The right kind of wrong

by zation

Summary

Original prompt: something Russian Bratva related? Like Cas is the prince or whatever of this organization and Dean is forced to marry him because of an arrangement between their families. Only Dean is eighteen and very independent, he doesn't want to be anyone's pet to stay at home. Cas is older. So they end up married but even if Dean is all "no, I don't want this, I don't need anyone, leave me alone, I hate you" he can't resist Cas because he's hot and brilliant. And Cas can't resist Dean because he's just like that and drives him crazy because he's a feisty brat

Or,

The one where Dean can’t believe his fucking life and Cas, in turn, can’t believe his luck.
Okay, so this is a prompt fic for my good friend and I hope y’all will like reading it :D It’s basically finished so updates are gonna be coming fast (’cept for the holidays maybe because ugh, family).

Anyway, just a few heads-ups:
1. There’s going to feature a bit of Russian in this fic and I know absolutely nothing about that language. I cannot stress this enough. I’ve used a combination of Google Translate and this other Babylon page for cross-reference and I’m honestly uncertain if they’re not in fact using different rules or something. Like, maybe it’s two different dialects? Please, if you spot mistakes regarding grammar or the like, tell me. This fic is for fun and not to be taken seriously but I still don’t want the characters to sound like idiots. Thank you for your consideration.
2. Names and places featuring in this fic are real, curtesy of Google Maps, but basically none of the facts are. I’ve sadly never been to New York or Long Island so please forgive any and all inaccuracies regarding this.
3. Just as the prompt suggest, Cas is gonna be in the Russian mafia (Bratva) and all my experience regarding the mafia comes from movies so none of that is going to be accurate. Please do not take it too seriously.
4. Dean will sometimes cuss at the Russians around him and use general terms regarding the people as a whole, this is not a reflection of any real opinions regarding Russians whom I am certain are a lovely people. This is a work of fiction, please do not be offended.
5. Everything sex-related that happens in this fic is one hundred percent consensual. No one is being forced into doing something they don’t want, even though they maybe didn’t know they wanted it until it was happening. I cannot stress this enough, especially since there have been people viewing Dean being tipsy as him being unable to make conscious and consenting decisions. This is not the case. Please do not be offended, this is not a fic meant to be taken seriously, I cannot stress this enough either.

As always, thank you very much for reading, I don’t think you’ll ever understand how valuable it is for me. And especially thank you, BeeCas, for giving me of all people this prompt, many kisses to you <3
Dean was livid. Oh, he was damn good at not showing it and that was lucky for him because if his dad didn’t rip him a new one for ruining this, the dude on the other side of the table certainly would.

Because John Winchester was in the process of finalizing an agreement between the Winchesters and the Krushnics and fuck you Dean if you even so much as breathed wrong right now. John wanted this alliance and the fact that it was Dean’s life he was signing away didn’t seem to faze the man because this was business, this was profit, this was *protect the family*, Dean.

The Winchesters was an old and well-established family down in Brighton Beach, New York, that much was true. They were well-known for their prowess and ever since Dean’s grandfather, Henry Winchester, had steered the family away from explicit violence they had also slowly gained the respect they now deserved. When Uncle Bobby — who wasn’t really Dean’s uncle but who the hell wasn’t really related to someone in this shit part of town? — long ago suggested money laundering none of the Winchesters had batted an eye. Because seriously, how perfect wasn’t that? And it was so easy too.

So here they were now, four generations thick, growing like weed, literally pulling money out of their asses and somehow, *somehow*, Dean’s father had thought it would be a good idea to expand. To explore. To form alliances, pacts.

Dean mentally snorted at the mere notion even now, as he sat and watched the appropriate documents being signed.

They fucking *had* allies. There was the whole Singer/Harvelle-bunch. There was Victor Henriksen, the extremely corrupted police officer, and there were several other, independent contractors. God, Dean could name ten people off the top of his mind that he would willingly trust with his life. And yet here they were, signing an alliance with the fucking Russian mob because why the hell not?

Dean could still not really believe this was happening.

"*Excuse me, you’re what?*" Dean had to make a real effort not to scream at his dad.

*John sighed as he arranged with the papers he had just shown his son. "Don’t get so upset, Dean, this will be good for business."*

*"Good for what business? Who’s gonna benefit from dealing with the fucking mob?"*

*"Keep your voice down." John hissed and they both glanced at the door but none of them hear the pitter-patter of Sam’s sleepy feet. "Me and Bobby’s been discussing this for a long time. Mr. Krushnic has been interested in the organization we’ve built and we’ve been talking on and off for the last six months, this is not news."*
Dean’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets. "Well it’s fucking news to me."

John sighed and boy, Dean really hated that sigh. That sigh that said he was still too young to really understand how the world worked but oh he knew. He knew all too fucking well.

"This will be good, Dean."

"Our organization will benefit, Mr. Krushnic’s Bratva will benefit."

"He directed his best worried look at Dean and Dean really hated him in that moment. "It’ll be best for Sam."

"Fuck you for using Sam against me."

"Mr. Krushnic will give us security and a way to move our business over-seas. You will do this for the family, Dean."

It wasn’t said demandingly but the implication was there and fuck it all, Dean knew his dad was right. He would do anything for his family, especially since Mary had passed away. Losing their mother had been a hard hit for the boys and Dean could see where John was coming from. If something happened to him and John Sam would have to move in with one of their friends but if all of them were dragged down as well then Sam would have no one. This way, if that Mr. Krushnic was sincere, Sam would be welcomed there. Then again, it would also mean that Dean’s fourteen-year-old little brother would be pawned off to a gang of skunky Russians and Dean didn’t like that one fucking bit.

"I wanna be there when you sign this shit." He stated as a way of answering and John looked pleased, which only served to infuriate Dean more.

"Wouldn’t want it any other way, Dean. You’re the insurance, after all."

Dean blinked so rapidly he almost gave himself an epileptic seizure. "What?"

"Well," John harrumphed and tapped the stack of papers in his hand. "Me and Mr. Krushnic think we can trust each other but we can’t really be sure, can we?"

"That’s exactly my fucking point, dad."

"That’s why our children will be marrying."

The silence that fell between the two Winchesters was long and very loaded. Outside their little house on Dover Street a dog barked and a car passed by, its headlights briefly illuminating the otherwise rather bleak study they were standing in.

"Marrying?" Dean asked after an unfathomable amount of time, during which he and John had only been staring at each other.

"Yes."

"Your oldest?"

"Would you rather I married Sam off? The kid’s still a kid, Dean, don’t be ridiculous."

"I wasn’t—!" he was cut off when John shushed him loudly. "I wasn’t saying take Sam instead." He finished in a hiss. "Why take any of your kids? This isn’t colonial times."

John snorted. "What did you think I meant when I said you’d do this for us?"
"Agree to the merge." Dean exclaimed exasperatedly and his frustration only grew when John rolled his eyes at him.

"There’s no merge, Dean. We’re just two families helping each other out. One happens to be kind of mob-ish but that’s fine. You’ll like your husband, I hear he’s real smart."

"I—wait." Dean straightened and regarded his father with caution. "Husband?" 

John nodded and had the audacity to roll his eyes again when Dean just stared at him. "Oh come on, Dean. I’m your father and we’re the Winchesters, do you really think you can sneak around with that Lafitte boy without me knowing about it?" he cocked his head to the side and regarded Dean with furrowed eyebrows when Dean just gaped at him. "I’m disappointed in your training boy, maybe marrying you off is for the best after all."

Fuck John Winchester for knowing how to push all of Dean’s buttons. Just God-fucking-damn it.

"I stopped seeing Benny months ago." He bit out, not really knowing what that had to do with anything.

"Good, you don’t have feelings for him, do you?"

"I had pretty strong feelings about his dick." Dean sneered and watched with satisfaction how John scowled at him. Hah. If John was gonna be insulting then Dean would be nasty. "But no, I don’t like him or some shit like that."

"Good." John looked away and nodded to himself. "That’s good."

Shit. Dean just realized that he probably should have declared his undying love for Benny because ever since Mary died John had become a goddamn sucker for true love and shit like that. Goddamnit, Dean had just had his way out of this whole deal and he had fucking blown it. He groaned and slumped back against John’s desk.

"You said youngest, he’s not Sam’s age or something creepy like that, is he?" he muttered, hoping against hope that that was the case and that John simply didn’t know yet. That John would back out when they found out Mr. Krushnic was trying to marry Dean to a toddler. Because marrying for his family’s benefit was one thing but he wasn’t gonna bed a child, that was for fucking sure.

To his disdain John shook his head. "No, no he’s… He’s older than you."

Dean rolled his eyes. "Great, I’m gonna be some old geezer’s playboy. Thanks dad."

"It’s not gonna be like that." John said in a tone that totally sounded like he thought it was a possibility. God, Dean felt sick to the stomach.

"What the hell does he even want with me? Not like I’m gonna be crapping out babies any time soon."

John actually guffawed at that. At the image, if nothing else, Dean supposed sourly. "I really don’t know, son. All I know is that Mr. Krushnic was adamant that our alliance was sealed with a marriage, he didn’t seem very concerned with who of our kids was marrying who. I told him I only have two sons and that only one of you is legal to marry. I gave him your picture and next time we met he was very positive."

Dean frowned. "Yeah?"
"Yeah. Apparently two of his sons fancied you."

"As a goddamn trophy wife, I’m a fighter dad." Dean whined. He couldn’t help it and it didn’t matter right now. It was only him and his father and he was feeling like his whole life was slipping through his fingers. And to think only this afternoon he had been playing with Sam and laughing. Only last week he had been helping John and Bobby during a trade-off down in the docks, forged purses for a case full of newly printed cash.

And now he was informed that his father had been planning for months to sell him off like some whore, like commodity, and to Russians at that. Everyone knew that the Russians in Brighton Beach were not to be joked about. Dean’s family dealt in forged money and counterfeit merchandise. The Russians dealt in drugs, human trafficking, and assassinations.

Dean was suddenly shaking because this was dangerous stuff and John just treated it like another one of their scams. Except he couldn’t be expecting Dean to be conning his way through a marriage, could he?

"Dad." He said in a suddenly very little voice. "Don’t make me do this."

"Hey now." John said and put a steady hand on Dean’s shoulder. "Weren’t you a fighter just a moment ago?" he fixed Dean with his best authoritative stare and Dean knew he was screwed. "So fight to make this work, Dean. For the family."

Sacrifice yourself for the family. Yes, the message was clear and it was so old and so imprinted in Dean that it was practically a part of his DNA. Protect the family, protect Sam.

"I hate you, dad." He bit out but thankfully held any tears back.

John smiled kindly and patted his cheek. "I love you too, son."

And so here Dean was now. In a small conference room in the Brighton Towers, practically surrounded by Russians, with his father to his right and Mr. Krushnic senior on the other side of the table, both men talking animatedly while signing Dean’s future away. And all he could do was seethe, so seethe he would.

"This is good, Mr. Winchester." Mr. Krushnic said and smiled down at their contract. "I am most pleased."

God, Dean hated how the man said Winchester. Vinchester.

"Yes." John answered and clapped Dean on his shoulder. "I think we shall both truly benefit from this."

Mr. Krushnic nodded. "Castiel will be pleased as well, I am sure."

If Dean’s future husband talked like his father Dean wasn’t sure if he was going to be able to resist socking him in the face. Fuck, everything about this just irked him.

"You named your son Castiel?" Dean asked instead, just to take his mind of things.

John’s hand on his shoulder tightened to the point where Dean knew he should’ve kept his mouth shut but fuck you, dad.
"I did." Mr. Krushnic nodded, obviously not fazed at all. "I named all my children after Christian angels, for protection."

"Beautiful." Dean mumbled, nearly buckling under the pressure of John’s hand.

Mr. Krushnic smiled again and stood up, to which Dean and John responded by getting to their feet as well. Oh, they were making a seemingly equal deal between their families but there was no doubt as to whom was actually in charge. Mr. Krushnic’s many bodyguards were one indication, if nothing else. Dean wished they had brought someone — Rufus, Bobby, someone — so they wouldn’t have looked so bare, naked; unprofessional.

"Arrangements are being made for suitable living quarters." Mr. Krushnic informed John and Dean gritted his teeth at the men talking over his head. Should have probably kept his trap shut after all. "You will have to give us time."

"No problem." John answered breezily. "We’ll wait for you to contact us."

Mr. Krushnic nodded and swept a hand to the door, clearly inviting them to leave and the Winchesters were smart enough to just leave it at that. So far this whole deal sounded pretty straightforward and, for the exception of forced marriage, Dean actually thought everything was very neat. Mr. Krushnic seemed kind, too kind for a mob boss, and the Russians that lined the walls were stone-faced at best but didn’t seem threatening, at least.

Dean sighed as he followed John to the door. No matter how must he tried to tell himself that this didn’t seem so bad he couldn’t escape the fact that his father effectively had signed off his own flesh and blood. Dean didn’t know who or what he hated the most at this point. He only prayed that his future husband didn’t talk like a freak and was at least good-looking. Yeah, Dean was that shallow at this point, so sue him. He would probably have to sexually please the man, no harm in wishing he was at least easy on the eyes.

He had hoped that his fiancé would be attending the meeting but no. And looking at his father had yielded nothing; Dean had never seen such a plain man in his life.

The door opened just as they reached it and they saw the man that had let them in standing on the other side, holding the door open. The man was tall, almost as tall as John, with dark hair and a strong jaw. Dean had noticed him on the way in as well, guarding the door with a more relaxed demeanor than the rest.

"Thank you." John said as they passed.

The man’s piercingly blue eyes skittered over Dean’s face before they landed on John. "Pozhaluysta." He said in a low murmur and a little shiver ran through Dean at the sound of the man’s deep voice.

God, if his husband looked and sounded anything like this Dean would count himself lucky. He snuck a glance over his shoulder just as they turned a corner in the corridor outside the conference room and found that the man’s eyes were trained on Dean. He blushed when the man smiled, a barely there quirk of his lips, and Dean had to hurry after his father so as not to embarrass himself.
Pozhaluysta = you’re welcome
"Dean, there’s a limo here!"

Sam’s excited voice carried all the way from downstairs into Dean’s bedroom where Dean was standing, hunched over a duffle bag and trying to decide if he would need his books or if his future husband would buy him new ones.

Ugh, Dean didn’t feel well. Had, in fact, slept horribly and fought nausea all morning.

Mr. Krushnic had called John the day after the contract had been signed to inform him that a house had been bought by Castiel and that Castiel and Dean would be moving in as soon as possible. That had been one week ago and here Dean was now, packing his life to fit into one measly bag. He should have seen this day coming but honestly, it wasn’t until last night when the call that the arrangements had been finalized had interrupted their quiet dinner that he had really understood. To be perfectly honest he didn’t think any of them had really understood the implications of this until that moment.

A woman with a sultry voice who had introduced herself as Meg, Castiel’s Sovietnik — whatever the hell that was — had informed Dean that he would be picked up tomorrow morning and apparently that meant by limo. Dean could already feel the tip of his ears heating from barely contain embarrassment at having the neighborhood see this. He was just glad Bobby wasn’t here.

Dean had spent the last week on some kind of good-bye journey, taking time to talk to everyone he knew he would miss if he never saw them again. John had called him stupid because, seriously Dean, it wasn’t like Mr. Krushnic would take Dean to some cabin in the woods and keep him like a pet in the basement. They all secretly hope. Because how the hell could they know? Dean certainly wasn’t sure this wouldn’t end up with him on some kind of leash, psychological or not.

"Dean!" Sam hollered again and Dean rolled his eyes.

"I heard you, Jesus Christ." He muttered and opted to just throw in one of his Vonnegut before closing his duffle and heading downstairs.

Sam was standing by the living room window, peering out the street when Dean arrived and Dean smiled seeing his brother’s excited face. Sam had thrown what could only constitute as a bitch-fit when he got the news about Dean’s marriage proposal. There had been talks of forced marriage, violation of Dean’s privacy and life and oh boy, Dean really thought Sam should be a lawyer with the arguments he came up with at only age fourteen. Dean was so proud of his brother in that moment that he had forgotten to be mad about his own ruined future.

Sam practically beamed at Dean when he joined his little brother and it was honestly the first real smile Dean had gotten out of the squirt all week. God, Dean would miss his brother.

"Nice, huh?" he asked and looked at the long, black limo without really seeing it. It sure didn’t fit in here at Dover Street. The Winchesters may be in the money laundering business but they were always careful not to use any of their own bills, meaning they lived a pretty simple life that didn’t
usually include limos.

John was standing out by the car, talking to a man in a leather jacket, another man standing just off to the side of them, smoking.

Sam’s eyes softened when he looked at Dean’s face and Dean supposed he wasn’t as good at hiding his emotions as he wished.

"It’s gonna be alright, Dee."

Dean sighed. "Come one, let’s go out and meet my fucking future or whatever." He muttered and ruffled Sam’s hair.

When they got outside Dean could see the old hag that lived from across the street staring wide-eyed at the limo. It put a smirk on his face when he saw her noticing the Winchesters by the limo, actually feeling pretty good about it rather than embarrassed. That’s right, this was potentially Dean’s life now and while he sure as fuck wasn’t looking forward to it, marrying one of the sons to one of the most powerful mob bosses in Brighton Beach had to come with some perks, right? Yeah, Dean was totally gonna milk this cow, he thought.

When Sam and Dean arrived at John’s side Dean noticed that his dad had been talking to the same bodyguard that had opened the door for them at Brighton Towers. The man had on the same leather jacket and a pair of aviators. His dark brown hair was wind ruffled and he smiled that same smile when he saw Dean approaching. Fuck, Dean’s stomach did a flip and he didn’t even know why.

The other guy beside the bodyguard wore a stiff suit and a small cap. He was much older and seemed utterly miserable being here, as if he truly had somewhere else to be and had been forced to come. And, when Dean thought about it, that probably wasn’t so far from the truth.

"Great." Dean snarked. "My fiancé sends a chauffeur and fucking Blade the Vampire Slayer to pick me up but he’s too busy to meet me himself or what?"

Yeah, Dean was being a brat and he knew it but he wasn’t happy and fuck everyone else if they thought he would just bend over and take it.

To his surprise, the bodyguard smiled wider. The old man looked aghast, to be honest, and it made Dean strangely satisfied.

"Proyavi uvazheniye—" the old guy started but cut himself off when the younger man held up a hand.

"Dostatochno." He mumbled and fucking hell, that language was strange to Dean’s ears but the way it kind of just rolled off the man’s tongue sent a chill down Dean’s spine. It was a harsh language and the man’s voice was gravelly which apparently was a wonderful combination.

Dean’s musings were interrupted when John whacked him on the head.

"Watch your tongue." He hissed but Dean just stared confusedly at him.

The man in the leather jacket removed his aviators to reveal his blue eyes and the little furrow between his eyebrows. "Please refrain from hitting my fiancé, Mr. Winchester." He said steadily and almost completely without any accent.

Yeah, Dean’s jaw just about fucking dropped to the ground. "Fiancé?" he croaked because it seriously couldn’t be true.
The man smiled wider at that and Dean realized that yes, the universe was truly that fucked up.

"Mr. Adler is our driver; I have come to take you to our home." He turned to open the door behind him, inviting Dean into the darkness of the limo. "If you please?"

Dean didn’t know what to say. First of all, the man’s expression was so open and his question sounded so genuinely questioning that Dean just now realized that this man was as uncertain of this union as Dean, but perhaps for different reasons. He was looking at Dean as if he really and truly wanted Dean to get in the car but at the same time as he wanted Dean to want it too; as if he wouldn’t ever force Dean.

And second, the man talked in a deep rumbly voice, almost void of the weird accent his father had. It was a relief that Dean wouldn’t spend time irritating himself on how Castiel talked but at the same time he had really liked it when the man spoke in Russian. It was such a strange contradiction that it just made Dean annoyed.

Fuck his life for forcing him into this situation. Fuck his fiancé for ending up being the only good-looking Russian Dean had ever met. And especially fuck Castiel for not being a douche bag. If he had at least been a complete idiot then Dean would’ve felt better about hating him. He couldn’t fucking hate a man that looked so expecting and hoping while looking at Dean.

Dean supposed he should be grateful, though. His fiancé was good-looking, probably nice and didn’t seem too old. Maybe in his thirties and Dean would lie if he said he hadn’t gotten off to porn featuring older men before. So yeah, that was all good but still.

"I guess I have no choice, huh?" Dean snorted and clambered into the car before he could catch the fleeting emotion that passed over Castiel’s face at Dean’s harsh words.

Castiel closed the door behind him and Dean rolled down the window as Castiel and Mr. Adler walked around the car to get in their seats.

"Well, goodbye or whatever." Dean mumbled at his father and brother.

Sam looked a little sad but John just shook his head. "Behave." He muttered and Dean rolled his eyes.

"It’s not like you’re not gonna come back, right?" Sam suddenly asked and Dean frowned at him.

"Of course we’ll see each other again." Dean said determinedly just as Castiel joined him on the other side of the seat. Mr. Adler started the car as Sam nodded. "I’ll call when we get there, ‘kay?"

"Okay." Sam mumbled and John put an arm around the youngest Winchester’s shoulders.

Dean smiled at his little brother and returned John’s nod before rolling up the window again and settling in beside Castiel.

"Everything okay?" Castiel asked and Dean wanted to snark again — as okay as it can be — but refrained.

He did shrug, though. "Sure, Mr. Krushnic." He mumbled just as Mr. Adler pulled the limo away from the curb, driving down Dover Street and away from the only home Dean had ever had.

Castiel frowned. "Please don’t call me that, I’m your husband to be, I think we should be familiar with each other. Don’t you?"
How familiar? Dean wanted to ask but didn’t dare. Not now anyhow, he was sure there would come a time for that as well.

"Sure thing Castiel. *Cas.*" Dean added playfully but shit, Castiel’s whole face kind of lit up at the unintentional nickname. It made him smile without smiling and his blue eyes sparkled.

"Good." He said simply and a little more of the Russian accent slipped in place at that one word.

Dean swallowed when he realized he was staring and turned to look out the window instead, watching as they drove past all his usual hangouts and he got a pang in his chest when he realized that he didn’t know when he would see these streets again; see his friends and family. He was just glad he was a high-school dropout so he wouldn’t have to deal with leaving that shit as well.

He had thought that dropping out of high school would give him time enough to learn the trade good enough so he would be working for real within John’s organization right about now and together with his father finance Sam’s potential college studies, though. Hadn’t really planned to be married off like some kind of spinster at age eighteen to a goddamn thirty-something mafia son but whatever.

"So, where are we going?" he asked when the silence had gotten stifling.

"Southhampton."

Dean turned to stare at Castiel with wide, disbelieving eyes. "*Southhampton?*

Castiel nodded and shifted under Dean’s stare. It was hard to tell if it was a nervous shift or not. "I bought a house there. For us."

Dean felt as if his eyes were going to fall out of their sockets. "You bought a house for us to live in, in fucking Southhampton?"

"It’s a very nice house."

Dean didn’t know what it was, that Castiel sounded defensive of his decision or the way he looked when he said it, but something made Dean bark out a short laugh.

"I’m sure it is, Cas." He said and shook his head slightly when Castiel returned his smile, albeit somewhat tentatively, as if he wasn’t certain if Dean was making fun of him or not. To be perfectly honest Dean didn’t know himself. "You know what?" he threw his duffle bag onto the seat that lined the other side of the limo and went over to sit by it, punching it twice to get the contents into an agreeable shape. "Southhampton is a long ass way away and I didn’t get any sleep last night, I’m gonna get some shut eye, alright?"

He looked up and noticed then that Castiel was tracking his every movement. It made him flush and he didn’t know why. All he knew was that he had revealed that he had slept badly and even though Castiel didn’t know for sure it was because of their marriage Dean suspected that the man was smart enough to figure that out. Fuck, Dean didn’t want to let Castiel see those sides of him. The insecure, vulnerable, sides. But Castiel’s eyes looked so piercing that Dean didn’t know if he would be able to hide even if he really tried.

"Of course, Dean." Castiel just said and gestured to the seat Dean was already on. "It’s your limousine too."

Dean snorted at that because yeah, it totally wasn’t his goddamn limo, don’t joke around.

He didn’t say anything, though, just laid down and ended up with his back to Castiel. He felt bad for
that — and for using this car ride to sleep rather than getting to know his future husband — for about thirty seconds before his eyes slipped shut and oh boy, he was really tired.

At some point during his sleep he unconsciously felt the weight of a leather jacket being put over his upper body and he snuggled right the fuck in, just smelling the slightly spicy scent and feeling generally content in his sleep. There was a faint feeling of soft fingers brushing over his forehead but when he woke later he had already forgotten about that.

Yeah, waking up rolled inside Castiel’s jacket made Dean embarrassed enough to forget much of anything, including pleasant dreams and enticing scents.

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They had just turned off the Southhampton Bypass and started idling along Main Street when Castiel ended the phone call he had been entertaining for the last twenty minutes. And it was a good thing too because Dean didn’t know what the call had been about but Castiel had been speaking Russian the whole time and having his rumbly tone hashing out the harsh language did stuff to Dean’s libido. Bad stuff. And it wasn’t made easier considering the fact that Dean had been sleeping incased in Castiel’s scent, which for the record wasn’t a bad smell.

So yeah, Dean was totally hiding an inappropriate semi under his duffle and biting the inside of his cheek, hating himself.

"Business?" he asked before he could stop himself when he heard Castiel sigh tiredly. He didn’t know why he even bothered, wasn’t like he expected to be included in Castiel’s work.

Castiel looked up and there was an emotion in his deep-blue eyes but Dean couldn’t place it. "No." He answered eventually and pocketed his phone. "Just my brother, he’s meeting us at the house."

Castiel shook his head. "He’s very fond of talking."

Dean couldn’t help but smile at that. "He misses you." He all but teased but Castiel shook his head again.

"He misses his own voice." He muttered and Dean grinned wider before he could stop himself.

He had spent just about two and a half hours with this man and had been asleep for more than half of that and he had already learned a lot about his future husband. A lot and yet nothing. Castiel seemed like a very reserved man, at least on the outside. Dean could see him sneaking glances at Dean but while Dean was a man of few words when he was in the company of strangers Castiel seemed even worse. Those glances made Dean wonder, though. Could the man’s calm exterior be broken and what would it take?

"He’s not the brother who wanted to bang me, is he?" he suddenly asked and Castiel frowned at him.

"Excuse me?"

Dean wanted to grin at the accent that suddenly slipped into place but he held it back. It seemed Castiel had a harder time controlling his language when he got emotional, something it had taken
Dean very little time to notice.

"Sorry, I was thinking about something your dad said."

"Pakhan."

"What?"

Castiel turned more bodily toward Dean on the seat they once again shared. Dean didn’t know why but he had gotten up and shuffled over to sit beside Castiel again after he had woken up from his nap. He used the pretense of giving the man his jacket back as an explanation to himself but knew it wasn’t the whole truth.

"My father is Pakhan of Otrekshayasya Bratva, our organization. You will refer to him as such at all times."

Dean furrowed his brow as he tried the one word out. "Pacchan?"

"Pak-chen."

"Pakchin?"

Castiel smile. "Better."

Dean felt a warm feeling bloom in his chest and he didn’t know why. He returned a hesitant smile and leaned back against the seat, looking at the houses they were passing.

"So what did Pakhan say?" Castiel asked suddenly and Dean looked over at him and blinked before remembering.

"Right. Well, he just mentioned that two of his sons liked the picture of me that dad gave him."

Castiel’s lips quirked in that smile Dean very quickly had come to associate with himself. "Yes, it was a very good picture."

Dean didn’t even know which one it was. "Guess so."

"It was Gabriel on the phone but it wasn’t him Pakhan meant. It was Michael that also…” Dean watched with curious eyes as Castiel fist his hands against his thighs and then took a deep breath. "Michael also expressed an interest in you but Pakhan chose me."

"Well, that’s good, I guess." Dean said in a way to placate the suddenly very drawn man. It sure as fuck looked like Castiel didn’t like this topic very much. He glanced over at Dean, though, and seemed to be content with Dean’s answer.

"Michael is the oldest." Castiel supplied, obviously in a way to direct the conversation away from his very, very small burst of emotions. Dean allowed it swiftly.

"I would’ve thought your d—Pakhan would’ve married me to his oldest, though. Just, you know, because he would inherit the empire or something and I’m next in line to the Winchesters’." He shrugged. "But I guess we don’t have much to inherit and I wouldn’t have given Michael any sons anyway so…”

Castiel was shaking his head before Dean even finished trailing off. "Inheritance isn’t based on age."

Dean frowned in confusion. "Then what?"
"Being alive."

Dean blinked at Castiel’s stone face for about half a second before laughing out right. "You mean whoever’s alive when Pakhan dies inherits everything?"

Castiel grinned wryly and shrugged. It looked like he didn’t shrug very often. "Pretty much."

"And that’s gonna be you?"

"I don’t plan on dying, if that’s what you mean. We’ll just have to wait and see."

Dean shook his head somewhat fondly, for some reason. "And what’re you going to do when you sit there on your throne and don’t have a spouse with working lady parts to give you a kid?"

Castiel looked like he was enjoying this banter and Dean couldn’t find it in himself not to like it as well. He really regretted sleeping away over an hour now. He didn’t know how much longer this drive was going to take but he suddenly felt like he didn’t want it to end.

"I guess I’ll just have to bed a woman to bring me a son."

Dean squinted at the man in sudden annoyance. Way to break to the good mood. "I’m not raising someone else’s child."

"Then what? Do you propose to sleep with a woman and bring the child to our home?"

Dean assessed Castiel with care. The man’s tone had been teasing but there was a biting undertone and his Russian accent had laced every other word. Dean didn’t know what to make of it other than that this wasn’t an easy subject.

"I suppose not."

He conceded eventually and Castiel nodded curtly.

"Good."

It was definitely something Dean would be bringing up in the future — he was not marrying a man only to raise his bastard child — but he recognized the finished tone Castiel had used in that last word. It reminded Dean of John and at the same time not. When John used finality in his words like that Dean just got angry. When Castiel did it he apparently got a little tingly as well. All of a sudden he wondered what Castiel would be like in bed. Dominating? Was Dean interested in that?

He didn’t really want to delve too deep into those thoughts so he looked out the window instead. The houses they were passing grew bigger and fancier by the yard and Dean looked confusedly at them.

"How long ‘til we get there?"

"Shouldn’t be much longer." Castiel assessed after a quick look out his own window. "I actually think it’s just two or three blocks left."

Dean’s eyes rounded out at that. "You’re kidding me?"

Castiel looked as confused as Dean felt. "I most certainly am not."

"We’re not only living in Southhamptons, we’re actually living in Southhamptons?"

Castiel’s brow furrowed deeply. "I fail to see the difference."

"You’re taking me out here to become a fucking housewife?"
"I’m still confused, what—?"

He was interrupted by Mr. Adler rolling down the window that separated the backseat from the front.

"My priyekhali."

"Spasibo." Castiel muttered and Dean thought he really ought to learn Russian, and fast. "We’re here." Castiel said when Dean just looked questioningly at him. He gestured out the window just as Mr. Adler turned and drove up a graveled path to a house on Forster Crossing.

Dean stared as he all but fell out of the limo. There was a lush and high hedge that covered the perimeter of the house’s yard and that effectively acted as a fence, separating the house from its neighbors and the street. There was a little roundabout on the path that Mr. Adler had circled before parking and beyond a smaller hedge Dean could spot a pool that glistened in the warm June sun. The house itself covered nearly twice the size of the house Dean had grown up in. The houses on either side or theirs were even bigger and the one to the right had a garden that could only be described as a freaking park.

Dean gaped. There was no fancy way of describing his utter astonishment and disbelief.

"Do you like it?" Castiel asked and Dean turned to him, mouth still agape. He hadn’t even heard the man exiting the limo.

"You bought this?" Dean asked and only stopped himself from saying anything else when he saw the faintest blush on Castiel’s cheeks.

"Yes. For you."

"For—" Dean cut himself and just shook his head. He didn’t know if he was supposed to be overwhelmed at the gesture or irritated that he apparently was expected to join the Desperate Housewives of Southampton. He settled for somewhere in-between and followed Castiel quietly as the man made his way over to the house. Only then did he notice that Castiel was carrying his duffle bag and it just seemed… right, for some reason. Felt good that Castiel had thought to bring what Dean had forgotten. Man, this whole I-bought-a-house-for-you was apparently affecting Dean more than he was willing to admit.

They were met by a short man as they walked over the graveled path leading up to the house from the parking. The man had dark blonde hair and eyes so light brown they looked like honey. He smiled wide and threw his arms around Castiel.

"Mladshiy brat!" he exclaimed and clapped Castiel on the back. Castiel simply let himself be hugged, one hand coming up to pat the shorter man awkwardly on the back.

"Gabriel." Castiel said and extracted himself to gesture at Dean. "This is my fiancé, Dean Winchester."

Dean really appreciated the fact that Castiel chose to speak English. He extended his hand and smiled as brightly as he could. "Nice to meet you."

"Oh come on." Gabriel slapped Dean’s hand away and pulled him into a big hug. "We’re practically family Dean-o, no need to be so formal."

Dean grunted with the force of the hug and looked to Castiel for help but the man just rolled his eyes. Jesus Christ, this dude liked hugging. Dean had never expected the fucking Russian mob to be quite so friendly but he wasn’t complaining. Not really.
"Thank you." He mumbled when Gabriel finally let him go but he didn’t really know what he was thanking the man for. Letting him breathe again, most likely, but maybe also the warm welcome. Dean didn’t really want to admit it but he was very nervous meeting Castiel’s friends and family.

"Is everything arranged?" Castiel asked as they started walking up to the house again.

Gabriel nodded with a grin. "Yes, and they’re all here. Handpicked by Meg and I have to say I approve."

Dean frowned at the exchange but kept his mouth shut. He really didn’t like the feeling of not knowing what was going on, though, and his emotions were apparently easy for Castiel to read because he turned to Dean just as Gabriel opened the front door and stepped inside.

"We will have servants living with us for the time being." He said as if that explained anything and the information just made Dean frown deeper. "But don’t worry, they will be staying in the guest house out back and not bother us after dark."

Dean wanted to say that he worried a whole fucking lot but once again he didn’t say anything because what was he supposed to say when they walked into the vestibule and the servants stood there, waiting for them? He would look a fool to throw a bitch-fit now.

As Castiel walked up to the group of people, Dean paused to take a moment to look around at what he could see of the house that apparently was his home now. It was big, and bright, and only half-furnished. It was a good house, he supposed, but was it home?

His musings were interrupted when a woman stepped up to them. She had dark hair and a heart-shaped face with a sly smile.

"Dean?" she extended her hand and he shook it firmly. "I’m Meg, we spoke on the phone."

"I remember." He mumbled, clearly remembering her voice from last night bringing him the news that had brought him here today. "You said you’re Cas’… Um."

Her smile grew wider when he couldn’t remember the word. "Sovietnik." She filled in and he nodded, having no idea what it meant. "It means advisor." She supplied as if she could read his mind and Dean started when Gabriel snorted beside him.

"Face it sweetheart, you’re basically his secretary."

"I’ll be his Sovietnik when he’s Pakhan." She bit out.

"You’ll be a long time waiting."

Dean was immensely uncomfortable standing between the two while they bickered and he glanced over to where Castiel was talking to the three who supposedly were their servants or whatever. He wished Castiel would just come over here and he wondered if it would be okay for him to just sidle over to Castiel. Or would that be inappropriate? Dean didn’t give two shits about etiquette but he did care about having his brains blown out by a bunch of insulted mobsters. Dean wanted to think that he would outrank a few of the Russians by simply being Castiel’s husband but how many of them and which ones? He wasn’t going to fucking risk it on the first day, that was for sure.

"Bite me." Meg hissed and Gabriel laughed heartily.

"Any time, love."
Dean didn’t even know why they were keeping this conversation in English but he heaved a sigh of relief when Castiel called Meg over.

"Not your best friend, huh?" he asked as he watched Gabriel watching Meg saunter over to the four men.

"Nah, we’re like two peas in a pod." Gabriel grinned wolfishly and Dean didn’t know why but it made him feel better.

"You’re not mad, though? That she said Cas was gonna be the next Pakhan?"

"Why would I be?" Gabriel looked honestly surprised. "Do you know how much work being Pakhan is? No thank you."

"Huh." Dean pondered that for a moment. "Guess I didn’t think about it like that."

Gabriel gave him a considering look then and Dean shifted uncomfortably. "Word of advice, kid." He said, lowering his voice even though Dean was pretty certain none of the others could hear them. "Michael and Castiel have been competing for a long time and even though you might not want to, you’re inadvertently taking sides. Be careful."

Dean swallowed and held Gabriel’s stare for a long moment, thinking John clearly hadn’t known what kind of lion’s den he had thrown his oldest son into. Or at least he hoped John hadn’t known, the bastard.

"Well," he said after what felt like an eternity, keeping his voice down as well. "It’s only dangerous as long as Michael thinks he’s got a shot, isn’t it? Then maybe we should take his chances away from him?"

He didn’t know if that was the wrong thing to say or not. Was Gabriel on Castiel’s side? Dean wanted to think so because Gabriel was here, welcoming them home, but how could he be certain? Gabriel could just as easily be playing both sides, maybe even against each other, and Dean would probably never know until it was too late.

Gabriel smiled at Dean’s answer, though, and there was a twinkle in his eyes that could be just as good as bad but before Dean could ask him Castiel called him over to where he was standing with Meg and the three men. Gabriel walked out of the house, presumably to talk to Mr. Adler who was still outside by the limo, when Dean left his side.

Castiel put a hand on Dean’s shoulder when he came up beside the man. His hand was warm and steady and Dean didn’t lean into the touch because no. "Dean, I want you to meet Bartholomew, Inias, and Alfie. They’re going to be working for us." He nodded to the three men in turn and they nodded back. Dean watched them closely, feeling immensely uncomfortable but determined to memorize their faces. "Amongst other duties Bart will tend to the garden, Alfie to the house and Inias will be your chauffeur."

"My chauffeur?" Dean stuttered and watched as the man called Inias smiled a little. It was hard to tell if it was condescending or not but Dean didn’t think so.

"Yes." Castiel answered calmly. "For when you want to go somewhere without me."

Otherwise Mr. Adler would drive them, Dean supposed now and he nodded slowly. "Well, thanks. I guess." He mumbled and felt stupid. He had grown up in a life where nothing was given and everything had to be earned and worked hard for and now he was suddenly to be doted upon? It felt surreal and not very good. He supposed it would have to take some getting used to.
Castiel nodded too. "This will be all." He said to Meg and she smiled and ushered the three men out to begin whatever work there was to be done in such a new house.

"So is that Alfie kid gonna be cooking and cleaning or what?" Dean asked as Castiel steered him through the house. Dean kind of wanted to argue being led around like a dog but Castiel’s hand on his shoulder was a heavy reminder of Castiel’s status here.

"Essentially, yes." Castiel answered curtly as they started up the stairs to the second floor.

"Why would they accept this kind of work?" Dean asked and let it show in his tone that he would never, ever do it. "Aren’t they part of your organization?"

"They are." Castiel conceded. "And that is exactly why they would do it. They are… shestyorka." He settled on when he apparently didn’t find the right English word. "They have the lowest rank and this job is a great opportunity for them. If they can prove that they can take care of Pakhan’s son’s wife then they can surely be trusted with other jobs."

There was so much Dean wanted to ask in that moment but his mind got caught on one thing in particular. "Wife?" he echoed ineloquently just as they landed outside a fancy looking room.

Castiel looked confused. "You." He elaborated and his tone just made Dean seethe even worse.

"I’m a dude, Cas." He hissed and wow, Dean hadn’t thought Castiel could look even more confused than he already did but apparently so.

"I know you are." Castiel said slowly, clearly not getting what Dean was talking about.

Dean rolled his eyes so hard it felt like he sprained them. "So if I’m a dude I can’t be your wife, I’ll be your husband." Really, Dean had thought Castiel’s English was impeccable, how could such a simple, but important, thing escape him?

Castiel just looked at him strangely then and Dean almost flinched when the man reached up to caress Dean’s cheek softly. "We’ll see." He mumbled and turned to the room beside them before Dean could answer.

Dean gritted his teeth but followed silently, stewing in his own pride and storing this conversation away as yet another thing he would argue about when he was more settled.

"So I guess they’re not as much servants as they are bodyguards?" Dean snarked when he joined Castiel in what turned out to be a big bedroom.

"You are correct, of course." Castiel agreed with a crooked smile. "You’re far too valuable to me to be left on your own."

What the hell did that mean? Did Castiel think Dean’s life was in danger or was he afraid Dean would escape first chance he got? That last thought had crossed Dean’s mind but he would never do it, mainly because it would put John and Sam in danger and while he might hate his dad a little for forcing him to do this he would never betray his family like that. Still, he wondered what Castiel was thinking. And he couldn’t help but think about what Gabriel had just said downstairs. Judging by the apparent feud between the brothers Dean wouldn’t put it past this fucking family to snuff each other’s loved ones out, maybe even just to spite the other. Once again Dean thought about the hornet’s nest John had thrown him in and he hoped it would be fucking worth it.

"Well, this is nice." Dean said in an attempt to change the subject. He gestured to the room at large
and especially the huge king sized bed that looked fluffy enough to be considered a cloud.

Castiel nodded. "I managed to buy some furniture and had Inias and Alfie put them in but I want you to arrange the house to your liking." He turned to Dean who narrowed his eyes in suspicion. "I want you comfortable here; you can buy whatever you like to make it so."

"Okay." Dean said slowly, not quite sure what Castiel was getting at aside from him apparently wanting Dean to decorate the house or whatever.

Castiel nodded, seemingly satisfied with Dean’s agreement. "This is the master bedroom and we will be sleeping together in this bed when I am here, you can sleep wherever you want when I’m away. And I’ve got a study set up for me downstairs to manage my business; I only ask that you do not touch that room. Otherwise the house is yours to—"

"Hold on." Dean held up a hand and Castiel stopped talking immediately, looking expectantly down at Dean. Dean swallowed. "What do you mean when you’re here? You’re not going to live here with me?" the thought that Dean was supposed to be Castiel’s trophy wife was appalling enough but that he would be a lonely trophy wife was another nightmare entirely.

Castiel looked strangely saddened. "I have very important work to do and even though I will try to conduct it from here I’m not sure how much I’ll be able to be around at the moment. Hopefully very much. We will see how it works out, maybe later we can get a condo in the city as well."

"Are you fucking serious?" Dean bit out and Castiel closed his mouth slowly. "You drag me out here to just sit around? I could just as well have lived with my family than be thrown away out here."

"I am your family now, Dean." Castiel rumbled in a suddenly very demanding tone and Dean actually took a step back. Castiel turned more bodily to him. "We are to be wed and I expect to live with my fiancé. I’m sorry I can’t be completely here for the first part of our life together but I bought this house for you, I want you to be happy here."

Dean felt cold all over. But what had he been expecting, really? Wasn’t this what he had feared? Only the cabin in the woods had been replaced by a house in suburban Southampton and the basement was a lush bedroom. Looked like the leash was going to be psychological after all. Man, Castiel’s kindness had really fucking fooled him.

"You bought me a cage." He stated flatly and left the room before Castiel could say or do anything to stop him. He didn’t know where he would go but figured any part of the house was fair game. Any part but the room he was supposed to share with his future husband.

Chapter End Notes

Proyavi uvazheniye = show respect
Dostatochno = enough
Otrekshayasya Bratva = Forsaken gang/the name of Cas’ family’ organization (purely fictional)
Pakhan = godfather
My priyekhali = We are here
Spasibo = thank you
Mladshiy brat = younger brother/little brother
Sovietnik = advisor
Shestyorka = lowest rank in the Russian mafia
In which Dean explores

Chapter Notes

Agfhkt! You guys! I just passed the 500K line with this chapter! I dunno why but that felt sooo good :D
Love to you all! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean had spent a long time on the phone with Sam after his emotional outburst, hiding in one of the unfurnished guest bedrooms that unfortunately didn’t have a lock on the door. Castiel hadn’t come looking for him, though, and Dean took that small mercy. He didn’t know if he was still mad with the man or embarrassed about his own behavior.

Alfie had found him later and brought him to one of the most awkward dinners Dean had ever had. The food was good, though, so he took his time complimenting the young man and Alfie seemed genuinely happy that Dean liked it. Dean only wished the kid had eaten with them because fuck, sitting across from Castiel, just the two of them, had made Dean want to poke his eyes out with his fork. Castiel didn’t say anything but Dean had gotten the impression that the man was brooding and he didn’t know if that was a good thing or not. He just knew too little of his fiancé to be sure of anything.

Dean had retreated to his hideout after dinner and had spent the remainder of the evening texting with his friend Charlie, relaying what had happened and actually thinking about her advice that consisted mainly of Dean, stop being such a little bitch. Maybe she was right, maybe he was overreacting. Castiel was after all nice. At least Dean hoped he still would be even after this.

The silence had been stifling when Dean later had returned to the master bedroom to go to bed. Oh, he would’ve liked very much not to share a bed with the other man but he had heard the command pretty clear and didn’t fancy going against Castiel’s wishes more than necessary. Castiel had several times opened his mouth as if to speak but Dean had just glared him down. Dean had fallen asleep with his back turned and on the very edge of the bed, as far away from Castiel as he could come.

That didn’t explain the position he woke up in, though.

He slowly blinked himself into consciousness and for the first few seconds he could feel nothing but complete contentment. He was in the middle of the soft bed, sunlight was streaming in through the drapes, he was pleasantly warm and surrounded by an enticing scent. His dick had perked up into its somewhat regular morning wood-state and he grinned to himself when he rubbed leisurely against the cushy mattress, the friction sending pleasant waves up his spine.

And then he froze. Like, completely Medusa-stone-froze.

Because that was an arm around his middle, that was a hot breath against his neck and that was a solid chest against his back, rising and falling steadily.
He had to steel himself so he wouldn’t jerk out of Castiel’s lazy embrace and wake the other man but fucking hell, he had been sleeping in Castiel’s arms. As the little spoon. Fuck.

He extracted himself from Castiel and rolled out of bed in one catlike movement. Castiel snuffled in his sleep and pressed his face against his pillow but didn’t otherwise move. Dean stayed by the side of the bed for a moment, just looking at the man and trying to decide what to think of this. Castiel’s face looked younger in his sleep, all relaxed, and his chapped lips were parted just the slightest. Looking at them brought the feeling of a phantom breath against Dean’s neck and he turned away, blinking at the closed door that lead out into the hallway.

There was a bathroom attached to the master bedroom, of course, but Dean didn’t know if he would like to use that. Maybe it would wake Castiel and Dean didn’t fancy any surprises. There were three bathrooms in total in this house, he knew from what little he had explored yesterday. The one in the master bedroom, one down the hall and a smaller one downstairs, right by Castiel’s study.

Still, he didn’t know what time the "servants" were expected to be inside the main house and he didn’t even know what time it was. So, just to not risk meeting one of them in the hallway, he opted to use the bathroom in here.

He palmed his erection, that for some reason refused to die down, as he walked over to the bathroom and he breathed a little sigh of relief when he noticed that there was a lock on the door. Inside he blinked owlishly at the very bright light and quickly shut the door to keep the bedroom in relative darkness. He slipped out of his boxers and stared sullenly down at his happy dick. The head was a darker shade of pink and it sent a tingle down his whole length when he nipped at it.

He needed to pee but realized this was a lost cause. With a sigh he entered the big shower and resolved to just pee in there. The hot water came on much faster than in his old house and he sighed again but this time contentedly. The pressure was heavenly and he scrubbed his head harshly as he gradually let go and yeah, peeing in the shower was kind of gross but it was also just the right side of taboo to make his dick even harder.

He gripped himself tightly when he was done peeing and started stroking almost immediately, not really in the mood to draw this out. To be quite frank he wasn’t really in the mood to do this at all at the moment, what with Castiel so close by, but his body insisted on it. He tried making it quick, though, and surprised himself with coming faster than he had in a while. He bit the inside of his cheek hard to stifle the suddenly very deep moan that threatened to escape as he splashed the tiled wall with his come.

He watched with heavily lidded eyes as the come was slowly washed away by the water spray and he didn’t know why but he felt strangely satisfied at dirtying the crisp house. As if he had marked it now. As if now it belonged a little to him too.

His legs felt pleasantly jelly-like when he exited the shower and only then realized he didn’t even know if he had a towel to dry himself off on.

"Fuck." He muttered and scanned the bathroom quickly before starting opening cabins. He would not walk out there and wake Castiel looking like this just to ask for a goddamn towel. He would rather dry himself off on his own boxers before that happened.

Fortunately he didn’t have to resort to anything embarrassing because someone, probably Alfie, had put towels in the second cabin Dean checked. They were white and fluffy and Dean took a moment to just stand there with his face buried in one of them, smelling its newness for a while before drying himself quickly and pulling on his boxers again.
He tiptoed out into the bedroom again but discovered right away that there was no cause for his stealthy behavior; Castiel was still fast asleep even after the racked the shower had made. Dean stopped by the bed after he had put on the same clothes he had had yesterday and looked down at the older man again.

The peaceful expression on Castiel’s face had been replaced with an almost-there pout and his brow was furrowed slightly. Dean cocked his head to the side and just watched for a few moments, trying to put himself in Castiel’s shoes regarding this whole mess they had found themselves in. It didn’t feel good and for some reason he found himself reaching over to put his thumb between Castiel’s eyebrows to smooth the wrinkle out but he stopped himself in the last second, instead just pulling the blankets up to cover Castiel’s upper body.

"Get a grip, Winchester." He muttered. He had only been with this man for a day and now he apparently viewed him like some drenched kitten? He really needed coffee.

Alfie was in the kitchen whipping up breakfast when Dean entered and Dean accepted a plateful of sausage and eggs with a grateful smile. He practically moaned around his first bite and Alfie chuckled at him.

"You’re really good at this." Dean mumbled through mouthfuls and Alfie nodded his head in thanks.

"I try." He said, his Russian accent thicker than Castiel’s but it wasn’t irritating, not like Mr. Krushnic senior. Or maybe Dean was already getting used to it.

"So, you good with playing house or whatever?" Dean asked because he couldn’t not ask.

Alfie frowned in confusion for a moment before he got what Dean was hinting at. "Oh, yes." He exclaimed with a happy smile. "Ms. Masters handpicked me because I have worked for Mr. Krushnic before and he was happy with my services. I feel honored. I only hope I can satisfy."

Man, these Russians really took this seriously, Dean thought between bites. He hadn’t really had a lot to do with mobs before so he didn’t know if this was normal behavior or not. It kind of seemed like a cult or something and he supposed that maybe that wasn’t so far from the truth.

"Well, I’ve only been here for like a day but you get straight A’s from me." He said honestly and watched in fascination how Alfie’s whole face kind of lit up.

"Spasibo." He said genuinely. "Thank you."

Dean smiled crookedly at the man. Alfie was definitely the youngest of the Russians and even though Dean was pretty certain he was older than Dean himself, he still looked very young when his face was alit with such happiness. Dean liked it.

"Spasibo?" he asked as he speared the last sausage on his fork. "That means thank you?"

Alfie nodded. "Do you know Russian?"

"Not really." Dean made a face and looked down at his empty plate, thinking about Castiel and his furrowed brow. "I suppose I should learn it."

Alfie surprised him by patting him on the shoulder. "I will teach you."

Dean smiled at him, already feeling better about this.

After breakfast he went outside to look at the garden. He saw Mr. Adler and Inias by two cars in the
driveway. The sunlight reflected off the limo’s black form and Mr. Adler was leaned against it, watching Inias work on another car that Dean supposed was his for when he wanted to go somewhere. He wished he would get to drive it himself but knew that that most likely wouldn’t happen. God, he missed his dad’s ’67 Chevy Impala in that moment, almost more than he missed home.

With a sigh he turned and walked to the backyard, passing Bart who was busy cleaning the pool. It sure looked like he hadn’t ever done that before and when Dean tried smiling in greeting as he passed he only got a frown in return.

"Guess not everyone’s happy, huh?" he muttered and put his hands in his jeans pockets as he continued deeper into the garden, spotting the house Alfie, Inias, Bart, and presumably Mr. Adler lived in.

It was much smaller than the main house, that was for sure, but it looked cozy. Dean wouldn’t mind living in it himself. He turned to look at the main house and for some reason it felt as if it was looming over him. He hugged himself even though the weather was warm and tried counting the windows to see if he could figure out behind which Castiel was sleeping right now.

A sound from the other side of the hedge drew his attention and when he looked over he saw a young brunette in a bikini spreading a towel on the grass beside a big pool. She looked up then and smiled when she caught him watching her and made her way over to him.

"Hello there." She said in a British accent and gave him an appreciative look. "You new here?"

He shuffled closer to the hedge and nodded, extending his hand to shake hers through a small hole in the branches. "I’m Dean, I moved in yesterday with…" he cleared his throat and glanced back at the house. "With my fiancé." He finished and her eyebrows shot to the skies.

"Aren’t you a little young?" she asked and even though her tone was teasing it was still nice so he nodded with a smile of his own.

"I guess you can call me trophy husband, huh?" he said with a crooked smile.

"Or boy toy." She practically purred and he blinked in surprise, swallowing slowly. "I’m Bela. I live here with my husband but he’s… seldom here." She gestured to the pompous house behind her and Dean took in what he could see through the hole.

"My fiancé’s probably not going to be around much either." He muttered, unsure why he was telling her. Maybe because she could understand or maybe because he wanted to vent this and Sam and Charlie would get tired of him.

She looked at him in sympathy for a moment before smiling again. "There’s a lot of us lonely housewives around here, you should join us for coffee sometime."

The way she said coffee made him smirk. "You know, I told Cas I didn’t want to be just another desperate housewife but here I am and it’s only day two."

She laughed out right at that and it made Dean smirk wider. Thank God at least one of his neighbors had humor. "Just you wait and see." She grinned and then gestured at her towel. "Well, I have to go back to pretending to sunbathe, it’s almost time for the pool boy to come over, if you know what I mean?" she winked at him and he felt his ears heating, hardly believing the world was as cliché as this. "But I know where you live now; I’ll be in touch, Dean."

"Yeah." He said and backed away slowly. "Good luck or… something."
She winked again and slipped away from the hole. Dean remained standing by the hedge for a while longer, just pondering his life. This was so fucking surreal and had happened so fast that he had an extremely hard time believing it was true.

He didn’t return to the house until he had pinched himself three times to check if he wasn’t dreaming after all. He passed by Bart again as he walked to the house and eyed him differently now in the wake of what that Bela was probably going to do with her pool boy. Dean guessed Bart could be considered Dean’s pool boy but that thought just made him shiver unpleasantly. He hurried past, rubbing his abused arm and definitely avoiding eye-contact with Bart.

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Dean cleared his throat and the sound was awfully loud in the otherwise quiet dining room. "So," he started but found himself unable to continue when Castiel looked up from his newspaper as if whatever Dean was going to say next would be the most important thing in the whole universe. And maybe it was but Dean thought Castiel really ought to stop looking at him like that.

Dean had spent the morning going through every room except the master bedroom and Castiel’s study, looking at what little furniture Castiel had managed to buy so far and thinking about what he missed. And there was a lot. He had also done some thinking about that Bela and about Dean’s and Castiel’s future relationship. Sure, theirs was a forced marriage but who was it really that was making them miserable right now? Dean didn’t like silences that let him think.

"So?" Castiel enquired when Dean had spent at least two full minutes in silence, staring at his lunch. Dean heaved a sigh. "So I was thinking that we need to buy a lot of stuff to make this place comfortable. What’s our budget?"

Oh, God. Castiel’s face lit up like a goddamn Christmas tree and yes, this was Dean’s way of saying he was sorry about the whole cage-comment but fuck, he hadn’t thought Castiel would understand it so swiftly. Just… fuck.

"Don’t worry about that, what did you have in mind?"

Dean scrunched up his face and hid it by ducking his head. Castiel’s enthusiasm grated on Dean’s nerves for some reason, almost as if he wanted Castiel satisfied but not too satisfied because, hey, Dean was still unhappy over here.

"Well, a TV for starters." He said in a clipped tone. "If you expect me to sit under house arrest then I at least need something to do." There, now he had effectively apologized for his earlier behavior and repeated said behavior, all in the span of about three minutes. Dean Winchester-style.

Castiel’s face fell a little but he tried to remain happy, Dean could clearly see the struggle and it made him feel like a douche bag. "You’re not under arrest, Dean." Castiel said softly and folded his paper shut for now. "You are free to go wherever you want."

Dean chewed the inside of his cheek for a moment, just regarding Castiel cautiously. "Then I want to go to Pottery Barn, we passed one on Main Street."
Castiel nodded. "Of course."

"And I wanna order some stuff from Best Buy. The closest one is in Riverhead."

Castiel smiled pleasantly. "Inias will drive you."

Dean shook his head. "Nah, I don’t need to look at electronics, I’ll just order online."

"Anything you want, Dean."

Dean was beginning to think that that wasn’t so far from the truth. "I want you to come with me to Pottery Barn."

_That_, out of everything, was what made Castiel raise his eyebrows in surprise. "Me? I don’t know the first thing about furniture."

Dean huffed in annoyance. "And what am I? Martha fucking Stewart? We’re both gonna live with the crap I pick out so I want..." he looked down and tried to sort through his feelings. Castiel was making him feel too much. "You’re coming with me."

Castiel was looking steadily at him when he finally dared look up and after a while the older man nodded, his barely-there smile in place. "You can look at their website today; we’ll leave first thing tomorrow."

Dean nodded silently at that and finished his lunch without another word. Somehow the silence didn’t feel as loaded anymore, though, and that was a small relief.

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True to his word, Castiel had come with Dean to Pottery Barn and they had literally spent _hours_ in there. To be perfectly honest, Dean probably would have hated it — _should_ have hated it — if Castiel hadn’t been there. But it had turned out kind of... fun.

Anyway, they had Pottery Barn ship everything they bought home and it arrived later the same day. Dean didn’t even want to think about what Castiel had paid for that. The fact was, though, that money seemed like the least of their problems. Castiel just swiped his card and paid without blinking even when Dean nearly choked at the total. And Dean’s family was in the money laundering business so he knew quite a lot about money. He wondered, not for the first time, what it was exactly that Castiel did within the Otrekshayasya Bratva.

John had explained to Dean that Castiel’s family was involved in drug smuggling and while Dean didn’t like that one bit he was at least relieved to know that his future husband didn’t do human trafficking or something like that. Still, being a fucking drug lord wasn’t much better and since he didn’t know exactly what Castiel did he was hoping that he could work up the courage in the future to ask him. Preferably before the wedding. For now, though, he just accepted that Castiel could — and would, apparently — buy him just about anything.

They had spent the evening scouring the Internet for the best TVs and some other stuff Dean didn’t think he could live without. It had actually turned out quite a pleasant day, considering.
Dean spent the better part of the next day together with Inias and Alfie, trying to put together the furniture that didn’t come pre-assembled and otherwise arranging the rooms to his liking. Castiel had been holed up in his study the whole day and when he emerged for dinner late in the evening, having missed lunch, he looked tired and disheveled but he smiled his little smile when Dean showed him the finished rooms. He seemed extremely content with Dean’s work and that look on his face did… things to Dean’s mind. Weird things.

A couple of days went by like that; Dean puttering around the house, getting to know the other men and really starting to like them — at least Alfie and Inias — and Castiel working in his study. Dean’s curiosity regarding Castiel’s work grew by the minute and he had to literally grit his teeth to keep from asking. It irked him that he wasn’t involved but talking to Sammy helped. Man, that kid was smart for his age.

At the end of their first week Dean was finished with the house and actually thought it looked pretty nice. He was beginning to think he would be an awesome wife after all.

And then he went to try and find something to smash his head in for thinking so but Alfie stopped him. Fucking Russians.

He met their other neighbor, Lisa Braeden, who was sweet and had a son who resembled Dean so much it was uncanny. Dean almost started questioning whether he was really gay and his first time really had been with Benny Lafitte sophomore year, right before Dean dropped out of high school. Because seriously.

Lisa had just laughed at him and invited him over just as Bela had. Apparently this whole neighborhood ran on absent husbands or something. She told him Bela was housing a little get-together the next weekend and that he should come so he promised to ask Bela about it. He wondered if he had to tell Cas and if he wanted to.

The day after he had talked to Lisa, Dean’s breakfast was interrupted by the doorbell. Still not really used to the whole servants-thing he slid off the chair he was perched on and walked over to the door, barely swallowing before opening it.

He was met by Gabriel’s grinning face. "Hiya, brat." Gabriel exclaimed and hugged Dean tightly.

"Excuse me?" Dean asked in annoyance.

"It means brother." Alfie supplied as he joined them and Dean looked at him in surprise.

"Oh."

"What?" Gabriel asked and stepped inside the house. A creepy looking dude appeared in the doorway behind him and promptly followed him inside. Dean wanted to argue that because what the fuck? But neither Alfie not Gabriel seemed to think it was strange so he said nothing. Just quietly shut the door and ignored the man’s intense stare.

"Brat." Alfie said, that strange Russian accent in place. "It means brother."

"I know what it means." Gabriel stated, clearly still confused.

Dean sighed. "Alfie’s teaching me Russian."

Gabriel blinked a couple of times before grinning like the fucking Cheshire cat and Dean couldn’t fathom why. "And how’s it going?"
"Well…” Alfie glanced at Dean and Dean sighed again, deeper.

"I fucking suck at it. But I’m learning.” He gestured for Gabriel and creepo to hang their jackets on the coat rack it had taken Dean and Castiel about two seconds to agree upon. Dean was glad their tastes were similar at least.

Gabriel whistled when he looked around at all the new stuff and then nodded to Dean. "Well done, this place looks great. Good to see you’ve made yourself at home."

Dean scoffed. "How do you know it’s not Cas’ doing?"

Gabriel laughed out loud at that. "Because Castiel’s our brother. Trust me, I know what he can and can’t do and home décor ain’t his forte."

"Oh.” Dean just said and suddenly felt immensely uncomfortable with that other dude’s stare. Because Gabriel had said our brother and that would make that guy Michael, wouldn’t it? The same Michael that had also wanted to marry Dean. "I guess you’re here to see Cas? He’s in his study."

"Good." Gabriel chirped and trotted away but of course Michael would linger. Dean was just glad Alfie was still standing beside him and he kind of wanted to grab the man and use him as a shield.

"It is good to finally meet you, Dean." Michael said eventually, his Russian accent so thick Dean had a hard time understanding him. "Castiel is a very lucky man."

"I…” Dean didn’t know what the fuck to say. Michael’s eyes were boring into Dean’s and he suddenly wanted to run away and hide. "Yeah, good to meet you too.” He mumbled and his hand twitched with the need to reach out for Alfie. Or perhaps something he could defend himself with.

Michael lingered even longer, just kind of staring, and while Castiel did that sometimes too it was never unpleasant, not like this. Eventually Michael just nodded and shuffled after Gabriel and Dean breathed a sigh of relief.

"Fucking hell.” He muttered and retreated to the kitchen with Alfie right behind him.

"Yes, Michael is… Different." Alfie agreed amiably and Dean snorted.

"Understatement of the year.” He stated and returned to his breakfast, not really feeling hungry anymore.

Dean and Castiel had slept every night in the same bed and Dean always fell asleep alone and woke up in Castiel’s arms, as if their bodies sought each other out in their sleep, like a pair of fucking magnets or something. But the night after Michael’s visit Dean voluntarily placed himself close enough to the middle that when Castiel rolled over he ended up spooned around Dean even before they fell asleep. Dean couldn’t put his finger on why he did it, other than that he suddenly felt immensely happy that Pakhan had chosen Castiel to be Dean’s husband and not Michael. He felt stupid about it, though, and was very glad that Castiel didn’t ask about Dean’s need to be touched that night, even if he could feel the man stiffening momentarily in confusion before settling in.

And it wasn’t like there really was something odd about sleeping like this, so Dean supposed he shouldn’t be so opposed to it. He was just glad Castiel wasn’t forcing him to have sex or anything and Dean actually liked how hot it became when they snuggled so close in the summer heat. That and Castiel did smell nice, so Dean saw nothing wrong with this.

No, the problem didn’t arise until next morning. His body had been playing traitor more than once since that first morning and Dean more often than not woke with a hard-on but that had always been
manageable, mainly because it was never really that bad and he was always faced away from Castiel. *This* morning, however, he of course had the raunchiest dream he had had in a long time and he woke with his face pressed against Castiel’s chest, hands fisted against the man and fucking *humping* him.

He froze as soon as he noticed and his eyes flew open even as his dick quivered in his boxers. Fuck, he was *so close* but he was also *in Castiel’s arms*.

Suddenly there was a hand on the small of his back and it encouraged him to start rolling his hips again. He did so with a protesting groan but fuck, the friction was divine and Castiel’s hand was warm and steadying.

"It’s okay, Dean." Castiel murmured against the top of Dean’s head and Dean felt mortified that Castiel was awake but he couldn’t stop his hips now. His dick was leaking and fucking aching and the only thing that made it feel better was pressing it against Castiel’s warm body.

"Fuck." He gasped and shook in Castiel’s embrace as he bucked harder.

"Krasiviy." Castiel murmured and Dean didn’t know what it meant but hearing the man speak in that harsh language just amped up Dean’s need.

He thrust his hips, desperate now, and moaned when he felt the hard line of Castiel’s dick pressing against him. Fuck, Castiel felt huge and so warm.

"Y-you…” Dean mumbled incoherently and pressed a thigh between Castiel’s legs.

"Yes.” Castiel said but it sounded more like affirmation that Dean was right in assuming Castiel was aroused because of this and not because he wanted Dean to do anything about it. He remained still as Dean rolled his whole body against his.

Dean didn’t want it to be true but the fact was that feeling Castiel’s hard-on and hearing him talk in his rumbling voice forced Dean over the edge like nothing else. He came with a desperate gasp a few seconds later and scrunched his eyes shut when he felt Castiel’s dick jump against his thigh.

"Khorosho." Castiel mumbled over and over again as Dean curled in on himself, pressing hard into Castiel’s warmth and relishing the feeling of the older man’s assertive hand on his back, stroking it calmly.

"Shit." Dean groaned after the euphoric high of his orgasm slowly subsided and the reality of what he had done came crashing down on him. He still had his leg wedged between Castiel’s and the man was still rock hard. Dean could even feel a small wet patch on Castiel’s boxers.

"It’s okay.” Castiel said again, almost as if he could read Dean’s mind. Dean couldn’t fucking meet his eyes he was so embarrassed. The older man gradually stopped stroking Dean’s back, probably feeling the uncomfortableness rolling off of Dean like black waves. "Do you want to take a shower?"

Dean hesitated for a long moment, uncertain if Castiel meant for them to take one together or not and what he would think of that. "Yes." He eventually croaked and felt Castiel nod.

He let go of Dean and Dean rolled away ungracefully, making a face at the stickiness in his boxers and still very acutely aware of Castiel’s aroused state. He glanced down at Castiel’s tented boxers and his hand twitched with uncertainty. Should he help the man out? Did he want to? Did Castiel?

But Castiel saved him from having to make a decision by putting one of his warm hands over Dean’s
twitching one. "It’s alright, Dean." He said firmly and Dean lifted his eyes to meet Castiel’s for the first time that morning.

"Do you…?" he didn’t know how to finish that sentence and suddenly felt like a virgin again. It hadn’t been this difficult with Benny, he reflected distantly. Then again, with Benny he had known what he had wanted.

Castiel shook his head and rested back against the pillows. "It’s alright." He repeated and Dean took the hint.

He didn’t know if he felt disappointed and rebuffed or just relieved when he left the bed to walk unsteadily over to the bathroom but when he reached the door he glanced back and saw Castiel rub a hand down his tired face and he definitely knew he didn’t feel good about this. Still, he did nothing about it.

Chapter End Notes

Spasibo = thank you
Otrekshayasya Bratva = Forsaken gang/the name of Cas’ family’ organization (purely fictional)
Brat = brother
Krasiviy = beautiful
Khorosho = good
In which Dean takes a stand

Chapter Notes

Happy holidays, y'all!

**Trigger warning:** (spoiler) Dean is slightly intoxicated and Cas can’t resist his advances.
This was made to read as Dean finally realizing that sex with Cas is inviting and to show that Cas can’t resist his future bride but if you feel like Dean being slightly tipsy means Cas is taking advantage of him then you shouldn’t read the later part of this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The days that followed Dean’s awkward morning orgasm were uncomfortable to say the least. Not so much because Castiel made them so but because Dean had a hard time even looking at the man. He knew they were to marry and he also knew that that logically meant they were supposed to have sex but Castiel had yet to make any such advances and the fact that he had refused Dean’s touch after Dean had finished had just made Dean feel weird.

Maybe Castiel was waiting for them to have sex until after the wedding or maybe he wasn’t really attracted to Dean — except his boner had kind of told another tale — either way Dean felt awful about his own body’s reactions. Castiel didn’t seem very fazed about it, though, so Dean had just opted to not mention it, ever, and the next few days had floated by in a state of uncomfortable calmness.

Castiel had mostly spent them working, on the phone with Meg half of the time. Dean had actually brought him a sandwich one day when Castiel, again, missed lunch. The grateful smile that Castiel had given him had been enough to send Dean scurrying, mostly because it had felt too intimate but also because it had felt nice to have Castiel look at him like that. Like he was a godsend.

Dean managed during those days to figure out that Castiel mostly worked with shipping, like ordering drugs and sending the correct mules to the correct pick-up spots. He didn’t get much more details than that but he felt that it was okay for now. At least Castiel didn’t seem directly in contact with the drugs and for some reason that made Dean feel better about the whole actually very shady business. Like this, Dean could even compare the work he himself had done for John with what Cas did because Dean had also been in charge of ordering merchandise, albeit on a much smaller scale.

They still slept together in the same bed every night because why wouldn’t they? And Dean still woke up in Castiel’s arms but he was careful not to fall asleep in them. He didn’t know if that had been what had prompted his awkward boner that morning but it seemed to help if he slept away from the other man for most of the night. Oh, Dean still had morning wood but as long as he woke up turned away from Castiel he was okay with it.

He honestly didn’t know what he wanted from this relationship, or what Castiel wanted. Castiel had said he wouldn’t have agreed to the marriage if Dean wasn’t a man and Dean definitely remembered
the impressive erection Castiel had sported while Dean humped him to selfish completion and yet the man made not advances. Perhaps he was afraid of Dean rebuffing him and perhaps he’d rather have a sexless marriage than an unhappy one. Dean didn’t know and thinking about it honestly screwed a little with his head.

He didn’t want to be forced into this but Castiel was nice and fuck, his dick had felt… Yeah, Dean had had pleasant dreams about it the past few nights. Didn’t make meeting the man’s eyes any easier.

A couple of days later Dean had managed to make plans with Bela to join her party the coming weekend. He was well-aware that he probably would be the only guy there but hell, he just couldn’t be sitting around the house anymore. Castiel had said he wouldn’t be around all the time and even though he had yet to leave for Brighton Beach he had still been kind of right. The man literally spent the whole day inside his study, only emerging for dinner and when it was time for bed. Dean had never been so bored in his entire life, and he had quit high school.

Alfie and Inias were kind of fun to hang with, Dean supposed, but they both had jobs to do and sometimes they left the house and Dean never asked to follow, knowing they would probably have offered if he was welcome. Bart spent most of his time out in the garden, obviously trying to learn how to tame it and Dean didn’t even want to approach Mr. Adler.

So yeah, Dean was starved for both attention and company. Sam and Charlie were still in school and even though Dean liked his dad and his friends they weren’t exactly the best conservationists. And somehow it felt inappropriate asking Benny over, considering what they had done. Not that Castiel knew about it and not that Dean wanted that again but still.

So here Dean was, days away from a party with lonely housewives and actually looking forward to it because fuck his life.

He had yet to tell Castiel about his plans and was still uncertain whether he actually had to tell him or if he was contemplating it because he wanted to involve the man. As they went to bed that night he resolved to tell Castiel in the morning.

The next morning, however, Dean found himself waking up to an empty bed for the first time since moving in with Castiel. The feeling was… not nice. Was rather disturbing, to be honest. If it was one thing Dean had learnt about Castiel it was that he was not a morning person. It was the one constant thing Dean had come to depend on and for some reason his whole day felt like it started off on the wrong foot when he woke to a cold bed rather than Castiel’s warm embrace. It didn’t really have anything to do with the embrace though, don’t be ridiculous. It was the routine that was important.

Dean grumbled wordlessly as he rolled out of bed and went to the bathroom to relieve himself. He opted to just pull on a t-shirt and pad down to the kitchen to eat breakfast before showering today. If Castiel had important work to do Dean didn’t see the point of really trying here. Wasn’t like he knew what he was trying to do anyway.

He was surprised when he entered the kitchen and found Meg sitting there, drinking coffee with Alfie.

"Dean." Alfie said in his thick accent. Dean didn’t mind, though, was just glad he had managed to convince the other men in the house to stop calling him Mr. Winchester. "I made breakfast." He got up and plated eggs and bacon, still hot from the stove.

Dean smiled gratefully and sat down across from Meg. "Fancy meeting you here." He mumbled through mouthfuls and Meg smirked at his manners.
"Urgent business." She stated simply and Dean nodded.

"I figured. Cas’ rarely up before ten." He broke the yolk as she watched with calculating eyes. He didn’t like the scrutiny. "So, is it something serious?" he didn’t know why he asked, really, other than he hoped she would indulge him. Somehow it was easier asking her than barging into Castiel’s study to ask the man.

She was quiet for a long time and when he looked up he caught her watching him with softer eyes than he had expected. "Are you unhappy?" she asked suddenly, and he frowned in confusion. Alfie was watching them from where he was standing by the stove but Dean decided to not mind him.

"Why’re you asking?"

Meg shrugged and took a sip of her coffee. "I’ve worked for Castiel for a long time, I like it. And I like him, I want him happy."

Dean snorted. "And me being unhappy would make him sad, by extension?" he asked and was surprised when she met his eyes with a hard stare.

"Yes."

Dean gulped and put down his fork on his only half-empty plate. "I guess I didn’t really think he would take this so seriously." He mumbled and felt incredibly guilty because he totally knew that Castiel took this seriously. Hadn’t thought any real feelings would be involved, though.

Meg watched him in silence for a moment, which Dean spent pushing around his soggy eggs, before she sighed deeply. "I promised him not to tell you were he is but…" she shook her head when Dean looked up in surprise. He had thought Castiel would be holed up in his study like usual. "I got a phone call early this morning, from one of the shestyorka we have placed in Michael’s household."

"Wait." Dean held up a hand and Meg looked annoyed at being interrupted but she quieted all the same. "You spy on Michael?"

"As I am sure he spies on us, and Gabriel, and Gabriel on us and Michael. This is not unusual." She stated as if she was talking to a child. Dean didn’t care about that, though. He was too busy fighting off the creepy feeling of being watched. Fuck, being involved with the mafia was too much like the movies for Dean’s liking. He hated how cliché the world really was.

"Still." He muttered and she nodded.

"Do you want to hear what our shestyorka had to say?"

"Should you be telling me?"

She smirked and leaned on the table. "Not really." She shook her head, almost fondly, when Dean grinned right back. "I learned that Michael had a meeting this morning, something he had decided late last night. A meeting with your father."

Dean’s eyebrows shot to the ceiling. "Dad? Why?"

Meg regarded him for a moment. "It was your father that decided this marriage would take place, together with Pakhan, right?"

"Yeah."
"And you feel forced, you didn’t like it."

Dean didn’t really understand what she was getting at but figured there was no point in lying. "Yeah."

"Still, your dad made you do it, why? Did you agree willingly?"

Dean frowned. "It’s not a shot-gun wedding if that’s what you mean. I didn’t—I don’t want to marry under these circumstances, but I’ll do it voluntarily all the same. For the family." Dean felt really awkward saying this out loud, and especially when Alfie was still listening. He didn’t know how much of this would be relayed back to Castiel but then again, the man probably knew all of this already.

Meg nodded, seemingly satisfied with his answer. "So your father forced you but he didn’t force you. He loves you, correct? You are his son first, not cattle?"

"Yeah." Fuck, Dean was confused.

"Did you know Michael also wanted to have you as his spouse? Gabriel doesn’t like men so he didn’t care about the deal but Michael was very interested after seeing your picture, did you know?"

"I did." Dean said slowly, understanding licking at his mind, still out of reach but only barely. "I kinda figured Castiel agreed to kind of save me or something. Michael’s creepy as fuck."

Meg smiled but it wasn’t a kind smile. "Michael isn’t right in the head."

Dean snorted. "Thank you for sugarcoating it."

Meg shook her head. "And that picture wasn’t the first time Castiel…" she trailed off and shook her head again, as if she really shouldn’t have said anything. Dean really wanted to ask her about that but she continued before he could. "Your father might live with you bitching about not wanting to do this but would he live with you being abused? If you were raped and beaten, what would he do?"

Dean’s eyes rounded out in surprise. "I’m not." He said heatedly. "Castiel doesn’t—"

"I know. I know Castiel." Meg interrupted. "But does your father? What would he do if someone told him his oldest son was raped but too broken to dare tell him?"

Dean drew a sharp breath, just imagining it. John would get himself killed before allowing it. He would kill the one he thought was breaking Dean. He would kill…

"I need my phone." Dean said sharply and rose to run upstairs but was stopped when Meg put a hand on his arm.

"Don’t. Castiel is dealing with it."

Dean stared confusedly at her. "What?"

She pressed her thin lips together for a moment. "Our shestyorka told me Michael was having a meeting with your father this morning to convince him that Castiel is mistreating you, that you would be better off with Michael instead. I called Castiel and Castiel drove over as fast as he could. They’re probably all sitting in the meeting right now. Castiel is your husband, let him deal with this."

Dean knew, in the back of his mind, that she was only trying to calm him but her words just made him angry.
“Well, you know what?” he hissed and ripped his arm free from her lax grip. "Cas’ marrying an American and American wives aren’t meek and we don’t let our husbands do the fighting all alone."

Dean was so angry by the time he reached the upper floor that he had conveniently forgotten that he inadvertently had referred to himself as a wife and not husband. Besides, that wasn’t what was really important here. The important part was that Michael was a dickhead that could possibly get both John and Castiel killed.

Dean practically ripped his jeans in his haste to get his phone out of the pocket and he had hit the button for Sam’s speed dial before he even had time to think about it. Oh, he had Castiel’s number too but for some reason it wasn’t on speed-dial and Dean didn’t want to think about why at this moment.

"Sammy?” he asked when he heard his brother answer on the other end.

"Dee?” Sam asked and sounded confused and younger than he was. "What’s going on? Dad’s been in a meeting all morning with some creepy Russian and then Castiel came here and now there’s a lot of yelling. Mostly in Russian."

Dean gritted his teeth. "I’ll explain later, just give the phone to dad. No one’s dead yet, are they?"

"Should they be?" Sam asked as Dean heard him moving and Dean hated how calm his brother sounded asking something like that. Dean had never wanted to whisk him away from their awful life more than he did in that moment.

"No. Are you there yet?"

"Hang on."

He heard Sammy knock on a door and when he opened it Dean could clearly hear angry voices, both speaking in Russian. And fuck, Dean would always recognize Castiel’s deep rumble. His was the calmer voice but still, he sounded like whiskey and gravel and fuck, Dean had to sit down on the bed. Because he was worried about their heated discussion. Yes.

The other voice was clearly Michael and boy did he sound mad. Dean was just glad John wasn’t participating in the screaming, yet.

"Sammy?” he heard John ask over the phone. "I’m a little busy."

"It’s Dean."

"What?” Dean heard some rustling and then John was in his ear. "Dean? Do you know what this is about? Mr. Krushnic, I mean Michael, he came here saying Castiel is abusing you."

Fuck. Dean didn’t know why that made him so mad but it did. "He’s not." He bit out. "Michael’s lying, don’t do anything stupid, dad."

"I wasn’t going to." John scoffed in a tone that told Dean he had interrupted this meeting in the nick of time. "Explain this to me."

Dean sighed. "What did Cas say when he got there?"

"He just—hang on.” Dean heard some rustling again and then John yelling at the other two men to calm the fuck down. "I have Dean on the phone and I will trust him over you two any day.” Dean heard him say and he cringed at the harsh tone, not really certain the two men would take it well.
"Dean?" he heard Castiel ask and fuck, he sounded… Hopeful? Tentative? It was strange hearing him like that.

"Dad, put me on speaker."

John grunted in answer and there was a beep before it felt like Dean suddenly had surround sound cramped into his little receiver. "You’re on the table."

Dean sighed. "Okay, you asshats listen up." He growled, angry at the situation, angry at the men. Just angry. "I may not be happy-happy, but I’m not miserable. Dad, Cas is treating me just fine. Michael, back the fuck off. And Cas, get your ass home, now."

The silence that followed was loaded and Dean was just starting to regret his words when he heard John sigh.

"Well, gentlemen, I think this meeting is over." He said firmly and Dean heard him pick up the phone. "I’ll call you later, Dean." He stated and then the line went dead.

Dean stared at his phone as realization slowly seeped in. He had cussed at Michael, at Castiel’s big bother, at a mobster. And he had undermined Castiel’s status as the head of their little family by bossing him around.

"Well, fuck." He muttered and threw his phone on the bed. He supposed he should resign himself to his faith because if Michael didn’t kill him first then he was pretty sure that Castiel would either kill him or lock him away. The man had a patience as stable as the day was long but fuck if it wasn’t bound to run out at some point.

He pulled on his pants, determined to find some alcohol to numb himself with while he waited for Castiel to return.

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It was night when Castiel finally walked into the house again. Dean had spent the day avoiding the other Russians and especially Meg, who seemed very amused by what Dean had done. Seemed almost smug about it, as if she had anticipated that he would call and ruin everything. If he didn’t know better he would say that she wanted Castiel and Dean’s marriage to fail but somehow he didn’t think that was it. Somehow he got it in his mind that she was glad that her blabbing to Dean had led to this, as if this was the outcome she had wanted.

Dean was up in their bedroom when he finally heard Castiel downstairs. He was lying on the bed and had been trying to read but he was kind of drunk and his nerves were frayed. John had called not long after the meeting had ended and he had sounded both amused and irritated, confusingly enough. By John’s estimation Castiel hadn’t been mad at Dean and Michael had only left without a word. Castiel had actually taken the time to talk to both John and Sam, convincing them that Dean was indeed fine and that they should come visit soon. Dean had blushed when John told him how Castiel had complimented Dean’s decorating skills. He had heard Sam laughing in the background, which of course only had made it worse.

Still, Dean was unsure if Castiel wasn’t really mad after all and the fact was that John’s call had been
hours ago and Castiel was only now returning. What the hell he had been doing all this time was beyond Dean and he wasn’t even sure that he wanted to know.

He sat up on the bed when he heard Castiel talking downstairs and by the time Castiel had made his way upstairs and into their bedroom Dean was standing in the middle of it, his book forgotten.

Castiel looked surprised as he opened the door and found Dean just standing there. "Dean?" he asked and closed the door without really looking at it.

Dean took in his honestly surprised face and decided rather quickly that there didn’t seem to be any anger there. "Everything alright?" he asked and was satisfied that his speech wasn’t slurred.

Castiel frowned for a moment and for some reason it looked cute to Dean. He supposed he was a little drunker than he had thought.

"Yes." Castiel said eventually and made his way over to the wardrobe while unbuttoning his shirt. Something he did every night but tonight it was different. Looked different. Dean sidled up to him silently. "I’ve talked to Michael and he had some choice words to say about you, and me, but it wasn’t worse than anything I’ve heard before."

"Yeah?" Dean asked and wondered distantly why he sounded so breathless.

Castiel almost jumped when he turned around and found that Dean was much closer to him than they normally were, at least out of bed. He smiled slightly when he looked down at Dean and Dean couldn’t help but return it. He had really thought Castiel would be mad at him and for some reason it felt really good that he apparently wasn’t. Dean blamed the alcohol.

"Michael called me weak and told me to get my dog on a leash." Castiel stated calmly, still smiling slightly as if the words and their meaning didn’t faze him the least.

They made Dean groan in frustration, however. "That’s exactly why I shouldn’t have done anything." He sighed exasperatedly and turned to the bed. "I undermined you in front of him, didn’t I?"

Castiel surprised him by chuckling. "Michael undermined himself in my eyes." He stated and Dean heard him walking closer in the quiet of the house. It was late enough to be dark enough outside that Dean could see their reflections in the window. Him, where he stood swaying slightly, and Castiel where he was just behind Dean, watching him. Dean felt like prey and the feeling wasn’t unpleasant.

"Why did it take you so long to come home?" he asked as Castiel slowly crept closer, as if drawn by the usual magnetism their bodies apparently shared.

"I wanted to make sure Michael wouldn’t do anything stupid, and I talked to Pakhan about this incident as well. And before that I spent some time talking to your father and brother. They are good people; we should have them over."

Dean closed his eyes as he felt Castiel’s breath against his neck. He was reminded very intimately of when they slept together, Castiel’s calm breathing lulling Dean in his sleep. Fuck, he had to be drunk to be thinking like this.

"Have everyone gone to bed?" he asked suddenly and saw in the reflection how Castiel nodded.

"They have, I just talked to Meg and she was the last to wait up for me. Except you."

Dean shuddered. It was totally involuntary and not something he felt proud about but shit, he could
see Castiel’s brilliantly blue eyes watching his every movement. Suddenly he was very aware that they were alone, in their bedroom. With the bed they shared every night. Dean had humped Castiel in that bed.

"She in one of the guest rooms?" he asked and didn’t know what to think of the low rasp his voice came out in.

Castiel was breathing closely against his neck now. "She is. The guest house is too small so I let her have the one by the downstairs bathroom, the blue one." He elaborated, referring to the way Dean had amused himself by color-coding the rooms while decorating. "I hope that was okay?"

"Yeah, that’s fine. The green one’s for Sammy and dad so…”Dean suddenly laughed and turned around to grin at Castiel, who looked pleasantly surprised. "What do you mean, is that okay? This is your house."

Castiel pressed his lips together for a second and Dean licked his own, for no apparent reason. "This is our house." Castiel stated like he had so many times before but fuck, the low gravel of his voice in that Russian accent shot down Dean’s spine in a way he never would have thought.

"Yeah?" Dean asked, breathless once again. He stepped up to Castiel and could practically feel the man’s heat roll off of him. "Then I suppose you don’t mind me drinking our whisky?" he gestured loosely at the nightstand where a bottle of the amber liquid stood.

Castiel blinked at him and then glanced at the bottle before smiling slightly. "Of course not."

"It was in your study." Dean supplied as if Castiel wouldn’t already know this. He didn’t know why but he found himself pressing closer to the older man. Castiel didn’t budge. "I know I’m not supposed to go in there but I did anyway."

Castiel sighed tiredly at that and Dean thought he had pushed it too far; had found the man’s breaking point. Castiel carded his hand through his hair.

"Of course you’re allowed in my study even when I’m not there, Dean. I know you want to be more involved in my affairs and I… For some reason I want you to be, too, but Pakhan, he…” he cleared his throat awkwardly and yeah, that sound was hot. Dean chewed his lower lip and was strangely reminded of the night he had gotten Benny to fuck him. While Castiel wasn’t a snot-nosed teenager Dean suddenly didn’t think seducing him would be all that difficult, or different. Then again, why did he want to seduce the man? Other than them soon being married and Castiel being hot as fuck— wait.

"Then what?" Dean asked and wasn’t very proud of the croak his words came out in. Castiel’s eyes sure as fuck shot back to Dean’s at the sound. Dean licked his abused lower lip.

"It’s not usual for the wives to be involved in their husband’s work." Castiel stated simply and it made Dean frown.
"Well fuck that. If you wanted a submissive wife, then you shouldn’t have picked a fucking American." He spat and made to stumble away, suddenly angry with this whole exchange. So his first assumption had been correct; he never should have made that call. It irked him that Meg had been right that he should have stayed out of it.

But Castiel stopped him with a hand on his arm, pulling him back into the man’s personal bubble. "I don’t want a submissive wife." Castiel said firmly, his grip on Dean’s arm more reassuring than restricting. Dean let himself be pulled closer. "I want you." Castiel murmured then and fuck, just fuck.

Later, Dean would always claim Castiel was the one to initiate the kiss but the truth was that it had been a simultaneous decision, albeit highly unconscious. Dean rushed up at the same time as Castiel leaned down and they both tilted their heads, brushing their noses and claiming each other’s lips in a kiss that jumped from close mouthed to open in about half a second.

Dean suddenly felt hot all over and the only relief he got was the way Castiel’s mouth fitted so effortlessly against his. The man’s lips were chapped but so fucking soft and God, his taste. There was the whisky Dean had been drinking, of course, but beyond that was a taste of spice and musk, so similar to the way Castiel smelled that it could be nothing else than the man’s unique taste.

Dean chased it eagerly and outright moaned when Castiel pulled him closer, slotting their bodies together. Castiel was warm and so solid that Dean could do nothing but press against him, drinking in his calm composure.

Castiel’s hands landed on Dean’s hips just as Dean snaked his own arms around the man’s neck, pulling him in, rubbing against him, and chasing the high kissing the man gave. Fuck, Dean felt delirious already. Castiel was good at kissing. And their heights were perfect, Castiel just slightly taller than Dean, making him fit perfectly against Dean’s heated body.

"Fuck." Dean murmured and nipped at Castiel’s lower lip. He had kissed a lot of boys before and had sucked a few off. Benny was the only one who had penetrated him and he had really liked doing it with his friend but this was something different.

This was Castiel, his fiancé, in their bedroom, walking him slowly to their shared bed.

"Ty krasiviy." Castiel rumbled just as the backs of Dean’s knees hit the bed.

This was Castiel speaking fucking Russian while kissing the living daylights out of Dean.

"Fuck yeah." Dean groaned and pulled on Castiel’s open shirt to get him to follow Dean down on the bed.

Castiel didn’t budge, however, and while Dean wasn’t beneath begging he wanted to see where Castiel wanted to take this. When Dean thumbed the man’s nipples he was rewarded with Castiel groaning deep in his chest and grabbing the back of Dean’s head as he deepened the kiss. He didn’t pull or yank at Dean’s hair, didn’t force him to do anything, but the hand was steady and a clear reminder to Dean that this was a man, and not an adolescent boy, claiming him.

He suddenly wondered how many men, and possibly women, Castiel had been with and what he liked to do in bed. Wondered if he would show Dean how he liked it. Wondered if he would call Dean a good boy if he performed well and what Dean would think about that.

He would probably like it, he decided when Castiel groaned again as Dean pinched his nipples.

"Come on, Cas." Dean moaned and didn’t care how wanton he sounded. He was hard as a rock in
his jeans and he could feel through Castiel’s slacks that the older man was just as affected. It made Dean’s dick leak fat drops of precome just to think about it and he couldn’t help but rub his dick against Castiel’s.

Fuck, the friction was almost too much in his intoxicated state and the pleasure that shot down his spine made him boneless. He couldn’t keep up with the kissing anymore but Castiel didn’t seem to mind and instead just bent down to lick at Dean’s exposed throat. God, Dean felt like he could come just like this but didn’t know if he wanted to. Wanted more.

Castiel growled, actually fucking **growled**, when Dean started fumbling with the man’s belt. He gripped Dean’s hands tightly and with a graceful flurry he had turned them around and sat down on the bed, pulling Dean with him.

Dean couldn’t help it. He started bucking his hips down as soon as he had straddled Castiel’s lap, rolling their dicks together and moaning too loudly. But fuck if he cared when Castiel just pressed him closer and scooted up to sit with his back against the headboard with Dean in his lap.

"Krasiviy mal’chik." Castiel rumbled against Dean’s throat and encouraged Dean’s rolling with his hands. Dean spread his legs and pressed down harder, getting more desperate by the second. He fisted Castiel’s hair and pressed the man’s face against him when Castiel nipped at his pulse.

"F-fuck, Cas…" Dean moaned, shaking in the older man’s embrace. "Want you inside. Gonna blow so fucking soon." He practically sobbed when he felt Castiel snap his jeans open and push them down a little.

The man’s hands on his round ass cheeks felt like fucking heaven and God, Dean didn’t think he would last much longer. He cried out when Castiel wasted no time pulling down Dean’s underwear as well and Dean suddenly found his aching dick freed and pressed up against Castiel’s hard stomach.

"Moy." Castiel stated heatedly as he grabbed Dean’s ass to spread his cheeks apart. "I wanted this marriage for a reason, Dean.”

Dean keened when Castiel’s fingers pressed against his fluttering hole. God-fucking-damnit, he hadn’t even wanted Benny inside him as bad as he wanted Castiel in this moment. Just anything, just a fucking finger or whatever. He pressed back and was rewarded when the pad of Castiel’s finger almost slipped inside.

"Please, Cas." Dean moaned brokenly and yeah, Castiel’s breathing totally fucking stuttered.

"I don’t want anyone else." Castiel pressed out even as he reached up to press his fingers inside Dean’s mouth. "You’re so beautiful, you have no idea."

Dean sucked on the two offered digits and made a point to make a show out of it. Castiel was clearly enjoying the feeling of Dean’s tongue as it snaked around the man’s fingers and to be quite honest Dean liked it too. Liked the way Castiel’s hips snapped up to meet his, if nothing else.

Dean’s dick was red and ached with the need for release, the head of it smearing a big splotch on Castiel’s toned stomach. He rubbed against the man even as Castiel rubbed up against him and Dean loved the feeling of Castiel’s fat erection pressed up against his ass.

"Cas, I can’t take it. I’m so close." He gasped when Castiel pulled his fingers out of Dean’s mouth. Dean gripped the man’s shoulders when Castiel pressed his saliva-slathered fingers against Dean’s hole.
"Tol’ko moy." Castiel demanded as he pressed one finger inside and while Dean didn’t know what it meant he still moaned at the rough tone because fuck, that language in Castiel’s gravelly voice would be the fucking death of him.

Dean gasped when Castiel had pressed as far inside as he could go and while it felt wonderfully sinful having the man inside it wasn’t enough. God help him, he wanted Castiel to stuff him full with his big dick but at this point he would take what he could get. Didn’t think he would last much longer anyway.

Castiel wriggled the finger around for a moment, seemingly to just feel Dean out and Dean leaned his forehead against the man’s shoulder to bury against his neck.

"So tight." Castiel remarked in an adorably strangled voice, his Russian accent thicker than ever and Dean couldn’t help it; had to start humping again.

"Feels fucking amazing." He gasped as he pressed his dick against Castiel’s trembling body. His hole squeezed Castiel’s finger and when the man pulled out only to plunge it back in Dean cried out in pure ecstasy.

"Ty krasiviy." Castiel said again, his lips pressed against Dean’s heated ear. He encouraged Dean once again to move his hips faster and Dean wasn’t long in complying, fucking back against Castiel’s finger and forward against Castiel’s taut stomach.

"Oh, God." Dean groaned when he felt his orgasm shooting through him. "I’m gonna come, gonna-gonna…" he tired getting out of Castiel’s embrace, tried to get a hand down there to catch his dick, anything not to soil Castiel but his body wasn’t complying and the pleasure that coursed through him made him sluggish.

Then suddenly Castiel’s other hand wrapped around Dean’s dick and fuck, there was nothing Dean could do but come hard. He screamed, his head flung back and his eyes scrunched shut, as his dick expanded and pulsed out streak after streak of hot come. His hole fluttered around Castiel’s finger and when the man for the first time brushed Dean’s prostate Dean saw white, his dick jumping and a last little spurting out to join the puddle between them.

Dean’s body just kind of stopped working at that point and he slumped forward, his face pressed against Castiel’s sweaty neck and both of their stomachs now sticky with Dean’s release.

He whined pitifully when Castiel carefully withdrew his finger and he tried to move, he really did, but fuck if his body was cooperating now. That had been the best fucking orgasm of his life and it hadn’t even been with a dick in his ass. God, Dean had known for a long time that he was a clear bottom but he had never come just from a little fingering before.

It was first when Castiel tipped them so that Dean slid slowly to lie beside him that he noticed that the man was talking. Little words in Russian that Dean didn’t know but that sounded comforting and small snippets of praise in English that made Dean blush, even in his drunkenness.

He made a disgruntled sound when Castiel left the bed and an embarrassingly happy one when the man returned only a moment later with a washcloth. Castiel smiled warmly at him, though, so Dean decided to blame his affectionate behavior on the alcohol, like he suspected he would blame a lot on the whisky in the morning.

He didn’t think for now, though. Just let Castiel clean him up and pull off his clothes and when the man got in bed as well, Dean snuggled right the fuck up. He reached down to brush a hand against
Castiel’s still hard dick but Castiel caught his hand and squeezed it.

"Not tonight, lubimaya." He murmured and brushed his lips against Dean’s forehead. "You’re tired and it’s late."

Dean wanted to question that, wanted to point out that this would be the second time Castiel had helped him get off without wanting anything in return and Dean wanted to know why.

His body betrayed him, though, and he fell asleep before he even had the chance to form a complete sentence in his mind.

Chapter End Notes

- Shestyorka = lowest rank in the Russian mafia
- Ty krasiviy = you are beautiful
- Krasiviy mal’chik = beautiful boy
- Moy = mine
- Tol’ko moy = only mine
- Lubimaya= beloved (used for women)
"Oh God." Dean groaned with his head buried in his hands, elbows leaned against the table in the kitchen.

Alfie sniggered at him. "Do you want extra grease with your bacon?"

Dean dry heaved just hearing about grease. "Fuck you." He gritted, a hand pressed against his mouth and another wrapped around his throat.

"Maybe this will teach you not to steal Mr. Krushnic’s liquor?" Alfie laughed evilly and placed a big plate of food directly under Dean’s nose. Dean moaned pitifully and made to push it away but was stopped by Alfie’s firm hand. "Eat up, Mr. Krushnic’s orders."

Dean grumbled but yeah, hearing that Cas was concerned about him was nice. So he dug in, totally ignoring the nausea that not only stemmed from the alcohol and the greasy food. Just the thought of how he had behaved last night made him uncomfortable. He had been ready to let Cas fuck him; had wanted it. Really, really bad. And to be quite honest he wasn’t certain that he had changed his mind about that. The truth was that that had been one spectacular orgasm and even though Dean didn’t like Cas seeing him so open it had still felt awesome.

One thing was for certain, though. If they were to continue anything sex-related Dean was going to be sure to be fucking sober next time to be able to fully appreciate it. Also, he thought he really ought to start paying attention when Alfie tried teaching him Russian because Cas tended to revert back to his mother tongue when he got excited and even though that excited Dean for some fucked up reason, he still wanted to know what was being said.

So yeah, he was totally gonna ask Alfie about that later, when Cas was busy with his work and Dean had stopped feeling like he might vomit his brains out every two seconds.

Dean was startled out of his thoughts when Cas joined them in the kitchen not much later. It was still rather early for the man to be up so Dean looked questioningly at him but Cas just smiled and touched Dean’s head lightly.

"I’m glad to see you’re up and about." He mumbled in a voice too affectionate for Dean not to blush like a stupid girl.

"Why’re you awake now?" he asked and tried to sound condescending but only managed to sound concerned. Damnit. They had shared a strange day and Cas had had his finger up Dean’s ass, no need to get sentimental, Winchester.

Cas’ smile deepened and he sat down across from Dean, accepting a plate from Alfie with a grateful nod. "I have business in town today."

"Town-town, or?"

"Brighton Beach." Cas confirmed with a small nod, cutting his sausage into little pieces before even
starting to eat. Dean watch with strange curiosity while the man ate, never having really noticed before. But it was hard for him now to look away from the deft way Cas moved his fingers. It was ridiculous, was what it was.

"Does it have to do with yesterday?" Dean mumbled around a mouthful of his breakfast and Cas nodded.

"Partly, but don’t worry. I’ll be back as soon as I can."

"You going today?"

Cas nodded again and Dean contemplated this. Contemplated the whole exchange, to be frank. Why did he want to know, why did it feel better when Cas assured him that he wouldn’t be long? Because yesterday had sucked, that was why. The house was too big without Cas and Dean had to admit that he didn’t fancy sleeping in their giant bed without the man. Fuck, this was getting out of hand.

"I’m going over to Bela’s tomorrow." He said offhandedly after a moment spent in silence which Dean had spent watching Cas break his yolk to dip his toast in.

Cas raised one eyebrow questioningly. "Oh?"

Dean nodded and tried to feel nonchalant about it. "Yeah, she invited me last week. Well, actually it was Lisa that invited me, but—— he looked up, suddenly realizing that maybe Cas didn’t know who he was talking about. Cas was watching him with an unreadable expression on his face. "Lisa and Bela are——"

"Mrs. Braeden and Mrs. Talbot, yes I’m aware of who our neighbors are."

Dean almost blushed, feeling stupid. Of course Cas would have made a background check on the whole goddamn neighborhood before even buying the house.

"Yeah, well, they’ve invited me over to a lonely housewife party or something, I didn’t know if I wanted to go but since you’re not gonna be home—— he trailed off, uncertain of what the hell he was saying. He wasn’t going to Bela’s party because Cas wasn’t home, he’d already decided to go before hearing about Cas’ business trip. Why did he make it sound as if his life fucking evolved around Cas’ presence? He looked down at his food, suddenly angry with himself.

"Have you talked to these women a lot?" Cas asked casually and Dean didn’t know what to think of his tone.

"Not really. Through the hedge, mostly."

Cas surprised him by chuckling slightly as he got to his feet. "Then I’m sure they’ll be delighted to get to know you better."

Dean blinked at the man as Cas deposited his dishes in the sink for Alfie to deal with later. Where was Alfie, by the way? He had made himself scarce the minute he had served Cas and Dean wasn’t proud to admit that he hadn’t noticed the man leaving.

"I’m not so sure about that." He muttered and pushed what was left of his breakfast around on his plate. The nausea had been mitigated by the food but it was still there, low below the surface.

"Why do you say that?" Cas was frowning when Dean looked up and it looked… fuck, it looked adorable, okay? Having him look displeased at hearing that Dean might not be well-liked was fucking adorable.
Dean swallowed. "Well, they’re all really rich and stuff, I don’t fit in. I don’t even have anything to wear that’s not denim or flannel and I don’t think that’s appreciated."

Suddenly Cas was by his side, his warm hand cupping Dean’s chin to lift his face so their eyes could meet and fuck, his blue eyes had never looked bluer.

"My wife will not feel like this." He stated heatedly and Dean blushed crimson at his words.

"Not a wife…” he mumbled in a very small voice but Cas didn’t seem to even hear him.

"Wait here." He demanded and Dean almost wanted to get up and leave just to defy the man; to keep some semblance of power but fuck if he did. He just sat waiting like a good little wife and tried to sort through the myriad of feelings he was not enjoying experiencing.

Cas returned before Dean had even started to unravel his emotions and he put a credit card down on the table in front of Dean.

"What’s this?" Dean mumbled and pushed his plate out of the way to pick up the card and look more closely at it. He blanched when he saw that it had his name on it, all in raised little golden letters and everything. He looked up at Cas with big eyes.

"I had meant to give this to you earlier." Cas said and smiled sheepishly down at Dean’s stunned face. "But I forgot."

"Is this for me?" Dean mumbled in a hushed tone, as if they were sharing a secret and maybe they were. This was a fucking platinum card.

"It is." Cas confirmed with ease. "It has no limit so use it as you like. Just know that I will be notified about purchases over ten thousand and that I can choose to check you bank statement any time I like, even though I don’t plan to." He smiled his affectionate smile and gently carded his fingers through Dean’s hair. Dean had to make a goddamn physical effort not to lean into the touch. "Take Inias, drive to Michael Kors or wherever you want, buy clothes that you will feel comfortable in. Buy anything you like, Dean."

"But this…” Dean shook his head. "This is too much, Cas." He put the card back on the table again and almost expected it to burn a hole in the wood. "My family’s in the money laundering business, I can’t take a fucking credit card."

"Why not? Would it dishonor your family?"

Dean didn’t know why he just couldn’t accept this, other than…

"You buy me this house, you let me buy all the furniture and now this." He looked up and met Cas’ eyes head on. "I don’t like you thinking you can buy my affection." He stated, much more sternly than he had intended and yes, it felt horrible when he saw Cas’ little smile just slide away.

"That was never my intention." He said in a low tone that totally made Dean feel guilty as fuck. He took a step back and Dean immediately felt a cold rush of air fill in the space where Cas had been standing. "The affection you showed yesterday, was that because I’ve bought you this? Did you call to interrupt that meeting because you didn’t think Michael would buy you as many things?"

Fucking hell, Dean felt awful. "I interrupted because I thought dad was gonna kill you." He mumbled to the table. "Or that you were gonna kill him. Either way, someone I care about was about to get killed because Michael’s an asshole and I just thought I could prevent it."
The silence that followed was stifling. Dean couldn’t fucking believe what the hell he had just admitted and he honestly wanted to just rip his goddamn traitorous tongue out. It was bad enough that this was the first time he admitted to himself that Castiel maybe had started to matter to Dean but it was even worse that said man had been here to hear it.

"You did prevent it." Cas said eventually and Dean didn’t have to look to know the man was smiling. Shit. "Please take the card, I can’t have you without money when I’m not around. If you don’t like it, I can take it back when I’m home again. For now, just use it to make yourself presentable for the party."

Yeah, Dean was back to blushing. He still couldn’t believe what he had revealed to Cas. Couldn’t actually believe a lot of this goddamn conversation. It was like Cas brought this whole other side out of Dean and Dean didn’t know what to think about it. The old Dean would kick the new Dean’s ass for worrying about what to wear to a dinner party. And he’d only been living with Cas for about two weeks… This was seriously fucked up.

And yet he found himself nodding and picking up the card again. And the small peck Cas gave him on the cheek only made everything worse. Or better, depending.

Goddamnit, Dean was still blushing when Alfie returned long after Cas had left Dean at the table to drive off to Brighton Beach.

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The women chatted happily as the finger-food was passed around. Bela called it hors d'oeuvre but Dean called it pig-in-a-blanket. He kept that to himself, though, and was careful to not take too many. Sammy always said Dean tended to eat like a pregnant woman and even though Dean wasn’t certain that was a bad thing he still understood the meaning.

He knew that the women here didn’t know who Cas’ family was but Dean’s actions would still reflect back to the man and Dean would be damned before he put Cas in a bad light at this point.

The women didn’t seem to think like that, though, and kept offering him more food, more drinks. And as the evening wore on, they became more and more interested in Dean and Cas. Probably since they were the only new addition to the block in a while but still.

"So tell me," Bela said in that slight purr of hers and sat down on the couch beside Dean. "You claimed you’re engaged but I don’t see a ring on that finger." She tapped him on his left hand and he looked down at it briefly.

When he looked back up the rest of the women had moved closer and stopped their own conversations to stare at him. He swallowed at their stares but thought they looked friendly so he decided to indulge them. It was hard to tell if he should or not and Dean hated this uncertainty. Give him a gun and some counterfeit merchandise to exchange for money and he would be happy. Playing nice with the town cougars was another matter. He would rather take on the actual cougars, come to think of it.

"Well, we’re moving slow." He mumbled and fisted his hand, as if that would hide his suddenly very
naked-feeling finger. "Me and Cas decided to live together first."

Yeah, close enough without actually being close at all. The women cooed, however, seemingly finding his story believable and somehow adorable.

"Where did you live before?" Amelia Richardson, a nice brunette from across the street asked. Dean actually knew very little about her since this was his first time meeting her. The only thing he’d gathered about her was that she had a couple of dogs and seemed to spend more time with them than her husband.

"Ah… Brighton Beach." He mumbled, very uncertain if it was smart to reveal too much. His thoughts went to Meg and the sheistyorka she had talked about in Michael’s household. What was to say that a sheistyorka had to be placed that close to the one they were spying on? Nothing, Dean guessed. Then again, all these women had lived here long before Cas even looked at their house so that comforted Dean a little. That and the red wine they’d been drinking, he suspected.

"The city?" Lisa asked with an awed tone that suggested she had only been to Manhattan’s shopping district.

"Well, it’s southern Brooklyn, so…" he trailed off when he looked around and realized that none of these women would get what he was talking about. "So yeah, the city." He concluded and actually smiled when they laughed and started talking about their favorite shops and restaurants. They lived such a sheltered life that he could hardly blame them for being airheads.

"I was actually on Manhattan at the beginning of May and I got this." Cara Roberts, Amelia’s next door neighbor announced and bent over the armrest of the couch to pick up her Chanel purse. The women ooh’d and aah’d at the wonderful purse but Dean just wanted to say two things. First of all, no one said on Manhattan, seriously. And second, that Chanel was fake. Dean could see it from all the way over where he was sitting. Hell, he had probably had a hand in delivering the fake purses since he absolutely remembered placing a new order for Chanel last winter. What was even more fun was that Bela seemed to know it was a fake too, judging by the looks she gave the purse when Cara and the others didn’t see.

"That’s nice." Dean agreed when Cara happily showed him. "Did you get it on West 56th?"

"Only Chanel in town." She stated happily but he could tell she was wondering why he asked.

"It sure is." Dean nodded and totally knew it wasn’t. Also knew very well that there was no Chanel on 56th but that the closest one was the one on 57th. He could see Bela smirking at him from the corner of his eye but he ignored her in favor of eating the last pig.

"So how’d the two of your meet?" Lisa asked Dean when they were done admiring Cara’s purse. Cara only looked slightly miffed at not getting more attention for her new purchase but Dean would certainly have given the attention over to her if he could.

But oh, he really should have seen this question coming up. They had been having a nice dinner party that sadly lacked in the dinner department but offered a lot of booze instead. And Dean had actually been enjoying himself. Had felt comfortable in the clothes he and Inias had picked out yesterday and had had a nice evening getting to know his neighbors better. Should have known the focus would shift to him and Cas eventually, though. Suddenly he wished he was back in the car, listening with burning ears to Inias translating what little Dean had remembered of Cas’ rushed mumbling from the other night.
"Cas works with my dad." He said casually and sipped his wine while the women made big eyes at him. The wine was tangy and he didn’t know if he like it but it went down smoother than the whisky, at least.

"Was that how you met?" Lisa asked, sounding amusedly scandalized and Dean nodded with a shrug; neither confirming, nor denying it.

"What did your dad say about that?" Cara asked, leaning forward as if this was the juiciest gossip she’d heard all year. Dean suspected it was.

"He took it in stride." Dean stated firmly. "Dad trusts me and he knows Cas’ a good man. We’ll make it work." Yeah, he totally sounded much surer of his lie than he felt about the truth. What caught his attention, however, was how utterly shocked the women looked. He hadn’t said anything weird, had he? "What?" he asked nervously and put the glass down on the too-nice coaster.

"Cas’ a man?" Amelia asked and Dean frowned in confusion.

"Yeah?" he asked more than stated because how could they not have gotten that?

Bela laughed suddenly, loud and cheerily enough for the other women to giggle as well. "Well, I'll be damned." She said through her laughter. "I thought Cas was short for Cassie or Cassandra or something."

"Me too!" Lisa exclaimed and smiled brightly at Dean.

"No, it’s Castiel." Dean spluttered, an insistent blush creeping up his cheeks. "I thought you would’ve figured; we’re only guys living in the house." Plus, wouldn’t Castiel being a woman technically make him Dean’s fiancée? Dean didn’t think he had called Cas that and out the two of them, Cas was the one more prone to using effeminate wording. Then again, these women weren’t the brightest, Dean thought, so he supposed the mix-up could be forgiven.

"You said your fiancé wouldn’t be around much." Bela supplied then and Dean was surprised she would remember that. "And we saw a woman going into the house the other day."

"Meg?" Dean exclaimed, hardly believing what people were capable of imagining. "Fuck no, she’s his secretary. Cas’ been working from home for a quite a while."

"Smart move, having a female secretary for a gay man." Bela said wisely. "Keeps him from fooling around. Oops," she turned to Cara who suddenly looked like she had swallowed sour milk. "Too soon?"

"It’s fine." Cara spat and Bela smiled sweetly. Dean didn’t have to be a genius to figure out something had happened and he thought now might be a bad time to inform the women that he in fact didn’t know if Cas even liked women.

"So, which one’s yours?" Lisa asked suddenly, obviously drawing attention away from the two other women. Dean raised an eyebrow questioningly and she smiled at him. "I’ve seen a lot of men coming and going around your house. I kind of figured you have hired help living with you or something but I guess one of them is you man?"

It was odd, hearing someone call Cas Dean’s man. Not unpleasant, but odd.

"Ugh, it’s not the old geezer, is it?" Amelia asked and made a face when Lisa glared at her. "What? I’m sorry, if that’s your fiancé you deserve getting made fun of."
Dean actually laughed and shook his head, smiling. "No, that’s Mr. Adler, he’s Cas’ driver. Mine’s the…” he cleared his throat to try and get away from the nervous feeling of calling Cas his. "Mine’s the tall one. With almost black hair and blue eyes and…” and the kindest smile. What the fuck? "And the leather jacket." He finished lamely.

"That’s your fiancé?” Cara exclaimed in astonishment and Dean didn’t know why but he felt his chest puff out in pride.

"Yeah."

"I thought he was like your bodyguard and something." Cara confessed with a blush and Dean saw Lisa nod as well.

"He’s not that buff." Dean mumbled but could clearly remember him making the same mistake not too long ago.

"No, but he looks really able.” Bela stated in her purr and Dean didn’t know why he hackles raised but they did. He didn’t comment on her comment, though, because she eyed him as if she wanted a rise out of him. "A bit older than you, though."

"We make it work.” He bit out and she smirked at him in that infuriating way of hers. Man, Dean had never really believed housewives could be like the ones on TV but he could now easily admit to being wrong about that.

"Well congratulations to you." Amelia said cheerily and raised her mostly empty glass. The others followed suit and Dean couldn’t help smiling at them. "You just make sure to tell your man to put a ring on your finger soon. Buying you a house is nice and all but we all know that it’s the ring that binds it."

"Hear, hear.” Bela laughed and they all clinked glasses as Dean watched amusedly, wondering what they would say if they knew the truth.

He got in late that night and wasn’t the least surprised to see Alfie sitting at the table in the kitchen, reading a People’s Magazine.

"I’m home.” Dean announced and only slurred a little. Alfie looked up and met Dean’s smile with a smile of his own. "I didn’t run away and I didn’t get killed or whatever you were waiting for, you can go to bed."

Alfie’s smile deepened and he folded the magazine closed as he stood up. "Did you have a good time?” he asked and Dean nodded.

"Better than I thought I would. Housewives really gossip, you should have a shestyorka among them." He stated and stumbled over to the fridge to get a bottle of water for later, very aware that he probably mispronounced the shit out of that one word. But hey, he was learning.

"We really should." Alfie agreed and if Dean wasn’t drunk he would have thought he had imagined the knowing tone the man used. "Spokoynoy nochi, Dean." He said when he passed by Dean on his way out.

"‘Night, man.” Dean mumbled. "Sleep tight, don’t let the bed bugs bite." Alfie just grinned and shook his head when he exited the kitchen and Dean snorted. "Or that Bart." He muttered and took a swig of the water. "He looks like a biter.”

Dean didn’t like their bedroom when Cas wasn’t in it. Oh, it was fine by day but Dean had very
quickly grown accustomed to sleeping beside the other man and now the bed just seemed ridiculously large. Dean compensated by sleeping in the middle but that hardly helped the matter. He would be caught dead before he admitted it but he liked snuggling and he had come to really like snuggling with Cas.

He had briefly considered Cas’ earlier words about sleeping somewhere else when he wasn’t here but the notion had seemed worse than the alternative. If Dean was in their shared bed he at least had Cas’ scent around him and it made him feel safe to have the man wrapped around him as he slept in a house full of unknown Russian. So yeah, he had slept yesterday in their bed and he would do so tonight as well, if only to have Cas’ scent on him. It was only a psychological reaction to the trust Cas had shown Dean, nothing else. Shut up.

Dean had already pulled off his shirt when he plucked his phone from his pocket to put it on his nightstand beside his water bottle. The sight of his phone combined with the memory of Alfie’s smile made him pause, though, thinking about Cas all the way over in the city. It was late and he knew Cas was working so he was probably asleep now. And why did he pause long enough to make it weird? Cas had given Dean his phone number but Dean hadn’t really reflected on it since they hadn’t really been separate before. Now, however…

He picked up his phone and blamed alcohol, combined with all the inappropriate jokes the women had made at Bela’s party.

To: [Cas]
From: [Me]
01:32 a.m.
ev\text{verything going alright?}

There, nothing wrong with a guy checking in on his fiancé. Cas would probably see it tomorrow and would maybe smile his little smile and tap out a message in that meticulous way his fingers always moved and—hold on.

Dean straightened and glared at the phone as he pulled his socks off. What did he actually want with this text? He did not flinch when his phone went off mere seconds after the last thought left him.

To: [Me]
From: [Cas]
01:34 a.m.
\text{Why are you still up?}

Dean smirked and started tapping immediately, leaving his socks discarded on the floor.

To: [Cas]
From: [Me]
01:35 a.m.
\text{wasn’t aware I have a curfew ;P besides, ur the one working, go to sleep dude}

He snorted as he reread his text after sending it, realizing that maybe Cas didn’t understand sarcasm, even though his own text had read rather amusedly to Dean.

To: [Cas]
From: [Me]
01:35 a.m.
\text{just got home from belas}
There, that clarified it a bit he thought. Satisfied he went back to undressing and padded around the room in only his slacks and boxers, tidying up a bit and brushing his teeth. Not at all stalling to see if Cas would answer. Goddamn wine messing with his head.

**To:** [Me]
**From:** [Cas]
01:42 a.m.
*Did you have fun?*

Dean smiled to himself as he read Cas’ reply, imagining the man lying in bed, all sleep-ruffled but still determined to have this conversation. Probably because Dean had been the one to initiate it, which wasn’t that common, now that he thought about it. He bit his lower lip as he tapped out an answer.

**To:** [Cas]
**From:** [Me]
01:42 a.m.
*it was ok. thx for the clothes, it was nice looking nice ;)*

**To:** [Me]
**From:** [Cas]
01:45 a.m.
*I’m glad. I’m happy you found something you felt comfortable in.*

Dean grinned at the proper punctuation and couldn’t resist snapping a picture of himself as he stood in front of the big mirror that hung on the inside of the wardrobe door. He was naked from the waist up and the top button on his form-fitted slacks was unbuttoned.

He grinned wider as he wrote his reply and sent the picture with it.

**To:** [Cas]
**From:** [Me]
01:47 a.m.
*oh I’m comfortable alright*
*[image attached]*

He chuckled to himself and pulled off his slacks to jump in bed and bury beneath covers that smelled of spice and musk. He breathed in deeply and felt pretty good about himself for some reason.

**To:** [Cas]
**From:** [Me]
01:48 a.m.
*You wore that?!*

Dean decided he liked teasing Cas.

**To:** [Cas]
**From:** [Me]
01:48 a.m.
*well I had a shirt on too. duh*

**To:** [Me]
**From:** [Cas]
01:49 a.m.
I’m coming home as soon as I can.

Dean shuddered at the finality of the text. He could just imagine hearing Cas’ voice, his tone low and demanding, lips pressed against Dean’s ear. Fuck yeah. He didn’t know when it had shifted and he didn’t know if him drinking and getting riled up by Cas had any correlation but he sure as fuck wasn’t going to touch that subject right now. Now all he knew was that he had managed to excite himself over the man and it felt nice.

Also knew Cas needed them to be finished for the night. It was really astonishing how much Dean had gotten to know the man over only little over two weeks.

To: [Cas]
From: [Me]
01:50 a.m.
sure cas. spokoynoy nochi

He bit his lower lip, very uncertain if he had learnt how to spell the words correctly. Alfie was mostly teaching him how to say things, after all. Writing and reading would have to come much later.

To: [Me]
From: [Cas]
01:50 a.m.
Spokoynoy nochi, Dean.

Dean totally smiled like a dork and actually fell asleep not much later, his phone still in his hand and without having even managed to try and jerk off.

Perhaps that was why he woke later, sweaty and gasping as he lay on his stomach, pressing his hard dick against the mattress.

"Fucking hell." He swore and turned his head to the window even as his hips undulated. It looked bright outside behind the curtains and Dean thought he could hear a lawnmower over the sound of his own panting. So it was morning, Cas wasn’t back yet and Dean was hard enough to hammer nails, apparently humping their bed in his sleep. Great.

Except yeah, it kind of felt great. Felt awesome, actually. He pulled a hand beneath the covers to shimmy out of his boxer and fucking yes, that felt even better.

He groaned brokenly when his heated dick met with the softness of the sheets and he bucked down harder, wishing he had something to thrust into but settling on pressing his increasingly wet dick down against the mattress. It was soft enough that it was a good feeling and firm enough to provide wonderful resistance.

Then Dean pressed his face into Cas’ pillow by accident and the scent of the man wafted up his nostrils, making him whine as his dick wept out fat blobs of precome.

"Fuck yeah, Cas." He groaned and reached up to pull the pillow closer, cradling it against his face and chest even as he bucked harder down against the bed.

His dick ached and he could feel the drag of the friction throughout his whole nervous system. His whole body was alit now and pleasure so sharp it made him gasp pitifully shot down his spine when he thought about how having Cas’ finger in his ass had felt. God, he wanted that right now.
Wanted more, actually. Maybe building a relationship based solely on sex was an extremely bad idea but maybe it was also what they needed to start this relationship off at all? Dean knew he was a much more affectionate man than he let on and he also knew he craved touches. And having Cas touch him had felt fucking divine.

God, Cas’ fingers were so deft and his hands were so strong. He could easily pin Dean down, Dean knew. And he would, too, either if Dean asked him to or if Dean riled him up enough. Either way, Dean all of a sudden wanted the man on top of him, bracing his weight on Dean as he fucked slowly in and out of Dean’s greedy hole.

"Shit." He gasped when he realized where his thoughts were taking him.

The pleasure was almost blinding him now and he could feel that familiar coil in his lower stomach tightening. Tighter and tighter until it almost hurt and then with a last thrust he let go, unable not to.

With Cas’ pillow pressed to his face to muffle his moan he spilled against the mattress, soiling the sheets in the most delicious way and loving the feeling of sliding through his own come.

He slumped down moments later, thoroughly sated and kind of at peace with this whole thing. He should be lucky, he thought as he lay with heavily lidded eyes and breathing in Cas, that his forced fiancé was nice to him and hot enough to make Dean come just thinking about fucking him.

He should also be grateful that he had made Alfie promise not to clean the master bedroom and bathroom. Everywhere else was fine but he had told the Russian already on day two that that room was his and Cas’ filth and that he didn’t want anyone else touching it. Alfie hadn’t seemed to mind and had let the rooms be. And even though Dean was no wizard at cleaning he’d kept them relatively clean so far so he was satisfied.

Felt smug about it now, too. Because this would mean that Alfie wouldn’t have to see the soiled sheets. No, Dean would change these sheets before the day was over and would probably not even mention it to Cas. It was one thing indulging in morning wanking, it was a whole other matter cluing your servants in on it, he thought.

Although Alfie would probably notice it when he did the laundry, Dean noted sourly when he later stood by the hamper. With a sigh he resigned himself to put a machine on himself and if Alfie grinned at him later that day it was nothing that Dean acknowledged.

Chapter End Notes

Spokoynoy nochi = good night
Cas didn’t return until two days later. It was late in the evening and Dean was standing out by the hedge, talking to Bela. She was wearing an exceptionally skimpy outfit and had confided in Dean that her husband had fired their last gardener because he thought that the man was making a move on Bela. He was totally right, of course, but it wasn’t like Bela was going to admit that. The point was that she was in need of a new, ahem, gardener.

"And you know your Bart isn’t half bad, is he?" she’d asked and Dean had eyed Bart where the man was arguing with Inias about the broken lawnmower.

Bad as a gardener? Yes. Bad for what Bela would want him for? Dean couldn’t tell and didn’t want to imagine the man in that way because he creeped Dean out a bit. Reminded him a little of Michael. Still, he had nodded at Bela’s suggestion.

"Unless you think you’re gonna be needing him?" she had asked and Dean had balked.

"Cas’ enough."

"I bet he is."

Yeah, Dean had totally steered the conversation away from that topic right that instant. He couldn’t say why but he had felt extremely possessive over Cas the last few days. He supposed it had something to do with the man’s absence and maybe Dean was just feeling smug because yeah, Cas was good looking and he had chosen Dean as his wife—husband. Damnit.

Anyway, they were standing by the hedge, talking about Bela’s dinner party and a possible repeat of it when Dean spotted Cas’ car sidling down the road. Mr. Adler had returned the limo from where Cas had gotten it during their first week here and had since driven Cas’ personal car, which was a little more incognito. Just an old Lincoln Continental that honestly looked like a piece of garbage. But Cas liked it and no one argued Mr. Krushnic’s taste, for which Dean supposed he should be thankful.

Bela spotted the car as well when it turned up their gravelled driveway and she smiled cheekily at Dean.

"Guess your man’s home, huh?"

"Guess so." Dean mumbled and glanced at the car, spotting Cas inside. He waved when he saw the older man noticing them looking. Cas pressed his lips together and exited the car as soon as Mr. Adler had parked.

"How long’s he been away now?"

Dean shrugged casually and turned back to her, trying to ignore the burning feeling of Cas’ eyes on his back. "Couple of days. Like four."
"Yeah, you’re gonna have a lot of catching up to do." She said in a hushed tone that made him blush like a fucking virgin. Why the hell was everything so sexual with this woman?

"Dean." Cas said when he came to stand beside them and Dean almost jumped at the stern tone because shit, that rumble.

"Welcome home, Castiel." Bela purred and Cas’ eye narrowed as he took her in. His eyes swept up and down her body and Dean could see her squirm a little under the intensity of the stare and Dean didn’t like that one bit.

"Thank you, Mrs. Talbot." Cas stated then and totally ruined it for Bela, Dean could tell. Fuck yeah, he had a hard time not smirking at her when her face all but fell at Cas’ dismissing tone.

Dean liked her alright but she needed to learn to keep her hands to herself, he thought. She could have Bart just fine but Cas was Dean’s. He had a contract to prove it so fuck the rest of you.

"Everything alright, Cas?" Dean asked with a sweet smile and barely managed to repress a shudder when Cas' intense eyes landed on him. Goddamnit, where had this commanding man been all this time? Sure, Dean had started taking a real liking to Cas’ soft side but seeing this was doing seriously lewd things to Dean’s libido. And he liked it.

"Come with me." Cas said in a tone that left no room for arguments before he grabbed Dean’s upper arm in a steady grip.

"Bye Bela, call me about that party." Dean said over his shoulder as he let Cas practically haul him towards the house.

"Sure thing." Bela leered, obviously thinking this was headed where Dean kind of also hoped it was headed.

Fuck, he had been against this marriage — still was, to some degree — and he had treated Cas pretty badly because of that but one thing was for sure and that was that Dean certainly had gotten over himself by now. Or at least over some of it. Had gotten to the point where he wanted Cas in bed, at least.

Cas wasted no time; he just dragged Dean upstairs but by the time they reached their bedroom it was Dean that was walking in front of Cas, almost dragging the other man by the grip he still had on Dean’s arm. It was a firm grip but Dean thought it could stand to get a little firmer. Wouldn’t mind some marks, to be honest.

"Are you mad that I talked to Bela?" Dean asked when Cas had shut the door behind them. He was still holding Dean and Dean took the opportunity to step closer.

Cas frowned confusedly at him. "Of course not, I want you to make friends here. We don’t know how long we’ll be staying and I want you to be happy."

"Well," Dean murmured and looked up at Cas from under his lashes, trying to look as bashful as possible. It worked, he noticed with glee when Cas’ eyes widened oh so slightly. "Then do you mind telling me what this is about?" he asked, still in that low tone, and tapped Cas’ fingers.

Cas followed his gaze and only then let go of Dean. Almost reluctantly, Dean noticed with satisfaction. "I just..." Cas sighed and carded a hand through his hair. He looked tired and who wouldn’t after working late and then having to sit through a car ride all the way out here? Dean liked how he looked, however. A little haggard, almost, that for some reason translated as sexy. "I just don’t like women like Bela ogling you." He stated heatedly then and Dean’s eyebrows shot to the
ceiling in surprise.

"What?"

Cas sighed in frustration and his breath ghosted warmly over Dean’s face. "When I saw the picture you sent me I... I thought about you alone with all those women and I just... I didn’t like it."

"Cas." Dean said soothingly, trying to keep a straight face because oh my fucking God, Dean’s forced fiancé was fucking jealous, over some women. It was both hilarious and pretty hot, to be honest. He put his hands on Cas’ chest and marveled at how firm it was. How had he not noticed that before? "They know I’m gay. Why would they try to seduce a gay man?"

"I don't know." Cas said sternly. "But I know that you’re too beautiful for your own good."

Dean clucked his tongue. "I’m a man, Cas. Men aren’t beautiful, they’re handsome."

Cas scowled. "Ty krasiviy."

Dean legs felt like jelly under Cas’ stern eyes. What was a little wording when it all came down to the drag of their bodies, their shared breaths, their hands on each other? Fuck words, that was what.

Dean pressed in closer and Cas looked pleasantly surprised at suddenly having his arms full of one heated Dean. "Tell me more." Dean moaned against Cas’ lips and could feel them quirk up even as he felt his own dick quiver to life.

"Ya skuchal po tebe." Cas rumbled and put his hands on the small of Dean’s back, pressing him closer. "I was away for too long."

Dean didn’t fucking care how he looked right now, slowly rolling his whole body against Cas’ and moaning like a goddamn whore. And it was still only evening, God knew just about anyone in the household could walk past their door and hear. Hear how desperate Dean was for this man all of the fucking sudden. Dean wanted to protest his own actions but fuck if his body agreed with him.

"Come on, Cas." Dean gasped as Cas nipped at his neck. He pressed and Cas let himself be turned around and walked over to the bed. "I know I’ve been acting like a little bitch but I’m sorry, alright?" God, if Cas knew him enough he would know that Dean never fucking apologized. Would know how great the gesture was.

But Cas’ hands on Dean tightened in a way that made it seem like he understood after all because why wouldn’t he? He seemed to be able to read Dean like an open book, after all.

"Ya tebya obozhayu." He groaned against Dean’s racing pulse and Dean’s eyes just about rolled back in his head.

Dean’s dick was already pounding on his jeans but he had another goal in mind tonight. He could feel Cas’ erection as well, where it curved just beautifully inside the man’s slacks. When he palmed it Cas gasped more innocently than Dean would have thought.

"Please, Cas, let me." Dean moaned and didn’t care how wanton he sounded. The dam was broken and he wasn’t gonna fix it any time soon.

"Yes, Dean." Cas agreed then and fuck yes. Dean just shoved the man down to sit on the bed and dropped to the floor ungracefully.

Cas stared at him with this astonished look on his handsome face, as if he hadn’t believed that this
was what Dean had wanted but it so fucking was and Dean wasn’t even going to pretend it wasn’t.

He ignored his own dick that was valiantly banging on his jeans to get out, leaking an almost steady flow now. Instead he just reached up and started removing Cas’ belt with shaking hands. God, at this point he was uncertain of how much longer he would last and they had barely done anything. Cas just had this effect on him and it should scare him, it really should, but it so didn’t. Not when his dick was this eager.

Suddenly Cas’ hands were on his, warm and steadying and Dean whined pitifully when they restrained his.

"Dean." Cas said imploringly and Dean realized through his lusty haze that Cas had probably been talking for a while. "Dean don’t do this, not if it makes you uncomfortable."

"Wha?" Dean stared up at the man with a confused wrinkle in his brow. What the hell was Cas talking about? Dean sure as shit wanted this, wanted it more than he had thought he would, yes, but still really wanted it. More like needed it at this point. He couldn’t think of a worse scenario than Cas rebuffing him now. Dean sat up straighter but didn’t remove his hands where they rested on top of Cas’ pulsing length. "Why would I be uncomfortable?"

Cas frowned at him. "You’re shaking…"

"You…” Dean blinked at the older man and then actually out right laughed. "I’m shaking because I can’t contain myself, Cas." He shook his head and batted Cas’ confused hands away. "I’m like two seconds away from fucking creaming my pants and I’m trying to hold it." He smiled when he finally got Cas’ pants open enough to start digging around for his erection. God it felt hot and so hard.

"Yeesh, Cas, give me a little credit."

"I’m sorry, Dean, I—"

But whatever it was that Cas was going to say was interrupted by the deep moan he let out when Dean managed to free his dick. Cas leaned his head back as Dean grabbed the base of the man’s dick and just stared at it.

It was… It was so pretty and Dean had never thought he would ever use that word to describe a cock but there you had it. Fuck, Dean’s mouth was watering just looking at it. It was so hard already, almost purple at the top and God yes, some precome had leaked out. Yeah, Dean didn’t waste any fucking time here. He finally had Cas at his mercy and he was going to make this good, for the both of them.

So without waiting for Cas to recover, Dean simply leaned in and licked a long stripe with the flat of his tongue, all the way from the base to the top, taking extra care to press the tip of his tongue inside the slit to really dig out the precome.

The taste was awesome but the best part was the animalistic growl Cas let out at the mere touch of Dean’s tongue on him. Dean couldn’t help that he smirked up at the older man. Cas’ lips were slightly parted and shiny where he had licked them. His eyes were closed and his hands were twitching uselessly on the bed beside him.

Dean hummed happily and massaged the base with his thumb as his other hand reached into the man’s boxers and fumbled with Cas’ fat balls.

"Taste so good, Cas." Dean mumbled as he lay open-mouth kisses along Cas’ throbbing length. "I’ve tasted many dicks but yours is by far the best."
He slathered his tongue along the head and Cas cracked an eye open just in time to catch Dean slowly swallowing his dick. Fucking hell, it was a tight fit. Dean might have oversold himself a little there with the whole "many dicks" but he had sucked a few. None as big as Cas, however. Dean knew he was good at it, though, and he knew that with training he would be able to fit Cas much deeper down his throat than he could at this moment. Fuck yeah, he couldn’t wait to see the blissed out face Cas would make when Dean managed to swallow around his dick

For now, however, he was content with taking as much as he could and by the sounds Cas was making the other man wasn’t complaining. In fact, Cas was moaning throatily, little words in Russian that Dean quickly had learnt were cuss words escaping him even as his hips jerked abortively. Dean was glad for now that they did this with Cas sitting on the edge of the bed like this, restricting the movements of his hips. He might not want to hurt Dean but Dean knew what getting a really good blowjob could be like and the man might not be able to contain himself if it got to a certain point. Dean wanted that, he realized in this moment, face stuffed full of Cas’ dick, but maybe not right now. Maybe later when he was more accustomed to Cas’ girth.

"Dean, you feel so good." Cas gasped, his accent thick enough to make Dean remember his own throbbing need.

"Yeah?" he asked, voice roughened by the abuse to his throat. "You like it?" Cas groaned in answer and fucking finally landed his hands in Dean’s hair. He carded his fingers through Dean’s soft locks, occasionally pulling but not very hard. "I like it too, Cas." Dean moaned against the man’s dick, eagerly licking the precome that flowed from the tip. "I like sucking dick but yours is the best so far. Because it’s you."

Okay, hadn’t really known where that had come from but there you go. Dean was ready admit to both himself and Cas that maybe the sex was better because he kind of, maybe, liked Cas a smidge or two. Cas was handsome and his dick was big so yeah, all pluses there.

Cas, of course, took it to a whole other level and stared down at Dean with this fucking adoring look that totally made Dean’s dick weep with frustrated need.

"Dean." He said in a hushed tone, obviously overwhelmed, but Dean couldn’t really figure out why. Wasn’t like he had hung the fucking moon or whatever.

"What is it, Cas?" he asked, trying to play ignorant for some reason. He pawed at his own jeans and managed to open them and rip his dick out just as Cas reached down to cup Dean’s cheek. "You gonna come? Fuck knows I’m about to."

"Dean." Cas said again but this time it sounded urgent and shit, Dean realized he was right and Cas really needed to come. Right the fuck now, with his dick in Dean’s face.

"Yes." Dean hissed and sucked the man down again, feeling the throbbing as Cas cried out and bucked his hips. The utter rapture on the man’s face made Dean delirious with want. His hand was flying over his own dick and fucking yes, the feeling of Cas releasing hotly in his mouth totally made Dean come. He shot all over the carpet beneath him, a strangled groan escaping as he tried to focus enough to swallow the mouthfuls Cas’ dick fed him.

Cas’ sperm was bitter and tangy, like most sperm Dean had tasted, but somehow it wasn’t off-putting. Maybe because Dean was still riding his own high or because Cas was petting his hair, it was hard to tell why exactly.

"Are you alright?" Cas asked eventually and Dean realized he had been nuzzling the man’s still half-hard dick.
He let out a small huff of a laughter and sat back on his haunches. "Yeah." He wiped his mouth and was proud that he had managed to swallow everything Cas had given him. He made a face at the mess he had made on the carpet but decided to deal with that later. "You?" he looked up when he didn’t immediately get an answer and was met with strangely sad eyes for what they had just done. "Cas?"

"I shouldn’t have done that to you."

Dean frowned "What? I wanted you to."

But Cas confused him by shaking his head. "You don’t want this marriage, Dean. You don’t want me. And I know that, we’re both forced here."

Dean suddenly felt cold all over. "What’re you saying?" he rose on unsteady legs. "You saying you don’t want me? You marrying me out of pity?" fuck, was Cas just saving him from Michael like Dean had thought for a while?

Cas’ face lit with horror at Dean’s harsh words. "No." He exclaimed and reached for Dean but Dean slapped his hand away with a snort.

"Then tell me what’s wrong. Was I that bad? Why don’t you want me to touch you?"

"I… It’s not that I don’t want you to." Cas stated in a low voice and Dean seethed when he thought he realized what the problem was.

"But I’m not good enough, is that it?" he hissed and got all up in Cas’ stunned face. "Not good enough to involve in your work, not good enough to fuck, only good enough as leverage to get my dad to side with you, is that it?"

"Dean, how can you say—?"

"You know what?" Dean interrupted with a growl, once again slapping Cas’ hand away when he reached for Dean’s trembling body. "Fuck you and fuck your Pakhan." He stated emotionlessly, dangerously close to yelling. "I’m gonna go take a shower, don’t follow me."

He turned on his heel then, not letting Cas persuade him to change his mind, and stomped off to their shared bathroom, locking the door tightly.

Cas really didn’t follow and that was good, Dean tried to convince himself as he stood in the shower, scrubbing himself so clean it hurt. His whole body was pink with the effort when he much later emerged from the bathroom. Goddamnit, he was so angry.

He knew he hadn’t been easy to work with but he had tried, alright? And today he had tried a little more but apparently he wasn’t enough and probably never would be. Would always be a snot-nosed kid. Fuck, he felt lonely.

He didn’t go down for dinner and Alfie only knocked once and didn’t question when Dean said he wasn’t hungry. Cas didn’t come to get him and Dean thought it was just as well. He briefly considered taking a bed in one of the guest rooms but decided against it after much debate. Cas had been pretty clear in his order that they sleep together when they were both here and Dean thought that if all Cas wanted was a porcelain doll of a wife then Dean probably ought to learn how to become one or else become disposable. John did after all have another son and Dean didn’t think it beneath these fucking Russians to take Sam instead, just to have something. And Dean would be damned if he let Sam into this fucking lion’s den.
So when Cas came up later that night — but still earlier than usual, Dean noted grumpily — Dean was already in their bed, his back turned, all the way out on the very edge. He hadn’t slept this far away from Cas since their first night here and even though it was a small gesture, it was all the rebellion Dean’s tired heart could muster up at the moment.

He heard Cas get undressed and felt the bed dip when the man lay down behind Dean. The silence was stifling. Cas opened his mouth after a couple of tense minutes and Dean gritted his teeth.

"Dean—" Cas started and sounded much sadder than Dean would have expected. Then again, neither of them benefitted from fighting. After all, as Cas had said, they were both forced here.

"Save it, Cas." Dean interrupted before Cas could go anywhere with it. "I get it; it’s fine. Just go to sleep."

He could hear Cas swallowing but the man thankfully remained silent. After a while Cas shuffled around and Dean knew he had turned on his side to look at the back of Dean’s head. He felt Cas put a hand down on top of the covers between them, just shy of Dean’s back, but he didn’t touch Dean and Dean didn’t move closer to let him either.

The following days were frosty. Mostly so because Dean made them so. He talked only when talked to and responded only with curt words. He knew he was being childish and immature but you know what? If Cas and his fucked up family only thought Dean was some kind of pet to keep John Winchester in check then maybe that was all they would get. And pets don’t talk.

He didn’t know what he hoped to accomplish by doing this and he didn’t know if he would manage to keep it up but he was still too angry and, frankly, hurt to not be an ass about this.

The most fucked up part was how Cas handled it, though. The man still had a lot of work to do so Dean didn’t see much of him but every time they met Cas looked sadder and sadder. It came to the point where Dean couldn’t even look at the man. What the hell Cas was so sad for Dean had no fucking clue but if he wanted to play on Dean’s sympathy then that was really shitty of him, Dean thought. Especially since it was working.

It was five days later, well into the night, when Cas first approached Dean. Dean was sprawled out on the couch after having sent Alfie to the guest house for the night. He was watching a rerun of A New Hope but somehow not really feeling it.

Cas entered quietly and even though there was barely any light on in the living room besides the TV and a lonely lamp in the window Dean immediately knew that it was Cas and not one of the other Russians come back.

He gritted his teeth but didn’t say anything, just waiting to see what the man would do. On the screen Princess Leia was bickering with Han and Dean did not identify with them, shut up.

"Do you mind if I join you?" Cas asked as he stopped by the side of the couch and Dean wanted to quip — it’s a free country, oh no wait, you own everything in here. Including me — but didn’t.
Instead he just grunted in answer and moved to sit up straighter to make room for Cas on the other end of the small couch. The atmosphere felt thick but when Dean glanced over at the man he saw that Cas was watching the TV with a confused frown.

"What are you watching?"

Okay, Dean could be as mad as he wanted but he couldn’t let that fucking slip.

"It’s Star Wars, Cas." He said in a tone that suggested Cas should know this and he should, for Christ’s sake. Cas turned to him and blinked in question. Dean rolled his eyes. "Come on, you must’ve been born when this came out."

That, of all things, made Cas laugh. It was a low, throaty chuckle that strangely enough calmed Dean. He leaned back against the couch and watched Cas watching the movie.

"When did this come out?" He asked after a while and Dean had to admit to himself how fucking nice it was sitting here with the man, discussing one of Dean’s favorite movies. Nice enough to make him forget he was supposed to be mad and you know what? Being mad was tiring.

"Late seventies." He answered and turned back to the movie just as the Rebels were making plans to blow up the Death Star. "Like ‘77."

Cas laughed again, this time merrier, and turned to Dean. "How old do you think I am? 1977 was six years before my time."

Dean blinked at the man and did a quick calculation in his head. "Huh, I kind of thought you were twice my age."

"Well, almost." Cas conceded and then sighed. "But I guess I look older. I shouldn’t work so much, I’m always tired."

"Nah, I think you look fine." Dean grinned when Cas looked over at him and couldn’t help the little fluttering in his stomach at the man’s surprised face.

Cas looked so honestly happy at Dean’s casual praise that Dean couldn’t help reaching for the man. He aimed to pat Cas brotherly on the shoulder but ended up stroking his arm instead. The man’s muscles weren’t bulging but boy were they firm.

"Dean." Cas put a hand over Dean’s and his tone suggested that this was going somewhere emotional. Dean wanted to withdraw and claim to watch the movie but of course there was a commercial break on. Fucking fantastic. "I want to apologize for making you feel unwanted."

Dean swallowed and looked away but couldn’t help but notice how Cas moved closer on the couch. It dipped and made Dean slide down against Cas. He didn’t rectify it.

"I said it’s fine, Cas." He said in a much hoarser voice than he would have thought; than he was comfortable with. Cas was still holding Dean’s hand.

"It’s not okay." Cas stated heatedly, which made Dean look up. Shit, Cas’ eyes were shining in the lightning from the TV, so very blue. "I made you feel bad and I hate it."

"Come on, Cas, it’s not like we’re in love or anything, right?" Dean said airily even though he was fucking sweating beneath his t-shirt. Cas was so close and looking so intently at Dean that Dean could do nothing but stare back, confused and, honestly, a little aroused.
Cas’ stare faltered a little at Dean’s words, however, and he backed off slightly, giving Dean room enough to breathe. "Did you know that it wasn’t my first time seeing you when your father showed us that picture of you?"

Dean really wanted to know what picture it was that John had deemed good enough to snare the Russians with.

"I didn’t." He answered but remembered Meg slipping up about something that he now suspected had something to do with this.

Cas sat back even further and looked out into the room, almost as if watching a completely different scene. "It was one year ago, just about. I was down by the docks where we sometimes meet for some of the drug import. I’m not usually down there but there had been a problem with the mule and I..." he sighed and looked back over at Dean where he sat quietly beside him. "I had just finished up when I saw you together with John and a scruffy old man. I didn’t know any of you at the time but you caught my eye, Dean. The sun was low and it caught it your hair. You just looked so... unattainable." He laughed at his own wording when Dean made a face because, seriously, that had sounded cheesy as fuck. Still, Dean couldn’t help listening with rapt attention. "I did nothing about it, of course, but then Pakhan showed us the picture of the boy he wanted one of us to marry and I just... I almost choked on my own spittle. I thought it couldn’t be true, that faith could be so kind to someone like me; that I could deserve someone like you."

Fucking hell, Cas’ words made Dean feel conflicted. On the one hand it all sounded very sweet but on the other it made him feel like the worst kind of maggot there was. Because Cas had wanted this, had wanted Dean, and Dean had behaved like an idiot. Cas had been nothing but nice and now Dean knew why. Fuck, Dean felt worthless.

"Well, you got me." He said lamely and really meant it but somehow the words sounded hollow to him.

Cas’ hands fisted against his thighs. "But only barely." He bit out in sudden anger and Dean gulped when he at first thought it was directed at him. An apology was on the tip of his tongue but Cas beat him to it by continuing. "Gabriel said straight away that he wasn’t marrying a guy and Pakhan agreed that he was a poor choice. Pakhan wanted Michael to marry you because you’re the oldest and so is he, just like you suggested. And Michael really wanted to, I could see it in his greedy eyes but I couldn’t let him have you." Cas turned abruptly to Dean, grabbing his hands and Dean drew a sharp breath. "I’m sorry, Dean. I was foolishly selfish in this endeavor but I just couldn’t let Michael have you. I needed you to be mine and the mere thought of Michael’s hands on you disgust you so much I requested you to be my bride even before Pakhan had finished talking. I surprised even myself and Pakhan rewarded my brashness but..." he sighed deeply and let go of Dean’s hands, much to Dean’s dismay. "But if I am unable to make you understand how much you’ve come to mean to me then I’m not worthy of this union."

He made a little noise in the back of his throat and turned back to the TV, as if to say that they were finished here and Dean stared at him for a long moment, hardly believing what he had heard.

It took him no time at all to make up his mind once he had processed the information he had been given. Somehow he knew that Cas wasn’t lying to him and the thought that Cas had actually fought for him made him feel heated and sappy.

Fuck.

Cas made a startled sound when Dean slid over to straddle his lap. The man’s brilliantly blue eyes were wide-open and this time it was Dean that stared intently at the older man.
"You want me." Dean stated and cupped Cas’ face with his hands, pressing in closer. Cas’ hands gripped lightly at Dean’s sides. "You wanted to marry me to save me from your brother but you also want me."

It was hard to tell if he was asking questions for confirmation or simply stating the facts but either way Cas nodded and pulled Dean closer, bumping their noses.

"I want you always."

"Say it, Cas." Dean begged in a hushed tone, arousal already licking at his young body just being this close to Cas. Fuck if the man hadn’t managed to worm his way under Dean’s skin after all.

"Ya khochu tebya." Cas growled then and Dean fucking keened as the harsh language rolled off Cas’ sharp tongue.

"Yes." Dean gasped and bucked down, his dick fattening up fast and fucking yes, he could feel the outline of Cas’ as well. "Fucking take me."

"Ty moy." Cas rumbled and Dean suddenly found himself pressed down on the couch, his arms wrapped around Cas’ neck and his legs around Cas’ waist.

He huffed when all the air was knocked out of him but he wasn’t complaining. Yeah, Dean had always known he liked it a little rough and was willing to admit that that was probably the main reason he had chosen Benny to lose his virginity to. That boy was gentle in his own way but he was strong as an ox and one of the few capable of pinning Dean down. Until now.

Fuck, Dean just wished he had met Cas first. Suddenly getting rammed by Benny seemed like the worst idea ever when it would mean Cas wouldn’t be breaking Dean in. Then again, Dean thought as he felt Cas’ fat erection straining against his own, Benny had been a while back and he hadn’t been this big. And this was Cas. Anything and everything with him was new and so much better than anything Dean had yet to experience.

Cas was rumbling broken sentences in Russian that Dean only could decipher half of. But he knew they had something to do with possession and fuck if that didn’t make him hot. He mewled as he bucked up and managed to time it so that Cas’ next thrust down against him pressed their dicks together.

"Dean." Cas groaned and Dean nodded, unable to say nothing at the moment. Cas took it as an invitation to kiss Dean and shit, Dean had all but forgotten how the man kissed.

Dean opened up willingly and let himself be explored and used. He had one leg as far up as Cas’ back and braced the other foot on the edge of the couch to get better leverage. Fuck, his dick hurt inside his jeans but as soon as he thought he ought to pull himself out Cas did something new to scatter Dean’s attention.

He scraped his thumb nail against Dean’s nipples, he thrust down with deadly precision, he nipped at Dean’s jawline. Fuck, Cas was everywhere. His scent was all around Dean, his sounds driving the young man mad and it all very soon centered in on their dicks, hard and straining and so good together.

"God, Cas I’m gonna come." He gasped out, the realization hitting him like a sucker punch. "I want you to fuck me."

"Skoro." Cas pressed out. "I will have you soon, Dean." He thrust down harder and Dean was feeling every drag on his dick all the way throughout his whole body. "I will have you on my dick,
"Jesus Christ." Dean gasped, curling in on himself, wrapping around Cas. "I can’t hold it, Cas." He tried warning but Cas just snarled and bit down where Dean’s neck and shoulder joined. Dean cried out at the pain but holy hell, it pushed him over the edge like nothing else.

His whole body spasmed in Cas’ tight grip and his dick jumped painfully inside his jeans, pulsing out thick hotness that spread around his balls and stuck to his dick. It felt much lewder than coming in his pants had ever done before and it made him whimper pitifully when Cas tried pulling back.

Cas relented and stayed in Dean’s arms a bit longer, licking languidly at the bite mark Dean was sure was going to bruise. Fucking hell, Cas had bit him and Dean had liked it. That was fucked up and for some reason Dean loved it. Cas may not have given him a ring yet but this here was proof enough for Dean and he already knew he would be displaying his hickey proudly for all to see.

His whole body bucked when Cas nibbled at the bite mark and the motion made Cas gasp as his still hard dick met with Dean’s wet crotch. He started withdrawing and Dean didn’t like it one bit. He reached out for Cas and the man let him stop him but he didn’t return to their embrace.

"Let me take care of you too." Dean mumbled, very embarrassed about his premature release. "I’m sorry I come so fast, it’s not usually like that."

Cas smiled when Dean blushed at his inadvertent confession. "I like that you’re sensitive to my touch, Dean." Cas said in his low rumble, made hoarser by their activity. He leaned down and kissed Dean surprisingly chastely. "I will take my time picking you apart, making you come more than once, you’ll see." He mumbled against Dean’s pliant lips.

Dean’s blush deepened and he squirmed in Cas’ embrace. "Do it, Cas. Please, I…” he swallowed and wondered briefly what had happened to him in this house over the last few weeks. He had kind of lost himself and he wasn’t even sorry. "I need you."

"I need you too, lubimaya." Cas said in a hushed tone. "But tonight I need to hold you, nothing more."

Dean gulped down the disappointment he felt at that. He understood what Cas meant and he didn’t really doubt that the man wanted him physically, not anymore. And especially not when he could feel the press of Cas’ throbbing dick against his leg. Cas had described what he felt for Dean and Dean decided in that moment to believe the man. To believe they could do this.

He reached up and cupped Cas’ cheek in his hand, running his thumb lovingly along the man’s cheekbone.

"We will wait." He agreed in a soft voice and was rewarded when Cas’ eyes twinkled and his lips quirked up in that almost-smile of his.

Yes, Dean thought as they gathered themselves and shut off the TV to go to bed, this was the right thing to do. Dean knew what he wanted and he finally knew what Cas wanted as well, and it felt comfortable. And as he fell asleep in Cas’ arms it felt more right than anything else.
Ya skuchal po tebe = I missed you
Ya tebya obozhayu = I adore you
Ya khochu tebya = I want you
Ty moy = you are mine
Skoro = soon
Lubimaya = beloved (used for women)
Life was pretty sweet for Dean for a while after he and Cas had finally been honest with each other. They spent as much time together as Cas’ work could afford and Dean even had Charlie and Sam over for a couple of days. John had wanted to come too but it had been a bad time for him so Dean hadn’t complained. He had gone with Inias to pick up his brother and friend himself and they had chatted happily all the way to Southhampton.

Both Sam and Charlie had been very impressed and Alfie spoiled them by buying them candy and he spent half the first evening teaching a very interested Sam Russian. Dean couldn’t help but grin proudly when Alfie said Sam had a real ear for the language.

Cas was very jovial to their guests and actually forewent work one evening to spend time with them, amazing Sam with what he knew during their game of Trivial Pursuit and shocking Charlie with what he didn’t know about Star Wars. Dean didn’t think he had ever laughed as hard and as genuinely as he had done that evening.

So yeah, Dean was feeling pretty good about life in general, even now when Sam and Charlie had already left and he was once again left with mostly Alfie as company as Cas had to work all day long. Still, the nights were theirs and Dean loved it.

So maybe it shouldn’t have been such a shock to him when shit hit the fan. It tended to do that when he let his guard down and now, of course, was no different.

Dean was just returning inside from helping Bart clean the pool when he heard loud voices coming from Cas’ study. Well, one loud and one calmer. It was Inias shouting and Cas trying to make him settle down, Dean could tell even before he reached the study. They were talking in Russian, much too fast for Dean to understand, but he got the gist of it. Inias was angry about something, and he kept calling Cas weak but Dean didn’t know if he meant it as in physically weak or if he meant spineless.

Cas was saying soothing things, obviously trying to make Inias calm down enough for them to have a proper discussion. Cas sounded somewhat perplexed, too, as if this was the first time he had been made aware that Inias was angry about whatever he was angry about.

Dean didn’t know what made him feel presumptuous enough to push open the already ajar door but he did it nonetheless and boldly stepped into the small study. He had only been in it a couple of times but he liked it well enough. Now, however, the atmosphere was stifling, the air practically crackling
with anger and Dean quickly took in Cas who sat at his desk and Inias who stood at his left, leaning on the desk, much too close to Cas for Dean’s liking. He didn’t know why he thought that because he really liked Inias but suddenly the man’s invasion of Cas’ personal bubble felt like a threat.

"What’s going on here?" Dean demanded and both men looked up when he spoke. He sounded much more authoritative than he felt as he was well aware that this, right here, could very well be the one thing that made Cas change his mind. Cas liked that Dean wasn’t meek but also had very clear rules, one of which was that Dean was not to interfere with his work. Then again, Inias was Dean’s driver so maybe that made Dean entitled to know.

"Dean." Cas said, his eyes round and his tone made Dean frown.

Before he could say something, however, Inias sighed and pointed directly at Dean. "Kak raz o chiom ya i govoryu." He snarled and his words made Cas scowl even though Dean didn’t understand them.

Cas rose abruptly and smoothed out his shirt. "Khvatit ob etom." He said with finality and Inias looked scandalized.

He spit out a long line mostly consisting of various cuss words and Cas’ name. Dean made big eyes hearing the normally so quiet Russian sounding so feral but Cas just repeated himself in a louder voice and made to walk away, clearly not liking his servants questioning him.

He had his back to Inias and Dean saw the knife first but his widened eyes alerted Cas enough that the man turned just as Inias made to stab him. The blade sank in at Cas’ side instead of his back and he made a grunt as he clumsily deflected Inias other hand when the man made to strike him.

Dean was moving before he could even register what he was doing. He roared for Alfie to help them and grabbed a book on his way over to the two other men to throw at Inias. It hit him square on the temple and he staggered back even as Cas slumped to the floor, clutching his side where the knife was still lodge.

"Ibayanwan rebyonok." Inias spat and drew his gun from the holster at the small of his back where he usually kept it hidden by his suit jacket. He pointed it at Dean just as Alfie appeared in the door.

"Inias!" he screamed as it made the man flinch enough that Dean could close the distance between them. He grabbed the gun and punched the heel of his hand up against Inias’ nose.

Inias made a garbled sound and even though he knew it would hurt his knuckles, Dean made a fist and punched the man again, reeling him in by the gun they were both gripping and kicked his knee to make him fall to the floor.

He tore the gun from Inias’ slack grip just as Alfie and Bart joined them, Alfie kneeling beside Cas and Bart coming around to Inias, a gun of his own drawn.

Dean pulled Inias’ bloody face close to his, wrapping the man’s shirt around his fist to the point of almost strangling him.

"Cas may spoil me." He hissed in Inias’ bloody face. "But my dad taught me to fight before that, you asshole. Don’t. Underestimate. Me.”

He was pulling the shirt tighter and tighter with every word and could see Inias’ fear as his air supply was cut off. His face was reddening and his eyes stared straight into Dean’s as his hands scrabbled uselessly against Dean’s grip. He was going limper and limper by the second, though, and Dean took perverse satisfaction in seeing the man faint.
He barely registered when Bart put a hand on his. "You’re strangling him." Bart said, surprisingly soft for the rough Russian.

"Good." Dean snarled but relented enough to let Inias drop to the floor. The man took a deep breath but seemed barely conscious. Dean didn’t care. "He fucking stabbed Cas." Dean exclaimed and suddenly there was this icy hand gripping his throat. He stabbed Cas.

Out of all the people Dean could think of, all the people he thought he couldn’t trust, it had been kind and quiet Inias that had turned on them. Dean had fucking expected an attack but not like this.

He scrambled over to his fiancé and breathed a huge sigh of relief when he saw that Cas was still alive, if unconscious. Fucking shit, this was scary. John may have taught Sam and Dean how to fight but no one they cared about had ever been in any serious danger before.

"Should I call an ambulance?" Alfie asked and Dean wanted to scream at the man. Why the hell hadn’t he done that already? Why the fuck was he asking Dean?

But he shut his mouth before he said anything. Alfie and Bart were both looking at Dean and he could feel their eyes burning his skin. Cas was their boss and Dean was the boss’ wife. These men were the lowest rank in the Bratva and they were both looking to Dean now. He swallowed.

"No." He said firmly, refusing to give in to the way Alfie’s eyes widened. "No, we will not give the neighborhood anything to gossip about and we will not give whoever administered this the satisfaction." He turned to Cas’ desk to retrieve the man’s phone. "Alfie, you and Adler will drive Cas to the hospital here in Southampton, it’ll be quicker than waiting for an ambulance anyway."

"Do you think he can be moved?" Alfie asked and Dean had never heard the man sound so young before. In contrast, Dean had never sounded so mature.

He glanced down at Cas’ unconscious form and tried not to break down in front of the other men. He knew they all had doubted him and him starting to bawling like a lost child would not make his case.

"It’s probably a bad idea but as long as the knife’s in place he won’t bleed to death." Dean fucking hoped. "Go get Adler, you will carry him carefully."

Alfie scrambled to obey and Dean turned to Bart and pointed down at Inias. "Is he still alive?" Dean had never killed anyone and he would prefer it stayed that way but somehow he thought he probably wouldn’t be lying sleepless over this corpse.

Bart glanced down at Inias and then promptly kicked him in the stomach. Inias gave a hoarse cry and curled in on himself, hugging his stomach and gasping for air.

"Alive enough." Bart commented and Dean noted that the man had picked up Inias’ gun from where Dean had dropped it. Good. "What do you want to do with him?"

Dean clucked his tongue just as Alfie returned with a very flustered Mr. Adler. For all his pompous behavior Mr. Adler looked more shocked than anyone to see Cas on the floor and Dean briefly considered whether he should send Bart with Alfie and Cas instead but decided that he would need Bart with him.

"I would like to cut off his dick and choke him on it." Dean commented casually and saw how Inias looked up at him with fearful eyes. Yes, not such a child now, huh? "But no." He turned to Alfie and Mr. Adler just as Mr. Adler kneeled beside Cas. "You two will take Cas to the hospital, me and Bart will take Inias to Pakhan, let him decide what to do with men who try to murder his children." He
turned to glare down at Inias. "I’m sure he’ll be thrilled to hear your side of the story." Inias just blinked up at him and Dean turned back to the other three men. "I will let Meg know about this as well, I’ll be bringing Cas’ phone and my own. Let me know what happens to him at the hospital. I’ll return as soon as I can." He turned to walk out of the room to get properly dressed. "Get to work." He barked over his shoulder and saw how the men hurried to execute his orders.

Satisfied with that he quickly ran upstairs to just pack a small bag for Cas to take to him later and to change his clothes. He didn’t care that he smelled like sweat and pungent chlorine from the pool but he did care that he had scattered droplets of blood on his t-shirt. He was scared to death just thinking about Cas but he was also angry enough to power through. Just hoped it would be enough for when he met with Pakhan.

When he returned downstairs Alfie and Mr. Adler were already gone with Cas and Bart ensured Dean that no one had seen them carry his body outside. Dean wasn’t so sure but this was still better than the blaring of an ambulance and it would take them just as long driving there themselves, faster even without having to wait for the ambulance to arrive.

Bart was in the process of tying up the still groggy Inias and Dean watched with barely contained anger. How long had Inias been plotting this? Why had he done it at all? Fuck, Dean had shared countless hours in the car with this man. Some of them alone. He had known he couldn’t trust the Russians but these had been supposed to be okay. Meg had checked them. What if he couldn’t trust her either? Who the hell could he trust?

"Good?" Bart asked when he was done securing Inias’ hands and feet. He had even taken it as far as to tie the man’s hands to his feet, making moving practically impossible.

Dean sneered down at the man. "Make sure he doesn’t talk." He commanded and Bart nodded before promptly hitting Inias’ temple with the butt of his gun, effectively knocking him out.

Bart dragged Inias unceremoniously out to the car and flung him in the trunk without even looking to see if he had room enough to even move his head in a good position to breathe while he was unconscious. Dean didn’t care.

He just slid in on the passenger seat, riding shot gun for the first time since he first came out here and Bart didn’t argue. He actually grinned to himself when Dean threatened the operator on the other end when he wouldn’t connect Dean to Pakhan’s line right away.

Everything was a blur for Dean after that and all he could think about was the surprised face Cas had made when Dean had opened the door to the study. Fuck, what if that was the last Dean would ever see of the man’s brilliantly blue eyes? Dean would never stop blaming himself for barging in like that if Cas died.

"Fuck you if you die." Dean mumbled as he waited for Pakhan to answer on the other end.

*****

The hospital was bustling with activity by the time Dean made it there and it had taken him too fucking long getting there. The meeting with Pakhan, the delivery of Inias, all the thousand and one
"How can I help you?" the neat looking receptionist asked in a cheery tone that made Dean even angrier for some reason.

"I’m looking for Castiel Krushnic. He was admitted today. Stabbing." Fuck, Dean’s eyes stung. He was tired and his nerves were frayed.

She clicked about her computer and Dean wanted to roar at her to hurry the fuck up. "Yes, I see." She said after a short moment that felt an eternity. "The doctors had to operate on him but he’s safely in the recovery now."

Dean let out a big breath and leaned against the counter. "Great." He said, breathlessly. "Which room?"

"I’m sorry, sir. That information is classified."

Dean’s head snapped up and he glared at her. "Excuse me?"

"Only family is allowed into the recovery rooms." She stated curtly, obviously reacting negatively to his biting tone. Well boo-fucking-hoo.

"You listen to me," he hissed, bending over counter to stare down at her. "Cas is mine and you will not keep him from me. Tell me which room."

Her gaze hardened. "It explicitly says here to wait for his wife and—"

"I am his wife!" Dean roared and banged his fist so hard against the counter it almost felt as if something ruptured.

The waiting room behind him went dead quiet and the receptionist stared dumbfounded up at him but before Dean could lean over and rip the computer from her someone came running over.

"Dean!"

He turned and noticed Gabriel jogging over. "How the hell did you get here before me?" he snarled but Gabriel ignored his question to instead lean over the counter.

"He’s with me, sweetheart." He said kindly to the receptionist and she closed her gaping mouth and nodded once before turning to stare at her computer, obviously glad to just be rid of Dean without having to call for Security. "Come on." Gabriel mumbled and pulled Dean along by his arm.

They started to the elevators just as Bart came in through the big glass doors and Dean waved him over too.

"Meg called me." Gabriel said when the elevator doors had closed securely. "Right after you’d hung up. Me and Michael drove directly here."

"Michael?" Dean spat just as the doors dinged open again and he spotted the very man they were talking about. "What’re you doing here?" he demanded and rushed up to the man.

Michael surprised him by holding his hand up in defense. "I did nothing." He stated in his thick accent.
Dean wanted to argue, wanted to kick and scream. He hadn’t been there to hear what they had gotten out of Inias, didn’t know why he had done what he had done or whom he was working for but who else than Michael?

He was stopped, however, by Gabriel stepping in-between. "Calm down, Dean." He said soothingly and Dean seethed but remained silent. "It’s okay."

"I don’t trust him."

Gabriel sighed. "I know, no one does." Michael made an affronted noise but they ignored him. "But I can vouch for him."

"I don’t trust you either." Dean snarled and saw how Gabriel’s eyes hardened.

"Well tough luck, kiddo. Do you want your lapdog to just shoot us now and be done with it?"

Dean glanced back at Bart who looked indifferent but who suddenly felt like the best shield in the world. Fuck, Dean felt crappy right now for mistrusting him. Bart looked like he probably would kill both Gabriel and Michael in a crowded hospital and take the blame for it, if only Dean told him so.

But this wasn’t the time or the place for that, Dean knew. Cas would have to decide what to do. He made a rolling motion with his hand as if to say go on and Gabriel rolled his eyes.

"Pakhan has spoken to us both." He stated. "You were busy with your own family and you were already on your way here but Pakhan called me and Michael as they were interrogating Inias."

Dean glared at Michael but the man just huffed. "It wasn’t me." He grumbled. "Inias was just an angry child."

"What do you mean?"

Gabriel sighed and invited Dean and Bart to walk with them. Hopefully to Cas’ room. "Inias thought he was better than he was. He thought he had earned the role of Brigadier but the more he went on about it the more Pakhan was certain he wasn’t up to the task. So Pakhan convinced Meg to put Inias with you instead and that made Inias really angry. He thought it beneath him to babysit, as he put it."

Dean glanced over at Bart who walked silently beside them, eyes straight ahead and face a stoic mask of boredom. "Funny." Dean mumbled and Bart looked over at him. "I used to think you felt like that."

Bart surprised him by grinning, maybe for the first time. "I do. But I also enjoy watching you winding Mr. Krushnic around your little finger, it amuses me."

Dean gulped. "Well, good." He muttered, thinking it better well keep amusing him or they would have yet another problem on their hands. "I thought Inias might’ve been your shestyorka." Dean confessed to Michael and the man snorted.

"Please." Gabriel said with amusement. "Our shestyorka are much better than that. Oops, I mean, we don’t spy on each other. Don’t be ridiculous."

Dean scoffed but it got stuck in his throat when they turned a corner and suddenly found themselves together with Mr. Adler and Alfie. Alfie looked distraught and he really looked like he was two seconds away from crying the moment his eyes landed on Dean. Man, that kid really didn’t look like the poster boy for the fucking mafia, what with his big eyes and trembling lip.
"What’s wrong?" Dean asked and hurried over. "The receptionist said Cas’ fine."

"He is." Mr. Adler said where he sat on a chair outside one of the rooms that lined the corridor. He was reading a magazine and didn’t seem overly concerned even though Dean clearly remembered his shocked face back there in Cas’ study.

Gabriel clapped Dean on the shoulder. "Just go in, he’s been waiting for you."

Dean blinked at him and then walked over to the room without stalling any longer. Fuck, everyone kept saying Cas was okay and it had only been a minor stab wound, Dean though. So why the hell was he so fucking nervous?

He took in the room before he took in the man on the bed. It was a room for two but there was only Cas in there. The curtains were open but the sky outside was so dark that the only light was what little the lamp on the table beside Cas provided.

Dean stared at him as the door closed with a snick behind him. Cas was lying in bed, an IV hooked up to his left arm and two tubes going into his nose to help him breathe better. He was awake but looked dead tired. When he turned his head Dean could see that his eyes were still as sharp as ever, though.

"Dean." He said hoarsely and Dean took a hesitant step forward.

Fuck, his whole body was shaking. He couldn’t stand looking at Cas like this. "H-how are… I mean… Do you…" he stopped to clear his throat, feeling unexpected anger rushing up inside almost like vomit. Inias had done this to Cas. Someone they trusted had done this.

"I’ll be fine." Cas had the audacity to smile about the whole situation and that only made Dean angrier.

"You not fine." Dean spat and Cas blinked tiredly at him.

"It’s okay, Dean. My spleen took most of the hit, I’ll be fine." He repeated as if having his fucking spleen stabbed was nothing. As if he did this every other month.

"Fuck you." Dean gritted and Cas raised his eyebrows at him. "Fuck you for making me like you and then getting stabbed." Oh it was fear talking, that much would be clear to anyone except Dean in this moment. He rushed forward and grabbed the metal bars at the foot of Cas’ bed, rattling it in his anger. "Fuck you for dragging me into this world and then almost disappearing. For thinking that this was nothing!" he was screaming at the end of that sentence but Cas just lay there, looking calmly at him. It infuriated Dean more.

He roared in anger and turned around to swipe at whatever was on the table behind him. A pen, some paper, and a plastic pitcher of water flew to the floor, water cascading across the room. It wasn’t enough. Dean wanted to break and scream, so he did and Cas let him.

"I fucking told you this would happen!" he yelled loudly, wrecking the small table beside the other bed, sending a cup and more water flying. "No goddamn mafia man wants to play house!"

Cas just rested back against his pillows in the half-sitting position he had been in when Dean entered and watched as Dean went about thrashing the room. No one came into the room to see what was going on and Dean wasn’t even certain they could have stopped him if they did. He was so angry he was banging one of the chairs against the wall by the end of it.

"I hate you!" Dean screamed when there was nothing more but the windows left to break. "I hate
you." He cheeks were wet and for a moment he thought it was blood but was surprised when his fingers came away clean when he swiped his face. Tears? He blinked down at his hands, covered in scrapes but free of blood.

Cas reached for him then and Dean suddenly found he had no strength left. Boneless he collapsed on the narrow bed beside Cas, curled up against him. Cas had one strong arm around Dean and his lips against his hair so Dean could feel them moving as the man whispered soothingly.

"Ne plach', lubimaya." He murmured and his rumbling reverberated into Dean’s body. "Ty lyubov’ vsey moey zhizni. Ya ne broshu tebya."

And Dean believed him. God help him, he didn’t understand what the man was saying but he knew enough to understand what had happened here in this bleak hospital room. It scared him. What had happened here, what had happened at the house, his own emotions, Cas’ emotions. It all freaked him the fuck out and yet here, in Cas’ strong embrace, Dean had never felt safer.

Chapter End Notes

Kak raz o chiom ya i govoryu = That’s what I’m talking about
Khvatit ob etom = Enough of this
Isbayawan rebyonok = spoiled child
Brigadier = or Avtoritet, is like a captain in charge of a small group of men in the Russian mafia
Ne plach’, lubimaya = don’t cry, beloved
Ty lyubov’ vsey moey zhizni = you are the love of my life
Ya ne broshu tebya = I will not leave you
Their wedding took place about a month after Cas’ stabbing and to Dean’s mortification Cas insisted on having it in their own back yard. Dean didn’t want any more attention than strictly necessary but Cas had thought it would be nice and Sam had ganged up on Dean together with Alfie to make the world’s best tag-team for some reason.

So there Dean was, caught with a big enough party in his garden that he couldn’t not invite the neighborhood too. And maybe it was a good thing. Not that Cas’ family and Dean’s family didn’t get along, they were after all expecting a rather lucrative business deal to come out of this, but it was still weird for Dean to see the people he had grown up with mingle with the fucking Russian mob. And the whole incident with Inias last month hadn’t put him at ease either, even if his new chauffeur seemed very smart.

Oh yes, Hannah was very intelligent and she was trained in almost all martial arts there was — that Dean knew of, at least — and Pakhan had assured Dean that she was wholly dedicated to them. To Cas, more likely, Dean had discovered rather quickly. While Hannah was very good at her job he had also understood that she was very good with anything that involved Cas. Meg and Dean teased Cas relentlessly about Hannah’s obvious crush on him and the whole situation flustered Cas to no end. Dean had *still* not confirmed his suspicions but he completely believed that Cas was just as gay as Dean. Which was totally gay.

Still, it was fun seeing Cas dodge Hannah. As if he didn’t want to make things worse and as if she didn’t already know that Cas belonged to Dean. *Everyone* knew by now and Dean was very quick to fill the straggles in. Cas may be important in his work and he was a feared negotiator but at home Dean commandeered, even after such a short time.

It put fear in the shestyorka and amused the elders. And the ones that thought Cas was weak for letting Dean in on his work; for sharing his power with his wife, they were reminded of Inias. Inias who hadn’t died for his treason but had ended up with a fate much worse that should give Dean nightmares but didn’t but that he never told Sam about because his brother was too innocent in Dean’s eyes.

So under Cas’ recovery Dean had stepped up and managed what affairs Cas couldn’t when he was bedbound and that had raised Dean to good enough standards that he was accepted by most of the elders.

Hadn’t helped him out of walking down the aisle with his dad handing him off like a proper bride, however. John had taken that custom with a joviality that Dean had seldom seen and Dean had
grumbled all the way and especially so when he had caught Sam grinning at him where he was sat beside Charlie. Dean was just glad he hadn’t had to wear a fucking dress.

After the reception they shared a light meal in the yard and the food was good, for which Dean was thankful. Lisa had recommended the caterer after Bela had managed to invite herself and the rest of the cougars to the wedding and Dean did not regret taking her advice.

He ate slowly, enjoying the food and the view they had from their table. All his friends and family mingled well with the Russians and the housewives of Southhampton, creating a surprisingly cheery atmosphere.

Cas surprised him by leaning closer just as they were starting in on the cake. "Are you happy?" he whispered in his ear and Dean blushed to have the man so close to him in public.

"I am." Dean answered with an honesty that surprised even himself.

Cas was smiling as he leaned back. "Good." He said and took a sip of his wine. "Good."

The guests got rowdier and happier as the evening wore on and Dean reflected distantly that maybe an open bar hadn’t been the smartest idea. Cas plucked him right out of a conversation just as the night sky was darkening and Dean followed without questioning it, only thinking that Cas wanted to show him something inside.

But Cas led him around the house and to his Lincoln, plucking the car keys from his pocket as he went.

"We going somewhere?" Dean laughed when Cas stopped to unlock the car.

Cas turned around and cupped Dean’s face gently. The tender touch made Dean’s stomach flutter. "I’m sorry we have too much work to do for us to take a proper honeymoon, Dean." Cas said in a hushed tone and bushed their lips together. "We will go away together, later. I promise."

"It’s okay, Cas. I understand." Dean mumbled and put his hands on Cas’, kissing the man softly. It had been so long since they had done much more than kiss what with work and Cas’ recovery and Dean had been half-hard ever since he walked down the aisle and saw Cas standing there looking fucking delicious in his tux. Just the mere press of Cas’ chapped lips against his made Dean’s knees weak.

"We will have tonight." Cas stated and pulled away slowly to open the door for Dean. "Only you and me, we will leave the rest to Meg."

Dean grinned at that and slid into the car without hesitation.

As Cas walked around the car Dean took a moment to send a short text to Sam, informing him that they were leaving. Dean was sure Meg already knew but it felt good to have someone else know they weren’t being kidnapped or anything. Considering everything Dean didn’t think that would be such a weird assumption for people to make.

He got a winking smiley back and snorted at it before flipping his phone closed to sidle up to Cas on the seat, unable to keep away. Cas smiled at him and put his arm around Dean, to Dean’s immense satisfaction.

It took them only one hour and fifty minutes to get to the Plaza Hotel on 5th Avenue, which was record time, Dean thought. It probably had something to do with how he hadn’t been able to keep his hands to himself for too long, and had started palming Cas’ increasingly interested dick during their
drive.

By the time they arrived Cas had to take a breather before he handed over the car to the valet and Dean smirked at him the whole way up to the front desk. Oh, Dean was hard as a rock as well but it was so fun seeing Cas losing some of his precious control that Dean managed to suppress his own need.

Cas swiftly checked in and snarled at the bellboy who wanted to carry the light luggage Cas had packed for them beforehand. The young man ran away when Cas basically told him to fuck off and Dean laughed the whole elevator ride up.

Well inside their room Cas wasted no time and pressed Dean up against the wall beside the door. He had barely locked the door and thrown away their luggage but he didn’t seem to care and fuck if Dean wasn’t just as on board.

He moaned and bared his throat, hoping for another bite, while he undulated his hips against Cas’, pressing their dicks together.

"You think it’s funny, riling me up like that?" Cas asked in a low growl and Dean gripped at the man’s jacket, wanting it off.

"Not laughing." He choked out but grinned in satisfaction when Cas shrugged out of his jacket and reached up to undo his bowtie.

"Impudent boy." Cas rumbled but he was grinning as well and fucking yes, Dean could feel the man’s dick jumping in his slacks.

"Come one, Cas, fuck me like I know you want to." Dean ground out and Cas’ breath stuttered as their hips bucked together, creating wonderful friction.

"I can't believe I have you like this, Dean." Cas gasped and Dean wanted to cry with his fucking need to just fuck already.

"You have me, do what you want." He pressed out in a strangled voice. "I’m fucking begging over here."

"You sound so beautiful." Cas rumbled against Dean’s racing pulse and the friction was really getting to Dean. Cas was surrounding him like he always did when they held each other and it always got to Dean. His dick was leaking and he could feel that familiar coil in his stomach already.

"Jesus Christ, how many times are you gonna make me come in my pants?" he huffed even as he hugged Cas closer.

The older man groaned and licked at Dean’s sweaty neck, tearing at his clothes and Dean was too tightly wound for this not to spur him on. His whole lower body shook and he mewled desperately when Cas simply picked him up off the floor to wrap Dean’s trembling legs around his waist and press Dean against the wall. Dean didn’t waste the opportunity and promptly started humping the man.

Cas was mumbling Russian against Dean’s heated ear, little snippets of praise and a lot of possessive words that shot straight to Dean’s dick.

"Finally." Cas rumbled in his gravelly voice. "Finally you’re all mine."

"Fuck, you’re gonna make me come you asshole." Dean whined and rolled his hips harder. Cas was
nipping at Dean’s neck now and the pain shot like fire down Dean’s spine.

"Ty prinadlezhish mne." Cas snarled and Dean came hard with a shout.

His eyes were wide open but he saw nothing as his dick erupted in spurt after spurt in his boxers. He shook against Cas and the orgasm left him breathless but it wasn’t enough.

"Goddamnit, Cas." He gasped and grabbed the man’s shoulders desperately. "Don’t you fucking dare withdraw now. Don’t leave me."

Cas didn’t disappoint, however. He just claimed Dean in a kiss so possessive it soothed Dean’s fluttering stomach and then took a firm grip on Dean’s ass to carry him over to the bed. He threw Dean down on it and the softness of it made Dean sink in rather than bounce like he did in their own bed. He looked hungrily up at Cas where the man stood beside the bed, unbuttoning his shirt.

"We’re not done yet." He stated calmly and Dean shimmied up the bed to lie with his head against the pillows.

"Fuck yeah." He half-moaned, half-laughed. Fuck he felt elated. Cas pulling away from him always left him bewildered and, frankly, sad. Left him feeling strangely unwanted even after Cas’ praise.

But now he was getting it and Dean didn’t doubt he was getting it good. It was their honeymoon, after all, and they had been living together without sex for too long for the sexual tension to not be sky high.

He quickly disposed of his own clothes and Cas walked over to retrieve their bag. From it he fished out lube and Dean smirked to think of Cas planning this.

Cas stopped when he turned around and seemingly just drank in the sight of Dean and Dean let him. For all their fooling around and sleeping in the same bed Dean guessed this was the first time Cas had really seen Dean fully naked and let’s be honest, Dean knew he looked good.

So he took his time stretching out on the bed, his semi-hard dick flopping against his hip when he played a little with his nipples. Cas made a soft humming sound when he saw and it only served to make Dean’s dick jump more.

"You gonna stand there all night?" Dean teased and spread his legs in invitation. "Not that I don’t think your staring could make me come alone but I’d rather have you inside me." He reached down and pushed his balls up, revealing his rosy red taint, and licked his lips suggestively. "Gonna make use of that lube?"

Cas made a hitched sound and was over Dean in the blink of an eye. His shirt was discarded but his slacks still hung loosely on his hips, only half-way undone. Cas didn’t seem to mind though, he just draped himself over Dean, fitting fucking perfectly between Dean’s legs. He claimed Dean’s lips again as he hips bucked down and Dean moaned into the kiss, gripping at Cas’ flanks.

Fuck yeah, the slow grind of their pelvises and Cas’ kisses had Dean hard again in no time and even though he had always been proud of his short refractory time this was still a new record even for him. Not that he minded. Oh, he enjoyed the hell out of every sensation Cas’ caresses were pulling out of Dean’s willing body.

Their kisses were soon turning desperate again and Dean groaned deeply when Cas started kissing his way down Dean’s heated body, starting with his sweaty neck and fucking finally travelling lower. Cas’ lips wrapped around one of Dean’s nipples and his teeth caught on the hardened stub, making Dean cry out in pleasure-filled pain.
"Again." He gasped when Cas made to pull away and he could feel the man smirk against his chest but he didn’t care because Cas easily obeyed and put his mouth back where it belonged, pleasuring Dean.

Both of Dean’s nipples were sore when Cas was done with them and Dean had never been more turned on, especially so soon after an orgasm. He was bucking mindlessly against Cas and when Cas slid down the bed to lie of his stomach so he could comfortably nibble at Dean’s hips, Dean cried out again. This time more in desperation than anything else.

His dick was so close to Cas’ face and yet the man took his time mapping out the rest of Dean’s body.

"Fucking hell, Cas, hurry the fuck up.” He babbled and gripped the sheets tightly so as not to reach for his dick and finish himself off much too soon.

"So beautiful." Cas rumbled in his thick accent that did nothing to stave off Dean’s impending release.

Before Dean could collect himself from that Cas proceeded with grabbing Dean’s thighs and pressing them up against Dean’s chest, effectively exposing Dean’s quivering hole to the man.

"Oh, fuck." Dean whimpered and did his best to keep the position but his muscles were cramping from the arousal coursing through him. His stomach knotted almost uncomfortably but Dean forgot everything about that when he heard the click of the lube bottle being opened.

As if that wasn’t enough, his whole mind blanked out when he felt the distinct wetness of a tongue pressing against his hole. He gave a strangled shout and had to really concentrate to not come then and there. His whole body was taut with the effort and Cas didn’t seem to mind one fucking bit. He just licked as he pleased while apparently lubing up his fingers, by the sound of it.

Fuck, Dean had never had his ass licked before and the thought had frankly never even crossed his mind. He knew other people ate girls out but he didn’t have a vagina and that was basically where his thoughts on the matter had stopped but this… This was fucking awesome.

Cas’ tongue was clever as the man licked at every crevice, pressed at all the right places. Dean’s breathing was uneven and he thought he might die if Cas didn’t give him more, and soon. Either that or he would come like this, untouched with Cas’ tongue probing at his hole and would that be such a bad idea? No, Dean thought as Cas pressed the very tip of his tongue inside, it would be the fucking best idea in the whole goddamn universe.

He sobbed brokenly when Cas suddenly removed his mouth but was rewarded with the man’s deft fingers instead. They were lube-slick and colder than the man’s tongue but fuck if they didn’t feel just as good. Dean bucked against them and Cas let one slide in without preamble, Dean’s ass lose enough for the small intrusion.

"Oh, God yes." Dean moaned desperately and clenched around the finger.

"I can’t believe…” Cas mumbled as he explored Dean’s insides with his finger. He rearranged Dean’s trembling legs so that he could lean down and mouth at Dean’s straining erection while still keeping his finger in Dean’s heat. "Mine." He growled and Dean wept from frustration even as his dick wept from joy.

"C-Cas, I can’t hold it for much longer." Dean gasped out and Cas answered that with swallowing Dean down.
Dean's hands went to grasp at the man's thick hair and he didn't know if he wanted to pull him off or push him down. He settled somewhere in-between and Cas seemed to like having his hair pulled. He groaned deeply and it vibrated through Dean's sensitive dick all the way to his very core.

Cas' tongue was just as clever around Dean's dick as it was kissing Dean or licking his ass and Dean loved it. Couldn't fucking breathe with how good it felt and when Cas inserted another finger in his ass, Dean barely noticed it.

He did notice, however, when Cas found his prostate. Dean's whole body arched and he pressed Cas' face to his pelvis, burying down the man's throat and probably choking him but Dean wasn't coherent enough to understand anything but pleasure at the moment.

And fuck, there was too much of it. Cas' throat was working Dean's dick over even as the man's fingers were probing Dean's prostate and he couldn't take it.

His back arched when the coil sprang free and his dick jumped in Cas' eager mouth, spilling deep down. His vision whitened out even worse than before and he gasped uselessly for air for a long time, his body shaking against the bed. Cas took care to pull out of Dean slowly but Dean was too out of it to really feel it.

As the high of the orgasm subsided he felt colder and colder inside and not ever Cas' warm caresses made it go away.

"Why do you always make me come without you?" he sobbed brokenly when he had gathered enough breath to talk and pushed at Cas' head when the man made to lick Dean clean.

"Because you are beautiful in your pleasure." Cas mumbled against Dean's hip but Dean pushed him further away, getting up to lean on his elbows.

"Then why won't you let me see you like that?" he demanded in a decidedly raspy voice. "We're married now, what more do you want? Pakhan accepted me, you've given me everything else, why won't you give me what I really want?" his tone softened when he saw realization in Cas' eyes.

"Why won't you let me really see you?"

"Lubimaya." Cas said in a soothing tone and climbed up the bed to kiss Dean gently. "I love you so much, I just..." he trailed off with a small exhale and buried his face against Dean's neck, scenting him from the feel of it.

Dean felt confused and he didn't like it. With a mighty shove he had put Cas on his back and straddled his lower stomach, lube-slick ass smearing wetly all over Cas' nice slacks.

"Tell me." He demanded and gripped the man's shoulders tightly to lean down a little, rubbing his spent dick against Cas' taut stomach in the process. "No more lies, I'm your fucking wife now, just like you wanted and you will give me what I want. Tell me."

Cas swallowed and gingerly put his hands on Dean's thighs. "I'm not... Good. I'm not good at..."

"If you say you're not good at sex I'm gonna fucking smack you, Cas." Dean gritted. "Don't lie to me."

Cas gave him a little smile. "I'm too rough."

Dean blinked in confusion and sat up straighter, not failing to notice how Cas' erection hadn't diminished at all during all this. "What?"
Cas huffed and looked away, looking ten years younger all of a sudden. "My past partners, they…" a very uncharacteristic blush crept up his cheeks and Dean could do nothing but stare down at him, eyebrows raised. "When I finally let myself go I get too excited and I get too rough. I’ve been told I should be more considerate of my partner’s needs and—why are you smiling?"

Dean hadn’t even realized he was grinning like a dork but here he was, feeling like the fucking Cheshire cat all of a sudden.

"You’re afraid you’re gonna hurt me." He whispered and Cas looked at him like it should have been obvious.

"Well, yes." He said heatedly. "Dean, you’re the most important person to me, of course I don’t want to hurt you. But I also…” he harrumphed awkwardly. "I’ve never been more attracted to anyone before. If I was too rough before, just imagine what I could do to you." Oh, Dean was imagining it alright, and fucking loving it. His dick was already filling out again and how many time would he be able to come in one night? He guessed now was as good a night as any to test that limit.

"Maybe all those other people were just weak." He suggested in a lewd tone and rolled his hips lazily. Cas’ hands twitched on Dean’s thighs.

"I’m not prepared to take that chance with you, Dean." Cas stated firmly but his tone only served to make Dean more aroused. Having Cas being rough and demanding? Fuck yes.

"What if I am?" he asked in a raspy voice that fucking made Cas shudder. He leaned down and pressed his thumb against Cas’ windpipe. Not hard enough to hurt but hard enough to let the man know he could cut off the air. He felt Cas’ breath hitch. "What if I like it a little rough, huh?" he whispered against Cas’ slightly open mouth. "What if I wouldn’t mind it one bit if you pounded me so hard I couldn’t walk the next day, or week? Just put that big dick of yours inside me and let me really feel you. Fill me up."

"Yes." Cas hissed and pressed up against the grip Dean had on his throat. Dean could feel the man’s dick jump against Dean’s ass and it made his head swim to think that this was what Cas had been hiding all along.

Dean had known for quite a while that he was into a bit more hardcore stuff than some of his friends claimed to like. That Cas was stronger than him and that that had excited him before had only served to solidify Dean’s beliefs that he kind of wanted to be held down and fucked like a bitch. He hadn’t thought he would get his wish, though, not with the gentle way Cas always treated him. But this was the best of two worlds. Cas would fuck him hard and then take care of him when he was all fucked out, he just knew it. If only he could get Cas to tear down his walls.

"Do you feel this, Cas?" he asked as he grinded his fattening dick against the man’s stomach. "It makes me hard just thinking about you ruining me and I’ve already come twice tonight. You gonna ram that big dick in my ass and make me come for a fucking third time or am I gonna have to do it myself?" Cas made a strangled sound at that and Dean smirked down at him with one eyebrow raised. "You’d like that? Want me to ride you, Cas?"

"I want it all." Cas growled out in the deepest voice yet and fuck if it didn’t make Dean shudder. Oh, he was enjoying bossing Cas around but it was definitely best when Cas took charge. "Ever since I saw you, ever since I first felt your erection against mine. You have no idea how hard it’s been for me to control myself." His fingers dragged along Dean’s thighs, leaving red lines in their wake and it made Dean keen in pleasure. "Every touch, every sound, you’ve been driving me crazy. I wanted
you when you sucked me, I wanted you on the couch, and I’ve wanted you every night in our bed. Wanted to bend you over any flat surface, wanted to fuck you in the pool. You make me lose my mind."

"Jesus fucking Christ." Dean moaned and reached back to fumble with Cas’ now extremely damp slacks and boxers. "You wanted to fuck my face, didn’t you? When I sucked you?" he sucked in a gasp when Cas nodded, looking guilty as fuck but still confessing to his desires. "I wanted that too." He whispered and Cas’ eyes snapped to his.

"Don’t mock me." He said waringly and his tone made Dean’s back arch.

"I’m not. Do it, Cas. Ruin me."

Cas snarled and flipped them over again so that they were back to their previous positions with Dean beneath him, helplessly trapped and loving it.

"You want this?" Cas stated more than asked and Dean bucked up against him.

"I do, Cas. I fucking do." He gasped and pulled his hands up to rest above his head, completely giving up control. "I want you to be rough with me."

Cas was shoving his slacks off even as Dean finished that sentence and Dean could do nothing but moan and hope he didn’t drool when he fucking finally got to see Cas’ aroused dick again. It was purple with need and wet with precome. Cas’ balls were already so high up and looked tight enough to hurt. Fuck yeah, Dean totally wanted to press his face against them, just nuzzle in and smell them. But not more than he wanted Cas to fuck him already.

"I love you, Dean." Cas rumbled against Dean’s panting mouth as he lined himself up with Dean’s clenching hole.

Dean babbled something in response but couldn’t honestly be certain it was a coherent sentence. All his could focus on was Cas pressing inside, filling him up and stretching him more than he had ever been stretched before.

Cas gave him time enough to adjust, slipping in inch by inch, and for that Dean was grateful. But he could feel the trembling in the man’s body and knew what an effort it must be for him, what control he had to execute. And fuck that. Cas might be big enough to actually rupture Dean’s asshole if they weren’t careful and even though Dean wanted it rough he wasn’t into blood play but still, he fucking needed Cas to just let go.

Cas was braced on his arms, his head hung down and he was circling his hips slowly, his dick quivering inside Dean’s heat. And Dean couldn’t take the wait any longer. Having Cas inside was the best feeling ever but if he didn’t move it would soon turn agonizingly teasing and while Dean was all for that he didn’t want it in this moment.

So he wrapped his legs tight around Cas and clenched down on the man’s fat dick. "Fuck me." He growled when Cas gasped desperately at the constricting feeling. "I know you know how, Cas. Do it."

"Impudent." Cas groaned and gripped Dean’s hips in a bruising grip even as Dean braced himself against the headboard.

Cas pulled out slowly, the drag of his dick delicious on Dean’s insides, and then he promptly slammed back inside, bottoming out easily and Dean groaned with the force of it.
"Yes." He gasped and tried rolling his hips with Cas when the man sat a punishing pace but felt himself restricted by Cas’ hands.

Dean felt blindsided with how good it felt to have Cas pin him down. Cas left him no leeway to even take a fucking breath deep enough, he just pounded into Dean so hard even the bed jostled, for all its sturdiness.

"Moya prekrasnaya zhena." Cas snarled and Dean could do nothing but take the man’s dick and bare his throat submissively. He was well aware that he had claimed he wasn’t submissive but fuck if he wasn’t in bed. At least if it meant seeing Cas like this.

The man was sweaty, his neck taut and his hair ruffled. He bared his teeth when he saw how Dean submitted to him and Dean stared with lust-filled eyes at the rows of pearly white, already longing for them to be on his skin again. Biting, nipping, scarping. God, Dean was so fucking gone over this man it was ridiculous.

"Ty prinadlezhish mne." Cas stated again and bent down to lick at Dean’s throat. The angle made him hit Dean’s prostate dead on and Dean wailed when his pleasure went into overdrive. "I’ll have you anywhere, everywhere."

"Fucking yes, Cas." Dean moaned, shaking as he felt his fucking third orgasm approaching. Was this even for real? He was starting to think they had crashed with the car on the way over here, nothing could be this good.

"Dean." Cas gasped out and Dean could feel his dick jumping even as his hips stuttered erratically.

"So close, baby." Dean groaned and knew the man wasn’t far behind.

Then Cas leaned up and gathered Dean in his arms, sitting back on his heels while cradling Dean in his arms. It made his thrusting loose some of its ferocity but he was still pumping into Dean was steady thrusts, scraping Dean’s prostate to the point where Dean wanted to cry.

He snaked his arms around Cas’ neck and kissed him desperately. "Do it, Cas." He whispered against the man’s lips. "Come inside me, mark me."

"Moy." Cas pressed out and Dean could feel the man’s tight balls against his ass.

He carded his hand through Cas’ sweaty hair, the sex act suddenly much more tender and yes, Dean loved this just as much.

"And you’re mine, Cas. Only mine." He cooed and fuck if that didn’t do the trick for the older man.

Cas’ face contorted in a mask of pleasure-pain and he buried against Dean even as his dick released hotly inside Dean. He kept pumping throughout it and the feeling of his come splashing against Dean’s prostate did Dean in as well.

He reached a hand between their heaving stomachs and stroked himself twice before he came with a strangled groan, the orgasm wracked his body and his dick spurted out only a weak stripe of come to mingle with their sweat. Fucking hell, he felt like he had emptied his balls for at least a month to come.

He slumped against Cas and felt exhausted but happy-exhausted, the best feeling in the world. Cas soothed his hands up and down Dean’s back and lay little kisses on the side of Dean’s neck.

"You okay?" he rumbled after a while and Dean loved that he was still inside Dean; that they were
still connected.

He thought Cas’ question over and decided that yes, his ass would hurt in the morning and yes, his muscles would be sore but still, this had been too good. And while Cas had been afraid he would be too rough with Dean, Dean still thought the man could stand to get a little rougher. This had been awesome but for some reason he still thought Cas had held back and he longed to explore their limits. For now, however, he couldn’t be more content.

"Never better." He mumbled unattractively against Cas’ shoulder just as he felt a big blob of Cas’ come dribble out past the man’s soft dick. "You might have to carry me to the shower, though."

Cas chuckled at that and moved so that he could slide out of Dean. "Fine by me, I never got to carry you over the threshold.” He stated and arranged them so that he could rise from the bed with Dean in his arms, bridal style.

Dean blushed crimson but let the man carry him as he wished. Would most probably always let this man have his way with him, and would be content to know that Cas would always take care of him.

6 years later

Dean was waiting for Cas outside the Subway down on West 50th when he spotted someone inside he hadn’t seen in a long while. He waved enthusiastically when Benny noticing him staring and grinned widely when his old friend waved him over.

He checked the time on his phone before deciding that he had time. Cas had said to meet up at four thirty and there was still five minutes left. If there was one thing Dean could always count on it was Cas’ punctuality.

"Hey, man." He said when he came up to the table Benny was occupying by himself.

Benny stood up and pulled him into a tight hug. "Haven’t seen you in forever, brother." Benny exclaimed and bid Dean sit down. Dean took the chair beside Benny’s so he could see out the window and Benny didn’t seem to mind. "What happened to you? How you doin’?"

"I’m good." Dean said with a genuinely happy smile because he wasn’t as much good as he was fucking awesome. The last six years with Cas had been tough on the work front but rewarding and their relationship was even better. Dean couldn’t honestly think of anyone he’d rather be with. "I got married and Sam’s in Stanford, studying." He said proudly and delighted in Benny’s impressed expression.

"Stanford? Scholarship?"

"I paid for it." Dean smirked, feeling particularly good about that. John hadn’t been very happy that Sam wanted out of their life but Dean got it and the old man did too, deep down. It had felt fucking awesome telling his brother he could go when Sam was about ready to throw his acceptance letter in the trash because of the tuition fee. John was making good money off the empire Pakhan had built with John’s help but "good money" and "money enough to spend on an expense I’m not getting anything back from" was a whole other matter. John could be an ass like that, Dean had reflected more than once.

"You paid for it?" Benny asked around mouthful of his sub.
"Well, me and my husband." Dean said casually because it was the truth but also because he liked bragging about Cas.

"Must be some man to tie you down." Benny leered and Dean looked down at the simple ring of white gold Cas had put on his finger that summer day six years ago.

"You have no idea." He mumble and looked up just in time to see Cas looking through the window and seeing Benny and Dean sitting shoulder to shoulder. He was frowning at the two of them and Dean smirked to himself, practically seeing the gears turning in Cas’ possessive mind. It wasn’t that he was jealous per se but he didn’t like other people ogling Dean and Dean liked egging the man on.

"Who’s McScowly out there?" Benny asked then and Dean laughed way more than was necessary and was rewarded with Cas pressing his full lips together.

"That’s my husband." He said and casually leaned closer to Benny.

"That him?" Benny squinted at Cas who squinted right the fuck back. If this went on any longer he would be stomping in here, demanding to know who Benny was. Fuck yes, Dean’s dick was already perking up. "Good catch, if a little old?"

"Oh he makes up for it." Dean stated lewdly and Benny turned to grin at Dean. "Listen, I’m gonna give you my phone number because we should meet up man, I miss hanging with you. But also," he leaned in much closer than he needed to reach one of the napkins to write his number on. "Cas fucks the best when he’s angry and nothing makes him angrier than when he thinks someone’s trying to get into my pants."

Benny blinked at him and then his grin turned lecherous. "Gotcha." He said and leaned over as if he was about to kiss Dean’s ear. "You go have fun with you man." He whispered and pulled the napkin out of Dean’s hands.

Dean chuckled and rose before he popped a boner for real. "If some angry Russians come knocking, you just send them to me, ‘kay?" he said as he left and Benny raised his eyebrow at him.

"What?"

"I’ll explain later." Dean flung over his shoulder. "Call me."

Cas was still scowling when Dean emerged from the Subway, smiling sunnily at the man.

"Having a lunch date?" Cas asked and Dean could hear he made an effort to sound casual. It was so adorable Dean barely resisted humping the man in the fucking street.

"I was waiting for you when I noticed Benny inside, couldn’t not go in, you know?" he said innocently and to his delight Cas turned to scowl even harder at Benny who of course was watching and waved happily at Cas.

"That’s Benny?"

"Yes."

"The Benny?"

"The Benny that took my virginity before you got the chance to, yes." Dean confirmed casually and totally scandalized two women who happened to walk by. He smirked at their appalled faces.
Cas’ scowl deepened to the point where Dean thought it ought to hurt. Oh he could already feel the phantom touches of Cas’ hand on his heated body. Fucking yes.

"What did you give him?"

"My phone number, I thought it would be fun to hang out."

Cas breathed out once, harshly and in a clear attempt to control himself. Dean loved how only he had this effect on the normally very stoic man.

"Ty prinadlezhish mne." Cas snarled and Dean rolled his eyes dramatically.

"Ya znayu." He snorted. "I just meant hanging out for coffee or something." He turned to look at Benny who was now making an effort at looking normal while he ate. Dean could tell he was enjoying this as much as Dean, albeit for different reasons. "Unless you’re up for a threesome? I don’t think Benny would mind."

Cas’ hand snapped out so fast Dean barely saw it and he clamped down on Dean’s neck, pulling him closer. "We will go home now and I’m going to tie you to the bed and fuck that boy right out of you mind." Cas hissed against Dean’s ear and Dean shuddered in his iron grip, pressing closer and not caring one fucking bit that they were on a crowded street in the middle of the afternoon. People were looking but somehow that made it better.

"Fuck yes." He pressed out and Cas’ eyes narrowed.

"I don’t like being played with." He rumbled and Dean’s dick quivered happily.

"Shut up, yes you do." Dean cheeked because he couldn't not when he was getting this riled up trying to rile Cas up. Fuck if the older man didn’t always have the upper hand when it came to these things.

Cas suddenly pressed their lips together, claiming Dean in one kiss. "Mine."

"Only yours." Dean agreed with a pitiful gasp and let himself be hauled to their city apartment.

Fucking yes, Cas was angry but Dean could see on his gait that he was just as aroused as Dean. This was going to be a fun evening, like every evening with Cas.

Chapter End Notes

Ty prinadlezhish mne = you belong to me
Moya prekrasnaya zhena = my beautiful wife
Moy = mine
Ya znayu = I know

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