” Dean curled up, but that’s when the doorbell rang.

“Did Sam get off early?” Cas got up. Dean watched Cas walked off then come back with Kylee behind him. “Dean?”

“What?” Dean sat up.

“Uncle Dean…Uncle Cas…I’ve got a problem…” She frowned.

“What’s going on?” Cas touched her shoulder. “Are you ok? Do we need to call your dad or papa?”

“No, no! They are too busy. Can you take me to the hospital?”

Dean shot up from the couch. “Are you in labor?”

“Yes…I think so.” She squinted then groaned. “Yeah! I am! It really hurts!”

“Cas call Sam…the Gabe.” Dean pointed. “Kylee, where’s Brant?”

“He—he is on a pane to China on a Club Trip for school!” She yelled.

“Honey, how close are the contractions?” Dean asked.

“Uh—very, very close.” She leaned forward.

“Oh! Oh! Kylee, Kylee…has your water broken?” Dean guided her back towards the door.

“If you are talking about liquid that wasn’t pee come out of me. Yes! Like 6 hours ago.”

“Why are you doing something about it now?” Dean panicked.
“Cause I had just gotten to school. The contractions weren’t too bad until lunch. I tried to call Daddy and he was in a huge meeting about some guy they are gonna transfer to a bigger firm and I tried to call Papa and he didn’t answer, this was the last option, Ow!”

“CAS!”

***
Chapter 21

“Hi, hello, um, my husband called like 7 minutes ago about my niece, Kylee Winchester. I’m Dean Winchester.” Dean spoke with his arm wrapped around his niece.

“Yes, you said she was pretty far along.” The nurse asked.

“Contractions last 3 minutes and her water has broken. Please tell me, you have a labor and delivery room open.”

She nodded. “Yes, yes, let me get a nurse to take her up.”

“Me and my husband are allowed in the room with her, right? We can’t get a hold of her parents yet.”

“Of course.” She smiled. “It will be just a minute.”

Dean guided Kylee to Cas. “Uncle Dean, this really hurts. How did Daddy and you do it?”

Cas laughed. “That question doesn’t have any answers.”

“Uncle Cas…” She moaned.

“Miss Winchester?” A nurse rolled a wheelchair over to her.

“Thank you. C’mon, Ky. Once we get to the room you can be one step closer to holding your baby.” Dean helped Kylee up.

“Uncle Cas, have you gotten a hold of Daddy or Papa?” Kylee grabbed for his arm.

“I’m trying, sweetheart.” Cas held her head.

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“I need my Daddy.” Kylee cried in Dean’s arms.

Cas paced the room biting his nail with his phone to his ear. “Hannah, I have to speak to Sam. His daughter is in labor. She is very far along.”

‘I’m sorry, Castiel. Michael said no matter who calls to not pass it through and nobody can leave. The only reason you’re not in this meeting is about you.”

“Please, Hannah. This is Sam’s first grandchild.” Cas begged.

“I’m sorry, Castiel.”

“Fuck it, I’m gonna go over there to get him.” Cas hung up. “Kylee, I’m going to get your Dad… and call your Papa on the way.”

“Uncle Cas!” Kylee yelled as Cas ran out of the room. “Uncle Dean, this isn’t how this day was supposed to be.”

“I know, sweetheart. It’s gonna be ok. What do you want me to do?”
“I don’t know.” Kylee whimpered. “Make the pain stop.”

Dean pushed the hair out of her face. “I wish I could, Sugar.”

“Why did Uncle Cas leave?”

“Do you wanna see if we can get a hold of Papa?” Dean fished out his phone.

Kylee curled up beside Dean and he scoot to the head of the bed. “That would be nice.”

“Gabriel?”

“Uh-hey co-owner. Ummm, we are getting slammed and your 13 year old daughter can only do so much when she’s by herself when me, Jo, and Ash are baking in the back. She is getting really overwhelmed.”

“Gabe, close the store. Kylee’s in labor. Dr. Bradberry says she’s at 7 centimeters.”

“What? Why are you telling me now? Where’s Sam?”

“She didn’t tell anyone until lunch and she tried to call you and Sam and couldn’t get a hold of y’all. Cas want to grab Sam and I’m alone with Kylee and she’s in pain and scared.”

“I’ll close now. I’ll be there in a flash. Tell Kylee to hang in there and Papa’s on the way.”

Dean hung up. “Papa is on his way. He says to hang in there. You’re doing great, Sugarplum. You can scream, bite, cry, anything to make you feel more comfortable.”

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“You’re doing great, Kylee. I’d say in less than an hour you’ll start pushing to have your baby.”

“No, no, my dad and papa aren’t here.” Kylee shook her head. “Can’t the baby wait until my Daddy is here?”

“I’m sorry, Kylee. That’s not how babies work.” Dr. Bradberry answered. “I’ll be back in half an hour.”

“Cas? Where the Hell are you?” Dean yelled into his phone.

“Answer your damn phone, Samuel!” Gabe paced the room.

“I—I got stuck in the meeting.” Cas whispered.

“Is Sam there? His daughter is about to give birth, like within the hour.”

“I tried, but Michael forced me inside and I can’t escape. This meeting has lasted over 8 hours.”

Dean heard someone else speak. “Cas?”

“Michael! I’m sorry, but I wasn’t supposed to be here. I came to pick up my brother-in-law cause his daughter is in labor!”

Dean watched Gabe paced the room. “Cas?”

That’s when he heard Sam’s voice. “Oh My God! My little birdy is having her baby! My first grandchild!”
The line went dead. “Kylee, snow pea, Uncle Cas and your dad should be here soon.”

“Great!” Kylee groaned.

“Ky-bear, you’re doing so much better then Daddy.” Gabe ran over to Kylee.

“Papa! Uncle Dean!” She yelled.

“Yes, what is it?” Dean and Gabe spoke in unison.

“I WANT HIM OUT!” She yelled.

“We know, Ky. When your dad was 18 and I labor with you the day after graduation he was freaking out and panicking. He bite Gabe and kicked the OBGYN in the face. He gave Dr. Robert a bloody, broken nose and forced him into retirement.” Dean smiled.

“Ok, Kylee, you are 10 centimeters dilated, that means it time to push.” Dr. Bradberry smiled. “It’s time to have your baby.”

“No, can’t it wait like 10 minutes? My Daddy isn’t here yet.” Kylee tried to get up.

Dean and Gabe held her down. “Kylee, Kylee, Dad gonna be here very soon.”

“Ahh! This hurts!” She yelled as Dean and Gabe hooked their arms behind her knees. They grabbed the girls hand.

“It’s time to push, Darlin’.” Gabe pushed the hair out of Kylee’s eyes.

“You’re gonna do great. Sweetie, your dad was a crying mess at this point.” Dean smiled.

“I AM A CRYING MESS!” She gritted as she pushed.

“Gabe, where is Celeste?” Dean looked up his brother-in-law.

“I left her with Jo and Ash…John and Mary were gonna pick her up.”

“What are Sam and Cas gonna do with Deanna, Colette, and Courtney? They are at the firm.”

“Maybe John and Mary will pick them up? They aren’t going to leave them there. Cas will at least remember. What about Jade, Dalton, and Bradley?”

“Jade is almost 16. She can watch the boys, she’s responsible.”

“AHH! Papa! Uncle Dean!” Kylee screamed.

“Kylee, you’re doing great.” Gabe replied.

“Why are you talking about my siblings and cousins?” She pushed.

Dean winked. “Oh Kylee, once the baby is born; you’re gonna be a Mommy. You, your brothers, sisters, and cousins don’t get that because y’all have two dads.”

“Argh! That’s true, but the baby is gonna have one Mom and no dad.” She groaned as she gave a big push.
“What do you mean?” Gabe frowned.

“He cheated! We got in a fight and broke up!” She screamed.

“The head is almost out.” Dr. Bradberry spoke.

“Papa! Daddy’s gonna miss this!” Kylee looked up at Gabe.

“It’s ok, sweetheart.” He kissed her forehead. “Give a big push, Ky.”


“Daddy!”

“I’m here, Birdy!” Sam ran over behind Dean.

“Want me to move, Sammy?” Dean craned his neck. “I can move.”

“No, stay Uncle Dean!” Kylee screamed as she pushed the baby out.

“Here is your little baby boy. Congrats, Kylee. You’re a mommy.” Dr. Bradberry placed the newborn on her chest.

“Oh My God! Hey, baby boy.” Kylee smiled. “It’s great to finally meet you, sweet boy.”

“Gabe, we are grandparents.” Sam smiled. “Oh My God, Kylee. You’re a mommy.”

“I know.” She smiled.

“What’s his name?” Dean moved away from the bed. “Where’s Cas?”

“Jared Dylan Winchester.” She smiled.

“That’s a great name.” Gabe kissed Kylee forehead. “We are so proud of you!”
“So Sammy, how does it feel to be a high school graduate?” Dean smiled as he walked into the kitchen the morning after Sam’s graduation.

“Why are you up this early? You don’t even live here anymore.” Sam grumbled.

“Yeah, but Dad told me not to drive home last night because of how hammer me and Cas were. Cas is still sleeping upstairs.” He sat down at the table.

“Fuck.” Sam groaned.

“What Sammy?” Dean sat up. “You alright?”

“Nothing, just my back hurts and my stomach gets really tight.”

“Do you think you’re in labor?” Dean stood up. “I can call Gabe. He’s in New York, cause you know…”

“No, I’m not ready yet. She’s not due for another week.”

“If you’re in labor you can’t stop it. Let me wake Mama. She’ll know what to do.”

Sam pushed back in his chair. “No, not yet. Please? Maybe it’s not real labor. The contractions are far apart and aren’t that bad.”

“Mama!” Dean yelled. “Mama! We have a problem.” Dean started to walk out of the room. “Mama? Sammy is having labor pains!”

Dean darted up the stairs. “Dean? What is it? I heard you calling me.” Mary said stepping out of the bedroom, wrapping her note around herself. “What’s going on?”

“Sammy is having labor pains.” Dean smiled.

“Really?” She gasped.

“Ask him yourself.” Dean beamed a smile. “I’m gonna be an Uncle!”

A crouch, sleepy, hungover Cas opened Dean’s old bedroom/guest room door. “It’s 8:30 in the morning and I have a hangover. Why is everyone awake and loud?”

“What did I marry into?” Cas walked back into the bedroom.

“Sam’s in labor!” Dean yelled and watched his husband flinch.

“Try to sleep, hon. When you wake up Gabriel will be here and maybe you’ll have made progress.” Mary smiled.
“But it’s already been 18 hours.” Sam whined.

“Gabe couldn’t get a plane ticket home until tomorrow morning.” Dean answered as he walked into the room.

When Sam finally fell asleep Dean and cas walked outside. “Fuck, Sam is having a long labor. We haven’t even left the house.

“My mom said that labor can take days. She was in labor with Gabe for 72 hours.”

“Awh hell, man.” Dean sat down on the porch swing. “Have you ever thought about having kids?”

“Not really. I mean Anna has six kids and isn’t stopping.” Cas shrugged. He watched Dean frown. “I’m guessing I said the wrong thing.”

“No. I just wanted a few kids. Doesn’t have to be a lot of kids, but more than one would be nice.”

Cas sighed. “Are you mad?”

“No…”

“Dean, I’ve known you for many, many years. I know when you’re upset.” Cas sat down beside Dean. “I love you, but I don’t think we are ready for a baby. You understand, right?”

“We have been married for two years. We were talking about kids right before Sammy get pregnant.” Dean huffed and pressed against his husband. “I want a family, Castiel.”

Cas laced his fingers with Dean. “I know, Darlin’. I’m just not ready to be a dad. I have never even wanted to be call Dad, Daddy, or Papa.”

“You don’t have to be called any of those things. You can be C or something. Please, Cas. Tell me you want a family too.”

There was silence for a long moment.

Dean rolled his eyes. “Good talk.”

“Dean…”

“No, no. I’m gonna go inside. Don’t wait up.” He stood from the swing and started back inside.

“Wait, I want a family, but Darlin’. I just got my job at the firm. Right now, I’m working tough hours. Now is not a good time.”

“Whatever…” He slammed the door.

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“Dean?” Sam whined.

“Yeah, Sammy?” Dean sat up.

“How long have I been in labor?”

Dean looked at his watch. “You just passed the 40 hour mark.”

“God, De. The contractions are 10 minutes apart still.”
“You’re progressing. That’s a good thing. When you progress a little more we can go to the hospital. Do you want me to get Mama?”

“No, Dad and her are sleeping. They need to rest and I want them to get proper sleep.”

“Try to get more sleep. I’ll be here when you wake. Gabe will definitely be here soon.”

“Are you still fighting with Cas?” Sam started to stand.

“Yeah, I’ve been married to him for two years and he doesn’t want a family.” Sam walked over to Dean.

“He’ll come around. This is Cas. He does want a family.”

“How do you know, Sammy?”

Sam groaned. “Fuck, De.”

“It’s ok, Sammy. More distraction, how about-uh—umm…Bobby says that I should be promoted to a floor manager; it would be amazing. I would get a raise, more power.” Dean walked over to his younger brother.

“That’s awesome, Dean. I told you that you would make your way up the chain of command.” Sam swayed.

“I don’t know. Yeah, it’s a great job, but I don’t know if I want to do that the rest of my life.”

“Are you joking? You love mechanics. The second dad asked to help with the Impala you were hooked and won’t ever stop, you have motor oil in your veins.”

“Yeah, yeah, but have you thought about doing something different with your life.” Dean lay down on the bed.

“No…No I haven’t but that’s because I just graduated high school and I’m pregnant…now in labor and I’m only 18.” Sam groaned. “Ow! I want her out. Why is she being so stubborn?”

“Because you’re 18…your body isn’t meant to have a baby. She’s having a hard time…descending.”

Sam smirked. “You wanna have a baby, yet you can’t sat the baby is moving down my birth canal.”

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“Wake him up! Wake him up!” Sam yelled for his spot on the couch. “Please! Only Dean can distract me from this!”

“Sam, baby, Dean stayed awake even when you were sleeping. He had been awake for 53 hours.” Gabriel crouched down beside Sam. “You were even asleep a good 15 hours. 10 at the beginning and 5 split in there. He’s been gone for 45 minutes.”

“Wake him!” Sam yelled.

“Sam, Dean was exhausted.” Mary frowned. “Honey, I know you need Dean, but he needs sleep.”

“AHH! WAKE HIM UP!” Sam screamed as a contraction peaked. “Wake him!”
“Sammy, we’ll wake up Dean when you are ready to go to the hospital.” John explained.

That’s when they heard a door slam. “Oh, I’m so sorry, Cas. I was trying to sleep! I’ve been awake for over 50 hours! I’m sorry. I’m not in the mood to share my feelings.” Dean stormed down the stairs.

“Dean, what’s going on?” John walked over to his son. “Son, you need to go lay down and sleep for a while.”

“Oh, I can’t now! Castiel wants to try to talk out our problems when he knows I haven’t slept in over 2 ½ days.”

John guided his eldest son back up the stairs. “You need sleep, kiddo. I’ll get Cas out of your room.”

“Hospital! AHH! Can we go now?! Please!” Sam screamed at the top of his lungs.

“I-I have to be with Sammy.” Dean started walking down the stairs.

“Come back here, Dean. You need to rest, son. Go lay down.”

“John, we need you down here, Hon.” Mary called.

“Mama, I think we should go to the hospital. Sammy sounds like he’s in a lot of pain.”

“Mommy, please, please. This hurts, the contractions, keep coming.” Sam was in tears.

Dean walked into the living room. “Sammy?”

Gabe was sitting beside Sam holding his hand and Mary was sitting on the coffee table. “A few more seconds, Babe.”

“How far apart are the contractions?”

“They are 7 minutes apart.” Mary looked over to Dean. “Darling, why aren’t you sleeping?”

“Mommy, take me to the hospital, please.” Sam begged.

“Mama, Sam only calls you that when he’s not feeling good.” Dean frowned.

“Ow, ow, ow, ow, Mr. Winchester, I’m sorry, ow, ow, that’s my ear. Sorry, sorry, sir.” Cas and John came into the living room. John had a nice tight grip on Cas’s ear.

“Dad, what are you doing?”

“Let’s just say Castiel has never moved faster and had learned a new trick. He can put his clothes on with an arm behind his back.”

“How did he get the arm in the sleeve?” Dean crossed his arms over his chest.

“That’s what you’re concerned with?” Cas remarked.

Dean frowned. “Yeah.”

‘Nice try, but there’s a laboring 18 year old right here!” Sam yelled.

“C’mon, Sammy. Let’s try walking around. Maybe that will move things along.” Dean helped Sam
They walked off and Dean shoved into Cas on the way. “Dean…”

“Shut up.” Dean glared. “Let’s get some fresh air, Sam.”

“Sure, sure.” Sam nodded.

“Gabe talk to my husband, if you could punch him in the face for me.”

“Why were you leading me on for this long?” Dean yelled. “If you didn’t want a family you should have told me out right!”

“I know you want kids and I didn’t want to hurt your feelings. I just thought one day I might want one.”

“MIGHT!”

“Fuck! Dean, I want a family with you.” Cas groaned.

“I can’t remember why I married you!” Dean paced.

“We love each other. We were friends for years. I love you, Dean.”

“Fuck you, Castiel!” Dean pointed at Cas. “I’m trying to be there for my brother, but you are ruining that. I haven’t slept in 55 hours.”

“Ok, Dean, Castiel, we are taking Sam to the hospital. The contractions are 5 minutes apart.” Mary smiled.

“Castiel, go home. I’m fed up. I don’t want to even look at you.”

“Dean, I’m sorry for the 100th time. What can I do to make it up to you?”

“Cas just shut up before Dean kills you.” Sam groaned.

Dean popped the back of Cas’s head. “Come on, Hubby.”

They all got in the car, but Cas.

“Ow!” Sam curled up on his side. “Mommy, how did you do this twice?”

“Honey, normal labor is usually much shorter. Dean was 16 hours…you were only 7.” Mary replied.

“How about you suck a cock?” Dean yelled into his phone.

“I’m gonna go pick up Castiel.” John stood and Mary followed.

“I’ll be back in a moment. I’m gonna get you some ice chips, Sam.” Mary walked behind her husband.
“I don’t care, Cas. Don’t make excuses. Dad is going to pick you up. Are you happy?”

Dean hung up. Gabe rolled his eyes. Sam sat up. “Dean, I have been in labor for 60 hours. Half of it was listening to you fight with the love of your life. Cas wants a family with you. He’s just too big of a wuss to say he is too scared to be a Daddy!” Sam yelled. “Yes, he was a complete fucking dumbass, but he’s your fucking dumbass. Get over yourself and distract me from the baby.”

“Right, you’re right. I’m sorry, Sammy. I’m here for you, buddy.” Dean walked over to Sam’s side. “What do you want me to do?”

“Tell me about anything, fuck, talk about your wedding, your engagement, your fucking honeymoon!”

“Oh, you don’t wanna know what me and Cas did in France.”

“Beats having a baby!” Sam growled.

Dean flicked his eyes to Gabe. “Ok, uh, me and Cas consummated our marriage not in Paris…but in the bathroom on the plane somewhere in the middle of the ocean.”

“HA! Cas told me you hadn’t even taken off.” Gabe laughed.

“I knew he told you! He got all nervous and his voice got really high when he denied that and to change the subject we fucked in the Lawrence High parking lot when we were waiting to pick you up from soccer practice.”

“That was almost two years ago.” Sam frowned.

“Yeah, Cas told Gabe a week after we came back.” Dean chuckled.

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“Ok, Sam, you are ready to have your baby girl.” Dr. Roberts smiled.

“Fuck, get here out of me.” Sam yelled. He crushed Gabe’s and Dean’s hand. “I want her out of me. Never in my life have I wanted something more!”

“Get my daughter out of my boyfriend!” Gabe dropped to his knees from his boyfriend’s strength.

“Do are my brother says, Doc. Please, it’s been 63 hours and he’s still as strong as an ox.”

“I’m gonna need you to push, Sam.”

“You push. “ Sam groaned as he pushed hard. “This is the worst!”

“You’re doing great, sweet pea.” Mary stood behind Dean.

“You’ve made a lot of progress without pushing, Sam. She is crowning.”

“Fuck!” Sam yelled and kicked his leg out, socking Dr. Roberts square in the nose. “AHH! Dammit! I’m sorry.”

John kept Dr. Roberts upright. “Just a little longer, Doc. I will pay for any physical damage done.”

“That’s ok, Mr. Winchester. I can finally retire.”
“Why did you do this to me?” Sam yelled.

“That’s in the past. We are gonna parents in mere minutes. We have been waiting for this for 39 weeks and 63 hours.” Gabe cheered. “Just keep pushing our little Kylee out so we can meet here.”

Sam pushed. He yelled and two pushes the little infant was out. “Oh God, she’s here. Thank God.”

Dr. Roberts placed the baby on his chest. “Congrats, Samuel and Gabriel.”

***
“Dean?” Cas squinted. “Dean?”

“Yeah? What?” Dean blinked and looked up from the couch. “Oh, Cas, when did you get here?’”

“20 minutes ago.” Cas sat down on the couch. “When I got here. Gabe said you had been like that since you sat down on the couch.”

“I was just thinking about when Sam had Kylee. I was deep in thought, did I miss something important?”

“No, no, I was just gonna say we should head home so Kylee can rest.”

“Yeah, yeah.” Dean nodded.

“I have to talk to you about something very important.” They walked out of the room.

“What did you want to tell me?” Dean closed the hospital door.

“Uh—well since I won the case in Pontiac…they want me to move there…” Cas bit her nails.

Dean was silent. They waited for the elevator. He just stared at his feet and shoved his hands in his pockets.

“Dean?” Cas asked. “Say something, please.”

“You said no, right?” He spoke to the ground.

Cas cleared his throat. “Uh—“

“I’m gonna take the stairs.” Dean rushed away from Cas. “Or to the nearest bathroom.”

“Dean! Wait! Don’t be upset, please.” Cas followed.

“No, Castiel. I can be upset if I want to be! You can’t move our family. This has been my home. I was born and raised in Lawrence. I have a business here. My family is here. I can’t up root my family.”

Cas sighed. “I know, Darlin. It is a really good offer. I mean really good offer.”

“I don’t care. I don’t care if you were offered 6 billion dollars an hour.”

“Dean, this is a very big thing. The pay would be double what I make now and I would be higher ranked.” Cas stopped Dean before he reached the stairs.

“That’s great, Cas, but which is better?” Dean sighed. “I can’t get up and leave my business.”

“The bakery is getting bigger. We could expand, now, since I have the extra money we can do that.” Cas placed his hands on Dean’s shoulders. “You and Gabe said you wanted to expand soon.”

Cas tried to smile, but Dean just frowned. “You don’t understand, Castiel.”

“I already said yes, Dean. Honey, I’m not happy about leaving too. My family lives here too.”
“Good, good. Have fun there.” Dean pushed Cas away and started down the stairs. “Fuck you.”

“No, no, Dean, wait. Please, I can’t leave without you.” Cas rushed down the stairs.

Dean kept walking. He flung the door open. He began to walk towards the exit.

“Dean, wait.” Cas followed behind Dean. “This is supposed to be a good thing.”

“It is a good thing. Go to Pontiac.” Dean walked out of the hospital. “Have fun, Darlin.”

“No, don’t say that, Dean.”

“We should go home. You need to start packing. When we get home I will go pick up the twins from my parents’ house.”

“How’s Kylee?” Dean paced the living room. Cas was sitting on the couch with his head in his hands. “That’s great. Sammy, I have to ask you something.”

“Sure, what is it?”

“Uh—did you know that Cas was getting transferred to Pontiac?”

“Well, yeah. That was the meeting I was in while Kylee was in labor. He never told me his response.”

“Fuck, Sam.” Dean groaned.

“I don’t like it either. You think I want my brother to move 6 hours away?”

“Gabe and I have a business that I can’t just up root my life.” Dean glared at Cas.

“You’re right, Dean. This is rough. Has Cas accepted the offer?”

“He did. He accepted it before even talking to me about it. He was the one who told me I should partner with Gabe and start a sit down bakery business. Now, he’s basically telling me to stop what I am doing to move with him.”

“What are you going to do? It would be extremely hard for you and him to do a long distance relationship.”

“Especially, since…I’m pregnant.”

Cas’s head shot up. It was like it clicked why Dean was ill at the store. “What?”

“Really? How long have you known?”

“I was gonna tell Cas then the family when he got back from the trip, but everything got in the way with Kylee, now this. I went to the clinic…I’m 16 weeks.”

“Oh My God, Dean. There is so many answers I could give you Cas’s income would be much better and you could get a better house, but yours family and Cas’s family is here and you’re job you love is here.”

“Those are all good, but I don’t know, Sammy.” Dean looked away from Cas.
"The really question would be what would happened if you decide to stay here? What will happen? Will you and Cas separate or divorce?"

“No, no, never. Sammy, I really don’t know what to do.” Dean was getting choked up.

“It’s gonna be ok, big brother.”

Dean sniffed. ‘Fuck, Sammy. Fucking hormones. What would you do?”

“I would want to take the job because it would make things easier for Kylee and Baby Jared with that extra cash. Gabe would be thinking the same thing, cause you and him have put your blood, sweat, and tears into that place.”

Cas stood from the couch. “Dean hang up the phone. Let’s talk this out. Baby, please. I know I’m not your favorite person right now, but please let’s talk.”

“I don’t wanna speak to you.” Dean pointed. He walked out of the house and sat down on the porch swing. “How would I tell Celeste and Chezden that we are moving to Pontiac?”

“It wouldn’t be easy, Dean.”

“I just don’t think I could do it. I’m stern but I could never just do that.”

“Neither could I, but deaan, could this ruin your relationship with Cas, honestly?”

Dean moaned. “I don’t know. Maybe.”

“Brother, Castiel loves his job and he’s good at it, damn good. You could try to expand the store. Yours and Gabe’s amazing baking could do it.”

“But we would be 6 hours away. We wouldn’t see Deanna or Jared grow up.”

“I know, but we will send pictures, videos, and we will visit.”

Dean shook his head. “No, no, we would do the visiting.”

“Are you considering moving?”

“Maybe.” Dean leaned back. He lifted his shirt up. His stomach was flat, but not as flat as he had gotten down to after the twins. “I’ll call you back later, Sammy.”

“Don’t get too stressed.” Sam hung up.

Dean leaned forward and lowered his shirt. He closed his eyes then heard the front door open. Cas slowly walked over to the porch swing. “Sweetie, I know this is difficult. I don’t wanna lose you, but this is the best thing besides you and our kids to happen to me.”

“I know.’ Dean looked up at Cas. “That’s why I say we should do it.”

Cas’s face lit up with joy and shock. “Really?”

“Yes. You’re right we can expand the bakery after the baby is born and you get settled into the new job.”

“I love you, Dean. You don’t know how much this means to me.” Cas took Dean’s hand.
“I love you, too, Cas.” Dean stared into Cas’s eyes. “I never want to lose you.”

***
“What?” Celeste frowned.

“I got a really amazing job offer in Pontiac, Illinois. We are gonna move there.” Cas explained.

“Why! I like it here.” Chezden whimpered.

“I know, buddy. So do we, but Cc’s job needs him in Pontiac.”

Dean watched a tear slide down Celeste’s eyes. “I don’t wanna leave?”

Cas crouched in front of his daughter. “Kitten, you’re gonna be ok. You’re gonna make tons of friends.”

She sniffed. The two fathers watched Chezden hug his sister. He didn’t look happy, but he was there to comfort his sister. “It’s ok, Leste.”

“I’m gonna check on the twins. They should be waking from their nap.” Dean rushed out of the living room.

“Cc, I don’t wanna leave.” Celeste cried.

Cc held his daughter as Chezden stood from the couch. “It’s gonna be ok, Sweetheart. You’re gonna love Pontiac. I promise, honey.”

Cas held his daughter in his arms as she cried. They stayed like that for 20 minutes. “What about Daddy’s store?”

“We are gonna expand the store.” Cas ran his fingers through Celeste’s hair.

“Ok, ok, promise everything is gonna be ok?” She sniffed.

“I promise.”

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3 Months Later…

“Cas, Sam, you’re doing a great job. Keep up the good work.” Dean encouraged from the driveway.

The husband and brother were dripping in sweat. They glared at the 7 month pregnant man. “Why don’t you help out, Darlin?”

“You were the one who didn’t want to hire moving guys.” Dean held his back. “You’re the one who said that we should leave and move before the baby is born.”

“I’m starting to dislike you, Cas.” Sam grunted.

“Shut up and get the big stuff in the truck before I start to dislike myself.” Cas groaned.

Dean looked at his watch. “I gotta head over to the store.”

Cas, suddenly, dropped the couch. “Shit, Dean. No, no, no…you can’t…”
“What? Why?” Dean crossed his arms on top of his swollen middle.

“It’s just…you remember last time around. I want this pregnancy to be as stress-free as possible.” Cas took Dean’s hand.

“Sweetheart, if you wanted this pregnancy to be stress-free we wouldn’t be moving.” Dean waddled to the Impala.

“Please, Dean. You just worked yesterday. Today was supposed to be your day off.” Cas begged.

Dean sighed. “Gabe called saying he wasn’t feeling well. I’ll call him.” He fished out his phone. “Hi, Jo, I need to speak to Gabe.”

“Dean? When are you getting here?”

“What’s going on?”

“Gabe is starting to get real sick.”

“How? Like puking? The other end? Get him away from the food.” Dean rubbed his pregnant middle.

“Uh—he says he’s feeling nauseous and he’s really sweaty.”

“I’ll be over in 15 minutes.” Dean hung up. “Sam, Gabe is getting sick. You need to take him home. I’ll drive you there.”

“That’s will be a sight; a sweaty man, a pregnant man and a sick man in one room together.” Sam smiled.

“This place is beautiful.” Dean slowly walked into the living room holding Cas’s hand. “Leste and chez are gonna love this place.”

“I agree. God, Dean, thank you for uprooting your career to do this. It means the world to me.” Cas took both of Dean’s hands. “We are gonna to be ok.”

Dean smiled. “We survived out fight big fight during Sam’s 63 hour labor with Kylee, I think we can survive a big move.”

“I have something to tell you.” Cas placed his hands on Dean’s 30 week pregnant belly. “I bought the building for the second Heavenly Delights.”

“Really? I thought we decided to expand after the baby stops nursing.”

“Well, I went ahead and bought the place so I know we won’t lose the location.”

“That’s great, Darlin. Thank you, Babe.” Dean leaned forward and kissed his lover.

“No problem, now the movers had gotten here early this morning and got all of the stuff in the house so all of the furniture is in the right rooms so you can go lay down if you want.”

“You are Godsend.” Dean gripped Cas’s arm. “I love you.”
“Daddy!” Colette squealed.

“Yeah, Cookie, we are gonna swim in the pool.” Dean waddled to the pool chairs.

“Daddy! UP! UP!” Courtney squealed as she held Dean’s swim trunks.

Cas scooped her up. “Cc’s gotcha, Bumblebee.”

“Dad, can me and Chez go in the water?” Celeste begged.

“Put sunscreen on first.” Dean set Colette down. “Ok, Cookie, Bumblebee, let’s show off your adorable bathing suits.”

Dean sat down on the pool chair. “Baby?” Courtney patted Dean’s belly. “Baby?”

“Yeah, Bumblebee. Baby’s in here.” He smiled and pulled off his daughter’s cute little bathing suit cover up. “Courtney, you look adorable.”

Cas smiled as he scooped Colette up. “Let’s get in the water.”

Dean took off his shirt revealing his 8 month pregnant middle. “Come on, Bumblebee.”

“Hi.” A woman stopped in front of Dean’s pool chair. “I think it’s amazing that you are comfortable enough to show your body in public.”

“Thank…you?” Dean rose to his feet and scooped up his daughter.

“No, no, I’m sorry. When I was pregnant with my kids I couldn’t get myself to wear a bikini and swim.” She smiled. “You look great.”

“Thank you, but I have to ask…What’s your name?”

“Oh ha!—I’m Monica. I’m guessing you are new here?” She smiled.

“Yeah, I’m Dean. We just moved in 2 week ago.” Dean ran a hand down his stomach and Courtney grabbed his hand and pushed it away so she could pat his belly. “This is Courtney.”

“Nice to meet you, Dean and Courtney.” She smiled.

“Hi. Baby is Daddy’s tummy.” Courtney proclaimed.

Dean smiled. “That’s right, Bumblebee.”

Chezden walked over to Dean soaking wet. “Come on, Dad. Get in the water.” He looked up to the stranger. “Hi.”

“Dad, how do you know this lady? We’ve been here for two weeks.”

“We just met.” Dean placed his hand on Chez’s hair. “Monica, this Chezden. He’s the second oldest…oldest boy.”

“Nice to meet you.” Chez smiled. “Leste, Dad made a friend.”

Dean shook his head. “Courtney, your big brother is crazy.”

“Chezzy.” She smiled.
“I’ll let you spend time with your family.” She smiled. “I’m here every weekend with my boys.”

“Good to know.” Dean smiled. She walked away. Dean walked to the edge of the pool. Chezden jumped into the pool. He slowly crouched down and sat with his feet in the water.

Cas walked over to the edge with Colette on his hip. “Why don’t you get in?”

“I don’t know, Darlin. That woman kinda made me self-conscious.” Dean rubbed a hand down his middle.

Courtney stood. “Daddy!”

“Yeah, Princess.” Dean smiled.

“Swim!”

“Swim!” Colette mimicked and splashed making Cas flinch.

“Come on, Daddy. Get in the water.” Cc took Colette’s hand.

Dean slid himself into the water. “Ready to get in Bumblebee?” He scooped her up.

Celeste swam over. “Daddy, you got in.”

“Yes, I did. Now, I’m gonna go sit on the stairs in the shallow end.” Dean pointed.

“Come on, Darlin. Hang out with the family.” Cas whined.

“You try carrying 30 pounds and still carry a 2 year old…sometimes two 2 year olds.” Dean remarked. “Yes, the water eases some of the pressure but I need to sit down in the water.”

“You got 4 more weeks. Sweetie, this is family time. I don’t want to just hang out with the kids with you just watching.” Cas squeezed Dean’s arm.

“Play around for a little while, Daddy. I’ll hold Courtney, so you can float around.” Celeste held her arms out.

“Leste, you are Godsend. I know there was a reason we kept you around.” Dean transferred the twins.
“Hey Mama.” Dean waddled into the living room.

“Hey Baby. I was getting packed as we speak. Me and Sam will be at your house tomorrow.”

“That’s great, Mama. I can’t wait to see you and Sammy again. I hate being so far away from y’all.”

“I understand, Sweetie. I don’t like my boys being so far apart.”

“Yeah, Mama. Call me when you get here.”

“Of course, Sweetheart. Bye-bye.” She hung up.

Cas walked into the room. “Hey, I just got the twins down for their naps.

Dean’s emotions exploded. “Cas…”

“What? What’s wrong?” He rushed over to his husband.

“Cas…I—I—I wanna go home.” Dean cried.

“What are you talking about, Dean? We are home.” Cas cupped Dean’s face.

“No, no, I wanna go back to Lawrence.” Dean pulled away from Cas. “I tried to be supportive, but —but I miss my Mama!”

“Honey, Mary and Sam are gonna be here tomorrow. Mary is gonna be here until the baby turns 3 months and Sam will be here until a week after the birth.”

Dean sat down and cried into his hands. Cas sat down beside him. “Cas, I don’t like it here. I wanna be able to see my Mama whenever I want and work with my brother-in-law at our store. I don’t wanna expand.”

“Oh, sweetheart, I wish we could move back but my job needs me here. I can’t leave.” Cas ran his fingers through Dean’s hair.

Dean just sobbed. “I hate your fucking job!”

“What?”

“It was your job that moved us here, it’s the reason we’re away from our family, my business. You’re never home. I want to see you more and I want my Mama!”

“I will see what I can do, but Dean it doesn’t look likely.” Cas took Dean’s hand. “I’m sorry, Baby.”

“I’m gonna go lay down.” Dean slowly got to his feet. “I can’t handle this right now. I just want my Mama, but she’s in KANSAS!”

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“Sam, he is a wreck. His hormones went off the charts. He was sobbing and saying how much he wants to go back to Kansas and I don’t know what to tell him.” Cas paced the living room. “He has locked himself in the bedroom.”
“What was his first reason to move back? Did he give an actual reason like not able to expand the store OR did he automatically went straight to Mom?"

“He said he wanted to go home. He said he tried to support me, but he missed Mary.” Cas sat down on the couch.

“That means he genuinely wants to move back. Cas, Dean will never admit it but he’s the absolute biggest Mama’s boy.”

“Why does that have to do with this?”

“Ok, remember your second huge fight with Dean and he supposedly got a motel room for a few days…well, he actually went home and cried in Mom’s arms for two days.”

“Oh My God. Sam, what do I do?”

“Cas, Dean is 36 weeks pregnant. He can’t fly. The earliest you could move back is when the baby is a few weeks old.”

“Sam, I can’t move back.”

“I don’t know what to tell you. Just be prepared for a very upset Dean. This is the longest he’s gone without seeing Mom.”

“No, no, Dean went every semester of college without seeing Mary.”

“Do you really think Dean had night class ever Friday, all four years…when he never went to college, but y’all shared an apartment?”

“fuck, I’m such an idiot.”

“Cas, Dean worships Dad, but Mom…they had a bond only a mother and son could have.”

Cas sighed. “Sam, I just want my husband to be happy. I just thought this job would make him happy.”

“I know, Cas. Would you rather have an amazing job or a happy husband and kids?”

“I want both.” Cas spat out. “Why can’t I have both?”

“Because life doesn’t work like that.” Sam responded without missing a beat.

“Dammit, Sam. How can I cheer Dean up?”

“Move back to Lawrence.”

“We are going nowhere fast.” Cas sighed. “Sam, I just want Dean happy being here.”

“We will keep going in circles at this rate. I have to go. See you tomorrow, Cas.”

Cas hung up and set the phone on the coffee table. “Oh dear God, what do I do? I love this job. It’s so much better and the pay is better, but Dean hates it here. Give me a sign, lord. I need an answer soon.”

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“Dean? Can you let me in, please?” Cas tapped on the Master bedroom door after getting the kids to bed. “Please, Dean. We need to talk.”

He waited and the door slowly opened to slowly reveal a red eyed Dean. “What is there to talk about?”

“Can I come in, Sweetheart?” Dean stepped back and his husband stepped in. “Dean, baby, I’m stuck between a rock and a hard place.”

Dean sighed. “I know, I know.”

Cas watched Dean lower himself onto the bed. “I don’t know what to do. This job is me making my way up the chain of command. The pay is almost double my old salary. I love you, Dean. You are my world, I wouldn’t be where I am today without you. I want you to be happy at any cost.”

A tear an down Dean’s face. “It sounds like you have made up your mind, but I think you said the right answer.”

Cas frowned and held back tears. “You’re right, Dean. I don’t wanna lose you, but—but this job is important to me.”

Dean nodded. “Yeah, it is important to you.”

“Dean…”

“No, no, your job is important. You should always choose your career.” Dean stood and grabbed his duffel bag.

“Dean, Dean, don’t…please, Dean.” Cas gasped.

“I’m glad we talked.” Dean stuffed clothes into the duffel bag.

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“Dean, stay, please! I will try to go back to Lawrence. Don’t go!” Cas walked behind Dean.

“Yeah, you do that.’ Dean walked outside. He waddled towards the Impala. He got into the Chevy and backed out of the driveway.

Cas dropped to his knees. Tears rolled down his face. “Cc? What are you doing outside?”

Cas whipped around. “Celeste?” He wiped his eyes.

“What’s going on? Where’s the Impala?” Celeste walked down the porch steps. “Are you ok, Cc?”

“Go back to bed, Kitten. It’s late. We will talk in the morning.” Cas sniffed and headed inside with Celeste. “Goodnight, Sweetie.”

His daughter walked up the stairs. Cas grabbed his cell and dialed Sam’s number. “Cas? It’s pretty late—“

“Dean left. He made my decision from me. I think he is heading back to Lawrence.”

“Oh God, Cas. Why didn’t you go after him?”

“I have a 13, 8, and twin 2 year olds. I couldn’t just follow him.”
“Ok, ok, I see if I get a hold of Dean. The airport might not even allow him on the plane.”

“Thank you, Sam.”

***
Guys, i’m an idiot and completely skipped over this chapter, so you're in luck. Another chapter, but unfortunately you might have to reread a little bit, sorry guys

Cas didn’t sleep. He sat on the couch, staring at his phone waiting for Sam to call. “Cc? Why are you up so early and where is Daddy?”

“Celeste? What are you doing up so early?” Cas rose to his feet.

She walked over to Cas. “I was walking to the bathroom and I saw your bedroom empty.”

Cas cleared his throat. “Umm, Leste, Daddy went out for a little while.”

“How long is he gonna be gone?”

“I don’t know, Sweetheart. I’ll keep you updated.” Cas kissed his daughter’s forehead.

“I’m going to go lay down.” She pointed back up the stairs.

He nodded and sat back down. That’s when the phone rang and Sam’s number popped up. “Sam?”

“No…it’s Dean.”

Cas gasped. “Honey, I’m sorry. So sorry. I will beg for my place in Lawrence. We can move as soon as the baby is old enough to fly.”

“Uh—it’s ok, it’s fine. I overreacted. I’m pregnant and emotional. We don’t have to rush. I am sorry that I ran out. Sam probably told you about the whole Mama’s boy thing.”

“You’re at Mary’s house?”

“No, I just left. I just got to Sam and Gabe’s house.”

“Please, come home, Darlin.” Cas rose to his feet once again.

“Um, Cas, I risked flying at 36 weeks. I can’t do it again.”

“Fuck, Dean. I need you to come home.” Cas frowned. “I have to be there when the baby is born.”

“I need you to be with me then. You don’t know how terrifying it is for me to fly alone and be 36 weeks pregnant.”

“Go fly with Sam and Mary. Please, darling.I know you hate flying, but do it for me, please.”

Dean was silent. “Ok, Sammy doesn’t know about my whole flying thing.”

“He should understand. I mean we know about his whole clown thing.”
“Ok, I’m sorry. I will see you tomorrow.”

“Cas? Honey, I’m home.” Dean called out. “Cas?”

Celeste hopped down the stairs. “Daddy, you’re back.”

“Yeah, Kitten. Where is Cc?” Dean held his back and waddled over to Celeste.

“Cc, he made himself sick worrying over you being gone.”

“What? Is he ok?” Dean started walking up the stairs.

“No, Daddy. You shouldn’t go up there. You could get sick, which won’t be good for the baby.” Celeste followed her dad.

“Cas? Darlin? Lest says you aren’t feeling well.” Dean walked into the bathroom.

“Dean? Baby, you’re home.” Cas stepped out of the bathroom.

“Are you ok. Sweetheart?” Dean walked over to Cas. “What’s wrong?”

“Kinda—sorta worried myself into an upset stomach.” Cas hummed as he glossed his hand over his stomach. “And you know how the sound of puking makes me queasy and the smell of vomit makes me really queasy.”

“Sweetie, we’ve been married for 20 years. I know that when you puke it makes you puke more. It’s one of the many quirks I have learned to love.” Dean cupped Cas’s face. “So you’re not sick?”

“Not anymore. I’m glad you are home.” Cas smiled. “I love you.”

“Kiss me after you brush your teeth.”

“I missed you, Sweetheart.” Cas kissed the back of Dean’s neck. “I’m stupid to ever think that my job is more important than you.”

Dean hummed.

Cas ran his hand down Dean’s belly. “I love you so much. Is it wrong for me to be very turned on right now.”

“No, but if you press any harder you will split me in half.” Dean craned his neck.

Cas slowly slipped Dean’s boxers down just past his ass cheek. He teased Dean’s hole. “That’s what I wanted to do?”

Dean grabbed the lube from the top drawer of the bedside table and handed it to Cas. “Make love to me, Cas.”

Cas pressed one then two fingers inside. “You are absolutely beautiful.”

“You have magic fingers.” Dean hummed as Cas pressed a third finger in. “Maybe you’ll rock the baby to sleep for the night.”
“You ready to take my cock, Darlin?’ Cas pulled out and lubed up his dick and slowly pressed it against Dean’s ass.

“Oh God, Cas. Please.” Dean begged.

Cas pushed his cock in and began to slowly thrust. “I missed this.”

That’s when Dean saw the door slowly creak open and a slit of light shined into the room. Cas quickly pulled out and tucked his dick back into his boxers and pulled up Dean’s boxers. “Dad? Cc?”

Cas sat up and Dean got up on his elbow. “Chezden? What are you doing up this late?’ Dean said.

They both head Chez sniff and wipe his eyes. “I—I had a nightmare.”

“Oh, buddy, do you wanna sleep with us tonight?” Dean sat up.

Chez choked out a cry. Dean swung his legs off the side of the bed. “Daddy…I had an accident.”

“What do you mean, Chezzy?” Dean waddled over to his son.

“I peed the bed.” Chez choked out. “I had a nightmare and wake up really scared. I had to pee really bad, so I was about to get out of bed when I got really scared. There was a loud creaky noise and it scared me and I peed.”

Cas got out of bed. “Oh Chezden.”

“I’m sorry, Cc. It was an accident, I swear.” Chez panicked.

“It’s ok, son. You go take a shower to clean up and Cc will change your bedsheets. I will be here when you get out.” Dean ran his fingers through Chez’s hair.

30 minutes later Cas and Chezden entered the bedroom. Dean took the chance to go to the bathroom while Chezden was in the shower. “Can I sleep with you, Daddy and Cc?”

“Of course, Bub.” Dean nodded. “Go to the bathroom before we go to sleep.”

Dean woke up with Chezden on his chest with the boy’s hand on his huge middle. He lifted his head to find Cas out cold on his stomach with his face plastered to the pillow drooling. He realized what woke him up. The baby monitor. “Daddy?”

“Ok, Chezzy, sleep on Cc.” Dean pushed his son over so he could get up. He walked into the nursery to find Colette standing in her crib. “Morning Cookie?”

“Daddy!” She smiled.

“Is Cookie’s diaper dry today? Are we gonna have two mornings in a row?” Dean lifted her up and set her on his hips and slipped his hand in Colette’s diaper. “Oh my God, Cookie. Let’s go on the potty.”

“Big girl cookie?” She asked.

Dean tried his hardest to gracefully sit on the floor. He plopped down on his ass without an ounce of grace. Dean pulled off Colette’s diaper and set her on the baby potty. Dean sat cross legged. “That’s
right, Sweetie. Cookie gets a cookie.”

Colette leaned forward and placed both hands on Dean belly. “Baby.”

“Yeah, Cookie.” Dean smiled. “The sooner you pee-pee the sooner you get your cookie.”

He let Colette rub his stomach. The toddler looked down and tinkled in the potty. “Sounds like score 2 for Cookie’s potty training.” Cas entered into the bathroom with Courtney on his hip.

“Cc! Pee-pee!” Colette raised her arm in celebration.

Courtney clapped her hands. “Yay!”

Once Colette was finished Dean stayed on the floor and passed her to Cas who passed Courtney to him. “Did my Bumblebee stay dry all night like her sister?”

“They are training at basically the same rate.” Cas watched Dean pulled off Courtney’s diaper.

Celeste stepped into the bathroom. “Oh, party in here.”

“Two for two on the potty training.” Dean smiled and gasped when Courtney planted her hands on his stomach. “And I can’t wait for this baby to be out of me.”

“Daddy, I would love to talk about the twins peeing in the potty, but I really have to potty as well and it takes the twins forever.” Celeste hopped from foot to foot.

“If you have to go so bad use our bathroom.” Dean pointed.

“Thanks, Daddy.” She ran off.

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Chapter 27

6 Weeks Later…

“I’m hating this.” Dean grumbled as he entered the kitchen. “2 weeks overdue…it’s like every other time.”

“Not much longer, baby boy. If the baby doesn’t come by Thursday, you and Cas will go to the doctor.” Mary squeezed Dean’s hand.

“I was just at the doctor yesterday. I’m already 2 centimeters.”

“I don’t know what to tell you. All of my kids were early or on time.” Sam took a bite of bacon.

Dean glared at his younger brother. He took the bacon strip from him. “You get no opinion and no bacon for you.”

Sam frowned and put his hands under the table. “I’m sorry.”

“You might have long labors but my pregnancies are rough and long.” Dean pointed and took Sam’s plate. “This is mine, now.”

“Daddy, I have a feeling it’s gonna be today.” Celeste smiled.

“You don’t get to have a feeling because you’re 14.” Dean snapped. “Don’t make me take your food.”

“Don’t take anyone’s food.” Cas sat down.

“Can I have my breakfast back?” Sam hesitated and pointed to the plate.

“No, you lost that when you gloated in my face.” Dean growled.

Mary chuckled and scooped up Courtney. Cas played with Colette in his lap. “Sammy, leave the table or shut up.”

Chezden ran up to the table. “Cc, your phone started ringing so I answered it. This guy ask if you could talk.”

“Chezden, why did you answer my phone?” Cas straightened up and leaned towards the boy. “Give me my phone, Chezden.”

“I’m sorry, Cc.” Chezden handed the cell phone.

“Hello?”

“Castiel, this is Michael. Was that your son on the phone?”

“Yes, yes. I’m sorry about that Mr. Milligan. He knows better.” Cas growled at Chez at the end. “What can I do for you, sir?”

“Well, I overheard Sam talking about your being unhappy with working at the Pontiac firm.”

“Uhh—well, ummm…sir.”
“That’s great, Castiel. I have been watching how well things have been going there. We need you back here in Lawrence, but not as your old position. I want you to promote you to the head of the division. You’d be right below me.”

“Oh My God, Mr. Milligan. Of course. That would be amazing.”

“Castiel, you can call me Michael now. You don’t have to start right away. Sam told me about his brother and your husband was pregnant…or had the baby. Sam said your husband was pretty far along.”

“How do you know so much?” Cas stood from the table.

“Sam loves to talk about his brother, his husband and his kids…your kids.”

Cas walked into his office. “Umm, Dean, my husband, is still pregnant. Two weeks overdue. Once he has the baby it might be few weeks before we can pack up and move back.”

“That is perfectly fine. Castiel, you call me the second your husband has your baby so I can talk with Lucifer so we can transfer you back.”

“Thank you! Thank you, Michael.” Cas smiled.

“I’ll talk to you soon, Castiel.”

“Goodbye, sir.” He was about to hang up.

“Wait, wait. Castiel? Are you still there?”

“Yes, sir. What do you need, sir?”

“Your son sounds adorable. Reminds me of my son, Adam.”

“Yeah, Chezden is a sweetheart. I’m sorry about him. He knows not to answer my cell phone.”

“It’s ok, Castiel.”

Cas hung up and smiled. He sat down at his desk. There was a light knock on the door. “Come in.”

“Cc?” Chezden poked his head in.

Cas sighed. “Yes, Chezden.”

“I’m so sorry, Cc. The phone was about to go to voicemail so I answered it. I answered it like you told me that once. “Hello, Winchester residents.” The man was really nice and just asked for you.”

“Chezden, I told you that you never answer my cell unless it is Granny, Papa, Uncle Sam or Uncle Gabe.” Cas leaned forward.

“I’m sorry, Cc. I won’t do it again.” Chezden whimpered.

“Chezden, you don’t understand. That was my boss on the phone. He could have fired me because my son answers my phone. Lots of employees don’t think it’s cute when an 8 year old answers.”

Cas watched a tear run down Chez’s face. “I’m sorry, so sorry.”

“I understand, Chezden. I know you are sorry, but I need to know you will not answer my phone
unless it is family.” Cas sternly pointed.

“Yes, Cc. I’m sorry. I won’t do it again.” Chezden cried. He brought his hands to his face and sobbed. “Cc! I’m sorry!”

Cas got down on his knees. “I forgive you, Chez. This isn’t the first time I have scolded you for doing this.”

“I’m sorry!” Chezden cried.

The father hugged his son. “It’s ok, Chez. Promise me, you won’t do it again.”

“Promise! I promise.” Chezden sniffed. He looked down at the ground. He gasped. A fresh new batch of tears flooded into his eyes.

“What’s the matter, Chez?” Cas searched for answers in Chezden’s eyes.

“I didn’t know. It just happened. I’m sorry.”

Cas instantly knew what Chezden was talking about. It was one of the Novak genes he wished his kids didn’t bare. “Calm down, Buddy. It’s ok. I understand. Cc had that same problem.” He pulled Chez into his arms. “Was it just a dribble? I didn’t see any visible damage?”

“It was, not anymore.” Chez sobbed even harder.

“Come on, Chez. Did you empty your bladder?” Cas pulled away a saw the damage. It had been at least half a bladder.

“No…I have to pee really bad now.”

Cas guided Chezden to the bathroom. “Go pee, Chezden. Once you’re done, we can get you cleaned up. I’ll go clean the floor.”

“I’m sorry, Cc.” Chezden frowned.

“It’s ok, son.” Cas walked out of the room and quickly cleaned the carpeted floor. He had just finished putting away the cleaning products and checking on Chezden when Dean walked up the stairs. “Hey, how are you feeling?”

“Like at least a buck fifty.” Dean rolled his eyes.

Cas got down on his knees and cupped Dean’s belly that had dropped in the days prior. “Hey Piglet, your Daddy is getting pissed off at you. So, I say come on and make your way on out.”

Dean ran his fingers through Cas’s hair. “Thank you for the pep talk, but piglet has made a home inside here.”

“Sam and Mary are here. We can get them to take the kids out so we can try to induce.”

“Not today, Darlin. I took 4 plates of food from Sammy for gloating about on times deliveries.”

“I told you Jared was starting to sit up alone.” Sam climbed the stairs. “I’m sorry, Dean.”

Chezden walked out of the bathroom with a towel around his wrist. “Chezden, why are you taking a shower right now?”
“I felt dirty?” Chezden blushed.

Dean walked over to the 8 year old. “Chez, did you have another accident?”

“Another accident?” Cas frowned. “Chez, how often does this happen?”

Chez ran to his room. Dean rushed towards Chez’s room. “Dean…”

“Chezzy, Cc and Daddy aren’t mad.” Dean glared at Cas. “Chezzy-bear, Cc didn’t mean to snap at you.”

“What the hell just happened?” Sam pointed.

“The phone Chez answered was Michael. I got mad and scolded him then he dribbled a little bit and when he realized he did that…he did it again.” Cas began to bit his nails.

“Sounds like Gabe. He told me that until he turned 10 whenever he got extremely upset, angry, or anxious he would pee himself. Dalton and Bradley were the same way. Jade did it a little when she was 5 and 6.” Sam tapped Cas’s shoulder.

“This is the first I’m hearing of it happening to Chez. I mean he had a bedwetting incident a few weeks ago, but he had a nightmare and Dean told me he got that from you.” Cas crossed his arms over his chest.

Sam gave a bitch face as Dean waddled out of the boys room. “Chez is asleep.”

“Good, good. Dean can we talk?” Cas asked.

“What the Hell, Cas? If he had any pee left he would be soaked.” Dean frowned.

“Why have you not told me about this?” Cas asked. “I didn’t know this was a normal thing.”

Dean had one hand on his back the other was on his stomach. “This really is the last kids. I’m 40 and 42 weeks pregnant. I’m gonna be 60, you’ll be 61.”

“That’s doesn’t matter, Darlin.” Cas rubbed Dean stomach. Sam smiled at the closeness of his brother and brother-in-law.

“You have been busy at the firm. Chez has slight anxiety and he’s still young. He has a small bladder. Sammy was the same way.” Dean smirked at Sam.

“I should really hang out with Mom and my twins nieces.” Sam walked back downstairs.

Cas stepped closer to Dean and placed both hands on Dean’s distended middle. He was about to say something when he felt Dean’s stomach tighten. “Dean?”

“The doctor said it was nothing to worry about. He will grow out it. He might not outgrow the anxiety, but if we put him on the medication and limit his nighttime drinking and encourage more daytime drinking to strengthen his bladder. He is gonna be fine.’ Dean rubbed circles on each side of his middle.

“Dean…”

“He was freaking out about you finding out because you are the stern parent.” Dean frowned. “Damn, it was the comfiest I have felt in months. I laid with him and told about how you proposed to me.”
Cas cupped Dean’s face. “Dean, stop talking for a minute.”

“What?” Dean shifted his weight.

“That call I got…was from Michael, my old boss…Sam’s current boss. He offered me the head of my old division.”

Dean beamed a smile. “Really?”

“We are gonna move as soon as you are ready. When the baby is a few weeks old we will pack up and fly back home.” Cas took Dean’s hand. He placed one hand on Dean’s stomach and felt it tighten again. It hadn’t even been 5 minutes. “Are you ok, Darlin?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Dean rubbed circles on each side.

“Dean? I think you are in labor. I have felt your stomach tighten.” Cas frowned.

“No, no, I feel fine. I’m just stressed because of Chez, the overdue, the moving, not moving, the moving again, the 5 plates of bacon I ate.” Dean gripped his stomach. “Wow, I’m in labor.”

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“Fuck, when the realization hits, you feel it.” Dean paced the living room.

“Whenver you’re ready to go to the hospital.” Sam sat down on the couch.

Dean whipped his head towards Sam. “Shut up, bitch.”

Sam lifted his hands in surrender. “Mommy, help me please.”

“Dean, sweetheart, don’t snap at your little brother.” Mary said from her seat.

“Two weeks overdue. I will snap if I want to.” Dean growled. “They are five minutes apart. I think it would be perfect to go to the hospital.”

“I just got off the phone with Michael. He is gonna give me 2 months leave.”

“We only have 2 months to completely move?” Dean blurted out.

Cas flinched and fished out his phone. “You’re right. Let me call him back. I’ll work things out.”

“Yeah, take your time!”


“Dammit! Fuck!” Dean yelled.

“Dean, the twins are napping and Chezden is asleep in his room.” Sam piped in.

There was a low growl from Dean’s throat. “Samuel, I thought we talked about you shutting up.”

Cas came walking back. “Ok, so, Gabe is finding us a house bigger than our old one. John, my mom and dad are gonna start packing up all of the big stuff. They are gonna leave use 14 days’ worth of supplies.”

“Get off the phone and grab the fucking overnight bag. We need to leave.”

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“It’s just gonna be you and me?” Dean moaned as he slid into the car.

“Sam is gonna start packing and Mary is watching the kids.” Cas pulled out of the driveway.

Dean closed his eyes. “Cas, we’re gonna have baby #5.”

“I know, Darlin. This is just as exciting as with all of the others.” Cas took Dean’s hand. “We got 25 minutes. I’m sorry we are far away.”

“No, no, Cas we are gonna have a baby now.” Dean leaned back and scooted down until his knees hot the dashboard.

“Keep breathing.” Cas squeezed Dean’s hand.

Dean took deep breaths. “Fuck, my water broke, baby. The contractions are speeding up.”
“Don’t fight it, just don’t push. Get comfortable, Sweetheart.” Cas glanced at the laboring man. “Hang in there.”

10 minutes past. “How much longer, Castiel?”

“Not much longer. They have a chair waiting out front and a bed waiting inside.” Cas stretched his hand out to rub Dean’s middle.

“Oh Fuck. Ah! Cas, fly into the parking lot.” Dean gripped the hand rail and arched his back. He started pulling his pants down. Dean growled. “Pushing along without me, Cas.”

“Ok, ok, let it come. Ride it out, Baby.” Cas kept his hand on Dean’s tightening belly.

“How much longer, Cas?” Dean yelled.

“Not much longer. Hang in there, Sweetie.”

Dean groaned. “No, can’t. I told you we should have left earlier.” He undid his seatbelt and held his arms out between his legs. “Oh God…Cas.”

“Good job, Darlin. We are almost there.” Cas sped up a tad.

There was a small cry and Dean pulled the infant onto his chest. “Cas, he’s here. Our little Kane is here.”

Cas pulled into the hospital parking lot. He stopped by the entrance. He jumped out of the car.

Two nurses came rushing out with a gurney. “Oh my, this baby came fast.”

“Two weeks overdue.” Dean mumbled as Cas helped him out of the car and onto the gurney.

The nurses rolled Dean into recovery. Cas cut the cord. A doctor came in after the placenta had been delivered. “Hello, Mr. and Mrs. Winchester. Remember me, Dr. Campbell?”

“I’m sorry, it’s Dean and Castiel. Mr. Winchester is my Dad.” Dean blinked slowly.

She smiled. “You can call me Gwen. I can tell you, your baby boy wasn’t gonna wait on me.”

“Is he ok?” Dean started to sit up. “I was really stressed, it was a bumpy ride.”

Cas took Dean’s hand. “Shh, calm down, Dean.”

“Everything is perfect.” Dr. Campbell smiled. “I just wanted to check-in on y’all. Your son will be her soon. He is beautiful. What have you decided on for his name?”

Dean looked at Cas. “We decided on Kane Nathanial Winchester.”

“That’s a beautiful name.” She remarked. “How many skids do you have?”

“Four. A 14, 8, and twin 2 year olds.’ Cas answered. “Celeste, Chezden, Colette, and Courtney.”

“So, you’re spelling his name with a ‘C’?”

“No!” Cas and Dean blurted out in unison. “K-A-N-E.”

Gwen laughed. “Ok, Dean, I want you to rest. We’re gonna keep you here for two days.”
“Thanks, Dr. Campbell.” Dean relaxed.

“Little Kane will join you in a few minutes. The nurses are getting him dressed.”

Cas’s phone rang as Gwen walked away. “Hello?”

“How is Dean doing?” Sam asked.

“Well, uh—Dean had the baby…”

“What? Y’all left less than an hour ago. It takes 25 minutes to get to the hospital.”

“Yeah, Dean, kinda had the baby in the car.”

“What? In the car?” Sam gasped. “Is it a Kathryn or a Kane?”

“We’re gonna be here for two days, but we can’t wait for everyone to meet Little Kane Nathanial Winchester.” Cas couldn’t be smiling brighter as the infant was rolled into the room.

“Awesome Cas. Can I speak to Dean?”

“I hope you don’t mind Dean nursing.” Cas looked at Dean who pulled his arms out of the sleeve and pulled the shirt off his shoulder. He watched the father of his children easily get Kane to latch on. “Dean, Sam wants to talk to you.”

“Sure.” Dean stretched his empty hand out. Cas passed the phone. “Hey Sammy.’

“You have him in the car?”

Dean laughed. “Yeah, he kept me waiting then he wanted out. Good news is that under Doc’s orders I’m stuck here for 2 days.”

“Gives Me, Dad and Chuck time to get everything on the truck. Mom went out and got an U-haul.”

“Great. How is everyone doing? Any accidents, temper tantrums, panic attacks, fights?” Dean rocked the newborn.

“Not yet, but you’ve only been gone almost two hours.”

“You’ll be surprised.” Dean smirked. “Can you please ask if Colette or Courtney have to go potty?”

“Relax, Dean. I understand potty training.” Sam huffed.

“Please, Sammy? It would help me calm down.”

“I will, Dean. Don’t worry about anything but little Kane and your rest.”

“Let me talk to one of the kids please.” Dean looked around the room.

“You’re helicopter parenting…”

“I just had a baby. I’m still on hormonal overload. Just take my baby girls to the potty and put one of my kids on the phone.”

“I’m sorry, brother. Here’s Celeste.”

Dean rocked the newborn who was still suckling away. “Leste?”
“Hi, Daddy. We all heard. Baby Kane was born in the car.”

“Yeah Kitten. You got another brother.” Dean smiled.

“Papa, Nana, and Granddaddy got here and they are packing everything into a U-haul. Are we moving again?” I was just getting used to this place.”

“We are moving back to Lawrence, Kitten.”

“We are?!”

“Cc was offered a better job.” Dean smiled.

“So while you and Cc are at the hospital they are packing up the house?”

“Mostly…we aren’t gonna leave until Kane is two weeks old.” Kane grunted as he unlatched from Dean’s nipple. “Leste, I’m gonna hand you over to Cc.”

Dean passed the phone to his husband. “C’mon Hurrikan, let’s get those air bubbles out of your tummy.”

Cas tossed Dean a burp cloth. “Celeste, you know the rules and make sure your uncle, grandparents and siblings obey them.”

Kane let out a burp. “Atta boy.” Dean smirked. He was shocked when he burped again. He laughed. “Let it all out, Tiger.”

Cas watched Dean and smiled. “Leste, can you find Nana and give her the phone, please?”

Dean switched Kane to the other arm and put his shirt fully on. “Naomi and Chuck are there?”

“Yeah.” Cas nodded. “Hey Mom.”

“Kanners, that’s your Cc. He doesn’t like to be called Dad, Daddy or Papa. I’m your Daddy.” Dean pointed to Cas.

Cas shook his head as he laughed. “No, Mom, I’m not laughing at you. Mommy, Dean is explaining why I am Cc.”

“Tell Mommy Novak I said Hey and can’t wait to see her again.” Dean beamed. “Please?”

“Mommy, Dean said hey and he can’t wait to see you again.” Cas rolled his eyes. “She says hello.”

Dean laughed. He looked down at the infant. “Welcome to the world, Kane Nathanial Winchester.”

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Chapter 29

2 Months Later…

“I’m gonna get ya!” Cas chased after Courtney. Kane giggled. “I’m gonna get ya!”

After half an hour later all Dean heard was a loud thud, Cas yell, then Courtney scream. Dean shot up and set Kane in his bouncer. Courtney came running. “Daddy!”

“Courtney, are you ok?”

She nodded as she sniffed. “Cc…”

“Stay here, Bumblebee.” Dean ran to the sound of Cas’s groans. “Cas, Darlin?”

“Fuck.” Cas curled up on the floor.

“Cas, are you ok?”

“No…” Cas gritted his teeth. “My foot.”

“What happened?” Dean said getting on the floor beside Cas.

“ Took a corner too fast and slammed my foot into the corner of the wall. Lots of pain.”

“Leste?” Dean called out.

“Yeah Dad?” She stepped into the hallway.

“Watch Kane and the twins with Chez.” Dean helped Cas stand. The blue eyed man wrapped his arm over Dean’s neck. “Do you think you broke your foot?”

“Pretty fucking sure.” Cas groaned.

“What’s going on?” Celeste asked.

“I have to take Cc to the hospital. Call Uncle Sam or Gabe, no call Granny and Papa to come help you out.” Dean helped Cas hop across the living room.

“You’re gonna be ok, Cc.” Celeste opened the front door. “I love you.”

“You know the rules. Call Uncle Sam or grandparents, now, please.” Dean lifted Cas into his arms as they walked down the porch steps. Cas wasn’t light, but definitely not heavy. Dean was a strong man so lifting his husband was pretty easy. “Watch your foot, Baby. I gotta get you in the car.”

“Fuck, Dean. My foot is definitely broken.” Cas groaned.

“We are heading to the ER, now, Darlin. Just breathe and think of something else.”

“Why do I do this to myself?”

“You like paying with our kids.” Dean took Cas’s hand.

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“Well, Mr. Winchester, you definitely broke the foot. We are gonna cast up your foot for 6-8 weeks.”

Dean held Cas’s head. “Doc, he has to work tomorrow.”

“Under doctor’s orders I want you to rest for a few days.”

A nurse came in and casted up Cas’s foot. “Mr. Milligan said he can give you 2 weeks leave.”

“That’s fine. I just wanna go home and sleep.” Cas moaned.

Dean dialed their home number. “Hey Celeste. How is everyone?”

“Everyone is fine. Me and Chezden are watching the twins and Kane.”

“Let me talk to whoever you called.”

“Well, Daddy. Uncle Gabe was working, Uncle Sam wasn’t answering, neither were Granny, Papa, Nana, and Granddaddy.”

“You’re home alone?”

“I called everybody you said even Aunt Anna, Aunt Ellen, Uncle Bobby, Jo, Ash and Christy. Nobody could come.” Celeste raised her voice. “I tried. I really did. I’m trying my hardest. I haven’t let them leave my sight.”

“What about Kylee, Jade, or Dalton?”

“Daddy, I have everything under control. Please, tell me you are coming home soon.”

“We are, Kitten. Keep your eyes on them for another hour.”

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“I’m sorry Gabe.” Dean balanced his phone on his shoulder and pressed against his ear. Kane was nursing while he sat on the bathroom floor with the twins sitting on their potties.

“What’s going on that you can’t come in?”

“Gabe, your brother broke his foot. I have to take care of twins and a newborn baby.” Dean patted Kane’s padded butt. “I have to take the kids to school in like 15 minutes. I know I said I would start back today, but I really think that Kane is too young.”

Chez rushed into the room and hopped over Dean and dropped in front of the toilet. He lifted the seat and up chucked all of his breakfast. “Chezzy?” Courtney frowned.

“Are you girls done? We should give Chezzy time by himself.” Dean got up on his knees and looked down at Kane still chugging along. “Gabe, I gotta go.”

The girls stood and looked in their potties. “Pee-pee!” They squealed.

Dean one handedly pulled their panties. “Run along to y’alls room. Daddy will be there in one minute.”

They ran off as soon as Chezden puked again. “Daddy!”
“I’m gonna be right back, Sport.” Dean walked quickly to Kane’s nursery. “You done, Kanners?” He set the 2 month old in his crib and ran back to Chezden. The little boy was sobbing. “Daddy, I don’t feel good.”

“I know, Sport. Is it your stomach?”

“Yeah, Daddy, my tummy hurts.” Chezden moaned.

“It’s ok. Let me get Celeste.” Dean ran downstairs. “Celeste?”

He stepped into the kitchen. It was empty as was the living room. “Celeste?” Nobody in the bathroom. “Daddy!” Chezden yelled.

“I’m coming, buddy. I’m trying to find your sister.” Dean climbed the stairs.

“She is taking the bus.”

Dean checked on the twins and then grabbed Kane. He walked into the bedroom. “Caaaassss…”

“Mmm? Wha?” Cas sat up. “What time is it?”

“7:30, Celeste supposedly took the bus, she’ll pay for that, Chezden is sick, please, please, please, watch Kane?”

“Yeah sure. Where are the twins?” Cas wiped a hand down his face. “C’mere Kanners.”

Dean ran back to the bathroom. “Chezzy, how are doing?”

“Don’t feel good.” Chez moaned.

“Do you wanna go lay down with a trashcan beside your bed?” Dean rubbed Chezden’s back.

“Yeah…”

“How’s Chez doing?” Cas crutched over to the couch.

“Five days of vomit, he is back to normal.” Dean cradled Kane.

“I go back to work tomorrow.” Dean sat down.

“I haven’t slept in five days.” Dean stared at Kane as he rocked the baby.

“Dean, go nap. The twins are napping, Chezden is napping. Celeste is at school. I can have Kanners nap on my chest like we used to do.”

Kane let go an angry squeal and gripped Dean’s shirt. “Once you can produce milk you can take care of Kane.” Dean unbutton his shirt. “Here you go, Little man.”

Cas fished out his phone while Dean sat down in his recliner and closed his eyes. “Hey Michael.”

“Hello Castiel. It will be good to have you back tomorrow. “

“Yeah, about that. My husband has had a long, rough week. My son was sick, my twin daughters
are potty training and my newborn son is just being a fussy baby. He hasn’t slept in days.”

“Poor guy, reminds me of the days when my Adam was young.”

“Michael, I need to take like 2 more days off.”

“Sorry, no can do, Castiel. I truly am sorry about your husband. I need you to be back at work tomorrow morning.”

“I understand, sir.” Cas frowned.

“You know you are welcome to the company daycare.”

“Thank you. See you tomorrow.” Cas hung up. He watched Dean slowly nurse their youngest son.

“Dean, baby, once you are done nursing I’ll burp Kane and put him down for a nap.”

“Mmm…” Dean hummed.

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Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Guys, i’m sorry, but this is gonna be the last chapter for a little while, i haven't finished writing the story and the updates caught up to me. I wanna wish y'all a Merry Christmas, and i'll see y'all soon! :D

Dean got work done around the house. Kane was strapped to his chest. It was something he had done with all his kids. Kane cuddled up on Dean’s bare chest in nothing than his diaper.

He packed the diaper bag for the twins and Kane so they could go out later.

He listened to Kane babble. The baby was a little fussy so they are fussy so they are having bonding time. “Kane, do you want some milk? You hungry, Tiger?”

“Daddy!” Courtney said from the mat in front of the TV.

“Yes, Bumblebee?”

“Gotta potty.” She stood.

“Go run to the bathroom. Colette, baby, do you have to potty, too?”

“No…” She looked up at Dean with her big blue eyes.

“Let’s go try with your sister.” Dean lifted her into his arms and on his hip.

“Daddy, Kane is biting you.” She pointed.

Dean smiled. “No, sweetheart. He is hungry. He is drinking Daddy’s milk.” He set Colette down and plopped down on his ass.

He pulled Courtney’s pants and panties down and set her on the potty. He looked down at Kane then over the Colette. He watched Colette grab a bathtime toy. She giggled and plays with it. “Look, Daddy!” He smiled. That's when she said the phrase no Dad wants their kids to say. “uh-oh.”

“Awh, Cookie.” Dean chuckled.

“Oopsie.” She frowned.

Courtney clapped her hands. “Daddy, Col pee-pee on the floor.”

“Yeah, sweetie. You continue to potty.” Dean began to strip Colette.

Of course the second the second Dean set Colette in the tub, Kane started to fuss and Courtney got up and ran off without her pants and panties. He hadn’t cleaned up Colette’s mess yet. “no, no, Courtney, pumpkin. Come back here.”

“Daddy!” Colette splashed.
Kane let out a cry. Dean ran down the hall to find Courtney. She couldn’t have gone downstairs because of the baby gate. Kane was crying. In the twins nursery was Courtney was playing with her toys. Dean put some clothes on then closed the nursery door and rushed back to the bathroom. Dean was happy that he saw pee in Courtney’s potty. “Colette, Daddy has told you that you don’t splash Daddy when Kane is on Daddy.”

Dean rocked Kane until the baby clam down. He quickly bathed Colette and got the twins down for their naps.

He took Kane off his chest and put him on the floor in the living room. He plopped down on the couch. He fished out his phone and dialed. “Cas?”

“This is Hannah. Mr. Winchester is not taking any calls at the moment.”

Dean pinched the bridge of his nose. “Hannah? I am Dean Winchester, Castiel Winchester’s husband. Put me through to Castiel or I swear to fucking Christ I will come down there and sue you.”

Moments later…”Dean? Hannah had to warn me that a man that claimed to my husband. I laughed at her and explained that it you call to send it straight through.”

“I have to wait at the busstop in an hour for Celeste and Chezden. I can’t. I’m breaking down. Kane is extremely fussy, Colette is having a bad potty training day and Courtney is just trying to get in trouble.”

“I’m sorry, Darlin. I will be home at 6. Celeste and Chezden can walk home alone. Just Relax.”

“Why am I having such a hard time with this?” Dean laid down on his side so he could still see Kane.

“It’s because we have twins potty training and we have two month old. That we haven’t done before.”

“I have a headache. Call me when you are leaving.” Dean closed her eyes.

“I love you, Sweetie. Hang in there. Once Celeste and Chezden get home, they can watch the twins so your only job can be to take care of Kanners.”

Dean frowned. “I don’t start back at Heavenly Delights for another 2 weeks. Can you start taking the twins to the daycare at your work?”

“Dean, I have been meaning to talk to you. My assistant Hannah has a son who has a degree in early childhood development and now works as a professional nanny. His name is Samandriel Alfie Johnson.”

“I don’t know, Darlin. I would have to meet him.”

Dean opened his eyes and smiled softly as Kane had both of his feet and one was in his mouth.

“I invited him to supper tonight so you can get to know him.”

“Fine.”

“Seriously, Alfie is a sweet, gently soul. He’s 23, married, and has a three year old daughter.’

“Sounds like a nice guy.” Dean mumbled as Kane squealed. He pulled himself off the couch. “I
gotta go, tears in tee minus ten. Don’t know if from Kane or me.”

“Take it easy, Baby. Just a few more hours.”

Dean groaned. “Talk to you later.” He picked up the baby. “Kanners, are you wet? Hungry? Sleepy?” He walked into the nursery. He laid the baby on the changing table. He undid the tab of the diaper. Kane began fussing. “It’s time for your nap time.”

He changed the baby’s diaper and sat down on the rocking chair. “c’mon, Tiger, drink Daddy’s milk so you can go night night.”

Kane started whaling.

“Shh, shh, Kanners.” Dean rocked the baby. Soon he latched on and it took 15 minutes of Kane suckling on Dean’s nipple.

He set Kane in the crib and turned on the monitor. He checked on the twins. They were peacefully sleeping. He stumbled into the Master bedroom and flopped on the bed. He just dropped the two monitors on the bed beside him. He was out like a light in a fraction of a second.

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