That's Not the Sound Godzilla Makes...

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That's Not the Sound Godzilla Makes...

by thatwriterlady

Summary

Dean has had a long week at work. All he wants to do is kick back with a beer and watch a movie. Simple enough, right? Except those are not the roars of Godzilla coming through his Bluetooth speaker...

Cas is horny but is clueless as to how to get that nagging itch under his skin to disappear. He realizes that now that he lives alone, he can watch porn without risk of being caught by parents or siblings, so he kicks back with his laptop and the new Bluetooth speaker his brother sent him. Except he can't get the darn thing to work quite right...

Notes

So this one was a BLAST to brainstorm over. I really don't think I'm done with this one. So consider this the appetizer. Enjoy...
At the very end of the fic I will include bits of the brainstorming that went into planning out this fic, because there was A LOT of it. I am part of one of the most amazing Destiel groups on FB, and so glad to have such an amazing group of people to bounce ideas off of.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Cute Neighbors

It had been a long day. For the last three weeks Dean had been rewiring all of the electrical for the Starlight Hotel downtown and he had finally finished today. On the plus side, he’d earned a contract with their sister hotel downtown and that started next month. It was Friday and all he wanted to do was kick back with a six pack, watch a couple of movies, and relax. He was humming Metallica as he strode into his building, stopping first at his mailbox. As he unlocked his box, someone stepped up to the box next to him. He caught a glimpse of dark hair but his attention was brought back to the mail in his hand. There was a postcard from his brother. He locked the box and started for the stairs, reading it as he went. Sam had done so well in school that he’d decided to attend Oxford. Dean hadn’t seen his brother in two years but they talked all the time via Skype, emails and even postcards. If Sam saw something he thought Dean would like, he’d send it to him. Dean missed his brother terribly but he’d be coming home for Christmas this year, and in two years he’d be graduating, so it wasn’t that bad. He smiled as he read his brother’s message. Sam could be a real goofball. This card was going up on the fridge with the rest.

Cas watched his neighbor take his mail out of the box next to his own. He’d seen the man with the dark blonde hair and bright green eyes around the building several times since he had moved in several weeks earlier but they hadn’t actually spoken, and they didn’t speak now. It almost happened though. The man had been sorting through his mail when Cas walked up to collect his own, and they had almost made eye contact when something drew his attention back down to the papers and envelopes in his hand. Then the man was grinning and turning over a postcard. He couldn’t help but wonder about the man. Sometimes, like today he was dressed in gray work shirt and jeans. That led to believe the man did something with his hands. Maybe he was a plumber, or a mechanic. It intrigued him to imagine how the man might work with his hands. There were all sorts of jobs one could do with their hands. Trying to be as discreet as possible he watched his neighbor head for the stairs, disappearing out of sight as he read whatever was on that postcard. With a heavy sigh Cas opened his box and took out his own mail. Inside was a small box. The label said it was from his brother Gabe.

“What did you send me?” He murmured to himself as he turned the box over in his hands for a moment, wondering what was inside. After shutting the box and locking it, he started up to his own apartment.

The box turned out to contain several CD’s and a smaller box that held a wireless speaker. He popped one of the CD’s into his laptop and smiled when the soft sounds of Mozart began to play. There was a paper tucked into the case for the CD and a smaller envelope. Ignoring the envelope in favor of the note, he sat down on his couch, unfolded it as he began to read.

Cassie!

I wanted to let you know that I’m thinking about you, baby brother! A friend of mine likes classical and I asked him to burn these for me. I think you’ll like them. He considers them soothing and plays them in the operating room when he’s working. I gave them a listen and they’re very calming. I hope you like them too. I know you probably don’t have a television yet and are just using your laptop, and I remembered a conversation we had a few weeks back about how you couldn’t really hear movies when you played them, so the speaker I sent, it’s top of the line and should play your movies loud and clear for you. It’s not much but maybe when I’m in for Christmas that’ll be my gift
to you, a real TV.

I will try and call you Wednesday. We haven’t talked in a while and I’m about to start a 72 hour rotation and I plan to sleep away Tuesday, but I’ll try Wednesday. I miss talking to you. Are you seeing anyone? There has to be some single moms checking you out. You are a Novak after all, you inherited those crazy good looks. Of course you’re not quite as good looking as me, but we can’t all win now can we? (I hope you know I’m just kidding! I love you, bro!)

We’ll catch up soon. Enjoy the CD’s. One is Mozart, one is Chopin, and one is Tchaikovsky. I really like the Russian guy. Catch you later, gotta head in to work. Love ya!

Gabe

P.S.: I added a gift card in for you too. Can’t have you still trying to survive on college cuisine. It will hopefully tide you over until you start getting a few paychecks. Congrats on the new job!

Cas smiled so wide his cheeks were hurting as he read his brother’s note. He pulled the box with the speaker out of his brother’s care package and opened it. It was a round, black speaker about the size of a baseball, and he had no idea how to use it. It called for batteries but also had the option to plug it into the computer via a USB cord. He had some batteries and he wanted to see just how far away he could set the speaker and still hear it. If he laid on his bed with his laptop he wanted to be able to put the speaker on the table next to the bed. The USB cord wouldn’t allow for that, it was much too short. He read the instructions but they were really vague. Putting the batteries in proved to be simple enough but connecting it to his computer was confusing. For a few brief seconds it worked and his apartment filled with the sounds of Symphony No. 40 in G Minor, but then it was gone.

“What the heck am I doing wrong?” He pressed the button on the top of the speaker again and once more it reconnected. Satisfied that his problem was fixed he set about making himself dinner. Thank God Gabe had sent a gift card because he was nearly out of everything. He found a can of loaded baked potato soup in the cabinet, a gift from his mother, and opened it. Once it was warmed up he carried the pot with him back to the living room and curled up on the couch to listen to the music as he ate.

The speaker turned out to be amazingly clear and the listening experience was indeed much more pleasant than if he had tried to listen to it strictly on his laptop. When his soup was finished he set the pot down on the coffee table and laid back to listen to the music. To some it may have seemed like a sad and lonely way to spend his Friday night but he didn’t really have very many friends. Meg was busy finishing up her last year of school before she traveled to the other end of the country to start her new job, and Alfie worked two jobs to make ends meet. They couldn’t get together very often and that did make him sad but he was comfortable being alone. Did he wish he had someone to cuddle up to? Sure. Did he have someone to cuddle up to? Nope. His mind kept turning back to the man with the bright green eyes that lived next door to him. Cas had been here two weeks now and really hadn’t met any of his neighbors, though he really wished he could find the courage to talk to the man next door.

At twenty four Cas often wondered if he should have had more experience than he already had. He still didn’t know what he liked, or how to go about even figuring it out. His entire life had revolved around school. From the time he started kindergarten clear up until he graduated college all he had focused on was absorbing as much information as he possibly could. There hadn’t been time for parties and dates, sex and what so many of his classmates had called “experimenting”. He’d been so afraid of disappointing his parents again. They’d already been upset when he’d chosen a degree in education rather than medicine, but they came around. Now they were displeased that the only job he’d been able to get this year was at a privately owned preschool. He was teaching pre-kindergarten
and he really did enjoy it, but he was aiming to teach elementary grades. Applications had been submitted to every school in the area and he hoped one of them would call about an opening before the next school year. He had faith that a job somewhere would open up. In the meantime that left him with a lot of time to figure himself out. Maybe he was just a late bloomer but now that he had time to himself he was horny *all the darn time!* Even now he could feel the itch under his skin, a need to be touched, even if it was his own touch. With a sigh he picked up his laptop and carried it into his bedroom. The speaker disconnected before he reached the room. He set the laptop on the bed and went back for it.

For the next hour Cas surfed the internet trying to find something, *anything* interesting to watch, but he kept coming up empty. He wasn’t in the mood for movies, he wasn’t in the mood for YouTube videos, and he wasn’t in the mood for online games. The itch under his skin was downright annoying now and he pushed at his half hard cock in annoyance. A thought then occurred to him. Growing up his brothers had always watched porn. More than a few times he’d heard them beating off to the soft moans of some woman on their computer or phone screens. He’d always been too scared to try pulling that kind of stuff up when he lived at his parents’ house, but now? Now he could totally pull up porn and no one would know what he was watching! The decision was made; he was going to look for some porn to watch.
Chapter Summary

Dean is kicking back watching his movie when he heard the familiar sounds of porn spilling out of his speaker. The kicker? He recognizes the movie. It's a gay porn he has watched before...

Chapter Notes

*Smirks*

Enjoy

Dean whipped up a box of macaroni and cheese, mixing in some left over ground turkey he had in the fridge and carried his food to his room. There was chili simmering in the crock pot, made ahead of time so he would have meals for the rest of the weekend, and maybe lunch Monday too. He had already showered, ridding himself of the grease and dirt that came with the job so he settled onto his bed and powered the laptop up. Tonight felt like an action movie night so he spent a good ten minutes looking for something to watch. He grinned when he came across Godzilla. After double checking to make sure it was the version with Matthew Broderick and not that really shitty remake, he loaded the movie up and laid back against the pillows to eat his food. The bowl was empty by the time Godzilla made a real appearance and Dean found himself thoroughly engrossed in the movie. The blonde playing Matthew’s girlfriend was cute. She reminded him Sam’s girlfriend Jess, but the real reason he’d chosen to watch this particular movie was because he’d had a crush on Matthew since he was a kid. How could he not? The guy was adorable! Plus he liked seeing the carnage that the giant lizard reaped. Special effects had always interested him. He paused the movie during the scene with the new hatchlings tearing up The Dome to go and grab a beer, but a minute later he was back on the bed and hitting play again. The action was fast paced and moved fluidly as the people all ran for their lives.

“Oh, here comes Big Mama, you done pissed her off now!” He chuckled at the screen as Godzilla appeared again. She opened her mouth to scream and-

Low moans and grunts emanated from Dean’s Bluetooth speaker that he had hooked up to the computer so he could hear the movie louder. He shot up so fast beer sloshed out of his bottle.

“What the fuck?!”

The sound of skin slapping on skin told him exactly what he was hearing, even if the moans and grunts didn’t.

“Oh…fuck me harder, Father! Make me pay for my sins!” A man moaned.

A man.
Dean looked around confused. Godzilla was still playing on his screen, but he was hearing porn. Not just any porn either. It was gay porn. Suddenly the sound of two men screaming and climaxing disappeared. He pressed the button on the top of his speaker with a shaky hand and the sounds of his movie came back. The movie was forgotten though. Where had the porn come from, and how did it come through his speaker?

Then it dawned on him. The corners of his mouth twitched upwards as he realized what had happened. He paused his movie and set his bottle of beer on the nightstand. The new guy, the one he’d only caught fleeting glimpses of since he’d moved in a few weeks earlier was sitting on the other side of his bedroom wall watching gay porn, and probably jacking off. The very thought of it made Dean’s own cock throb. He got up on his knees and pressed his ear to the wall behind his bed. It was very faint but there was really cheesy music, and voices talking. He recognized the music.

“Oh, fuck, I gotta know who this guy is.” Dean made an executive decision. He got up and threw a clean pair of jeans on and ran his fingers through his hair. He was going to go knock on his neighbor’s door.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are always welcome!
Cas found a website that swore it offered free porn. It didn’t, so he moved on, finding new links and some less than stellar videos. Eventually he found himself on a website called Tumblr. He had followed a link to it and various blogs showed short videos. The itch under his skin was growing worse but none of the videos were satisfying. How did other men watch this stuff and get off on it? He scrolled down the page looking for something, anything that piqued his curiosity. The group sex videos were awful. He hated the very concept, and the hetero sex was dull at best. Lesbian porn seemed unbelievably fake.

Then he found one.

The reason it caught his eye was because the first man that came up on the screen looked like his next door neighbor, the handsome green-eyed man he still felt too shy to even say hello to. He clicked on the video and at first he wondered if his speakers had stopped working because there was no sound at all, but soon he realized it was because the man was alone, not talking. Dressed in what looked like priest’s robes, the man walked into a room where another man was kneeling and praying. Cas felt dirty just for watching as far as he had, and he was only thirty seconds in, but the man was attractive and he wanted to see what would happen. He waited for a woman dressed as a nun to walk in, or perhaps a lady in her Sunday finest, but a minute in and there wasn’t one. The man kneeling lifted his head to look at the priest, and Cas gasped. The man was a second priest, but that wasn’t what had caught him off guard. What threw him was that the man looked like him, right down to the unruly hair and blue eyes, though the man in the video’s hair was lighter, and his eyes were more of a blue gray than Cas’ own deep blue ones. As the green-eyed priest entered the room he came to a stop mere inches from the blue-eyed priest. Cas was fairly certain people didn’t willingly stand that close to one another unless they were intimate in some way, but the two men on screen were staring hard into one another’s eyes. The blue eyed priest’s hands came up to rest on the other man’s hips, rubbing soft circles against the black fabric of his pants as he looked up to see the other priest watching him. His hands moved from hips to the fly on his pants. Cas inhaled sharply when he felt his own dick twitch in anticipation. This particular video was just men! The thrill that ran through him was incredible, and he watched eagerly as the kneeling priest worked the zipper down slowly before reaching in to pull out the cock hiding inside.

Cas was faintly aware that now there was music in the background, but it wasn’t interesting in the
slightest. No, the only thing that mattered was the hard cock being pulled out of the priest’s pants and
the plush, pink mouth that was closing around it. He whimpered and palmed at his own dick. He was
hard now, almost painfully so, and he had to unzip his own pants to relieve some of the pressure. As
a precaution he had brought a hand towel in from the bathroom and after pushing his boxers and
pants down to his knees, he laid the towel across his stomach. There was no extra money to do
laundry, not till he got paid, so getting semen stains on his bed linens or clothes was not an option.
He imagined what it would be like to push his hot neighbor up against a wall and drop down to his
knees in front of him like his Doppelganger was currently doing to suck on his cock. A soft moan
escaped his lips as he fumbled in the nightstand drawer for his bottle of lube. He nearly cried out in
triumph as his fingers closed around the bottle.

The liquid was cool in his hand but it warmed quickly as he moved it around. On screen the kneeling
priest was going to town, bobbing and sucking, licking across the head of the standing man’s cock
until the green eyed priest was moaning loudly and grabbing the hair of the man on his knees as he
thrust into the man’s mouth. Cas wrapped his hand around his own length and with absolutely no
patience for building up to an orgasm began pumping as fast as he could. On the screen the two
priests were stripping down, talking softly to one another as they kissed and nipped at one another’s
throats. With a choked yelp, Cas came. He was panting hard, trying to catch his breath and calm his
heart down. His eyes drifted back to the men on the screen. What were they saying? He couldn’t
hear them at all. He paused the video and got himself cleaned up. Part of him wanted to stop the
video, roll over and go to sleep but the itch, while momentarily soothed, was still present, and he was
curious about where the two men on the screen were going to take things. Was it really going to stay
just between them or was anyone else going to join them? He really, really hoped no one else came
into the scene. His fantasy of his hot neighbor was still fresh in his head, and he wanted to see these
two pseudo priests screw their brains out.

The need to finish the video outweighed his desire for sleep, so he hit play again. His cock laid soft
against his thigh but watching the men kissing and touching in places he had only ever dreamt about
was making the itch come back with a force. As the green eyed priest walked the other man back
towards a bed across the room and urged him to lay down, Cas took his balls in his hand, rolling
them gently as he pictured himself lying down and his green eyed neighbor crawling up the bed to
hover over him like the man on the screen was doing.

“F-fuck…” It slipped from his lips so softly he wondered if it had just been his imagination. The
sounds coming from the computer though were too low. He needed to hear what the green eyed
priest was whispering to the other man so he reached over for the speaker. On the screen the blue
eyed man was moaning as two fingers were slid inside his slick hole, pumping in and out as they
opened him up. Cas moaned as he wondered what it would feel like to have that done to him. Would
it hurt? Would it feel amazing? The man in the video sure seemed to like it.

“Damn it!” He hissed as he tried to get the speaker to work. It wasn’t connecting like it was
supposed to. He hit the connect button again.

A blood curdling roar, like some furious, man-eating creature came spilling out of the speaker. He
jumped so hard he nearly knocked the laptop right off the bed.

“Oh God!” He stared at the speaker for a moment before looking at the computer screen in
confusion. What was going on? This wasn’t from the video at all! He reached for the speaker and hit
the connect button again. The sound of two men talking urgently about running and hiding spilled
out.

“Oh, come on!” Hitting the connect button wasn’t doing anything, so he just shut it off. Stupid
technology. He was irritated now. He’d missed the rest of the blue-eyed priest’s prepping, and now
the green-eyed priest had him up on his hands and knees as he plowed into him from behind. As he debated on backing the video up to catch what he had missed, someone knocked on his door. He froze. Had someone heard him? No, that was impossible. The walls weren’t *that* thin, and his laptop volume was pathetic, so that was impossible. He quickly pulled up his boxers and pants, careful to zip them and button them before getting up from the bed.

Cas made his way through the living room to the door. He was still wondering who could possibly be at his door since he never had any visitors as he opened the door. The man standing on the other side was the *last* person he expected to see.

Chapter End Notes

You're welcome. ^_^

:Leave a comment if you like, you know I love them.
Dean leaned against the door frame after he had knocked and waited. If the guy was doing what he thought the guy was doing, it would take him a minute to get to the door. He smirked just thinking about it. As he waited he wondered what the guy looked like. Would he be hot? Would he be nice? What if he was a dick? He hoped the guy was at least bi. Chances were good that he was since he was sitting in his apartment watching gay porn. There was a thump from somewhere inside the apartment and then he could hear footsteps approaching. The moment the door swung open, all words left him. Whatever witty, flirty comment he’d been ready to make was lost the moment he found himself looking into wide blue eyes.

“Oh!” the man gasped. Just that little sound jerked Dean out of his shock. He swallowed and pushed off the door frame.

“Oh, hi.” Since when was Dean Winchester shy? The man was still sort of gaping at him as though he found it impossible that Dean could possibly be knocking on his door. When the man didn’t respond he cleared his throat and gave a small smile.

“I’m Dean.”

The man finally blinked. His mouth closed and he ran his tongue over his lower lip as he took in a deep breath.

“Hello, Dean. Um, is there something I can help you with?” he asked. Dean arched one brow as the man asked his question. As if the drop-dead gorgeous face wasn’t enough, the guy’s voice was deep as hell! Probably had a smoking hot body too, and just to spite him, the dude was probably straight. That was how Dean’s luck usually went.

“Well…and I don’t want to come off seeming like a jerk, because I’m really not, but…are you…watching…porn?” Dean winced when the man’s eyes nearly bugged right out of his head and he gasped. His jaw actually dropped, and he took a step back as though he’d been slapped.

“Oh God! Oh God! Oh. My. GOD!” The man was repeating this little mantra as his face flushed ten shades of red. In a moment of panic he slapped his hands over his face though the words continued to spill from his lips.
“Hey, it’s ok. I’m not judging you at all. In fact, I’ve seen that exact video you’re watching. It’s definitely one of the better ones.”

Blue eyes peeked up at him from behind his hands.

“You…”

Dean smiled and nodded. “Uh, yeah. Look, I’m guessing you were trying to use a Bluetooth device of some kind, right? Your bedroom must back right up to mine. I was lying in my bed watching Godzilla and using my own Bluetooth speaker when…” He blushed and rubbed the back of his neck nervously. “Your movie sounds came over my speaker.”

“Oh my God.” The man groaned and covered his eyes again. “This is so embarrassing.” He finally dropped his hands and Dean was a bit startled by how red the man’s face was. “I suppose that explains why I heard what sounded like a monster suddenly coming from my own speaker. I apologize, I don’t know how to use the speaker properly, it was a gift from my brother that I just received today.”

“It’s cool. I could show you the right way to use it, if you want.” Dean shrugged.

“Oh, um…” The man looked away shyly and Dean took a moment to get a good look at him. He was wearing a white dress shirt and black dress pants, a black and yellow striped tie hung loose around his neck, and he had to smile when he noticed it was on backwards. A tiny bee was pinned to the pocket over his left breast. He looked to Dean like he had just stepped right out of Hogwarts. The fact that he was barefoot and his toes were pulling nervously at the carpet under his feet just made him even more endearing.

“What’s your name? You only recently moved in, right?” he asked. Those blue eyes turned to look at him again.

“Oh, yes, I’ve only been here a couple of weeks. M-my name is Castiel, but most everyone calls me Cas.”

Dean took a small step forward, but not enough of one to actually enter the apartment, and held out a hand.

“It’s nice to meet you, Cas. Shame I didn’t meet you sooner, I’d have helped you move in if I’d been home at the time.”

Cas eyed the hand being offered a moment before reaching out to shake it. “It’s very nice to meet you as well. I just…I wish it were under less embarrassing circumstances. I fear what you must think of me. This is humiliating.” He dropped his eyes to the carpet again, still thoroughly embarrassed.

“It’s not that big a deal, man. It was actually kind of funny. I’m not going to judge you. Like I said before, I’ve watched that same video. More than a few times. It’s how I recognized the music.” Dean blushed and shoved his hands into his pockets.

“Yes, you did say that,” Cas nodded. He took a small step forward. “It’s my first time.”

“Watching that video?” Dean asked.

“Watching porn at all,” Cas confessed.

“Really? Well, most of it sucks. At least you found a decent one.”
Cas looked away again shyly.

“Sorry, not trying to embarrass you. It’s a weird conversation, right? Sorry. So, Cas, what do you do for a living?”

Cas looked up, surprised by the question. “I am a teacher. I teach pre-kindergarten at a private school. I am hoping to get into an elementary school next year. For now this was all I could get.”

“You…teach children?” Dean couldn’t help the smile that made its way onto his face. “That’s awesome, man.”

Cas smiled shyly. “I…like working with children, shaping their young minds and filling them with knowledge.”

“I thought about teaching. I love kids,” Dean said.

“Um, would you like to come in? I feel rude making you stand in the doorway like this.”

Dean stepped into the apartment and closed the door behind him. Cas had stepped back, putting some space between them but at least he was back to looking Dean in the eye.

“Thanks,” Dean said as he put his hands back in his pockets. He didn’t want to make the man uncomfortable.

“Would you like some tea? It’s really all I have at the moment. That and water,” Cas offered.

“Sure, I like tea,” Dean lied. Truth was, he hated it. It was just hot water to him. Cas motioned for Dean to follow him, and they walked into the kitchen.

“Please, sit. It will only take a few minutes.” He motioned towards the table in the center of the room.

“This is awesome! It’s vintage, where did you get this?” Dean said as he looked at the table and chairs. Cas was filling the tea kettle but he looked over at the table.

“Oh, it was my grandparents’. When they passed away my mother inherited all of their furniture and they had it stored in the basement. When I moved in here I got a few things. The couch in the living room is circa 1960 and used to be covered in plastic, but I couldn’t stand the way it stuck to my skin when I sat on it so I took it off. My bedroom furniture was theirs too, though the mattress was mine already.” Cas blushed at the mention of his bed and turned his attention back to the kettle. When it was filled he turned the faucet off and carried the kettle back to the stove. Once it was turned on he sat down in the chair to the right of the one Dean had taken.

“I love all things vintage. You should come over sometime; I’ll show you my record player and albums. They belonged to my dad when he was a kid, and before him the record player and some of the records belonged to my grandfather. Oh, and I drive a ’67 Chevy Impala. That’s my baby,” Dean said proudly.

“Wow, I’d…like that. So you like music from earlier eras?” Cas asked.

“I love classic rock especially, but I have all kinds of records,” Dean replied. Cas smiled.

“I-I like classic rock as well.” He folded his hands on the table in front of him and looked over at Dean. “Can I ask, what do you do for a living? I’ve seen you around the building and you appeared to be in some sort of uniform.”
Dean preened at the fact that Cas had noticed him. He wished he’d noticed Cas sooner. “I have an electrical engineering degree, but now I’m just working as an electrician. I have a deal going with the landlord. I negotiated to get my rent lowered. If anyone has any electrical problems, I will fix them. So, if you happen to have issues, just let me know. I handle some plumbing and other repairs too, but mostly I work on the electric.”

“Is that hard? Working on electrical? Do you like what you do?” Cas was genuinely curious.

“It comes second nature to me, what I do for a living, and yes, I do like what I do. I got a job with the electric company right out of college but my dad, he’s an electrician and makes pretty good money, so for a year I worked for him, then I moved here and went into business for myself. I do much better than I did working for the light company. I just scored another account, a hotel chain. So maybe I’m not putting my degree to the right use, but I’m financially stable and saving up for my own house, so it works for me.”

“Would it be rude of me if I asked how old you are?” Cas winced and hoped he didn’t make the other man angry with his question.

“No, it’s alright. I’m twenty eight. What about you, you fresh out of college?”

“Oh, no, I’m twenty four. I actually completed my BA in three years, so I went on to get my Masters. Earned that and went about searching for a job. So I did in six years what usually takes eight, but really, I have no life. This is the first time in my life where I wasn’t swamped with homework or busy studying for tests. I don’t know what to do with myself,” Cas sighed. The kettle began to whistle so he went about preparing the tea.

“So you decided to watch porn instead of going out with your friends?” Dean kept his teasing gentle, smiling when the other man blushed and ducked his head. Cas carried two steaming mugs back to the table, setting one down in front of Dean.

“I really don’t have any friends. My parents are all about earning an education. I upset them with my decision to become a teacher, but once they got over that they continued to push me to keep at my studies. As a child I really didn’t ever get out. I was always studying. Once in a while my brother Gabe would drag me out, telling me I worked too hard, and we’d go see a movie or get ice cream or something, but the moment we were back at the house I was told to go to my room and study. So I did. I graduated top of my class, was valedictorian because my father would accept nothing less than all three of his sons being top of the class. I thought things would relax when I got to college but, they didn’t. I just kept at it. I missed the parties, the fun games, the trips out to the bars. Then I was graduating with my BA. I thought it would be enough but my dad was pushing me to get my Masters. So I did. He tried to push me for a doctorate, but I finally stood up for myself and refused. I was tired. I needed some time to just….” He waved absently with the hand that wasn’t wrapped around his mug of tea.

“To live?” Dean offered. Cas nodded.

“Yes. And now that I don’t have all of that studying to do, I feel lost. I’ve never…” He bit down on his lower lip and shook his head. “Never mind.”

“I get it. I know what it’s like to be pressured. I have a younger brother who’s a virtual genius. Growing up all I ever heard was ‘Why can’t you study like Sam?’ or ‘Sam’s not going out with his friends, he knows his education is his priority. Why can’t you be like your brother?’ Sam’s younger than me, and he’s currently working on his Masters. He was the valedictorian for his class too. I did well, but not that well. I did as well as I could to try and please my parents. My dad, he wanted me to be a doctor or a lawyer. I like working with my hands though. I used to apprentice with him in high
school, and I just loved doing it. I decided working on transformers and coming up with new and more efficient ways to use energy would satisfy me, but I like what I do. I leave being a lawyer up to Sammy. My parents, they get it now and they don’t really do that anymore, and I am happy, for the most part.” Dean picked his mug up, smiling as the smell of oranges and cloves hit his nose. The first sip had him pleasantly surprised. “Wow, this is good.”

“So you’re not from here?” Cas asked. Dean shook his head.

“No, but I’ve been here since I graduated. I like it here.”

“Do you have a lot of friends?”

“Yes and no. Real friends? I have maybe three. The rest are more acquaintances. I don’t get out much, as you can tell. I was sitting at home on a Friday night watching Godzilla. Alone.”

“I’m just figuring out what I like and don’t like. All these movies people talk about, I’ve hardly ever seen any at all, and people rave about so many that I feel like I need to watch them all, so that I have something to talk about. Music, now music I know. I played my iPod constantly when I was studying. Music was something my parents never begrudged me, and for that I am thankful,” Cas said.

Dean wanted to know if Cas was into guys. The man seemed socially awkward but not necessarily gay, and he had no idea how to bring the topic up. For a few minutes they sat in silence, drinking their tea before he felt ready to burst if he didn’t find out.

“So, Cas, why that particular video? If it’s too personal, I apologize. I’m told I’m too curious for my own good sometimes.”

Cas eyed him for a moment over the rim of his cup before taking another sip and setting it back down on the table.

“Would you believe that I have never been on a date?”

“Actually, after what you told me about your parents, no, I’m really not surprised,” Dean replied. Cas nodded.

“Yes, well, I’m only human, and while I’d rather not talk about my needs with someone I just met… I was simply trying to find some kind of release. I looked through a dozen or so videos but they weren’t, um, helping, I guess you could say.” Cas was blushing again and staring into his cup.

“But that one did? Help, I mean.” Dean was a curious bastard. Sometimes he thought it was his own worst trait. Cas gave a tiny nod.

“So…straight porn, didn’t float your boat,” Dean guessed.

“No, it did not,” Cas replied quietly.

“Are you interested? In men?”

Cas squeezed his eyes shut and pressed his lips together tightly. Dean thought he wasn’t going to answer, but then he gave another almost imperceptible nod.

“Oh, cool. Me too,” Dean said casually, and took another sip of his tea. Those blue eyes flew open and he looked up at Dean again.
“Are you…I don’t know if it’s appropriate to ask or not…” Cas frowned and looked at the floor as he weighed whether it was polite to ask someone if they were gay, but then Dean was speaking again.

“I am not gay, I am bisexual. I like men and women. I figure it’s alright since we’re already on the topic. What about you?”

Cas honestly didn’t know, so he said as much. “I don’t know. In high school I had a crush on this girl in my chemistry class, but it wasn’t super deep. She was pretty and she was nice. But I wasn’t picturing her naked or anything.”

“Did you picture anyone that way back then?” Dean asked. Cas thought about that for a moment.

“Scott Fields. He was captain of the Lacrosse team.”

“Ah. Well, it’s not like it really matters. We like who we like, and it’s really no one else’s business. My dad gave me flack the first time I dated a guy but I told him it’s my life, and I’ll date the people that I’m attracted to and that make me happy. Eventually he relaxed, but that’s mostly because my mom came to my defense,” Dean said.

“Do you date a lot?” Cas asked.

“I did in college, but not so much anymore. Now I work, play video games, watch TV, hang out with my friends. I’m really dull I guess, huh?”

“No, not at all. You certainly lead a more eventful life than I do. The school year has just started so I am only getting my first paycheck next Friday. I can’t wait. It’s not going to be huge but I have so many things I need and want that I’m really excited,” Cas told him.

“Big plans for that first check, eh? What do you want to do with it?” Dean asked.

“I need to do laundry, for starters, but once that’s done, I want to buy some new clothes. All I really have are my work clothes and like two pairs of jeans. I would like a couple of new pillows too, and get some more food. My brother sent me a gift card so I can get some more. I’m glad too because I just ate my last can of soup.” Cas smiled a little wider. “Of course, then I have to put aside half of it for the rent, and pay my light bill and internet. So it’ll go quickly, I think.”

“Been there, done that. Hopefully your next job will pay better. It should, especially since you have your masters.”

Cas hummed in agreement and took another sip of his tea. He wished he had something to snack on. His stomach gurgled, telling him that the soup clearly had not been enough.

“Are you hungry?” Dean asked.

“Oh, sorry, you heard that?” Cas was embarrassed. Again.

“I think the entire floor heard it,” Dean joked. Cas chuckled and smiled.

“It’s fine. I’ll go to the store in the morning and get something with the gift card.”

“Hey, why don’t you come over to my place? I have a crock pot full of homemade chili waiting. Do you like chili?” Dean asked.

“Well, yes, but I don’t want to impose.” Chili sounded wonderful, but he didn’t want to take
advantage.

“You’re not imposing if I’m offering. Come on. Bring your tea with.” Dean stood up, finishing off the last of his own cup before setting it in the sink. Cas stood up and followed him back into the living room and to the door.

Once they were in Dean’s apartment he motioned for Cas to follow him to the kitchen. The rich scent of tomatoes and spices filled the entire apartment, and Cas’ stomach rumbled louder. Dean poured them both a heaping bowl and motioned for Cas to follow him back into the living room where they sat down on the couch.

“Do you like pie?” Dean asked as they sat down.

“Yes, why?”

“I made one a few days ago, and I still have a couple of slices left. I thought we could have some for dessert,” Dean replied. Cas smiled and this time it was wide. Dean thought the man might possibly be the most beautiful person he had ever seen in his life.

“I would like that very much. What kind?”

“Apple. I like to bake and use whatever fruit is in season. It’s the end of summer, beginning of fall, so apples are cheap right now.” Dean spooned some of the chili into his mouth and watched Cas as he took his first bite. Hearing the man groan surprised him.

“This is delicious! I believe I need to invest in one of those crock pots!” Cas quickly spooned another bite into his mouth.

Dean smiled as he watched the man eat. Cas had really been hungry. The bowl was gone in a matter of minutes.

“Want some more?” Dean asked. Cas seemed hesitant to agree so he went ahead and plucked the empty bowl from his hands and went to refill it.

“Eat up,” he said as he handed the bowl back. This time he had included a thick slice of Italian bread.

“Thank you, Dean. You’re very good at making chili. My mother always served us the kind in a can. She never made it homemade,” Cas said as he started on his second bowl. This time he ate slower.

“I was in the kitchen cooking with my mom almost since I could walk. I like to cook.” Dean finished his own bowl and set it on the coffee table.

“I don’t know how to cook. If it doesn’t come from a can or can’t be made in a microwave, I have no clue how to prepare it. It’s sad, really,” Cas said as he set his empty bowl on the table next to Dean’s.

“It’s not sad at all. You’ll learn, even if it’s only because you finally get tired of canned soup and microwaveable pizzas.” Dean relaxed a bit, draping one arm over the back of the couch. Cas seemed relaxed, but he wasn’t sure if the man had a clue at all that he was interested.

Cas looked around the room, his eyes lingering for a moment on the record player Dean had mentioned earlier before looking at the pictures on the walls. All that hung on the walls of his own apartment were his diplomas. Oh, and a picture of him with his brothers Gabe and Mike at the beach a few summers before. One of the few days he had taken for himself and just gone out to have fun.
Dean’s walls were covered in pictures. He noticed a picture of Dean with his arms wrapped around a girl with flaming red hair. They looked cozy.

“Is that your girlfriend?” he asked, nodding towards the picture. Dean followed his gaze to the picture in question.

“No, that’s Charlie, my best friend. She’s like a sister to me. Plus she’s gay. I’m not her type, and I wouldn’t be interested either. We grew up together.”

“Oh, that’s nice to have someone like that. I have a friend I met in college. Only friend I met, actually, and I doubt we’d even be friends if she weren’t so darn persistent. Her name is Meg. I wouldn’t say we’re like siblings, but in general we understand one another. She’s mad that I graduated before her. She’s eager to be done with her own masters degree.” Cas grinned as he thought of the last conversation they’d had right before he graduated. She had honest to God pouted over having to stay there another year.

“Hey, Cas?”

He turned to look at Dean, a soft smile still on his lips. “Hmm?”

“I was wondering, would you maybe like to go out this weekend? Maybe to the flea market or something?”

The look of surprise on Cas’ face just made the man look even more adorable.

“In what context are you asking?”

“Well, I was asking you on a date. If you don’t want to, that’s ok. But I’m at least hoping we can be friends.” Dean’s stomach was in a knot, but he wasn’t going to let the other man know that. Cas’ eyes widened even farther.

“A date?”

Dean nodded, cocking his head forward a bit. “Yeah?”

Cas bit down softly on his lower lip as he tried to hide his smile. “I would like that very much.”

Dean relaxed, the knot in his gut untying itself. “Good, I’m so glad you said yes.”

“Can I tell you something?” Cas asked. His cheeks were a rosy red so whatever it was, he was feeling embarrassed about it.

“Sure.”

“I sort of…” Cas pinched the bridge of his nose and closed his eyes. “I’ve sort of being thinking about you since I first saw you shortly after I moved in. I…thought you were very handsome.” He dropped his hand and opened his eyes to see Dean grinning at him.

“Dude, you should have told me! I get so caught up in work and stuff that I miss things going on around me. Trust me, if I’d seen you sooner I’d have asked you out that much faster. You’re gorgeous, Cas. Seriously. But talking to you, I think you’re really nice too, and that makes it all the better.”

Cas’ toes plucked at the carpet under his feet as he smiled back. “Oh. I am sorry I didn’t approach you first.”
“Well, we’re here now, right? That’s what matters,” Dean said. Cas’ cheeks ached from smiling so much, but it felt good. He was happy.

“I agree, yes, that is what matters.”

Chapter End Notes

Ok, so technically this was where I had planned to end things, but I am going to keep going. I know you all want them to get together, and so they shall. That being said, I need to actually WRITE the next chapter. So the next chapter will be a nervous Cas freaking out. I haven't decided yet where they are going to go yet, but further brainstorming is welcome! I'll incorporate what I can.
Dating Jitters

Chapter Summary

Cas panics over his date with Dean and contacts his friend for advice.

Chapter Notes

I know, I know, I'm so behind on these fics, but I've not been well lately. I'm sorry! I'm trying though to catch back up. I hope you enjoy the chapter. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Cas paced his living room as he tried to control his breathing. Why had he said yes? Sure, Dean was hot and nicer than he could have ever dreamed, but he’d never been on a date! What did people even do on dates? In a panic he pulled out his phone. If it wasn’t for the fact that his brother paid his monthly bill he wouldn’t even have a phone, so he was very grateful to the man. Now that he had it out, he pulled up his Facebook Messenger app. He shot a quick message off to Meg, praying she was awake.

Cas: Freaking out here! HELP! I got ASKED OUT TONIGHT!

Right away he saw her circle slide down on the right, telling him she had seen his message. The next thing he knew, she was video messaging him using the app. He accepted the call and a moment later her face was filling his screen.

“Say what?! Who asked you out? Is she hot? Must be headstrong if she did the asking,” Meg laughed. He could see her dorm room behind her.

“Uh, it’s…it’s not a girl.” His cheeks were burning at the admission but Meg didn’t even so much as bat an eye.

“Is he hot?”

Cas bit his lower lip and nodded. “H-he’s gorgeous.”

Meg threw her head back and laughed. “Good! I can’t wait to see what he looks like. Tell me all about him.”

Cas stopped pacing and sat down on his couch. It didn’t take him very long to explain what had happened and he smiled when he saw her wincing on his behalf as he told her how Dean had come knocking on his door right after that.

“And he asked you out after that?” she asked.

“Not exactly. I invited him in and we had tea, but I was hungry, like my stomach growled so loud even he heard it, so he invited me back to his place because he had a crock pot full of chili, and I had two bowls.” He did feel much better after eating that.
“Dude, you’re going to be so gassy later,” she laughed.

“Shut up.” He chuckled with her.

“So did you kiss him? Did you jump his bones? If he’s that hot…” She was teasing, he knew this, but he blushed again anyway.

“No I did not! Meg! I’ve never…” He glared at her. “You know I’ve never!”

She sighed and she saw as she flopped back on her bed. “Clarence, darling, you need some experience but I guess kissing the first guy to ever ask you out five minutes after you meet him isn’t the smartest idea. So why are you freaking out? Dating is the easy part.”

“I’ve never been on a date! What do people even do on them? Am I going to be expected to hold hands or let him put his arm around me? Do I let him kiss me? Do I get to kiss him? What the fuck do I do?!” He groaned and slid down until he was lying on the couch. “I don’t want to fuck this up.”

“Well, for starters, relax,” she said.

“Easier said than done,” he complained.

“Where is he taking you tomorrow?”

“He said we’d go out, maybe to a flea market or something. I hardly go out so I don’t even know what is going on in the area,” he replied.

“Well, why don’t you see if there are any street fests or carnivals in the area? Hang on, I’ll check for you.” She had laid the phone down and was typing away on her computer. He could still see her, but it was at a very weird angle.

“Ah ha! There’s a festival downtown all weekend but tomorrow is when they have an antique car show. It’s ten to get in though.”

“I don’t have any money,” he sighed.

“Well, he asked you, so maybe he’ll pay? Otherwise you can do the flea market. Those are fun to wander around, looking for hidden treasures.” She was trying to be helpful, and he appreciated that.

“Ok, but what do I do? How do I know what he’s going to want?” he asked.

“Well, if he touches you a lot, he probably wants to hold your hand, or maybe put an arm around your waist. If he’s staring at your mouth a lot, he most likely is thinking about kissing you. It’s up to you what you want to do at that point,” she replied.

“I want to kiss him so bad,” he groaned. “He’s unbelievably gorgeous, Meg. Like seriously. I’ve been thinking of him nonstop since I first spotted him.”

“Well, you’ll have to see if he’s receptive to it or not. Watch his body language. If he seems cold or distant, or doesn’t really want to talk or look you in the eye, it’s a safe bet he isn’t interested.”

That thought terrified Cas. He wanted Dean to be interested, more than he already was.

“God I hope I don’t screw this up tomorrow.”

“What are you planning to wear?” she asked.
“I have no idea. I have jeans, though they’re pretty old, and maybe a size too big at this point. It’s not like I’ve eaten really well this last year. And I have maybe one or two tee shirts.”

“What about that one I bought you? The gray v neck? You’ll look hot in that, and the loose jeans mean your hips will peek out every now and then to drive him nuts. You have a killer body, Clarence. Work it, honey!” She giggled, and he shook his head at her.

“You’re nuts, you know that?”

“But you love me anyway. So, describe Mr. Gorgeous to me.” She had picked the phone up and flopped onto her stomach. She looked at him expectantly.

He pictured Dean’s face and smiled. “Ok, so he’s…”

Chapter End Notes

I do hope you enjoyed this chapter. More will be coming!
Cas took a shower, shaved, and at least attempted to style his hair before dressing in the clothes Meg had told him to wear. He looked at himself in the mirror several times before deciding he looked alright, even if his hair wasn’t cooperating. A quick trip to the store across the street and he had cereal and milk for breakfast. Just as he was washing out his bowl, there came a knock at the door.

He took a deep breath and went to answer it.

“Hey…wow.” Dean’s eyes widened as he looked at Cas. “Damn.”

“That’s a compliment?” Cas asked, smiling.

“Oh, sorry. Yes, you look amazing. I came to tell you about a couple of things we could do today.”

Dean had a piece of paper in his hands.

“Well, come on in. I looked up a few things last night as well; however, I have no money. I apologize for that.” Cas stepped aside and Dean stepped into the apartment.

“I invited you out. I’m covering everything. What did you find?” Dean asked.

“I saw that there is a festival this weekend downtown, with an antique car show. I’m not sure if that’s your kind of thing, but they’ll have live music. It’s ten per person to get in, though.” Cas replied.

“I found that too! I was going to bring it up, see if you wanted to go or not. I love car shows,” Dean said excitedly.

“I do admire antique cars, but I’ve never had the privilege of attending a car show. I would very much like to see them up close.” Cas was glad that Dean liked the idea.

“The coolest part? We’ll be driving down there in my antique car. Maybe next year I can show her. She’s mint.” Dean was proud of his car.

“I look forward to riding in her.” Cas suddenly felt shy. “Um, do you think I’ll need a sweater or anything? I really only have a trench coat.”

“I have a sweater. Come on, we’ll grab it at my place on the way out.” Dean nodded towards the door and after making sure he had his wallet and keys, Cas followed.
They talked the entire drive, which wasn’t long at all, and Dean was excited to find that the garage parking downtown was free on weekends. They parked and started walking towards Main Street. As they made their way they talked about anything that came to mind. They were walking close enough that their shoulders brushed every few feet. Dean paid for their tickets and they went in. Music was coming from a stage around the corner so they made their way towards it.

“I wonder where the cars are?” Cas said just loud enough to be heard over the music.” Dean looked around but didn’t see them either. The festival, however was several blocks long.

“Might be that way.” Dean pointed towards the next block. “Want to go look now or listen to this a bit more?”

Cas shrugged. He liked the music but he was also excited about the cars. “You choose.”

Dean looked up at the band on the stage for a moment. “We can stay here a few more minutes.” Cas smiled and nodded. He turned his attention to the stage, watching the lead singer, a woman with a head full of black curls, bounce around. She had impressive vocals, if he did say so. He almost missed it when Dean moved closer but the brush of the other man’s chest against his arm pulled his attention back and he found green eyes watching him.

“What?” he asked, the corners of his mouth turning up into a soft smile. Dean smiled back but simply shook his head. Cas watched him for a moment before looking up at the stage again. A few minutes later he felt Dean’s hand slide into his own. He looked back again at the man.

“This ok?” Dean asked. Cas smiled shyly and nodded as he tangled his fingers with Dean’s. Dean’s smile made his heart begin to race. Maybe later Dean would want to kiss him. The thought made his stomach flip, and he wasn’t sure if it was in a good way or not. Once in second grade Suzie Nader had kissed him during recess. It had been so quick he’d almost missed it. That had been the extent of his kissing experience. Oh God, what if he was awful at it? Meg had told him once that she’d kissed a guy that practically sucked her face off. What did that even mean?

Stop it! You’re overthinking things again! He chided himself. Dean knows you don’t have the experience. If he’s a nice guy he won’t pressure you to do anything you’re not ready for. If he does pressure you there’s no rule saying you ever have to see him again.

Dean’s attention was on the stage now, but Cas could see him bobbing his head slightly to the music. Movement on the sidewalk to their right caught his attention and suddenly he was waving with his free hand. Cas turned to see a group of people stepping off the curb and making their way through the crowd.

“Hey guys!” Dean greeted them. Cas recognized the redhead from the picture in Dean’s apartment. She smiled brightly and offered a hand to Cas.

“Hi, I’m Charlie.”

“Hello, I’m Cas.” He shook her hand.

“Nice to meet you.” She cocked one eyebrow when she saw he was holding hands with Dean. Somehow her smile grew even brighter. “So…Dean…”

He had been talking to a man with a beard but he turned at the sound of her voice.

“Yeah?”
She motioned towards where his hand was still locked with Cas’. He blushed and smiled.

“Yeah, I asked Cas out last night.”

“How did you two meet?” she asked. Dean caught the way Cas’ eyes nearly popped out of his skull. He let go of the man’s hand and put an arm around his waist, pulling him closer. Gently he patted the man’s side to reassure him.

“Cas moved into the apartment next to mine, and we ran into each other yesterday. We got to talking and I liked him, so I asked him out. He’s really nice and really smart.”

Cas relaxed and nodded in agreement. “I had seen Dean for a few weeks before we actually met, but I tend to be shy and find it difficult to approach new people. I’d probably still just be watching him come and go if he hadn’t spoken to me first.”

Charlie laughed. “That’s awesome! So what do you do, Cas?”

They got into a discussion about his job, and then she told him about hers. Dean was in a conversation with the bearded man again, who Dean had introduced as Benny, and from what Cas could hear, they were critiquing the new band that was playing. A dark haired woman with Charlie was introduced as Dorothy, Charlie’s girlfriend, and there were two other women with the group, a Mandy and a Sophie, friends of Charlie and Dorothy. Benny leaned in to say something to Dean that made him tense and look around.

“Everything ok?” Cas asked. Dean relaxed and smiled at him.

“Yeah, it’s fine. You ready to go see the cars now?”

Cas smiled and nodded. Dean let go and reached down to take his hand again.

“We’re going now. I’ll catch you guys later,” Dean said to his friends.

“Call me later.” Charlie told him. He smirked. All she wanted were details on his date.

“Yeah, sure.” He waved her off as he led Cas away.

Once they were away from the loud music he turned to look Cas.

“Hey, I wanted to let you know now, a girl I dated about two years ago? She’s here, and I guess when she spotted them, she asked if I was with them. So we might run into her. I broke things off when she cheated on me, so you’ve got nothing to worry about, but sometimes I run into her and she tries to make me feel bad about leaving. I take cheating very seriously. If someone cheats on me, I lose that trust in them and can’t trust them again. She got pregnant by the guy too. I just wanted to let you know. I don’t want her making you upset.” Dean’s thumb was stroking the back of Cas’ hand gently as he spoke.

“I understand. I would feel the same way about cheating had I been in your shoes. I believe that if you are not happy in a relationship, you should leave. Don’t cheat, it can destroy people,” Cas said. Dean smiled warmly.

“Exactly. She’s the reason I didn’t date for a long time. It messed me up for a while. I thought I’d done something wrong, or maybe wasn’t doing enough for her, but I was doing everything from buying her flowers to cooking her favorite meals, driving her anywhere, buying her whatever she wanted, and she still cheated. It took me a while to realize it wasn’t me, it was her. She kept the baby, but the guy dumped her. I’m sorry, I’m unloading on you. This isn’t first date type
conversation, and really, past relationships need to stay exactly there, in the past. Come on, let’s grab a beer and go see the cars.”

Dean bought them both a beer and they finally found where the cars were parked. They slowly made their way up the street, and Dean described in detail every single car they saw. Cas loved listening to Dean talk, and he asked questions about things that piqued his curiosity. He particularly liked the Stingray while Dean admired a Bel-Air. Around two they stopped at one of the kiosks to grab some lunch and then made their way to an area with picnic tables where they could sit and eat. Occasionally they saw people Dean knew. After ten years of living here, he seemed to know a lot of people. Cas was impressed. One of the teachers Cas worked with stopped by to say hello as well.

“Are you having fun?” Dean asked after they had thrown out the containers from their food.

“I am. This is turning out to be better than I had expected. I was afraid we wouldn’t know what to talk about, but you’re very easy to talk to,” Cas admitted. Dean grinned and took his hand again.

“I’m having fun too. You’re amazing to talk to. Could I take you out again? Or maybe we could get together and watch a movie. A real movie.” Dean winked, and Cas gasped as he covered his face with his free hand. Dean laughed and bumped his shoulder playfully. “I’m just teasing. But really, I have a TV, I could introduce you to the world of movies. Have you ever seen Star Wars?”

“No, I haven’t, but I want to,” Cas replied.

“Well, we’ll fix that. How about tomorrow?”

Cas smiled and nodded. “I would like that.”

Dean squeezed his hand lightly. “Good. I’ll make us dinner, and we can watch as many of the movies as you feel you can handle.”

Cas stopped and stared at him. “There’s more than one movie?”

“There are six. Well, technically seven now, they just released a new one,” Dean replied.

“I hadn’t realized there were that many!” Cas was not prepared for that!

“Oh, we’re going to have to do movie marathons, break you in. Gotta catch you up on Star Wars, Lord of the Ring, Harry Potter, and there are a few other series. Maybe we’ll get you watching Police Academy too. So you can laugh so hard you’re doubling over and can’t breathe.” Dean said, grinning.

Cas smiled. Dean really did like him. He wanted to see Cas again, and apparently more than just the following day.

“I would like that. I did at least read the Harry Potter books. I very much enjoyed them.”

“Well, that’s a start.” Dean tugged on his hand and they started walking again.

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The rest of the afternoon went by faster than Cas had wanted. When they left the fest around ten (and boy was Dean glad they didn’t run into his ex!), they stopped to get dinner before heading home. Dean held his hand as they climbed the stairs to the second floor and made their way down the hall. Dean walked Cas to his door.
“So, tomorrow, if you’re cool with chili, we can have some of that for lunch. If you come over about twelve we can watch at least three of them before it gets too late. Sound good?” he asked.

“Yes, it does.” Cas agreed. For a moment they just stood there looking at one another. “Thank you, Dean, for today. I couldn’t have imagined a nicer first date.”

Dean smiled shyly. “I had a great time too, Cas. I’m glad I was able to make it a nice experience for you. We’ll have to do something like that again soon, before it gets too cold and they stop all the festivals for the year.”

Cas’ heart thumped hard in his chest at the thought. How many dates did you have to go on before you were considered officially dating? And how many until you referred to the other person as your boyfriend? He had so much to learn.

“I’ll come over at twelve then,” he said.

Dean nodded. He was still holding Cas’ hand, gently playing with his fingers as they talked. Was this what Meg had been talking about? Dean was standing close, and he had looked at Cas’ mouth several times…

“Dean, do you want to kiss me?” he asked. Dean’s eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“Uh, well, yeah…but I don’t want to push you. My mom raised me to be a gentleman.”

“I appreciate it, but I would very much like to kiss you too. The thing is, I’m terrified. My last kiss was in second grade when a girl in my class planted one on me so fast I barely felt it happen, so I am woefully unknowledgeable in such matters. But…I’d like to try.” Cas smiled softly. He was pretty sure his heart was going to pound its way out of his chest at this rate.

“Yeah, ok. If I…just push me back if you want to stop, ok?” Dean let go of Cas’ hand and brought both of his own up to cup the man’s face gently. Cas trembled under his touch as he closed the distance and kissed him.

As far as first kisses went, Cas didn’t think it was that bad. He hoped it wasn’t that bad. Dean’s lips were soft against his own, and Cas tried hard not to just push forward and kiss him harder. Their lips parted for a moment before Dean was tilting his head and kissing him again, this time at an angle that brought their mouths together better. He didn’t know where to put his hands. Such a silly thing to think about, but here he was, wondering what was appropriate and inappropriate as far as touching went. He settled for placing his hands on Dean’s hips. Dean tilted his head again before pulling ever so slightly back.

“Still ok, Cas?” he whispered. Cas nodded eagerly.

“Yeah, I’m good. Kiss me again?”

Dean chuckled before bringing their lips together again. This time his tongue darted out to brush across Cas’ lower lip and yeah, he was pretty sure this was a heart attack he was experiencing. His heart was thundering in his chest and the blood was rushing in his ears so loud it felt like he was listening to Niagara Falls. Kissing with tongue, he’d seen other people do it, and he’d seen it once or twice in movies, but he didn’t know exactly what he was doing. Praying he didn’t do it badly, he opened his mouth. Dean’s tongue slid smoothly over his own and a small moan escaped his lips before he could stop himself. He felt it when Dean smiled.

“Follow my lead, ok?” Dean murmured. Cas hummed some kind of acknowledgement and then Dean was kissing him a bit more firmly, his tongue back again, sliding over his own. It was an
intense feeling, and he tentatively licked his way back into Dean’s mouth. That earned him a soft groan, and he liked hearing that. He was just getting the hang of the whole kissing with tongues when Dean pulled back.

“You sure you’ve never kissed before?” Dean teased. Cas blushed and ducked his head.

“No, never.”

“Well, I never would have guessed. I’m going to go, ok? I’ll see you tomorrow at twelve.” Dean leaned in and kissed him one more time before stepping back completely. Cas immediately missed his touch.

“Noon, I’ll be there,” he promised. Dean flashed him a smile that made his heart beat faster.

“See you then.”

Chapter End Notes

Cas is getting all kinds of experiences here. :) I hope you enjoyed the chapter. Leave a comment if you like!
Cas unlocked his door and stepped into his apartment. Once the door was closed and locked, he leaned back against it. That had been the most amazing date ever, and the kiss….

His mind wandered again, wondering what being with Dean would be like. It made him shiver. He was excited about their date tomorrow. He was also quite nervous. Again he was lost on what the expectations would be. While he was still thinking much too hard, his phone chimed with a text.

Meg: You back at your place yet? ALONE? If not, call me tomorrow! ;)

He snorted and texted back.

Cas: I just got home. And I’m alone, you perv.

His phone rang a few seconds later with a Facebook video call. He connected and a moment later Meg’s face was on his screen.

“So? How was it? And why aren’t you getting laid?”

“Meg!” He gasped as he made his way to his room. She had a wicked grin on her face.

“Right, right, you want a boyfriend, not a quick lay. Sorry.”

“I would like a relationship, yes.” He kicked his shoes off and unzipped his jeans before flopping back in his bed.

“Oh, so, tell me, how did it go? Was he nice? Did you have fun?” she asked.

“He was wonderful. Very polite, and we had a lot of fun. We went to that fest and had beer and listened to music, and some of his friends were there. He introduced me to them, and then we went to the car show. He explained every car to me. It was really nice.” He sighed wistfully. It really had been wonderful. “And he asked if he could hold my hand. He’s aware this was my first date and that I’m woefully inexperienced. I think he was going to forgo asking if he could kiss me out of respect too,” he said.
Her dark brown eyes lit up. “But he did kiss you?”

“I saw him looking at my lips, so I asked him if he wanted to kiss me. He did.” He was smiling so wide it hurt.

“And? Was it good?” she pressed.

“It was. I sort of froze once tongues got involved, but I figured it out. I can’t wait to do it again.” He rolled onto his stomach and smiled down at his phone.

“He sounds like a winner. That’s good! If you want a real relationship though, I’d get a few dates in before you sleep with him. Get to know each other, learn his quirks, what makes him tick, and let him get to know the real you. So keep it in your pants for at least a few more dates. He did ask you out again, right?”

“Yes, he says he wants to bring me up to date on all of the movies I have missed, so we’re going to watch some of the Star Wars movies tomorrow. He’s talking about us marathoning those and Harry Potter and some other movies, and that will take a long time I think, there are a lot of Potter books, so I expect there are a lot of movies too. So that means he wants to see a lot more of me, right?” He wanted her to validate what he was thinking.

“Relax, Clarence. He likes you. He wants to spend time with you. It’s good that he wants to watch those movies with you, but watch out that you don’t end up with a Netflix and Chill type situation,” she warned.

“What does that even mean?”

“It means the guy, or sometimes girl, invites you over under the pretenses of watching a movie, but really all they want to do is have sex.” She smirked, but he was busy panicking.

“What? No! You don’t think…No! I don’t want that! Wait, I want that, but not yet!”

“Clarence!” Meg’s face was so close to the screen all he could see was one eye and her hair hanging down.

He swallowed hard and looked at her. “What?”

“Give the guy a chance. Don’t expect that he invited you over just for sex. If he did, you have the right to leave. There is no rule saying you have to say yes, and there is no rule saying you have to see him again, so relax!”

She was right. He nodded as he ran a hand through his hair. He was in control. It would be ok.

“When do people normally have sex though? I heard something about three dates. That seems rather quick, especially if you see one another three days in a row. Why didn’t I make the time for this in high school? I could have figured things out back then. It would have made everything now a lot less awkward.” He dropped his head onto his arm and groaned. This felt like what he supposed high school felt like.

“You have sex when you’re ready. If you’re not ready, don’t have it. It’s really that simple. And don’t be afraid to say no,” she told him. He lifted his head and looked at his phone. She was smiling warmly at him.

“Yeah, ok. I can handle this,” he told her.
“Damn right you can.”

Dean had to go back to his apartment before he did something he regretted. He said goodnight to Cas and went into his room, closing the door behind him. Why had he chosen to invite the man over to watch movies for their second date? What was Cas going to think of him? No, tomorrow he would be a gentleman. Any moves made would be made by Cas. It was unusual, if not flat out embarrassing, circumstances that brought them together, but now that he was getting to know the man, he really didn’t want to mess things up. Cas was gorgeous and funny, and good God the man was sexy, even if he didn’t know it. All day long, every time Cas lifted his arms or moved a certain way, his pants would ride down and his hips would be on full display, and Dean had all sorts of naughty thoughts go through his head with every glimpse he got. Cas deserved better than Dean letting his hormones take over. After stripping down to his boxers he headed to the bathroom to brush his teeth and pee. Just as he was returning to his room, someone knocked at the door. He froze. It was late. Who would be knocking besides Cas? He grabbed his robe and put it on, cinching it tight before heading for the door. As soon as he opened the door he regretted it.

“Hello, Dean.” His neighbor Bella was leaning against his door frame wearing nothing but a short, satin nightgown. She hadn’t even had the decency to put on a robe.

“It’s late. What do you need?” he asked.

“My kitchen sink is stopped up. I can’t get the water to drain.” She pushed off the door frame and stepped closer. When she raised a hand to touch him he moved out of her way.

“I’ll look at it tomorrow morning, it’s not urgent and certainly doesn’t require you to show up at my door at this late hour. Now, if you don’t mind, I’m going to bed. Goodnight.”

“What is your problem?” She snapped as she shot a hand out to prevent him from shutting the door in her face.

“The problem is that I’m tired, and I’m not interested. If your sink really is backed up, I’ll get to it tomorrow. Go back to your place, and put a damn robe on.” He did shut the door this time, locking it and smiling to himself when he heard her cursing on the other side of the door as she slapped a hand against it. He regretted the flirting he’d done with the woman. He’d never slept with her; she was just too vicious to even consider doing anything sexual with. That and flirting was as far as he’d ever willingly take it. He wasn’t really attracted to her. His thoughts turned again to Cas. Now Cas, he was attracted to. The man was beautiful and sweet, and he wasn’t going to screw up something that was just getting started because he thought with his dick. Yeah, he’d be going without getting laid for probably a long while, but he wanted to see if there could be something between the two of them. Something substantial.

He scrubbed a hand down his face and groaned in annoyance. Now Bella would be expecting him to show up tomorrow to fix her sink. If he showed up alone she’d be even more aggressive with the flirting. It was a problem for tomorrow. Tonight he was too tired, and just wanted to fall asleep thinking of Cas.

Chapter End Notes

Don't fret too much about Bella. She's not that big of a problem. I hope you enjoyed the
chapter. Comments are always welcome!
Star Wars and Kisses

Chapter Summary

Bella returns before Dean has a chance to deal with her sink, and he has to face her with Cas watching. The date turns out to be better than Cas had expected.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for my lame summary, I'm so tired. It was another long day. So the other day the electric company decided "Oh, it's winter, we're going to do the most brilliant thing we can think of, we're going to change out 3 transformers! You'll all be out of power for 3 hours, give or take, but don't worry about that." Six FREEZING hours later, we had our power back. All done, right?

The last few days since they changed the transformers I noticed the lights in my room flickering. I honestly thought one of the bulbs might be going out. Didn't really pay it much mind. Apparently I should have because at 5:45 this evening it was lights out for everyone in my area. Complete power outage. No power means I couldn't feed my kids or my mother. My mother, who is now disabled and has diabetes. Couldn't cook for her, and can't just go buying carb laden junk food for her either, which I couldn't do anyway since I'm BROKE. My best friend took me to the store and I scrounged up the last little bit of money I had to buy a bit of food to last us til the 1st. I had complained about the power outage on FB just for the need to vent over how frustrated I am with the electric company, and another friend had seen it. She contacted me to ask me if my power was back on yet. At that time it wasn't. They didn't expect to have the power on until 9:30. 9:30! IN WINTER! I told her no, it wasn't, and that about all I had at that moment to feed her was a can of tuna. So she offered to buy us dinner. She lives in Chicago, I live in West Central Indiana, but she placed the order online for this burger place near the Purdue campus to deliver, because at least they had a cesar salad my mom could eat. There are very few places that will deliver here to where I live because we're literally on the very last street in town before you hit the open country road. There are corn fields across the damn street! It was the burger place or pizza. Pizza=carbs=spiked blood sugar. It would have been cheaper, but dangerous, so I told her to order from the burger place. She went all out, bought the kids and myself double cheeseburgers! Those things are MASSIVE! With full bellies, the kids went to bed content, and my mom, the perpetual crab since her series of strokes last May was delighted with her salad. One crisis averted! Unfortunately, I woke this morning to learn that my heater had bitten the dust. It was cold, and we have a snow storm coming. I have no money for another heater. It's just been one of THOSE kinds of days. I'm still on a job hunt, but I need to redo my resume, and find decent places to apply. It's frustrating. On the plus side? I got 8.5 hours of sleep last night! Go me! After averaging 4 to 6 the last 3 or so weeks, I'm happy with a night of decent rest.

Oh, and for a laugh? So last year I bought my best friend a rabbit. She saw it, wanted it, and I'm the kind of person that if I have the money to spare, I will spoil the people in my life. She's done so much for me over the years, so I bought her the rabbit. The bunny she named Poof, and she decided this year that she wanted to get Poof a friend. I
happened to be in a pet store last month and saw a beautiful bunny for sale, 6 months old, for $10. She wasn't with me, but I texted her, and she asked me if I could buy it and she'd come pick me, my daughter who was with me, and the rabbit up, and she'd pay me back. This was about...oh...3 weeks ago? New bunny was named Floof. Poof and Floof HATE EACH OTHER. Oh well. Floof is infinitely more friendly, if a little cage aggressive (both are females, caged separately and in different rooms). My friend started to notice some changes in Floof (are you already guessing?). Late on Sunday night, Floof started pulling her hair out and making a nest. Monday morning my friend woke up to 7 brand new baby bunnies. So of course now I feel like a heel for the fact that the rabbits hate one another (truthfully though, Poof hates everyone), and the fact that I picked Floof out PREGNANT (we concluded she must have gotten boinked by her brother before they got to the feed store, because Floof was all by herself in a tank when I picked her up), and now she has the task of finding homes for the bun buns. So, anyone in Indiana interested in a bunny? Lol. They’re lionhead mixes and should be super adorable. And from what I understand, bunnies don't suffer genetic complications from inbreeding. They're one of the few species that don't. Or so I've been told several times. Mama's cute, and loves cuddles, so hopefully the kids do too!

Anyway, I hope you all enjoy this chapter. I'm running off to bed now!

The next morning Dean was up by nine. He straightened his apartment and because he had a stackable washer and dryer in his kitchen, he did laundry while he got the chili back in the crock pot to heat it up. At eleven forty someone knocked. Smiling and expecting Cas, he opened the door. His smile immediately fell when he saw that it was Bella again. At least this time she was dressed.

“You said you were coming to fix my sink.” She leaned closer, touching his chest with one perfectly manicured nail. “You know I’ve wanted you to fix things in my place for a long time now.” She purred seductively. Her accent, the most perfect English one he’d ever heard, had once upon a time been a huge turn on, but now it just made his skin crawl.

“Yeah, I did, and I’ll be up, but I’m just fixing your sink. I have someone coming over in a few minutes.”

She frowned and dropped her hand. Next door they both heard the door open. Dean leaned past Bella to see Cas stepping out of his apartment.

“Is this too early?” Cas asked, looking between Dean and Bella.

“No, not at all.” Dean motioned for Cas to come in. He squeezed around Bella and into Dean’s apartment. The smirk on Bella’s face told Dean she thought Cas was just a friend. He reached out to take Cas’ hand and pull him a little closer so he could lean in and kiss his cheek. Cas smiled and blushed.

“Cas, meet Bella. Bella, meet Cas. Her sink backed up last night and she needs it fixed. Want to come up with me for a couple of minutes to fix it? I’d love the company.” He pointedly ignored the angry huff Bella made and kept his gaze on Cas.

“O-ok. I don’t know anything about repairing sinks though,” Cas said.

“That’s ok, I’ll show you.” He squeezed Cas’ hand but didn’t let it go. Turning back to Bella his
smile slipped away.

“We’ll be up as soon as I collect my tools.”

“Fine, whatever.” She turned and stalked off. He closed the door and leaned back against it for a moment.

“Um, am I missing something here?” Cas asked.

“Look, Bella flirts with everyone in the building. And I do mean everyone. She’s been trying to get into my pants for two years now, but I won’t do it. She showed up at my door last night trying to get me to come up and ‘fix her sink’ then.” Dean made air quotes that had Cas snickering. “But I told her to leave, that I’d fix it today. I didn’t think she’d be pushy enough to come back down and try again to get me to come up there. I…didn’t want to go up there alone. I don’t trust her.”

“I’ll sit with you for as long as it takes,” Cas said. Dean headed for the kitchen and Cas followed.

“We’ll use the back stairs and knock on her kitchen door. My tool box is in the pantry.” He fetched the box and together they went up the back stairs. He knocked on Bella’s door and waited. A few seconds later the door opened and she was standing there, a look of irritation on her face.

“Well, get on with it then,” she snapped.

Dean and Cas headed straight for the sink. Cas watched as Dean checked a few things. He quickly found the problem; her garbage disposal was blocked with chicken bones. After removing the blockage the water drained properly. It only took ten minutes to fix, and then he was closing up his tool box and rinsing his hands. Bella looked on in disgust as they left, heading back down to Dean’s apartment.

“I’m sorry about her,” Dean said as he tucked the tool box back in the pantry. “She’s the type of person that doesn’t stop until she gets what she wants, and the few things she can’t have, she gets downright nasty about.”

Cas smiled and shrugged. “You’re very handsome, Dean. I can see why she would be interested. I am, however, glad that you do not return her interest.”

Dean grinned as he closed the pantry door. “I would never be interested in someone like her. There’s a certain blue-eyed man that currently holds all of my interest.”

Cas blushed and lowered his eyes to the floor as his smile grew wider. He liked hearing that he was the only person Dean was currently interested in.

“Are you hungry or should I put the first movie on?” Dean asked.

“I had a bowl of cereal around nine. I’m a little hungry,” Cas admitted.

“Ok, I’ll get us both a couple of heaping bowls of chili and some Italian bread, ok?” Dean crossed the kitchen and pulled the bowls out. The chili was hot, and he filled two bowls up. After slicing some of the bread he grabbed two beers and set everything onto a large serving tray and motioned for Cas to follow him to the living room.

“Sit. I’ll put a movie in,” he said. Cas sat down and accepted the bowl of food he was offered. He began eating as he watched Dean go through the movies on his shelf to find the Star Wars collection. Dean popped Episode four in and joined Cas on the couch.
“Is it ok if I ask questions if there are parts I don’t understand?” Cas asked.

“Absolutely. I want you to like the movies,” Dean replied. He grabbed a remote off the table and after fast forwarding through the trailers, he pressed play.

The chili was finished before they were even a half hour in, and Dean left Cas to watch the movie for a couple of minutes alone while he took the empty bowls to the kitchen and washed them. When he returned Cas was intently watching the movie, his beer held absentely in one hand.

“You…want to move closer?” Dean asked somewhat nervously. Cas smiled and nodded.

“Ok.” He set his beer back on the coffee table and scooted closer. Dean lifted an arm and Cas snuggled up against him, resting his head on Dean’s chest.

For the first hour Cas was tense. Meg’s words kept replaying in his head, and he was worried that Dean just wanted him to come over for sex, but when Dean did nothing more than slowly card his fingers through his hair or rub his shoulder lightly, he finally began to relax. He commented once or twice during the movie but overall he was really enjoying the plot and didn’t have any questions. When the movie ended he moved so Dean could get up and switch movies.

“Liking it so far?” Dean asked as he sat back down.

“Very much so. It’s a very interesting plotline.” Cas leaned into him again when Dean held his arms open again.

“Good, I’m glad. I like having you here. I like going out and doing stuff, but I like just kicking back and relaxing too.” Dean said, smiling to himself when Cas moved a little closer and draped an arm over Dean’s stomach.

“I like this too. It’s nice being able to enjoy movies with you.” Cas tilted his head back so he could look up at Dean.

“I’m still in shock that you never saw these.” Dean was absently running his fingers through the hair at the back of Cas’ head as he talked, but Cas liked it.

“Better late than never?” Cas smiled. Dean chuckled and nodded.

“Yeah, definitely.”

Dean couldn’t take his eyes off the man. Cas was gorgeous and this close up he could see how amazingly blue his eyes really were.

“You’re staring,” Cas teased. Dean smiled as he finally tore his eyes away. His cheeks were burning.

“Yeah, well, it’s hard not to.”

“I’m usually the one that gets accused of staring,” Cas chuckled. Dean turned to look at him again.

“Yeah, well, I don’t mind.”

Dean let out a surprised squeak that he would later deny vehemently when Cas surprised him with a kiss. He got over it quickly and kissed the man back.

“What was that for?” he asked when Cas finally pulled back.
“I just wanted to kiss you,” Cas replied.

“Oh. Well, feel free to anytime.”

Cas looked up, a sly grin on his lips. “I’ll keep that in mind. Are you going to press play?” He nodded towards the television.

“Yeah.” Dean grabbed the remote and hit play. His lips were still tingling from their kiss, and he absently touched them several times as the second movie began to play. Having Cas just randomly kiss him simply because he wanted to was nice considering how shy and inexperienced the other man was. Still, he was determined to be a gentleman.

Cas liked the second movie even better and asked a few questions as it played. Halfway through, he excused himself to use the bathroom, and when he returned Dean was on the phone.

“What do you like on pizza?” Dean asked him.

“Oh, anything. I’ll eat anything,” Cas replied. Dean beckoned him back to his spot on the couch, and he gladly rejoined the man.

“I ordered one meat lovers and one supreme. That sound good?” Dean asked as he hung the phone up.

“That sounds wonderful,” Cas agreed. Dean smiled and leaned in to kiss him softly. Cas snaked his arms around Dean’s neck and kissed him back before he had the chance to pull away. A small moan escaped Dean’s lips when Cas’ tongue teased at them, begging him to open up. When Cas finally sat back his lips were red and swollen, and Dean loved the sight of it.

“I still don’t believe that was your first kiss last night,” he teased, smiling playfully at his date. Cas blushed and leaned his head on Dean’s shoulder.

“It really was.”

“I know, I’m just messing with you. I like kissing you, Cas. Really.” He ran a hand gently down Cas’ arm and damn it if his stomach didn’t have stupid butterflies fluttering around in it when the man looked up at him again.

“I enjoy kissing you too, Dean. It’s better than I could have hoped for. Friends and acquaintances would mention it in high school and college but I didn’t really see what the big deal was. I have most definitely changed my opinion on that though.”

Dean chuckled. God this man was adorable. Cas sighed contentedly and leaned his head against Dean’s shoulder again as he turned his attention to the movie. This…was nice. He was comfortable and no longer worried that Dean would want more from him than he was willing to give.

“Hey, Cas?”

He lifted his head to look Dean in the eye. “Yes?”

“Can I take you out to dinner tomorrow?”

Cas sucked in his lower lip as he considered that. His conversation with Meg was playing in his mind.

“May I ask you a question before I say yes or no?”
There was a quick flash of what looked like fear in Dean’s eyes, but he nodded.

“Sure, what’s on your mind?”

“You’ll have to forgive my ignorance in such matters. As I’ve said before, dating, it’s new to me. I most certainly want to go to dinner with you, but I have a concern.”

Dean relaxed a little. “You’re afraid I’ll push for sex.”

Cas winced and nodded. “I read something about three dates being a time when many people get to that point, but in three days, that…” Cas sighed and shook his head. “I don’t know what I’m doing here.”

Dean kissed him where his brow was scrunched together in thought, loving it when his expression eased and those big, blue eyes looked up at him again.

“Look, I’m never, ever going to force you into anything you don’t want to do. I’m not that kind of person. I like you, Cas. More than I expected, and…I’d like to see where this goes. So we can just relax and work on getting to know each other better. But, if you wanna, I don’t mind the kissing.”

The smile he received in return was stunning. He was still kicking himself for not noticing this man weeks ago. Meeting Cas the way he did…it was a cruel reminder that he was so wrapped up in his own life that he wasn’t stopping to notice the things going on around him.

“I need a better understanding of how sex works between two men before I am willing to take that step. I-I haven’t watched anything since that one video, and they literally just went from kissing and groping to one man bending the other over, and he was already inside of him, so everything in between, it’s lost on me. I thought he did some preparations, but the scene just cut to the actual sex. But…” He ran a hand lightly up Dean’s chest, smiling again at the soft gasp it drew from the man. “I like the kissing very much. I’m not opposed to touching, but I’m really not ready for…” How did he politely say he wanted the touching to stay above the belt?

“I get it. We’ll take it slow, move at your pace. So is that a yes for dinner tomorrow? I was thinking too, I have a washer and dryer. To save you some money, you can wash your stuff here, and dry it,” Dean told him.

“I don’t want you to think I’m taking advantage of you. They have those washing machines in the basement…”

“No, those things are awful; it’s why I bought my own. They’re way overpriced and don’t get anything clean. It’s not a problem at all. Just bring your stuff over one of these days and toss it in. It won’t take but a couple of hours to wash and dry everything. Do you have laundry soap?”

Cas nodded. “Yes, I picked up a bottle of some that was on sale.”

“Ok. You can take the money you save on doing laundry and go to Goodwill this Saturday. It’s half price day. I bet you want some new tee shirts and maybe a couple pairs of sweatpants, right?”

“Oh, yes! Is Goodwill very expensive? I should have maybe twenty dollars once I’m finished with bills. Do you know a way I can save more money on food though? So I can make the money stretch further?” Cas was all for saving money on everything he possibly could.

“Do you not shop discount?” Dean asked.

“This is the first time I’ve lived on my own, and I really don’t want my parents in my business.
They’re very…controlling. I am determined to not need their assistance for anything, if I can help it,” Cas replied.

“Ok, no problem. How about this. We’ll go to dinner tomorrow and then either Wednesday or Thursday you can come do laundry. Tuesday I have to drive to Indy for a job. I won’t get home til probably close to eight or nine, but I’m working locally the rest of the week,” Dean said. “Then Saturday we’ll hit Aldi’s and you can stock up on food you can afford, and we’ll do Goodwill. Then…maybe we can come back to your place, and I’ll show you an easy recipe? Get you off microwaveable food.”

“I would like that very much.” Cas smiled again and just as Dean leaned in to kiss him, someone knocked at the door.

“Should be the pizza,” he said as he got up. It was the pizza man. He paid him and carried the boxes to the couch.

They watched the movie and ate pizza until they were stuffed, and when the movie ended, he popped in one last one. It ended close to ten and while Dean was reluctant to let Cas leave, he had to be up early for a job. He combined the leftover pizza into one box and handed it to Cas as he walked him to the door.

“What time should I be ready tomorrow?” Cas asked as he stepped into the hall.

“I get home about five, but I’ll need a quick shower. I’ll come get you about six; is that alright?”

Cas smiled softly and nodded. “Yes, I’ll be ready by six.” He leaned forward and kissed Dean softly. “Thank you for today. I very much enjoyed the movies, and I am looking forward to the rest of them. I believe I like the Star Wars series.”

Dean gave a lopsided grin. He’d made another convert. “Awesome. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow,” Cas agreed.

Chapter End Notes

Bella may or may not be gone now. I haven't decided. But I do hope you all enjoyed this chapter. Comments are always welcome!
Coming Out

Chapter Summary

Dean has a quick text session with Charlie who is surprised that her friend isn't already trying to get in Cas' pants. Cas receives a call from his eldest brother Mike, and he finds the courage to come out to him.

Chapter Notes

I do hope you like this chapter. Cas has a very good relationship with both of his brothers. They sort of banded together growing up since they each needed someone to stand by their side against their parents and the kind of upbringing they had. So Cas coming out to Mike, there's no concern of rejection. Mike loves his little brother. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean watched him head to the next door over and unlock the door. Once he was safely inside, he closed his own door and pulled out his phone. It had been buzzing in his pocket most of the day and he wanted to make sure nothing was wrong with his brother. It was a series of text messages and one missed call. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw none were from Sam. There was one text from his ex, Lisa, asking if she could come over to talk. He ignored it and kept scrolling. Four were from Charlie asking him at various points during the day if he wanted to get together and play video games. There were two texts from his mother letting him know about a cousin that was getting married and one from Benny, inviting him to go fishing next Saturday. He shot off a text to Benny telling him he already had plans, and apologized. His mother he'd get back to tomorrow. It was Charlie he wanted to talk to.

Dean: Sorry, Red. I was busy today.

He had made it to his room and stripped down to his underwear by the time she replied.

Charlie: What were you doing that took all day?

He snorted. She could be so nosey.

Dean: I had a hot date. I was educating him on Star Wars. He never saw them before. I think I’ve made another convert.

Charlie: Is it the same hottie from the fest?

Dean: Yes, his name is Cas.

Charlie: Two dates in two days. You must really like him.

Dean: I do. I’m taking him to dinner tomorrow too.

Charlie: I’m impressed. You haven’t dated much since Lisa. He must be pretty special.
Dean: I think he is.

Charlie: Is he in your bed right now? *wink wink*

Dean: No, we’re not sleeping together. At least, not yet.

Charlie: Wow, you’re really impressing me here Winchester. Since when are you such a gentleman?

Dean: Since I really, really like him and don’t want to chase him off. He’s not only gorgeous but he’s funny, smart, and sweet. And completely different from most of the people I’ve dated in the past. I’m not fucking this up if I can help it.

Charlie: Well, that means I need to get to know him better. When do I get to meet him for longer five minutes?

Dean: I’ll let you know. Right now we’re still getting familiar with one another. I want to see if he likes video games. Maybe invite him to play with us one night or something.

Charlie: I think that would be cool. So Mr. Dreamy is a teacher? That’s what he had said. He certainly talks like he is highly educated.

Dean: He is highly intelligent. Has his Masters. Right now he’s teaching pre-kindergarten. The guy couldn’t get any fucking cuter if he tried.

Charlie: You’ve got some weird kinks there Dean-o, lol.

Dean: Shut up. It’s not a kink. So what if I think he’s even more awesome because he teaches little kids?

Charlie: Do you know what I hear right now?

Dean: What?

Charlie: The sound of your biological clock ticking.

Dean: Ha ha, very funny.

Charlie: I think I’m hilarious. Is this guy long term material?

Dean: Two dates, Red. Two dates. I think he could be, but we’ll see in a few weeks.

Charlie: Invite him to my Halloween party.

Dean: That’s the end of next month though.

Charlie: …Exactly.

Cas hummed to himself as he slipped his pizza into the fridge. Thanks to Dean’s generosity he would have lunch for work for the next couple of days. He was wondering what he should wear to dinner the next night when his phone chirped with a Facebook call. He pulled it out and smiled to himself when he saw that it was his eldest brother, Mike.

"Hi,” he greeted as he headed for his bedroom.
“Hey, how are you? We haven’t talked much lately. I’m sorry about that,” his brother said.

“I’m good. I’m getting paid this Friday which means I can get bills paid and get food in my fridge.” Cas stripped out of his jeans and decided to just stay in his tee shirt and boxers.

“Ah, first paycheck. My very first one was gone about five minutes after I got it,” Mike chuckled. “Are they at least paying you decently?”

“Eh, not really. I’m still putting in applications though. I’m hoping to get in at the magnet school I applied at. They pay forty thousand to start with a Masters. I can teach any subject, which opens up more options for me,” Cas explained.

“That’s good. I’m sure some place will contact you. At least you’re doing something you love.”

“I really am. I love the children; they’re so sweet.” Cas smiled to himself as he thought of his students. They were a delight to work with.

“Did I call you too late? I just remembered there’s a three hour time difference. I do apologize,” Mike worried.

“No, it’s fine. I was just getting ready for bed, but I was planning to read for a little while. I’d much rather talk to you instead.”

“So, now that you aren’t under Mom and Dad’s control anymore, what have you been up to? Besides work?” Mike asked.

“Um, well…”

His brother caught on quickly.

“Castiel, are you finally dating?”

Cas grinned to himself. “Yes?”

“That’s fantastic news! It must be pretty new since you’ve only been in that apartment a couple of weeks now. Where did you meet her? What is she like?” His brother was excited for him, but all Cas felt now was trepidation.

“Oh, um…I-I need to tell you something about that.”

“You can always talk to me, you know that,” Mike said, his tone gentle. Cas worried his lip between his teeth for a moment.

“I’m…not seeing a woman,” he finally said. His brother was quiet for a moment.

“Oh.” It didn’t sound like Mike was upset. Mostly he just sounded surprised.

“So, what, you’re…gay?”

“I’m still trying to figure myself out, but I’m not…sexually attracted to women.” Cas hoped he could count on his brother to be accepting. After a moment Mike snorted.

“I’m going to let you in on a little secret, Cassie. Gabe’s not straight either. He swings both ways.” Cas blinked in surprise.

“He’s not? How do you know this?”
“He tried to hide it for a long time because of Mom and Dad, but now that he’s in Houston, he’s out and proud. Do you remember his ‘roommate’? The one he’s been living with for the last couple of years?” Mike asked.

“Yeah…”

“Not his roommate. That’s his partner, Eli.”

“Wow. Why didn’t anyone tell me?” Cas really wanted to know why he always got left in the dark when it came to things like this.

“Gabe was worried because Mom and Dad had so much influence over you. I only found out by accident. I had a conference in Houston so I showed up at their house to surprise them. It took a half hour of trying to convince him that I wasn’t going to rat him out to our parents before he would calm down and tell me the truth,” Mike said.

“He’s calling me Wednesday. Do you think he’ll talk to me if I tell him I’m seeing a man?” Cas asked.

“He might. Look, I don’t agree with Mom and Dad’s views at all. If you like guys, more power to you. Unlike our folks, I just want you to be happy. They’re all about making themselves happy and bragging rights over how much smarter their kids are than anyone else’s. I’m glad you’re finally free of their control, and I’m glad you’re discovering the things that will make you happy. This guy you’re seeing, he’s treating you well?”

“Oh, yes, very. And he understands that I’m not…knowledgeable in romantic issues and such, but he promised to not push me into doing anything I don’t want to do. He says he’s letting me take the lead and determine what I am and am not ready for. So far, we just kissed. For now, that’s all I want to do, and he’s ok with that.” Cas had always appreciated that he could talk to his brothers about anything, and he thought they felt the same way with him. He supposed Gabe had his reasons for not wanting to tell him he was in a relationship with another man. Their parents were two of the most homophobic people he knew. It was a miracle none of their children had turned out that way.

“I’m sorry that we grew up the way we did. I didn’t have my first date until I was nineteen, and look what that got me. Married by twenty and divorced the same year. I didn’t go on another date until I was twenty three. Now? Now I know what I’m doing. If I hadn’t been pushed so damn hard I could have had a social life and dated in high school, but we all know what standards they had. I was really surprised when you fought them on the medical degree, and won. I was…jealous. I’d wished I could have stood up to them. I’m proud of you, baby brother,” Mike’s praise warmed something inside of Cas, and he felt proud hearing his brother saying this. His parents’ praise had always felt clinical and insincere. It was never like that from his brothers.

“Thank you. I certainly didn’t feel brave when I told them I wanted a degree in education. I thought Mom was going to have a stroke, and Dad screamed at me for a full month. When they finally accepted that I was getting the degree I wanted, they tried to twist it around so I would still get a doctorate in the field they wanted, so I would teach something they could brag about. Mom wanted me to teach anthropology or ethics at a university. Dad wanted me to teach religious studies or history at a university. I’m surprised they didn’t disown me or refuse to pay for my tuition when I decided on elementary and secondary education,” Cas chuckled.

“I know, once in awhile Dad would call and bitch. I let it mostly go in one ear and out the other. I’m just glad you escaped. What did they say when you said you wanted your own apartment?”

“Oh, Mom was quite displeased. I went and picked this place out on my own. I chose it because it’s
three towns away from them. I needed my freedom. So far, neither of them has shown up. Perhaps I should have moved farther away. If they show up here and I’m with Dean…” These were thoughts Cas hadn’t had before now. His main concern had been escaping their control. But it was a very real possibility that one or both of them could randomly show up. He risked being cut out of their will, and out of their lives. The will he wasn’t as concerned about, but he feared their rejection. No one wanted to be disowned.

“Don’t worry about it. Clock their schedules. They’re fairly predictable. Just don’t be home Wednesday evenings or Sunday afternoons. They lead such active lives and schedule everything down to the minute they’ve made themselves easy to track and avoid. Between Mom’s tennis games, her bridge club, and church, she’s almost never able to just pop in. And Dad, being the surgeon he is, he doesn’t have the time to be spontaneous. Seriously, when’s the last time you remember him taking a vacation?” Mike asked.

“Well, I think I was nine? We went to Martha’s Vineyard.”

“Exactly. He hasn’t taken time off for anything other than a graduation or a holiday in years. So relax. And you didn’t give them a key, did you?”

“Well, no…” Meg had Cas’ spare key.

“Then that means they can’t walk in on you either. And there’s no rule saying you have to open your door. Tell friends and your boyfriend to text you before they just show up. That way anyone that just shows up, you don’t have to open the door for them.”

That actually made sense. He’d have to contact Meg and Dean both and let them know to text him ahead of time. Just until he was confident enough to tell his parents.

“So…how long have you been seeing your boyfriend? What did you say his name was?” Mike asked.

“His name is Dean. I’m not sure he can be described as my boyfriend, though he does say he wants to see where things can go between us. We’ve had two dates and tomorrow he’s taking me out to dinner.” Cas couldn’t help but smile as he told his brother this. He could hear warm laughter bubbling up from Mike’s chest.

“Sounds like you found an actual gentleman. How old is he?”

“He’s twenty eight and he has an engineering degree, but he’s happier working as an electrician. He’s self-employed and does well. He’s saving up for his own house.” Cas admired Dean’s tenacity.

“Impressive. Keep me updated. I’ll be in Indy right before Thanksgiving for a conference. I’d like to stop by and take you out for dinner, and I’d like to meet him, if you’re still dating at that time,” Mike said.

“We will be!” Cas said quickly.

“You like him a lot, don’t you?” Mike could hear it in his voice.

“I do. He’s so very nice, and very, very handsome.”

“Listen to you gushing. It’s good to hear you so happy.” Mike truly was happy for his youngest brother.

“Thank you. It feels good to be happy.”
“I’m going to go. Maeve is calling me to dinner. We’ll talk again soon, ok? And talk to Gabe when he calls.”

“I will,” Cas promised.

“Alright. Good night, Cas.”

Cas smiled. “Good night, Mike.”

Chapter End Notes

I do hope you like this. Next part is off to my beta for editing so there will be more soon. :) Leave a comment, let me know how you like it.
Family Drama Explained

Chapter Summary

Dean takes Cas to dinner and Cas explains what his parents are like, and what growing up in the Novak house was really like.

Chapter Notes

I know I posted a chapter a few hours ago, but technically that was posted yesterday. This is now Monday, therefore you are getting today's chapter, because I will be busy the rest of the day. I hope you like this chapter too. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cas walked home from work humming to himself. He’d had a good day, and the children were picking up everything he taught them. They were little sponges that he loved filling full of knowledge. As of today all but two of his students could read at nearly a first grade level, and he was very proud. They were doing simple math and learning the meaning of Labor Day. He was pleased that because it was a private school, he had more freedom to teach the children at the rate they were able to learn rather than having to teach them at a speed the state deemed acceptable. He decided that if he ever had children, he would do what he could to get them into a private school like the one he worked at rather than to put them in public school.

He reached his building, nodding politely to a few people he saw and walking to his mailbox to get his mail. There wasn’t much there, mostly advertisements, but he still looked through all of it. Once he was inside of his apartment he kicked off his shoes and pulled off his tie. It was four thirty which meant he had time to take a shower and shave before Dean came over. After stripping down he hopped in the shower, taking his time and enjoying the hot water. When he was came back, his phone blinking. He had missed a Facebook call from Meg. He shaved and dressed before he called her back.

“Clarence! Where were you?” she cried the moment the call connected.

“I was in the shower,” he replied as he laid back on his bed and turned on his laptop. “What did you need?”

“I wanted to know how your date went yesterday. Are you still a blushing virgin?” Her face was right in the camera and he could see the mischief clearly glimmering in her eyes.

“Oh, shut up!” He laughed. “We didn’t have sex, if that’s what you’re asking. We watched the movies. And maybe I kissed him a few times.”

“You? You kissed him?” Her brown eyes widened in surprise.

“Yes, Meg. I find that I very much enjoy kissing him. It’s hard to sit that close to him and not kiss him. But I managed it. Mostly.”
She laughed at that. “And did you like the movies?”

“Yes, I really did. We watched three of them. No one told me they were political,” he replied.

“Yeah, well, they’re good movies, but I wasn’t watching them for the politics. I thought the battles were pretty cool,” she said.

“Yes, those were exciting,” he agreed.

“So…when are you seeing him again?”

He blushed and tried to hide his smile, but she could clearly see it. “He’s taking me to dinner tonight.”

“Oh, ho, ho! Three dates in a row? You must have that boy wrapped around your finger!” she teased.

“I don’t know about that…”

“He’s crazy about you. I haven’t even met him and I can tell.”

“In that case then, the feeling is mutual. I relayed some of my fears last night, about moving too fast, and I told him I’m not ready to have sex just yet. I’m only just now realizing that I’m…” He worried his bottom lip between his teeth but she caught on.

“That you’re gay? Honey, I figured it out a while ago, but I thought you were like, asexual or something because you never dated and never showed attraction towards anyone. Now I realize your parents were just working you into an early grave and that you never really had a childhood. So now I think of you as more of a late bloomer. When you first said you had a date I half expected it to be a woman, just to please your parents. I’m happy to know that for once you’re doing what makes you happy, and not them. If this guy makes you happy and treats you well, then you really lucked out for your first boyfriend. I’m coming your way when I graduate in January. Can I stay with you for a couple of weeks? Before I have to fly out to Cali?”

“Of course you can stay here. You’re always welcome in my home,” he told her.

“So, what are you wearing to dinner tonight?” she asked. He looked down at his clothes. All he owned were two tee shirts and a couple of button ups. He had chosen a clean, white button up and a pair of jeans.

“A white button up and jeans. I’m limited on clothing, you know.”

“That should work. Did you add some cologne?”

“No, I don’t have any. “ He hoped his deodorant and soap were enough to make him smell nice.

“Well, you never smelled bad anyway, so that’s good.”

“When can I call him my boyfriend? We’ll be spending time together this week too. He offered to let me use his washer and dryer and he’s taking me shopping Saturday.” He wished these were questions he could easily just look up on the internet, but when he tried he always got mixed answers.

“Whenever you want to at this point, I should think. Maybe in another week or so, if you guys are still going strong, ask him what he thinks. And if you want to keep it exclusive, let him know. You
might want to find out if he’s like, poly, or prefers open relationships.”

Cas’ brow furrowed in confusion. “Poly? What’s that exactly?”

“Hold on, I’m going to send you a couple of links, and I’m sending you a couple of support groups that I think you might like on Facebook. They’re anonymous, so your parents won’t know you’re in them.”

His phone dinged with links she was sending him via Messenger. Since he was already on his computer he pulled Facebook up on there and began opening the links she sent.

“People really do this? They get into group relationships? I don’t think I could do that. It’s difficult enough loving one person, let alone two or more.” He said as he read through the first article she had sent. “I really hope he isn’t.”

“Well, that’s a topic for discussion then. Part of the whole ‘getting to know each other’ aspect of dating. I dated a guy once that was poly. He had this girlfriend already and they were looking for another girlfriend to join the group. I found out on the third date. Boy did I nip that real quick! It was a shame though, he was hot,” she sighed.

“I just want normal dating; is that too much to ask? Where we do things together, and we teach one another new things, and we just enjoy one another’s company. I want to have fun, maybe fall in love, and just be comfortable with someone. I’m comfortable with Dean. He makes me happy.”

“That’s good. Seriously, if you find someone worth putting the effort into a relationship with, you hang on to them. I can’t wait to hear about tonight’s date and where he takes you. Promise me you’ll call me tomorrow?” she begged.

“But of course. I’m going to hang up now so I can charge my phone, it’s almost dead. We’ll talk tomorrow, ok? I want to tell you what I have my students doing now,” he said.

The call ended, and he put his phone to charge. He researched a few teaching methods to use in class and didn’t realize he had lost track of time until someone was knocking at his door.

“Coming!”

He called out as he quickly shut the computer down and went to answer the door.

“Hey, Gorgeous,” Dean greeted him as he opened it.

“Hi. Oh, I need my socks and shoes, give me a moment? I was doing some research for work. Come in, I’ll be out in just a moment.” Cas stepped back so Dean could come in. He expected the man to head straight for the couch but instead he stepped right into Cas’ personal space and kissed him.

“Sorry, I was thinking of doing that all day.” He was smiling wide when he stepped back.

“I don’t mind, I was thinking about it too.” Cas knew he must have a big, dopey smile on his face, but he didn’t care. He closed the door. “I’ll be right back.”

He hurried to his room to put on his socks and his black oxfords. Dean was dressed in a green Henley and jeans, so apparently they weren’t going anywhere overly fancy, so he wasn’t underdressed. He ducked into the bathroom real quick to check his hair but that was hopeless. After grabbing his phone, wallet, and keys, he returned to the living room.
“Ready?” Dean asked. Cas nodded.

“Yes I am.”

Dinner turned out to be a steakhouse. The atmosphere was nice and the food was phenomenal. They talked as they ate, about work, about family, and Cas reluctantly opened up about his parents and their views.

“So…they don’t know you’re…” Dean had paused with a forkful of baked potato to ask, but seeing as how Cas had never said one way or the other what he was, he didn’t want to jump to conclusions.

“I believe I am gay. I really thought about it and the idea of romantic relationships with women, they hold no appeal for me. And no, my parents don’t have a clue. No one does, except my brother Mike. I told him last night. He said he doesn’t care as long as I am happy. See, we were brought up to believe that education came above and beyond anything else. We didn’t date, we didn’t play sports, we didn’t really socialize outside of normal school functions. I had in-school friends, but no one was ever allowed to come over. We didn’t have big birthday celebrations, it was just the five of us. Same at the holidays, except my grandparents would come over. My father had told us from the time we were in diapers that we were to become doctors like him. My parents wanted trophy children. Ones they could rub in their friends’ faces and brag about how smart they were and how far they had advanced their education and careers. Mike is the oldest, and I think he took the brunt of their demands. He was the obedient child, excelling in school because he was so desperate to escape. He saw college as that escape. When he was nineteen he got his first girlfriend. He told Gabe and me about her, but he didn’t tell our parents. Her name was Lily, and I didn’t like her one bit. She was manipulative and mean, but Mike thought he was in love. They began dating in September and by November they had gone down to city hall and gotten married. Still he didn’t tell our parents. By May they were divorced. It was a lesson he learned the hard way. Our parents found out, chewed him out, pushed him harder to focus on his courses. Ever the obedient one, he did exactly that. He earned his BA in two years, his MA in four. Went on to medical school, earned his doctorate. He’s thirty three, and two years ago he met the love of his life. They’re not married yet, but I expect he will propose eventually. He’s finally living a normal life.” Cas paused in talking to take another bite of his steak. It really was delicious.

“Then there’s my brother Gabe. Mike just told me last night that Gabe is bisexual, and the man we thought was his roommate for the last few years is actually his partner. Gabe didn’t tell anyone. Mike said he found out by accident because he had a conference in their area and decided to do a surprise visit. He was the one that ended up surprised though,” Cas chuckled.

“Wow, and your parents don’t know about him either?” Dean asked. Cas shook his head.

“No, not at all. Both of my brothers moved out of state to get away from our parents. I’m the only one that stayed, though I moved an hour away. Gabe was pushed like Mike was, but he was more stubborn. I think he’s the one that showed me that I could do what I wanted rather than being forced to follow our parents’ plans. They wanted Gabe to go into neurosurgery. He refused. Instead, he became an emergency room physician. They’re still not happy about that, but…he got the doctorate they demanded of him. I don’t think he had his first date til he was twenty one, and he was twenty five before he had his first real girlfriend. He’s thirty. He graduated high school at sixteen and was done with his BA two weeks before his nineteenth birthday. By twenty one he was done with his MA and off to medical school. That left me as the only child still at home. They really put the pressure on me. I completed high school, got a full ride to SIU, and once I was there I decided no, I didn’t want to be a doctor. I wanted to teach. So I quietly began doing a double major in education
and history, with a minor in English lit. I kept a perfect GPA and earned another scholarship. It wasn’t until I was about to graduate with my BA that I admitted to my parents what I was getting my degree in. I thought my mother was going to have a stroke, I really did. My father was furious! They’re resourceful people though and they decided that if I was going to be a teacher, I was going to teach what they wanted me to teach. They expected me to become a high ranking college professor that would eventually move on to running a university. Imagine their shock when I chose to work in elementary education! I was three quarters of the way finished with my MA at the time. They expected me to keep going, to push on and get my doctorate, but I was already exhausted.”

“I don’t blame you. I was exhausted after my BA. My brother is at Oxford right now getting his MA. He won a full ride due to his perfect GPA at Stanford. He’s earning a law degree. I’m proud of him, but I’ll never be quite as ambitious as he is. I make roughly about what he’ll make when he comes home and joins a law firm. But it’s not all about the money. I want to be happy, and I am. I wouldn’t be happy as an engineer,” Dean said.

“How old is your brother?” Cas asked.

“He’s twenty three. Our parents didn’t ride him, or me for that matter, quite as hard. He has a girlfriend, and he’s had several over the years,” Dean replied.

“Can I ask you a question? There’s so much I’m still trying to learn and something was pointed out to me, however I’m not sure when the right time to even ask this would be. If I offend you, I apologize in advance.” Cas lowered his fork and looked at Dean.

“Sure, what’s on your mind?”

Cas looked at the rest of his food for a moment before raising his eyes to meet Dean’s once again.

“Are you by chance polyamorous?”

Dean’s brow pulled down and he cocked his head a bit. “I’m not even sure I know what that is, if I’m being honest.”

Cas relaxed a bit. Chances were good Dean wasn’t if he didn’t even know what it was.

“It’s when people date more than one person, but they’re all in a relationship together, and they all love one another and sleep with one another. I am not polyamorous, but…apparently a lot of people are. I needed to know whether that is something you are interested in, because I am not.”

“Oh, uh, no, I like being with one person at a time. And, uh, I don’t like to share. Or be shared. If I’m understanding what it is you’re saying. I just want to date you, Cas. That’s it.” Dean hoped that was clarification enough. Cas smiled brightly.

“Oh good! I feel the same way.”

“Any other questions you have tucked away?” Dean asked, giving the other man a playful smile.

“Meg says I should wait to ask until next week sometime, but…” Cas licked his lips slowly. “No, I believe I will wait on that question. Impatience serves no one.”

Dean chuckled. “You sure?”

Cas nodded. “Yes, I’m sure.”
Now you have an inkling as to what Cas, Mike, and Gabe’s parents are like, and why they all wanted to get away from them. I do hope you liked the chapter. Leave a comment if you like. :)
Chapter Summary

Charlie shows up unexpectedly on the morning Dean is taking Cas out shopping. After teasing him about how Dean is falling for Cas, she leaves. Cas, on the other hand, gets the phone call from Gabe that had been due Wednesday. He tells his brother about Dean.

Chapter Notes

I hope you're all still enjoying the story. I think Cas is pretty darn adorable here. And Dean's a sweetheart. Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So, how much of a problem would your parents really have if they knew you were gay?” Dean had invited Cas back to his place so they could continue talking for a little while longer. Currently they were sitting together on the couch and Cas was turned to face him with one leg folded underneath himself.

“They are…not accepting. I believe they would disown me.” Cas had been worrying a lot since his conversation the night before with his brother about what would happen if one of them decided to just pop in for a visit. Aside from the day they had helped him move in, they had not come back to visit, nor had they even called. They’d never been particularly affectionate though.

“Are they going to have expectations about the rest of your life though? Like, do they expect you to find a wife, have a couple of kids? That kind of thing?” Dean asked.

“Frankly, I no longer care what they want. If my brother Gabe can live happily with a partner, then I can be openly gay. I shouldn’t have to live in shame or hide myself because I don’t fit into their idea of the perfect son. They certainly don’t fit my idea of the perfect parents. I learned absolutely no life skills from them. All I learned was how to study, how to push myself academically, and how to jump through the hoops that would keep them off my back. I’m tired of being their puppet. If they have a problem with it and disown me, perhaps I’ll show up at their country club and tell all their snooty little friends exactly what they’re really like.”

“Wow, you never cease to amaze me, Cas. There’s so much fire inside of you. I like that a lot.” Dean picked up one of Cas’ hands and held it between his own. “I’m glad my parents are accepting. I… told my mom about you. She called me this afternoon while I was working. I chatted with her for a few minutes while I was replacing some circuit breaker boxes in a condo complex. She likes to call at odd times. Anyway, she started asking me all about you, and threatened to box my ears if I wasn’t a complete gentleman.”

Cas smiled. His heart fluttered just knowing that Dean had actually told his mother about him.

“You’re wonderful, Dean. If I knew her, I’d tell her as much myself.”
“I don’t want to push you and scare you off. I really like you, Cas. Like, a lot. I told her as much too.” Dean looked at Cas’ hand. The man had such long, slender fingers, the nails trimmed neatly. They were the hands of a surgeon, even if Cas disagreed.

“I like you very much too. And I enjoy spending time with you. I’m going to tell my brother Gabe about you when he calls me Wednesday. I’m curious as to whether he intends to tell me about Eli or not.”

“Eli?” Dean asked. “The roommate that’s not really a roommate?”

“That’s the one,” Cas nodded.

Dean continued to play with Cas’ fingers as his mind wandered a bit. When he was younger he’d have thought nothing of already trying to get Cas into his bed, but it had been a long time since he’d thought like that. There was a certain pleasure to be gained from the whole courtship process. Dating, getting to know one another, all of that, but boy did he really want to hold Cas in his arms, kiss him deeply, and just touch him.

“What are you thinking about?” Cas asked.

Dean looked up at him and smiled shyly. “Oh, just about holding you and kissing you. It tends to be on my mind a lot lately.”

Cas chuckled and moved closer. He gently pulled his hand free from Dean’s and wrapped his arms around the man’s neck. The familiar sensation of fireworks exploding from inside struck again as their lips met. This time it was he who gasped when Dean’s hands slid up his sides before slipping around to his back and pulling him into the other man’s lap. It was an awkward angle for him but he relaxed and let Dean maneuver them until Cas was laying down with Dean’s body pressing down on top of his own. Dean kept the kisses soft, gentle, and without urgency. Cas appreciated that, even if his body disagreed.

“W-what is this?” He gasped when he paused to catch his breath. Dean’s mouth was working its way down his neck, setting every nerve in his body on fire. He lifted his head at the question.

“It’s called making out, Cas. Just kissing, that’s all.”

“Oh, ok, back at it then.” Cas’ voice hitched when Dean nibbled at a spot behind his ear that he hadn’t realized was sensitive. Dean chuckled and kissed his jaw tenderly before bringing their mouths back together again.

Kissing Cas was something Dean had immediately grown to love. Every kiss felt new and made the butterflies in Dean’s stomach begin to flutter madly. Cas was so incredibly gentle too, as though he was worried about hurting Dean, and that just made him even more endearing. He had no idea how long they were at it before he finally sat back and pulled Cas up into a sitting position again.

“Why are you stopping?” Cas sounded pouty and it made Dean chuckle. He checked his watch. Damn, it was already after ten.

“As much as I’m loving this, and trust me, I am, we both have work tomorrow. It’s already after ten.”

Cas’ pout deepened but he nodded and swung his legs over the edge to plant his feet on the floor.

“I do have to iron a shirt for tomorrow.”
Dean couldn’t resist moving closer and wrapping his arms around Cas’ waist. He kissed the man’s jaw gently.

"Are you coming Wednesday to do your laundry? I’ll make us dinner."

Cas smiled as he leaned into the kisses he was still peppering his jaw and neck with.

"I would like that very much. What time will you get home?"

"I should be done in Indy by four, so I’ll be back in the area around five, barring bad traffic," Dean replied. "I’ll text you when I’m here, ok?"

"Ok." Cas turned and kissed Dean gently before standing up. Dean got up to walk him to the door.

"Thank you for a wonderful evening, Dean," he said as he stepped into the hall.

"I should be saying that to you. I had a great time tonight. I’ll see you Wednesday."

Cas smiled. "Wednesday."

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Dean saw Cas Wednesday but Thursday he ended up staying late on a job and it was nearly eleven before he got home. Friday he had to make a drive back to Indy at the request of the hotel after a room was trashed by some unruly guests that literally tore the light figures right from the walls. Still, he texted back and forth with Cas and he was excited to spend time with the man Saturday. He woke up that morning to someone knocking on his door.

"Please don’t let that be someone with a problem," he muttered as he slipped his robe on and cinched the belt tight around his waist. When he heard keys in the door, alarm bells began to go off. A moment later it opened and Charlie was walking in.

"Fuck, I forgot I gave you a key." He huffed out a small laugh. "What are you doing here?"

"I thought we could hang out today. I haven’t seen you since last weekend at the fest." She tossed her bag on the couch before plopping down on it.

"Oh, uh…I’m taking Cas out today." He scratched at the back of his neck as he came around the front of the couch to sit down next to her.

"You’re getting pretty serious with him, huh?" she asked. He was just glad that she wasn’t upset with him.

"I guess. Yeah. He’s pretty awesome."

She grinned and lightly punched him in the arm. "It’s about time. So now do you think he’s long-term material?"

His thoughts turned to Cas. That smile, those eyes, how sweet he was. He tried to picture a future with him. It wasn’t to do as he thought.

"Yeah, I do think he’s long term material. I’m not saying that after a week I’m in love or anything, but I do like him a lot more now."

"He still holding out on the sex?" she asked.
“He’s not holding out. He’s…” He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. “I’m his first everything. First date, first kiss, first…” He looked at her pointedly. “When we finally reach that point. I don’t want to rush it and risk losing him. This stays between you and me. You don’t mention it to Benny or anyone else, understand?”

“Of course. Wow, I didn’t realize people our age could still be virgins. Kudos to him. Probably put his education first, huh?”

“He did, but it wasn’t his choice. His parents are really strict and weird. Forced him and his brothers to be what they wanted them to be, but Cas rebelled. They wanted all of their boys to surgeons, but he wanted to be a teacher. As gentle as he is, he’s really strong willed,” he told her.

“So what are you and your new boyfriend doing today?” she asked. He grinned at hearing Cas referred to as his boyfriend.

“Uh, he got paid yesterday, so I’m taking him grocery shopping and to Goodwill to get some new clothes. Then we’re coming back here to his place so I can teach him how to cook. I swear, his parents didn’t teach him anything. He taught himself how to do laundry, iron, and other basics, but he lives out of his microwave, or eats canned stuff. So I’m going to teach him how to make something.”

“You’re falling,” she teased as she nudged him. He shrugged.

“You going to be around tomorrow?”

“Probably, why?” she asked.

“Swing by, we’ll play video games or watch a movie or something,” he said. She got up and grabbed her bag off the couch.

“I’ll see what Dorothy has planned tomorrow. She has work today, that’s why I came to bug you. I’ll text you later. Have fun, don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,” she teased as she headed for the door.

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Cas woke to the sound of his phone ringing. He fumbled until he found the phone on the nightstand and grabbed it.

“Hello?” he mumbled.

“Cas!”

Cas groaned and rolled over on his back. “Gabe? You were supposed to call Wednesday.”

“I know, but something came up at work. I’m sorry. How are you?” His brother sounded way too cheerful for this early in the morning.

“’M good. What time is it?” Cas pulled his phone back and looked at the screen. It was nine thirty.

“’M seven thirty by me. I had some time before I had to be at work and I felt bad about not calling Wednesday,” Gabe said.

“It’s ok. I know you’re busy.” Cas rubbed his eyes and yawned.
“So, how’s life going? What have you been up to?”

Cas sat up in the bed and threw the blanket back.

“Well, I’ve actually been busy.” Now was his opportunity to talk to his brother.

“Oh? Work keeping you busy? Please tell me you’re out making friends and socializing. You need friends. I couldn’t meet enough people once I was away from Mom and Dad,” Gabe said with a chuckle.

“Work is good. Got my first paycheck yesterday, and I’m really enjoying working with the children,” Cas replied. “It’s better than I could have hoped for.”

“That’s good! Mom nagging you still about not getting your doctorate?” Gabe asked.

“Actually, they haven’t even called me since I moved in.” Cas was still worried about that. But trying to reach them would be next to impossible, so he didn’t even bother trying.

“Really? That’s odd. What are you doing outside of work? Mike mentioned talking to you last week.”

“Oh, yes, he called me last weekend.”

“So what have you been up to? Are you getting use out of that speaker I spent you?”

Cas burst out laughing, starting his brother.

“What’s so funny?” Gabe was curious. This was not how his brother usually was.

“Oh, I’m sorry, it’s just…” Cas snorted and grinned. “I have something to tell you.”

“I’m all ears, little brother.”

“I’m…seeing someone. Someone wonderful,” Cas said carefully.

“Good for you! I wonder why Mike didn’t say something. Did you tell him you’re dating?”

“Yes, I did. He actually called me right after I had gotten home from a date. I was waiting for you to call me Wednesday to tell you, but you never called.” Cas didn’t want to make his brother feel guilty, though. “And it’s ok that you didn’t. I know you’re busy.”

“I really am sorry. I had a patient come through the ER, a car accident victim. That was Sunday? I got called in Wednesday to sign his release because he was trying to leave before he was well enough to. While I was there a gunshot victim came in, and I got swept up in that. So much for my day off,” Gabe sighed. “So tell me about the girlfriend. It’s your first, right? Is she pretty?”

“Ah, ha ha, about that. I’m…gay. I’m dating a guy named Dean,” Cas waited. His brother was dead quiet on the other end of the line.

“Gabe?”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m here. Wow. So, uh, when did you figure that out?”

“I didn’t have the time while I was in school to think about things like that, but I’ve had a lot of time on my hands lately. I realized I have no attraction to women.”
“But you like this Dean guy?” Gabe asked.

“Yes, very much. He’s very nice, and very respectful.” Cas smiled just thinking of Dean.

“Do Mom and Dad know?”

“No. I’m afraid of how they’ll react,” Cas admitted.

“Yeah, it won’t be good.” He could hear his brother moving on the other end of the line, talking softly to someone.

“Is that Eli?” Cas asked.

“Uh, yeah. He’s home today.”

“Tell him I said hello.”

He could hear his brother talking softly to Eli.

“He says hello too.” Gabe sighed again. “Look, Cas…I have something to tell you.”

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment, let me know what you think. Thanks for reading!
A Visit from Mother

Chapter Summary

Cas’ mother calls. She and his father want to come for dinner the following night. Cas is not happy about that, but Dean has a plan to get them to lay off with their constant negativity.

Chapter Notes

A bit of domesticity between Cas and Dean. Don't worry, they'll get intimate very soon. Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cas and Gabe talked for the better part of an hour before someone knocked at his door.

“Oh, I think Dean is here,” he said as he went to open the door.

“Hey…” The greeting died on Dean’s lips as he realized Cas was on the phone. And as he realized Cas was dressed in nothing more than his boxers.

“Come on in.” Cas motioned for him to come in.

“I’ll let you go. It was good talking, little brother. I’ll see you at the end of November when I come to visit.” They’d made plans to come out to their parents together. Gabe didn’t want Cas doing it alone, and he’d hidden his own life for long enough. “Mike’s supposed to come in with Maeve, too, for Thanksgiving,” he said.

“And Eli? Will you bring Eli?” Cas asked.

“Yeah, I will. If mom and dad don’t like it, well…too damn bad.”

Cas wished his brother was there and that he could hug him in person.

“I love you, Cas. We’ll talk again soon, ok?”

“I love you, too. Call more often!”

Gabe promised to call again Tuesday, and then they were hanging up.

“Sorry, my brother didn’t call Wednesday, so he called this morning,” Cas said.

“I’m glad you got to talk to him. Did you guys talk like you wanted?” Dean was trying hard not to stare at Cas’ bare chest. He was slightly sweaty from the warm apartment so his skin glistened.

“Yes, we did. I told him about you, and he finally told me about Eli. He also told me he’s thinking of proposing to Eli at Christmas. I’m very happy for him. He waited to tell me until Eli was in the
shower,” Cas said with a laugh. He tossed the phone on the couch and wrapped his arms around Dean’s neck. “I’m sorry I wasn’t ready, I just don’t get to talk to him nearly often enough.” He kissed Dean softly. “But… I did manage to brush my teeth while he told me about a child he had to suture last night. Little girl fell and put a gash in her forehead.”

“And you didn’t hurl with him telling you that?” Dean asked, laughing. He wrapped his arms around Cas and pulled him closer.

“I was told much worse stories growing up. Medical stories were commonplace in our home since my dad is a surgeon. I suppose he thought he was ‘toughening us up’ by telling us his experiences. Blood, guts, that stuff doesn’t faze me.” Cas tilted his head to the side when Dean nuzzled against his jaw and kissed his neck.

“Do you need to take a shower?” Dean asked. He pulled back to look Cas in the eye.

“If it’s not too much of a bother, I would like to take one. I’m kind of hot,” Cas replied.

“Oh, I’ll agree with you on that one.” Dean’s smile was wicked and Cas snorted.

“Uh huh, I’m sure. I want to shave real quick too. Give me twenty?”

“Fine go. We’ll do breakfast and then head to Goodwill,” Dean said. Cas gave him a quick kiss on the lips before heading for his bedroom.

Dean kicked back on the couch to wait. When Cas’ phone rang under him he jumped. He found it and pulled it out.

“Oh, oh…”

Cas’ mother was calling. He could still hear the shower running. The call ended and the screen went dark. When Cas came out of the bathroom, this time dressed in a new pair of boxers, Dean held up the phone.

“You missed a call from your mom.”

Cas froze and eyed the phone like it carried the plague.

“We have to get moving. She could show up.”

He hurried into the bedroom and in only a few minutes he was back, carrying his shoes and socks in hand. He was wearing the same outfit he’d worn on their first date.

“Maybe you should listen to her voicemail,” Dean said as Cas sat down on the couch and hurried to pull his socks and shoes on.

“I will in the car. I talked to my brother about our parents. He is coming up in November and together we’re going to sit our parents down and tell them. I told him I’m not going to hide who I am, and he doesn’t want to anymore either, but neither of us wants to do it alone.”

Cas tied his second shoe and stood up. He already had his wallet and keys. “I’m sorry, I’m not hiding you. I told the people that truly matter. My parents are inconsequential.”

Dean stood up. It hurt him to think that Cas’ parents really cared so little for their children’s actual welfare that only if they lived up to their standards did they matter. He knew Cas was not ashamed of being gay, or ashamed of him. He was ashamed of his parents.
“Alright. Let’s go and enjoy our day,” he said. Cas smiled and nodded.

“As long as I’m with you, I’ll definitely enjoy it.”

Cas listened to the voicemail from his mother as they drove.

“They want to come for dinner tomorrow night.” He sighed when he was done listening.

“Do they expect you to cook for them?” Dean asked. Cas shook his head.

“Knowing my mother, they’ll come in the morning and she’ll torture me by spending the day in my kitchen doing what she calls cooking. All while she tells me how foolish I am for not going for my doctorate, and what a stupid apartment I chose. I chose this place, not them; therefore they don’t like it.”

“How about this? I’ll help you make something. All they have to do is show up and eat it. Then you tell them you’re heading to bed early because you have work in the morning, and you only have to spend two, maybe three hours with them. It’ll keep the nagging and the negativity to a minimum.”

Dean reached over to take Cas’ hand. He lifted it up and kissed the back of it. “I’m sorry you had to grow up with that. You won’t get that with me, I promise.”

Cas looked over at him and smiled. “Thank you. I’ll call her and tell them not to come until six tomorrow. That should be late enough, and my dad will have to be up by five Monday, so that should make them leave by like…eight. At least, I hope.”

They went to a little diner that Dean swore had good food, and after they had ordered Cas placed a quick call to his mother, telling her he had to go after a short five-minute conversation. Five minutes was enough to drain him and when he hung up he turned to stare out the window.

“Hey, you ok?” Dean asked. Before Cas could respond Dean was sliding onto the seat next to him and pulling him close. Cas leaned into him and laid his head on his shoulder.

“Yeah, she’s just so….negative.”

Dean kissed his forehead gently. “So, I was thinking. For dinner tomorrow, why don’t you do a roast? We’ll pick up the meat and seasonings for it, and a bag of potatoes. I’ll lend you my crock pot, unless we can find you one at Goodwill. You’ll make the roast in the crock and bake the potatoes, and it’ll be minimal cooking for you, but it should impress your parents nonetheless. Show them that you’re perfectly capable of taking care of yourself.”

“Yeah? I feel like I ask too much of you. I don’t want to be a burden.” Cas tilted his head back to look up at him. Dean loved those blue eyes, they were incredible.

“You’re not. I’m offering.”

“I’m worried one day you’ll not want to offer anymore. I need to get a better job. I need to make more money.” Cas frowned.

“And you will find a better job, and you will make more money. I have no doubt about that. But I don’t like seeing you insulted by the people that should love you unconditionally, no matter what. So, if I have it in my means to help, I will. You’re doing just fine without them. Don’t ever doubt yourself.”
Before Cas could respond, their server was coming with their food. She smiled sweetly as she set the plates down in front of them. They ate, talking about what Cas would need for the dinner the following evening, and the most affordable way to get it. When they were finished they made their way to Goodwill.

It was Cas’ first time in the store and he was unsure where to start, but Dean knew. He grabbed a cart and directed Cas back to housewares.

“Do you have plates and silverware?” Dean asked him.

“I do. My mother bought me a small set when I moved in. I have enough silverware for four people as well. I do not, however, have anything beyond a single pot, and a frying pan. I intended to learn how to make some simple dishes, and slowly build up some cooking supplies, but if they’re less expensive here, I’ll get some things now,” Cas said.

“Oh, let’s start over here.”

Dean moved the cart around some people and ducked into the first aisle. Slowly they walked up and down every aisle, picking up things Cas would need in order to cook not just the dinner for his parents but further meals as well. He was excited when he found a crock pot on one of the back shelves, and he grabbed that too. From housewares they headed for the clothes. There were plenty of tee shirts to choose from and Cas knew which ones would fit. Dean found a couple for himself too, and added those to the cart along with the ones Cas had picked out.

“You need jeans, and a couple pairs of sweats, right? What about some sleep pants?” Dean asked. Cas nodded, and they went to see what was available. Choosing jeans was harder and Cas ended up having to try on a few pairs. Dean enjoyed his boyfriend’s modeling a lot more than he let on. In the end Cas found two more pairs of jeans that fit comfortably and three pairs of pajama bottoms. He hoped one day soon he’d get the privilege of waking up to see Cas sleeping in them, curled up in his arms.

They found some sweatpants and Dean found a sweater and a hat and scarf set since winter was sneaking up on them already. Cas was delighted to see that everything he had bought was under thirty dollars. Dean had promised him he could spend a few extra dollars on clothes because he was about to save on food at Aldi’s. With their purchases loaded into the car, they made the drive over to Aldi’s. Aisle by aisle they shopped, buying enough food to last Cas for the next two weeks, until his next paycheck, and enough that Dean could work with him and show him some easy to make dishes that would be filling and give him a few days’ worth of leftovers. Cas liked having the freedom to choose his own foods, and he opted for healthier items, like trail mixes, dried fruits, and granola bars. He hummed to himself as he picked out almond milk, fresh fruits and vegetables, and he accepted everything Dean put in the cart as well.

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When they got to the meat section Dean looked through the beef until he found a roast he thought would be acceptable for dinner the following evening. From there they bought chicken, pork chops, and fish, and Dean was going through a list of recipes he had memorized for each meat or fish they chose. He liked the idea of working in the kitchen to teach Cas to cook. His last boyfriend had had absolutely no interest in cooking. He had expected Dean to do all the cooking. And the cleaning. And the shopping. Needless to say, it had been a short-lived relationship. Even dating Lisa she had expected him to do everything. Cas was nothing like them. He wanted to learn, and he didn’t want things done for him. When they reached the freezer section Cas spun around to face him suddenly, draping his arms around Dean’s neck.
“I am going to research recipes and once I know what I’m doing, I’m going to make you the most romantic dinner I can come up with.”

Dean smiled and wrapped his arms around Cas’ waist, tugging him until he moved closer. “I look forward to that. How about tonight I show you one of a dozen different ways to make chicken? Do you like fried chicken? I know a healthier way to make it and it’s really good, and it won’t be fried.”

“I love fried chicken! Can we try some of that wild rice and quinoa? I’ve always wanted to try that. I swear, we ate white rice, potatoes, mac and cheese, canned vegetables, canned fruit, that’s what I grew up on. Boxes of breaded fish, chicken nuggets, anything my mother could just pop in the oven for twenty minutes, or nuke in the microwave. She couldn’t be bothered to actually cook for us. Her clubs and social obligations always came first. I almost wish we’d had a nanny growing up, maybe then we’d have gotten real food. I’m excited to learn how to do this stuff for myself.” Cas’ eyes held so much hope, so much determination. He was desperate for independence, and to be free of his parents’ control once and for all. Dean knew this, and he wanted to help as much as Cas was willing to let him.

“So we’ll grab a few more things and get going, ok?” Dean kissed the tip of his nose, which had Cas smiling at him.

“Sounds good to me.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you are all still enjoying the story. Leave me a comment if you like. :)


Dinner with the Parents

Chapter Summary

Cas’ parents are coming to dinner and it's stressing him out. Dean helps him get the meal prepared. When the parents arrive they try to lay a guilt trip him but Cas is having none of that, and puts them in their place real quick.

Chapter Notes

I've noticed several things that happen with parents that have multiple children. They're harder on the first few, and by the time they get to the last one, they're usually a bit more lax. This isn't always the case. Some parents are hard asses from kid one to kid 20, but generally speaking, they ease up on the younger ones. Not only that, the youngest is usually quite feisty and hard headed (just look at my younger daughter, lol), and they tend to get away with more crap. Here, Cas does something his brothers have been incapable of doing; he stands up to his parents. Mike wouldn't dream of doing it, and Gabe might think about it, but he'd still be too scared. Cas has the bravery they wish they had. He's determined not to let them rule his life anymore. Go Cas!

I do hope you enjoy this chapter. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

They got everything up and into Cas’ apartment in two trips. Dean took the new clothes over to his place to wash them and left Cas to wash all of his new cookware. He came back and started going through the bags of food. A package of chicken was left out, and the rice mix along with some salad mix. He found the spices they had bought and set those out too. After dividing the meats into portions that could be frozen, he helped Cas put it all away. They started on dinner, and Dean got a kick out of the fact that Cas grabbed a pen and paper to write down the fried chicken recipe, and the correct measurements for the rice since they weren’t using a cooker to make it. They got the chicken breaded, and Cas was fascinated by the fact that Dean had used mashed potato flakes instead of flour like he’d seen once on a cooking show. A little salt, a little paprika, some black pepper, and a few other spices, and then he showed Cas how to dip it in the egg mixture before rolling it in the flakes. He couldn’t resist pressing in close, touching Cas and kissing his cheek, his neck, his lips, and smiling every time be made the man blush.

The rice was put on to cook, and Dean put together a salad to have with dinner. He didn’t really care for salads, but if Cas wanted one with dinner, he’d make it and eat it. With the preparations done, Dean caught Cas by the hand as he walked past the table and drew him closer. Cas felt good in his arms. He felt right.

“'The chicken is going to burn.’” Cas’ tone was playful, but he wasn’t pulling away.

“I just flipped it.” Dean kissed him softly. Cas melted into it, letting Dean hold him closer as he moved from kissing his lips to his jaw and throat.
“Mmm, you really seem to like kissing my neck,” Cas teased.

“It’s a fantastic neck.” Dean grinned as he placed a tender kiss to Cas’ jaw.

“I’m enjoying this entirely too much. If this keeps up we’ll forget about the food. I sort of need this apartment.”

Dean chuckled and pulled back to check the chicken. It was done so he folded a couple of paper towels on a plate and put the chicken on it. He checked the rice. When it was finished he loaded up two plates with food and they sat down to eat.

“Oh, this is delicious! It’s different from fried chicken I’ve had in the past, but it’s very good. I definitely want to make this again.”

“It’s a favorite of mine. Later I’ll teach you how to make a couple of chicken dishes that will impress your parents, should you decide to host more dinners where they are invited,” Dean said. Cas smiled at him. It was the strangest of circumstances that had actually brought them together, but he was glad it happened.

“I want to have dinners with my family where I can have you there, and Gabe can have Eli, and no one is being insulted or made to feel like we’re all…unworthy.” Cas frowned, and Dean didn’t like seeing him like that. He got up and came around to hug Cas.

“You are worthy. If they can’t accept you as you are, at least you have people that do accept you and want you in their lives.”

“Thank you, Dean. I needed that.” Cas squeezed him back before he sat back down in his seat.

“So, after dinner, what do you want to do?” Dean asked. Cas smiled.

“How about we watch a movie?”

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Dean returned in the morning with Cas’ new clothes all dried and folded. He set them on Cas’ bed so he could put them away later. Cas was pacing nervously in the kitchen, muttering to himself as he tried to make sure he had all of the seasonings ready. He’d washed out the crock pot and laid out everything he would need, along with the potatoes and green beans he planned to add to the meal. When Dean walked in he quickly figured out how stressed out the man was. He stepped in and started giving instructions, so Cas had something to keep his hands busy. They got the roast started and the potatoes washed, and then Dean was taking him by the hand and leading him into the living room.

“You need to relax. It’s just dinner. It’s your home and if they insult you in your home, you have the right to ask them to leave.” A thought occurred to him. “You didn’t let them lease the apartment in their name, did you? It’s in your name, right?”

“Oh, my mother tried to put it in her name. But I put the down payment down, not them. I used my graduation money, and my brothers helped with first month’s rent. It’s in my name. They can’t take this away from me. If they did, I’d call one of my brothers and go stay with one of them. They wouldn’t throw me to the wolves.”

Dean worried even more about Cas’ parents. He didn’t want Cas to leave, he knew both brothers lived out of state for a reason.
“They’re not chasing you off. Are they really that bad?”

“No, I don’t think so. It’ll be alright. I’ll feed them, listen to them nag at me about getting my doctorate, and then send them home. I can do this.” They were sitting on the couch and Dean moved closer so he could put his arm around Cas.

“Good. I would miss you too much if you left.”

Cas smiled. “I’m not going anywhere.”

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Dean snuck out the back door just as they heard the knock at the front door.

“Enjoy your dinner.” Dean gave him one last kiss before pulling the door closed behind him. Cas took a deep breath and went to let his parents in.

“Mom, Dad, hi.” He stepped aside to let them inside.

“Hi, Honey, how are you?” His mother kissed his cheek before looking around.

“I’m good. How are you both?” He smiled at his father who patted his shoulder.

“Same as always. How’s work?” his father asked.

“Work is good. I love my job.” Cas closed the door. “I hope you’re hungry, I made a roast with baked potatoes and green beans.”

His mother’s look of skepticism was almost hilarious if he didn’t know just how little faith she really had in him.

“You…cooked?”

He smiled tightly. “I did, yes.” He led them to the kitchen.

“Smells good,” his father remarked.

Cas got them some wine, a gift from Dean, and set them down at the table to eat. They watched as he served the food.

“Where did you learn to cook this?” His mother asked as he set a plate with slices of the roast and a baked potato along with the green beans.

“I’ve made a few friends, and I’ve been learning to cook.” Cas set a plate down in front of his father before joining them at the table.

“Well that’s nice,” his father said. “Must have a lot of free time now.”

Cas was done before his father even got started. He put his fork down and leveled his parents both with a warning look.

“I know what your expectations for me were. I didn’t live up to them. I’m not going to apologize though. I went further than a lot of people my age did, and I’m happy. I don’t need a doctorate. Especially if the only reason you want me to get it is to give you bragging rights. I’m doing something I love. I would think that that was what you would want most for your children. For us to be happy and doing what we love.”
His parents exchanged a look he couldn’t quite read. His mother turned to look at him.

“Of course we want you to be happy. But we also don’t want to have to worry about you.”

“Then don’t worry. My bills are being paid; I have food in my cabinets, and I’m getting out, making friends, and I’m happy.”

“You’re right. So, what have you been up to? And where did you get all of this?” His father motioned towards the crock pot and wine glasses. “I’m fairly certain your mom stocked you with the basics,” he chuckled.

“Oh, I went shopping yesterday and bought some things. The crock pot is my favorite. I am learning all of the things that can be made in it. When the roast is finished, I have a recipe for a creamy chicken and rice soup. I’ll freeze most of it so it’ll last me a long time,” Cas said proudly.

“Oh…that sounds good. You save time cooking using it? Is it hard to use?” His mother asked. Cas smiled brightly.

“Not at all. I can even give you a few recipes.”

“So….how was dinner?” Dean had come over once he got the text telling him the parental figures had left.

“It was nice. They tried to guilt trip me right away, but I told them I won’t stand for it. It ended with me telling them all about the kids I work with, and I shared a couple of the recipes you gave me with my mother. That one was weird,” Cas laughed. He was washing the dishes. “I have leftovers; are you hungry? I should have had you stay for dinner.”

“No, I wasn’t subjecting you to that. At least, not yet. Thanksgiving though. I-if you want, that is. I didn’t even think that far ahead.” It suddenly dawned on Dean that he could see Cas in his life, rather than just in the moment. That…was scary.

“Well, I suppose we should talk about that? But it’s not urgent, right? Here, let me get you some food.”

Cas had popped another potato in while his parents were enjoying a second glass of wine in the living room so Dean would have one to go with his roast, and now he set it on the plate with the meat and beans.

“Thanks.” Dean sat down with the plate of food, smiling when Cas set a glass of wine down in front of him. He took the seat diagonal and sat with his hands crossed as he watched Dean eat.

“They were impressed. That I could cook and that I’m capable of taking care of myself. It felt good knowing my mother wanted recipes. I’ve never really found anything to bond with her over, except perhaps literature. Science and math were how I connected with my father. It’s nice knowing we could talk about something besides academics. I can’t wait to talk to my brothers. I think I will message them both to tell them that I survived a dinner with our parents.” He laughed lightly, his mood was so good after the meal with his parents. “Next, I really want to cook for you. Will you allow me to surprise you one night? I want to experiment a bit more before I just go and try to make you something. My intention is to impress you, not horrify you.”

Dean laughed and reached over to take his hand. “I would like that. And take your time, I’m not in any rush.”

Cas liked hearing that. “Can I ask you a question?”
“Always. What’s on your mind?”

“Would I now consider you my boyfriend?” Cas asked. Dean lifted Cas’ hand until he could entwine their fingers.

“Well, I hope so, because I consider you mine.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. And for the record, next chapter is smut. About damn time, right? Can't rush it for Cas though, and Dean wouldn't rush it. He's in love.... ^_^

Leave a comment, I will respond!
The Art of Seduction

Chapter Summary

Cas invites Dean to dinner, and some after dinner activities...

Chapter Notes

Ok this is almost two months into their relationship now, so we did skip ahead a little bit. This is the smut most of you have been waiting for. Cas’ first time has him trying to seduce Dean, and it's freaking adorable how much he blushes. I do hope you enjoy the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

October 29th 2016

Dean was kicking Charlie’s butt, plain and simple. It was a rare occurrence since she was way better at this game than he was.

“You’re slipping,” he teased as his character rounded the corner and started shooting. It wasn’t a real competition, but they had a bet going to see who could take down more of the enemy soldiers, and who died the least. She shot him a dirty look before her character rounded the corner. Almost immediately her soldier was shot and killed.

“Damn it!” she cried and threw her controller aside. Dean paused the game and looked at her.

“Are you ok?” he asked.

“Yeah, yeah, just… I have a lot on my mind with work. I’m up for a promotion, but I’m one of three being considered. I could seriously use the money, but it feels like we’re being pitted against one another. Like… we’re competing. And the owners are homophobic, and I’m openly out,” she replied.

“So if you get this promotion it will be on your merit alone. If you are passed over based on your orientation then I highly suggest you find somewhere else to work, because you will never advance in a place that can’t separate your personal life from your professional life.”

“Yeah, you’re right. I guess I’ll know for certain next week. It’s really bothering me though, I can’t get it off my mind.” She sighed and ran her fingers through her hair. Her phone started ringing so she pulled it out of her pocket.

“It’s Dorothy.” She excused herself and got up to walk into the kitchen. He took the moment to check his own phone, smiling when he saw that he had a text from Cas.

Cas: Are you busy tonight? I was hoping to invite you to dinner. And maybe something after?
Dean wondered what the ‘something after’ was all about. Charlie came back and went straight for her bag.

“I’m sorry hon, I gotta run. Dorothy fell, and she’s pretty sure her ankle is broken. I have to pick her up and take her home.”

“She’s ok though?” Dean asked.

“Yeah. She’s the one that wanted to be a sports journalist. She stepped onto the ice at a game and slipped. I’ll call?”

He nodded as he walked her to the door. “It’s cool. Apparently I have dinner plans now. Cas texted me and invited me to dinner.”

“Good for you, I’m glad you guys are doing well.”

“We’re doing great. I’m crazy about him.” He really was, too.

“Is he coming tomorrow night to the party?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’m bringing him,” he replied.

“Good. I’ll see you both then.” She gave him a quick peck on the cheek before leaving.

Once he closed the door he went back to his phone and sent a text to Cas.

Dean: Dinner sounds good. What time should I come over?

Cas texted back right away.

Cas: Dinner is almost done. Be here in a half hour?

Dean: You got it, babe!

He was taking a quick shower before he went over there.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Cas was all smiles as he opened the door. The apartment smelled amazing.

“Wow, smells good in here,” Dean said as he walked in.

“I hope you like it. I’ve made it a couple of times so far just to perfect it.” Cas took him by the hand and pulled him along to the kitchen.

“Wow…” Dean’s eyes widened as he took in the candles and the bottle of wine chilling. There was even a vase in the center of the table with three red roses in it. “Cas?” He turned to look at the man.

“I told you I wanted to do something romantic. Is it too much?” Cas asked worriedly.

“No! This is amazing! No one’s ever done anything like this for me. I love it.” Dean pulled him closer and kissed him. “So, what’s on the menu?”

Cas smiled and kissed him again. “I made chicken parmesan with garlic bread and a vegetable pasta dish. I used seasonal vegetables, so there’s some squash, some roasted red peppers…” He gasped when Dean kissed him again, this time deeply.
“What was that for?” Cas asked when Dean pulled back.

“I wanted to let you know how much I appreciate this,” Dean replied as he sat down. Cas served them both and joined him at the table where he poured them both wine.

“Um, maybe after dinner you could show me in…other ways?” Cas was ten shades of red and unable to meet Dean’s eyes as he set a glass of the wine down in front of him.

“Cas.”

“Hmm?” Cas was shaking as he lifted his own glass and cleared off half of the red liquid in it. Dean carefully plucked it from his fingers and set it down.

“Cas, baby, are you talking about what I think you’re talking about?”

He didn’t think it was possible for Cas to turn any redder, but he did. Cas took a deep breath and flattened his hands on the table in an attempt to hide how nervous he was.

“Yes. I’m nervous as hell, which I realize you are aware of, but please don’t think that means I am second guessing myself, because I’m not. I’m just…nervous.”

Dean covered one of Cas’ hands with his own and smiled. “Let’s enjoy dinner, and after we eat, we can talk about it, ok?”

Cas nodded and when Dean let his hand go he realized he felt calmer. He picked up his knife and fork but waited until Dean had eaten a piece of the chicken first.

“Wow, this is fantastic!” Dean declared before spearing some of the pasta and vegetables and popping them in his mouth.

“And the pasta? You like it?” Cas asked.

“Yeah! It’s amazing! I didn’t know you could cook like this! Where did you learn how to make this?”

“Um, I’ve been watching a lot of cooking shows. Like, a lot. The recipes I liked, I wrote down and I practiced making them. The first time I tried to make pasta alone, I burned the pan. Never could get all of the scorch marks out. The second time, well…let’s just say al dente was not what I would have used to describe it. More like uncooked but slightly damp. I kept practicing though, and I called Eli since he’s a really good cook, and he gave me some tips. We Skyped, and he watched me cook the pasta. Thanks to him, I got it right. Then he gave me the recipe for the chicken parmesan. I talked to him on Skype earlier so I could make sure I did it right again this time. It came out good last time, though maybe a little dry.” Cas cut a piece of the chicken and popped it in his mouth. He nodded.

“That’s good this time though.”

“See? You’re learning! I had the feeling your sheer determination would work out for you in the end. Do you realize that you now know how to do something better than your mother?” Dean asked. Cas’ eyes widened at the realization.

“I do, don’t I? Huh.”

“I think this might be better than anything I can cook. Maybe I need to talk to Eli too.” Dean grinned before putting another piece of the chicken in his mouth.

“He and Gabe are coming in for Thanksgiving and they want to take me to dinner. Mike and Maeve are coming as well, for the holiday and all. They…want to meet you too, if that’s alright,” Cas said.
“I’d love to meet them. My folks decided to make the trip here for Thanksgiving rather than me driving back to Kansas, and they’re dying to meet you. Maybe we could make an afternoon of it? Or do a family dinner type event?” Dean asked.

“Oh, I think that would be very nice. Gabe and myself, we’re going to go and see our parents the day before Thanksgiving. To talk about you and Eli. I’m honestly very scared about that. I’ve been getting along with them so much better the last month and a half that the idea of them disowning me, it’s terrifying. But Gabe says he is scared too. I told you that he wants to propose to Eli, right? And he doesn’t want to hide his marriage. I don’t think he should have to,” Cas explained.

“And what about you?”

Cas cocked his head. “What about me?”

“Do you want to get married someday? Have a family of your own?”

Cas stared into Dean’s eyes for a long time and he got the feeling the man was searching for something in them, though he wasn’t sure exactly what it was.

“Yes, I do; however, I want a job that pays better first. And I would like to have a house, and get a car. I can drive, I just don’t have my own car.”

“And that all makes sense. That’s why I’m saving up for the down payment now for a house. I want a house, the two point five kids, the mortgage, and all of that jazz. Maybe not tomorrow, but some day, and I want to be prepared for when it does happen.” Dean took his hand again. “So, did you make dessert too? Cause if not, there’s a cherry tart in my fridge…” He kissed the back of Cas’ hand and smiled at him.

“I thought about trying to make a pumpkin pie, but I don’t think I’m ready for that yet.” Cas gave a light laugh and smiled back. “Eat up, I’d love to try the tart.”

They talked as they ate and then while Cas cleared the table, Dean went to get the tart. He cut them both a generous slice and they carried the plates and new glasses of wine to the living room. It was clear to Dean that Cas’ nerves were on edge again, and he didn’t want to make things worse.

Since they had begun dating at the beginning of September, Dean couldn’t have been happier. Cas didn’t push him or have any lofty expectations that he was unable to fulfill. With Cas he was free to be himself. He could be romantic, silly, serious, and Cas took it all in stride. He was so incredibly gentle and sweet, and it didn’t take him long to realize that he was falling in love with the man. Now, sitting here at the end of October, he knew he’d fallen right over that precipice. He was in love with Cas.

Just as he had promised, Dean hadn’t pushed for anything more than Cas was willing to give. Almost two months they’d been dating. That was the longest Dean had ever gone without having sex while in a relationship. He started to think that was a lot of his problem though. Sex had always come within the first few days to a week. With Lisa it had been by the third date, five days after they met. Cole, it had been the night of their first date. Sarah had been the longest until now at ten days. Cas wasn’t like any of them though. He was so sweet and thoughtful, always taking Dean’s feelings into consideration, and there were the little things he liked to do, from the little love notes to the thoughtful texts, the small gifts, and the fact that he always had time for Dean if he needed him. If there was a boyfriend handbook somewhere, Cas must have studied it in depth. Was Cas perfect? No, but neither was he. Cas liked to be in control and had a hard time giving it up. It made Dean
wonder what he would be like in the bedroom. Would Cas trust him to take care of him or would Cas demand to be the one in control? Either way, the thought excited him. His own bad habits were that he tended to push about stupid things, like video games, and he had a bad habit of saying he’d be off work at a certain time, and not getting home until hours later. Sometimes he knew Cas was bothered by it, but he always just smiled and seemed so glad to see him. It made Dean feel guilty. He had been trying harder to leave when he said he would. He realized almost a month ago that what he wanted most was to make Cas happy. Every smile, every touch, even nearly two months later it still was electrifying, and he always craved more.

When they had finished their dessert Cas took the plates to the kitchen and washed all of the dishes. Dean came in to help. Once everything was dried and put away, he couldn’t resist touching Cas. His hands made their way to the man’s hips. This time though when he touched him, Cas seemed to pause, waiting to see what he would do. He was still standing at the sink with his back to Dean.

“Cas, I need to tell you something, and it has absolutely no bearing on anything else that might happen tonight.”

Cas looked back over his shoulder, and Dean felt those butterflies exploding once more in his stomach.

“Yes, Dean?”

“Turn around,” Dean said softly and waited for Cas to do so. He leaned back against the sink to look at Dean. He was trembling again.

“Hey, it’s ok. I just wanted to tell you how happy you make me, and maybe the kitchen isn’t the right place to say it, but I wanted it said outside of the bedroom. I love you, Cas. I’m in love with you. I look forward to it every time I get to see you, and when you go home, or I am here and I have to go home, I miss you until I can see you again. I wasn’t sure what was going to come of this when we started dating, but…I’m glad. I only hope you feel the same way. I’d feel really stupid if this was one sided.” Dean laughed nervously. Cas pushed off the sink and grabbed on to the front of Dean’s shirt.

“No! It’s not one sided! I-I love you, too.”

Dean pulled him closer. Testing to see what Cas would allow and not allow, he let his hands slide down to cup the man’s ass. Cas brought his arms up, wrapping them around Dean’s neck and bringing their lips together. Taking another chance Dean slid his hands up and under Cas’ shirt. Muscles fluttered under his fingertips and a soft gasp escaped Cas’ lips. Then Cas was kissing him harder, his fingers gripping the back of Dean’s neck as he slid his tongue into his boyfriend’s mouth. This time it was Dean who moaned. So far their kissing had steered clear of this territory and the fact Cas was receptive now was setting every nerve in his body on fire. Cas broke the kiss first.

“You’re…sure?” Dean asked him. Cas nodded.

“Yes, I am. Come on.”

Dean stepped back and let Cas take his hand and lead him out of the kitchen. When they reached the living room he half expected Cas to stop and head for the couch since that was what they usually did, but he felt a thrill when they continued on to the bedroom. Once they were inside Cas flipped on the light and turned to face him.
“This, uh, I-I’m…I don’t know what to do except get naked.” His cheeks were flushed but there was a fierce look of determination in his eyes that made Dean smile.

“Come here.” Dean led him over to the bed and sat down. He pulled Cas down into his lap and brought their mouths back together again. Cas was pliant, letting Dean move him until he was straddling the man.

“You comfortable, sweetheart?” He purred in Cas’ ear. Cas nodded eagerly, tilting his head as Dean kissed his neck. Dean was eager to touch Cas in all of the places that had previously been off limits. He slid his hands up under Cas’ tee shirt, smiling when his boyfriend whimpered as he skimmed his nails lightly over the man’s nipples.

He sat back so he could pull Cas’ shirt over his head. He let it fall to the floor as he brought his mouth to one nipple, sucking it into his mouth. Cas gasped but he wasn’t pulling away, so Dean continued his ministrations, working one nipple into a stiff bud before moving on to the other one. Cas grabbed at Dean’s flannel as he tried to push it off his shoulders. Dean let him, and a moment later it was on the floor too.

Cas was not a small man, he was nearly as tall as Dean and definitely more muscular, but Dean was able to lift him up and turn around to lay him out on his back. Cas was barefoot but Dean was wearing his boots. He took a moment to untie them and kick them off before taking his socks off too. Cas pulled at his tee shirt and he took the hint, sending it to the floor along with the growing pile of clothes.

“Dean…” Cas’ fingers were pulling at Dean’s belt, trying to unbuckle it, and a moment later he had it open and was undoing the button on the jeans. He was straddling Cas but lifted his hips up enough so the pants could be pushed down. He kicked them off and they fell to the floor with a thud. Belatedly he remembered his phone was in the pocket. When Cas reached for the button on his own jeans, Dean gently covered his hands with his own and stopped him.

“What?” Cas asked.

“Let me.”

Cas let his hands fall away and then Dean was unbuttoning them and sliding the zipper down. He worked the pants down Cas’ hips and let Cas push them the rest of the way off. When he looked up again, Cas smiled at him.

“You’re so beautiful. I think that every single day, but now…” Dean ran his hands over Cas’ chest and stomach. Cas really did have the most amazing body, and he felt almost giddy now that he had permission to touch everywhere he’d been dreaming about all this time. And the fact that Cas’ boxers were tented at the moment was the best part. His eyes flickered up to meet Cas’, silently asking for permission.

“Y-yeah,” Cas nodded. Dean was determined not to push Cas past his limits, and that meant getting permission. He moved over until he was stretched out next to his boyfriend and laid a hand gently on Cas’ stomach. Blue eyes were watching him with a questioning expression until he leaned over to kiss him again. Cas’ arms immediately came up to wrap around him. Dean almost let out a chuckle when a hand found its way to his ass and squeezed. This was the boldest Cas had ever been, and he wanted to see just how far the man was willing to go. Cas kissed him eagerly, his tongue slipping into Dean’s mouth and pulling moans from him that before he would have contained, but now…now he wanted Cas to know what he did to him. He could sense how desperate Cas was for friction by the way his hips pushed up as he ran his fingers over the waistband of the man’s boxers.
“Dean, please…” Cas nipped lightly at Dean’s lower lip in an attempt to encourage him to do something to relieve the deep itch under his skin. He needed to be touched, and he was damn close to just pulling his underwear down and taking care of it himself. Sometimes patience was not his strong suit, and when he was horny, he had next to none.

“It’s ok, baby, shh. I’m not rushing for your first time. We have all night, let me take care of you.” Dean spoke softly, and Cas relaxed a bit. He looked up at Dean with heavy lidded eyes and swallowed hard.

“M’k. Just…please, touch me!”

As much as Dean didn’t want to hurt him, he also didn’t want to torture him by moving too slow either. He hooked a finger in Cas’ boxers and pulled them down. Cas quickly kicked them the rest of the way off.

“Lay still,” he ordered, and Cas obeyed. His entire body, just a moment before trembling with need, now lay perfectly still as Dean moved down to position himself between Cas’ legs. His boyfriend’s cock was impressive, lying hard and heavy against his stomach. Dean looked up to see Cas’ eyes wide open and watching him. Before Cas could beg again for him to do something, he wrapped his lips around the head of Cas’ cock and swallowed him down.

“F-fuck!” Cas screamed. Dean expected the man to grab at his hair but instead his hands were fisted in the blankets, knuckles white. He pulled off and looked up at him.

“Cas? Baby, you can touch me; I’m not going to push you away, ok? If you want to grab my hair, go ahead. You have permission to touch me anywhere you want.” He pressed soft kisses to the man’s thighs. Cas swallowed hard and nodded.

“I-I wasn’t sure what was appropriate or not.” His voice was thick as he untangled his fingers from the blankets. Dean lifted one of his hands and moved it to the back of his own head.

“Just, try not to shove me down or I’ll choke,” he joked. Cas’ eyes nearly bugged out. Dean couldn’t help but smile. Good God, how could one man be so adorable? And how the hell could he be during sex?! He took Cas’ cock in one hand and gave it a few tentative strokes. It was leaking so much pre-come that it was practically pouring down and coating Dean’s hand, giving him plenty of lubrication as he began to move his hand with firmer strokes. Cas’ fingers tightened in his hair as he brought his mouth back into the game and swallowed him down once again. Adorable became sexy very quickly with the sounds Cas made. The soft whimpers, the needy moans. A second hand came to rest on Dean’s shoulder, fingers digging into the meaty muscles there but not painfully. He expected Cas to scream when he came, to shout loud enough for one of the other neighbors to pound on the walls to make him shut up, but instead he simply gasped, his entire body going rigid for a moment before melting back into the mattress. The almost painful grip he had in Dean’s hair relaxed, and then he was gently petting the back of Dean’s head.

“That was too fast, I’m sorry,” Cas apologized.

“It was your first blow job. You’re years overdue for one so I chalk it up to years of pent up sexual tension. Besides, it’s not the only time I plan to make you come tonight.” Dean nipped at one thigh, smiling when Cas let out a strangled whimper.

“Oh, I want that very much! Please!”

Dean crawled up Cas’ body, and kissed him. Cas wrapped his arms around him and kissed him even deeper.
“I love you, Dean. I-I didn’t want my first time to just be with anyone. I wanted it to be with someone I loved. Knowing you love me too…”

Dean could see the tears in his boyfriend’s eyes, and he gently wiped them away.

“Shh, there’s no crying during sex.” He smiled and Cas rolled his eyes but smiled.

“You’re right.” He pulled Dean back in for another kiss. “I want to try that with you. Can I?”

“Later. Or, you know, you can wake me up in the morning with your mouth.” Dean grinned. Cas laughed and nodded.

“I would very much like to do that.”

Dean propped himself up on his elbows and looked down at him.

“I didn’t bring anything with me.”

Cas looked at him for a moment before pointing at the nightstand. “I-I went to the store this morning.”

Dean leaned over to open the drawer and reach into it.

“Babe! What store did you go to?!” His heart leapt into his throat when he saw the toys in the drawer.

“Oh, I visited an adult store and spoke with a woman named Eve. She recommended some things and said that it would be fun to take my time learning what each one does. She also sold me a DVD that explains how to use them all,” Cas replied so matter of factly that Dean was left stunned.

“Did you tell her you’ve never even had sex before?” he asked as he pulled an anal plug out of the drawer and looked at it.

“I did, but I told her you had before. There were things she told me not to try until I had some experience under my belt, as she said. I only bought three things. Besides the condoms.”

“I’m going with you next time. You’re not going in there alone again!” Dean snorted as he put the plug back in.

“The vibrator interested him. He pulled it out along with the box of condoms and a bottle of cherry flavored lube.

“People must use things like this, otherwise there wouldn’t be stores to sell them, right? I didn’t mess up, did I?” Cas sat up on his elbows and looked nervously at him.

“No, sweetheart, you did not mess up, but generally people wait a bit before they start incorporating toys into their sex lives.”

“Oh, I, um, I’ve used…all of them.” Cas blushed hard and dropped his head back on the pillows. He covered his face with his hands. “I can’t imagine what you must think of me.”

That was something Dean had not expected. The image of Cas walking around with that plug in, moaning every time it rubbed against his prostate sent a thrill through him. He was looking forward to actually seeing that sometime. Soon, he hoped.

“Baby.” Dean gently pulled his hands down. “I think that’s hot. And I look forward to experimenting with them. When, uh, did you use the plug last?”
“I only took it out right before you came over. I washed it and set it back in the drawer.” Cas still wouldn’t look him in the eye, and he was ten shades of red.

“I wish you’d left it in. That would have been one hell of a surprise.” Dean kissed the corner of Cas’ jaw. “I hadn’t thought this was your kind of thing, but I’m glad it is. I don’t have a whole lot of experience with this kind of stuff, so I’m excited to…experiment.” He held up the vibrator and flicked the button on it. It had three settings and it was currently set to medium. “So, if you’re using these, are you ok to bottom?” He looked up again to see Cas watching him.

“I-yes, I am. It’s what I want.”

Dean’s own cock had started to soften as they talked, but upon discovering the toys and Cas saying he wanted to bottom, it was painfully hard again. He groaned and brought their mouths together in a filthy kiss that had Cas grabbing at him and trying to get his hands down the back of Dean’s own boxers. He obliged and pushed them down.

Dean had had this image in his head of Cas as this sweet, innocent guy, despite the circumstances that initially brought them together, and learning that Cas had this whole other side to him, it was…hot. Learning all of his boyfriend’s turn-ons, all of his kinks, it was an exciting prospect. But for his first time, he intended to go slow and be as gentle as he possibly could. He turned the vibrator off and stuck it back in the drawer.

“You don’t want to use that?” Cas asked.

“I do, but…not for our first time. We have all the time in the world for that kind of stuff later,” he replied. It gave him pause as he realized how that sounded. Was he that serious about Cas? They’d dated a little less than two months, but Cas felt more right than anyone else he had ever dated before. He grabbed the bottle of lube, smirking when he saw it was already a quarter of the way used. Cas had a stronger sex drive than he let on. He pushed Cas’ legs apart and the man immediately drew his knees up.

“Are you ok?” Dean asked. Cas nodded quickly.

“I’m fine.”

Dean poured some of the lube on his fingers and gently circled Cas’ rim with one finger before pushing it in. Cas was still rather loose so it took less than a minute before he was able to add a second finger. He paid close attention to every sound Cas made.

“Still ok?” he asked as he added a third finger. The plug Cas had bought was smaller than the width of his dick, and he didn’t want to hurt him.

“It burns, but that’s normal, right?”

“Yeah, and that’ll go away soon,” Dean told him. He tilted his fingers, rubbing circles against Cas’ prostate, and the man nearly leapt off the bed. A startled cry escaped and he was back to clutching at the blankets again. He couldn’t reach Dean where he was so the blankets were the next best thing to torture.

“Oh…do that again, please!” Cas begged. Dean smiled and dragged his fingers across it a second time.

“F-fuck!” Cas panted. His dick was hard again, flopping against his stomach with each inhale and exhale.
When Dean felt that Cas was as stretched as he was going to get, he withdrew his hand.

“Roll over. Your first time, we’re doing it the most comfortable way possible for you.”

Cas didn’t argue. He simply rolled onto his stomach when Dean moved back to give him the room.

“Up on your hands and knees, sweetheart,” Dean said as he ran a hand gently across Cas’ lower back. Once Cas was in position, Dean grabbed the box of condoms. These were interesting, intended to heighten pleasure. He took one out and tore the package open. A laugh erupted suddenly, he couldn’t hold it in.

“What?” Cas asked, looking back over his shoulder.

“The condom is pink. Like, neon pink.” Dean held it up so he could see.

“Oh, I hadn’t realized,” Cas chuckled.

“Doesn’t matter in the end. It just took me by surprise.” Dean rolled it on and added lube. He took a deep breath. “Ok, I need you to relax and breathe. Can you do that for me?”

“I’m not going to break, Dean,” Cas chided. Dean licked his lips and smiled.

“No, but if you’re not relaxed, it’s going to hurt, and I don’t want to hurt you.”

Cas looked at him for a moment before swallowing hard and nodded. “Yeah, ok, I’ll relax.”

Dean pushed Cas’ legs apart and after a few quick strokes, guided his cock to Cas’ entrance. Listening carefully to every single sound his boyfriend made, he moved slowly. When he was finally all the way inside he let out the breath it felt like he’d been holding for the last five minutes. It came out in a rush.

“How are you now, still ok?” Dean ran a hand down his boyfriend’s back in an attempt to soothe him. He waited for Cas’ trembling to stop before moving his hands to the man’s hips.

“Y-yeah, m’ok.” Cas steadied himself as Dean pulled back until he was almost pulling out, and then slid all the way back in. The moan that spilled from Cas’ mouth was the best thing Dean had ever heard and as he started to move, he draped himself over the man, grabbing his hips as he set up a steady rhythm that wasn’t too fast but wasn’t too slow either. Cas was egging him on, begging him to move faster, so he did.

“God, baby, you’re so tight, so perfect,” he tried to say it softly but it came out as more of a grunt. Cas just whimpered and pushed back against him. When his arms began to shake, Dean pulled him up until Cas’ back was flush against his chest. He wrapped his arms around the man and thrust faster. Cas was meeting him, thrust for thrust, pushing down as he pushed up, and when he shifted his hips slightly and thrust again, Cas screamed his name. He knew he’d hit the man’s prostate at this new angle, and he made it his mission to hit it over and over again. Cas reached back to grip Dean’s thighs for added balance as his boyfriend slid one hand down to grip his leaking cock. Dean was already close, that delicious heat coiling low in his gut and growing with every single movement. He began moving his hand in time with his thrusts.

“Come for me, baby. Let me hear you,” he moaned hotly against his boyfriend’s ear. Another squeeze and a quick swipe over the head of Cas’ cock had the man screaming as he came for a second time. It was only a few more thrusts before Dean was coming too, groaning loudly as his movements slowed and finally stopped. He reached down to grab his shirt off the floor and gently wiped Cas’ chest and his hand clean. A few drops had landed on the blanket and he cleaned those up
“I love you, Dean,” Cas murmured as he turned his head enough that he could kiss Dean’s neck. “I need to do more for you next time.”

Dean smiled at the thought of getting to do this again. “It’s ok, sweetheart. For your first time, I wanted it to be about you. I’m going to pull out now, just giving you a heads up. It might hurt a little.”

Cas did wince as he withdrew, but then he sighed as Dean laid him out on his stomach and peppered his neck and shoulders with kisses. He sat back long enough to pull off the condom and tie it before tossing it in the garbage can. Using his shirt he wiped himself clean and laid down. Cas immediately moved closer, wrapping himself around the other man.

“That was wonderful. I can’t wait to do it again. Well, actually, I can wait. I’m sore,” Cas said with a chuckle. Dean grinned as he reached over to run his fingers through Cas’ hair.

“That was pretty amazing, and trust me, we’ll get plenty of practice, I promise.”

Cas kissed Dean’s shoulder as he spoke. “I’m holding you to that.”

Chapter End Notes

So...I hope you enjoyed that. The next chapter will be unbeta’d for the same reason that the recent chapters of The Claim have gone unbeta’d. My beta is currently going through some things and I want her to work on her for how. She’s very special to me and I don’t need to add to her stress. So pardon my errors going forward from here. Leave me a comment, let me know what you thought of this one. I love you guys!
Chapter Summary

Dean and Cas head to Charlie's party. Cas didn't expect to see someone he knew there, and Dean didn't expect his ex-girlfriend to show up.

Chapter Notes

Don't worry, there's no angst. I do hope you enjoy the chapter. This is Cas' first party, and he's enjoying himself very much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dean looked at his costume again. Something was missing but he couldn’t quite figure out what it was. He separated out the pieces and looked at them one by one. He was supposed to be Robin Hood. He had a brown, linen shirt, a green tunic, a brown belt, black pants that would hug in places that he hoped would drive Cas nuts, a brown, hooded cape, and brown boots. Then it dawned on him. The bow and arrows! He went back to his closet and fished around for the bag with the homemade bow and arrow Cas had made for him.

“Ah ha!” He cried as he pulled the bow out of the closet and set it on the bed. The arrows were on the top shelf so he went back to grab those too.

The party was in an hour and he hurried to get dressed. The entire night before and most of the day had been spent in bed with Cas, and they had put off getting ready until the last minute. Just as he pulled up the pants (they were really more like tights-yeah, they were tights, but for the sake of his manliness, he was going to refer to them as pants), someone knocked. He put the belt on and started for the door.

“Hey, Gorgeous.” He greeted his boyfriend. Cas smiled as he walked in.

“Hey, yourself.”

“So, do I look like Robin Hood?” Dean turned around so Cas could see the whole outfit.

“You do. How does mine look?” Cas held his arms out and Dean got a good look at him.

“You are absolutely gorgeous, babe. So hot.” He pulled Cas back against him. He’d convinced Cas to dress as a Roman senator, and all he was wearing was a white toga and a gold, olive leaf crown they had handmade and spray painted. The “sandals” were modified flip flops that they had woven gold thread through and laced up his legs. Dean ran his hands down his boyfriend’s sides and slipped them under the edge of the toga. He groaned when his fingers brushed across the bare skin beneath.

“Don’t get me going again or we’ll never get to the party. Charlie won’t forgive you if you give the excuse that you couldn’t stay out from under my toga.” Cas teased.
“This is so tempting though.” Dean nipped at an ear, smiling when Cas gasped.

“Y-you can do that later, if you want.” Cas turned his head so he could look at Dean.

“Mmm, as long as you say it’s ok, I’ll definitely want to do this later.” Dean kissed him. “I still think you should wear the eye liner.”

Cas frowned. “But why?”

“Because you have the bluest eyes to ever blue, and it will make them pop.” Dean replied. Cas laughed and shook his head.

“Really? The bluest eyes to ever blue?” He turned around to face Dean and put his arms around his neck. “I’ve never used eye liner. How do you even apply it?”

“Did you bring it?” Dean asked. Cas nodded and reached into the front fold of his toga.

“Here.”

Dean took it and then led Cas to the bathroom. He carefully applied it and then stood back to get a look at his work.

“Not bad for my first time ever applying it.”

Cas turned to look in the mirror. “I guess it does make my eyes pop more.”

“Your eyes were the first thing I noticed about you that day when you opened the door. They took my breath away.” Dean wrapped his arms around Cas’ waist and rested his chin on the man’s bare shoulder. Cas smiled at him.

“I just thought you were beautiful. I didn’t get a close enough look at your eyes until that night. It’s now my favorite shade of green.”

Dean kissed his shoulder. “Come on, let’s get going. I can’t wait to show everyone how hot my boyfriend is.”

Cas laughed and rolled his eyes. “Why did you tell me to forgo wearing underwear tonight? Aside from the fact that my boxers would probably stick out. I could have bought a pair of white briefs.”

“Because it’s thrilling to know there’s nothing on under there, and that no one else is going to know that except me.” Dean said, grinning wide.

“Dean Winchester, I do believe your mind has wandered into the gutter.” Cas teased playfully. Dean just laughed and went to grab his coat.

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“Dean! Dean!” Charlie was waving from across the crowded living room and he waved back so she’d know he heard her.

“I didn’t know it would be so crowded.” Cas said as he looked around. “What if someone brushes up against me and my toga goes up? That would be so embarrassing!”

Dean put an arm around his boyfriend’s waist and pulled him close. “If I have to keep my hand on your ass all night so it doesn’t ride up, I will.”
“And who does that benefit more, you or me?” Cas laughed. Dean chuckled and kissed the man’s cheek.

“Well…”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.” Cas shoved him playfully but Dean just pulled him closer. They made their way through the crowd to where Charlie was standing.

“Hi guys! You look…wow!” She said as she took in their costumes. “You’re both so hot!”

“Cas sure as hell is.” Dean agreed.

“Oh, you are too.” Cas slid one hand down to squeeze Dean through the tight pants. Dean grinned. He knew Cas would like those.

“Whose idea was the eyeliner? Your eyes are so blue!” Charlie leaned in more to get a better look at Cas’ eyes.

“It was Dean’s idea.” He said.

“I’m jealous. I wish my eyes were that blue.” She stood back and they both looked at her outfit.

“Are you…Peter Pan?” Cas asked.

“Yep! And Dorothy is Tinker Bell. She’s one sexy Tink too, even with the cast!” Charlie replied with a wink.

“Where’s the liquor?” Dean was looking around but he didn’t see a keg in the room. “Kitchen, and there’s food in there too if you guys are hungry. Chips and stuff.” She replied.

“I’ll go and get us a couple of beers.” Cas said. Dean nodded and watched him leave.

“So?” Charlie asked. Dean turned back to look at her.

“What?”

She rolled her eyes and let out an exaggerated sigh. “Are you guys, you know…doing it yet?”

Dean glanced back to make sure Cas wasn’t coming back yet before leaning in closer and dropping his voice.

“Yeah, last night. And this morning. And this afternoon.” He wiggled his eyebrows and grinned, making her laugh.

“Oh my God, you’ve corrupted the school teacher!”

“He’s an animal, I swear! For someone that was afraid to even have sex, he’s like a beast now! I had trouble walking this morning!” Dean confessed. She giggled and checked to make sure Cas wasn’t coming back yet.

“So…you bottomed? I thought you were a top.”

“I am a top! He bottomed, and I still had trouble walking! Every muscle in my body aches, but fuck was it worth it!” He had a smug smile on his face but really, he couldn’t help it. He was having the best sex he’d had in years, possibly ever.
“Heads up, he’s coming back.” She cocked her head as she watched Cas slipping between people to get back to them. “Is he wearing anything under that?”

“I’ll never tell.” Dean winked before turning to greet Cas.

“Here you go. Some girl in the kitchen tried to lift up my toga. I had to smack her hand away.” Cas complained as he handed one of the red cups to Dean.

“She better not be trying to sneak peeks.” Dean looked back towards the kitchen. “Oh…shit. Who invited her?” He jerked a finger towards the kitchen doorway where Bella was standing with two other women.

“I didn’t, but I did invite the blonde with her.” Charlie said. Cas turned to see who Dean was talking about. He frowned when he saw Bella.

“Oh. Her.”

Dean wrapped an arm around Cas’ waist and pulled him close. “Don’t worry about her. She hasn’t tried anything since I told her off that day I worked on her sink.”

Cas still stuck his lower lip out as he glared at the woman. He hadn’t told Dean how mean she had been to him ever since that day. Tripping him in the hall after he’d just gotten his mail and making him spill it all, closing the front door in his face as he was trying to come in from the rain, and other petty things. And that didn’t even touch the things she had said. She could be quite cruel.

“Hey!” Benny and Victor, two of Dean’s friends that Cas really liked came over. Cas almost missed that it was Victor until he lifted up his mask.

“Who are you supposed to be?” Cas asked him. Victor’s jaw dropped a little.

“Do you not know who Deadpool is?”

Cas shook his head. “I’m afraid not.”

“They’re making a movie, babe. I’ll take you to go see it when it comes out, ok?” Dean said.

“Oh, I would like that. I don’t think I’ve been to a movie in at least ten years.” Of all the things he and Dean had done, going to the movie theater had not been one of them.

“You haven’t been to a movie in that long?” Benny was shocked. “You really were deep in your studies!”

Cas grinned and shrugged. “I’m making up for lost time now. There are a lot of things I want to do, and seeing a movie in the theater is one of them. Who exactly is Deadpool? Is he like, a comic book character?”

The next twenty minutes were spent with all three men and Charlie educating him on Deadpool. It was interesting and Cas found that he wanted to read the comics. Benny promised to hook him up with several different comic series.

“Oh, what the hell?” Dean complained a little while later when he spotted Wonder Woman walking towards them.

“I did not invite her, I swear.” Charlie said.

“Who is she?” Cas asked.
“Remember the ex I told you cheated on me and got pregnant? Yeah, that’s her.” Dean sighed. The woman pushed through a group to get to them.

“Dean!” She had a bright smile on her face that just put a scowl on Dean’s.

“Lisa.”

“Can we talk?” She asked.

“No, we really can’t.” He replied.

Her smile wavered as she tried to ignore the dirty looks Benny, Charlie and Victor were giving her. Cas just stared uncomfortably into his cup.

“Dean, it’s important. It’s…about Ben.” She took a step closer, noticing the hand Dean had on Cas’ waist and stopping.

“If you’re going to try and tell me he’s mine, I know full well that he’s not. I did the math, Lis. But hey, I’ll do a DNA test and when it proves I’m not the father I’ll just hire my brother and sue you for harassment. Don’t try to use your son to guilt me into coming back to you. It won’t work.” Dean snapped. He knew the woman and how she thought. There was no way he would let her insult his intelligence, or hurt Cas. Her eyes were still locked on the arm Dean had around Cas’ waist.

“Who’s this?” She asked. They could all hear how tight her voice was.

“My boyfriend, and you’re being rather rude right now. Come on, sweetheart, let’s go get another beer.” He spoke the last part softly in Cas’ ear. Cas nodded and let Dean lead him away.

“She thinks her baby is yours?” Cas asked once they were away from Lisa. Dean set down his empty cup and pulled Cas into his arms.

“Look, she cheated on me and I caught her. She’d been acting weird for a few weeks and I went over to her place to see if she wanted to go to dinner and I had a key. Walked in, caught them naked on the couch. She was riding him like he was a damn bucking bronco, I told her right then that we were through, and demanded back the key to my apartment. Once I had it, I threw her key at her and left. She tried to come around the next day, and on and off for a few weeks after that. Kept apologizing, saying it was a mistake and whatever. I wouldn’t listen. Three months later I hear she’s pregnant. Rumors flew that it was mine, so I got someone to ask her when the due date was. The due date was almost eleven months after we had split. No way the baby was mine. She didn’t get pregnant til at least four weeks after we broke up, and besides that, I always wore a condom with her, and we hadn’t had sex for at least two weeks before I caught her with the other guy. So that’s six weeks. We broke up in March, the baby was born in early February the following year. He’s not mine. She’s just ticked that the real dad walked out on her as soon as he learned she was pregnant. She wants a dad for Ben. I’m not taking the bait.”

Cas smiled as he wrapped his arms around Dean’s neck. He leaned in to kiss him softly. “I think it’s awful that the father couldn’t take responsibility for his child, but I think it’s also bad that she is trying to lie to you about it. Besides, I wouldn’t willingly give you up.”

Dean chuckled. “I wouldn’t give you up either.”

“Hey Dean, who’s your friend?”

He turned to see a very skinny Skeletor standing a few feet away.
“Garth?” He asked.
The man pulled his mask up and grinned. “The one and only.”

“Hey, man, good to see you.” Dean shook hands with the man. “This is Cas. Cas, this is Garth.”

Garth held his hand out and Cas shook it.

“Nice to meet you man, are you guys dating?” Garth looked between the two of them.

“Yes, we are.” Cas replied. “And it’s nice to meet you as well.”

Garth smiled and nodded. “I brought a lady friend. Her name’s Hannah. I got her to dress up as an angel. God, she’s so beautiful.”

Dean chuckled and leaned closer so only Cas would hear. “Garth is a bit…awkward, but he’s a real nice guy. Doesn’t date much, so for him to have brought a date? It’s a real big deal.”

“I’m happy for him then.” Cas said before turning back to Garth. “Is she around? We’d love to meet her.”

Garth turned to scan the room. He spotted her and motioned for her to come over.

“Oh shit!” Cas gasped.

“What?” Dean felt the way Cas stiffened.

“She’s my mom’s best friend’s daughter!” Cas hissed in his ear.

“Oh…shit!” Dean dropped his hands and stepped back quickly.

“Hey, I want you to meet my friend Dean and his-” Garth began to say but Dean cut him off.

“Nice to meet you, Hannah! Hey Garth? Can I bother you for a second?” Dean grabbed his friend’s arm and led him away. Hannah glanced at Cas before doing a double take.

“Cas?!”

He tried to smile but his heart was jack hammering in his chest. “Hey…Hannah.”

“It’s so good to see you!” She cried before throwing her arms around his neck and hugging him. He hugged her back.

“It’s good to see you too.”

“So…who are you here with?” She asked. Cas cringed internally.

“I’m here with some friends.” He hoped she would accept his vague answer.

“Oh, well…that’s nice. How do you know that guy Dean?”

“He’s my next door neighbor.” At least that wasn’t a lie.

“I saw your mom and dad last week. They were at the club with my parents and I was there too. They look really good.” She said.

“They’re doing well. I’ve seen them a few time since I moved out.”
She smiled. “That’s good. I bet you like your freedom though now that you’re out on your own. I hear you got a job teaching. I’m happy for you.”


“I finished my law degree but I told my dad I wasn’t joining his firm. You should have seen the fit he threw! Oh my God!” She burst out laughing and Cas felt himself relax a bit.

“Yeah, my parents didn’t take it well when I told them I was getting a teaching degree and not a medical degree. They’re still upset that I didn’t get my doctorate.”

“Oh, I didn’t either. I told them I didn’t need it to be a bad ass lawyer. Now they’re nagging at me to start thinking about a family. I mean, I just got my career started, I don’t have time for that.” She waved a hand dismissively.

“I’m trying to get a better paying job. I want to work on getting my life in order before I think of starting a family.” He looked around but Dean and Garth were nowhere to be seen.

“So, you…seeing anyone?” She asked. He turned back to look at her. She had stepped closer and was looking up at him with big blue eyes full of curiosity. Growing up he’d suspected she might like him as more than a friend, but he’d never looked at her that way.

“Ummm….”

“Hannah!” Garth was suddenly back and wrapping an arm around her waist. Cas looked around and saw Dean approaching. He had two cups in his hands and he offered one to Cas.

“Sorry, I had to wait for the keg to be replaced.” Dean said. Cas smiled and nodded as he accepted the cup.

“I’m telling her.”

Dean glanced at Hannah who was talking with Garth. “You’re sure?”

“What’s the worst that could happen? My parents finding out?” Cas asked bitterly.

Dean nodded. “You’re right. It’s your call.”

Cas looked back at Hannah and Garth. “Hannah?”

She turned to look at him.

“Hannah…Dean’s my boyfriend. I’m gay.”

She only looked mildly surprised by his revelation. “Cool. How long have you guys been dating?”

“Almost two months.” Cas smiled when Dean stepped closer and put his arm around his waist.

“Do your parents know?” She asked.

“N-not yet. I’m telling them when I see them right before Thanksgiving.” His heart was beating so hard even Dean could feel it. He pulled Cas closer.

“Good luck. My brother came out to our parents last year. They didn’t take it well at first. They’re ok now though.”
“I-I don’t think my parents will take it well.” Cas leaned into Dean, finding comfort in his touch.

“I dunno. They made a few snide comments about my brother until my parents put them in their place. Now? They are nice to Bart when they see him. I…hope they are understanding. If not, well, do your brothers know?” Cas was surprised a bit by Hannah’s acceptance but he was very grateful for it.

“Yeah, they know. And they’re ok with it.”

“Good. I couldn’t imagine not wanting my own children, not for any reason.” She placed a hand on Cas’ arm and smiled softly before looking at Dean.

“So, tell me about you. What do you do?”

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment, they are always welcome. I hope you liked this chapter.
These are Tight Pants, NOT Tights...

Chapter Summary

Cas convinces Dean to dance with him, even if it's only so he can enjoy the tight, tight "pants" Dean is wearing....

Chapter Notes

I sort of split last chapter. This is the second half of it. I do hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

They got into a conversation about what Dean did for a living, and Hannah ended up being invited over the following weekend for dinner, and Garth was invited as well. Cas learned that she had been seeing Garth for a couple of weeks and she confided that she liked him more than she had first thought she would. They talked about the case she had been working on and they talked about his teaching job. When someone turned the music up higher Garth led Hannah into the middle of the room where other people had started dancing and Cas watched them go, a fond smile on his face.

“You're pretty brave.” Dean had an arm around his waist again.

“Why do you say that?” Cas looked over at him. Dean was smiling warmly and he smiled right back.

“You took a chance there telling her. I mean, what if it got back to your parents?” Dean asked.

Cas shrugged. “I’m not hiding who I am, and I’m not hiding you. You’re the best thing that has ever happened to me, Dean. And I love you. I shouldn’t ever have to hide that I love you.”

Dean felt a lump form in his throat and he swallowed hard to push it down. “I love you too, babe. God, I’m so freaking crazy about you. I…have never felt like this about anyone before. What on earth are you doing to me?”

Cas chuckled and set his red cup down on the nearest surface. Later he’d come back to throw it out but right now, he wanted Dean in his arms.

“Dance with me.” He plucked the empty cup from Dean’s hand and slid his own inside of it before setting it down again.

“I don’t dance, Cas.” Dean tried to sound macho but he knew he was failing miserably. Cas kissed his cheek softly.

“Please? I would very much like a reason to grope your butt through those tights you’re wearing.”

“These are not tights. They’re…extremely tight pants.” Dean huffed.

Cas let his eyes wander down Dean’s body. They lingered a long time on his legs before come back up to find green ones watching him.
“Oh, darling, these are tights, and I want my hands on your ass. Now.”

“You know what? Dancing sounds like a wonderful idea.” Dean gave a lopsided grin as he pulled Cas to the center of the room. There were now dozens of couples dancing and they snuck in between Thor and Lady GaGa who were practically giving one another mouth to mouth, and Iron Man and Cat Woman. Dean arched one brow at the woman’s tight costume before he felt a hand grab his ass and squeeze it hard.

“Ow!” He looked at Cas and saw fire in those blue eyes.

“Eyes on me, Robin hood, or you can sleep alone tonight.”

Dean pulled him closer, daring to snake one hand under the edge of his toga to caress his thigh.

“I was admiring the costume, not the woman in the costume. I think it’s an original.”

Cas pursed his lips and Dean leaned in to kiss him, taking him by surprise.

“I have eyes only for you. You don’t have to be jealous.”

Cas’ gaze softened and he laid his head on Dean’s shoulder. “I’m sorry, I don’t even know where that came from. I’ve never felt that before.”

“It’s ok. But really, I don’t check out other women, or other men for that matter. I don’t have too. I have the best looking man in the world in my arms right now. I just like the costume. I go to conventions, and I’d like to take you to one next year. After we get some more movies under your belt.” Dean kissed his boyfriend’s temple.

“You’re a sap, you know that?” Cas teased.

“Only where you’re concerned. It’s our little secret.”

“Awww, coping a feel while dancing, how romantic.” Charlie said dryly as she appeared next to him.

“A dark haired woman was in her arms.

“Of course I am, have you seen his body?” Dean asked, giving her a cocky smile.

“I see it, and I hate to tell you, it does nothing for me, but I’m glad it does for you.” She punched her friend’s arm playfully.

“I see it, and I hate to tell you, it does nothing for me, but I’m glad it does for you.” She punched her friend’s arm playfully. “You guys enjoying yourselves?”

“Very much so. This is my first party and I’m having a very nice time.” Cas said.

“Your first…Oh, honey, we have so much to teach you!” Charlie gasped. He chuckled and wrapped his arms around Dean to pull him closer.

“Dean is teaching me a lot of things already.” He winked and grinned which had her snorting.

“I’m sure he is.”

“Hey now, right here!” Dean complained. Charlie’s girlfriend Dorothy laughed.

“Yes you are, and this…” Charlie fished something out of her pocket and grabbed one of Cas’ hands to place the item into it. She folded his fingers around it before he could see what she was giving him. “Is for you two. Enjoy.” She winked before leading Dorothy away in a rather clumsy spin since the woman had a cast on her ankle.
“I’m pretty sure she’s supposed to be staying off her leg.” Dean said as he watched Charlie trying to lead Dorothy over to a chair.

“She is. If she moved around too much it will swell and it can cut off blood supply to her toes.” Cas said absently as he opened his hand. There was a key in the middle. “Why did she give me this?”

Dean turned around to see the key in Cas’ hand. He grinned.

“Oh, she is giving us permission to go down into the basement.” He folded Cas’ fingers around the key once more. “How badly do you want to grope my ass?”

That fire sparked in Cas’ eyes once again, this time it was filled with lust.

“Very badly.”

Dean’s grin grew wider. “Then come on, gorgeous.”

Chapter End Notes

In case it’s not obvious, Charlie owns her own house, so there is a basement, and there is stuff down there. You’ll find out what kind next chapter, lol. Besides, Dean and Cas won’t be touching most of it since it’s not theirs.

I hope you enjoyed this chapter.
Charlie’s choice of career left her making about four times more than Dean, and therefore she had been able to afford a house almost right out of college. Her student loans were paid off and she had a great place. He had lived here briefly before finding his apartment. She had told him he could stay until he bought his own house, rent free, but he had this need to be prove to himself that he could survive on his own. More than a few times in the very beginning she had covered his ass by helping pay utilities, but he started getting more jobs, and started making more money. Now he made enough to live comfortably and save towards a house of his own, and had long paid her back everything he’d ever borrowed. She was his best friend, and he was so very grateful to have her in his life.

Downstairs waited sound proofed walls, a luxurious couch with a built in lounge, condoms and about twenty different flavors of lube. Dean was excited and it sent a thrill through him knowing Charlie was giving him the go ahead to take Cas down there. He’d never been permitted to take Lisa or any other lover down there but until now, he’d never wanted to. He smirked as they walked past Bella, making sure his hands were on his boyfriend’s ass the entire time. The way she glared at Cas though made him angry. Like Cas had deliberately gone out of his way to seduce him away from her. Pfft! Like she ever had a chance! When they reached the door he pressed up close behind Cas, letting the man feel his already growing erection as he plucked the key from his hand and put it in the lock. The door swung open and he reached past his boyfriend to flip the light switch. While Cas started down the stairs he paused to close and lock the door behind them before following.

“I’m not really sure what I was expecting.” Cas said when he reached the bottom. He looked first at the large sectional couch with the lounge before his eyes slid to the corners where strange chairs and other furniture sat. There were shiny hooks in the ceiling too and he was curious about what Charlie hung from them. His mind went to the macramé plant holders his mother had on the sun porch at the family house, but they didn’t hang from hooks this big…

“She changed a few things. I used to live with her and sometimes she had some…private…parties down here. I didn’t attend them though. The entire basement is soundproofed though. Even if the upstairs was a library or a monastery, no one would hear anything down here.” Dean walked over to another wall and flipped another light switch, bathing the space in warm, amber light.

“Not the image I was looking for at a moment like this.” Cas pursed his lips and frowned.
“Sorry, sweetheart. But really, even if no one was upstairs, you could scream to your heart’s content and the only person that would hear it would be me.” Dean set the key on the entertainment center and wrapped his arms around Cas.

“Ok, now you’re making yourself out to sound like a serial killer, and you’re killing my erection.” Cas complained. Dean stepped back and looked down. Sure enough, the front of the toga was tented.

“I am not a word genius tonight, I’m sorry. I blame it on too much beer. How’s this? I’ll make you come so hard that my name will reverberate off these walls forever?”

Cas tipped his head a bit and peered at Dean through his lashes. “Getting there.”

“How does a blow job sound?” Dean asked.

“Now you’re talking.” Cas was totally on board for that!

“Come here.” Dean had his hands on Cas’ hips and gently guided him back towards the giant sectional couch. It was a huge, heavy monstrosity that he had helped bring in, piece by piece. There was a full size lounge on one end and a recliner on the other. He steered Cas towards the lounge.

The back of Cas’ legs hit the lounge and he looked down at it. There was a cover of some kind already on it.

“She puts that there, you know, just in case we might make a mess. But mostly because the women she has come over can get messy. Don’t worry, I know her, it’s a clean one she put on today.” Dean assured him.

“I’m not sure I want to imagine the things Charlie is doing with other women. I’d really rather just imagine the things I want you to do to me.” Cas purred in his ear. His hand slid down Dean’s back to cup his ass. “I would really like it if you wore these more often. You have the most amazing ass.”

Dean chuckled. “That can be arranged if you agree to wear this more often. It’s been a turn on all night knowing you have nothing on underneath.” His hands moved downward, from Cas’ hips to his thighs. The toga came to about mid-thigh but with strong legs and a perfect ass, it rode just a little higher up on him. It had been driving Dean nuts all night. Carefully he guided Cas down until he was sitting on the edge of the lounge. The floors were padded, something Dean was thankful for as he sunk to his knees and pushed Cas’ legs apart. He was aware of the bright blue eyes watching him.

“Oh…” It slipped from Cas’ lips softly, something that was between a sigh and a moan, and Dean loved the sound of it. He had lifted the edge of the soft fabric to expose his boyfriend’s already leaking cock, which was now sliding easily over his tongue and down his throat.

After their mildly awkward (mostly for Cas) first time, Dean had convinced him touching was ok, and that he liked to be touched during sex. Now Cas had a hard time keeping his hands off the man. The fingers of one hand tangled in his hair, blunt nails scratching his scalp lightly while the other hand was busy pushing the bow and arrows off his shoulder. Once he had fallen to the floor with a dull thud Dean placed his hands on his boyfriend’s thighs and swallowed him completely down.

“F-fuck!” Cas shouted. Dean moaned at the sound of his boyfriend swearing. The man already sounded wrecked.

“Dean, Dean, Dean…” Cas chanted his name as his hips thrust against their will into the tight heat of his boyfriend’s mouth. Dean pulled back enough so that he could swirl his tongue around the head of Cas’ cock before dipping into the slit to taste the pre-come that was steadily pouring out. Cas whined
and pulled at Dean’s tunic as his orgasm began to build. Dean swallowed him down again, looking up as he did to see Cas’ head thrown back in ecstasy. His crown had fallen off, bouncing off the lounge onto the floor but he hadn’t noticed. He slipped a hand between Cas’ legs to rub at his rim, and that sent him over the edge. Dean’s name came screaming from his lips as his entire body shuddered with his release. He collapsed back onto the lounge, groaning as Dean kissed and nibbled at his thighs before standing up and stripping out of his clothes. In less than a minute he was naked.

“I didn’t bring anything, I-I didn’t think we’d be doing anything here.” Cas blushed hard but couldn’t take his eyes off Dean’s body. He watched as Dean walked to a cabinet in the corner of the room and began rooting around in it. The squeak of surprise he made before quickly closing the doors told Cas he hadn’t found what he was looking for. He moved to another cabinet and opened that one.

“What was in there?” Cas asked.

“You don’t want to know.” Dean replied. The second cabinet was filled with movies that he quickly realized ninety nine percent of were porn. He moved on to a third one.

“Here we go!” Dean cried triumphantly as he snagged a bottle of lube and a condom.

“Why does Charlie have condoms if she’s a lesbian?” Cas asked. Dean paused and looked at the condom.

“You know, I have no idea. For the toys I guess?”

Cas’ eyebrows shot up so fast it was almost comical, but he didn’t ask about it. Instead he scooted back further as Dean approached and let his legs fall open.

“Jesus, Cas, you’re gorgeous like that.” Dean murmured as he knelt down on the lounge and crawled up his boyfriend’s body. He swung one leg over until he was straddling him. “Are you sore, baby? From yesterday? I don’t want to hurt you.” He stroked a hand lovingly down Cas’ cheek.

“While you were still in bed this morning I took a cool bath and…applied ice. It helped. I’m still a bit sore, and maybe a bit swollen, but not as much as I was when I first got up this morning.” Cas leaned into Dean’s touch, his eyelids fluttering closed as a thumb swept slowly across his brow.

“Ice, huh? We did sort of go at it like rabbits yesterday. I think tonight, we should switch things up. I know you want to bottom but I’m afraid of hurting you.”

Cas’ eyes opened and he looked up at him. “I wouldn’t even know where to start. Well, I’d know where…”

“I get what you’re saying. How about you sit exactly like you are now, and I ride you?” Dean lowered himself until he was rubbing against Cas’ flaccid cock. He smirked when he felt it twitch beneath him.

“Do I get to open you up?” Cas was eager to try that on Dean, and then perfect it later on himself. Opening himself up the first time had been a nightmare. Thankfully Eve had been not been shy when answering his questions, and had volunteered information when he’d been too preoccupied with what she’d already said to stop and ask about other things. She had put heavy emphasis on moving slow, no matter how anxious he was to get started, he needed to move slowly, otherwise he could tear. That had scared him. He was still pretty sore and he was aware that being opened up while still swollen would be a lot more painful than usual. The prospect of being inside Dean was actually more exciting than he had first thought.
“Sure, baby.” Dean climbed off his lap and laid down on the lounge. He opened his legs wide and waited as Cas untied the laces on his sandals and removed them. If he tried to do anything with them still on he was bound to tear them. Once they were off he got on his knees and positioned himself between Dean’s legs.

“Going to keep the toga on?” Dean asked.

“I don’t mind taking it off as long as you can help me put it back on later. It took me forever to figure out how to get it to hang without it being shorter in the back than in the front.” Cas took the bottle of lube from him and popped the cap. The scent of cinnamon hit his nose.

“Nah, leave it on. I like it.” Dean smiled lasciviously, and Cas laughed as he poured some of the lube onto his fingers. His eyes slid slowly down Dean’s body. Yes, his dick was game for this, he was already half hard again.

“I don’t want to hurt you, so I’m going to go slow.” He looked up, meeting Dean’s eyes and accepting the nod he received.

The entire concept of opening someone up was fascinating, and he watched as one finger disappeared inside of Dean’s tight hole. The heat was incredible and he briefly wondered if he was that hot, and if Dean liked him being that hot. It hadn’t felt as if he was, but then again, he didn’t have the best of angles. Now he did because he was working someone else open. His eyes flicked up to Dean’s face. Green eyes were watching him closely.

“You’re so hot. Am I that hot?” He asked. A small smile twitched at Dean’s mouth before he let out a small gasp as Cas pulled his finger almost all the way out and then slid it back in.

“That’s not the kind of bedroom talk I was expecting, but yeah, you’re really hot, and tight. I love it.” Cas smiled and moved his finger in and out a few more times before adding more lube and sliding two back in. When Dean grunted he stopped moving.

“I’m ok, keep going. I was just adjusting to having two fingers inside me.”

Cas began moving again, the gentle glide of his fingers becoming relaxing for Dean when the man leaned down to press soft kisses to his chest and stomach. Slowly he began to move his fingers apart. Dean hissed and tried not to grimace.

“Keep going, I’m fine.”

Cas wanted to see if he could find Dean’s prostate. He’d been unable to really find his own with any sort of luck at inducing real pleasure but he was in the perfect position now to search for Dean’s, so he did exactly that. He knew the exact moment he located it. Dean’s back arched off the lounge and he cried out. His fingers dug into the covering on the couch when they couldn’t reach Cas.

“Baby, please, come here…” Dean begged. Cas moved up so he could bring their mouths together but Dean wanted so much more than just some chaste kiss and it made his head swirl as he tried to remember to keep his fingers moving. He slipped a third one in, and there was almost no resistance. Dean groaned into his mouth as his fingers scrambled to find purchase anywhere they could on Cas’ body. Cas was barely aware of the nails scratching across the exposed part of his back, so intent was he on finding Dean’s prostate again and seeing how close he could bring him to orgasm. Dean’s cock lay hard and leaking against his stomach and Cas was carefully trying to avoid getting semen on his toga. That one would be hard to explain to the dry cleaners!

Another minute or so and Cas knew Dean was getting close. He withdrew his fingers, sympathizing
with the little whine that slipped from Dean’s lips at being empty. He sat back and ran his hands down Dean’s legs.

“Did you say before that you wanted to ride me?” He asked. Dean sat up, getting to his knees and leaning forward to kiss him again. Cas groaned and kissed him deeper.

“Where’s the condom?” Dean asked. Cas looked around, finding it half under his own leg.

“Here it is. I’ve never put one on before.” He mumbled as he opened the package.

“I’ll put it on you.” Dean kissed his neck and Cas groaned, letting his head fall back as Dean gave him a few firm strokes before sliding the condom on. He found the lube and added a generous amount to Cas’ cock before pulling him to the edge of the lounge and straddling him.

“Sit still, I’ll do the work here, ok?” Dean placed one knee on either side of Cas’ hips and once he had Cas’ cock in his hand he slowly began lowering himself down.

The way Cas gasped made Dean smile. He’d only bottomed a few times before and he knew what he could and couldn’t handle. Cas was a pretty big guy but so far he was taking it without feeling quite like he was going to be split in two. It burned like a bitch but he moved slower. He tried hard not to grimace since Cas was watching him so closely. He didn’t want Cas thinking he was hurting him. The pain wasn’t going to last once he got moving.

He hoped.

Truth was, while Dean had bottomed before, he’d never ridden someone else. This position was new for him. Other people had enjoyed it with him, men and women, so he knew it could be pleasurable. First he just needed to adapt.

Once Cas was completely inside of him, he dropped his head to Cas’ shoulder and let out the breath he’d been holding in. Warm hands slid up his thighs, coming to rest on his hips.

“Are you ok?” Cas’ voice was shaky. Dean knew he was trying hard not to blow his load right then.

“Yeah, baby, I’m ok.” Dean kissed him as he wrapped his arms around Cas’ neck. He lifted himself up a few inches before sliding back down.

“Oh…” Cas’ grip on his hips tightened but he wasn’t trying to take control. Dean got the sense that he was just trying to hang on for the ride.

Dean lifted up again, this time higher before sliding back down again. He started up a rhythm that had them both panting and moaning. Cas’ grip on his hips tightened further as he began pulled Dean down against him as he thrust up and into him. The speed picked up until Dean was practically slamming down, meeting Cas on every thrust with a grunt and a slapping of skin.

“Oh God, you feel so good, Dean…I didn’t…know it would feel this good…” Cas groaned. He pulled Dean in for another kiss.

“Fuck, you’re amazing, baby.” Dean rolled his hips and Cas cried out when the pressure increased. They were both screaming as they chased their orgasms.

Dean’s body was slick and Cas’ hands slipped several times before he moved them around to the man’s back and pulled him close. He could feel Dean’s cock trapped between them and he wanted Dean to come first, so he reached between them and took him in hand.
“Yeah, oh, baby, just like that….” Dean was darn close to sobbing with how good it felt. When he came, it was so intense his vision whited out for a moment. He collapsed against Cas who was panting hard as he clung to Dean’s sweaty flesh.

“Cas?” He lifted his head to look at his boyfriend.

“I came, if that’s what you’re worried about. Think maybe I passed out for a moment.” Cas chuckled. Dean grinned.

“You were perfect. That was amazing. I don’t do that very often, but I-I want to again with you. If you want to, that is.”

“I think I would like that. Maybe not as much though.” Cas said.

“Yeah, that works for me.” Dean agreed.

He winced as he stood up and Cas slipped free.

“I need a towel.” Cas said, looking around the room. “And a bathroom. Is there a bathroom down here?”

“Yeah, over there.” Dean was looking at the mess on his stomach as he pointed vaguely at several doors against the far wall. Cas held up his toga as he got to his feet. He walked over to the doors and since they were all closed, decided to just keep checking til he figured out which one was the bathroom. The first door opened to reveal a closet that was filled with more sex toys than he’d ever seen in his life. He quickly closed the door and moved to the second one. Just as he turned the knob he heard Dean yell.

“No! No that door, don’t open that one!”

He looked up to see Dean literally jump over the couch and pull his hand off the knob.

“It’s that one.” He nodded towards the third door. Of course Cas’ curiosity was piqued now.

“What’s in here that you don’t want me to see?”

“No, baby, no one wants to see what’s in there. That’s Charlie’s…playroom. I don’t even go in there. I saw it once when she had it built, and it made me uncomfortable. I refuse to go in there ever again.” Dean shuddered. He grabbed Cas’ hand and started tugging him in the direction of the bathroom. Cas glanced back at the playroom door.

“What is a playroom?” He asked as Dean found a package of wet wipes under the sink and pulled a couple out. Cas had already stripped off the condom and tossed it, but he accepted several wipes to clean himself up properly.

“So…” Dean tried not to think of the things Charlie did down here.

“Are there more sex toys in there?”

“Yes.” Dean replied slowly.

“And they scare you?” Cas tilted his head in confusion.

“No, not exactly.” Dean took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “Charlie’s pretty…kinky. Some of her partners are even kinkier.”
“Oh, so…she caters to her sexual preferences in there?”

“You could say that.” Dean loved Charlie to pieces but the girl had some weird tastes in stuff, and if he didn’t have to think about the things she did outside of LARP’ing, playing video games, and comic book conventions, then he was lucky.

Cas seemed to be considering his answer. “I don’t know what constitutes a kink and what constitutes a fetish, if I’m being truthful, but I am assuming she does these things with Dorothy?”

That was a tricky question.

“Sometimes? I guess? I don’t talk sex with Charlie. Her sex life kind of scares me.” Dean confessed.

Cas’ eyes widened. “I don’t understand how sex can be scary. Well, up until I had sex for the first time I guess I did understand, but now? I think it’s a beautiful thing, and very, very enjoyable.”

“Honey, some people, they like…pain with their sex. Either receiving or giving it. Charlie…likes to give it.”

“Oh…” Cas seemed to be catching on. “So that’s like, BDSM stuff in there?”

“Bingo.” Dean replied.

“Ah.” Cas nodded. “And I thought the closet full of sex toys was daunting. Why does she have stuff out here too if that’s her playroom?”

“It’s hard to explain. Like I said, sometimes she throws private parties. The stuff out here is for those.” They were walking back into the main room as they talked. Dean scooped his underwear and pants off the floor and started putting them on.

“Wait, parties? Do you mean orgies?!” Cas’ jaw dropped.

Dean snickered and nodded. “Yeah, pretty much.”

“But I thought she was a lesbian?”

Dean laughed softly as he pulled his tunic over his head. “She is, but some of the women she invites are bi. Charlie doesn’t do anything with the men that come, but some of the women she invites do. I don’t know the details because frankly? Asking me to talk about Charlie’s sexual preferences is almost as bad as asking me to talk about Sam’s. She’s like a sister to me. Besides, the playroom stuff? It’s a side job for her. She doesn’t actually have sex in there.”

He noted the confused look on his boyfriend’s face.

“Trust me when I say you don’t want to know. I don’t want you looking at her differently. She’s a great person, very bubbly and friendly, and she like you. I don’t want things to be awkward between the two of you.” Dean fixed his belt and slipped his boots back on. These things he and Cas had found at Goodwill. They were suede and scrunched down. He was fairly certain they were designed for women but he didn’t care, they went perfectly with his costume.

“Why would I pass judgment? I don’t care what she does in private. I like Charlie, and I like Dorothy. Besides, I’m sure they have a very different opinion of me. They probably believe me to be
very modest and chaste in the bedroom.” Cas stopped for a moment. “Am I modest and chaste in the bedroom?”

Dean stepped close and cupped his boyfriend’s face between his hands. “Baby, you are amazing in the bedroom but if you want to experiment more, I’m willing to try anything that doesn’t involve pain.”

He had to smile at the way Cas blue eyes darkened at the offer.

“So if I went back and talked to Eve…”

“I’ll go with. I don’t think our sex life needs spicing up, especially not this early on, but maybe we can have some fun once in a while.” He kissed Cas, slowly.

“Mmm, I love you, Dean. You are so wonderful and perfect for me.” Cas sighed when Dean broke the kiss.

“I feel the same way about you, sweetheart. I’m going to put the lube back and then we’ll go back upstairs.” Dean patted Cas’ butt before grabbing the bottle of lube off the lounge and going to the cabinet with it while Cas retied his sandals.

“Ready?” He asked once Cas had tied the laces on the second sandal and replaced his olive leaf crown.

“Ready.” Cas replied.

Chapter End Notes

So, I hope you liked that chapter. I figured poor Cas would be sore still and Dean's very loving and careful with him, so I switched it up for this chapter.
Chapter Summary

It's 2 days to Thanksgiving and the Novaks boys are all together again. Gabe and Mike get the chance to meet Dean, and Gabe gets to hear Dean's declaration of love for his baby brother.

Chapter Notes

This would be 2 days before Thanksgiving, and one day before Gabe and Cas are supposed to go to their parents house and talk to them. So stress is high and will be for the next couple of chapters. I hope you enjoy this one...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Cassie!”

Cas grabbed his brother and hugged the man tight.

“I missed you!” He could feel the tears pricking in the corners of his eyes but he was so damn glad his brother was finally there in person.

“I missed you too.” Gabe squeezed his little brother tight. It was at least a full minute before they let one another go. Eli stood off to the side smiling fondly at the two of them. When Cas noticed him he pulled the man into another oxygen depriving hug.

“Hello, Eli, I have missed you as well. It’s good to see you.”

“Thank you Cas. It’s good to see you too, and without any false pretenses.” Eli replied.

“Well come on in.” Cas stepped aside so the two men could enter.

“Is Mike here yet?” Gabe asked.

“He is, he’s on his way from the hotel now.” Cas said as he shut the door.

Gabe looked around the living room, smiling when he saw their grandmother’s couch.

“Place looks good. I bet mom is seething because you’re succeeding at taking care of yourself without a medical degree.” He said with a laugh. Cas grinned.

“Yes, I believe that she is still positive that I will fail. I am actually saving some money though. Dean has taught me many ways to be frugal, and I save a small fortune every week doing laundry at his place instead of in the basement.”

“Where is Dean? I’m dying to meet him.” Gabe turned to look at his brother expectantly.
“Oh, he just got off work a little while ago and is taking a shower. He’ll be here in a few minutes.” Cas replied. “Let me give you the grand tour.”

Cas proceeded to take his brother and Eli around the apartment, showing them all of the things he had acquired since moving in. Gabe smiled when he saw a framed picture on the dresser and another on the nightstand. The one on the dresser was of him and Eli, one he had sent after their talk, and the one on the dresser was of Cas with a group of people. It looked like he was at a party, and he was smiling. It made him happy to know that his brother was getting out and living.

“So, you’re happy with Dean?” He asked.

“Oh, very. I love him.” Cas replied quite frankly.

“That’s wonderful.” Eli said, smiling.

“You don’t feel the need to date around a bit? Get more experience?” Gabe asked curiously.

“No, not at all. I don’t need a myriad of assholes coming and going from my life just so I can figure out what I want. I know what I want, and I want Dean.” Cas said firmly.

“Good, because I want you too.”

They all turned to see Dean leaning in the doorway. When the two strangers noticed him he pushed off the door frame and offered his hand.

“Hi, I’m Dean.”

Eli shook his hand first. “I’m Eli, this is Gabe. It’s a pleasure to meet you, Dean. Cas speaks very fondly of you.”

Dean smiled and looked at his boyfriend a moment before meeting Eli’s gaze again.

“He speaks very fondly of you both as well.”

Dean crossed the room to Cas who smiled wide as he wrapped his arms around the man’s waist and leaned his head on his shoulder. Dean hugged him right back.

“How was work?” Cas asked him.

“Today, it wasn’t so bad, except I spent most of the morning in crawl spaces. I had to shower, I felt like I had spiders all over me.”

“My baby brother seems quite smitten with you.” Gabe said, though a soft smile was on his lips as he looked at Cas.

“The feeling is mutual. It’s hard to believe I got along at all before he came into my life. Don’t let him fool you, he’s not as demure as he looks.” Dean kissed Cas’ cheek, smiling when Cas snickered and pushed him away lightly.

“Cas? Demure? He’s always been more stubborn than a mule, and blunt as hell. You sure we’re talking about the same man?” There was a mischievous sparkle in Gabe’s eyes as he became more relaxed. Cas laughed.

“I am simply polite and therefore people misjudge me. I see no reason to correct them.”

Someone knocked at the front door.
“Oh! That must be Mike and Maeve!” Cas exclaimed as he ran out of the room. He went to the door and pulled it open. It wasn’t his brother.

It was Bella.

“Can I help you?” He crossed his arms defensively. She had never just shown up at his apartment before like this, and she was still being unbelievably cruel to him on a regular basis. He didn’t trust her.

“I’m looking for Dean.” She rolled her eyes before leveling him with a look of boredom.

“He’s busy. Can I take a message?”

“What on earth could he possibly be busy with? He just got home from work.” She was irritated and it showed.

“Meeting my family, and that has priority over your flirting, so if you’ll excuse me.” He moved to shut the door but she caught it before he could.

“Dean!” She yelled.

He came out of the bedroom, laughing with Gabe and Eli. The moment his eyes fell on Bella his smile turned to a grimace.

“What do you want, Bella?”

“Power’s out in half of my apartment.” She immediately went into flirt mode which made him want to cringe. He looked helplessly at Cas before Eli touched his arm.

“Why don’t I go with you? I apprenticed with my uncle who is an electrician, and I understand most all of it. I’d be happy to help you. With two people working on it we can get done faster, and then we can get to our family dinner.” Eli put extra emphasis on the word family while shooting daggers at Bella. She looked ready to explode.

“You know what? That’s a great idea, and I would very much appreciate the help, Eli. I will grab my bag and we’ll be up in a few minutes.” Dean said to her.

She actually stomped her foot before turning and storming away.

“Wow…what is her problem?” Gabe asked.

“Dean has an agreement with the landlord to do work around the building in exchange for a reduction on his rent. The downside to that is Bella. She’s like a hawk circling her prey. The problem is that Dean won’t bite. He’s never been interested in her, but she sees him as a conquest still to be had. I am the obstacle in her way. She’s been…rather cruel to me since we began dating.” Cas admitted. Dean walked over to him, a deep scowl on his face.

“What do you mean she’s been cruel? What is she doing?” He demanded.

Cas quickly recounted the various things Bella had been doing to him since they’d first met on Dean’s doorstep in September. Dean’s eyes were stormy, but suddenly he was smiling.

“I think I might possibly have just gotten her evicted.”

“How do you figure?” Gabe asked.
“There are cameras aimed at the front and back door of the building, and at in the stairwells, at each floor, and at both ends. That means she’s been recorded tripping Cas and shoving him. I’ll just have a little talk with the landlord Monday morning.” Dean said.

“You really think he’ll evict her?” Cas just wanted her to stop being such a jerk to him.

Either she stops, or she’s out of here. He’d rather keep me than her. I do all the work he doesn’t want to do.” Dean replied. “I’m afraid to let you stay here once I get a house if she’s still here.”

Cas smiled. “I can handle her.”

“I don’t doubt it, but she’ll piss me off too much, especially if she really hurts you.” Dean stepped into the hall and Eli followed. “We’ll be done in maybe ten minutes.”

Cas closed the door behind them and turned to his brother. “Would you like something to drink? Beer? Tea? Wine?”

“A beer sounds good. Eli’s driving anyway.” Gabe followed his brother to the kitchen. “So how much of a concern is that Bella chick?” He asked once Cas had fished two beers out of the fridge and handed one over.

“She’s not. She just won’t take a hint. Dean is beautiful and sweet and off limits, so she wants him. If murder were legal, I’d have already killed her.” Cas said as he sat down at the table. Gabe hadn’t expected the last part and nearly spit out his beer. He moved to a seat across from his brother and sat down too.

“Geez, Cas, warn a guy before you show your dark side?”

Cas snorted and took a sip of his beer. “I’m not worried that Dean will do anything, he can’t stand her, but I don’t trust her not to seriously hurt me or try to do something stupid, like trap Dean, or drug him. I hear people do things like that.”

“I wouldn’t worry too much about that. I’m fairly certain Dean’s not accepting drinks from her. It seems to me like he just wants to be in and out of her apartment as quickly as possible. He’s a big boy and if he’s not interested, he needs to tell her that. And he needs to tell her to stop flirting.” Gabe said.

“But he has! She’s just…stubborn? I don’t know. She feels offended that Dean continues to deny her advances. I swear though, if I get slammed into one more wall, or tripped one more time…” Cas’ temper was rising just thinking about it. He still had a bruise on his shin from two days earlier in the stairwell. As he was going up the stairs, she was coming down. Suddenly her foot tangled under his and while she remained upright, he went down hard, cracking a shin against one of the stairs. He’d momentarily thought his shin was cracked, it had hurt so bad.

“Yeah, I highly suggest Dean bring this stuff up to the landlord. You should have spoken up sooner. Dean could have gotten this all stopped months ago.” Gabe chastised.

“I know.” Cas sighed and finished off his bottle.

“So, you planning to spend a lot of time at the house once Dean gets one?” His brother asked.

The question brought a smile to Cas’ lips.

“Yes, I will. He wants me to be there as often as possible, and has asked me to stay over on the weekends.”
“He’s pretty serious about you.” Gabe concluded. He’d been hearing his brother going on about Dean, but hearing about it and actually seeing the way his brother’s face lit up as he looked at Dean, and seeing the way Dean’s lit up seeing his brother, that was a whole other story.

“Yes, he is, and I’m quite serious about him as well. I love him very much.” Cas said.

“I don’t doubt it.” Gabe smiled.

“Did you…buy the ring yet?” Cas dropped his voice just in case Dean and Eli returned and overheard.

“Yes, I’ve had it since June. I’m asking him at Christmas. My stomach is in knots over this! I’m not sure how mom and dad are going to take this.” Gabe cleared off the rest of his beer and contemplated asking for a second one, but he didn’t want to get drunk before they went to dinner.

“I think you shouldn’t wait til Christmas. I think you should do it now. Ask him tonight, then when we go to mom and dad’s tomorrow night you’ll already be engaged and you won’t have a reason to want to try and back out. I know you.” Cas wagged his empty bottle in his brother’s direction for emphasis. “We need to do this. We need to free ourselves from the lies.”

Gabe sighed and rubbed at his eyes. He could feel a migraine threatening to start.

“I know, but the ring is back at home in a safe deposit box so he doesn’t find it. Besides, now that I’m coming out to the whole family, Eli won’t let me back out. He wants all of this out in the open so that maybe our folks will come around. He thinks that if we reach the point where we have kids, grandchildren will soften their hearts. I told him that if they can’t accept me, they’re not getting the privilege of getting to be a part of our kids’ lives.”

“You and Eli are talking about having kids?” Cas asked. He was grinning like a fool at the idea of being an uncle.

“We are. We’ve been looking into adoption.” Gabe replied.

“Dean and I talked about kids. We both want them. I hope he’ll someday want them with me.”

Gabe cocked one eyebrow. “How do you talk about kids but not know if you want to have them together?”

“It came up in a conversation that he said he wants a house, kids, a mortgage, all of that. I said I wanted those things too, but not until after I get a better job.” Cas explained.

“Ah. Well, that sounds like perhaps he does want them with you.”

“Want what with you?” Dean asked as he walked in the kitchen. Eli was right behind him. “Mike still not here yet?”

“No, but I’m sure he’ll be here soon.” Cas replied as Dean sat down next to him.

“So what was that about wanting something with you?”

Cas blushed and looked down at the table top. “I was telling my brother about a conversation you and I had a while back. Where you said you wanted a house and kids and a mortgage. We were talking about kids.”

Dean’s expression was one of mild surprise that quickly faded into a happy grin.
“Oh, well, we haven’t discussed anything in depth like that yet, but yeah, someday, when Cas is ready.”

Cas looked up at him, his eyes so wide and full of hope.

“Really?”

Dean took his hand and smiled. “Well, yeah. I can’t picture any of that without you there with me.”

“Do me a favor? Make it at least two years and then start thinking long term? You’re still in the honeymoon phase of your relationship. Have a few arguments, figure out what you like and dislike about one another. Then talk about spending your lives together.” Gabe said. Eli sat down next to him and took his hand. He smiled softly at Gabe.

“I knew almost the moment I met Gabe that I wanted to spend my life with him. It maybe took him a little longer to figure that out though. We have our ups and our downs, but there’s no one I would rather share my life with.” Eli took Gabe’s hand and leaned in to kiss his cheek softly.

“How long have you two been together?” Dean asked.

“Almost five years now.” Eli replied.

“Best damn five years of my life too.” Gabe added.

Cas knew his brother was just looking out for him, but it annoyed him that Gabe didn’t see how much Dean really meant to him, and how he knew Dean was his Eli. Cas had always been the kind of person that figured out pretty quickly what it was that he wanted, and acted on it. He’d never been the type to second guess himself.

“So, in two years, if I ask your brother to marry me, I’ll have your blessing?” Dean asked. Cas thought his heart was going to leap into his throat hearing Dean ask that. Gabe arched an eye brow.

“If you’re still together and deeply in love, then absolutely.” He replied.

Dean nodded. “Alright then. Two years.”

“Are you serious?” Cas asked him.

“As a heart attack.” Dean replied without hesitation.

There was a knock at the door but Cas was still in shock. Dean chuckled as he stood up.

“I’ll get the door.”

“I believe he’s a keeper.” Gabe said, grinning.

“I can’t believe he just said that!” Cas’ mind was still reeling.

“I can. He loves you very much. Upstairs he told Bella to leave you alone, that one day he’s going to take you away from here, and that you’ll live your lives together, and she’ll never have a chance with him. She was…less than pleased to hear him say that.” Eli said.

He didn’t get to elaborate because Mike and his girlfriend Maeve came walking in the kitchen with Dean.

“So good to see you!” Mike said as he pulled his brother up and into a hug. Cas hugged him back
just as tight.

“It’s wonderful to see you too, Mike.” Cas told him. He hugged Maeve once his brother released him. Mike hugged Gabe and Eli too.

“So, I’ve met Dean here. Very polite. I approve.” Mike said, grinning. Dean returned to his seat next to Cas and reached over to take his hand. “Are we ready to go to dinner? Maeve and I are starving!”

Chapter End Notes

 Well, let me know what you thought. Comments are always welcome. I hope you're still liking the story!
Meeting the Winchesters

Chapter Summary

Cas is a nervous wreck the following morning so Dean gets him involved with prepping for dinner the following night. When Dean's parents arrive, they are nicer than Cas had hoped, and Mary jumps right in to help with the Thanksgiving preparations. They're trying to stay busy and keep their minds off the trip Cas, Gabe, and Mike are taking later to go see their parents.

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy this chapter. :)

Dinner with his brothers and their significant others was very relaxed and pleasant. Gabe and Mike took the opportunity to learn everything they could about Dean, and in the end they were both more than a little impressed. They were even more impressed with how certain their brother was about the man, and about every other aspect of his life. As dinner wound down and they were sitting with their desserts, talk turned to the trip Gabe and Cas would be making to their parents’ house the next day. They’d already made sure of the time when both of their parents would be home. The time was for seven. Cas hated that it felt like they had to make a damn appointment just to see their own parents, but as long as they were making the time, he and Gabe would go.

“So, Eli is more than welcome to hang out with me tomorrow night while we wait for you both to get back. Mike are you going with them?” Dean asked.

“I’m debating on it. If I do, can Maeve stay too?”

“Sure. We’ll watch some football while I whip up some dishes for dinner Thursday.” Dean looked at Maeve and Eli who both nodded. “Besides, I’m dying to pick Eli’s brains after the chicken parmesan he taught Cas how to make.”

Eli grinned. There was a soft blush on his cheeks. “Oh, my papa was a chef and he taught my many dishes. I can show you a variation of sweet potato pie that you might like.”

“You’re on.” Dean pointed his fork in the man’s direction.

“Oh, I’m game for cooking! What are we making?” Maeve asked.

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After dinner they went to a bar where they talked more and enjoyed a few drinks. Dean and Eli both knew how badly their boyfriends needed to wind down. They were both stressing over the talk with their parents the following night, and Gabe was already to throwing up. Mike decided to go with them, that way Gabe couldn’t back out, and they would have someone there supporting them in case their parents didn’t. Cas stuck to his opinion that if they couldn’t accept him and Gabe as they were,
then they didn’t need them in their lives

When they got back to their building Dean led Cas back to his own apartment. Gabe and Eli had a room in the same hotel as Mike and Maeve and he didn’t want Cas being alone all night. He unlocked the door and eased a slightly drunk Cas into the apartment.

“This is your place.” Cas blinked as he swayed slightly and looked around the room.

“And you’d be right. I want you here, with me. I don’t like the nights when you’re not in my bed.” Dean closed the door and locked it before coming up behind Cas and wrapping his arms around him. Cas sighed and leaned back against him.

“I don’t like being away from you either.”

Dean kissed his neck, smiling as Cas let his head loll to the side so he had better access. How the teacher didn’t go to work every day with a million hickeys was a feat of absolute magic for Dean with so much skin available to kiss and nibble.

“Come on, gorgeous, let’s get you ready for bed.” Dean kissed his neck a few times before stepping out from behind him and taking his hand. Cas followed willingly and allowed Dean to undress him and then slip pajama pants on him. They spent so much time at each other’s apartments that they now kept clothing in one another’s drawers and toothbrushes in each other’s bathrooms. He wasn’t quite ready to ask Cas to move in with him. He’d never lived with a lover before, but Cas was coming damn close to being the first. And hopefully the last.

“Were you serious?” Cas swayed again on his feet and Dean grabbed his arms to steady him.

“Serious about what?”

“You wanna…” Cas hiccupped and frowned as though his stomach had suddenly betrayed him. “Marry me?”

Dean smiled and kissed the corner of his boyfriend’s mouth. Currently the man smelled like a distillery. Maybe he was drunker than Dean had first thought. He steered Cas out of the bedroom and to the bathroom.

“I think we should talk about this when you’re sober.”

“I love you, Dean. I wanna have your babies.” Cas murmured. Dean bit down on his lower lip to stifle the laugher threatening to burst from him. He focused on putting toothpaste on both of their brushes and getting Cas to brush his teeth and tongue. When they were finished he got the man to drink a glass of water. Cas’ eyes were clearing up a bit as he sobered.

“Oh, I can’t have your babies, can I? Cas asked of no one in particular a few minutes later.

“Is that what you’ve been thinking about this whole time?” Dean asked with a laugh. Cas blushed and looked down at the floor.

“Don’t make fun of me.” He grumbled as he walked out of the bathroom on steadier legs than he had first come in on. Dean followed.

“I’m not. And yes you can have my babies. It’s just a little more complicated, that’s all.”

Cas gave him a grumpy look as he pulled the covers back and got into bed. Dean stripped down to his boxers and crawled into the bed. He took it as a good sign when he pulled Cas closer and the
man came willingly, melting against him.

“I’m scared, Dean. What if they hate me?” Cas whispered a few minutes later. Dean had thought the man had fallen asleep. He should have known he was busy overthinking the conversation he’d be having with his parents the following evening.

“Honey, I want you to remember something.” He said. Cas tilted his head back to look at him, waiting for him to tell him what that something was.

“Good, loving parents? They don’t push their children away. If your parents can’t accept you, you have people in your life that will, and they love you unconditionally. From me to Meg to your brothers, and many others. You are wonderful and amazing, and if your parents can’t realize that and love the child that they created…well, they have no business being parents and it’s their own karma coming back on them if their sons turn their backs on them.” Dean pressed a gentle kiss to the spot on Cas’ forehead that had been furrowed with worry. It smoothed as he relaxed and smiled.

“Thank you, Dean, I needed that.”

“And anytime, sweetheart.”

The following morning was chaos and Cas was a nervous wreck. Nothing Dean did could calm him down, so he dragged him into the kitchen and put him to work.

“My parents will be here this afternoon and we need to start the holiday cooking now.” Dean told him. He got Cas busy seasoning the turkey and sticking it in the fridge to marinate while he got a chicken ready and put it in the crock pot for that night’s meal. Once the turkey was done he got Cas busy washing and peeling apples for the pies they would be making. When someone knocked at the door a while later Dean wiped his hands on his apron and went to answer it. Cas’ brothers, Eli, and Maeve were all standing there. Gabe looked as green as Cas did.

“Come on in, guys. Cas is in the kitchen. I have him coring and peeling apples for pie.” He stepped aside to let them all in.

“Love the apron.” Mike teased. Dean grinned.

“They save my clothes, man. I admire the person that invented them.”

“They are a miracle. I have several.” Maeve smacked Mike’s chest lightly as she spoke, a smile playing on her lips. “I’ll go help Cas.”

“What all will you be making?” Eli asked.

“Well, the entire meal will be prepared by me, so…everything?” Dean laughed.

“Well then, allow me to help. May I see what is already in the fridge?” Eli was taking off his jacket already and rolling up his sleeves.

“Go for it. I have a turkey I’m putting in the crock pot in the morning, that way the oven is free for everything else, like potatoes, pies, casseroles, all that stuff.” Dean told him.

Eli nodded and turned to Gabe. “Help me, darling?”

Gabe turned to him at the gentle tone of his voice. He smiled and nodded.
“Yeah, I need to keep busy.”

Six people working in a small kitchen should have been a nightmare, but it was more like a finely tuned ballet. They slid easily around one another as they fetched things from cabinets or the fridge, and Cas found himself sitting at the kitchen table with Maeve, peeling and cutting potatoes while Gabe found cherries in the freezer and got started on a cherry pie for that night’s dessert. There was enough to make two, and with all the extra people to feed he felt they needed the second pie. Eli showed Dean several recipes for the sweet potatoes and after a quick trip to the store, walked him through making spiced cranberries from scratch. When there came a knock at the door a few hours later, Cas got up to answer it.

“Are you Cas?” A pretty blonde woman asked.

“I am. Oh! Are you Dean’s parents?” His eyes widened as he realized who he was looking at. The man, talk, broad shouldered with warmth in his brown eyes chuckled.

“I’m John. This here’s my wife, Mary. It’s nice to meet you, son.” John offered a hand and Cas shook it firmly.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you as well, sir. Please, come in. We’re in the kitchen cooking.” Cas stepped aside to let them in. Mary stopped in front of him and reached up to stroke a thumb across his cheek.

“You have flour on your face. Let me guess, Dean has you all making pie?”

Cas grinned and nodded. “Yes. I was asked to roll the crust but I’m having difficulty doing so. I keep making it too thin in certain parts.”

“Why don’t I help you with that? Pie happens to be my specialty.” She offered.

“I would like that very much.” He said.

Cas led Dean’s parents to the kitchen. When their son spotted them he dropped what he was doing and flew across the kitchen to hug them both. Once introductions had been made, Mary jumped in to help while John and Mike excused themselves and went into the living room to watch football. Eventually Gabe followed them and that freed up a bit more space in the kitchen.

“Hey, babe? If I run out of room in this oven, can we use yours?” Dean looked back at Cas who was carefully filling a pie crust with the apple filling Dean had made.

“Of course. You don’t have to ask, you know that.”

“Did we buy you pie tins? I don’t remember.” Dean said.

“Yes, you said I would need them, even if I didn’t use them for pie. So I bought four. Do you need them?” Cas turned around to look at him.

“Possibly, if we make the sweet potato pie.” Dean looked at Eli who was looking at the sweet potatoes they had cut up.

“I think we have enough potatoes for that.” Eli said.

Mary and Eli launched into a conversation on pie recipes while Dean made quinoa and wild rice to go with the chicken. Cas finished with the pie and Maeve showed him how to fold the second crust
over the top and add decorative holes to it. He was rather proud of it when they were finished and Dean took it, popping it in the oven alongside Gabe’s cherry pies. Cas was left feeling nervous again so Dean ushered him into the living room to sit with his dad.

“But I don’t understand football.” It wasn’t a complaint, just a statement.

“I’ll explain it to you.” John told him as Cas sat down next to him.

“I won’t be too much of a nuisance and take away from the game?” Cas asked.

“Of course not. I explained it to Dean and Sam when they were kids, I can explain it to you too. Who knows? Maybe you’ll like it.” John said, grinning. Cas smiled back.

“I do like basketball and soccer, and Dean has been explaining hockey to me. I am enjoying that sport as well.”

Dean checked his watch. It was ten after five. They would be leaving soon, and if Cas could focus on what his dad was explaining for a little while, it would take his mind off his parents at least for a few minutes. He returned to the kitchen, and to his spot next to Eli.

“Are you worried about them too?” Eli asked softly. Dean nodded.

“Yeah. Cas is really strong and determined, but he wants so badly for his parents to accept him, even if he comes off seeming like he doesn’t care. I worry about the psychological damage they will be doing, to him and to Gabe if they push them away.”

“You are right. I’ve had to deal with Gabe’s damaged psyche for years because of his parents. He’s such a good man but he was so terrified to be with me when we first met. It took a lot of wooing on my part to get him to agree to that first date. I knew he was attracted to me, but he was so scared of what his family would think. When Mike found out…” Eli sighed heavily. “It was like an enormous weight was lifted, but he was very scared of what Castiel would say. He was convinced that their parents had his brother completely brain washed. I tried to tell him that he couldn’t be if he was denying the medical degree they wanted him to get in favor of a teaching degree, but he’s stubborn. I love him in spite, but if you think Cas is stubborn, Gabe is like ten times worse.”

Dean chuckled. “Cas can be pretty stubborn.”

Eli smirked and looked up, his dark eyes dancing with amusement. “I can imagine.”

“Dean? Mike says we need to leave now.” Cas was hovering in the kitchen doorway, wringing his hands together nervously. Dean was aware that his mother was watching him as he went to his boyfriend and pulled him into his arms.

“It’s ok, you can do this. Remember what I told you last night. Good parents won’t push their children away. Keep in mind that they might react negatively at first, and that it might take them a little while to come to terms. Don’t expect instant acceptance. Even my dad needed a day or two to come to terms with me dating men.” He kissed Cas gently and held the man tighter when Cas wrapped his arms around him as though he were clinging to him for dear life. With soft kisses and words of encouragement he led Cas to the bedroom where he had him change into a clean shirt and jeans. Gabe was in the living room being soothed by Eli when they returned.

“Save me some pie?” Cas asked as Dean walked him to the door.

“Of course. And if you need me, for anything, just call, ok? I’ll have my phone on me and I’ll keep an eye out for your messages. Try to keep your brother calm.”
Cas patted his pocket to make sure he had his phone and ran his fingers through his hair. Dean chuckled and smoothed down the bits that stuck straight up.

“I’ll be ok?”

“Yes, baby, you’ll be fine. Remember that no matter what, you have people that love you. *I love you.*” Dean kissed him softly.

“I love you too.”
The Family Dinner

Chapter Summary

After a relatively nice dinner with their parents, Gabe and Cas share the news about Eli and about Dean.

Chapter Notes

I have been rather busy the last day or so, I apologize for slacking on the chapters, so I am going to give you this one, and another one later today. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m going to be sick.” Gabe said as they pulled into the driveway of their family home.

“No you won’t, because you’re not going to let anything negative they might say get to you. You’re better than that.” Mike parked the car and they all got out. Cas had been sitting in the back seat talking via text with Dean to calm his mind and he felt moderately better than he had when they’d left, but now, standing here and looking up at the house he had grown up in, his stomach dropped.

“Fuck.” He muttered.

Mike was already climbing the stairs and knocking. He wasn’t going to let either of his brothers back out. It was almost a minute before their mother opened the door. She smile warmly, her face lighting up at the sight of her oldest son.

“Hello, sweetheart! It’s so good to see you!” She hugged him and motioned for Gabe and Cas to come up the stairs so she could hug them too.

“Hi, mom.” Gabe said as he hugged her. He squeezed her a little tighter, just in case this was the last little bit of affection he ever got from her.

“So, I put dinner in, it’s almost ready. Cas, honey, you were right about that crock pot! It’s so easy to use! I thought I would surprise you boys with something I learned to make in it.” She chattered as she led them through the living room and towards the kitchen. So far their father was nowhere to be seen.

“Oh? What did you make?” Cas asked.

“I saw a recipe online for chicken and dumplings. I’ve made it once before, so it’s good. I made the dumplings with Bisquick!” She clapped her hands excitedly which made her sons all chuckle.

“Can’t wait to try it.” Cas told her.

“Where’s dad?” Mike asked.

“Stephen!” Their mother yelled.
“Coming!” A voice called back from the end of the hall. They all knew their dad was in his office, no doubt researching procedures for some surgery or another. Their mother busied herself with pulling out wine glasses and a bottle of wine. The table was already set and the kitchen smelled good. Cas wasn’t sure how much of the food he’d be able to actually stomach, but he was looking forward to the wine.

“Hello, boys.” Their dad greeted them a few minutes later as he walked into the kitchen. A quick hug to each of them and then they were sitting around the table as they were served. It made them all think back to their childhood.

“Karen, honey, white wine? Don’t you think we should go with the red?” Stephen asked as he slid his glasses down his nose so he could read the label on the wine.

“With chicken and dumplings?” She asked.

He shrugged and uncorked the bottle. “I suppose you’re right.” Each of his sons held out their glass to him.

“This is a bit surreal, you know, serving my children wine. Instinct makes me want to say no, but you’re not children anymore.” He chuckled. His wife smiled too.

“So, how’s work, Mike? Are you keeping busy at the hospital?” His mother asked.

“Oh, yes, very. I finally moved off night shifts to day shifts, and I’m getting more sleep as a result, so that’s good.” He replied.

“Good, that’s good!” Their dad was nodding as he listened. “And you, Gabe? I imagine the life of an emergency room doctor must be quite hectic.”

“It can be at times, but it’s very rewarding. I love the variety of different things that come through on a daily basis.” Gabe said.

“I did a stint during my residency in the ER. It was quite chaotic, but I was at the UIC medical center which was a very busy place to start with. I knew surgery was the right choice for me after that.”

“It is not nearly as chaotic where I’m at. We have the occasional gunshot victim or car accident, but mostly it’s sicknesses, household accidents, heart attacks, that kind of thing. I had to stitch up a little girl’s arm, hand, and face after she fell through a sliding door day before yesterday. It wasn’t busy so I took my time to make sure the stitches were kept neat and small, to minimalize scarring later. One hundred forty two stitches in total, of which seventy two were in her hand and arm alone.” Gabe had felt awful for the little girl, but he had humored her with jokes and with her parents’ permission, he had given her a lollipop when it was all over. She was five and more excited about the sucker than anything else.

“Sounds stressful, but I can see how it would be rewarding.” His father conceded. Stephen turned to look at Cas. “And your class? Everything is going well?”

“Oh, yes. I have all of the children reading now and doing simple math. It’s quite thrilling getting to shape young minds the way I am. I love my kids.” Cas replied.

It was clear his father had nothing more positive to say so he just let it slide. He stuffed his mouth full of dumpling and drank his wine while his father proceeded to pick Mike’s brain apart. Gabe was sitting next to him and nudged him sympathetically. At least if they were going to be the black sheep of the family, they were doing so together.
After dinner they helped their mother clear the table and load the dishwasher, just as they’d done when they were children. As a family they retired to the living room, except now their glasses of wine came with them. Gabe, Cas, and Mike sat together on the couch while their parents sat in their armchairs facing the couch. The entire set up was designed for when they had company, they could face their guests and have enlightening conversations. The conversation they were about to have Cas doubted would be considered enlightening by their parents.

“Mom, Dad, I-I need to tell you something.” Gabe said suddenly. Cas reached over to place an encouraging hand on his brother’s shoulder. Gabe gave him a nervous smile before looking at their parents.

“Oh?” Their father asked. Cas got the impression that their father was expecting him to announce that he had decided to go into surgery after all.

“I’m…involved with someone. And getting engaged next month. I already have the ring.” Gabe’s hand was holding the wine glass so tight it was at risk of breaking. Mike placed a comforting hand on his arm to get him to relax before he took the glass from him. Their mother’s face lit up as she gasped and clapped her hands together.

“Oh! Oh! Stephen, did you hear that? Gabby’s getting married!”

Gabe cringed at the childhood nickname, but there wasn’t much he could do about it, not when he still called Cas “Cassie”.

“I heard, that’s fantastic news! Are you bringing her to dinner tomorrow? What’s the young lady’s name?” Their father asked.

“I’m going to throw up.” Gabe muttered. “I can’t do this.” He looked at Cas, the absolute terror in his eyes beginning to rub off on him. Mike, Thankfully stood up for him.

“That’s the thing, mom, dad…Gabe’s been in a loving, caring relationship for almost five years now, and he has maintained his career. In fact, he’s being considered now for department head, because he has always put his career first, just like you taught us. But your exceptionally high standards make it impossible for any of us to really tell you what is going on with our lives, because we all feel that you will reject us and not accept us as we are, or accept our choices. Here Gabe sits, wanting to tell you about something that has him exceptionally happy, and he is terrified of what you two will say. And there is no reason for him, or Cas, or me to be afraid of our parents. I would choose what you say next very carefully, because you risk all three of us walking out this door and never coming back.”

The look of excitement and joy on Stephen and Karen’s faces faded into matching guarded expressions.

“This better not be what I think it is.” Stephen said.

“If what you think is that I’m in a relationship with Eli, then yes, it’s exactly what you think it is. I am bisexual, mom and dad. I am in a healthy, committed relationship with the man I love more than anything in the world, and next month, I’m asking him to marry me. Whether you accept it or not, doesn’t make a difference to me. I realize that now. I am marrying him, we’re starting a family, and we’ve already bought our house.” The words came out shaky, but he held his head up high. Cas squeezed his brother’s shoulder and Mike smiled at him. Their parents sat in silence across from them.

“Stephen…”

“No, I’m not having that in my house. Do what you want out there in Texas, but don’t bring that here into my home.” His father’s expression was stormy. Gabe’s face fell and he swallowed hard as he tried not to cry.

“Well, I guess we will not be seeing you tomorrow for dinner then.” Cas said. Their mother looked up at them with a mixture of surprise and fear.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean that if Eli is not welcome, then that means Gabe is not welcome, and if Gabe is not welcome…” Oh God, this was his moment… “Then neither am I. I’m gay, and I’m dating a man that I am in love with. He makes me happier than anything in the world and honestly? If you took the time to actually get to know him, or even Eli for that matter, you’ve love them both, but if this is how you’re going to react to Gabe, I’m not even going to say anything more about my life.” Cas tried not to tremble as he stood up.

“No, you’re not.” Stephen said gruffly.

“Excuse me?” Cas squinted in irritation.

“You’re not gay. You’re just trying to be like your brother. It’s a phase. You’ll outgrow it.”

Cas’ jaw dropped a little as he gaped at his father. Thankfully his brothers were both already on their feet and herding him away from the couch.

“Wait, Gabe! Cas!” Their mother was following, despite her husband’s protests.

“What?” Gabe turned around once they had reached the door to face her. For a moment she floundered.

“I don’t share his views.” She said softly. “I’ll talk to him, ok? I love you, you’re my sons, and as long as you’re happy and successful, I don’t care about the rest.” She brought her hands up to cradle Gabe’s face. He could feel how they trembled.

“I love you, darling. I know I’ve not been the best mother. I’m so sorry.” There were tears in her eyes and she found herself being embraced by all three of her sons at once.

“Eli and I will not be coming tomorrow.” Gabe told her. She frowned but nodded.

“I understand.”

“Nor will Dean and I.” Cas said.

“I want you boys to enjoy your Thanksgiving, all of you, together. I will cancel my racquetball game Friday and come see you. I would like the chance to get to know Eli.” She looked at Cas. “What did you say the name of the young man you are seeing was? Is he nice? Is he treating you well?”

Cas smiled and nodded. “His name is Dean and he’s wonderful, mom. He treats me very well. I know he’d love to meet you. Tomorrow we’ll be eating with his family, they came in for the holiday.”

“If they’re still there Friday…I would maybe like to meet them, if that’s alright.” She said.
“I think Mary and John would like that.” He pulled her into another hug. So it was only half as had as he’d expected.

“Karen!” Stephen yelled from the living room. There was fire in her eyes when she stood back.

“I’m going to go knock some sense into your father. You boys be good and call me tomorrow. I love you all.” She said.

Mike realized he was still holding two of the wine glasses, and that Cas still had his, so she collected them all and saw them out. Once out at the car Gabe leaned against the door and leaned forward, resting his hands on his knees as he tried to collect himself.

“I’m a doctor, for Christ’s sake, I shouldn’t be afraid of my father!” His brothers knew he was simply chastising himself, but Cas could sympathize.

“It went better than I had expected. I expected to be disowned and disinherited.” He said.

“That could still happen. Hopefully mom talks some sense into dad, before Christmas.” Mike sighed. He unlocked the door and slid in behind the wheel.

“I can’t believe I just came out to my parents.” Gabe muttered as this time he got in the back. Cas slid into the passenger seat.

“I just want to get back to Dean.” Cas groaned as he watched their family home growing smaller in the side view mirror as they drove away. Who knew when he would be back here again?

Chapter End Notes

So the hard part is over. Their dad took it the way they expected. Their mom is trying to be accepting, but she has a long way to go yet. At least she's trying. She doesn't want to lose her sons. I hope you liked the chapter. Leave a comment if you like. :)
Chapter Summary

After the failed evening with their parents, the Novak boys make their way back. Cas can't get back fast enough to Dean.

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy this chapter. It's mostly just Dean consoling Cas, but he needed it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Dean, honey, you need to relax. Cas is a big boy and he can handle himself.” Mary told her son. He couldn’t sit still though so he was up pacing the kitchen as he waited for the pie to cool enough that they could have a piece. Just in case, he’d saved some food for the three men. In case things had gone sour and they’d not gotten to eat.

“I know, but this could be his parents rejecting him. I don’t want him hurting if they do that.” He groaned and ran his fingers through his hair. Maeve and Mary shared a look of concern but neither woman said anything. Eli stood up to block his path on his tenth circuit from back door to fridge and Dean stopped short to look at him.

“I am in the same boat as you, Dean. But I have the added benefit of having known Cas for several years now, and if there’s one thing he is, it’s strong. One of them will be messaging us soon, I’m sure of it, and we’ll know for sure at that time.”

Dean sighed, more in irritation than anything. He felt helpless, and he hated feeling that way.

“Let’s go join your dad and watch some football, ok?” Eli patted his shoulder and gentled ushered him out of the kitchen. They joined John on the couch.

“You doing ok there?” John asked.

“Not really. I just hope Cas messages me soon.” Dean tried to concentrate on the game. A half hour later Mary and Maeve came out of the kitchen with slices of pie and vanilla ice cream, handing them out. They had brought chairs out of the kitchen so they could sit and watch the game too. Just as they were finishing their dessert, Eli’s phone chimed with a text. Dean pulled his own phone out just as he received his own text.

Cas: We’re on our way back now. That was exhausting.

“What did Gabe say?” He asked Eli. Eli was frowning as he typed a message back to Gabe.

“We are not going to the Novak house for Thanksgiving.” Eli replied.

Dean typed back to Cas.
Dean: How are you? What did they say?

Cas: My dad said it was just a phase I am going through and told me that I’m just trying to be like Gabe. He doesn’t understand and doesn’t want to. He said Eli isn’t allowed in his house, so I told him we won’t be coming for Thanksgiving. I’m very upset right now and my brother is crying very hard.

Dean frowned. He looked over at Eli who had been reading the messages over his shoulder. There were tears in his eyes as well.

“If you’re not welcome, I’m definitely not welcome either, but you know what?” Dean slung an arm around Eli’s shoulder and gave him a squeeze.

“What?” Eli asked as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

“We have our real family right here already.”

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Gabe had shifted from hurt to anger by the time they got back to the apartment and Eli got permission from Dean to talk to him alone in the bedroom. Dean took Cas by the hand and led him next door to his apartment so they could be alone too.

“Talk to me, tell me what happened.” Dean asked as he settled onto the couch. Cas climbed into his lap and laid his head on Dean’s shoulder.

“He told Gabe that Eli is not allowed in his house, and that they can do whatever they want out there in Texas, but he wasn’t allowed to bring it into his home. So I stood up for my brother and he told me I don’t know what I’m talking about. He said I’m just going through a phase. This is not a phase!” Cas lifted his head, the words spilling angrily from his lips. Dean rubbed circles gently into his back as he waited for the man to calm down. Once he did, he leaned into Dean again and laid his head on his shoulder again.

“And your mom? How did she take it?”

Cas sniffled. Dean knew he was crying again.

“I know this isn’t a phase, baby, and you know it’s not a phase. Remember, there are people that love you very much and want you in their life, and I’m right at the top of that list, ok? What your parents think…it’s their loss. You’re so amazing. They’re the ones that are going to be missing out. On your wonderful, big heart, on your life, on my fabulous cooking skills…” He was trying to make light of the situation, to add a little levity, and when Cas snorted he knew it had worked.

“Yeah, your cooking, it’s definitely something they’ll regret not having.”

Dean chuckled. “I’ll just feed it all to you.”

“You’re making me fat. I’m going to have to take up running again.” Cas complained but Dean knew he was just kidding.

“I dunno, a man with jelly rolls is pretty hot…”

Cas barked out a laugh and sat up. “As if! Me? Jelly rolls?”

Dean poked his belly. It was all lean, firm muscle but if he was helping to lift his boyfriend’s spirits,
he was happy to play along.

“It’s still firm. But you haven’t tried my four cheese lasagna yet.”

Cas smiled and wrapped his arms around Dean’s neck. “Thank you for that. And…my mother said she doesn’t want to lose us. She’s coming her Friday. She wants to talk, and she wants to meet your parents.”

Dean had not been expecting that one!

“O-ok, we can handle that. I hope Gabe lets Eli know. I’ll mention it tonight, just in case.”

“Did you get all of the cooking done?” Cas asked.

“Not all of it, but most of it. Pies are done. Tomorrow we’ll whip up the stuffing and pop some biscuits in the oven. Everything else just pretty much needs to be reheated. I still need to clean out the crock pot so it’s ready for the turkey in the morning,” Dean replied.

“I can’t believe I did it. I came out to my parents. It’s…surreal. I wonder if I’m supposed to tell my mother’s sister or if I’m supposed to let my mom tell her.” Cas was considering the question when someone knocked at the door. He got up to answer it.

“Hey, how are you holding up?” Mike asked.

“I’m still kind of numb.” Cas admitted.

“Yeah, that was kind of intense. All we can do is sit back and hope dad comes around. If he can’t support you and Gabe…well, I won’t be coming around either. We’re a family, a team, you, me and Gabe. I’m not going to stand by and let anyone bully you guys.” Mike pulled his brother into a hug and Cas broke down, clinging to his brother as he cried against his shoulder. It was a relief knowing Mike was 100% on his side, no matter what.

“You going to be ok?” Mike asked once Cas had his emotions somewhat under control again. Cas sniffled and nodded.

“Yeah, I’m just going to sit with Dean a while longer.”

“Ok. I’m taking Maeve back to the hotel, but we’ll be back in the morning. I’ll bring wine or something, ok?” Mike pushed a lock of hair out of his brother’s eyes. “You really need to cut your hair.”

Cas laughed softly and nodded. “It’s on my list of things to do. We’ll see you in the morning.”

Dean got up and walked over, accepting the hug Mike gave him.

“Take care of my brother, ok?” Mike whispered in his ear.

“I absolutely will.” Dean promised.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed that. :)
Chapter Summary

Karen Novak comes to join her sons, their significant others, and the Winchesters for a family lunch.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy. I should be in bed by now, so that is where I am escaping to.

Yes, I'm fully aware that it's 5am. Gotta love insomnia!!!

Thanksgiving was nice, even if it was slightly melancholy, and they enjoyed the food and wine as they all talked about anything and everything that came to mind. Cas loved the atmosphere. Novak family dinners had never been this comfortable, this relaxed, and he found himself falling a little bit in love with Mary and John Winchester.

After dinner they retired to the living room to watch a movie. Dean found himself wishing he had more furniture since all he had was the couch, but no one seemed to mind. The kitchen chairs were dragged into the living room, and everyone sat down. Cas and Dean sat together on the couch with John and Mary while the others took the chairs. Later, they enjoyed pie and more wine and watched another movie. For the Novak boys it was probably the most enjoyable holiday they had experienced in years.

The following morning Mike and Gabe were knocking on Cas’ door by ten. Dean was the one to answer the door, groggy from all the wine the night before. Gabe smirked when he saw the man in nothing but pajama pants.

“Guys?” Dean yawned and rubbed at one eye.

“You sleeping in late?” Gabe asked as he and Eli slid past and into the apartment.

“What time is it?” Dean waited for Mike and Maeve to come in before closing the door.

“It’s after ten.” Mike replied.

“Oh. Oh! And your mom is coming at noon, right?” Dean was becoming more alert by the second.

“That would be an unfortunate yes.” Gabe replied.

“I’ll get Cas up.” Dean started back towards the bedroom.

“How about I get some coffee started?” Mike offered.

“That would be great, thanks.”
Dean walked back into the bedroom to find Cas still sound asleep, face down on the bed. He crawled back in next to him and gently shook him.

“Hey, baby? Your brothers are here.”

Cas groaned but didn’t open his eyes.

“Huh?”

“Mike and Gabe are here. Your mother is coming over, remember?”

Cas’ eyes flew open and he looked up at Dean. “Fuck! What time is it?”

“We have time. Do you want to take a shower? Mike’s making coffee right now.” Dean sat back and watched as Cas pulled himself into a sitting position.

“Yeah, I think I need one, but I need to straighten up too, and make lunch.”

“It’s not messy, mostly it’s just some dirty dishes in the sink that we can get to when you’re out of the shower. Just go take your shower, your brothers and I can handle a little straightening up, ok?” Dean leaned in to kiss him. He loved how Cas always melted into it, like every kiss was wonderful and special.

“Ok, I’ll be quick.” Cas got up and after collecting clothes to change in to, he left the room. Dean dressed and made the bed. When he came back to the living room it was empty. He followed the voices into the kitchen.

“Are we feeding her here or going out for lunch?” Eli was asking.

“I can whip something up but it might be less stressful to just take her out for lunch.” Dean headed for the cabinet and pulled down the coffee mugs. “Sorry, I had him get four mugs, but I can get more if you all want coffee. I can also get my coffee maker.”

“I don’t drink coffee, but I’d like a glass of water.” Maeve said.

Dean got her the glass and handed it over. Eli and Gabe had decided to share a mug and Mike had decided to pass altogether. Dean readied Cas’ mug and when he walked into the room, handed it over to his very grateful boyfriend.

“Still not a morning person?” Gabe teased his brother. Cas glared at him for a moment before taking a sip of his coffee.

“Cas gets up early to teach small minds five days a week. He’s entitled to sleep in when he doesn’t have to work.” Dean said before leaning down to kiss the top of his boyfriend’s hair. He was gifted with a small, tired smile.

“Oh, you must be special, he didn’t try to bite your head off just now.” Mike said with a laugh. Cas snorted and took another sip of his coffee.

“What time will your parents be here?” Eli asked. “I have a couple of new recipes for Mary.”

Dean smiled. He liked that the two families were getting along as well as they were.

“They should be here around eleven thirty.”

Eli smiled happily. He finally felt like he was part of Gabe’s life, and in the capacity he had always
dreamed of. That much was written all over his face. Gabe leaned into him and took his hand as he spoke softly so only Eli could hear. Whatever he was saying, it made the other man light up with joy.

The cup of coffee helped and Dean brewed a second pot. He knew Cas would need another cup, and he wanted a second one as well. As Cas was finally starting to wake up with his second cup, someone knocked at the door. Dean left to answer it. He came back a few seconds later, heading straight for the pantry.

“Hector in the apartment across the hall had an outlet stop working. I’ll be right back. If I’m not back by the time my parents get here, just let them in.” He kissed the top of Cas’ head as he passed by the table on his way out.

“I like him. He’s good for you.” Mike declared once the apartment door closed. Maeve hummed in agreement.

“He’s very nice, and he was so worried about you yesterday.” She added.

“I like him as well. He is intelligent without being arrogant. That is a rare trait in this day and age.” Eli said.

“I’m still skeptical, but only because the relationship is so new. But I do like him.” Gabe admitted. Cas smiled. It meant the world to him that his brothers approved of Dean. It was icing on the cake knowing that Eli and Maeve liked him as well.

Mary and John arrived just a few minutes before Dean returned. Cas had taken to scrubbing the counters and the dishes were already done. When Dean brought them to the living room Cas was just coming out of the kitchen with his brothers and their significant others. Mary quickly pulled Cas into a warm hug. He smiled as he hugged her back. He could count on hand the number of times he had received such warm greetings from his own mother.

“How are you doing, sweetheart?” She asked as she stepped back and took his face in her hands.

“I am nervous.” He confessed.

“It’s going to be ok, and if your mother needs some guidance with learning how to accept her children, well, I’d be happy to help her. The rest of us definitely accept you as you are.” Mary leaned in close and dropped her voice to a whisper.

“Can I let you in on a little secret?”

He nodded. “Of course.”

“You’re the first person Dean has wanted for John and me to meet. And I can understand completely why he is so in love with you.”

His cheeks blushed but he smiled brightly. “Oh, I-I didn’t know that.”

She squeezed his arm lightly. “It will be alright. If your mother loves you, she’ll come around.”

“Babe, you have your wallet?” Dean asked as he walked over. Cas patted his pants.

“No, I’ll go grab it.”

Cas smiled one last time at Mary before heading back to his room. He located his wallet and stuffed
it in his pocket before putting on his socks and shoes. When he heard the knock at his door his heart leapt into his throat.

“Oh God…” He muttered. By the time he got back to the living room Mike already had the door open and their mother was standing nervously in the doorway.

“Hey mom.” Mike greeted her. “Come on in.”

She stepped into the apartment and looked around at all of the people with wide, frightened eyes. When she spotted Cas she perked up a little.

“Hello, sweetheart.” She held out her arms and he went without hesitation, wrapping her in a warm hug like the one Mary had given him. She seemed surprised, but soon relaxed and hugged him back just as tight.

“Hi.” He said when he stepped back.

“So, um, is your b-boyfriend here?” She asked. It was clear the words were not comfortable coming from her lips but…she was trying. Cas smiled and motioned for Dean to come over. To his credit, Dean looked as nervous as he felt, but he quickly smiled and offered her his hand.

“Hello, I’m Dean.”

She studied his face as she took his hand and shook it.

“Hello, Dean, I’m Karen Novak.”

It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Novak.” He bowed slightly and Cas knew his mother well enough to know she was impressed by that one small gesture.

“Hi, Mom.” Gabe said as he walked over with Eli. Her eyes sparkled at the sight of her son but became wary when they fell on Eli.

“Hello, darling.” She hugged her son tight before turning to Eli. For a moment she just looked at him, as though unsure what to do, then she pulled him into a hug, surprising everyone.

“Hello, Eli, it’s good to see you again.” She said softly. He hugged her back as he tried not to choke up.

“Hello, Karen, it’s good to see you as well.”

“Come here, mom, I’d like you to meet Dean’s parents, Mary and John.” Cas told her. She sniffled and smiled.

“I’d like that.”

Mary Winchester was warm and welcoming, and fell into easy conversation with Karen. It was clear she was still struggling and trying to understand, but she was trying, and Cas was glad for that. As a group they had decided on a steakhouse, and the conversation was flowing easily as they ate. Karen had all sorts of questions for Dean but she seemed impressed with his fortitude, though all three of her sons knew she was not thrilled by the fact that he’d not gotten anything more than his Bachelor’s. Cas defended him though, and insisted Dean was doing a fine job of supporting himself. Eventually
the conversation came back around to their father.

“So I did talk to him Wednesday night, but we ended up fighting. I sent him downstairs to sleep on the couch, and Thursday I took myself to the movies. If my sons weren’t welcome in our home, I wasn’t cooking. He was forced to eat sandwiches that he made himself for dinner last night. I, however, took myself out to eat.” Karen said, her tone smug.

“I wish we’d have known, mom, we’d have had you come to dinner last night.” Gabe was troubled by the idea of his mother alone at a restaurant on Thanksgiving.

“It’s alright. I was upset still with your father, and still trying to…come to terms. I needed the time alone.” She patted his arm reassuringly.

“And how is dad now?” Mike asked.

Karen sighed. “He’s not exactly speaking to me at the moment.”

Mike and his brothers shared a look. Their parents almost never fought, and they certainly didn’t make one another sleep on the couch or give each other the silent treatment. Dean took Cas’ hand under the table and laced their fingers together before squeezing gently.

“Are you…really ok with this?” Gabe asked her.

“I’m…trying. I want you all to have good lives, but I realize that part of that is that you be happy. If Eli makes you happy and Dean makes Cas happy, then…” She looked at Cas and Dean for a moment. “Then I’m happy. I just want you to be successful and to have everything in your life without having to struggle for it. I realize that it is not my place to judge or comment on what kind of relationships you get in to, but I want to get to know Eli better, and to know Dean better. If these are the people you are happiest with, then they deserve a mature and respectable response from me.”

Cas was relieved and he smiled brightly at Dean. Dean smiled right back. Gabe relaxed and when Eli put an arm around his shoulder and kissed his temple, he didn’t freeze up like he normally would have. Instead he looked at his boyfriend with nothing but love.

After that the conversation flowed with greater ease. Mary and Karen struck up a conversation about what it was actually like having a child that was gay or bisexual, and she offered to put Karen in touch with support groups in her area that would be able to help her with coming to terms better. Karen was ever so grateful for that. Dean and Cas discussed plans for Christmas since Sam was flying in from England and was dying to meet Cas. When lunch was over Cas and Dean took Karen back to the apartment building with them since she’d left her car parked there, and she left to make the drive back home. Cas led Dean up to his apartment. If ever there was a night he needed his boyfriend in his bed, it was that night.

Chapter End Notes

So I do hope that you enjoyed this chapter. Leave me a comment if you like!
Smile! You're on Candid Camera!

Chapter Summary

Cas is home making dinner for him and Dean one night while waiting for Dean to get home from work, just chatting via Skype with Meg while he makes some chicken. A knock at the door pulls him away from his cooking, and he heads out of the kitchen to answer it.

He really should have not opened that door.

Chapter Notes

Are you guys actually reading this? Good!

**********WARNING**********

Put your seatbelts on for this chapter! Are the secured nice and tight? Good!

You shouldn't need them again after this, but you will be upset after this chapter. And maybe a teeny bit in the next one. I promise it will get better! I love Cas too much to let him suffer! Same goes for Dean!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Christmas was Dean’s favorite holiday, as Cas soon learned. They were barely through with Thanksgiving before Dean was pulling out the Christmas tree and boxes of ornaments, and together they decorated the tree while drinking egg nog and listening to Christmas songs. There was shopping to be done, and for the first time in ages, Cas had more than his parents, grandparents, and brothers to buy for. He budgeted carefully and was able to buy something for everyone. The person he wanted to buy the most for though was Dean, but as he stood in his third store that afternoon alone, he had no idea what to buy.

Dean was a relatively simple man. He didn’t have extravagant tastes, and as far as things went with his apartment, he had everything he needed already. The closer it got to Christmas Day, the more stressed out he was getting over it. Between work, calls from his mother, and Bella still being a bitch to him, he was ready to snap. Dean noticed one evening just before winter break was about to start, and decided to surprise him with a romantic dinner. Cas came home from work late since there was an art show at the school and even his students had participated in to hear soft music spilling from his apartment. He unlocked the door and pushed it open. The delicious smells of dinner being cooked reached him and he immediately smiled.

“Dean?” Cas tossed his messenger back on the couch before taking his shoes and coat off. He hung the coat and after shutting the door, followed his nose to the kitchen. The table had been covered in a white table cloth, with a vase of roses in the center and a bottle of wine chilling.

“Hey, gorgeous.” Dean came up behind him and wrapped his arms around his middle. “How was
work? And the art show?"

Cas relaxed in his arms. “It was a very long day, but the kids really were thrilled to have their art included. They worked so hard.”

“Good. Come on, I made enchiladas for dinner in the crock pot. Let’s eat.” Dean kissed his cheek before moving around him to head over to the crock pot. Plates were waiting and Dean filled them full of food before carrying them to the table. Cas got down the wine glasses and joined him.

“What is all of this?” Cas asked as he touched one of the roses. They smelled amazing.

“You’ve been stressed out lately, so I thought I’d do something nice for you.” Dean replied. Cas watched him pour the wine.

“Is it that obvious?”

Dean gave a small smile as he set a glass down in front of the other man.

“Yeah, a bit. I know though what’s going on. Is your mom still trying to get you and your brothers to come home for Christmas?”

Cas took a sip of wine and nodded. “Yes, but my dad doesn’t want me or Gabe there, and I’d rather go home with you to Kansas than to their house where it will be awkward and highly stressful.”

“You’re coming home with me. Your brothers are welcome to come too. I feel bad for your mother though.” Dean said.

“She won’t leave my dad alone, but that doesn’t mean he won’t be camping out til January on the couch.” Though he hadn’t admitted it, Cas was upset that his dad was still refusing to talk to him or Gabe, or allow them in the house.

“I know. How about when we get back we see if she can make some time in her schedule and we’ll take her out for dinner?” Dean asked.

“I’d like that. She’s been very upset lately.” Cas was worried about his mother. If things persisted the way they were, he was afraid it would end in divorce.

“How do you like the enchiladas?” Dean asked him. Cas realized he had only been pushing the food around on his plate and actually picked some up on his fork. He put it in his mouth and chewed. It really was very good.

“Mmmm, this is good. Will you make this again soon?”

“Of course. I made dessert too.” Dean said.

Cas’ face lit up. “Pie?”

Dean chuckled. Cas was turning out to like pie almost as much as he did.

“No, I made cake. Triple chocolate, to be exact.”

“Oh, that sounds amazing.” Cas offered up the bright smile that always made Dean’s heart swell and he smiled back.

“Good. I thought maybe we’d kick back in bed with some cake and a movie. You know, just… relax. Tomorrow is your last day before break, right?”
Cas had finished off one enchilada and was working on a second one. “That sounds wonderful. I would very much like a night to just take my mind off of things.”

They finished their meal and Dean sent Cas off to take a relaxing shower and get ready for bed before they kicked back with the laptop to watch a movie. He got the dishes washed and made up a dish with the remaining enchiladas for Cas’ lunch the next day. When he heard the shower cut off he took the cake out of the fridge and cut two big slices. He carried them to the bedroom and set them on the nightstand before returning to the kitchen to pour them some more wine. Cas came out of the bathroom dressed in a pair of Dean’s pajama pants and his hair sticking straight up. He smiled when he saw Dean with the glasses of wine. It gave him an idea of what to get Dean for Christmas. Dean liked wine a lot more than he let on, but he stored the bottles in the pantry or in the fridge, so the liquid tended to break down faster. A wine cooler was something they could both benefit from. He just hoped that Dean would like it.

They laid back in the bed with their wine and the cake while Dean got the laptop powered up and they searched through Netflix to find a movie. They settled on Dead Snow, to satisfy Dean’s desire for a horror movie and Cas’ desire for something funny. Dean grabbed the Bluetooth speaker and it wasn’t until he noticed the blush on his boyfriend’s cheeks that he remembered what was causing it.

“Oh, ha ha.” He got it connected to the laptop and set it on the bed between them.

They ate their cake, laughing when the zombies appeared and the characters started running for their lives. It ended up being enjoyable for them both. When it ended they got up together to go brush their teeth. Dean put away the laptop and the speaker while Cas took their plates and glasses to the kitchen. When he returned, Dean was already in bed with the blankets pulled up to his waist. Cas crawled in next to him.

“I think I know what I want to get you for Christmas. I’ve been saving and I have an idea of what I want to get.” He said as he curled himself around Dean.

“It’s not about the presents, baby. I’ll love anything you get.” Dean said as he wrapped his arms around Cas and pulled him closer. It was only a few minutes later that they were falling asleep.

“What are you doing for the holidays?” Meg asked. Cas was using the phone stand Dean had bought him and had the phone propped up on the dresser while he changed shirts.

“Oh, we’re driving to Kansas to be with his family. We’re leaving in the morning. He invited my brothers too. Mike and Maeve are the only two my dad will allow in the house, but they refused to go until Gabe and I are allowed back, so they’re going to visit her family back east, and Gabe and Eli are flying out the day after tomorrow to spend Christmas with us in Kansas, since Eli is Jewish and his family is mostly back in Israel anyway. He loves Christmas though.” He replied.

“Cool. I’m already at my parents’ place.” She panned the camera around so he could see that she was in a different room.

“Is that…Justin Bieber on your wall?” He teased. Her head whipped around to see the poster behind her.

“What? No! Shut up!” She angled the camera away and he laughed at how red her cheeks suddenly got. It was rare that he could ever fluster her.

“Tell your parents I said hi.” He told her.
“I will. So…dish. How serious are you and Dean?” She loved gossip, but thankfully she didn’t spread rumors.

“We’re serious. We spend most nights together, and I’ve met his parents already, at Thanksgiving. He met my mother too. But I told you all that. Does that make it serious enough? It always seemed like a big deal to introduce your significant other to your family.” He carried the phone and the stand with him to the kitchen where he started making dinner.

“Oh, absolutely that makes it serious. I’m happy for you though.” She angled the camera bit to see what he was doing. “Are you…cooking?” She asked.

“I am, yes. Dean taught me a few dishes, Eli taught me a few more, and I learned some on my own. I find that I like cooking. I may never be as good as Dean, but I’m not bad.” He cracked a couple of eggs in a bowl and readied a second bowl with potato flakes.

“What are you making?”

“Fried chicken, but it’s actually pan fried, not deep fried.” He replied.

“I can cook, but not well. You’re going to have to show me a few things when I come see you next month.” She said. He smiled at the camera.

“I’d be happy to. I can show you how to use the crock pot, if you don’t already know. I love mine.”

“I know what one is, and what it does, but I don’t know how to use it. My mom has one. Maybe I’ll ask her.”

“Your mom or dad should have taught you how to cook when you were a kid, just like mine should have. Too bad my mom didn’t really know how to cook. She grew up with a housekeeper that did all the cooking, so she was pretty much made to stay out of the kitchen and so she had no real skills to teach me or my brothers. Dean learned when he was little. I actually taught my mother how to make a few dishes. She’s been making more time for me and my brothers. Calls us all at least twice a week now, and she shows up here occasionally. I think she’s trying to make up for the fact that my dad is an asshole.” He went to the fridge and pulled out the chicken he had already cut into strips earlier. With Meg watching he added the spices to the potato flakes and then began coating the strips in the egg mixture before rolling them in the flakes.

“I’ll just have to nag at the woman while I’m here. They’re out dancing tonight. Like, who actually goes out dancing anymore?” She asked of no one in particular.

“I’ve never been dancing. I hope I get to at Gabe and Eli’s wedding though.” He said.

“That would be sweet. I demand video of it if it happens. You dancing, not them getting married. I know that’s a given.” She clarified. Cas snorted as he began cooking the meat. When someone knocked at the door he turned the stove off and carrying the phone with him, he went to answer the door. He immediately felt his temper flaring when he saw Bella standing there. As always she looked pissed to see him there.

“Can I help you?” He asked, not even bothering to hide his irritation.

“Where’s Dean?” She wasn’t even asking nicely anymore. No, now she just demanded Dean. It was funny how of all the apartments in the building, hers had the most issues, and there were so many that had popped up since he and Dean had begun dating.
“Not home yet, not that it’s any of your business.” He snapped. Vaguely he heard Meg snicker. Bella didn’t seem to notice it though. She was too busy glaring at him.

“Then what in the bloody hell are you doing answering his door? Shouldn’t you be at your own place being useless?”

Oh, he was damn close to clocking this woman…

“I’m his boyfriend and I can be here whenever I want. You, however, need to leave. I’ll tell Dean you stopped by.” He went to shut the door but she shoved her hand out, catching the door before he even got it half way shut and slammed it back, hitting him so hard in the face he heard the crunch when his nose broke. He cried out in pain.

“Tsk, tsk. That will teach you not to heed my warnings. Can’t capture that on camera, can you? You’re going to break up with him or I will make your life a living hell, darling.” Her tone was smug and her smile wicked.

“He didn’t need to capture it, I saw you hit him in the face with the door! You’re barking up the wrong tree, bitch!” Meg screamed. Cas had a hand cupped to his face as blood poured from his nose but he looked down to see that he had dropped the phone on the floor, screen up. Meg had seen everything.

“Hey, what’s going on here?”

Cas looked over Bella’s shoulder to see their neighbor Hector standing in the hall.

“She hit me in the face with the door and broke my nose!” Cas cried. Bella gasped in shock, as though he had betrayed her.

“You bastard!” She punched him hard in the gut before storming off. Cas took the unexpected hit hard, sinking to his knees as blood sprayed everywhere.

“Cas? Cas!” Meg was screaming. “Cas!”

“Hey, come here. I will call the police for you.” Hector picked Cas up off the floor and helped him over to the couch. He hurried to the kitchen and grabbed a dish towel. When he returned he handed it to Cas.

“Apply pressure.” He instructed. Meg was still calling out from the phone so Hector picked it up and handed it to him.

“Oh, Cas!” Her voice cracked when she saw his face. “What’s Dean’s number? I’ll call him right now!”

He rattled off Dean’s number and then hung up to call him. Hector was on his own phone, pacing a few feet away as he spoke to the police. When he hung up he turned to look at Cas.

“They’re sending officers now.”

“Thank you.” Cas winced as he tried to move and felt the ache in his belly from where she had punched him. He closed his eyes against the pain and a minute later felt his shirt being lifted up and something cold being pressed against it. Hector was putting an ice pack over the bruise he was sure he had blooming there.

Less than ten minutes later the police arrived. They took Cas and Hector’s statements and as they
were documenting his injuries they heard the sound of heavy boots pounding down the hall. A moment later Dean was pushing past neighbors that had gathered in the doorway to get into the apartment.

“Cas!” He cried when he spotted his boyfriend. His face paled at the sight of all that blood. “What happened? What did that bitch do?” Dean dropped to his knees next to the couch but he was afraid to touch Cas, in case he hurt him worse than he already was. Cas’ face hurt and he had blood still dripping down the back of his throat. He nodded towards Hector who gave a synopsis.

“She just showed up here looking for me?” Dean asked. Cas nodded.

“And what, you told her to leave so she punched you?”

“No, he tried to close the door and she slammed it back into his face. It was on purpose though. I was just coming home from work when I heard the thud from the door hitting his face, and I heard him scream. Then I heard her threatening him. He was holding his face and I could see blood dripping through his fingers. I asked what happened, even though I’d heard it and could see his face. I wanted to see what she would say. Cas told me that she had slammed the door into his face and broken his nose. She got angrier and punched him in the stomach, then she left. I put ice on his stomach, but I wasn’t sure what to do about his nose.” Hector explained. Dean went to the entertainment center and grabbed his laptop. As one of the officers watched he pulled up video feed of the attack. Unbeknownst to Bella, he had installed his own camera, in case she tried to mess with Cas again. Now he was glad he’d done it.

“Can you put that on a USB drive for me? I need that for evidence.” She said. Dean nodded and did that. He handed the stick to her.

“There’s audio too, so you’ll see her attacking him and hear what she said to him. I want that bitch caught.” Dean was furious. The officer, a woman by the name of Mills accepted the memory stick and slipped it into an evidence bag. He hurried back to the couch where Cas was still sitting and looking absolutely miserable with a blood soaked towel pressed to his face.

“I’m taking you to the hospital.” Dean pulled the dish towel down and grimaced at the blood that was still pouring from the man’s nose. “Fuck, this needs to be set. Come on, baby.” He helped Cas stand up.

“Dinner…” Cas motioned towards the kitchen.

“Is the stove on?” Dean asked him.

“I checked, it’s turned off. You want me to save the meat he was trying to cook? I’ll lock up after myself.” Hector offered.

“Please.” Dean grabbed Cas’ coat and wrapped it around his shoulders. The police were pretty much done with Cas. Their photographs had been taken along with the statements, so they were leaving. Bella had fled the building, so now they were hunting her down. Cas coughed on some blood and cried out from the pain that caused.

“Come on, I double parked in front cause I had to get up here and make sure you were ok. Hospital’s just a few blocks from here.”

Dean wrapped an arm around Cas’ waist and together they headed down to the car. The ride to the hospital was brief and he parked outside the ER. Once they were inside he sat Cas down and headed to the front desk to explain the situation. A few minutes later they were being escorted back to have
Cas’ nose looked at.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, so for those that don’t want to roast me over an open fire pit, I based Cas' broken nose on one I received when I was fifteen. A bully that at one time was my friend and was mentally unstable and NOT on meds decided to pick a fight with me because I had a boyfriend and she did not. She tried to get another bully to beat me up but I've always had this unique ability to talk my way out of a fight by using logic, and when that girl realized I hadn't done a damn thing to my ex-friend, she walked away and actually apologized to me for coming at me the way she had. Well, my ex-friend was there, as well as a circle of about twenty other people who were watching and waiting for a fight. I made the mistake of thinking the fight was done with, and I turned my back. My ex-friend, a girl that stood roughly 5’11 and weighed about 260 and had hands larger than most men swung at me, open handed, and hit me so hard in the face that she managed to not only break my nose, she busted my skull, and I slammed into the lockers, passing out briefly in the process. An open palm hit did THAT much damage. My mom took me to the doctor because of my nose and the clear concussion I had, and it turned out that she had busted the actual BONE, not just the cartilage! And I had a crack in my skull just above my right eyebrow. Oh, and my glasses were broken. That was excruciating, and I hurt for WEEKS after that. Not to mention the raccoon eyes, the horrible stuffed nose, and sheer misery that came with needing to wear glasses and not being able to actually wear them. So yeah, based his on that, only I made him bleed WAY more, lol.

On the plus side? A year later her parents FINALLY put her on meds and once she was stable, she apologized profusely for all of the times she had sent people after me, or hurt me herself. The people she sent after me, I was always able to talk my way out of those fights. Freshman year though, she had done another open handed hit to my right ear and perforated my ear drum. I already had hearing loss in that ear from an ear infection gone wrong when I was ten, and that just made it worse. They were'nt able to do anything about my broken nose though since she broke the bone itself. It still bears the damage she did. But I do not hold a grudge. She wasn't in her right mind, and I knew what kinds of things she was going through at home. Here we are, years and years later and she still will break down and cry and apologize for the things she did to me. I can't hold a grudge against that. Cas, however, can definitely hold a grudge against Bella for this. But have no fear, she is gone from the picture for good now, and Cas will heal, and the people he counts as family will continue to love him.

Please don't hate me...
Heartbreak

Chapter Summary

Things get worse when Dean brings Cas home from the hospital and they text their families to tell them what happened. Cas' father saw the text before his mother did.

Chapter Notes

So yes, Cas' father is an asshole. I haven't decided yet whether I'm going to push him to the brink of losing his entire family before he gets his act straight or if I'm going to have him come around. For now though, he's an uber douche. That being said, things will get better from here on out for Cas, and for Dean. I hope you enjoy this chapter. And don't worry, Dean will take care of him!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After the blood had been cleaned up and his nose had been reset, Cas was given ibuprofen and an ice pack. He had two black eyes and a nasty bruise on his stomach that angered Dean to look at. Bella was lucky he hadn’t been there when she came by, she’d likely need a lot more than just her nose being set if he’d gotten his hands on her.

Back at the apartment he helped Cas to bed and ordered them a pizza. While he waited for it to arrive he called and left messages for Mike and Gabe. For his own comfort, he called his mom and told her what had happened. She was as upset as he was and urged him to call Karen to let her know what had happened too. When they hung up, he placed a quick call to Cas' mom. He got her voicemail so he left her a message. Just as he was finishing, someone knocked. He got up to answer it, frowning when he saw the blood on the rug by the door. It was two of the officers that had responded earlier.

“Hey.” He greeted them. Officer Mills nodded.

“We thought we would stop by to let you know that we have Ms. Talbot in custody. She was pulled over last night just outside the city limits and turned herself in. If Castiel wishes to press charges, he can come down to the precinct first thing in the morning. She won’t be processed before then.” The woman said.

“Hell yes he’s filing charges. We’ll be down there bright and early. We had to get his nose set because of her. They were almost afraid he’d need surgery because they couldn’t get the bleeding to stop. He’s miserable and we have a long drive to go home for the holidays tomorrow.” He was angry, however the two officers were very understanding.

“I don’t blame you. I’d press charges too. I understand this was not her first time attempting to hurt him and that there is video evidence of previous attacks. Is that true?” Officer Mills asked.

“Yes! There are cameras in the stairwells, and facing the front door. She has tripped him and shoved him repeatedly for months now. I complained twice to the landlord. He has already warned her once for her behavior. I installed the camera over my own door when she wouldn’t take a hint and leave
Cas alone.”

“Alright, then we’ll see you down at the precinct first thing in the morning.” Officer Mills leaned in a bit. “Have him keep icing it, to bring the swelling down. That’s going to be the worst bit for a while. I hope he feels better soon.”

Dean gave a small smile. “Thank you. I have him sitting up in bed with an ice pack right now.”

The officers bid him goodnight and right before he went to close the door, he saw the pizza man coming down the hall. He paid for it and carried the boxes to the bedroom. Poor Cas looked absolutely miserable. He was on his phone, typing away. If he had to wage a guess, he’d say it was to Meg.

“How are you feeling?” He asked as he set the boxes down on the bed. Blue eyes, red rimmed and full of misery looked up at him.

“I’ve never hurt like this in my life. I’m just glad she didn’t knock my teeth out. I don’t have the money to cover dental bills.”

“Talking to Meg?” Dean motioned towards the phone as he sat down and offered a slice to Cas. Cas accepted it, though his bites were small and he chewed slowly.

“Yes, she wanted to know what happened at the hospital, and if they arrested Bella yet. I told her about the ER, but that they hadn’t caught the bitch yet.” Cas said bitterly. He was angry, and for good reason.

“Well, good news, they caught her. Actually, she turned herself in while we were at the hospital. I’m hoping she wizens up and realizes that what she did was wrong. We’re going down in the morning to press charges. From there we can start the drive home, ok?” Dean swept hair off Cas’ forehead and helped him adjust the ice mask he had bought. It was originally meant for women to reduce their puffy eyes, but it worked great for any other swelling in the face, including noses. He’d actually bought four masks so that they could be easily swapped out once one got too warm.

After setting the boxes on the bed he backtracked to the kitchen to grab some napkins and paper plates. When he returned to the bedroom it became clear quickly that something was wrong.

“What’s the matter, sweetheart? Why are you crying?” Dean dropped the plates and napkins so he could crawl across the bed. Cas let the mask slide off so he could wrap his arms around Dean.

“I texted my mom to tell he what had happened but my dad had her phone.” He shuddered as he sobbed in his boyfriend’s arms. Dean snatched the phone up from where it had fallen on the bed. He read the message, feeling his anger bristling more and more with each word.

“That bastard!”

Cas held on tighter, the tears flowing even harder as his heart broke.

“H-he doesn’t love me! He hates me! My own father h-hates me!”

All Dean could do was hold him and tell him how wrong his father was, and that Cas had so many people in his life that loved him. And to be hurt like this right before the holidays was awful. It took a long time before Cas was calm enough to sit back and allow Dean to replace the ice pack for him. He wasn’t interested in the pizza though. Dean texted Gabe and Eli both, hoping one of them would respond, and then he texted Mike and Maeve. Eli was the first to respond.

Eli: What happened to Cas? What did his father do?
Dean: I’ll forward the message to you. Bastard had Karen’s phone. I guess she’s asleep already so he saw the message first. Probably got the vm I left for her earlier too. Said Cas had better stop calling and texting him and his wife because he doesn’t have any queer sons, and that if Cas insists on pretending he’s gay, he can consider himself no longer a Novak. Fucking asshole!

Eli: Oh dear. Did you text Gabe yet? I would like to break the news about that to him myself. He won’t take it well if you say it like that. Even if that is what Greg said. Gabe is sensitive, much more so than he appears to be.

Dean: I just texted him to let him know Cas got hurt. He has a broken nose and some bruising to his gut.

Eli: How the hell did that happen?!

Dean: Bella came looking for me but I wasn’t home yet. Cas was making dinner and stopped to answer the door. When he tried to get her to leave she shoved the door back and hit him in the face. Hard. Then for good measure she punched him. She’s in jail now though. We’re going down in the morning to press charges.

Eli: Good. That’s assault. Were there witnesses?

Dean: Yes. Cas was on Skype with his friend who saw the whole thing and a neighbor saw it happen to. Plus I put up a camera when Bella really started to become a nuisance. Landlord knows about the camera. I gave a copy to the police.

Eli: How miserable is he right now?

Dean: He’s pretty heartbroken. I just spent twenty minutes consoling him because of his damn father. I think his heart hurts worse than his nose right now, and I can’t get him to eat.

Eli: I feel awful for him. Gabe will be very upset as well, once I tell him all of this. I just received the message. That is absolutely horrid! You don’t say things like that to your children!

Dean: Mike is texting me. I’m going to let him know what happened and see if I can’t get Cas to eat something. He’s refusing. Take care. Let me know how Gabe takes the news.

Eli: You as well. Give Cas a hug from Gabe and myself. We’ll talk soon.

Dean had a similar but much more emotional conversation with Mike who was determined to call his mother first thing in the morning to see if she was aware of what had happened with their father using her phone. Mike was upset, but mostly about the state his brother was in. He stopped texting Dean and called Cas’ phone to talk to him. Dean laid back in the bed with a couple slices of pizza and listened to Cas’ end of the conversation. Something the man was saying was having a positive effect because ten minutes into the conversation, Cas was eyeing the boxes of pizza. Without comment Dean slid another piece onto a plate and handed it to him. Cas nibbled as he talked to his brother and Dean took a moment to message his own mother and tell her what had happened. To say she was livid was an understatement. She was ready to drive back up to Indiana and go punch Greg Novak in the nose herself. Dean knew his mother well enough to know that she would do it too. She was worried about Cas and decided they would pass on family photos that year since poor Cas would have two black eyes and a swollen nose, but she expected them to come home at Easter to do them. It warmed Dean’s heart to know that his mother already loved Cas enough to consider him family. No one had ever been special enough for him to let them meet his mother, until Cas. How the man had so thoroughly stolen his heart, and had managed to do so in such a short amount of time was still a mystery to him, but he wouldn’t change a thing.
Cas managed to finish the second slice, even after hanging up with his brother. He grimaced with every bite and Dean knew his face had to be hurting. Still, he didn’t complain. After he was done eating Dean cleaned up the plates and put the leftovers in the fridge. Cas was gone from the bedroom when he returned but he could hear water running in the bathroom. When Cas came back he was wearing just a tee shirt and his boxers. The dark circles under his eyes looked horrible but now he could see a bruise on his forehead and across one cheek. The shape was clearly the edge of the door.

“I need something for the pain. I’m not sure I’ll be able to sleep if I don’t take something.”

“Of course. Lay down and I’ll get you a fresh ice pack and some ibuprofen.” Dean snatched up the pack from where Cas had left it on the nightstand and switched it out for a new one. Tomorrow they were stopping for ice before they left the city, and he was bringing a cooler with drinks, snacks, and the ice packs.

Once Cas was settled and had taken the pills, Dean laid the new pack over his boyfriend’s face. Cas whimpered softly, the only indication as to how much pain he was really in before closing his eyes. Dean turned the light off and stretched out next to him before pulling the blankets up over them both. As he closed his eyes he felt Cas fingers touching his own hand. He lifted his boyfriend’s hand to his lips and kissed the back of it softly.

“Try to get a bit of sleep, ok? You can sleep more in the car on the drive too.”

“I wanted to help you with the driving but I don’t think I’ll be able to.” Cas told him.

“That’s ok, I’ve driven way longer without needing a break, and it’s more important that you get sleep any possible time that you can. We’ll be ok and I’ll try to avoid the bumps whenever possible.”

Cas smiled in spite of the pain. “I love you, Dean. Thank you for taking care of me.”

“Any time, baby. I love you too and know you’d do the same for me.”

“I would, Dean. And I will, that’s my promise.” Cas said. Dean kissed his hand again.

“I know. Now try to get some sleep.”

Chapter End Notes

Sometimes your heart can break, and it’s not the person that you’re in love with that does it. Cas is learning that here. But have no fear, Dean will take care of him and things will get better from here for Cas. Get ready for family fluff, and Mary Winchester doting on Cas like he's one of her own. Fluffy fluff is coming. Leave a comment if you like!
Planning For the Future

Chapter Summary

After the trip to the police station like they'd planned goes in a different direction than they had expected, Dean and Cas start the drive home to Kansas. Talk turns to a discussion of their future, and Cas realizes he truly is an important part of Dean's future.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy the bonding fluff. We are officially DONE with Bella after this chapter. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was an interesting morning, to say the least for Dean and Cas both. After a horrid night’s sleep where Cas woke up almost screaming every time he tried to curl up against Dean or turn onto his stomach and ended up bumping his nose, they got up to drink almost two pots of coffee between the two of them before packing their bags and all the gifts in the car. They had decided to leave the big gifts for each other there until they got home. Less to haul back and forth, especially since one of the gifts Cas had bought for Dean was a wine cooler. They had plans for New Years to spend time with friends as Charlie was throwing another of her parties, and they had gifts to bring to that, but the ones for each other would be opened alone at home together.

Once the car was loaded, they made the drive to the police station. It was a little past eight thirty in the morning and Dean was hoping this part would go quick. He wanted to be on the road as soon as possible. Officer Mills met them at the front desk and walked them back to her own desk.

“Well, you'll never guess who showed up here this morning, bright and early at six.” She said as she sat down and motioned for them to sit in the chairs across from her.

“Ok, I’ll bite. Who?” Dean asked.

“Interpol. It would seem that Bella Talbot was on their radar because she has a criminal record that spans fourteen different countries, and she was here illegally. She was processed last night, and once her prints hit the system, it alerted them. Turns out her name is actually Isabella Montgomery, not Bella Talbot. They came and collected her this morning. It would seem Bella Talbot is facing much worse than just the assault charges she was looking at with you. She has charges for embezzling, grand theft, running a smuggling ring for stolen art and a laundry list of other crimes, including murder. The woman is getting locked up for a long, long time.” Officer Mills replied.

Cas looked at Dean in shock before turning to look at her again. “Murder?”

She nodded. “Be glad she’s out of your hair. The murder charge was for a man she was involved with in Italy four years ago. He was a wealthy businessman that apparently she was involved with. Their relationship was a rocky one and he tried several times to dump her. The last time they got back together, she convinced him to take her out on the ocean on his yacht one afternoon. When the ship came back into port, she was the only person on board. She tried to say he fell overboard and
was lost at sea. After that she fled the country. His body was found two days later. An autopsy showed he had cyanide in his system. You were right to deny her advances, Mr. Winchester. And putting in the camera was smart.”

“What camera?” Cas asked.

“She wouldn’t leave you alone and it was pissing me off. The landlord wasn’t kicking her out like I wanted him to do so I put up a hidden camera aimed down at my doorway, with audio, so that if she showed up again and tried to do anything, she’d get caught and I’d have the evidence I needed to get at least a restraining order. Until we could move.” Dean explained. Cas’ eyes widened.

“We?”

“Yeah, baby. We. I don’t want to leave you in the building while I move into a house.” Dean reached over to take his boyfriend’s hand. He looked at Officer Mills again. “Why would Interpol tell you all of that? I thought that kind of stuff was on a need to know basis.”

The smile on her face was almost wicked with how smug it was. “Oh, it is, but I have connections. My brother Lee has been with Interpol for about twenty years now. I called him when they showed up this morning claiming that they had jurisdiction and were taking over custody, I got curious. She was worse than I had first thought. What I just shared with you though, you need to keep that to yourselves. If anyone asks, you can say she was in the country illegally and immigration picked her up.”

Dean nodded. “As long as she’s gone and won’t bother us again.”

“So we can just get on the road and leave then? You don’t need anything more from us?” Cas asked.

“Nope, you’re all set. We got our statements last night and the pictures we needed. If we need to reach you, we have your number.”

Cas let out a sigh of relief. Bella was out of their lives for good. Thank God!

Dean stood up and Cas did the same. They both shook hands with Officer Mills and wished her a Merry Christmas before leaving. Once they were outside, Cas winced at the cold air. He still couldn’t breathe through his nose but the air was icy as it he tried to inhale through his mouth.

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“Are you hungry? I figured we could pick up some breakfast and get on the road. I topped the tank off yesterday, so we’re good on gas and we won’t have to refill til maybe around Greencastle. Might be sooner if the weather turns though. When we stop for gas we can get lunch. I packed snacks, mostly stuff you won’t have to chew, like pudding and applesauce.” Dean looked over at him. He could tell Cas was debating on whether he wanted to eat.

“I suppose I could go for some food. But…nothing that requires a lot of chewing. Maybe a yogurt parfait? Or a smoothie?”

Dean accepted the challenge of finding something his boyfriend could eat without experiencing more pain than was necessary. They ended up making several stops, to pick up a couple of breakfast sandwiches for himself and a smoothie for Cas. More coffee was purchased too, and then they were on the road. Kansas bound.

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The drive was long and Cas didn’t sleep nearly as much as he wanted to, but for the most part it was pleasant, and they chatted about anything and everything that came to mind. They stopped for gas
several times, and by lunch Cas felt up to eating something more solid. Dean got a few dirty looks when people got a look at Cas’ face and that had surprised him. It hadn’t dawned on him that people would think he was to blame. Cas did explain to their waitress at a diner they stopped at for lunch when she gave Dean the hairy eyeball, and after that she was much kinder, even going so far as to give them both free slices of pie. Once they were back on the road they fell back into easy conversation. Cas talked about things he was teaching his students and applications he had put in to more schools in the area. It gave Dean ideas.

“How attached are you to the city?” He asked as night began to fall. They were still two hundred miles from the Winchester house.

“Why?” Cas turned to look at him.

“I was thinking. Most of my accounts now are in Indy. I don’t want to live in such a big city, but there are some nice towns on the outskirts. If you applied to schools there in Indianapolis your odds might be better.” Dean explained.

“So you’re serious? You really want me to live with you?” Cas was still in awe of that.

“Well…yeah. I mean, we’re practically doing that right now. I’ve been looking at houses in town because I wanted to stay close to your job, but I thought maybe if you start expanding your application radius and find something in Indy or close by, we can look for a house out there. You’ll get better pay but we’ll stay just far enough out so we’re not paying high city prices. Between here and there are some nice towns. I like the idea of small town living.” Dean was still nervous that Cas would say no, that he wouldn’t want to take things to the next step in their relationship.

“Well, that would certainly work well for me. I really have no desire to live in a big city. I grew up in Kokomo and it’s relatively big, like Lafayette, but I wouldn’t want to live in a city even bigger than that. The traffic alone would be a nightmare.” Cas said. Dean relaxed and grinned. So Cas was on board.

“Yeah, it would. So…I’ll start looking around the area, and we can look at houses on the weekends. Sound good?”

Cas looked at him for a long time. Were they moving too fast? He would have to consult with his brothers and Meg. Perhaps Eli as well.

“We don’t have to buy the first house though, we can look until we find something that we like? Do I have say over things I might like to have?”

“Of course, baby. We’re not in a rush here. It’s not like I plan to buy a house next month. I was thinking summer. Like, before school is back in session. That way we’re unpacked and settled before you have to start your new job.” Dean reached across the seat and took his boyfriend’s hand. “What kind of things do you want?”

“Hardwood floors, for starters. The carpet in the apartments make my nose itch and my eyes water. And I’d like a well-lit kitchen with a lot of counter space, so we can cook together without bumping into each other. And a yard. I would like a large yard with space for gardens. And at least two bathrooms, so if your brother visits, or your parents, or my brothers visit, they’ll have a guest bath.” Cas had other things he would like, but he didn’t want to come off as pushy.

“I’m on board for all of that. We’ll make a list. I would prefer a basement or a large garage, so I can have space for a workshop, and a large living room so we can entertain guests. Mostly like, Charlie, Benny and the gang, but any new friends we make too. And I would like a master bathroom if
possible. And at least three bedrooms. Maybe some land would be better? Instead of just a big
backyard. An acre or two? So we can grow flowers and vegetables, and maybe keep a couple of
chickens. You know, for eggs. I don’t have the heart to kill them, but I like chickens. And they’ll eat
all the bugs. We had some when I was a kid and my brother and I used to play with them. Things
like decks and porches aren’t a big deal for me because if I don’t like what is already there, I can
build a new one. What do you think of a big deck in the backyard where we can put up a swing and
a grill? Maybe put a fire pit out in the yard?” Dean asked. Cas grinned, in spite of the pain it caused.

“I would love that! I always wanted a pet! The chickens, I can consider them pets, right?”

“Of course. My mom used to sit on the porch swing in the yard when we were little with Pootie, a
bantam Cochin hen who loved to swing too. Pootie would sit in my mom’s lap for hours, just getting
petted and enjoying the movement while my mom watched me and my brother playing. I took Pootie
for bike rides and in the wagon, and once or twice she even went to town with us. She liked car
rides. Think the bird thought she was more of a dog than a chicken. More than once my dad would
find Sammy curled up in bed with Pootie in his arms, both sound asleep.” Dean chuckled at the
memory. “I miss that bird. We had her about ten years before she finally passed. She died doing what
she loved most, curling up in my mom’s arms on the swing.”

“She sounds wonderful. Can we get some of those? The Cochin ones?” Cas loved the idea of
owning chickens. The thought of having a house in the country rather than the city was even more
appealing. Maybe if they had the space they could have some other kind of pet. He’d always wanted
a cat, or maybe a dog…

“Of course. My mom just got back into keeping chickens again last year, so we can get some chicks
from her when we’re ready. There’s no rush. We’ll get the house, and then in a year, once we have
all of the stuff fixed, we can put a coop in the yard and get a couple hens. One step at a time. We
need to get you a car. I’ll see if my dad’s friend can help us out with that. I’ll talk to him Christmas
Day. He’s coming for dinner. He owns a junk yard and restores cars. He and my dad taught me how
to do it, and he always has cars available.” Dean told him. Cas couldn’t help but smile. He loved
Dean so much, and talking about their future together made him the happiest person in the world.

Chapter End Notes

So I did own chickens for a while. I can't have them where I am now, but I really, really
miss mine. I did have a bantam Cochin hen named Pootie, and she was fantastic. My
kids went roller blading with her, took her around town in their little red wagon (“town”
was 3 blocks long and 4 blocks wide and in the middle of the country), and they took
her on bike rides, for walks, etc. A few times she even went in the car. She was such a
good girl and would sit so nicely. If she saw the girls in their roller blades or pulling out
a bike or the wagon, she'd chase after them until they picked her up and included her.
People often times don't realize what wonderful pets chickens make, and we absolutely
adored Pootie. Her name was actually Petunia, but somehow got shortened to Pootie. I
miss her terribly.

I hope you enjoyed this chapter.
Dean texted his mother just before they reached the city limits so it came as no surprise when they found the entire Winchester family standing on the porch waiting. He was practically bouncing in his seat when he spotted his brother.

“Sammy! Sammy’s here!” He cried as he pulled into the driveway. Cas was excited but a bit nervous having to meet Dean’s younger brother looking the way he currently did. Dean parked the car and threw the door open. He was up the stairs and hugging the tall man standing next to Mary before Cas had even opened his own door.

“Dean, honey, you’re being impolite.” Mary chided. Her words were light though as she smiled fondly at her eldest son. Dean finally released his brother and hurried back down the stairs, meeting Cas as he came around the front of the car. He took the man’s hand and led him up the stairs. Mary scowled at the sight of his bruised face. She placed her hands on either side of his jaw and pulled him down so she could kiss his forehead.

“Oh, honey, you must be miserable. I’m so sorry this happened.”

“It’s ok. The swelling is finally starting to go down a bit, I think. I still can’t breathe through my nose though.” He said.

“That’s going to take a while. It won’t need surgery though, will it?” She asked.

“I’m not sure yet. They didn’t think it would. She broke the cartilage but she also broke the bone.”

Mary winced as she studied the bruises on his face.

“I hope that bitch is locked up now.” She said angrily. All four men gasped in surprise.

“Mary!” John gaped at his wife.

“Well it’s true!” She shot back.

“She was actually picked up by Immigration this morning. She was in the country illegally. Plus she has pretty hefty criminal record.” Dean said.
“Seriously?” Sam asked.

“Yep. If I had known what kind of person she was, I’d have taken Cas out of there sooner.”

Dean realized he hadn’t introduced his brother to his boyfriend yet. “Sam, I want you to meet Cas. Cas, this is my brother, Sam.”

Mary had finally let Cas’ face go so he stepped closer and offered his hand.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Sam. Dean speaks quite fondly of you.”

Sam smiled as he shook the man’s hand. “It’s great to meet you too. Dean talks about you all the time, and he sent me some pictures. I haven’t had the time these last few months to Skype with him. The time difference and all the studying I’ve been doing makes it difficult. I couldn’t wait to come home though, and meet you in person and spend some time with everyone.”

It was cold out so Mary slipped an arm through Cas’ and led everyone but Dean back into the house. She sent him out to bring the bags in from his car. Dean chuckled and shook his head as he went back to grab them. Inside, Mary led Cas into the kitchen where the delicious aroma of home cooked food got his stomach rumbling.

“Are you hungry, honey? I made dinner later since I knew you boys would be driving down and getting here later than when I usually serve it. We waited for you.” She asked.

“Yes, actually, but I need to take something for pain. I have a horrible migraine.” He admitted.

“Sit down, I’ll get you something for the pain.” She led him over to the table where John and Sam were already seated, and he joined them while she disappeared to get him the medicine. When she returned she handed him a single white pill and a glass of water.

“What is this?” He asked, eyeing the pill.

“It’s for pain. Trust me, it’ll make the pain bearable and you’ll find it much easier to eat.” She sat down across from John just as Dean walked into the kitchen. He kissed the top of Cas’ head before sitting down next to him.

“Your brother is coming tomorrow, right?” Sam asked as Mary began serving the food.

“Oh, yes. He and Eli are flying in and renting a car. They didn’t want Dean or me to worry about picking them up.” Cas replied.

“That’s cool. I’m giving them my room, and I’m going to stay in the rec room in the basement. At least there aren’t any chickens down there. Right mom?” Sam looked at his mother who smiled sheepishly.

“Actually…”

“I’m covering them. It better not be a rooster.” Sam grumbled.

“Well…”

Sam groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“It’s just a Serama rooster. He’s a tiny little thing.” John said, laughing at his son’s annoyance.

“Can I see them? Dean and I talked about chickens on the way down here. I’ve only ever seen them
on a field trip once to the zoo in elementary school or driving past farms.” Cas looked up at Mary, the hope shining in his eyes.

“Well, honey. I have my Seramas in the basement. It’s too cold outside for them and the coop isn’t heated. In the spring they’ll go out in their own, separate coop. I also have a bantam cochin hen down there. She’s recovering from a skunk attack. I think she’d like the extra attention.” Mary replied. Cas grinned and looked over at Dean who was smiling too.

“If Cas likes the chickens we’ll want to get some chicks from you next year. Maybe the year after.” He told his mom. There was a look of affection in his mother’s eyes as she nodded. She understood the weight of her son’s words.

“Of course. We’ll talk about it more in depth once you decide.”

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Dinner was spent with Sam asking Cas a million questions. It didn’t take long before he realized how much he and his brother’s boyfriend really had in common, and soon they were having an in depth discussion on child psychology. Mary served pie for dessert and afterwards they headed to the living room. There was a tree standing in the corner, but it lacked any decorations.

“We decorate it as a family.” Dean explained when he saw his boyfriend’s look of confusion.

“Oh, well don’t let me stop you. I’ll just sit on the couch and watch.” Cas went to sit down but Mary caught him gently by the arm and pulled him back to his feet.

“As a family includes you, sweetheart.” She smoothed his hair back from his face.

“Oh…” He swallowed but the lump in his throat wouldn’t go away. Dean wrapped his arms around Cas and pulled him back against his chest.

“We will decorate in the morning, if that’s ok. I am tired after all that driving and Cas didn’t sleep well last night. I’d like to at least try for a good night’s sleep.” He told his mother.

“My face doesn’t hurt but I am extremely sleepy.” Cas said.

“The pill is helping then. Good. I’ll give you another one but try not to take it til around three. Then you should be able to sleep through the night.” She pulled another of the pills out of her pocket and handed it to Cas. He smiled as he took it and slipped it into his own pocket.

“Come on, our bags are already upstairs. Good thing I had a queen bed growing up or I’d have you sleeping in bed alone while I took the floor. No way would I risk accidentally bumping your face.” Dean told him. He stepped back and Cas turned to face him. They said their goodnights and he followed Dean up to the second floor.

“That door, that’s Sam’s room, where Gabe and Eli will stay, and that’s my parents’ room. This one next to ours is the bathroom. There’s one bathroom up here and one downstairs. Tomorrow I’ll give you the grand tour, but seriously, I’m so dead tired right now that I just want to sleep.” Dean had pointed out each door.

“I want to brush my teeth and fall into bed too.” Cas yawned as he followed Dean into the bedroom. He smiled at the trophies and awards that sat on floating shelves near the ceiling, and at the posters still on the walls. It was like teenage Dean had left, and the room went into stasis, awaiting his return. They changed into their pajamas and since the room was a little cooler, they opted to wear the thermal pajama tops that went with the flannel pants. After peeing and brushing their teeth, they
headed to bed. It was only a matter of minutes before they were both sound asleep.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it. Leave a comment if you like. : )
Cas woke during the night, groaning as he realized he had flipped onto his stomach and his face, while turned towards the window, was still half smashed into his pillow, and it was putting pressure on his nose. As he lifted his head he cried out. Dean was instantly awake, sitting up and helping Cas to sit up as well.

“What happened? Are you ok?”

“I flipped onto my stomach. My face hurts.” Cas grimaced and pressed the palm of one hand against his forehead. “God it hurts…”

Dean found the second pill in Cas’ pants pocket and after getting him a glass of water, gave both to the man. Cas swallowed the pill down without question and let Dean guide him back down onto his back. His eyes were squeezed shut against the pain and he was only vaguely aware of Dean checking his face and the brace.

“You’re swollen. I bet blood rushed into your face while you were sleeping and that’s what’s causing the migraine. I’ll go and get an ice pack.”

Cas nodded and felt the dip in the mattress as Dean got up. A few minutes later Dean was crawling back into the bed and gently laying the pack across his nose and eyes. He curled himself around Cas and pulled him closer. Dean knew that if he held Cas a she slept, he was less likely to roll onto his stomach and hurt himself again. He waited until he heard Cas’ breathing even out and once he was sure the pill had kicked in and he was asleep, Dean closed his own eyes. Within minutes he was back asleep too.
Dean woke to bright sunshine pouring through the windows and an empty bed. He sat up and realized that Cas wasn’t in the room at all. After peeing and getting dressed, he went in search of his boyfriend and the rest of his family. The kitchen was quiet as was the living room. He went to the basement door and smiled when he heard the soft sounds of people talking and chickens clucking.

“They’re soft. I hadn’t realized they were so soft.” Cas was murmuring. The sound of his giggles rang out through the basement as Dean made his way down the stairs. He came around the corner and saw his mother and boyfriend sitting on the couch, a fluffy chicken sitting in the middle of Cas’ lap.

“Hi, honey. Sleep well?” Mary asked him.

“I did. How did you sleep?” Dean asked as he sat down on the other side of Cas.

“Better than expected with the stuff Mary gave me. Other than my stupidity in the middle of the night, I slept very well.” Cas replied as he leaned into Dean.

“Good. You don’t look as swollen this morning.” Dean said as he put an arm around Cas’ shoulder. He reached over to pet the chicken. “What’s her name?”

“Lulu. She’s sweet, isn’t she?” Cas said as he stroked his hand down her back. Her coos sounded more like purrs and her eyes closed in contentment.

“We grew up with this kind. They’re very gentle.” Dean scratched under the hen’s chin and she leaned into his touch. “She reminds me of Pootie in temperament.”

“She’s very much like her. Your dad trapped the skunk and animal control relocated it. I was ready to kill it.” They could hear the anger in Mary’s voice. Something tapped against Dean’s sock and he looked down to see a tiny chicken trying to grab a fuzz stuck to the white cotton.

“Oh, is this one of the Seramas?” Dean lifted his arm from around Cas and picked the little bird up. “She’s so tiny!”

“Yes. I was given the pair when my friend Judy got too sick to care for her birds anymore.” Mary explained.

“Where are dad and Sammy?” Dean asked.

“They went to get breakfast for us. Your dad didn’t want me to have to cook, my arthritis is acting up this morning.” She replied.

“I’ll make dinner tonight, ok?” He offered.

“Thank you, sweetheart.” She said. “But I have a roast already in the crock pot.”

“I’ll make the rest of it.” He knew how much pain his mom could be in and he was determined to make her rest as much as possible.

“Ok.” She conceded.

“I’ll help.” Cas added.

They sat with the chickens until John and Sam came back with donuts and breakfast sandwiches. Cas had to practically be dragged away and for the rest of the morning all he could talk about was
chickens. He picked Mary’s brain apart, and even John’s as he tried to learn everything he possible
could about poultry husbandry. Eventually he followed Mary out to the yard to meet the rest of the
flock. John, Dean, and Sam decided to kick back in the living room to watch football while they
waited for Gabe and Eli to arrive. When Mary and Cas returned, Cas was carrying another chicken.

“What’s going on here?” John asked.

“Someone pecked Betty in the head. I need to clean her head up and then she’ll go hang out with
Lulu for a couple of days. I think we need to cull the extra roosters as soon as it starts to get warm
out.” Mary replied before she disappeared into the kitchen.

“Cull?” Cas wasn’t sure what that word meant.

“It means they’re going to become dinner, babe. My dad can process the extra roosters. I’m not as
strong willed as he is.” Dean explained. Cas hugged Betty to him a little tighter as he sat down next
to Dean on the couch. Dean put his arm around him and reached over to move Betty’s feathers to get
a better look at her head.

“Ouch. Poor girl. Mom’s probably going to give her a bath to clean all that mud off, and then clean
this gash up.” He scratched under the hen’s head and her eyes closed. “All of mom’s girls love
cuddles, in case you can’t tell.”

“She’s beautiful. What color is this considered?” Cas asked.

“Betty’s a splash Cochin, right dad?” Dean looked at John who looked away from the television at
the bird in Cas’ hands.

“Uh, yep. Betty, Barney, Pebbles and Wilma are the splash. Lulu, Dora, Pearl, and Sugar are barred.
Then there are like four more roosters, not including Rhett downstairs.”

“Rhett and Scarlet are the Seramas?” Cas wanted to make sure.

“Yes.” John nodded.

“Dean? Can we have some of those? They’re so tiny and Scarlet is so sweet.” Cas looked at his
boyfriend with a rather impressive puppy dog face. One that rivaled the ones Sam liked to give.
Dean snorted and pressed a kiss to his boyfriend’s temple.

“You want a house chicken, don’t you?”

Cas grinned. “Maybe? Perhaps not a house rooster though.”

“I agree. I don’t feel like being woken up at the ass crack of dawn by a rooster at the other end of the
house.”

Mary returned a few minutes later to collect Betty and Cas followed her to see what she did to clean
the bird up.

“You two getting serious about looking for a house?” John asked his son.

“Yes sir. We haven’t started actually looking yet, but we will. We’re not in a rush but I’m hoping
that we can talk to Bobby, see about getting Cas a car so if we move closer to Indy, he will be able to
apply to more schools. He wants something that pays better.”

John nodded. “That’s a good idea. You’ll have a mortgage, utilities, insurance, and all the other junk
that comes with being homeowners and responsible adults. Not that you don’t have such things in an
apartment, but they’re a bit more stressful with a house. Two solid incomes are better than one.”

“Cas has his masters you said, right?” Sam asked.

“Yes. I think he could get a few more years of teaching under his belt and then apply for a vice
principal job. Then from there just keep moving up. If that’s what he wants to do. If he just wants to
teach for the rest of his life, I’ll support that too. It’s what he wants. He got enough unnecessary
demands from that asshole excuse for a father that he has. He won’t get that from me.” Dean said.

“Teaching is a noble profession. I admire Cas for following his heart.” Sam meant that too.

“He loves kids.” Dean smiled happily as his mind wandered to thoughts of the home he might one
day have with Cas, and the children they wanted to fill it with.

“You guys are both on the same page with that?” Sam was curious.

“We’ve talked about it, and we both wants kids. Once we find a house we’ll talk more in depth.”
Dean replied.

“So, you and Cas are going to have a nice, big house and a yard full of chickens?” Sam grinned.

“ Heck yes we are!”

Chapter End Notes

I'm aiming for domesticity here now. Next chapter they'll put the tree together and Cas will see what it's like to really be fully accepted by family.

I hope you liked the chapter. Leave a comment if you like. I'm exhausted and haven't been able to shake this migraine most of the day. So off to bed I am going!
Cas Loves Chickens

Chapter Summary

Cas gets to know the house chickens and Dean gets to experience watching his boyfriend's pure, unadulterated joy that these little birds can bring to him. Gabe and Eli finally arrive.

Chapter Notes

I do hope you all like this chapter. Cas is falling more in love every moment with the birds, and fitting in more and more with the Winchester family.

For those that have not had the privilege of seeing just how tiny and adorable a Serama chicken is, I put together a quick collage for you all to get a glimpse. I just wanted to share how cute they are. And yes, those are house chickens IN DIAPERS. The diapers are washable, and a true Godsend since they poop every 15 minutes. No joke.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
By dinner that evening Gabe and Eli still had not arrived. Cas and Dean were both beginning to get worried but Mary assured them that their flight was most likely delayed or they got to the rental place only to find out that the car they had reserved wasn’t really reserved after all. Just to be safe, Cas sent his brother a text but still hadn’t heard back from him. He assumed that meant they were still on a plane and not lying dead in a ditch somewhere. His mind wandered to dark places sometimes. Sam tried to distract him by asking about his brother, Gabe and Eli.

“What does Eli do?” Sam asked. He knew Gabe was a doctor but that was all he knew.

“Eli is an anesthesiologist. They met at the hospital when Gabe was a resident. They ran in the same circles for several years while Eli tried to wear him down and get him to agree to a date.” Cas replied with a chuckle.

“I can’t imagine Eli being that persistent.” Dean laughed. Cas grinned.

“He really liked my brother.”
Dean looked around the table at his family. “Gabe is proposing at some point this week to Eli. He may have already done it. If it’s not brought up, don’t say a word.” They all nodded.

“Eli’s Jewish, right? How does this work exactly with him coming and celebrating Christmas? Doesn’t he celebrate Hanukkah? When is Hanukkah?” John asked.

“Eli is not a practicing Judaism. His family immigrated here when he was six and as soon as they got here, they stopped practicing. He eats bacon and other stuff. In fact, Gabe told me that Eli celebrates Easter, Christmas, and other Christian holidays because my brother does, and he wants to celebrate what our family does. But mostly he’d do anything for Gabe.” Cas said. “He’s a good guy.”

“You’ll like him, Sammy. Eli is very easy to get along with, and very smart.” Dean told his brother.

“And what is Gabe like?” Sam asked.

“He’s…” Cas waved his fork around as he looked for the right words.

“Goofy, but he’s a good guy.” Dean said. Cas smiled.

“Yeah, what he said.”

“Do they like video games and stuff?” Sam wondered.

“I…don’t know. I only recently began playing them, and I think Dean is upset because I like the SIMS better than I like Halo.” Cas smiled a little wider since that was all the swelling in his face would allow for. Dean snorted.

“Who plays SIMS anymore?”

“I happen to play it.” Mary said, her tone slightly offended.

“I play too.” Sam added.

“I…have no idea what that is. Is that the game where you live peoples’ lives for them?” John asked. Dean nodded.

“Yep.”

John frowned. “Nope, I watch football, baseball, and I go fishing. I don’t need to rule other peoples’ lives when I have a hard enough time with my own.”

Everyone at the table laughed and continued on with the meal. Just as it was ending, Cas received a text from his brother.

“Oh, it was a flight delay. Two of them, to be exact. They’re on their way now though. Eli says they’ll be here in about an hour.”

“Yeah,” Mary said as she stood up and started picking up dishes and carrying them over to the counter near the sink. Dean got up to help her.

“You’re close with your brothers? Dean made it sound like you were.” Sam said to Cas.

“Oh yes, very close. They’re both quite a bit older than me, but they always defended me and watched out for me growing up. They both made sure that I always knew I could count on them if I needed to. Now I’m doing the same for them.” Cas replied with a smile. Sam smiled and looked over
at his own brother for a moment.

“Yeah, I feel the same way about Dean. I always want him to know that he can count on me.”

“You should tell him that. He’s…stubborn, but I think he would find comfort knowing that you will care for him as he cares for you.” Cas offered a small smile and Sam smiled back.

“Yeah, I’ll have to do that.”

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It was a little more than an hour later when headlights flashed over the front windows and they heard a car pulling into the driveway. Cas had fallen asleep leaning against Dean as they played Scrabble with the rest of the family. After dinner they had gotten the tree decorated and with five people it had gone pretty quickly, so they had decided to play a game together afterwards. Five minutes into the game, Cas had leaned against Dean’s shoulder. Five minutes after that and he was asleep. Dean had gracefully and quietly bowed out of the game after that so that his movements wouldn’t wake Cas up, and he sat back with an arm around his boyfriend’s shoulder to watch his brother battle his parents. When the car pulled into the drive Mary jumped up to answer the door before they rang the bell and woke Cas.

“Hello, boys. Shh, Cas fell asleep and we’re trying not to wake him.” She said as they came up the stairs.

“How is he?” Gabe was hauling two large bags up with him and Eli was behind him with two more.

“He’s hurting but he’s been in a good mood all day. I handed him a chicken and he forgot how much his face was hurting.” She replied with a grin. She stepped back to let them both into the house.

“A…chicken?” Eli cocked one eyebrow in question.

“Yes, I raise chickens. Cas absolutely loves them.” She replied.

“Oh, I thought you meant chicken, like fried chicken.” He chuckled.

“I think he’d be happy if I gave him that too, but no. I put a little hen in his hands and he cuddled her for hours.”

“Oh, I would like to see your chickens! I had some when I was a boy, and I do miss them.” Eli said.

“You had chickens?” Gabe asked, surprised to hear that.

“I did. I had a little hen that I would take everywhere with me. Her name translates to Red in Hebrew. She was a little red bird and very, very sweet. When she stopped laying, my father was kind enough to let her live because he knew how much I loved her. My grandmother took her when we moved to America because I couldn’t bring her with. She lived another two years but she was happy. My grandmother loved her very much.” Eli smiled at the memory.

“You never told me that.” Gabe said as they quietly set their bags down.

“I didn’t think of it until now.” Eli admitted.

“I’ll show you them in the morning. They’re asleep now.” Mary told him. He smiled and nodded.

“I would like that.”
“Where’s Cassie?” Gabe asked.

“Asleep on the couch with Dean. He fell asleep playing Scrabble.” Mary pointed towards the living room. “I saved you both some dinner in case you were hungry.”

“Oh, yes, we did not stop anywhere to eat. I will admit, I’m starving.” Eli followed Mary and Gabe into the living room where they watched as Gabe knelt down in front of his little brother. His expression was pained as his eyes roved over his brother’s face.

“Fuck.” He muttered.

“He’s doing better. Mom gave him something for pain last night and he finally got some sleep, and he hasn’t had problems with swelling too much today. This is the most sleep he’s gotten on his own without waking up in pain since it happened.” Dean whispered as he tried not to wake Cas up.

“I want to do an exam for my own piece of mind, to make sure they set it correctly. I won’t be comfortable until I do.” Gabe looked up at Dean, his eyes dark and full of worry.

“That’s between you and Cas. I think he’ll let you, but can it wait until morning? He’s had a full day and needs what rest he can get.” Dean kissed Cas’ forehead gently but the man didn’t wake.

Gabe got to his feet and after greeting John and introducing himself to Sam, he excused himself to get some of the food Mary had saved for them. After he and Eli had eaten, they returned to the living room and Sam got up to help them get their bags up to his room.

“You’ll be staying in my room.” He explained as he opened the door and dragged one of the bags inside.

“Where will you be staying? We don’t want to put you out.” Eli followed him into the room and set the bags down in front of the closet.

“I’m staying in the basement, and trust me, you don’t want to stay down there. I’m sleeping on the couch, and I’m sharing the room with a bunch of chickens.” Sam laughed.

“Oh, they’re inside the house?” Gabe gasped. Eli patted his boyfriend’s arm.

“It’s alright, sweetheart. They’re not disgusting, horrible creatures like so many people like to think they are. People all over the world keep them as pets.”

“But they poop…everywhere!” Gabe argued.

“And so do human babies. Will you put our children outside for pooping?” Eli countered. There was challenge in his dark eyed. Gabe was about to argue the matter further when Sam cleared his throat. Both men turned to look at him.

“My mom keeps them in cages downstairs, but they are allowed out to walk around, but only when pads and towels are put down and they’re wearing their diapers. So…no poop.” He said. Eli smiled and looked once again at Gabe.

“See? Our birds came in and out of our house when I was a boy, and no one ever got sick. And you keep Monty. Monty poops on everything.”

Gabe crossed his arms and frowned. “That’s different.”

“Uh, who’s Monty?” Sam asked.
“Monty is Gabe’s Amazon parrot. Beautiful bird, but he poops everywhere. I have been training him to wear a diaper when he’s out of his cage, but if we don’t watch him constantly he tries to eat it. He has destroyed three diapers already.” Eli replied.

“Oh, he must be an amazing bird. Wait til you meet the chickens. They’re amazing too. My mom has Seramas. They’re as tiny as teacup Chihuahuas.” Sam said.

“Chickens come that small?” Gabe arched one eyebrow, clearly disbelieving. Sam smiled and pulled out his phone.

“I took this of Cas and my mom earlier. Cas woke up early, excited to get to play with the birds, so I took a few pictures.” Sam went into his pictures and pulled up the ones he’d taken that morning when Mary had first introduced him to the birds. Broken face, black eyed, none of it hid the absolute delight on the young man’s face as the first chicken was placed in his lap. Even Gabe had to smile.

“He really likes them, doesn’t he?” He flipped through the pictures Sam had taken, his smile growing as he saw his brother’s smile and joy so clearly in every picture. When he got to the ones of Mary and his brother holding the Seramas, his eyes widened.

“Wow, they’re really tiny! I had no idea chickens were that small!”

“Seramas are the smallest breed. Our neighbors down the road have Jersey Giants. Those are pretty big birds. They make these guys look like toys in comparison.” Sam snickered. “But they’re really sweet, even the rooster. He loves to cuddle and watch TV.”

“I can’t believe it.” Gabe laughed and shook his head. He handed Sam back his phone.

“I will happily sit with him and watch television.” Eli said.

“Of course you will.” Gabe teased.

“Well, so that you know, the room directly across the hall is Dean and Cas’, and the door next to theirs is the bathroom. My folks are in the one next to you. There’s another bathroom on the first floor if you find the one up here busy. I can show you guys tomorrow. I’ll be heading down to the basement to sleep now. Rhett, the rooster gets fussy around seven and wants out of his cage to forage, so I want some sleep before I have to try and wrestle him into his diaper so he’ll leave me alone. Once he gets into his food dish and fills his belly he’ll jump up on the couch to sleep with me for a few hours. It’s just a matter of getting up to deal with him. This is my vacation and I want to sleep in!” Sam laughed as he backed up towards the door. “I hope you guys sleep well.”


“Yeah, goodnight, and thanks.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you’re still enjoying the story, and still as in love with these two as I am. Comments are always welcome. :)
Christmas is fast approaching and on Christmas Eve they are getting dinner together for Mary's family who are coming. Cas is worried that Dean's extended family won't like the fact that Dean's in a relationship with him. Dean does what he can to ease his concerns. Cas' thoughts turned to something unexpected.

Chapter Notes

I apologize that this chapter is short, but it's still cute! I hope you like it!

The following morning Cas woke early and headed down to the basement with Mary while Dean got started on breakfast. Eli soon joined him and Gabe went in search of his brother. Sam, having been evicted from his slumber joined John in the living room to watch a football game. By the middle of the day Gabe was carrying around a chicken just like his brother, doting on the little bird and snuggling it close, much to his boyfriend’s amusement. The next couple of days went much the same way, though Mike called them each day and they talked. He was thoroughly amused by both of his brothers when they appeared on a Skype call on Christmas Eve, and each had a chicken sitting in his lap.

The extended Campbell family came over for dinner Christmas Eve and all day Dean worked alongside his mother and the rest of the family to get dinner ready. Cas made pies with Eli’s guidance while Gabe whipped up a rum laced chocolate mousse. Once the food was finished Dean led Cas upstairs so they could get dressed.

“Is your family going to be ok with…” He motioned between the two of them. Mary, John, and Sam were ok with Dean being in a relationship with Cas, but he had no idea how the rest of the family would react. It worried him.

“My grandparents know I’m bisexual, and they’re ok with it. I have a couple of cousins that while they know, they haven’t really seen me actually with another man. But guess what? I could care less what anyone thinks. And anyone that is rude to you gets a swift kick in the ass and shown the door. Mostly I think my grandmother is going to fret over you because of your nose. But you look tons better than you did even yesterday. The bruises have faded and you’re not swollen anymore. How’s the pain?”

Cas had pulled off his tee shirt and was fishing around in the closet for the dress shirts he had hung up in there.

“It’s tolerable, for the most part. Mostly it just aches now. I’ll be glad when it’s completely healed. I worry about what my kids will think when I go back. I hope I don’t scare them.”

“By then you’ll just have a cool looking brace on your nose that’ll have them asking a million
questions, and wondering if you’re part cyborg.” Dean laughed. Cas grinned and shook his head.

“Cyborg? Really?”

“What? Cyborgs are cool!” Dean argued.

“Dean, the Borg were terrifying, not cool.” Cas pulled out a blue button down and a gray pullover sweater to wear over it.

“They were terrifying but they were cool.” Dean was pulling a black turtleneck sweater over his head. He already had on a nice pair of jeans. This was as fancy as he planned to get. Cas wondered if he could persuade him to wear a suit if they-

It suddenly dawned on him where his train of thought was going and he gasped.

“What?” Dean asked.

“N-nothing.” Cas quickly buttoned his shirt and pulled on a pair of black dress pants. He could feel Dean’s eyes on him.

“Cas, don’t lie to me. Are you in pain?”

Cas button his pants and zipped them before tucking the shirt in. “No, I’m not in pain. I’m perfectly ok.”

“Then what was that?” Dean pressed. Cas looked up at him for a moment before looking away. Suddenly he felt very shy.

“You’d think I was silly. Or thinking too far ahead.”

Dean moved closer, placing his hands on Cas’ hips and pulling him into his arms.

“No, I won’t.”

“Yes, you will.” Cas insisted.

“Why don’t you let me be the judge of that?” Dean kissed his cheek and Cas couldn’t help but lean into it. He loved when Dean was tender like this.

“I was looking at the clothes you picked out for tonight and while I find you handsome in anything you wear, I started wondering what you would wear if we…” He slid his arms around Dean’s waist and linked his arms behind his back. Dean was grinning.

“If? You mean when? You were wondering if I’d wear a suit or a tux to our wedding?”

Cas could feel his cheeks burning up. They’d only been together three months, but it had been the happiest and most comfortable three months of his entire life.

“It’s too soon to talk about that.”

Dean shrugged. “I’ve never loved anyone like you, Cas, and I feel like I can see my future with you. Marriage is a natural step in that. I agree, it won’t happen for a while yet, but…” He sucked on his lower lip for a moment as he thought. “I think I’d prefer a nicely tailored suit over a tux. Tuxes are stuffy, and we’d both look too much like James Bond, though…” He flashed Cas a flirty smile. “You’d be so much hotter than Bond.”
Cas huffed out a laugh and rolled his eyes. He’d read the books and he knew there were movies, but he hadn’t seen them. Still, Bond was suave and sexy, things he clearly wasn’t.

“I am not as smooth as Bond, but thank you.”

Dean kissed him softly.

“We’ll agree to disagree. It was pretty smooth the way you stole my heart.”

Cas grinned. “Yes, I suppose that was pretty smooth, but in that case, you’re just as smooth, because you also stole mine when I wasn’t looking.”

Dean kissed him again, this time taking his time, enjoying the sweet taste of Cas’ lips and the way his tongue brushed softly over his own. When they pulled apart he leaned his head gently against Cas’.

“Maybe we should wear tuxes, cause we’re both pretty smooth. Even if no one else gets the joke, we do.”

Cas traced his fingertips lightly down Dean’s cheek. “It’s tempting to do an entire James Bond theme.”

Dean laughed and nodded. “It sure would be interesting.”

Cas kissed him again. “Ok, get your socks and shoes on, your family will be here shortly and I still have to shave.”

Dean reluctantly released him and Cas slid the gray sweater on. He liked the way his boyfriend looked. As Cas started to leave the room with his grooming kit in hand he called out after him.

“If I’m Bond, you’re my Pussy Galore!”

“I see myself more as Honey Rider!” Cas called back.

Dean chuckled to himself. How the hell did he end up so lucky?

Chapter End Notes

Their banter is so darn cute. And Gabe likes the chickens too! Go figure! I hope you liked the chapter. Comments are always welcome. :}
The Campbells Come to Dinner

Chapter Summary

Mary's family arrives on Christmas Eve and Cas is worried they won't like him. After extended family goes home, they celebrate a special Winchester family tradition.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy the warm and fuzzy feelings in this chapter. ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Cas was nervous when the doorbell rang, announcing the first of the family that was arriving. He sat on the couch next to Dean, wringing his hands together until he felt his hands being covered.

“Shh, it’s alright.” Dean leaned close and placed a tender kiss to his temple. When he looked over, Dean was smiling warmly. “They’re going to love you because I do.”

“Hey!”

Dean turned to see his grandparents walking in the room. He stood up and hugged them. Cas stood up as well.

“Grandma, Grandpa, I want you to meet Cas.” Dean reached back to take his hand and pull him closer. “My boyfriend.”

“Nice to meet you, son.” Samuel Campbell held out a hand and Cas shook it firmly.

“It’s very nice to meet you as well.” Cas smiled and gave a polite nod.

“What happened to your face?” Deanna Campbell asked.

“I was on the wrong side of a door. A neighbor was…upset with me, and hit me with it.” Cas replied.

“Oh, honey, are you in pain?” She brought her hands up to his face, turning it this way and that as she examined his nose and the healing bruises.

Dean snickered. “I told you she’d fuss over you.”

Cas smiled. “I’m learning to tolerate the pain. The first few days were pretty rough.”

“Is it broken?” She asked.

“Yes, It is.” He replied.

“Oh, sweetheart…”
Cas was warmed by the woman’s concern. He felt Dean’s hand slide into his own. The more of Dean’s family that he met, the more at home he felt.

“It’s ok. She’s in jail now for other things, and can’t come back and hurt me again. This morning I maybe got a sniffle in through one nostril, so it’s definitely healing.”

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The rest of the day was nicer than Cas could have hoped for. The cousins were…surprised to see that Dean was in a relationship with another man, but they weren’t rude about it, and even Gabe and Eli were fitting in comfortably. Cas missed his parents, even if their traditions were rather cold, and he wondered what his grandparents would think when they arrived tomorrow and none of the Novak boys were there. He hoped they would chew his father out for being a prejudiced idiot.

Presents were exchanged between Dean’s family and Mary’s, and Cas was surprised when Dean’s grandmother handed him a box. He hadn’t expected anything, but apparently Mary had told them he was coming, and so they had made sure to bring something for him, though they apologized profusely to Gabe and Eli for not having gifts for them too. Once they had left, Dean left Cas to talk with his father and Eli while he and Gabe joined Mary in the kitchen to clean up. Sam was busy slipping more presents under the tree and Cas went up to get the ones he and Dean had brought. He was just coming into the living room when Dean, Mary and Gabe returned.

“So, I don’t know what your traditions are, but in our house we all open one gift each at midnight, and then in the morning, after breakfast we open the rest.” Mary said. Cas checked the time on his phone. It was after eleven.

“Oh, so what do we do until then?” He asked. Mary turned to Dean with a smile. The man chuckled and nodded.

“Ok, ok. I’ll go get it.” Dean turned and left the room.

“What exactly is he getting?” Cas looked between Mary, John, and Sam, all of whom were smiling wide.

“You’ll see.” Mary patted his shoulder before sitting in her chair next to John.

It was only a minute later before Dean was back. In his hands was a guitar.

“You play?” Eli asked.

“I do. And our tradition is to sit around and sing Christmas carols while I play.” Dean sat on the edge of the coffee table and made sure the instrument was in tune before he started strumming.

“I would like to hear White Christmas. I love that movie and Bing sings the song beautifully.” Eli said. Gabe smiled and reached over to take his hand.

“I agree, that’s one of my favorites too.”

Dean began playing the song.

“Wait until you hear Dean singing it. His voice is beautiful.” Mary said proudly.

“Mom…” Dean fussed, but he played through once and came back to the beginning. The room fell silent as he began to sing.
Cas had heard Dean humming and once in a while singing around the apartment, or in the shower, but he’d never been privy to this. His eyes were riveted to Dean’s lips as the words to one of the most beautiful songs of the season poured out. Dean’s voice was rich and smooth, and absolutely beautiful.

“Come on babe, sing with me.” Dean urged. Cas blushed and looked around nervously now that everyone was looking at him.

“I can’t sing though.”

“I beg to differ. I’ve heard you in the shower, and when you’re sitting around doing your lesson plans. Your voice is amazing.” Dean said. He came back around to the beginning and started the verse over. Cas took a chance and joined in.

Mary clapped quietly, while Gabe’s jaw dropped as Dean and Cas sang the song together. Cas was surprised that he knew all the words. Luckily White Christmas was his favorite holiday movie, so he’d grown up watching it and singing the songs from it. He adored Holiday Inn as well. Christmas was one of the few times in his life where he had actually been permitted to be a kid, sitting around drinking eggnog, eating cookies, and watching Christmas movies with his brothers. They sang the song through to the end and he startled when everyone began clapping.

“Wow, you’re really good, Cas.” Sam patted him on the back.

“You think? I thought I was tone deaf.” Cas looked over at his own brother who shook his head.

“No, little brother, you are not tone deaf. You sang that beautifully. Sing us another one!”

Dean chuckled as he moved over to Silver Bells. Cas recognized the tune and when Dean began to sing and nodded at him, he joined in. It was nice to sing like this, and to feel so relaxed. This time everyone else joined in on the second chorus. They moved on to Jingle Bells, then Rudolph, then The Twelve Days of Christmas. By the time they wrapped that one up, it was after midnight.

“Ok! Gift time!” Mary announced. She got up to go and select a gift with her own name on it. Everyone else did the same but when Eli went to pick one out, Gabe held him back.

“I was kind of hoping I could just give you one of yours tonight. Is that ok?” He asked. Eli sat back down on the couch and nodded.

“Of course.”

He expected Gabe to go fetch one from under the tree but instead he moved to sit on the coffee table so that he was facing Eli directly.

“Well, this is probably long overdue, but I love you, Eli. I was so afraid to even admit that I liked men until you came into my life. You changed my world for the better. Now, I couldn’t imagine my life without you in it.” Gabe reached into his pocket and pulled out a small, gold band. “I’m kind of hoping you’ll be my husband, because I love you and want to spend the rest of my life with you. So, Eli Peretz, will you marry me?”

Gabe’s voice shook almost as much as his hand did as he held the ring out. Eli folded both of his own around it to steady it. His brown eyes were filled with tears and when he blinked, they slid a slow trail down his cheeks. He nodded as he pulled Gabe into his arms.

“Yes, Gabriel, I will marry you!”
The room erupted in cheers as Gabe slid the ring onto his fiancé’s finger and they shared a kiss. Dean had moved back to the couch before the gift exchange, and he slipped an arm around Cas’ shoulder. Cas leaned his head on his boyfriend’s chest as he watched his brother and Eli share the most tender moment of their lives. This was beautiful and he wanted to never forget it. Mary was up and videotaping the entire thing, though no one realized it until later. Gift opening had sort of fallen to the wayside in the wake of pure joy everyone was feeling, but then Mary was prompting everyone to open their gifts. Cas looked down at the box in his hands. He had selected one from Sam.

“Oh, sweet!” Sam was exclaiming as he opened his gift. Cas recognized it as the Amazon gift card Dean had purchased for him. He’d wanted to buy his brother books, but then he worried about Sam having to drag the books back to college with him, and then back home again when he came back, so Cas had suggested the gift card. Apparently it was a good idea because Sam was rattling off a list of books he planned to buy with it. Cas looked at the gift sitting in Dean’s lap.

“Who gave you that?” He asked.

Dean turned it over to read the tag.

“Oh, it’s from my folks.” He tore off the paper and smiled when he saw the new wrench set. “Nice, I lost a few in my old one so I needed these. Thanks.”

Castiel looked down at the gift in his own hands, turning it over to read the tag. It was from Sam and he could tell that it was a book. He tore the paper off, smiling when he read the cover.

“Oh, thank you, Sam. I’ve never read this book before. I look forward to reading it.”

Dean leaned over to read the title. “Hey! That’s my favorite book!”

Cas looked up and smiled. “Then I look forward to reading it even more. Then we can discuss it.”

Dean put an arm around his shoulder and pulled him close again. “I look forward to that.”

Gabe ended up opening a gift from Cas, a leather journal with his initials engraved in the corner.

“I feel silly now for getting your initials put on it.” Cas said as his brother raved over it. It had a sleeve which meant the actual pages inside could be replaced later once Gabe had filled it.


“Because I don’t know who is taking whose name.” Cas replied.

“Oh, I can answer that. I would like to take Gabe’s.” Eli said. Gabe smiled adoringly at his fiancé.

“I love you so much.” He murmured. Eli leaned forward to press a soft kiss to his lips.

“And I, you.”

Mary opened her gift from Cas, a cookbook that Dean had suggested and she got up to hug him and kiss him. After she returned to her seat she happily flipped through it, commenting on the dishes she was excited to try next. She especially liked the sleeves at the back that made it possible for her to add her own recipes in.

“So you can pass your recipes down to your grandchildren.” Cas told her. She smiled warmly at him.

“I’ll make sure to add them all in here.”
John opened a gift from Mary, season tickets to the Wichita Thunder and he practically yelped in surprise before jumping up to hug his wife tight.

“Dude!” Dean exclaimed when he saw the tickets.

“You’re going to come watch them with me, right? At least a couple?” John asked.

“heck yeah! You like hockey, Cas?” Dean turned to look at his boyfriend. Cas nodded.

“I like most sports. Hockey is one I actually prefer. However, if you would like the time to bond alone with your father, I wouldn’t mind coming along and getting some time alone with Mary so she can teach me a few new dishes to cook.”

“You just want to come and play with the chickens.” Dean teased. Cas blushed and looked over at Mary who was laughing.

“Well…maybe that too.”

“I have to admit, they’re awful darn cute, and really sweet.” Gabe said.

“I knew you’d like them. Maybe we can get a few? We have the land for it.” Eli smiled at him and Gabe huffed out a small laugh.

“Yeah, if they’re small and cute like these, then yes.”

Eli’s smile grew even larger, and there was so much love in it. Gabe knew he’d do anything to see that look on his love’s face for the rest of their lives.

Chapter End Notes

I do hope you all enjoyed this chapter, because I had a blast writing it. Thanks to you all I was in such a good mood as I wrote this. You are all so wonderful!
Christmas Day

Chapter Summary

Cas' mother calls. He and Gabe find out that Christmas at the Novak house didn't go as they had expected.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, I have nothing witty and amazing to say. I am not in a good place emotionally at the moment. My younger daughter, she has issues, ODD being a big one, and I'm fairly certain she's bipolar too. I need to get her in to the doctor, but she's not wanting to go because she knows therapy comes with it, and she despises therapists. Anyway, she got mad when I told her to help clean earlier and proceeded to tear into me so bad that I went on to have one hell of a panic attack that left me seriously contemplating just ending everything. I am not suicidal, but fuck she pushed me almost beyond my own breaking point today. I kicked her out of my room and tried not to let dark thoughts take over. I have, for the moment, decided to just walk away from FB, and I am shutting out most of the people in my life because they just do not understand. They want me to beat my child for being insolent, or they want me to just "suck it up and get over it". What, I should beat my child for being mentally ill? How is that right? Then what, she commits suicide? I just...I need time to decompress. I'm still attempting to do that. The thoughts I had earlier are not gone entirely, but they're better. But I am exhausted. Physically, emotionally. I'm. Just. So. Tired. The few lucky enough to have my email or my cell number, IF I have the energy, I will respond. If I don't respond, it's not an affront to you. I'm just so exhausted that it's taking every ounce of energy I have just to write this. This chapter came out darker than I had hoped, and it's a mild reflection of how I feel right now. I'm sorry for that. I still hope you like it.

Oh, and she did come back in and apologize later on, but she wasn't getting the loving response she expected from me, so she left again. I love her, I do. She's my baby, but I'm hurt, and I'm in pain emotionally. I just need to be alone right now. Though the physical panic attack is over, it's not over in my brain yet.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“That was beautiful, wasn’t it?” Cas asked as they got changed for bed.

“Yeah. That’s why Gabe came to help mom and me in the kitchen. Mom had told him about our traditions, and he was trying to work up the nerve to do it. We told him that if he loves Eli as much as we knew he did, then to just go for it. I’m glad he did. Seriously, Eli loves him so much.” Dean said as he changed into a tee shirt and pulled on his sleep pants. Cas was already sitting cross legged on the edge of the bed in his own pajamas. The house was slightly warmer tonight so he was in just his boxers and a tee shirt.

“I’m happy for them.”
“Yeah. Do you think your brother will call your mom and tell her he went through with it?” Dean asked.

“I’m expecting that she will call at some point tomorrow. Right before we left she said dad was really mad because not even Mike was coming home for Christmas. He tried to blame her but she snapped on him and told him it was all his fault. She threatened to leave him at home alone for Christmas to explain to the extended family why none of us are there. I guess he’s still grumbling, but wasn’t willing to let me or Gabe in the house. This is destroying my mom. I hate that.” Cas frowned and looked down at the floor. His parents’ marriage had always seemed as though it was stronger than any stone, impenetrable, and it was shocking to realize that it might very well be crumbling. He worried a lot about his mother. Dean sat down next to him, wrapping his arms around Cas’ waist and resting his chin on his shoulder.

“Why don’t you call her in the morning? Just check in on her? But do it from my phone, so that in case your father sees the call, he doesn’t recognize that it’s you calling.”

“I wonder if my grandparents will call. I wonder what my dad will tell them.” Cas leaned his head against Dean’s and sighed.

“So when you talk to your mom tomorrow, tell her to tell them the truth. If they call you concerned, then you know they don’t agree with how your father is treating you. If they don’t call, well…” Dean reached over to take his hand. “Then you know where they stand.”

“I don’t know if they’re homophobic or not. It was never a subject that came up. My grandfather always complained that my father pushed us too hard, and that he didn’t let us be kids, so when the holidays rolled around, he made sure we had fun. It’s why I know music like White Christmas, and how to play chess. He spent the time with us that our own dad didn’t want to spend. I…hope he accepts us.”

There wasn’t anything constructive that Dean could say so he settled for hugging Cas closer. Maybe tomorrow they’d get the calls they were hoping for, and that they would be positive ones.

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The next morning everyone gathered bright and early in the kitchen. Dean had gotten up just after dawn to make a huge breakfast. By the time Cas made his way downstairs there was coffee brewed, waffles, eggs, bacon, and toast on the table, and Dean was walking over with a plate of sausage.

“Hey, baby. You sleep well?” He leaned over to kiss Cas on the cheek before continuing on to the table where Mary and John were already sitting. Sam and Eli walked in a minute later.

“Where’s Gabe?” Dean asked.

“Showering. He’ll be down in a few minutes.” Eli replied.

“Well, come on, fill your plates up.” Dean urged. Cas sat down and murmured a thank you to Mary as she forked a couple of waffles onto his plate. Just as they began to eat, Gabe joined them.

“Wow, this is some spread.” He remarked as he slid into the seat next to Eli.

“They’re homemade too. Quite delicious.” Eli lifted a forkful of waffle and held it out for Gabe to eat.

“Mmm, good.” Gabe agreed.
The rest of breakfast was pleasant as everyone talked about what the plans for the day would be. Tonight the Winchester family would be coming for dinner. Dean already had most of the dinner finished. There was were two roasts in the crock pots, the vegetables had been washed and were ready in the fridge, and the potatoes had already been washed, chopped, and were waiting in the fridge to be boiled and mashed. Mary and Eli had made extra pies for dessert already, so that left most of the day for them to enjoy it as a family.

Dean decided a trip downtown to see the lights and Christmas displays was in order, and he wanted to show his hometown to Cas, Gabe and Eli. Mary sent them out with hers and John’s blessings, and Sam decided at the last minute to go with them so their parents could get a moment alone. Being that it was Christmas day, downtown was relatively empty, and being so early in the day Dean hadn’t much thought through the showing off the lights part, but the displays took everyone’s breath away. They parked the car and walked the streets together with Dean and Sam both pointing out different places they had hung out as kids, and things that had happened there. They stopped to admire a Christmas town display in the window of a hardware store where Dean had worked one summer as a teenager. It was a replica of the downtown area, complete with a working train. Dean pointed out two tiny figures, little boys throwing snowballs at one another.

“That’s me and Sammy. Well, not really, but when we were kids, we always would pretend that was us. We always loved to play in the snow, and we had snowball fights every winter.”

“Yes, and we’d get the neighborhood kids involved. It somehow would always evolve from a simple fight into an all-out war, but man did we have fun.” Sam smiled fondly at the little figures. He had so many good memories of his childhood.

“This is the first time I’ve really seen snow. It’s colder than I expected.” Eli said as he pulled his coat a little tighter. Gabe wrapped an arm around his waist and smiled at him. “I was born in the desert, and then we moved to Texas, and my family still lives where it doesn’t snow. The most I’ve ever seen is light flurries, but it didn’t really settle. This…” Eli looked around at the snow that laid thick on the ground. “This is an entirely new experience. And goodness, is it always this cold?”

All four of the other men chuckled.

“Dude, it gets way colder than this.” Dean said. Eli looked downright shocked by that.

Cas opened his mouth to add something about below zero temperatures out east when his phone rang. He pulled it from his pocket.

“It’s mom.” He said as he answered it. “Hey, mom, Merry Christmas.” He looked at his brother who was watching him intently.

“Yes, mom, we’re having a very nice Christmas.” Cas motioned to his brother and they walked further down the street and out of hearing range.

“I really hope this doesn’t blow up. I don’t want Gabe and Cas’ Christmas ruined because of their father.” Eli said.

“Yeah, they don’t deserve what their father is putting them through.” Dean was worried about Cas, about Gabe, about their mom. What Greg Novak was doing to his family wasn’t fair at all.

They stood together watching Cas and Gabe talk into the phone. At some point Cas had put it on speakerphone but they were now standing too far away for Dean and the others to hear. He was trying to pay attention to his boyfriend’s body language, or to Gabe’s but it was cold out and they were both hunching over to block the wind whipping around them. He knew the moment they were
off the call. Cas tucked the phone in his pocket but stayed with his brother talking for another few minutes.

“I hope that was a good call.” Sam murmured.

“If I ever meet their dad I might just pop the bastard in the nose myself for what he’s putting his sons through. Asshole.” Dean grumbled. Eli patted his shoulder.

“I’ve had the displeasure of meeting the man, and while I believe he had suspicions as to my orientation, he never mentioned it, and I don’t think he ever suspected his own son was in love with me. He was always…distantly polite to me. I imagine he would be downright hostile now. But do you want to know something?” He looked up at Dean.

“What?” Dean asked.

“I don’t give a fuck what Gregory Novak MD thinks of me. It’s not going to change how I feel about Gabe. I’ll never stop loving him. He’s my best friend, my lover, and one day soon he will be my husband. He can either get with the program or he can fuck off.”

Dean was surprised, he’d never heard such language come from Eli’s mouth before. The man was always formally polite, and he almost never swore. He smiled at the man.

“I agree. I’m in love with Cas and nothing’s going to change that, especially not some homophobic asshole. Besides, my family will love them both. And you too.” Dean told him. Eli’s smile was sweet, almost dreamy.

“I do like your family very much. My family is nice but they tend to snub their noses at those that are not Jewish. They’re not mean, per say, just…indifferent. My sisters and me, we always got along with everyone though. My sister Talia married a goyim, just like I’m going to. My family likes Gabe, but they’ve never been particularly affectionate people, not like your family. The love in your parents’ house is amazing, and it leaves me feeling warm, accepted, wanted. I wish we could have that with Greg and Karen.”

“Here they come.” Sam nodded and they all turned to see Gabe and Cas walking back. Both men wore matching neutral expressions.

“Well?” Dean asked impatiently.

Neither Gabe nor Cas said anything at first. Cas finally pressed up against Dean and waited for the man to wrap his arms around him.

“You ok?” Dean whispered the words softly against his ear.

“I think so. My mom said my grandparents arrived last night and they are very upset. She told them we wouldn’t be coming this year and my grandfather demanded to know why. So…she told him. He spent all of last night chewing my father out, and my dad got so mad he actually kicked everyone out of the house. Mom went with her parents. She’s spending Christmas at their house.” Cas hugged him tighter.

“What did she say about your grandparents though? Besides the fact that your grandfather chewed your dad out. I’m guessing that was your dad’s dad?” Dean asked. Cas nodded.

“Mmm, yeah, my dad’s dad essentially threatened to disinherit him if he doesn’t, as my mother so elegantly stated “Get his head out of his ass”, which he refused to do. That made my dad mad, so he kicked everyone out. My mom said that if her parents were being kicked out, then she was going
with them. He told her good riddance.”

Dean pulled Cas tighter against his body. “Do you want to go back to the house?”

“I think so. I think…I want to sit with you in your room. Just for a little while at least.”

Dean kissed his forehead and stepped back to take him by the hand. He looked over at Eli who had Gabe’s face cupped between his hands as he spoke softly to him.

“Are you guys ready to go back to the house?” He asked. Eli said something to Gabe before nodding at Dean.

The walk back to the car was cold since they were walking into the wind, and Dean moved from holding Cas’ hand to putting an arm around his shoulder. Eli was not much taller than Gabe but when Dean glanced back he could see that the man had done the same thing with Gabe. They drove back in silence to the house and one look at them told Mary something was wrong. She looked at Dean who just shook his head. She nodded but stopped Gabe and Cas both as they headed for the stairs to give them both a kiss on the cheek.

Dean led Cas into his room and by the time he had closed the door, Cas was curled up on his side, staring at the snow falling outside.

“Come here, sweetheart.” Dean murmured as he crawled into the bed and pulled Cas back against his chest. He kissed the back of his boyfriend’s neck before laying his head on the pillow. “You know it’s not your fault, right? Your father is the one doing this. He’s the one tearing things apart, not you, not Gabe, and not your mother. He’s the one choosing intolerance and pride over love and acceptance. So please, don’t blame yourself.”

“All four of my grandparents, they told my mother they had suspected since I was little that I was gay, and they didn’t care. They love me as I am. I’m the same person I always was, Dean. Why can’t he just love me? Is it really so hard?”

Dean heard the break in Cas’ voice and he knew his boyfriend was crying.

“No, honey, it’s not hard at all. You were so easy to fall in love with. You’re so amazing and wonderful, and so many people love you. I’m sorry that the one person who’s acceptance you crave the most has to be the most stubborn. I think this has more to do with your father’s inability to accept that he cannot control everything in his little world. He has tried and succeeded for so long to maintain that control, but you can’t control people, especially people capable of thinking for themselves, like you, like Gabe. He thought he still had control when Mike obediently went off to medical school and got the exact degree your father wanted him to get.

Then Gabe went off to medical school, however he was the first one to chip away at your father’s control because he didn’t go into the field of medicine your dad wanted him to. Instead, he thought for himself and chose the field he wanted. Still, he was in medicine, so your dad counted that as a victory.

Then came you. The youngest, and from what your brothers told me, the most docile of the three. Your father had plans for you, and had your entire future mapped out, but then you decided that not only were you not the obedient little soldier he had raised you to be, you went and changed your major and told your parents what you were going to do rather than asking for their permission to do
it, because you knew your dad would say no. And then you followed your dream. You were the rebel, the one to actually thwart his control and create the life you wanted for yourself. One that he has no control over, and can’t redirect. And to add icing to an already bitter cake, you came out as gay. In his megalomaniacal mind, you did that just to spite him. Everything you’ve done since you turned eighteen was done to spite him. He has lost control, and he’s spiraling. Now he can’t control his wife either. This was never about you, baby. This was always about him. I have this sneaky suspicion that if you and Gabe had both gone into the fields of medicine that he selected, he’d have been less upset about you both announcing you’re not straight. He probably would have still requested that it be kept quiet, but he’d have been less of an asshole about it. It’s not until he fully realizes all that he stands to lose that he’ll finally decide what is more important; his pride or his family. All you and Gabe can do is wait. In the meantime, your mother will need your support, and I’m glad that your grandparents are going to be there for her. She needs them more than ever right now.”

“Mom asked if we could come to my grandparent’s house before we head back to work. My dad’s parents said they’ll come over too. They all want to meet you and Eli.” Cas rolled onto his back and Dean wiped at the tears that stained his cheeks.

“Of course. We can head up there whenever you’re ready.” Dean told him.

“Not yet. I feel at home here, and I’m not ready to give that up. Plus I need to talk to Gabe again. For now, could you just hold me?”

Dean pulled Cas closer. “I’m always here for you.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter.
Tension Relief

Chapter Summary

Dean finds a way for Cas to release some of the tension he’s holding on to before they have to go and deal with the Novak family.

Chapter Notes

It took me a couple of days to begin to feel some sense of normalcy, and while I’m not 100% yet, I did manage to whip this chapter up this morning. I do hope you like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Cas and Gabe were both in slightly better moods by dinner that evening, and they socialized nicely with the extended Winchester family. John’s dad Henry liked the fact that Cas was a teacher and enjoyed picking the young man’s brains over dinner. Overall, Cas very much enjoyed his time spent with Dean’s family. Gabe and Eli enjoyed it as well.

Though Dean was loathe to leave his brother so soon, he knew Cas needed him, and two days later they were making the trek back home. Gabe and Eli turned in their rental car and rode back in the Impala with them. It was a rather subdued drive with most of the conversation taking place between Dean and Eli. They discussed everything from life in Texas to home ownership (Gabe and Eli already owned their own home and Dean wanted to know what kind of pitfalls to avoid when he and Cas started actively looking), to work, to Eli’s childhood back in Israel. Gabe and Cas did participate, but they both lacked passion. Both Dean and Eli could tell how nervous the men truly were, and how upset they were. When they finally reached the apartment building, Dean suggested they take a night to unwind, and then tomorrow afternoon they would head to the grandparents’ house. Everyone agreed, and rather than renting a hotel room, Eli and Gabe stayed in Cas’ apartment while Cas went home with Dean.

“How are you doing, sweetheart?” Dean asked after they had dressed for bed and brushed their teeth. They were back in the bedroom, turning down the bed and Cas offered a weak smile.

“I’m hanging in there. I know there is nothing to worry about with my grandparents, but my mother is under tremendous stress at the moment. I can’t even begin to imagine what she is going through knowing her husband is willfully pushing us away. I could never do that to my own child, Dean. Or to any child. If my kids are gay, I’ll love them. If they’re transgender, I’ll love them. If they’re straight.”

“I get it, honey, I do. And I feel exactly the same way. And we’ll get through this together, ok? I’ve got your back, and you and Gabe, and even Mike, you’ll all do what you need to do in order to take care of your mother, because that’s the kind of good people that you all are. So let’s take this one day at a time, and tomorrow we’ll get through visiting with your grandparents. Should I bring a couple of pies tomorrow? Would they like that?” Dean asked as he slid under the covers. Cas smiled warmly at him.
“You’re fantastic. I’m so lucky that you came into my life.” He slid under the covers and moved closer so he could lay his head on Dean’s chest. “I love you, Dean.”

“I love you too, sweetheart. Try and get some sleep, ok? We’ll get up in the morning and whip up a couple of pies to bring with us.” Dean ran his fingers through Cas’ hair until he felt the man’s head grow heavy and his breathing had evened out. There was no way he was admitting to his own feelings of trepidation. He needed to remain strong for Cas. It was well after two before he finally drifted off into a fretful, nightmare filled slumber.

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Dean woke to the sound of someone knocking at his door. Initial fear was that it was Bella, but then he remembered she had been shipped out of the country. He untangled himself from Cas and got up to answer it.

“Good morning, did I wake you?” Eli was asking. From the bags under the man’s eyes Dean was ready to wager that he hadn’t slept much better.

“It’s ok. Gabe up yet?”

“In the shower.” Eli replied. “He’ll be over as soon as he’s finished. I thought I would make sure you were both up, and let you know that we’re planning to go out for breakfast, and that we would like for you and Cas to join us.”

“Sure, sure. Come on in. I just need to wake him up.” Dean stepped aside and Eli entered the apartment. He closed the door and scrubbed a hand down his face.

“Give me a minute to get him up, ok? He’s not exactly a morning person. Chickens are the only thing he was willing to wake up early for.” He said with a laugh. Eli chuckled.

“Yes, I did notice that.”

Dean headed back to the bedroom to find Cas sprawled across his side of the bed. He was whimpering and it only took Dean a moment to realize his face was smooshed into the mattress. His face was going to hurt later.

“Cas, baby? Wake up. You’re on your face, sweetheart.” Dean gently maneuvered Cas until he was lying on his back. Blue eyes fluttered and finally opened.

“Ow.”

“I bet. Do you need ice?”

“Maybe. What’s going on?” Cas stretched, groaning at how good that felt.

“Eli’s here, and your brother will be here in a few minutes. They want us to go out to breakfast with them. You game? Cause I’m starving and if I don’t have to cook, that makes it all the better.” Dean pushed Cas’ hair off his forehead. “If you need a shower, now would be the time to take one.”

“Mmm, breakfast does sound good. I need coffee.” Cas blinked and wiped at one eye. “Will you join me in the shower?”

Dean smiled. They hadn’t fooled around since Cas had been hurt. “If you want me to, yeah.”

Cas smiled and sat up. He leaned in to kiss Dean softly on the lips. “I miss your hands on my body.
Come on.”

They got up to gather the clothes they planned to wear after the shower and as they passed through the living room to the bathroom they saw Eli kicked back on the couch watching the news. He didn’t even give them a side glance. In the bathroom Dean closed the door and set his clothes down on top of the toilet. Cas set his on top of Dean’s.

“How’s your nose feeling?” Dean asked.

“Swollen, and it aches, but I’m getting used to the pain.” Cas replied.

“Oh, you have a doctor’s appointment today!” Dean realized.

“At two, right?” Cas asked.

“Yeah. I’m hoping they’ll give you a night splint since you sleep on your stomach when I’m not in bed with you.” Dean replied as he stripped out of his tee shirt and boxers.

“Mmm, if they don’t I guess you’re just going to have to stay in bed with me.” Cas’ smile was playful as he stripped out of his own tee shirt and sleep pants. Dean chuckled as he started the shower.

“I like the sound of that.”

They got into the shower and Cas stood at the back, groaning at how good the water felt. He closed his eyes and breathed in the steam while Dean grabbed the soap and a washcloth. When Dean started washing him instead of cleaning himself, he opened his eyes.

“What are you doing?” He asked.

“Taking care of you.” Dean replied softly as he lathered up first one arm and then the other. Cas smiled and ran his fingers through Dean’s wet hair.

“You’re too good to me.”

“Nah, I just really like having an excuse to touch you.” Dean smiled wickedly as he added more soap to the cloth and began washing Cas’ thighs. Cas watched with growing interest as Dean’s hand got closer to his groin. When the cloth was finally wiped across his dick, Cas moaned and tightened his grip in Dean’s hair.

“What do you feel up for, sweetheart?” Dean asked him.

“Your mouth. I definitely want your mouth on me.” Cas quickly replied. Dean smiled and pulled Cas forward enough to get the water hitting him and rinsing away all of the soap.

“First, I’m going to finish washing you. Turn around, I want to get your hair wet.”

Cas did as instructed, groaning even louder as Dean washed his hair and then his back. A soap slick hand slid between his legs to wash him there and he let out a breathy moan as his hands slapped against the tiled wall for balance. When Dean took the shower head down and washed the soap out from between his legs he moaned louder.

“Shh, baby. You don’t want your brother and Eli to hear us!” Dean laughed.

“I don’t care. I missed your hands on my body so much.”
Dean was glad they’d be looking for a house this year because Cas was anything but quiet during sex. The small sounds the man was already making were enough to get him hard and after rinsing Cas’ hair and back, he put the shower head back and pressed his body up tight against Cas’, letting his boyfriend feel his hardness as he slid between his cheeks.

“Dean, please. I changed my mind, I need you inside me.” Cas whimpered and pushed back against him, causing Dean’s tip to poke against his rim.

“Cas, honey, I have lube in the bathroom, you know this, but I’m out of condoms in here. I’d have to go back to the bedroom to get one.”

Cas turned around, his blue eyes burning with need. “You got tested, right?”

“Of course I did. I’m clean, you know that.”

“And you’re the only sexual partner I’ve ever had, so just fuck me already.” Cas growled as he grabbed Dean’s ass and pulled him forward so he could grind against him.

“Y-you’re sure? I’ve never done that before.” Dean was having a hard time thinking straight, the slick movement of his cock sliding against Cas’ was very distracting.

“You want me, right? Forever?” Cas asked. Dean nodded eagerly. Of course he did!

“You know I do.”

Cas turned around again and spread his legs. “Then fuck me, Dean. Cause I don’t want to spend the rest of my life using condoms if we’re each other’s only sexual partner. I don’t want anyone else. I will only ever want you.”

Dean groaned as he listened to those beautiful words spilling out of his boyfriend’s mouth. He opened the shower curtain and jumped out. The lube was in the medicine cabinet and he grabbed it before getting back in the tub and pulling the curtain shut again. He’d worry tonight about cleaning up the wet rug.

It only took a few minutes to prep Cas. Most of that was spent telling the man to hush, even though he wanted to hear Cas scream as he came. There was a nervous excitement that came with knowing they were going to have sex without a condom. Not a single previous partner he’d been with had he ever felt safe enough with, or even wanted to go bare with. Women had been out of the question anyway. He didn’t want kids floating around out in the world without his knowledge, but the men…

There wasn’t a single one he could think of that he would have even considered this with. But he trusted Cas, and not because he was the man’s first. He trusted Cas because…Cas was always honest and was always exactly who he said he was. There were no pretenses, no lingering doubts, no fear. If Cas told him he loved him, then he did. And Dean loved him very much. Maybe that was the difference. He actually loved Cas.

Careful to block the water so it wouldn’t wash away the lube he was generously applying to Cas and to himself, he got himself in position. Cas was begging him to get inside him, but despite how eager he was, Dean took his time. The sensation was much more intense than anything he had experienced before and he struggled not to blow his load right then and there.

“Fuck…” He hissed as he leaned his head against Cas’ back.

“Are you alright?” Cas was trying to look over his shoulder at him but Dean’s head to was too low for him to see.
“Yeah. It’s just really intense like this. Give me a sec.”

Cas was good like that. He stood stock still, waiting for Dean to adjust to the new sensations before he finally started to move. This time it was he who let out a loud moan.

“Fuck this feels amazing!”

“I agree. Can you move faster? Please?” Cas begged. Dean grabbed the man’s hips hard enough to know there would be bruises left behind later, but he also knew Cas wouldn’t care. And then he started to move. The faster he went, the louder Cas got and he had to stop more than a few times to remind him to be quiet. Eventually Cas brought a hand up to cover his own mouth, squeezing his eyes shut as he tried his hardest to be quiet. Dean picked up his pace finally until he was slamming into Cas on every thrust. Before he could even grab Cas’ cock and start stroking, the man was crying out, painting the wall with his own release. He clenched tight around Dean, sending him over the edge right after him. His thrusts slowed until he was finally able to pull out.

“You came untouched.” He said as Cas turned around. He took the shower head down and with great care for his boyfriend’s sensitivity, he cleaned him up, remembering to wash away the semen leaking down Cas’ thighs.

“That was amazing, and maybe I was a bit needier than I realized.” Cas grinned sheepishly. Dean laughed and cleaned himself off before putting the showerhead back. When strong fingers found their way into his hair and began massaging in shampoo he closed his eyes and sighed contentedly. Cas was wonderful. As much as he wanted to take care of his boyfriend, Cas wanted to take care of him just as much. It was wonderful. He let Cas wash him down the same way he’d done for him, though this time there was nothing sexual about it. It was simply Cas taking care of him.

When they finished, Dean grabbed them both towels and they dried off before shaving and getting dressed. Dean styled his hair while Cas grumbled at his inability to control his, and then they were walking back into the living room. Gabe had arrived and was sitting next to Eli on the couch. They both turned to look at Dean and Cas. The wicked smirk on Gabe’s face told them that Cas had been loud.

“Enjoy your shower?” The man teased.

Dean blushed and looked away embarrassed but Cas nodded.

“Yes, very much. It was great tension relief.”

Gabe snorted and Eli smacked his knee lightly, but he was smiling too.

“We get it, so whenever you’re ready, we can go to breakfast.”

Dean nodded and headed for the bedroom. Cas walked over to the couch.

“I have a doctor’s appointment today for my nose, but we could head to see the family once I’m finished.”

“They finally taking the brace off? You know, I could look at it for you. You don’t need to pay for a doctor’s visit.” Gabe told him. Cas contemplated it for a moment.

“But I think I’ll need a night brace. I like to sleep on my stomach.”

“So put this one on at night for the next week.” Gabe motioned for his brother to sit on the couch and he crouched down in front of him. He carefully removed the brace and checked his nose. “You
know, you’re the only person I know that can break their nose and end up with their nose being straight afterwards.” He joked.

“It does look like it’s healing nicely.” Eli was leaning over to look at it. “It’s straight which means he most likely will not need corrective septum surgery later, so that’s good.”

Gabe pulled a pen light out and shined it inside each nostril. “There’s still swelling, but that’s to be expected. Not as much blood as I expected either. Be careful sneezing and blowing your nose for a while yet, and ice it if the swelling increases. And don’t bump it. You’re good to go, little brother.”

Cas smiled. “Thank you. You just saved me thirty dollars. I’ll cancel the appointment.”

“You saved me thirty, I was paying for it since this was all my fault in the first place.” Dean was coming out of the bedroom with Cas’ socks and shoes in hand.

“It wasn’t your fault, Dean.” Cas argued.

“It was neither of your fault. It was Bella that was unstable and taking it out on an innocent person, so stop blaming yourselves and let’s go eat.” Gabe said. Neither man said another word on the subject.

“It’s looking better than I expected.” Dean said to Cas as he sat down on the couch next to him and handed him his shoes and socks.

“I’m glad to have the brace off, it’s very annoying. I need to sleep on my back.”

“I can keep you on your back.” Dean whispered playfully.

“Tmi, tmi!” Gabe cried and covered his ears as he headed for the door. Eli laughed as Dean grinned at Cas.

“I’m going to hold you to that.” Cas said, arching one eyebrow. He grinned right back.

“Challenge accepted.” Dean laughed.

“I think I’ve lost my appetite!” Gabe cried.

Chapter End Notes

Shower smut. You are welcome. I am still not really on FB, and I’m not up to a lot of communication yet, but comments will get responded to when I am up to it. I love you guys, and thank you for reading.
Lack of Faith

Chapter Summary

Already under enough stress, Gabe ends up ticking his brother off on the ride to see their mother and grandparents.

Chapter Notes

Leave it up to a protective older brother to say the wrong thing. Cas has a temper that doesn't often get set off, but we all know family has a knack for ticking us off more than anyone else. Gabe's just looking out for his brother, but Cas finds it super annoying.

Don't worry, they'll be ok. :)

I hope you enjoy the chapter!

Breakfast was done at a pancake house a few blocks away and after copious amounts of coffee and stacks of pancakes and bacon, they felt ready to take on the Novak clan. Gabe was the one to call their mother this time and she was thrilled to hear from him. She told him to head on over, everyone would be there, ready and waiting.

“At least your grandparents are all accepting.” Dean said when he hung up the phone. Gabe looked miserably at his cup of coffee as Eli rubbed his back.

“I see this as a good thing. The only member of your family currently not accepting is your father. You don’t realize how lucky you are.” Eli kissed his temple softly as he spoke and Gabe leaned into his touch.

“Like I told Cas, I don’t think it’s really the fact that your dad is homophobic that is the issue, it’s more that he feels like he’s losing control. It started with you deciding not to go into the field of medicine he had chosen for you, and it spiraled from there. Now he doesn’t even have control of his wife. I think that if he cares at all, he’ll eventually pull the stick out of his ass and try to make amends. I just wouldn’t hold my breath that it will happen any time soon.” Dean said. Eli nodded in agreement.

“That is what I think as well. Gregory is very much a ‘take charge’ kind of guy. He was very displeased when Gabe chose emergency medicine.”

“It’s ok. If he comes around, great. If he doesn’t, well…we’ll have to make sure mom is ok.” Gabe leaned his head on Eli’s shoulder. They could all see how upset he was. All of the Novak boys had grown up craving their father’s attention. He had given so little of it that any bit they did receive, it was like winning the lottery. Now he was deliberately ignoring his two youngest. It was as though the sun had set and was refusing to ever rise again. Cas found Dean’s hand under the table and squeezed it.
“I think we need to stop for some ibuprofen before we head over there.” He said.

“Does your head hurt again?” Dean asked.

“No, but I’m anticipating one hell of a migraine, and I’d like to be prepared.”

They started the drive to William and Francine Edwards house after a quick stop at the pharmacy to grab the pain medicine. Cas stared out the window, worrying his bottom lip mercilessly until Dean reached over and gently pulled it out from between his teeth before he made it bleed. He took Cas’ hand and held it for the rest of the drive. Gabe was sitting in the backseat with Eli, reading something together on Gabe’s phone, no words being exchanged. Dean hated the silence so he struck up a conversation that he knew at least Eli would partake in.

“So, you guys know when the wedding will be?"

“Oh, well, I would like a summer wedding, but later summer, when most of the heat has passed. So perhaps in September? However it is hot most of the year in Texas, so when I say most of the heat has passed, I mean having the wedding when it is ninety instead of a hundred and thirty.” Eli said with a small laugh. When Dean glanced in the rearview mirror he saw that Gabe had a small smile on his face.

“So you’re doing it there in Texas?”

“That’s where all of our friends are, so yeah.” Gabe replied.

“Mike going to be your best man?” Dean glanced over at Cas who had turned a bit so he could see his brother and Eli in the backseat.

“I haven’t thought that far ahead yet. I think if we all take turns, everyone will get a chance to be best man at one another’s wedding. If I have Mike, Mike can have Cas, and then Cas can have me stand up. Or something like that. Did that even make sense?” Gabe’s nose scrunched up as he repeated that in his head.

“I understood it.” Cas said. “It makes sense. What if we all get ordained? The one not being the best man can preside over the wedding.”

“Oh, I like that!” Gabe jabbed a finger in his brother’s direction. “I don’t want a church wedding. I’d prefer for it to be non-denominational.” He looked over at Eli who nodded.

“I agree. I don’t want a traditional Jewish wedding. I just want to take you as my husband and leave religion out of it.” Eli said.

“How far are you from the ocean? You could do it on the beach. It’ll be cooler, the pictures will be stunning, and you could get married with your toes buried in the sand.” Dean really liked that idea. Maybe one day he and Cas…

“We are in Houston, so that is an option. We’re less than an hour from the ocean. I do like that idea, what do you think?” Eli asked his fiancé. Gabe considered it for a moment before nodding slowly.

“As long as we don’t do it during hurricane season, I do like that idea.”

“Hurricane season?” Dean asked.
“Oh yes, it can get pretty rough at times. If we do it down by the water then I think we should do it in mid-May. Before the hurricanes start up. It will be hot but hopefully not too hot.” Eli looked again to his fiancé for agreement.

“Yeah, I like that.” Gabe nodded.

“This year?” Cas asked. “Can I become a minister before May?”

“Babe, you can get it easy. I’ll show you how when we get home later.” Dean told him.

“I think I would like the time to plan, so May of next year,” Eli said. “We’re still working down some debt, and I would like to look into how I can rent a section of the beach to have the wedding.”

“I would like to help you, even if I’m doing it from here. And in the summer I can come down and help you with searching for a bakery and a venue for the reception. If you want, that is.” Cas offered. He liked Eli a lot and had already thought of him as a friend long before he found out the man was actually his brother’s lover. Eli smiled warmly.

“I would like that very much. You and Dean can come stay with us and we will enjoy some time down by the beach too.”

Cas looked over at Dean, his eyes wide and hopeful.

“Of course, we’d love that. I’m actually doing so well with my business that once we have a house and I’m closer to most of my accounts, I’m considering hiring on another employee. Once I do that we can definitely come down.” Dean said.

“We? When did you guys make that decision? I thought you were getting the house and Cas would be visiting?” The look of concern on Gabe’s face told Dean just how protective the man was over his little brother.

“Yes, we. Dean asked me if I would want to get a house closer to Indianapolis because that’s where all of his accounts are. Currently I am applying for jobs in the Lafayette area but nothing is coming up because there aren’t any available, so I will expand my search to the Indy area, and we will use both of our incomes to pay for the house.” Cas said. He stared right back at his brother. “Stop looking at me as though I don’t know how to think for myself or make my own decisions. I don’t hem and haw over things. If I want something, I take it. If I feel something is a good decision, I act on it. I don’t sit and debate. Life would slip through my hands if I did. Or I would be a miserable doctor suffering in some hospital doing my residency in surgery as I contemplated the fastest way to kill myself. Instead, I made the decision to go into education. I didn’t consult you, or Mike, and I certainly didn’t consult dad. I did what I wanted, and it was the best decision for me. I still stand by it. Entering into a relationship with Dean was no different than you entering into one with Eli, so why is it that you can be in a happy one, and Mike can, but you feel that I can’t? Because we’ve not been together long? Guess what, Gabe, if I didn’t feel Dean was the right person for me, I would not be with him. I’m not with him because he pays me attention or because he does nice things for me. I’m with him because I’m in love with him, and he’s in love with me.” There was fire in his voice and Gabe dropped his eyes to his hands.

“Yeah, I know, you can take care of yourself. I can’t help but worry about you though, ok? You’re still just a kid to me. I want you to be happy, and to have everything you want in life. Unlike dad though, I don’t expect you to conform to my ideals of what would be right for you. I know you can find your own way. I just…and there’s no offense meant to you here, Dean, thought you would date a lot more, figure out what you like, what you look for in a partner.”
“You think I’m settling for the first guy that came along.” Cas was angry. Even Dean and Eli had figured that out. Gabe wasn’t denying it, and that was making him even more upset.

“I did not settle with Dean. I was smart enough to figure out right away that he is the right one for me, and I’m not stupid enough to second guess that and keep looking. If you find the right pair of shoes, do you put them back on the shelf and keep searching for a better pair? What about administering medicine? If you find one that works well, do you stop using it in favor of finding something else that may or may not work? No, you use common sense. Common sense told me Dean was everything I could have ever wanted in a partner, and I am fucking happy. The only person second guessing here is you.”

Cas turned back around and crossed his arms. He glared out the windshield and didn’t say another word. When Gabe opened his mouth to say something Eli squeezed his arm and shook his head, warning him not to.

“Look, I understand that you are looking out for your brother, and you think that because he’s young and didn’t date before he met me, you think his inexperience makes him less likely to know what he wants out of life. I can assure you that is the furthest thing from the truth. Cas is one of the most intelligent and confident people I know. He knows exactly what he wants out of life, and I feel infinitely blessed that I am one of those things he has decided to include in that list. I love your brother, Gabe. He’s the best thing that has ever happened to me, and I am not stupid enough to jeopardize what we have either. Can I ask you, once you and Eli started dating, how long was it before you moved in together?” Dean met Eli’s gaze in the rearview mirror.

“It took me almost a year to get him to go out with me, but we were living together two months later.” Eli said.

“Eli!” Gabe hissed. Cas snorted and shook his head.

“But you want to insult me because we are looking into getting a house a year after started dating.”

“Did you date a lot before Eli?” Dean asked Gabe. For a moment he wasn’t sure the man would answer. Finally he shook his head.

“No, not really. I was busy with my residency and…I was scared, confused.”

“And I’m not. I’m gay, Gabe. I know this, and I do not doubt this, despite my lack of experience with women, I know this to be true. I am not confused, I am not in doubt, and I was never scared.” Cas snapped.

“I’m sorry. I know you’re not like me. You’ve always had a confidence that I lacked. I know you can take care of yourself.” Gabe apologized.

“Are we done fighting now? I don’t want to toss my pancakes.” Eli said. Gabe snorted and took the man’s hand, holding it between both of his own.

“I am done ticking my brother off.”

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, Cas will forgive him. Given time Gabe will come to trust his brother's
decisions even more. Dean is one of Cas' best decisions. Of course he is, I'm writing it that way, lol!

I hope you liked this chapter.
Meeting the Grandparents

Chapter Summary

Despite the spat in the car on the drive up, it's practically forgotten once they reach the house. Dean and Eli get to meet the grandparents for the first time.

Chapter Notes

Ok, so my computer decided to freeze up the other day and I had to do a restart. Couldn't save anything, couldn't close anything. I could only restart. So I lost EVERYTHING I had written, for this, for Teacher's Crush, for The Claim, and to be honest, I was pissed. To lose some 30,000 words between 3 stories was frustrating, to say the least. So I spent the last few days writing for The Claim, just to get ahead of that one so I can not stress over that while I work on this and Crush. I know this chapter is short, and I apologize, but I haven't had as much time as I would like to write. I've been busy, and I will be busy on and off most of this weekend too. I just put up a chapter of The Teacher's Crush, and now I'm trying to get a chapter out for this as well. I hope you like this!

This same note will be in the notes section for Teacher's Crush too. Just a heads up.

As they got out of the car and walked up to the house the front door opened and an older man stepped out onto the deck, along with Karen.

"Was the drive difficult?" The man asked as Cas and Gabe walked up to him and hugged him.

"It wasn’t for me, but Dean was the one driving. I know he was tired by the time we got back last night." Cas turned to look at his boyfriend. Dean shook his head.

"I’m used to it. And I like driving."

Karen hugged both of her sons, murmuring softly to each of them before stepping back and looking up at the man that Dean assumed was her father. The man offered a hand first to Dean.

"So you must be Dean, Castiel’s partner. I am James Edwards, Karen’s father. It’s very nice to meet you, son."

Dean shook the man’s hand firmly and offered his most polite smile. “It’s nice to meet you as well, sir.”

James turned to Eli. "I have met you before, have I not? Eli, am I right?"

"Yes, sir. We met last year when you and Rosemary were passing through Houston." Eli replied as he shook the man’s hand.
“So you and Gabriel are dating?” The man seemed amused rather than upset. Eli held up his left hand.

“It’s a bit more serious than that.”

“Oh!” Karen cried out, a shaky hand slapping over her mouth as she looked at the ring with a mixture of shock and surprise. After a moment she grabbed Gabe and hugged him tightly. After that she gave Eli a hug as well. He smiled happily at that.

“Well, welcome to the family, son. Come on inside, you can meet the better part of the Novak family.” James winked and Dean knew he was going to like this man. He didn’t carry any of the pretentiousness that Cas described his father as having. Cas found Dean’s hand and squeezed it as they followed his mother and grandfather into the house.

“Is your grandfather a doctor too?” Dean asked in a whisper. Cas shook his head.

“No, he owns Belmont Oil. Oh, and the Edwards Hardware chain.” He whispered back. Dean’s jaw fell slack. Belmont Oil was one of the biggest companies in the country, and brought in some thirty billion a year. Just how much money did Cas actually come from?!

They heard people talking before they actually saw them, and when they were led into a large sitting room, two women that had been sitting together talking both stood up.

“Where’s Paul?” James asked.

“He went to pour himself a Scotch.” One of the women said with a laugh.

“Figures.” James grinned and shook his head. He held out a hand and the shorter of the two women walked over to take it.

“Boys, I would like you to meet my wife, Rosemary. Rose, this is Castiel’s beau, Dean, and remember Eli? He is going to be our grandson in law soon.”

Rosemary’s eyes widened. “Who proposed to who?” She asked.

“I proposed.” Gabe replied, smiling warmly at his boyfriend.

“Oh, that is wonderful news! Do you know when the wedding will be? I can’t wait, I love weddings!” She clapped her hands excitedly. Dean had expected cold, uppity people, not…this. Rosemary was actually bordering on adorable. She was cut from a different fabric from her daughter. Karen was nice, but stiff, reserved. He suspected that the Edwards had not grown up affluent, but had worked for every penny they had, while Karen had never known that kind of struggle. It made him like them even more.

“This here is Marilyn Novak, Castiel and Gabriel’s other grandmother. Marilyn, this is Dean, and this is Eli.” James pointed each man out. She hurried over to shake both of their hands.

“Hello, boys. Let me say right now, we do not share our son’s views. Family is everything, and we are so sorry that Stephen has been so unaccepting. We did not raise him that way.” She hugged each of her grandsons, kissing them on the cheek and fussing over them as grandmothers tended to do. Dean could tell that Cas loved it. He looked over at Eli. Something had just dawned on him.

“I thought you called their dad Gregory? But his name is Stephen?”

“Oh, I can clear that up.” Marilyn said. “Our son’s name is Gregory Stephen Novak, but he hates the
name Gregory, so he goes by Stephen.”

Dean looked over at Eli who had a wicked smirk on his lips. It made him laugh. Eli had a touch of wicked to him after all. A short man dressed in a tacky Hawaiian shirt walked in the room. He grinned and held up his drink.

“Hey, hey, hey! Welcome!”

“This is my husband Paul. Paul, meet Dean and Eli.” Marilyn introduced. Paul had a huge grin on his face as he shifted the tumbler with the Scotch to his other hand so he could shake their hands. He hugged each of his grandsons as well.

“So, these are the young men that made my son turn into a raging idiot, eh? The way he was talking I thought you’d both come walking in dressed in drag and singing showtunes.” Paul snorted. Cas barked out a surprised laugh even as his jaw dropped. Eli was laughing silently as tears formed in the corners of his eyes.

“For the record? I don’t listen to showtunes. I prefer classic rock. And drag’s not my thing.” Dean said, his smile full of amusement.

“I do like showtunes, but I lack the desire to dress like Barbra or Bette. I much prefer my jeans.” Eli added.

“I like you boys. Classic rock, you say? What are your favorites?” Paul asked as he steered Dean towards the couch.

“Oh, there are so many. Some of my favorites though…”

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The conversation flowed much easier than either Dean or Eli had expected, and it was clear that both Cas and Gabe had a good relationship with their grandparents. Paul and James both pulled Dean into talk about football and his predictions for the Superbowl, and he happily discussed it with them while Eli went over an intricate rum cake recipe with Marilyn and Rosemary. They knew Eli was a doctor but they wanted to know about Dean’s job, how his business was going, and what plans he and Cas had for their future. Dean talked about the house they would soon start searching for, his accounts, and he talked proudly about how he had fallen hard for their grandson, and that one day he hoped to be where Eli and Gabe were. James was impressed with his tenacity, and his devotion to their grandson. Paul flat out told his grandsons how pleased he was with their choice of partners. Dean took that to be his seal of approval and when Cas’ face lit up at the man’s words, he knew he was right.

Talk went on for ages, and soon Rosemary was calling them all into the kitchen to eat dinner. She had made a roast and Dean offered to help her serve it. Cas took the opportunity to pull his mother aside. Gabe followed.

“Mom, what exactly is going on with you and dad?” He asked. Karen twisted the wedding ring on her left hand and frowned deeply.

“I love your father, I always have, but I don’t agree with what he is doing. If I go back to him, he’s going to force me to cut off communications with you both. In doing that, I’ll lose Mike as well. I have been doing a lot of thinking this last month. I can’t ask either of you to be anything other than who you are. It would be selfish and unfair of me, even if it made my life easier, so I cast that train of thought aside quickly. I accept that you are gay, or bisexual, and…I find that both Dean and Eli are
excellent matches for you. They love you both very much, you can see that just by looking at them, and I wouldn’t think of asking you to give that kind of love up. So…” She took a deep breath and looked at each of her sons. “I have given your father an ultimatum. Either he gets his head out of his ass and steps into the twenty first century, or I’m filing for divorce. I have actually already filed. I just haven’t served the papers yet. I…have hope still, that he will change his mind.”

Cas was numb. He and his brothers had grown up confident in the knowledge that if there was one thing they could always count on, it was their parents’ love for one another. They had always been devoted to one another, and this…it was shocking, to say the least. He looked over at his brother. Gabe’s expression was pained. He knew the man was blaming himself personally.

“We’re sorry, mom. It was not our intention to cause a rift to form between you and dad.” Cas told her.

“Honey, you didn’t. Your father has always been distant, with you boys, with me, with the rest of the family. He doesn’t remember how to just let go and love. He’s not the same man I married. When we first talked about having children he promised me he wouldn’t push them to be doctors, that he would let our children decide what they wanted to be, but as soon as Mike was born he started telling everyone his son was going to be a surgeon like him. He never gave your brother a chance to want to do anything else. I should have stopped him. I regret not doing that.” She sighed and turned to look at Cas.

“Honey, you were my surprise child. I thought I was done having kids, and then you came along. I knew you would be a blessing in disguise, and you are so strong. You stood up to your father when even I couldn’t, and you have made a life for yourself. Granted, I didn’t see you being with another man when I pictured what your life would be like once you were free of your father’s control, but I like Dean, and I believe he is good for you. He seems to make you stronger, and I think you need that. And Eli, how did I not see that one?” She said with a small laugh. “And to think, I liked him from the moment I first met him and thought he was just your roommate. I will be honored to call him my son in law.” She placed a hand gently against her son’s cheek and smiled at him. “You just let me know where and when the wedding is, so I can buy an absolutely fabulous dress.”

“It will be next year, early summer, on the beach, so nothing too long.” Gabe was struggling not to cry.

“It sounds beautiful. I look forward to it.”

“Come on, mom. Let’s eat.” Cas took his mother’s left hand while Gabe took her right. They were a family, regardless of what their father believed, and they had the support of the people that really mattered.

Chapter End Notes

I hope this was worth the wait. Again, I’m sorry. I needed a few days to grumble and growl at my computer for betraying me like it did.
Breakfast and Apologies

Chapter Summary

Gabe and Eli do something nice for Cas, to make up for being an ass the day before.

Chapter Notes

I am exhausted and heading to bed. Tomorrow I get to attend my very first political rally, and I'm excited. Course I dislocated my elbow AGAIN, so I picked up a cheap sling since my brace prevents me from bending it forward, but my problem is hyperflexing it once I straighten it, and the stupid brace isn't stopping that. If I had the money I'd be investing in one of those braces that has the bars on the side, to prevent you from completely straightening out your arm, but...bills. So in a sling it goes so I don't screw it up worse tomorrow. I'm a hot mess (and not in the sexy way, lol), and I'll have my heat therapy Aspercreme on as well as having ibuprofen in my purse. Not letting a dislocated and now sprained elbow stop me from experiencing this!

I doubt I'll have any time to write most of tomorrow, so I wanted to get this up now. I hope you all enjoy it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The drive back was infinitely more pleasant. They had all received presents, and Dean had been both surprised and humbled to learn that his boyfriend’s grandparents had thought to include him. He and Cas had decided that they would go shopping and buy them all something nice for Easter. They, as well as Mike, Maeve, Gabe, and Eli had been invited to the Edwards' home for Easter dinner, and everyone in the car was looking forward to it. Dean and Eli were just glad that Cas and Gabe were back on speaking terms again. When they reached the apartment building Dean once again took Cas up to his apartment while Gabe and Eli headed up to Cas’. Gabe was exhausted and ready to fall into bed, so he and Eli excused themselves early and they agreed to get together in the morning for breakfast at Dean’s. As they stripped down for bed Dean brought up what had been on his mind all day.

“So, your grandfather actually owns Belmont Oil? Did he found it?”

“No, he did found Edwards Hardware, and he happened to know the guy that founded Belmont Oil. It was a friend from college. His friend wanted to sell, and offered it to my grandfather first. He bought it, revamped it, got rid of all of the corrupt people running it, and replaced them with people he could trust. It took off from there and just kept growing.” Cas replied. He pressed two fingers gingerly between his eyebrows. “My head hurts.”

“I'll get you something for it. Come on.” Dean headed for the bathroom and Cas followed. While Dean found the bottle of ibuprofen and got a glass of water, Cas brushed his teeth. He took the pills with the water while Dean brushed his teeth. They returned to the bedroom together.

“I can practically hear you thinking.” Cas said as they climbed into bed. Dean grinned as he got in on
“I was wondering how they were going to help your mom out, or if they even would. But I was also wondering why is it that they aren’t helping you and your brothers more financially.”

“For several reasons. One, we were taught from an early age that it was up to us to forge our own way in this world, and to never expect handouts. Two, it’s kind of insulting knowing your family doesn’t think you can make it on your own. There is knowing that you are struggling and needing the help and then there are the people that just jump in because they have the money and thrust it in your face. Sure, to them, they’re helping, but to you it’s more like they don’t see you as capable of taking care of yourself. My grandparents realize this. If any of us needed the help, they would help us. But they wouldn’t insult us by waving money in our faces. I want to know that I can make it without their help. I pay my own rent, I buy my own food, and I pay all of my own bills. I’d be pissed if someone came along and just decided to throw money at me because I’m not living up to their standards.” Cas explained.

“That actually makes perfect sense. I would be mad too. I’m already doing my best to help my brother through college while I save for my own house. If someone decided to just buy me a house or pay for my brother’s education I’d be pretty pissed myself. I like working hard and knowing that I’m making a difference, but I also like knowing that I can take care of things myself.” Dean said.

Cas turned on his side and slipped his hands under the side of his head as he smiled at his boyfriend.

“I knew you’d understand. I may come from money, but it’s not mine, I didn’t work for it, and it’s not mine to just take because it’s there. My brothers feel the same way. And my mother is safe, should she and my dad get a divorce. She has a trust fund that my dad can’t touch because of their pre-nup. And she gets the house.”

“Good. I figured her folks would make sure she was ok.” Dean turned on his side, mirroring the way Cas was lying. “How’s your nose?”

“It aches. Do you think I should put the brace back on?”

“I think…” Dean pushed Cas onto his back and then dragged the man over until he could completely wrap him in his arms. “That you should be over here so I can keep you from rolling onto your stomach.”

Cas sighed happily and placed a hand over the one Dean had resting on his stomach. “This works for me.”

Dean kissed his temple before nuzzling against his cheek. “Good, cause I like having you close like this.”

“I love you, Dean.” Cas murmured as he began to drift off.

“I love you too, sweetheart. So, so much.”

The next morning Dean was up early, already cooking breakfast by the time Cas woke up. He stumbled into the kitchen with a scowl on his face and Dean pushed a hot cup of coffee into his hands immediately. He kissed his boyfriend’s forehead before pushing the grump in the direction of the living room.

“Go watch some TV. I’ll have breakfast ready in a few minutes. Gabe and Eli should be here in about twenty.” Dean told him. He got a grunt in return and watched Cas leave the room. Even on
school days when he had to work, Cas was not a morning person. That was fine, Dean liked getting things done in the morning before Cas woke up. He finished making pancakes, bacon, sausage, scrambled eggs and was just putting toast into the toaster when there came a knock at the door. Cas was on his second cup of coffee and still not terribly sociable, but he got up from his spot on the couch to go and answer the door.

“Good morning, little brother!” Gabe greeted him. Cas just glared.

“Someone’s not completely awake yet.” Eli said with a laugh.

“I know something that will cheer him up though.” Gabe’s grin was full of the mischief Cas had known when they were boys and it made him suspicious. He narrowed his eyes and gripped his cup tighter.

“What are you up to?”

“Why don’t you come back to your apartment and I’ll show you.” Gabe replied.

“Oh, I want to see!” Dean came out of the kitchen wiping his hands on a dish towel.

“Do you know what they’re up to?” Cas turned his suspicion on his boyfriend. Dean chuckled and shook his head.

“No, sorry, I wasn’t made privy to their plans, but I’m curious. Will it take long? I have breakfast on the table now.”

“Nope. Just a couple of minutes. Or we can go over there after breakfast.” Gabe said.

“Yeah, let’s go after breakfast. The toast will be ready in a sec and I don’t want to butter it cold.” Dean started back towards the kitchen and everyone followed.

“Oh, you made a big spread.” Eli remarked as he took a seat next to Gabe.

“Coffee?” Dean asked. “I had to make another pot, someone is intent on drinking a full pot this morning.” He winked at Cas who pursed his lips and sat down at the table.

“Sure, sounds good.” Gabe said. Eli nodded.

“For me as well. We could both use it.”

“Why? What time did you wake up?” Cas asked them.

“We’ve been up since seven.” Eli replied. Dean set a cup down in front of each of them along with a bowl of sugar and a bottle of liquid creamer.

“Why?” Cas was hard pressed to get up before ten on his days off.

“We…had an errand to run.” Gabe replied carefully.

“I don’t trust you.” Cas said.

“You never did, but I blame myself. I did pull a lot of pranks on you and Mike growing up.”

Cas stared at his brother a moment longer before he was distracted by the plate of food Dean was setting down in front of him.
“Don’t sweat it, babe. Enjoy breakfast and glare at him later.” Dean put plates of food down in front of Gabe and Eli before sitting down with his own plate. Extra bacon and sausage was sitting in a warming dish in the center of the table and Cas quickly finished his own bacon. He took two more slices before digging into his pancakes.

“Are you sleeping well in Cas’ bed?” Dean asked.

“It’s decent. You need a new mattress though. It’s no wonder you don’t sleep well.” Gabe looked over at Cas who shrugged.

“I sleep most nights in Dean’s bed anyway, and he has a memory foam mattress. I sleep very well there.”

“We have that too, back home. Best night’s sleep I’ve ever had once we invested in one.” Eli said.

“How long are you here for?” Dean looked between the two men.

“We must return tomorrow. Our flight leaves Indianapolis at five pm. I wish we could stay longer. We’re hoping you’ll come visit this summer though, and spend time with us.” Eli said. “Our spare bedrooms all have memory foam too.”

“You’ve sold me.” Dean laughed. For the first time that morning Cas cracked a smile.

“I would like to go swimming. Can we go down to the beach like you said?”

“Absolutely.” Eli promised.

“Dean, we’ll need to go back to Goodwill, I’ll need more tee shirts.” Cas looked over at his boyfriend who nodded in agreement.

“Goodwill?” Gabe asked.

“When I first moved here I had the same clothes I did in college, which wasn’t very much at all. I had nothing to really go out and have fun in, and I needed things like tee shirts, pajamas, and I couldn’t afford them from big name stores, so Dean showed me a bunch of ways to save money. Goodwill has been a lifesaver for me. I got my crock pot there, the bed set on my bed at the moment came from there, and practically everything I wear now. We go the first Saturday of each month as it’s half price day. I save myself several hundred dollars that way.” Cas explained.

“I used to go to Goodwill a lot when I was a resident. I couldn’t afford much of anything. Even my scrubs came from there in the beginning. All of my appliances, my furniture in my first apartment, it all came from there, so I totally get it.” Eli said.

“I’ve never shopped there. What exactly is it like?” Gabe had never stepped foot in any store even remotely like Goodwill, so he had no idea.

“You know how you would pass your clothes and computers down to me growing up? It’s like that. It’s just a second hand store. People donate things they no longer want or need. Some of the stuff isn’t really useable, but some stuff is virtually brand new. You can ask Dean, I went in last month and picked up three new dress shirts for work, Ralph Lauren, with the tags still on them. They’d be what, thirty? Forty a piece in the store? I picked them up for two twenty five each.” Cas was really proud of that little discovery.

“Wow, not bad.” Gabe had to admit, he was impressed.
“I got this tee shirt there too. I really like the funny ones.” Cas pulled his shirt down so they could see the picture. A cartoon dinosaur on the front saying ‘If You’re Happy and You Know It, Clap Your Oh…’ Gabe snorted and Eli grinned.

“I have seen that one before. I do like that.” Eli said.

“I have three Star Wars ones too but a certain someone keeps stealing them.” Cas raised an eyebrow at Dean who just laughed.

What can I say? I love Star Wars!”

“One of our first dates was Dean introducing me to the movies. I had never seen them before.” Cas explained. “But I very much like them now.”

“They are some of my favorite movies as well.” Eli said.

They finished breakfast and when it was done, Gabe began pulling his brother towards the door.

“Come on!” He cried. Dean and Eli laughed at his enthusiasm. As they ducked out the front door Eli leaned in close to Dean.

“He felt bad about upsetting Cas yesterday, and he had promised to buy him a television back when he first moved in, so he went and did that, but also some more things. We both expect that he will move it over here when you two move in together, and that way, if you don’t already have a television in your bedroom you can move yours in there as this one is a bit too big for the bedroom.” He whispered.

“He’s going to be thrilled.” Dean said.

“We certainly hope so.” Eli crossed his fingers for show, making the other man snicker.

Gabe threw open the door to his brother’s apartment and stepped back so Cas could enter first.

“Gabe, what are you-” Cas turned and spotted the brand new entertainment center with the television mounted to it. “Oh!” He gasped.

“Dude, that is awesome!” Dean went over immediately and began checking it out. “They got you a Blu Ray player too!”

“A what?” Cas went over to look. “A DVD player?”

“Yeah, sort of, but it plays movies in higher definition. You know how you like the fighter jet scenes in the Star Wars movies? This will make them seem even more realistic.” Dean explained.

“Oh, that will be wonderful! I imagine documentaries will be amazing as well?”

Dean chuckled and nodded. Only his boyfriend would get a fifty inch television as a gift and immediately think of all the documentaries he could watch on it. Cas turned to his brother and hugged him tight.

“Thank you, this is more than I could have ever hoped for. I expected maybe a twenty inch or something when you said you were buying me a TV. I certainly didn’t expect this! But I love it.” He hugged Eli too. “Now I just have to buy some movies.”
“I have a ton to choose from, babe.” Dean reminded him, but he knew Cas was thinking of documentaries. God he loved the man so much.

“So, if Dean has movies, let’s watch one.” Gabe said.

“Sure! Let’s go pick one out.” Dean started for the door.

“Can it be something scary?” Eli asked. Dean nodded.

“You got it!”

Chapter End Notes

I do hope you all liked that. A nice gift, even if Gabe went a bit over the top. He wants Cas to know that he does love him. :)

I am off to bed now. Goodnight!
Cas gets good news and he's excited to share it with Dean.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Gabe and Eli returned to Texas and Dean and Cas went back to work as usual. Cas was glad that most of the bruising was gone by the time his kids had to see him, and very few questions were really asked. January faded into February and Dean encouraged him to start putting in the job applications at schools in and around Indianapolis. At the end of March he was called for an interview at a school in Carmel, and he was practically bouncing with excitement when Dean came home from work that night. He had made them a roast in the crock pot and was just finishing up the mashed potatoes when he heard the front door open. Though technically he had his own apartment, Cas spent nearly all of his time at Dean’s now. He just couldn’t officially move in because he had a lease until the end of August and would face a huge fine if he broke it, so he just continued to pay his rent, though he really didn’t spend much time there anymore. When Dean walked in the kitchen he hurried over to him.

“Guess what!” He was shaking with excitement and it had Dean smiling.

“What?”

“I have a job interview! There’s a teacher’s institution day next week and they want me to come in on that day. It’s for a position as a third grade teacher. I’m so excited, Dean!” Cas cried. Dean grabbed him and spun him around in a circle before planting a big kiss on his lips.

“That’s awesome! I’m sorry Bobby didn’t have anything for you when we went home, but I’ll ask around. I think Benny might have something. But that doesn’t matter, I’ll drive you. I have to go to Indy all of next week, so we’ll just ride down together. You can take the car and go shopping or whatever, and just pick me up when you’re done.”

“You’re sure? You trust me to drive Baby?” Cas knew how important the car was to Dean, and he didn’t want to do anything to break Dean’s trust in him.

“Of course, babe. There are two malls down there, plus lots of stores and stuff. Or…” Dean smiled wide. “You could see if there are any houses you like? Maybe go take a look, or check out the area? See what’s available, what the schools are like, that kind of stuff.”

Cas liked that idea. “Ok, I’ll go online and see what is available and cross reference it with crime rates, school ratings, and population. I’d still like to be a little outside of the big cities, not right in them.” He felt that it would be nicer for the chickens they wanted to raise, but also for when they
eventually started a family. Just thinking about that made his stomach do a flip. He was still amazed that Dean was in love with him and wanted to have a home and a family with him.

“We can do that after dinner, yeah? What did you make? I saw you putting something in the crock pot this morning but I wanted to be surprised, so I didn’t peek. Smells like a roast though.” Dean sniffed the air. “Smells really good.”

Cas nodded. “Yes, I did make a roast. I bought this pot roast sauce and decided to try it. It sure smells wonderful. Help me set the table, ok?”

They worked together to get the food on the table, and Cas brought out the pitcher of raspberry ice tea Eli had emailed him the recipe for, and they sat down to eat. Throughout dinner they talked about the things Cas had done with his students and what Dean had dealt with at work.

“How do you feel about that? Will you be able to forgive him if he does apologize?” Dean was worried about Cas’ mental state where his father was concerned.

“I don’t know. I mean, he’s my dad, and I do love him, but he really hurt me. And I’d need to know he was being genuine, you know? A false apology just to get my mother to come back to him would not be worth it. I don’t have time in my life for fake people, even if it’s my own father.” Cas dried his hands on a dish towel and looked over at Dean. “I’m going to go turn on my laptop and take a look at the towns around Indy.”

Dean watched his boyfriend leave the room. For Cas’ sake he really hoped Stephen Novak came around and decided his kids were more important than his own vanity. His wife and his sons needed him. With a heavy sigh he turned off the water and left to go and find Cas. Maybe there would be some nice houses for Cas to tour.

Chapter End Notes

So Cas has an interview. Yay! And lets hope his dad comes around for the sake of the whole family.
Interviews and House Tours

Chapter Summary

Cas thinks he has aced his job interview, and after lunch with Dean he goes to tour the houses.

Chapter Notes

I couldn't put up a chapter yesterday because I had a couple of things going on. First, I got my older daughter registered to vote (You have no idea how old that makes me feel), second, I had my younger daughter sick all day. On top of all of that, I had a migraine. It was a miserable day yesterday. This morning I woke up and the migraine was even worse. I iced it, drank copious amounts of coffee, and it eased up. So for the moment my head isn't trying to kill me. I took the opportunity to write this chapter. I hope you all like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Cas lined up three houses to look at after his interview and as they drove down to Indianapolis that Tuesday he was telling Dean about the features each house had, and what work they might still need. He’d already shown the pictures to Dean, so he had a rough idea of what he did and didn’t like, but he wanted Cas to actually walk through them. He explained the things Cas would need to look for, like leaks in the ceiling, missing roof tiles, moisture, bubbling paint, and a long list of other things. Cas had a notepad in his pocket that covered all of it, and he felt up to the challenge. Ten copies of his resume were tucked into the leather briefcase Dean had bought for him and he had gone online to apply to a bunch more schools in the area, all of which wanted a physical copy of his resume, so he intended to drop them off after the interview and before he went to look at the houses. His entire day was predictably packed, but he was looking forward to it. Dean pulled into a hotel parking lot and turned the car off.

“Ok, so this is where I’ll be working the first half of today. I have someone working with me today, so I’ll get him to drive me to the next job. I will be here til probably two. I’m doing rewiring and updating the circuit breakers. I’ve been working on this particular one for a few weeks now, so I’m almost done. If you want to swing by when you’re done with dropping off the resumes we can get lunch before you go on your first tour.”

“Ok, that sounds good. The interview is at nine and I don’t think it will last more than an hour. I have Google maps to tell me where the other schools in the area are, and I already calculated the most efficient route between them so I’m not driving around aimlessly all day wasting gas. I can swing back through here around one and we can get lunch then. I tour the first house at three.”

Dean already knew all of this but he understood how nervous Cas was, and that he was going over all of this for his own peace of mind. He cupped his boyfriend’s face between his hands and leaned in to kiss him softly.
“You’re awesome, baby. So smart and good with kids, they’re going to love you. You go and charm their pants off, ok?”

Cas relaxed and smiled up at him. “Yeah, ok.”

They got out and Dean took several heavy tool bags out of the trunk of the car. Usually he drove his van to accounts, but today Cas needed the car, and he was almost done with all of the rewiring, so it wasn’t that big of a deal to drive the Impala down here. He looked forward to the day when he could make a quick drive to various accounts in the area and be home within a half hour of leaving work. He handed the car keys over to Cas and gave him one last kiss before sending him on his way. His faith in Cas’ abilities as a teacher were strong. His boyfriend had this. Hopefully the job would be everything he had hoped for.

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Cas was confident that he had aced the job interview. The principal, a woman by the name of Hannah liked his qualifications, and he already had an excellent referral from the school he was currently working for, so when he walked out at ten minutes after ten he was fairly certain that before the week was over he would be getting a formal job offer. The pay was much better than what he was currently making, but there was the potential for raises, and that gave him something to consider. As he walked out to the car he sent a text to Dean to let him know he was done.

Dean didn’t answer back which meant he was busy, so Cas loaded the map and started making his way around to the different schools. He was just walking out of the fourth one when his phone vibrated with a new text.

Dean: I knew you’d ace it! I told you that you’re amazing! I’m finishing up rewiring one of the rooms but I’ll be ready for food right about one. Meet you out front?

Cas: I’ll be out there waiting.

Dean: Ok, see you in a little while, gorgeous. I love you.

Cas: I love you too.

Cas stuck his phone back in his pocket and got back in the car. Six more schools to go…

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Dean grinned wide when the Impala pulled up in front and nudged the man standing next to him.

“Isn’t she gorgeous?”

His friend Eddie gaped at the car. “Dude, she’s mint!”

“I told you. I don’t usually drive her down here though, but I wasn’t making Cas drive down here alone.” Dean said as he started walking towards the car. He motioned for Cas to get out for a moment, so he did.

“This is your boyfriend?” Eddie asked as he walked over.
“Yep, this is Cas.” Dean said proudly. Cas held out a hand.

“You must be Eddie. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Eddie shook his hand and nodded. “Same. Dean talks about you all the time. I have to admit, you’re not exactly what I expected.”

Cas tilted his head and side eyed Dean who was laughing. “Oh? And what did you expect?”

“I’m not exactly sure, but you’re not it.” Eddie replied with a laugh. Cas grinned.

“Are you joining us for lunch?”

“No, I’m meeting my girl. I’ll be back at two though.” Eddie directed his words at Dean who nodded.

“Alright. We have the lobby to finish. I already called the other account and told them we’ll be working on them all day tomorrow.”

“Alright. See you at two.” Eddie waved before walking away. Dean turned to Cas.

“What do you have a taste for?”

“Doesn’t make a difference to me.” Cas replied.

Dean opened the passenger door and to Cas’ surprise, slid into the car. He got in behind the wheel and started the car.

“I have a taste for tacos. How about Taco Bell?”

“That sounds good to me.” Cas agreed. “I want a Nacho Bell Grande.” Dean grinned at him.

“Now we’re talking!”

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After lunch Cas dropped Dean back off at the hotel and made his way to the first house. It was outside of the city limits by almost a half hour and when he pulled up our front he knew right away that he didn’t like it. He snapped a few pictures and texted them to Dean while he waited for the realtor to arrive.

Cas: Dean, I’m sorry to bother you at work but I’m at this house and I really don’t like it.

Dean responded faster than he had expected.

Dean: You caught me in the bathroom. What is it that you don’t like? Add it to your notepad so you know what to look for on future tours.

Cas: Well…

Cas: It’s ugly, Dean. And there’s no land, but it backs up to corn fields. If they dust that in the spring and summer my allergies will go insane. So will yours. Oh, and the gutter in the front is hanging off. And the porch is cement and full of cracks. I think the tree in the front is pushing its roots into the house. I’ll have to check the basement for signs of flood damage like you showed me.

Dean: Take pictures of the inside too so I can see what condition it’s in, but if you dislike it that
much don’t even bother with the tour. Tell the agent you don’t like it and have her show you something else.

Cas: Oh, I think she’s here. I’m going to go talk to her now. I’ll text you later.

Dean: Ok. I’ll have my phone on me but if I’m rewiring something I won’t be able to answer right away.

Cas: I understand.

He stuck his phone back in his pocket and got out of the car, crossing the street to meet the realtor, a lady in a tan suit by the name of Greta. Despite his dislike of the house he decided to do a quick tour anyway, taking the pictures Dean requested while also writing down everything he saw that would need fixing. There was very little that he actually liked about the house. The kitchen was nice and the living room was big, but those were really the only redeeming qualities. Otherwise the house was a mess and after he snapped the pictures of the poor excuse for a backyard and the fields it backed up to, he was pretty sure Dean wouldn’t like it either. Thankfully the other house was clear on the other side of the city, and out in the country. It came with five acres but it was a bit out of their price range. The house itself had so much potential though and Cas loved it. He took copious notes and snapped what was probably hundreds of pictures. Later he would have Dean upload them to the computer so he could see them on a larger screen. Overall he really liked the house and the yard. It was quiet, exactly what he was looking for. It was just the price. They’d be struggling to make the payments, even if he took the job at Wexler Elementary. Of course payments would be lower if they made a larger down payment. Cas had been setting aside money to help with that and already had close to two thousand saved since he had turned off his utilities and was now splitting food costs with Dean. He wanted it to be a surprise, and to show Dean that he could contribute too. It was with a heavy heart that he left this house and moved on to the last one for the day.

The third house was also in the country and was just as nice as the second house. It came with seven acres but also had the option to buy more land later. Cas was delighted to see that there was already a large chicken coop in the backyard, and he actually clapped when he was told that it came with the house. It was peaceful and part of the acreage was wooded. He liked that. The house itself was amazing with three bedrooms, two full baths and a half bath, a fully remodeled kitchen, and a sunporch. It needed some work but overall it was everything he and Dean both wanted. Again he took a ton of pictures and wrote down everything he liked and didn’t like. The major issue was the price. It was outside their budget and unless they hit the lottery, they weren’t going to be able to afford it. Still, he had more jobs he was applying to, and maybe something with a much better pay would pan out and they could get something this nice. These things were still on his mind as he drove to the hotel to pick Dean up. Dean was standing outside waiting and as soon as he pulled up, he popped the trunk so the bags could be stored inside. He looked exhausted as he slid into the passenger seat.

“How was work?” Cas asked him.

“Good. I’m done for now with this account. I have a contract with them for the next three years though, so if anything breaks with the electric or they need more work done, they’ll call me. Eventually they’ll need the electric in the ballroom, the pool room, and the dining hall updated, but they’re doing it in bits and pieces. Eddie and me, we rewired a hundred and ten rooms over the last month, and the main lobby. I’m worn out.” Dean tried to stifle a yawn. Cas reached over to run his fingers through his boyfriend’s hair.

“So, back home then?” He asked.

“Food first, if that’s ok. I’m too tired to cook tonight.” Dean replied.
“Alright. There’s a little family restaurant down the street here, we can go there and I’ll tell you all about the houses. I took a lot of notes on each one, just like you told me to, and I have a ton of pictures.” Cas said excitedly. Dean smiled at his enthusiasm.

“So you found something you like then?”

Cas nodded eagerly. “Wait til I show you!”

Dean’ smile widened. “I look forward to it.”

Chapter End Notes

I do hope you enjoyed this. I'm not sure just how many more chapters there will be of this one, but they’ll be sweet together. :)
Good News

Chapter Summary

Cas gets some good news, and he stops in at Dean's job to share it.

Chapter Notes

I do hope you like this chapter. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Over dinner Cas showed Dean his notes and the pictures he had taken of each house. Dean was in agreement after seeing the pictures from the first house. It was awful and definitely not what they were wanting. Dean really liked the second house though. There were things he added to the notes as he looked through the pictures but mostly it was little things, like putting up doors instead of curtains on the bedroom closets and updating the bathrooms. It was little stuff he could do himself. The yard was fantastic and he loved the view. Cas was concerned about the price and Dean had to admit, it was a bit higher than he had hoped, but he was pretty sure he could talk them down if they were serious about it. Then Cas pulled up the pictures of the third house. Dean’s jaw dropped as he flipped through the pictures.

“Cas, baby, this house has everything we wanted. It's perfect!”

Cas smiled and leaned his head on Dean’s shoulder as they looked through the rest of the pictures.

“It was amazing but it’s well out of our price range. It’s even more expensive than the last house. I love it, but it’s just way too much.”

Dean flipped through the notepad until he saw the price.

“Shit! That’s not a little price jump either. I told the realtor our price range. I’ll call her tomorrow and make it clear that we don’t want to see things outside of it. It’s not fair to want something we can’t physically afford to buy.”

“Even if I got this new job and you took on a bunch of new accounts I don’t think we could comfortably pay for it, so it’s best to keep looking. I’m sure there is the right one out there for us.” Cas smiled as Dean kissed his forehead.

“You’re right. There are plenty for sale, and as nice as this one is, the only real flaw I see is that it’s forty minutes outside of the city. That’s a bit of a commute. Driving to work isn’t so bad, but after a long day of work, and then dealing with the traffic to get back out of the city? It’ll wear us both down pretty quickly.” Dean said. Cas hummed in agreement.

“You ready to head home now?” Dean asked him.

“Yes, I am. The realtor said she was sending me a list of houses. We can go through them together.”
Cas replied.

“Then let’s go home.”

The next few months passed by in slow motion. Cas still hadn’t heard back from his interview but he had also gone on two more, so he wasn’t too worried. When the end of the school year finally came, he felt an incredibly sense of relief. Dean was working longer hours to save more money and Cas felt guilty that for the summer he wasn’t going to have anything to put into his own savings, so he took on a summer position teaching water safety down at the Y. He was saving as much as he possibly could and thanks to Benny, he got his first car the second week of June. It was an old Lincoln but Dean made sure the car was in excellent condition, so he felt safe driving it. He made trips to Indy several times each week for job interviews and to tour houses. The third week of June he had interviewed with a middle school, just on the off chance they might consider him for the open social studies teacher position. It paid the best of all the schools he had looked into, and to his surprise, the first week of July he was called back for a second interview. It turned out they were running summer school, so the principal came in to do the interview. He was offered the position and never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, he quickly accepted. From there he drove immediately to the office building he knew Dean was working at. The receptionist told him he could find Dean on the sixth floor, so he took the elevator up. He found his boyfriend at the top of a ladder with his head and shoulders hidden inside of an open ceiling tire. Eddie and a pretty woman with curly black hair were watching him. Eddie noticed Cas walking in first.

“Hey, what are you doing here?” Eddie said, grinning wide. Cas smiled back.

“I came with good news.”

Dean, upon hearing Cas’ voice ducked his head down so he could see him.

“Hey, what’s that about news?”

Cas smiled even wider. “I got the job.”

Dean cheered and hurried down the ladder to sweep Cas up into his arms and spin him around. “You got the one that you did that second interview for today, right? The one with the really good pay?”

Cas nodded excitedly. “Yes! Teaching sixth grade social studies. The benefits are wonderful too. School starts back August first. Now we just have to find a house!”

Dean laughed and hugged Cas to him. “We’ll find one, baby. Why don’t you call the realtor and see if you can’t line up a couple more for tonight? When I get out of here I’ll meet you and we can look together.”

“I’ll call her. Did you want me to bring you some lunch? Are you hungry?” Cas asked.

“I would love that. I’ll be done with this office in about a half hour. Surprise me, ok?” Dean asked as he started backing up again towards the ladder.

“I will do that. Eddie, would you like anything?” Cas turned to the other man who shrugged.

“Sure. I’ll eat just about anything. Just let me know how much it is and I’ll pay you when you get back.”

Cas gave one last wave and then he was out the door, heading back to the elevators. Dean watched
him go with a huge, dopey grin on his face.

“You big sap.” Eddie teased. Dean laughed at that.

“So what if I am? I love him.” He climbed back up the ladder.

“That’s your boyfriend?” The woman, her name was easy to remember: Cassie, asked.

“Yes. Isn’t he hot as hell?” Dean asked with a lascivious grin. Eddie chuckled and shook his head as he looked over at the woman. He knew she was only watching Dean work because she was attracted to him and he wasn’t wearing a wedding band.

“Dean brags about his hot boyfriend all the time.” Eddie said loud enough for Dean to hear.

“Shut up.” Dean laughed. “I’m going to marry that man one day. He’s the best thing that has ever happened to me. You’re just jealous.”

“Buddy, I don’t swing that way and you know it.” Eddie’s laugh was loud and reverberated off the walls of the office.

“Yeah, well, I lucked out finding Cas. I made a promise to his brother though, and I don’t want to screw anything up. Career for him, buy a house together, and next year I’m asking him to marry me. I have a plan.” Dean was back up in the ceiling, working again on the wiring.

“Why wait?” Cassie asked out of curiosity.

“I promised his brother I would wait two years. So, next year on his birthday, which is in August, I will propose. I already picked out the ring I want and made a down payment. I’m thrilled he got the job he wanted. He applied to a lot of schools but most either never called him back or they offered him jobs not worth the pay. He has a master’s degree. Now he’ll be making the kind of money he wanted while doing what he loves. If we can find a house we both like, it’ll make everything even more perfect.”

“I’m happy for him. For you both, actually. I wonder what he’s going to grab us for lunch.” Eddie mused. Cassie snickered and after looking up briefly one last time at Dean, walked away.

“She was into you, you know.” Eddie moved to the base of the ladder and looked up at Dean.

“Yeah, I could tell. She’s not the first, won’t be the last. But I don’t care. I don’t play the field. I’m dead serious when I say I’m marrying him someday, and it’ll be sooner rather than later, if I have any say in it.” Dean’s voice echoed but Eddie heard him clearly.

“Yeah, I hear ya. I’m thinking of asking my girl to marry me. We’ve been together four years now and I’m still as crazy about her now as I was the day we first met.”

“Go for it. If you love her, ask.” Dean said.

Eddie smiled more to himself than anyone else. “Yeah, I think I will.”

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Cas dropped off lunch before hurrying to get down to the realtor’s office. She had asked him to stop by so they could discuss some houses in the area that were for sale. He walked in and Greta was already waiting for him.

“Hello, Castiel! It’s so good to see you again. Will Dean be joining you this afternoon?” She asked
as she led him back to her office.

“Not right now, but he would like to join me on any tours you might be able to line up for this evening.” He replied. She directed him to a chair at the table she liked to sit clients down at so she could lay out the paperwork on different houses. There was already a stack of folders waiting.

“That’s wonderful! I think you’re both going to be very pleased with the news I am about to tell you.” She said as she sat down across from him.

“Oh?” He cocked his head as he watched her sort through the stack until she pulled one out.

“I showed you a house a few months back, in Pendleton. You fell in love with it but it was out of your price range. I am still so sorry about that.” She told him as she opened the folder in front of her. “I’ve been looking ever since then for a similar house within your budget, and I think I’ve not only found one you will like, but it has even more land. It’s only about twenty five to thirty minutes outside of Indianapolis, in Fisher.” She slid the folder across the table to him and watched as he looked through all of the pictures.

The house was gorgeous. The kitchen had been remodeled and it was huge. Dean would love the size and all of the updated appliances. There were sliding glass doors that opened onto a huge deck, plus there were huge windows that let the sunlight pour into the kitchen. The living room was also quite big, though the forest green carpet left something to be desired. Knowing Dean like he did, Cas bet the man would pull it out and install hardwood floors if there weren’t already some under there. There were two full bathrooms on the second floor, a half bath on the first floor as well as a half bath in the finished basement. There were three bedrooms on the second floor, one on the first floor, plus rooms in the basement. The actual property itself was what got Cas excited. It was ten acres and came with a barn! He wouldn’t need a coop if he let the chickens live in the barn! It was large enough that he thought perhaps he could also turn part of it into a greenhouse for the vegetables Dean wanted to grow. They could start them in the greenhouse and then move them out to the garden later. The best part of all was that it was within their price range.

“Can we see this one tonight?” He looked up at her excitedly. She nodded.

“Absolutely. How does six o’clock sound?” She asked.

“That sounds perfect.” He agreed.

Chapter End Notes

Off to bed I go. I’m still trying to get over this virus. It's wreaking havoc on my intestines. They feel so tender and inflamed. And the migraines refuse to leave completely. I have one sick kid too. It's not turning out to be a fun spring. Oh well. In better news, I got a new pair of shoes at my best friend's insistence (I think she got tired of me hobbling around), and they're ridiculously comfortable. Best news of all? I can wear them without the ankle brace! I've worn that thing for like the last 3 months. I couldn't wear my last pair of gym shoes without it because anything, and I mean ANYTHING brushing against my achilles tendon had me almost screaming in pain. It's slowly been healing because I've been babying it as much as I can. It's still healing, and touching it still does hurt a bit, but the new shoes are padded in the back enough that I felt no pain at all when I wore them, and my right foot feels ok too. I tore the arch on that foot last summer, and then proceeded to tear it over and over again because I didn’t
have the money for decent shoes. So today I actually got the pleasure of walking around without pain in my feet. It's been so long since I've been able to do that! Now I'm just trying to put together money to get my daughter and myself new glasses. The piece that helps your glasses sit on your nose broke off of hers, and then both arms broke. (Kids), and mine are so badly scratched I can barely see, plus my prescription has definitely changed. So, going to try to rework what little budget I have to do that. Everything I have currently goes into bills, rent, and my mother's needs. My mother is now completely bed ridden, and with zero bladder control, so I am literally spending no less than two hundred dollars a month in diapers, pads, and don't forget all the laundry I have to do in order to keep her nightgowns and sheets clean. Now that I can stand without wanting to cry, I am upping my job search. It's not going to be easy since my mother literally can't be left alone for more than a few hours. If we go out anywhere, she forgets what we told her and panics and starts messaging or calling us to find out when we're coming back, and she forgets that she has already eaten. Her insurance will not approve a home nurse, so her care falls to me and my kids. So it's not as easy as just going out and getting a job. I wish it was.

It would be wonderful if my books would sell better. And Monijune, I promise to get back to the one you've been helping me brain storm on. The angsty one. First, I gotta get over this virus. From there, I can think of other things. I just want my belly to stop feeling so tender! What the heck kind of virus even does this?! My younger daughter has it much worse. She can't hold anything down, but her belly hurts, plus she has it coming out the other end. So she's miserable. Just trying to keep my mom from catching it!

I wrote this chapter tonight. I wanted them to get some good news, and so they have. Things are really looking up for them both. I hope you liked this chapter.
The Tour

Chapter Summary

Dean and Cas go on the tour of the house, and they immediately fall in love with the place.

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry this chapter is so short, but I've been very busy. My older daughter, as many of you know, has Asperger's, and we had a rough day because her hamster died. At least we had an idea that was coming, he was old, but she was still upset. Tomorrow I have some things going on that will be even harder on me and my kids, but only for a little while, I hope. Things are just a bit hard at the moment. I'm riding shotgun on a trip to Chicago tomorrow. If I had more time I'd be like "Hey, anyone in the Chitown area want to get together for coffee?" But alas, my day is packed. Maybe next time. I'll be drained by the time I get home.

I took the time to get this chapter written. It's short, but it's sweet. I hope you all like it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cas texted Dean the address and waited for him to show up. Dean arrived before the realtor and since no one was currently living in the house, they took a few minutes to look at the exterior.

“Cas, this place is amazing, look at all this land!” Dean bounced back and forth excitedly making Cas laugh. He loved seeing Dean this happy. “How many acres is this?”

“Eight that are farmable, four that are not. See that copse of trees back there? That’s the dividing property line. We could put a chicken coop over here, and look at the barn! If you don’t want the chickens near the house, we could turn a stall into a coop, right? I don’t think I want horses, that’s a lot of hard work and they’re sort of scary, but we could do other things, right? And look at all of the space we could grow things. I’d like a flower garden. Can we keep bees?” Cas was just as excited as Dean and he hadn’t even seen the inside of the house yet.

“You guys liking the outside so far?”

They turned around to see Greta walking across the backyard towards them.

“So far it’s great. Can we take a look at the barn first?” Dean asked. She nodded.

“Absolutely. I’ll fill you in on some more facts as we walk.”

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It turned out the original house that had sat on the property had been torn down and the current house built in 1918, but had been completely gutted and remodeled in the early 2000’s. In the last ten years
the roof had been replaced, the windows had been changed out for thermal ones, the plumbing had been completely redone, carpets had been torn up and the original hardwood floors sanded and restored, the foundation fixed of all leaks, and the electric had been updated to current standards. The barn, as far as Dean could tell would need some weatherproofing and a few rotten boards replaced. He wasn’t sure about putting chickens out here unless they got a few barn cats as well to keep rodents and other pests away. He was pretty sure Cas would love that idea. The current owners had grown all their own food and whatever they had extra, they canned or sold at the farmer’s market. They were an older couple that had decided to sell and move to Florida.

“You’ll be please to know that if you decide that you want to do canning or store vegetables in the winter, there is a root cellar attached to the house.” Greta was a very cheerful person and on occasion she got on Cas’ nerves with her bubbly nature, but today he was feeding into her enthusiasm. By the time they got back up to the house itself he was so eager to get inside he was almost thrumming with energy. Dean took his hand and squeezed it as Greta entered the code on the front door. As they stepped inside they both smiled. It was spacious with an open floor plan, vaulted ceilings, a balcony that overlooked the living room, a huge fireplace that Dean was pretty sure could heat the entire first floor, a set of sliding glass doors in the living room and in the kitchen that led out onto the deck that wrapped around three quarters of the house.

The bedroom on the first floor wasn’t huge, but Dean thought it would serve very nicely as a study and a quiet place for Cas to grade papers and go over his course planning. The bathrooms had a few things neither of them liked, but they were easy fixes. Mostly it was paint and some hardware updates. When they reached the second floor they cringed at the green carpet.

“Are there hardwood floors under this?” Dean asked.

“I believe so. I’m not positive though. The owners said this was put in the year they remodeled the place, so may 2000, 2001? It could use some upgrading, but I’m sure they kept it because getting out of bed and walking on icy cold floors is not pleasant.” She said. Cas wrinkled his nose.

“If the place is properly heated, the floors wouldn’t be that bad, I would think.” Dean nodded in agreement.

“I bet I could install heated floors. We wouldn’t even really have to turn on the heat for the second floor if I heat the floors in all of the rooms. Of all the things mentioned, I didn’t hear anything about insulation.” He looked at Greta who was immediately flipping through the description of the house on her tablet.

“Oh, insulation was redone when the house was remodeled. No drafts, no leaks, house is cozy in the winter.” She said with her usual cheer.

“Then I could do the heated floors easily.” Dean decided.

They went through each of the upstairs bedrooms and Dean could tell Cas was in love with the place. Hell, so was he. At the end of the tour Greta left them alone in the master bedroom and went downstairs to wait.

“I’ve been saving money.” Cas blurted. Dean cocked an eyebrow in surprise.

“Ok…”

“To put towards the down payment, Dean. It’s not a lot. She says the more we put down, the lower our mortgage would be.” Cas explained.
“She’s right. I have been saving like mad but I only have fifteen. I sent Sammy a couple thousand to get an apartment so he wouldn’t have to ask our parents for help. Plus my parent’s plumbing is bad. Some pipes busted last year and I had to cover the cost when the basement flooded. I didn’t have the time to go out there and fix it myself. Fifteen is all I have left.” Dean chewed on the inside of his cheek as he thought. “I could get a loan…”

“I have a little more than six. I turned off the utilities to my apartment, canceled my Netflix, and now that we split food costs, I’ve been able to put aside most of my checks. I’ve been very carefully budgeting. I have another three that I set aside for us to go to Texas and see my brother with, but if we rework things, we could put that towards the house too.” Cas calculated it in his head. “So, fifteen and nine, that’s approximately twenty four thousand, and that’s before a bank approves us. I think after get approved we’ll be alright. There should be enough money at that point to tear out this carpet and I can help put down the heated floors if you show me. And I’ll get a more gas efficient car.” He looked around the room and imagined the bed he and Dean shared being in here. It brought a smile to his lips. “I really like this house. I think we could be very happy here.”

Dean slipped his arms around Cas’ waist and pulled him closer. “I agree. What do you say we head downstairs and make a bid?”

“I would like that very much.” Cas agreed.

Chapter End Notes

I am now off to bed. Loooong day ahead of me tomorrow. I hope you liked this chapter!
The Visitor

Chapter Summary

While Dean is over playing video games at Charlie's house, Cas is enjoying an afternoon alone to watch his documentaries. He has an unexpected visitor.

Chapter Notes

Not nearly as ominous as it might sound. I do hope you enjoy the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Cas: So, we found a house…

Meg: Omg! Where? Pics!

Cas forwarded on the best of the pics he had taken to her. She was not able to video chat where she was so they settled for normal texting. He was still kind of bummed that she hadn’t been able to come stay with him in January. Her mom had developed appendicitis and it had burst just before Meg’s classes were done, and she was quite sick, so Meg had headed home instead to take care of her. Cas missed his friend terribly, but she had plans to come visit at the end of the year.

Meg: Is it a farm?

Cas: Yes, it is. It’s amazing. So quiet and peaceful. I plan to grow flowers and Dean is planning to grow a variety of vegetables.

Meg: I didn’t take you for a farmer, lol.

Cas: I didn’t think I’d ever own a house, let alone a farm. It’s a little more than 2,000 sq ft. So much space inside and out, and I’m going to keep some chickens. I really like chickens.

Meg: So you told me after your trip to go see Dean’s family. Plus you sent me pics. I’ll admit it, they’re pretty cute. Especially those tiny ones.

Cas: Seramas are adorable. Dean is amenable to my keeping a hen or two inside, but not a rooster. I don’t want a rooster indoors.

Meg: Chickens can really live inside?

Cas: They do in many countries. Why not here too? And I’ll let them out in fair weather. Just not when it’s under fifty outside.

Meg: What a Christmas picture THAT would be! You, Dean, your chicken kids…

Cas: Lol! That would be hilarious!
Meg: So you're happy?

Cas: Very. I see a future that I am very happy with.

Meg: Good. You deserve to be happy. Have you heard anything about your dad?

Cas: No. Even my mom has been rather distant. She’s trying to work things out with my dad, but she’s doing so from my grandparents’ house. My grandparents are excited about the new house and they can’t wait to see it once we move in.

Meg: Do you guys actually have it yet?

Cas: No, but I have a really good feeling about it.

Meg: My fingers are crossed for you both.

Cas: Thanks. You know, when you do come to visit, you’ll get to stay with us at the house, in our guest bedroom. That’s so mind blowing to me. My HOUSE.

Meg: You’re crazy, you know that? I’m so happy for you guys. Is Dean excited?

Cas: You have no idea. He has sent pics of the house to everyone, including Gabe and Eli. I didn’t even get to!

Meg: Lol, yeah, he’s excited. So….

Meg: Am I hearing wedding bells yet?

Cas: Not yet, but eventually, yes. I love him so much. I couldn’t imagine my life with anyone but Dean. He makes me so incredibly happy. But he promised my brother we would date no less than two years before he proposed to me, so he’s doing exactly that.

Meg: And you’re ok with that? I mean, it makes sense. It’ll give you time to settle into your new house and your new job and establish a routine before you add an engagement into the mix. Then you have the actual wedding itself. Hey, if your farm is set up for it, I bet you could get married right there.

Cas thought about that for a moment. It would certainly save him and Dean a lot of money to have the wedding right at home. Then they could put their money towards a killer honeymoon. He really wanted to travel somewhere warm and sunny.

Cas: I very much like that idea. At some point I will suggest it to Dean. For now, I need to think about the things we will need in a new house.

Meg: I’ll get you a housewarming gift.

Cas: You don’t have to do that, but it would be appreciated.

Meg: I gotta run but we’ll talk again soon. Love you, Clarence!

Cas: I love you too. Have a good day!

Cas smiled absently after their conversation had ended. He missed Meg so much. As he tucked his phone in his pocket, he made his way to the kitchen. Though it was a Saturday he was home alone. Dean had gone over to Charlie’s to play video games and Cas was taking the opportunity to clean and watch the documentaries he had put in his list to watch on Netflix. He had brought the TV and
bluray player over from his apartment and they had moved Dean’s TV into the bedroom. Getting to watch his documentaries on his new television was exciting and though Dean had felt guilty about leaving him home alone, he had assured him that he was fine with it. He grabbed a can of Coke out of the fridge and made his way into the living room. There was a renewed excitement as he settled onto the couch and turned the TV on. He launched Netflix and found the first of the documentaries he had saved into his list and started it.

It was enlightening and Cas quickly got absorbed in it. It was on the South American rainforests, a subject he had studied in college. When it ended, he clicked on the second one. Dean texted to make sure he was alright, and he assured his boyfriend that he was fine. Dean said he’d be home around six, so at four thirty Cas headed to the kitchen to see what he could make for dinner. He had decided to cheat and just do mac and cheese with a couple pieces of baked chicken when someone knocked on the door. For a second he froze, fear sliding down his spine as he thought of Bella, but he quickly cast that aside. She was far, far away. He was safe. Leaving the package of chicken on the counter he headed for the front door. He opened it to find a woman standing there.

“Oh, I was looking for Dean?” She frowned uncertainly. She was familiar but Cas couldn’t quite place her.

“He’s not home at the moment. Can I help you?” He asked. Her frown deepened.

“This is his apartment, right?” She glanced at the number on the door.

“Yes, and mine. Can I help you?” He repeated.

“You.” Her frown deepened even further. “You live…with him now?”

“Yes, and why is that any of your business? You still haven’t told me why you’re here.” He was trying hard not to be irritated but she was making it difficult.

“Oh. He’s just…never lived with anyone before.” She looked away and it clicked. Cas recognized her.

“You’re Lisa.”

She looked up at him for a moment before looking away again. “Yes.”

He sighed and leaned against the doorframe. “Were you hoping he and I had broken up?” He asked softly. She wasn’t meeting his eyes, but she had a flush to her cheeks that told him that was exactly why she had come by. “I hate to break it to you, but we’re actually buying a house together, and at some point, we’re getting married.” He spoke gently, not wanting to rub anything in her face, but more to let her know that whatever she was hoping for, it wasn’t going to happen.

“I’ll go.” She said the words, but she wasn’t actually leaving.

“Do you really think the baby is Dean’s?” He asked. She looked up, this time holding his gaze.

“He…told you about Ben?”

“Dean and I, we don’t have secrets.” He replied. Her smile was sad.

“That’s how a good relationship should be. I screwed up. I screw up every relationship I’m in. Lies, they destroy you. It’s good that you two are honest with each other. I was stupid, I hurt him. You…” She licked her lips and sighed. “You’ll take care of him, right? You love him that much?”
“I love him more than anything in the world. I will take care of him for the rest of my life if he’ll let me.” The smile on his face must have told her exactly how he felt about Dean, even if his words didn’t because she smiled a little wider.

“Good. He’s a good guy. I was actually coming by to apologize for lying. Ben…he’s not Dean’s. I wish he was though. Dean is a much better man than Ben’s real father. I’ve made mistakes that I wish I could take back. I hope you’ll make better decisions than I did.” She said.

“I will not hurt him. He’s the most important person in my life.” He pushed off the doorframe and smiled softly. “You know, this is your opportunity to start over, to do right by your little boy. You have your entire future ahead of you. Make the most of it.”

She nodded and smiled brighter. She was beautiful, and he was willing to bet that as a friend, she’d be wonderful to get to know. “Thank you. I haven’t had anyone tell me that. I really do need to look forward and stop dwelling on the mistakes I’ve made.”

“Take those mistakes and learn from them. This is your chance to make sure you don’t make them again. We’ve all made mistakes. The best thing we can do is learn from them and try not to repeat them.” He told her.

“Thank you…” She cocked her head. “I’m sorry, I don’t know your name.”

“Cas.”

She nodded. “Thank you, Cas. Really. I wish you nothing but happiness. And do pass it on to Dean that I am sorry.”

He nodded. “I’ll do that.”

Lisa gave a little wave before she turned and left. Cas let out a sigh as he closed the door again. That wasn’t what he had expected, but it certainly hadn’t been an unpleasant experience. He hoped that Lisa could now move on and find the happiness that had eluded her thus far. And he hoped she would find someone that she could truly fall in love with.

Returning to the kitchen, he got on with making the rest of dinner. He seasoned the chicken and put it in the oven before putting the water on to boil for the noodles. He found his Bluetooth speaker and after connecting it to his phone, he put on some music to listen to as he cooked. He was setting the table, humming along to the music when the front door opened. A few seconds later Dean was walking in the kitchen.

“Hey.” He smiled and paused to kiss Cas before heading to the sink to wash his hands.

“Hey yourself. Did you have fun at Charlie’s?” Cas asked as he went to the stove and grabbed the pot of mac and cheese.

“Yes. And…no. She kicked my ass again. Seriously, I don’t know why I even play with her, I can’t win most of the games we play.” Dean laughed but Cas could hear the irritation in his voice.

“That’s why you keep trying, until you beat her at one.” Cas said with a chuckle. He pulled the chicken out and put a piece on each of their plates. “I just wanted something simple tonight, I hope that’s ok.”

“It’s cool. I’m just hungry. I had pizza earlier but it didn’t sit well.” Dean rubbed at his stomach as he went to the fridge. He found the aloe vera juice Cas had started buying recently and took a glass from the cabinet to pour it into. He offered it to Cas before pouring some for himself. Together they
sat down to eat.

“How was your day?” He asked.

“Watched a couple of the documentaries that I wanted to see. The one on the rainforest was amazing.” Cas replied. He spooned some of the pasta onto Dean’s plate. “And… I had a visitor.”

Dean had a forkful of the noodles already to his mouth so he went ahead and popped it in, chewing slowly. “Yeah?”

Cas nodded as he cut his chicken. “Yes, Lisa stopped by.”

Dean choked on the next bite of his food. He coughed and took a sip of his juice. “What?”

Cas was in the middle of chewing a piece of his chicken so he finished, swallowing it before replying.

“Yes, she stopped by to apologize for lying to you about Ben. She said that while you are not Ben’s father, she wishes that you were, because you are a better man than he is. And she asked me to love you and treat you well. I told her that it is my goal to love you and take care of you, for the rest of my life if you will let me.” He said it so casually that it left Dean sitting in his chair staring at him, completely stunned.

“Cas… Baby…” He finally managed to say. Getting up from his seat he walked over to Cas and knelt down in front of him.

“Dean?” Cas was surprised by the arms that suddenly enfolded him, and the soft kisses Dean pressed upon his cheek.

“I love you so much, you have no idea.” Dean murmured softly. Cas smiled and wrapped his arms around Dean in return.

“If it’s half as much as I love you, then I’m the luckiest man in the world.”

After a few minutes of just holding one another, Dean’s knees began to ache and he reluctantly returned to his seat so they could resume eating. When they were finished Dean shooed Cas out of the room so he could do the dishes, and Cas went back to watch some more of his documentary. Dean joined him when he was done in the kitchen. Cas was stretched out on the couch, his head cushioned on one of the throw pillows, and Dean squeezed in alongside him. His back was pressed up against Cas’ chest and even though he made missed most of it, he was able to enjoy the rest of that particular documentary since it didn’t focus on just one subject. At the end Cas found the remote and went in search of a movie.

“What are you in the mood for?” He asked. Dean turned around carefully so that he was facing Cas.

“Mmm, you?” He kissed the tip of his boyfriend’s nose, making the man smile.

“Oh, really?” Cas asked with a chuckle. Dean nodded.

“Yes, but then again, I’m always in the mood for you.”

Cas looked back at the television. Using the remote, he turned it off. “Then let’s go to bed.”

Dean got up from the couch and pulled Cas up with him. “Sounds like a good plan to me.”
I do apologize for not getting chapters up for a few days. We've had a rough time here at my house. Saturday I had to put down my two elderly dogs, and, well, it took a hard toll on me, my kids, my mother, and my younger dog. Seriously, my pit bull Kaya was so upset when I came home without them Saturday night that she came into my room Sunday morning, laid down in my bed, and refused to get up. She almost had to be dragged outside to go to the bathroom, and she wouldn't eat or drink all day. We got her up a bit more yesterday, but were all still mourning our loss. Writing was just not something I felt up to for several days. I decided to try today though. I do hope you like this chapter.
Dean comes home, excited to share news he received with his boyfriend, but the apartment is empty. After tracking Cas down and him coming back to the apartment, he finds that the man has some news of his own. It's not nearly as good as what Dean has to say.

“Babe! Babe!” Dean rushed into the apartment looking excitedly around for Cas. The man wasn’t answering him though.

“Cas?” He went into the bedroom but it was empty. It didn’t take him long to realize that the apartment was empty.

“Damn it, where are you?” He muttered to himself as he walked out of the apartment and over to Cas’ apartment. With key in hand, he unlocked it and went inside.

“Cas?”

There was no answer.

“Geez, I have good news and of course you’re not here.” He grumbled as he pulled out his cell phone. His fingers flew over the keys as he typed out a message to his boyfriend.

Dean: Hey, I have some good news, where are you?

He wandered back to his apartment and kicked off his shoes before plopping down on the couch. As he was pulling off his socks his phone jingled with a text.

Cas: I’m sorry, sweetheart. I went out for coffee with a new friend that I will be working with. He teaches French. He wanted to explain the school’s rules and expectations for my new position.

Dean was glad that Cas was making new friends. He had been worrying about his new position and how to handle it, but at a recent staff meeting to get everyone ready for the coming school year, Cas had been approached by several other teachers.

Dean: When do you plan to be home?

Cas: Give me an hour? I’ll bring home dinner.

Dean: Hurry. The news is really good!
Cas: I can’t wait to hear it. I love you, I’ll see you soon.

Dean: I love you too.

He sighed and got up to go change into a pair of sweatpants and a clean tee shirt. While he waited for Cas to get home, he kicked back in bed and turned on the television. The news was on and he half paid attention while he pulled up websites on his phone that would help with the coming move. When Cas walked in the door, he called out to him.

“Dean?”

“In the bedroom.”

Cas walked into the bedroom with two bags of food and a carrier with drinks. He handed the carrier to Dean and set the bags down on the bed.

“Give me a minute to take my shoes and pants off.” He said. Dean nodded and proceeded to dig into the bags.

“What exactly did you get?”

“Arby’s. There are those cheddar and roast beef sandwiches you like. The chicken strips are mine.” Cas replied as he unbuttoned his jeans and slid them down his legs. “I need to tell you something.”

Dean had just plucked a curly fry and a sandwich out of one of the bags when Cas said that.

“Ok, well, you first.”

“So, I found out that Balthazar had actually invited me out today on a date. I hadn’t realized it. I apologize for my inexperience in such matters. Am I supposed to tell people that may be potential friends right away that I am in a relationship? How exactly does that work? He didn’t say anything until I replied to your text and he asked who I was talking to. He said he had figured out I was gay, but assumed I was single. I explained that I am definitely not single.” Cas frowned and crossed his arms in irritation. Dean looked up and frowned.

“He just assumed you were single? That’s a little presumptuous, don’t you think?” He was upset about that. Granted this Balthazar didn’t realize Cas was as innocent as he was, he still couldn’t help but feel jealous.

Cas sat down in the bed, reaching over Dean to grab one of the drinks.

“I told him I was in love with you and that I thought he had asked me to join him as friends. He seemed a little upset, and I wasn’t sure if it was due to being disappointed that I am not single or if it’s because he had embarrassed himself.”

Dean’s frown turned into a scowl as he unwrapped his sandwich and took a bite that betrayed how upset he really was. Cas set his drink down on his own nightstand and crawled across the bed to wrap his arms around Dean.

“Dean, are you jealous?” His tone was not mocking. It was simple curiosity in his voice.

“No.” Dean grumbled.

Cas kissed his jaw tenderly before leaning his head on his shoulder.

“Honey, you have nothing to be jealous of. You know that. I love you more than anything in the
world.”

Dean brought a hand up to run it through Cas’ hair. “I know. It’s just…hard not to be. You’re amazing, Cas. I feel lucky to have you as it is.”

Cas chuckled and lifted his head to kiss his boyfriend’s cheek. “He doesn’t shine a light next to you. No one ever could.”

Dean relaxed and melted into his touch. He smiled as he picked up his sandwich and took another bite. Cas pulled one of the bags closer and fished out a container of mozzarella sticks.

“Oh!” Dean snatched one out of the box.

“So what was your news?” Cas asked as he bit into one of the cheese sticks.

“Oh! Greta called me. We got the house!” Dean was up on his knees facing a thoroughly stunned Cas.

“We…got…the house?!” Cas’ jaw dropped. They’d been negotiating the price for almost a month now and the owners had declined their first three offers. So they had finally decided to withdraw their bid completely. Being that they were the only ones interested in the house, the owners had contacted Greta to say they would accept their last offer. Dean had consulted his brother who had a lawyer friend that looked into it for him and managed to negotiate on their behalf. The house was now theirs, at ten thousand less than the original asking price. Dean had nearly fallen off his ladder when he’d gotten the call that afternoon. He had decided to wait until he got home to spring the surprise on Cas though. Judging by the way his boyfriend was now bouncing up and down on the bed, he knew the man was as excited as he was.

“We did, we got the house!” Dean cried excitedly, feeling the excitement from earlier all over again. Cas dropped the now forgotten container of cheese sticks and threw his arms around Dean’s neck.

“Oh my God!”

Dean had tossed his own sandwich back in the bag and cupped Cas’ face in his hands, stilling the man so he could kiss him.

“We are home owners, babe. The house of our dreams!”

Cas had tears in his eyes and he blinked to try and chase them away. “Oh! We need to pack! When can we move in? I start work in three weeks!”

“I’ll talk to Greta, see if we can’t get the ball rolling. I need to text my folks.” Dean grabbed his phone off the night stand as Cas picked up his cheese sticks again. He found his own phone.

“I need to text my brothers.”

Cas decided to text Mike first.

Cas: Hey, you busy?

It took a few minutes before his brother responded.

Mike: Sure, what’s up?

Cas: So you know that house Dean and I have been trying to get?
Mike: Don’t tell me, you got it?

Cas: YES!!!

Mike: Awesome! That’s fantastic news! From the pics you sent me it looks awesome.

Cas: It really is. It’s exactly what we wanted. I can’t wait for you to come visit!

Mike: I’ll take time around the holidays. Say, we going to do them at your house this year?

Cas: I need to talk to Dean first but I would really, really like to do Christmas at our house.

Mike: I’ll pass the good news on to Maeve. Congrats from us both, can’t wait to visit and get the grand tour.

Cas: Thanks. Give her our love.

Cas shot off another text to Gabe who had been texting him almost every day to find out whether they had gotten the house or not.

Cas: WE GOT THE HOUSE!!!!!!!

He sat back to wait for his brother’s response. In the meantime he ate the rest of his mozzarella sticks, smacking Dean’s hand away when he tried to steal a second one, and then pulled out his chicken strips.

“My mom says she wants us to do Christmas this year at our house, so what do you say we go see them for Thanksgiving?” Dean asked as he set his own phone aside.

“Mike said the same thing, pretty much. I love that idea. I suppose I should talk to my mother and see what her plans are.” Cas frowned, the recent lack of communication with his mom driving a wedge further between them. He understood that she was attempting to repair her marriage, but not talking to her children at all was bothering not only Cas, but Mike and Gabe as well.

“Call her once we sign the papers and have the house in our names. Then, you can invite your grandparents over for the holidays too. Maybe we’ll do a bit of a party. Your grandparents, my folks, Charlie and Dorothy, your brothers and their significant others. It’ll be nice.” Dean said. Cas liked that idea. As he was finishing off his order of curly fries, his brother texted back.

Gabe: That’s fantastic news!!!

Cas: Dean and I have been talking. We’re going to host Christmas at our house this year. You and Eli will come, I hope!

Gabe: I’ll talk to him about it but I don’t see why we wouldn’t. Did you talk to Mike already? Make sure he’ll be coming? Will John and Mary be coming as well?

Cas: Yes to all of the above. I’m inviting the grandparents too. And mom.

Gabe: This sounds awesome. I can’t wait to see the house. Eli’s at the hosp. but when he gets home I’ll tell him the good news. You guys are still coming out next week, right? To spend a few days before you start your new job?

Cas: Yes we are. I’m holding Eli to his promise of hot sand and warm water. I want to swim in the ocean.

Gabe: We took the time off work for your visit. Eli wants you to go look at a few things for the
wedding with him. Dean and me, we’ll head into the city and I’ll show him the sites. It’ll be nice. I can’t wait to see you guys.

Cas: I can’t wait to see you either.

Gabe: Crash vic. just rolled in. Talk later?

Cas: Absolutely.

Cas set his phone aside and crumpled up the empty fry box before shoving it into the bag that was empty. Dean finished off his second beef and cheddar before getting up to throw out all of the garbage. Cas drank more of his iced tea before heading to the bathroom to brush his teeth. That’s where Dean found him a few minutes later.

“So when do we go sign the papers?” He asked as Dean grabbed his own brush and applied the toothpaste to it.

“She wants us to stop in Friday to go over a few things. We can see about getting everything moving along so we’re in the new house before you start your new job. We’ll take the time and go see her together that morning, ok?” Dean kissed his boyfriend’s shoulder before he began brushing his own teeth.

Cas was excited. This was just one more piece of the puzzle that was falling into place. He had the man of his dreams and soon he would have the house of his dreams. Someday he would have the job of his dreams as well as the family he wanted so badly. His life was wonderful.

Chapter End Notes

So yes, Dean's eyes might have been a tad bit greener than usual here. But Cas is a good man, and he loves Dean. It was a misunderstanding that he quickly corrected. No harm, no foul, and Dean's news was the best thing they could have ever heard. I hope you liked the chapter. Off to bed I go. Still trying to catch a decent night's sleep. Goodnight!
Worry Setting In

Chapter Summary

Cas still hasn't heard from his mother and it's starting to really bother him. He calls his grandfather but he hasn't seen her either. The hunt for Karen Novak is on.

Chapter Notes

It's not as ominous as it sounds. She's out of touch with her family, and Cas is feeling rather burned by it. I do hope you like the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cas stared at the phone angrily, and not for the first time. This was the twelfth phone call he’d made to his mother in the last three days and it went to voicemail every time. Why was she avoiding him? The sigh he let out sounded more like a growl as he dialed his grandfather’s number instead. Maybe he could shed some light on what was going on with Karen.

“James speaking.” Was the greeting he got once the call connected.

“Grandpa? It’s Cas. Do you have a minute?”

“Yes, of course! How are you, son? And how is Dean?” His grandfather asked. The man’s tone had immediately shifted from business polite to warm and friendly upon hearing his grandson’s voice.

“We’re doing really well. Actually I’ve been trying to reach mom. She’s not answering her phone though. I wanted to tell her about the house Dean and I are buying.” Cas replied.

“Oh, that’s great news! Well, your mom and dad have been trying to work some things out, and she’s been spending a lot more time back at the house. As a matter of fact, she hasn’t been back here since Tuesday. If she doesn’t come back tonight I’ll make the drive over there myself tomorrow to see what’s going on and tell her to call you. When is the last time you spoke to her?”

Cas frowned. “It’s been a long time. It’s like suddenly she’s avoiding me and Gabe again. He says he hasn’t talked to her in quite a while too. Is she ok? I’m worried about her.”

“As far as I know she’s fine. I know your dad is being a bit hard headed lately. Paul went over to talk to him a few times too. I’m sorry your dad is being such an asshat towards you and your brother. It’s uncalled for.” James sighed deeply. “So, where did you guys buy a house at? Still in state?”

“Yes, about thirty minutes outside of Indy. It’s a farm, actually. Twelve acres, large house with lots of room. It’s perfect.” Cas’ excitement over the house came rushing back and he found himself eager once more to finally be able to move in. “And I got a new job, down in Indy. I’ll be making almost twice what I’m currently making, so we can do the minor repairs that we want to do.”

“What kind of repairs? You know, I remodeled my house, from top to bottom myself. What sort of
“Well, neither of us want carpet, and the entire second floor is carpeted. So we’re pulling that up and Dean wants to put down heated flooring. And we’ve been talking about how to heat the house. There is a large fireplace in the living room, and it’s an open concept with a balcony overlooking the living room from the second floor, but it doesn’t look like the heat will reach the second floor, so Dean is thinking of upgrading the furnace, or putting in a special chimney that will run the heat from the fireplace up to the second floor. I’m not exactly sure how that will work, but he plans to do most of the work himself. I’ll help where I can of course, but he’s going to have to show me how. My dad, he never taught us how to do stuff like that.” Cas wished, not for the first time, that his dad had taught him and his brothers how to actually do things other than to study.

“I can help you boys out. I know exactly what you’re talking about. Once you have the keys in your hand, give me a call. I’ll drive down and take a look. I can go over material costs with you both so you save as much money as possible.” James offered. Cas smiled. He was glad that he had such good people as his grandparents.

“Thank you. I know that I would appreciate that very much, and so would Dean. When he gets home I’ll tell him.”

“Let me see if your grandma has heard from your mom. If she has, I’ll call you back. But we’ll track her down.” James told him.

“Thanks Grandpa.”

“You’re welcome, Son.”

They said their goodbyes and hung up. Just for good measure, Cas tried his mother’s number again. He didn’t bother leaving a voicemail. He went into the bedroom and after stripping down and changing into a pair of sleep pants, he flopped down on the bed with his phone and messaged Meg.

Cas: So my mother STILL isn’t answering her phone.

She answered pretty quick.

Meg: Is she back with your dad now?

Cas: I have no idea, but to not return a single call from me? That’s pretty freaking mean. I thought we were in a good place.

Meg: I would say go make the drive to the house, but I’m afraid of how your dad would react. Why don’t you show up at the country club?

Cas: I have a better idea. I’m going to contact Hannah and see if her parents have seen my mom lately.

Meg: There you go. Let me know what happens.

Cas: I will, thanks.

He found Hannah’s number in his contact list and shot off a text.

Cas: Hey, it’s Cas. How have you been? Quick question, when is the last time you were at the country club?
It was a good ten minutes before she responded. He was just glad that she did at all.

Hannah: Oh, last weekend I think? Why?

Cas: Cause I can’t reach my mom at all. I’ve been trying for quite a while now, and my grandparents haven’t seen her in two days. I thought maybe you saw her at the club, or that your parents had?

Hannah: I did not this past weekend, but she was there the weekend before. Let me message my mom and I’ll get back to you. It’ll be a bit though, I have a deposition in twenty. But I will get back to you.

Cas: Thank you.

Just as he sent that last text, the front door opened and he heard multiple voices.

“His bag is here, so he’s here. In the bedroom probably.” He heard Dean saying to someone.

“He’ll be cool with me just coming over for dinner like this?”

That voice Cas did not recognize. He got up from the bed and went to see who Dean had brought home with him. Dean spotted him first.

“Hey, Babe. Knew you were here.” Dean walked over and kissed his cheek before placing a hand on his elbow and guiding him over to the man he had brought home with him. “Cas, I would like you to meet my friend Max. Max and me, we were at the university together. He was in for engineering.”

Cas smiled and offered the man a hand. “It’s very nice to meet you, Max.”

“Pleasure to meet you too, Cas. Dean was telling me about you on the way here. He says you’re a teacher.” Max greeted him with a hearty handshake.

“I am, yes. I just finished teaching pre-kindergarten here. I will be starting a position teaching middle school social studies in the fall.”

“Is the pork done?” Dean asked as he started for the kitchen. Cas and Max followed.

“I checked it when I walked in and it seemed to be close then. I’m sorry I didn’t already shred it, I was trying to reach my mother again.” Cas said as he got down the plates for dinner. Dean frowned.

“She’s still not answering?”

“No. So I called my grandfather. She hasn’t been back to the house in two days. He said if she doesn’t come back tonight he’s driving to their house tomorrow to check on her. I messaged Hannah too, to see if maybe she or her parents had seen her. She said she hasn’t in two weeks, but she’ll call her parents later to ask them.” Cas sighed and took down the glasses when he saw Dean pull a bottle of wine out of the little table top fridge he’d bought him for Christmas.

“That’s weird, right? Even for her?” Dean asked. Cas shrugged. He really didn’t know. When he was a kid, his parent’s marriage had felt normal, and his parents were home every night. Dad never went off on benders, mom never took spa trips with her friends, it was work, work, work for his dad, school, school, school, for him and his brothers, and socialize, socialize, socialize for his mom. It had always been difficult to reach her by phone, but never this hard. He couldn’t help feeling like it was his and Gabe’s fault for coming out. But especially his for pushing his brother to do it with him. Dean seemed to sense this and he set down the fork and knife with which he had been shredding the
meat so he could pull Cas into a hug.

“It’s ok. We’ll get in touch with her. Let’s wait and see what your grandfather says, ok?”

“Yes, ok.” Cas gave a tight squeeze before letting him go. He decided to change the topic. “I wish I’d known you were bringing company by. I wouldn’t have already been changed for bed.” He joked. Dean snickered as he went back to shredding the meat. He’d made it so they could have pulled pork sandwiches for dinner and for lunch the next day.

“Babe, you look good in anything you wear, and Max doesn’t care, do you Max?” Dean looked over at his friend who had sat down at the table.

“Not at all. I’ve had family show up at my place while I was dressed in my boxers and entertained them anyway. It’s your home, dress how you like.” Max said. Cas smiled as he poured them all a glass of wine. Within minutes they were all sitting down to eat.

“Damn, this is good.” Max said after the first bite of his sandwich.

“Dean is an excellent cook. I don’t think he’s made anything I didn’t like. Except perhaps the calamari. I truly did not like that, but I suspect I would not like it no matter who made it.” Cas shuddered at the memory of Dean’s foray into Asian cuisine a few months back. Dean grinned around a mouthful of his own sandwich.

“Actually, I didn’t like it either. I find I’m not a huge fan of most of what comes out of the ocean. Fish, shrimp, that I can do. Clams, octopus, squid, oysters, no.”

“I’m with you there. That stuff’s nasty.” Max agreed.

“So did you and Dean run into one another today?” Cas asked.

“Actually, he’s doing electrical work at the hotel I’m staying at. I’m in town for a conference and spotted him. We got to talking and he invited me here for dinner. I’m only in town til tomorrow, then I’m flying back to Jersey.” Max replied.

“Oh, then it’s wonderful that you could come for dinner.” Cas said happily.

“It’s a pleasure to be here.”

They talked as they ate and Cas found that he liked Max. The man was amiable and polite, plus he knew how to work with wood. Cas picked his brains on the best way to build a chicken coop, and Dean couldn’t help but smile when the man didn’t even bat an eye at the question. He simply explained the types of wood to use, sizes, and methods for feeding the birds where they wouldn’t make a huge mess. Cas listened intently and when Max offered to email him some designs and tips, he couldn’t hide his excitement.

When dinner was over, Cas cleaned up while Dean and Max headed to the living room to continue talking. He hummed as he washed the dishes and wiped down the table. When his phone rang in his pocket just as he was setting the ceramic pot back into the crock pot, he snatched it up. He frowned when he saw it was Balthazar. Against his better judgement, he answered it.

“Hello?”

“Cas, hello. How are you?” Balthazar asked. His tone was friendly and light. Cas relaxed a bit and moved over to the table to sit.
“I am well, and you?”

“Splendid, actually.” Balthazar replied.

“Was there a reason you were calling?” Cas couldn’t think of any reason the man would be calling him.

“Actually, there are two. I wanted to apologize for the mix up last week. And I wanted to make sure you finished your plan for the first quarter. All of them were supposed to have been turned in Friday.”

For a moment Cas panicked, but then he remembered he had turned his in. He’d sat up for three nights to make sure it was done, and done to the school board’s satisfaction before he had turned it in.

“I did turn it in. The principal had emailed me several times to remind me, and she called once too. I turned it in last Thursday, I think.”

“Ah, good. I know a new teacher last year got caught up and didn’t get hers completed in time, and I didn’t want that to happen to you as well.” Balthazar explained.

“Oh, well, thank you. And apology accepted. I’m sorry to cut this short but we have company in from out of state. I do hope you have a nice evening though.” Cas stood up. As he turned towards the door he saw Dean standing there. He startled, a hand flying up to his chest but he didn’t make a sound.

“You enjoy your evening as well. Goodnight.”

Balthazar hung up and Cas lowered the phone from his ear.

“Are you trying to give me a heart attack?!”

Dean walked over, putting his hands on his boyfriend’s hips and planting a kiss on his lips.

“I’m sorry, Sweetheart. I was going to ask you if you wanted to join us for a game of poker but you were on the phone. My mother taught us when we were very young not to interrupt someone when they were on the phone, so I just waited.”

“It’s alright. Balthazar just called to make sure I had turned in my lesson plan, it was due last Friday.” Cas explained. He noted the way Dean’s jaw clenched at the other teacher’s name.

“Darling, I told you, nothing to fear. And he really was just asking about the plan. A teacher forgot to turn hers in last year. Caused a lot of chaos, I suppose. But mine was turned in. That’s what I was sitting up in the living room stressing over last week.”

Dean’s expression softened. “Yeah, I remember you cursing as you tried to organize it all. I’m glad you got it turned in on time.”

“I would love to join you for a game of poker on one condition.” Cas kissed the tip of Dean’s nose.

“And what would that be?” Dean asked.

“That it not be strip poker. You have an unfair advantage, and I am not very good at the game.” Cas replied. Dean’s lower lip jutted out in a mock pout.

“Awww, you take all the fun out of it.”
Chapter End Notes

It's almost move in time, and time for the new job. Poor Cas, he'll be at work long before they are unpacked and settled in the new house.

I hope you liked the chapter, and that Cas is starting to socialize more. Thanks for reading!
Move In Day

Chapter Summary

Dean and Cas have the keys to their new house, and lots of plans for how to turn it from simply a house into a home.

Chapter Notes

We will be wrapping this one up pretty soon, folks. I might do some time stamps later, we will see. I'll cover a few more topics, like Cas FINALLY hearing back from his mother, and where the relationship with his father is going. And a few other things. I do hope you like this chapter though. And remember, comments are always welcome~

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I can’t believe this…. ” Cas turned around in circles as he looked up at the high ceilings in amazement. “It’s ours…”

Dean came up behind him, wrapping his arms around Cas’ waist and spinning him around.

“It’s ours, Babe, we’re home owners!” He planted a big, wet kiss on Cas’ cheek after he’d set him back on his feet. His arms were still around the man and he hugged him tight as he rested his chin on Cas’ shoulder. Cas was beyond happy. They had finally closed on the house and three days earlier, received the keys. The house was theirs. This was moving day, and the start of a new chapter in their lives, and he was excited for it to begin.

“So whose furniture are we going to put in here?” Dean asked.

“Well…are we looking to do a retro theme? If we are, we can put my couch in here and then get some other retro pieces. But then the entertainment center Gabe and Eli got me, I think it would go better with your couch. We could put my couch on the landing, as a sitting area. Maybe make it retro up there?” Cas tilted his head back so he could see Dean’s face.

“I like that. We need more furniture for here. My entertainment center can go up in our room and we’ll put yours in here. We need some bookcases, and some end tables.” Dean unwrapped his arms and walked over to the bay window.

“I want to put in a window seat here. So you have a place to sit and look out at the flowers and bees.”

Cas smiled brightly as he walked over to look out the window. “I would love that. I have so many plans for the gardens in front here.”

“I have a list of seeds and bulbs. It’s late in the year but we can get some bulbs and plant them now so they’ll come up in the spring, but some things we’ll have to wait until the ground thaws next year before we plant more.” Dean had his arms crossed and was tapping his chin with one finger as he
thought. “I think we should wait for your bees until we get all of the gardens established. I want them to have plenty of food.”

Cas turned back to look at the fireplace. “We need to get this cleaned before winter.”

“You know about fireplaces?” Dean asked.

“We had one at our parents’ house. I know my dad got it cleaned out every fall before he would light it. So we need to do that soon. I sort of have a fantasy of you doing me right there on the floor, in front of a big fire.” Cas grinned at Dean and his clear expression of surprise.

“I like the way you think.” Dean moved up behind him again and pulled Cas back against him. He nibbled at his earlobe, smiling when Cas giggled and moved away from his mouth.

“The moving truck is going to be here any moment, and so are our friends. Keep it in your pants until tonight.” Cas smacked his hip and moved out of his grasp. Dean was reaching for him again right when the doorbell rang. He grimaced at the awful bell sound.

“That’s awful, I need to change that out.”

Cas laughed as Dean crossed the room and opened the door. The sound of multiple voices could be heard as Charlie, Benny, Victor, Andrea and Dorothy walked in.

“Wow! This place is amazing!” Charlie did a full turn as she looked around the living room. Dorothy and Victor immediately headed for the kitchen. Benny walked over to Cas, offering a hand.

“Hey, this place is really great. How did you luck out finding it?”

“The realtor actually told me about it. We’d been going over different houses, but I didn’t like most of them, and the ones that Dean and I did like, they were way out of our price range or needed too much work. When she told me about this place, I couldn’t wait to see it. Dean and I came for the tour and immediately fell in love. The only thing that needs to really be changed right away is the carpet upstairs. Dean is going to show me how to remove it. We’re really hoping there are hardwood floors underneath, but I guess that doesn’t matter because he wants to put in heated flooring.” Cas was excited and eager to tell Benny all about the place.

“Babe, I’m taking Charlie and Andrea outside to show them the barn.” Dean said as he headed for the backdoor. Cas turned to look at Benny.

“Would you like a tour of the house? I’ll have Dean show you the outside when he gets back.”

“Sure, I’m dying to see this place.” Benny replied.

Cas managed to give Benny, Victor, and Dorothy a tour before Eddie arrived with the moving truck. Dean was just coming back with Charlie and Andrea and they all jumped right in to unloading the truck. Cas directed furniture upstairs while Dean directed the downstairs. It took about two hours and everything was unloaded. Andrea, Dorothy, and Victor helped Cas unpack boxes upstairs while Benny, Eddie, and Charlie helped Dean on the first floor. By five o’clock, they were all hungry, so Dean ordered pizza. Benny and Victor made a beer run and arrived back at the house just after the pizzas had arrived. Dean and Cas had purchased brand new kitchen appliances and had been at the house when they were delivered the day before, so everything was already connected. Dean was glad for that as he slipped the beer into the fridge. They ate around Cas’ kitchen table while Cas continued unpacking all of the kitchen utensils and small appliances.
“Baby, take it easy, come and get some pizza.” Dean put his hands on Cas’ hips and leaned in to kiss his cheek.

“Dean, I start my job Monday. We didn’t close fast enough, and I don’t want to still be unpacking six months from now.” Cas said as he put all of the silverware in the drawer by the sink.

“But I can unpack too, and you’re not doing this alone, Sweetheart. I promise.” Dean turned Cas towards the table and they returned to Dean’s chair. Without more seating, Cas sat on Dean’s lap and helped himself to the pizza.

“So you start your new job Monday? Are you excited?” Dorothy asked. Cas nodded.

“Oh, yes. And the pay increase made it worthwhile. I can’t wait to get my first paycheck!”

Everyone laughed and nodded. They’d all been there.

“So, next time we come out here you’ll have chickens?” Andrea asked.

“Not right away. We have plans. First, we want to get the things inside the house fixed that we feel need it, and then I need to build the chicken coop. Once we have all of that, then we’ll get the birds. So not until next year at the earliest.” Cas explained.

“Carpet going, and expanding the heating, right?” Victor had heard Dean talk about the heating, and he’d listened to Cas complain about the carpet upstairs. He had to agree, it was ugly and needed to go.

“Yes. My grandfather is coming out tomorrow to look at the furnace and the fireplace to see what needs to be fixed, and give us advice on how to save money.” Cas had told Dean about his talk with his grandfather that same night and Dean had been thrilled to get another opinion.

The conversation went on through the rest of the meal, and then Cas was back to unpacking kitchen utensils and small appliances. He found a spot for the microwave and was glad to find there was plenty of cabinet space for all of their pots, pans, and the crock pots, now that they had three between them. Dean got the television set up on the entertainment center in the living room with help from Benny and Victor, and Charlie worked on breaking boxes down. By eight, Cas had the entire kitchen unpacked and though he was tired, he felt accomplished.

“I’m going upstairs to make the bed. I still have to find the box with the sheets.” He announced. Dean was sitting on the couch with the guys while Charlie and the other ladies chatted at the kitchen table. Cas climbed the stairs and headed for the bedroom. Once there, he had dozens of boxes to sort through. Some were miscellaneous, and he moved those to the closet to be dealt with when he had the time for it. After five minutes of searching he found the sheets in a box that was meant to go in the bathroom since there was a linen closet in there. He got the sheets on the bed and then went in search of the pillows and blankets. Those he couldn’t find right away. Somehow they’d ended up in a box in the bedroom across the hall. Just as he was returning to the bedroom with them, he heard Dean calling to him, so he left the items on the bed and went downstairs.

“The gang’s getting ready to leave.” Dean said as he walked in the room.

“Oh, thank you so much everyone, we truly appreciate your assistance with this move. It means a lot to us.” Cas went and hugged each person, even Eddie who looked amused.

“I’m going to drop the truck off at the U-Haul in Indy, my girl’s meeting me there.” He said.

“Thanks again for driving it, man. I was wondering how we were going to get both of our cars down
here in one move. You saved us multiple trips.” Dean clapped Eddie on the shoulder. “We’ll be back at work Wednesday. So enjoy a few days off.”

Eddie grinned and nodded. “Sounds good!”

Once everyone was gone, Cas turned to look at Dean.

“I thought you said you were going back Monday, like me.”

“I did, but you’re stressing out about not getting everything unpacked, so I’m going to stick around a few more days and get as much unpacked as I possibly can. So we can relax and actually enjoy our home.” Dean sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. “I think we’ll have to tackle the carpet one room at a time, because we’ll have to move all of the furniture, so I think we need to do our room first.”

Cas smiled as he wrapped his arms around Dean’s waist. “You’re the best. I look forward to us making our mark on this place, and making it a real home. Starting with some artwork and pictures. The walls are so bare.”

Dean pulled his boyfriend closer and kissed his cheek. “I agree. We should totally get a photographer to take some pics of us here.”

Cas really, really liked that idea. “Sounds perfect. Come help me upstairs?”

“Is there hot sex included in the helping?” Dean was only half joking.

“Depends. Think you can keep up?” Cas backed up, starting for the stairs. His smile was wicked and it made Dean’s blood start to race.

“You know I can.” Dean started after him, hitting the lights as he went.

“Then you better hurry.” Cas turned and ran, racing for the stairs.

Dean took off after him. He always did like a challenge!

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked this chapter. :)
Did you say SNAKES?!

Chapter Summary

Cas, feeling out of his element and a bit disgruntled when Dean and his grandfather start talking shop, he wanders out to the barn and makes a discovery.

Chapter Notes

What does Cas find out in the barn? Well, read the chapter and find out! Lol! I hope you enjoy this chapter. :) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cas didn’t understand a single thing his grandfather was talking about and it was frustrating him. Dean was asking questions and his grandfather was answering them, and Cas was left standing there feeling useless. Irritated, but unsure who he was really mad at, he left his boyfriend and grandfather standing on the second floor and headed out to the backyard. At least he could figure out how to build a chicken coop if he got some blueprints, or watched enough videos on YouTube. If he couldn’t, well, he could buy a kit and put that together.

And then there were the flower gardens. He had plans for back here, and Dean had plans for the fields. Fall was coming and Dean was planning to till some of their land and get it ready so in the spring he could start planting vegetables. Another section they intended to put in some fruit trees. As Cas walked slowly towards the barn, he let his mind wander. As he pulled open the doors, he heard a sound coming from inside. At first he thought maybe they had a raccoon or an opossum, but once he had the doors both open and light filtered in, he caught sight of brown stripes and the flicker of a long tail. Slowly he walked along each stall, wondering if perhaps he had just imagined it or if he had actually just seen some kind of critter. Would he need to go and get a humane animal trap or would he have to call animal control? Just as he reached the last stalls, he caught a glimpse of something moving in the shadows. The barn didn’t have electric so he pulled out his phone and turned on his flashlight app.

“Oh!” He gasped when he saw the wriggling balls of fur tucked into old hay and what he assumed was horse hair in the back corner. Moving closer he counted four kittens. He looked around again. The movement he had seen must have been the mother cat. Was it a feral? Would Dean be upset that she’d had her kittens in their barn? As he asked himself that question, something bumped against his leg. He looked down to see a brown tabby rubbing against his leg.

“Well hello there, you must be mama.” He crouched down and reached a hand out. Before he could actually pet her, she thrust her head up into his hand. She was purring loudly. “Aren’t you a sweet girl, where do you even belong?” He asked softly.

“Cas?”

Dean was up by the house, calling to him.
“I will talk to Dean and see what he says about you. But for sure I’ll bring some food out for you and your babies, ok, pretty girl?” She looked up at him with big, golden eyes. For having just had kittens, she was awfully underweight. He stood up and hurried to the barn doors to find his boyfriend and grandfather already halfway across the yard.

“The barn doesn’t have electricity yet, but that’s one of my projects for next year…” He could hear Dean telling his grandfather.

“That’s a good idea, and it would be even better, if you intend to ever keep livestock, to heat it too.” His grandfather was saying.

“Um…” Cas looked nervously back towards the stall where the cat was with her kittens before looking up at Dean.

“What?” Dean asked.

“There’s sort of…” Cas was debating how to say there was a cat with kittens when the mama cat suddenly bumped her head against Dean’s leg.

“A cat?” Dean’s tone was at least amused.

“Yeah, a cat.” Cas laughed nervously.

“Hey, are you a boy or a girl?” Dean leaned down to pet the cat. “Oh! She just had kittens, didn’t she?”

“Yeah, they’re sort of back there.” Cas hooked thumb over his shoulder. “I heard a noise, went to investigate, and found them.”

“That’s good. Every farm needs a couple of barn cats. Get ‘em fixed and you’ll have rodent control. When you get your chickens, they’ll keep the snakes, mice, and rats out of your coop.” James said.

“I’m sorry, did you say snakes?!” Cas wanted to make absolutely sure he’d heard the man right. His grandfather nodded.

“What, did you think there weren’t any? You’re not close to water, so you don’t have to worry about Cottonmouths, but there are several in this area. Mostly nonpoisonous.”

“Mostly?” Dean’s tone matched Cas’ concerns.

“Don’t worry. Keep your grass short, don’t pile up plant matter unless you burning it right away, and keep the barn and coop locked up tight. The cats will handle the rest.” James waved a hand dismissively. Cas looked at Dean who had cocked an eyebrow as he eyed the grass around them. Cas knew he was thinking about making sure he was never out here unless he was in boots and thick pants.

“So…she has kittens.” Dean looked past Cas into the barn.

“Uh, yeah. Here, I’ll show you.” Cas turned his flashlight app on again and led them to the back. He shined the light on the squirming pile of fur.

“Four, huh?” Dean put his hands on his hips and Cas could tell he was thinking.

“I like cats.” He said weakly. Dean’s expression softened and he nodded.

“I know you do. I like them too, but I’m allergic, so we can’t have them in the house. If we kept like
two, I’d have to work on the barn now, to get electric out here, and heat it so they don’t freeze. Winter is coming up pretty quick. It would mean waiting to pull up the carpet.”

Cas didn’t know what to do.

“We don’t even know whose cat this is.” He finally said.

“And you’re right. What we can do is ask the two houses on either side of us if she belongs to them. If she doesn’t, well, I guess that makes her ours. And responsible pet owners take their cats to get their shots and to get fixed, so we don’t have any more of this.” Dean motioned towards the balls of fur. He walked over and the mama cat followed. She was purring and bumping against his leg as he squatted down next to her babies. “Can I touch your kids? Huh?” The cat meowed at him before dropping down and rolling over so he’d rub her belly. He chuckled and did as she wanted, careful not to rub her sore looking nipples.

“She’s definitely not feral. She belongs to or belonged to someone.” James said. Dean picked up the kittens, one by one and examined them.

“Well, it looks like three boys and a little girl. Two tabby stripes like mama, one orange, and a calico. She’s a cutie.”

Cas came to crouch down next to Dean, absently running his hand over the mother cat he looked at the kitten in his boyfriend’s hands.

“She’s precious. They all are, though.” He said as he watched Dean put the kitten back in the pile.

“I’d say they’re roughly three weeks old. Probably had them in here or moved them in here right after we did the tour, cause they sure weren’t here when we came. Their eyes are starting to open but they look a little gunky. They need to be seen by a vet before they get sick and die.” Dean said. Cas frowned. They were sick already?

“I’ll see what vets are in the area.” Cas said as he and Dean stood up. Together they walked out of the barn with James.

Cas looked up local vets while Dean and James finished walking the rest of the property. He found a local, country vet that would charge a lot less than the ones down in Indy, and the vet was willing to come out to them. He made an appointment for the following morning and once he was back in the kitchen, found a pad of paper and a pen and wrote down everything they would need to keep the kittens safe and clean until they were weaned and ready to be fixed and rehomed. When he hung up, he grabbed his car keys off the hook by the back door.

“Dean? I’m running to the store! I’ll be back in a little while!”

He heard footsteps as the other two men came down the hall.

“Where are you going? What store? Can you grab some butter and eggs while you’re out?” Dean asked.

“Oh, sure. I was going to stop at the pet store, and maybe Goodwill. But I won’t stay in either for long, I know what I need from both.” Cas replied.

Dean cocked his head in question. “Why Goodwill?”

“Blankets. I just want some cheap, disposable blankets. I don’t want to take our good ones and put them out in the barn.”
Dean smiled and nodded. “That actually makes perfect sense.” He was glad he’d told his boyfriend about the thrift store.

“I’ll be going over some more things with Dean here. You make sure you bring back a couple of boxes too, so the kittens can be off the ground.” James added.

Cas nodded and bid them both goodbye before heading out to the car. At least Dean and his grandfather liked one another and were getting along well. They would talk about things he was clueless about until he returned. Right now, his mission was to get cat supplies.

Oh, and butter and eggs.

Chapter End Notes

I do hope you all enjoyed this. I had fun writing it. Their little family just grew, and they don't even realize it yet, lol.
First Day

Chapter Summary

It's Cas' first day at his new job, and it's both exciting and nerve wracking. At least he makes a few new friends.

Later, at home, Dean makes Cas a promise, and he finds himself falling in love with the man all over again.

Chapter Notes

Romantic fluff. Don't worry about Bal. He can't have Cas, and he's not a threat. I hope you like this chapter. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The rest of the weekend was spent with a visit from the vet who prescribed antibiotics for the cats, more unpacking, and Dean pulling up the carpet in their bedroom. There were not hardwood floors under it, so as Cas started his new job that Monday, Dean spent the day between Home Depot, Lowes, and the house. Cas arrived an hour early and met with the principal who walked him to his new classroom and pointed things out along the way, like the teacher’s lounge, the bathrooms, and the cafeteria. He’d brought his own lunch, something Dean had packed for him, and he didn’t anticipate spending much time or money in the cafeteria. He was a bundle of nerves as he waited for the school day to start and his first class to arrive. As he was sorting through the topic he was planning to teach that day, his phone buzzed. He had put it on vibrate so as not to give his students the wrong impression but since he still had twenty minutes before class started, he pulled it out to see who was texting him.

Dean: Hey, Baby, I wanted to say that I hope you have an amazing first day. You’ve got this! The kids are going to love you. I put a little surprise in your lunch bag. I’ll see you tonight. XOXOXO

Now he was curious as to what Dean had put in his lunch bag. He had put it in the bottom drawer and he pulled it out.

“Oh…” He whispered as he found the small, origami crane that rested atop his sandwich container. His smile was wide as he pulled it out and set it on his desk. This was going to stay the entire year, if he had any say.

“Good morning, Castiel.”

Cas looked up to see Balthazar standing in his doorway. He smiled politely at the other teacher and nodded.

“Good morning to you, Balthazar.”

“Are you excited? First day and all.” Balthazar watched as he set the crane carefully on his desk, still
smiling at it.

“I am more nervous than anything, but I am confident that I can handle it.”

Balthazar nodded. “Be forewarned, they will try to mess with you. They like to do that with the new teachers. Don’t believe anything they say right off the bat. If you are skeptical of anything, double check with another teacher. It will taper off in a couple of weeks.”

“I assumed. And I know the old tricks, like Mike Hunt. There isn’t much they’ll get past me.” Cas chuckled as he tucked his lunch bag back in the drawer.

“Good, because they do try that one. A lot. Poor subs…” Balthazar smiled as he shook his head. “Well, I’m off to my own classroom. Have a good first day.”

“You as well.” Cas said as he watched the other teacher leave. A woman with short brown hair popped her head in the room almost as soon as he was gone.

“Hey, you Mr. Novak?”

“I am. And you are?” He asked.

“I’m Jody Mills. I teach seventh grade social studies.” She walked in and offered her hand. He shook it firmly.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you. Call me Cas.”

“Jody.” She nodded. “You scared? First day with the beasts and all.”

He knew she was joking and laughed softly. “Not really scared so much as nervous. But I’m ready. This is what I’ve wanted. I taught pre-kindergarten before this. Big leap, but I always wanted to teach older students.”

“That is a big leap. Have you taught long?” She asked.

“No, this is my second year.” He replied.

“I’ve been at this twenty two years now. I love it though. I love the kids.”

“I’m hoping I will still be as enamored twenty years from now.” Cas said. And he really did.

“Do you have a history degree?” She leaned casually against his desk and folded her hands in her lap.

“Among others. I have a masters in education, but I obtained enough degrees that I can basically teach anything, and any subject. I thought it would open more doors for me.” He replied.

“And you’d be right. I hold a degree in history and science. I taught earth science last year as well as social studies.”

“But it was interesting?” He wondered what had happened to the science teacher that she had to teach two subjects.

“Very. It was a refreshing change. Science teacher went on maternity leave.” She explained. Ah, that made sense. He nodded in understanding.

“So, Cas, you married?”
“No. Not yet, at least.” He said with a small laugh. She smiled warmly.

“I was. Divorced now, but I’ve been with my boyfriend for fifteen years now.”

Cas decided he liked Jody. She was friendly and nice.

“My boyfriend and I just bought a farm, if you can believe it, but he made my brother a promise that he won’t propose until we’ve been together two years. So I have to wait until next September.” He sighed. She grinned.

“A farm, you say? Are you planning to raise cattle or horses or anything like that?”

“No, no, nothing like that, though we do have a huge barn. Once we’re settled and all of the painting and repairs have been done, I want to get chickens. Dean’s mother keeps them and will give me some. Dean is my boyfriend.” He explained.

“Oh, I love chickens! I had some as a kid. So, did you meet the other teachers? I missed the meet and greet a few weeks back, I was having surgery on my foot.” She lifted one foot and Cas noticed she was wearing a medical boot.

“I met a few, but really only spoke to Balthazar. I expect I’ll talk to more as the year progresses.” He said. She nodded.

“I’m sure they’ll start popping their heads in to say hi. Most are pretty nice. Watch out for Van though. He’s one of the gym teachers. He loves to challenge the teachers in one on one basketball games.” She rolled her eyes, which just made him laugh.

“Oh, I enjoy watching sports but I was never really good at anything except soccer.”

“He might challenge you to that too.” She laughed. “And in the winter, hockey!”

They were both laughing as the bell rung, announcing the start of the day. Out in the hall students began to walk by. Jody stood up, smiling again.

“It was nice to meet you, Cas. If you need anything, I’m in the class right next to yours. Just pop your head in and get me. Have a great first day.”

“Thank you, Jody. You have a lovely first day as well.” He said. His phone was still in his hand so he texted Dean real quick.

Cas: I love it. It’s on my desk. I met one of the other social studies teachers. She is very nice. I think I like her better than Balthazar. He stopped by to wish me good luck, and warn me not to fall for the pranks the kids might play. I’m all ready for them to say Mike Hunt is missing from class! I love you, I’ll see you tonight.

He put the phone on silent as the first of his students began to filter into the room, and stuck it in his pocket. As the second bell of the morning rang and the last of the students came in, he took a moment, watching the social structure and determining whether or not he needed to assign seating or not. Twenty eight pairs of eyes were on him as he stood up and came around the front of his desk.

“Hello and good morning. My name is Mr. Novak. No, I am not as young as I might look, and I was not born yesterday, so please, don’t waste your time trying to pull pranks. That being said, we’re going to begin roll call and get started.” He grabbed his attendance list. “When I call your name, raise your hand. The faster we get through this, the faster we can get started and the faster we get to the time at the end of class that I will give you to talk amongst your peers. “Madison Arnold!”
“Here!”

Cas smiled to himself. Yes, he could handle this.

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“How is your first day going?” Dean had called at eleven thirty, during Cas’ free period where he was sitting in the teacher’s lounge with Jody and two other teachers, Chuck Shurley, the eighth grade English teacher and Becky Rosen, the sixth grade science teacher. Cas hated to be rude but Jody told him to go ahead and take it.

“It’s going very well. I’ve met some lovely teachers.” He replied.

“That’s good! And the kids? They’re not being asses, are they?”

Cas chuckled. “No, they’re not too bad. They’ve tried a few pranks, but I’ve so far kept ahead of them.”

“Good, that’s good. Kids can be trouble for new teachers. I remember messing with a few when I was that age.” Dean snorted. “Anyway, I was calling to let you know that they didn’t have the heated flooring in stock, so I ordered it. I have to pick it up Thursday. I will install it this weekend.”

“Oh. So where are we going to sleep? The spare bedroom?” Cas asked.

“We can, for now. Or we can just leave our bed on the subfloor, but don’t walk around barefoot or you’ll get splinters, or stabbed by a nail I might have missed.” Dean replied.

“Oh, ouch. Ok. I’d prefer to sleep in our bed rather than the inner spring. I’ll use slippers.” Cas said.

“Alright. Well, I decided I’m replacing the faucet in the master bath since it’s barely long enough. I crack my hands on the back of the sink when I try to wash my hands. I will send you pictures of faucets and you pick one, ok?”

Cas smiled. “Alright, Sweetheart. I love you, have a good day.”

“You too, Baby. I love you.”

Cas hung up and tucked his phone away. When he looked up he saw three sets of eyes on him. Chuck and Jody seemed amused. Becky seemed almost maniacally gleeful.

“You and your girlfriend must really be in love.” She said excitedly.

“Uh…I’m gay? That was my boyfriend.” Cas glanced at Chuck who was frowning at Becky.

“Leave the poor guy alone. Don’t butt into his relationship.” The English teacher admonished.

“But it’s so sweet!” Becky whined. Chuck rolled his eyes and looked at Cas apologetically.

“I am sorry. She means well.”

“It’s alright.” Cas assured him.

“So how long have you and Dean been together?” Jody asked.

“A year.” He replied.
“Oh, so it’s still pretty new.” She nodded as she took another bite of her salad.

“Yes, but I feel like I’ve known him my entire life. I know I want to spend the rest of my life with him.” He said.

“Oh! That is *so* romantic!” Becky gushed. Cas laughed.

“Maybe. I just know that I’ve head over heels in love with the man.”

“Is he a teacher as well?” Chuck asked.

“No, he’s an electrical engineer, but he owns his own business and works as an electrician.” Cas replied.

“Oh, really? Does he do private work at all? I am still on fuses, if you can believe that, and need someone that knows what they’re doing to switch my electrical over to circuit breakers.” Chuck said.

“Yes, he does. I can talk to him about it.” Cas offered. Chuck smiled.

“It would be very much appreciated, thank you.”

They chatted as they ate, and Cas liked getting to know his fellow teachers. Chuck, while rather quiet and nervous, was actually very friendly once he relaxed, and clearly very intelligent. Cas liked the idea that perhaps as they got to know one another better, he might be able to pick the man’s brains on various literature and other topics. Becky was…enthusiastic. Talking to her for more than five minutes was draining, and while she was nice, Cas really didn’t want to be alone with her. Ever. Jody was as nice as she had been that morning, and he found himself very comfortable with her. Balthazar did stop by their table but without another chair, or the room to squeeze one in, he simply said hello before moving on to sit at a table with two other teachers. Cas didn’t mind though. He still was a bit wary of the Englishman and his intentions. Perhaps later, once he got to know Jody better he would ask her about the man and whether or not he had anything to worry about. Not that the man was any sort of threat to his relationship. Even if he wasn’t with Dean, Balthazar was not his type in the slightest, but he also didn’t want to be hit on constantly. This was his place of work, and he just wanted to make a few new friends.

After lunch, Cas returned to his classroom and got on with his day. His students, for the most part were good. They followed instructions well and he used humor to get through to them. By the end of the day, as he was gathering everything up and slipping it into the messenger bag Dean had bought him as a present, he had a really good feeling that this school year would go well. As he walked out of his classroom, he ran into Jody and they walked out of the school together discussing gardening and chickens. They said goodbye, parting ways and heading to their cars. On the drive home Cas turned the radio to classic rock and sang along. He was pleased that he got out of the city and onto the country road that led to the house before traffic really picked up. By four he was walking in the front door.

“Dean, I’m home!” He called out as he toed his shoes off and loosened his tie. After meeting other teachers he decided ties were overkill and he didn’t plan to wear one again, unless it was for parent/teacher conferences. The first floor was empty, but the Impala was parked in front of the garage, so the man was home. Cas started for the second floor.

“Dean?” He looked down at the bedroom floor before stepping gingerly across the floorboards. Dean was right, he would need his slippers, the ones with the hard rubber soles. He fished them out of his closet and after sitting on the bed to strip off his socks, he put them on.
Dean had moved the dresser into the hall, so Cas found a pair of shorts and a tee shirt, and carried them into the bathroom to change. He paused to admire the faucet Dean had installed. After six different texts, Cas had chosen a brushed chrome one, and it looked good. Definitely a longer faucet that reached to the middle of the sink. He changed and tossed his dirty clothes in the laundry basket before going in search of his boyfriend.

Cas eventually found Dean in the barn. The man was measuring something but looked up, smiling when he saw Cas coming down the path that led to the barn.

“Hey, Baby. Made it home in record time.” Dean greeted him with a kiss and Cas took a moment to savor it.

“I did. The drive was nice too. What are you doing?” He looked at the marks Dean was making on the wall.

“I am measuring the right height to install the light switch. Your grandad called today. As his housewarming gift to us, he’s covering the cost of us running electrical out here.”

Cas was a little shocked to hear that. “Really?”

Dean nodded and made another mark. “Yep, so I went ahead and bought everything I’ll need to get it installed. I’ll have you help me with the heated floors, but this, I can get Eddie to help me, and he’ll get paid for it too. That way I have it up and running for your cats by the time the cold sets in.”

Cas was warmed by his boyfriend’s gesture. “Thank you. Oh, I met some other teachers today, and I believe I’ve actually made a few new friends. Chuck, he teaches eighth grade English, he was wondering if you could help him? His house is still on fuses and he would like to switch it over to circuit breakers.”

Dean cocked one eyebrow. “Fuses? Seriously? His electric is seriously out of date. I wonder how old his house is. I can do it, but it’ll be a while.”

“I’ll let him know.” Cas said.

“So, first day went well then?” Dean asked. Cas nodded eagerly.

“Very well! A few kids tried to pull the wool over my eyes, but I was on to them, much to their disappointment. And I had a lovely lunch too. I sat with Jody, who teaches seventh grade social studies, Chuck, and Becky who teaches sixth grade science. She’s…enthusiastic.” He tried not to say that like he didn’t like the woman, because honestly, she was very nice. It was just that she was draining. Dean seemed to sense that Cas didn’t like her nearly as much though, and chuckled.

“So, Balthazar didn’t try to sit with you?”

Cas heard the disdain, even as hard as Dean tried to hide it.

“No, but even if he had wanted to, there was no room at the table. I believe I will continue to sit with Chuck, Becky, and Jody at lunch. I enjoyed their company very much. I believe you would like Jody. She is very nice. She’s been teaching for twenty two years now.”

“Impressive. I’m surprised she still has her sanity.” Dean said, grinning. Cas laughed.

“I thought the same thing.” He looked at the marks for a moment before moving further into the barn. Dean had managed to run a series of electrical cords out to the barn and had hung a light, so the barn was partially illuminated. As he made his way back to where the mama cat, who they had taken to
calling Queenie, and her kittens resided. She was nursing them and when she spotted Cas her little paws began to kneed the air. He knelt down beside her and scratched her head.

“How are you, girl? You’re being such a good mama.” He cooed. They had an appointment to get Queenie spayed in two weeks. He had put up ads for the kittens and so far they’d had two calls. Dean had suggested adopting the kittens out for the price of what it would cost to spay/neuter them, that way they’d be sure the kittens wouldn’t just be tossed aside later. The money would be put into maintaining Queenie and the one kitten they would keep. As tempting as it was to keep them all, Cas realized that it would be expensive, both for medical care and for feeding. The rumble of Queenie’s purring vibrated through his hand as he continued to pet her. The vet had plans to do a full panel, and when Queenie was finished nursing, she would be fully vaccinated, flea treated, and microchipped. He had never had a pet before, and he looked forward to many long years with his cats. A shadow falling over his shoulder let him know Dean was there. He smiled as Dean knelt down next to him.

“I made an appointment with my doctor today. To get a full allergy panel and see if I’m good to just keep taking over the counter allergy meds or if it will be better for me to get something stronger.”

“Oh, that’s a good idea. How allergic are you to cats?” Cas asked.

“They make me itch and sneeze, and my eyes itch so bad I’m basically crying. If I’m around them for too long, I break out in rashes. I pet Queenie, but I don’t pick her up, and as soon as I go inside, I wash my hands.” Dean replied.

“I don’t know if I’m allergic. I don’t think I am. I really didn’t have much of a social life as a child, so if my friends had pets, I didn’t know about them because they were in school only friends.” Cas frowned as he thought about his childhood. Really, he had missed out on a lot growing up. “Sometimes, I wish my grandparents had been my parents instead of my mom and dad.”

Dean put an arm around Cas’ shoulder and pulled him closer. Cas laid his head on his boyfriend’s shoulder and sighed.

“You know what? You’re making up for lost time now. The stuff you couldn’t do as a kid, or couldn’t have, you can do it all now. What’s the one thing you always wanted to do as a kid?”

Cas had to think for a moment. So many things came to mind. “Go to Disneyland. Or World. Whatever one they always talked about at school. I went to a private school full of snotty, rich kids, and almost all of them got to go to the one in Florida. They’d come back with stories, pictures, souvenirs, and I was always so jealous. The only family trip I ever remember taking was when I was about nine, and we went to Martha’s Vineyard. And my brothers and I could only go places with our parents. Otherwise we had to stay at the rental house and study. That is not a real vacation.”

“So, Disney World. That’s your dream?” A smile crept across Dean’s face and Cas could almost hear the man thinking. He lifted his head to look at him.

“Yes. I know, it's childish…”

“I’ve never been either. I always wanted to, but we were broke. I’ll take you though. Next summer. After the wedding, but before you come back to work.” Dean cut him off, smiling wider as Cas’ mouth fell open in shock.

“Dean, that’s expensive.”

“I don’t care, you’re worth it.”

“Dean.”
“Cas.”

Cas stared at him for a long, long time, but Dean was as stubborn as he was.

“You’re seriously going to take me to Disneyland?”

“Disney World, Babe. Unless you want to road trip it out to California.” That made Dean think. “You know…” He sucked on the inside of his cheek for a moment. “We’ll be in Texas anyway, we could just drive on up into California. Then later, down the line, when we have kids of our own, we’ll take them to Disney World. As a family.”

Cas fell in love with Dean all over again in that moment. He pressed his lips against his boyfriend’s, crushing their mouths together and knocking Dean onto his back. A noise of surprise escaped Dean’s mouth but then his hands were coming around Cas’ waist and pulling him down on top of him. When they finally broke apart, gasping for air they were both smiling.

“I love you, Dean, so, so much.”

“I love you too. What say we take this inside, where we aren’t on the floor of a dirty barn with a nursing cat watching us?” Dean said with a laugh. Cas smiled even more brightly.

“Yes, I like that idea very much.”

Chapter End Notes

I freaking made my own heart swell at the end of this chapter. I have plans formulating in my head. *Rubs hands together as I cackle*

You'll see soon enough what I'm up to.

I hope you enjoyed the chapter...
After months of radio silence, Karen calls Cas. The call doesn't go well and Cas is plunged head first into feelings of rejection again. A call to his brother reminds him that even if their parents can't do it, there are plenty of people that love Cas, and they are a family no matter what.

This is a sadder chapter in that Karen will be struggling once again not to let her husband's opinions cloud her judgment. But Cas will come out on top in the end, have no fear!

Summer turned to fall and they worked together to get the electric out to the barn and the carpet pulled up in all of the second floor rooms. Cas took all of the cats to get spayed and neutered, and in the end Charlie took two of them herself. Dean really hadn’t been surprised by that. She took the two little striped boys, naming them Castor and Pollux. Cas thought the names were very witty. At the mention of kittens, Becky had gotten very excited and said she wanted one, so when they turned eight weeks old he invited her, Chuck, and Jody all out to the farm for a cookout. Becky fell in love almost immediately with the little calico girl, and went home with her that night. That left them with Queenie and the little orange boy that Dean had taken to calling Jake. Cas worked to make sure the barn was weather proofed and Dean replaced several boards and part of the roof so Queenie and Jake would have a safe, warm, dry place to bed down for the winter. Rather than run up their electric bill by heating the barn, Cas found a tutorial on YouTube on how to make an insulated box that the cats could crawl into for warmth. He added a couple of Dean’s old flannel shirts to the bottom and waited to see how they would like it. As soon as Queenie saw it, she investigated. Pleased with her new bed, she curled up and immediately went to sleep. It wasn’t long before Jake crawled in next to her. It gave Cas a sense of accomplishment knowing he had provided a safe, warm bed for his cats.

Dean decided to get creative. Rather than make it possible for snakes or other creatures besides the cats to get in, but still wanting to give the cats the freedom to come and go as they pleased, he removed one pane of glass from the window on the east side of the barn and replaced it with a cat door. It took some ingenuity and a bit of jerry rigging, but he managed to get it secured safely. He put a small shelf under the window on the inside of the barn, so Queenie and Jake could use it to exit, and he put a planting table outside the window that was too tall for opossums to climb, and added steel sheeting around the base so raccoons couldn’t climb it either. The cats could jump from the ground to the table, and then from the table to the window without issue. They figured it out very quickly.

Cas put food bowls in the barn and a water bowl, but he also wanted some up by the house. As fall began to get colder and the holidays began to approach, Dean began to worry that the water might freeze and the cats would suffer, so he surprised his boyfriend with a heated water bowl. They set it
inside a small shed Dean had purchased pre-made and put together that he set up in the backyard, right up against the house, and just in case the cats didn’t want to trek out to the barn in the snow, he made a second insulated box and set that inside the shed as well.

As Thanksgiving approached, they began making plans for their trip to Kansas. Work kept them both busy, but so did the house. They always made time for one another though. Cas’ mother had finally reached out to him after almost two months of radio silence, and he’d been rather shocked to learn that she had moved back in with his father. She called him out of the blue one afternoon as he was packing for the trip to Kansas. He stood numb with shock, almost forgetting to answer the call at first.

“H-hello?”

“Castiel? Hi, Honey, it’s mom.”

“I know, I saw your name come up on my caller ID. Where the heck have you been?” He demanded.

“I’m sorry, I…had some problems with your father. We’re in counseling now, if you can believe it. Marriage counseling and individual counseling. I’m trying so hard to get him to stop pushing you boys away. He’s hurt that Mike won’t even talk to him. I’ve told him repeatedly that he can’t push two of you away and expect the third to just be ok with that. He’s making some progress.”

“And you couldn’t call at all? Or stop by? Are you even aware that I moved?” He had months of pent up anger and it was all directed at her.

“I was trying to work on my marriage. I’m sorry if you can’t understand that, but even if you think the worst of your father, he’s my husband and I love him. Do I like his views? No, not all of them. But I love him. Surely you can understand at least that.” She pleaded. Cas sighed and sat down on the end of the bed.

“Yeah, I get it. Relationships take hard work, patience and love. So why are you calling now?”

“Your father and I would like to invite you boys to the house for Thanksgiving.” She sounded so pleased with herself and it pained him to decline.

“I’m sorry, Mom, but we have plans. I’m actually packing right now because we’re leaving town tomorrow when Dean gets home from work. We’re going to his family’s house in Kansas like we did last year for Christmas.” He refused to feel guilty.

“Oh. Well, perhaps your brothers…”

“They’re meeting us in Kansas. We still spend it together as a family.” He sighed, not wanting to hold on to his anger. “Look, we’re doing Christmas at our house this year. Gabe and Mike are coming with Eli and Maeve. I’ll talk to Dean about it, but I’m sure he’ll be ok with it if you and Dad come too.”

“I’ll talk to your father.” She sounded sad.

“The grandparents are coming here for Christmas too. Grandma and Grandpa Novak still want to see the house.” He liked the idea of his parents coming too, but his dad still worried him. His grandparents would keep the man in line though if he decided to be an ass, Cas was sure of it.

“Yes, I heard that you and Dean bought a house together. I was a bit surprised by that. He’s your first relationship, isn’t he?” She asked.
“Wouldn’t matter if he was my first or my fifty first. I know what I want and what I need, and he makes me happy. He takes care of me and I take care of him. I know he loves me and I love him. We work hard at our relationship. I wouldn’t want anyone else.” He replied.

“A house is a big responsibility though.” She said. He got the hidden meaning behind her words. What she wasn’t saying was that if they broke up, they’d be tied together because they had bought the house together. Like she expected their relationship to fail.

“Mom, I’m going to marry Dean someday. He’s going to be the father of my children. I love him. Don’t you get that?” He ran a hand through his hair in frustration. She was sounding too much like his dad again.

“I do, I truly do, I just worry. You’re so young, and you’re new to being on your own. You weren’t living by yourself a month before you met him.”

“So what you’re saying is that I’m incapable of making the right decisions for myself simply because you and Dad sheltered me when I was growing up. You think that I can’t comprehend love and can’t be in a healthy, loving relationship. Well I’m sorry to break it to you, Mom, but not only do I have friends, I have a good job that I love, a boyfriend that adores me and treats me like a king, no debt, and I’m twenty five, financially stable, and I own my own house. I have plans to marry the man I love, to have kids, and someday grandkids, and maybe one day travel with him. I am not emotionally stunted, I am not stupid, I am not naïve, and I am not immature. I know what I want out of life and who I want to spend my life with. If you’re going to start in on me again about how I can’t possibly know if I am really gay, I have news for you, I won’t tolerate it. I have zero physical attraction to women. Do you hear that? ZERO! I find MEN attractive, Dean in particular. The very idea of sex with women, it doesn’t even slightly intrigue me. So either you can get on board with the whole gay train, or you can feed into Dad’s bigotry and get out of my life!”

He was practically screaming by that point, and his entire body shook with anger. A sound in the hall caught his attention and he looked up to see Dean standing there, his face etched with worry. He held a hand out and Dean hurried to his side, sitting down next to him and wrapping him in his arms.

“Hey, Karen, this is Dean. I don’t know your reason for calling, but if it was to make Cas cry, you succeeded, and that’s a pretty shitty thing to do. He has spent the last two months feeling rejected and unloved by not just his father, but you as well, and that’s not what a parent should do to their child. I’m hanging up now so I can take care of him. I really hope you get your act together and figure out what your priorities are. Goodbye.” He disconnected the call and tossed the phone aside just as Cas completely lost it. His fingers tangled in the front of Dean’s tee shirt as the tears spilled unbidden. Dean plucked the phone from his hand and a moment later he heard his boyfriend talking to his mother.

“Hey, talk to me.”

Cas didn’t say anything, so Dean just sat with him, alternating between rubbing his back and running his fingers through Cas’ hair.
“I need a drink.” Cas eventually mumbled.

“Whiskey good?” Dean asked.

“Yeah.”

Dean kissed the top of his head before getting up and going to get the drink. Cas took the time alone to call his brother Gabe. He was glad when the man answered.

“Hey, Cassie what's up?” His brother greeted him.

“Am I bothering you?” Cas asked him.

“Nah, I'm working a night shift. So I'm just doing laundry and other chores before Eli gets home.” Gabe said. Cas heard it when he closed the dryer door.

“Mom called me.” He blurted.

“What? Is she ok? Where is she? Did she go home to Dad?” Gabe was worried, confused and angry, all rolled into one.

“Yes, apparently they’re working on their marriage, and in doing that, she’s back to thinking that I don’t really know I’m gay, and that I’m moving too fast with Dean. Basically she implied that I’m immature, stupid, and foolish, without actually using any of those words.” Cas couldn’t help how bitter he sounded. He was bitter.

“Damn. Are you ok?” Gabe was concerned for his brother’s wellbeing.

“I don’t understand. Am I a bad son? Am I so awful of a person because I chose a teaching degree instead of becoming a doctor? And is it so awful that I’m gay? Seriously? I just don’t understand why they don’t love me.” The tears were threatening to spill again, and his lip quivered. He heard Dean walking back in the room and when the man dropped to his knees in front of him he pulled him close.

“You’re a fantastic person, Cas. Mike and I love you. Our grandparents love you. Dean loves you. Hell, Dean’s family loves you. We just sort of got a shit deal when it came to our own parents. It’s not your fault, it’s not my fault. There is absolutely nothing wrong with you. You’re an amazing person, so warm and loving, and fun. If they can’t see that and accept you as you are, well, it’s them that will miss out. They’ll miss seeing you in love, and your wedding, and your kids. But I don’t plan to miss a moment of that. Neither does Mike.” Gabe needed his brother to know that he was loved, and loved deeply. Cas sniffled and laid his head on Dean’s shoulder.

“He’s right you know, you have no idea how loved you are.” Dean whispered softly. Cas kissed his cheek and sighed.

“She initially called to invite us for Thanksgiving. Like Dad apparently is ok with it. She says they’re in marriage counseling, and that Dad is in individual counseling too, but somehow she thinks it’s ok to insult me. I don’t understand them.”

“Fuck her. And fuck Dad.” Gabe snapped. “Fuck them both. You’re better than them, and anyone that would deliberately try to hurt you is an asshole and I won’t have anything to do with them. I’ll call her. I’ll tell her exactly what I think of her behavior. I’m done with them and their ignorance. If they can’t get their shit together and learn to accept you and your relationship with Dean, and accept me and Eli, then I’m cutting them off. And I know Mike will stand by us too. So they’ll be the ones suffering in the end when they don’t get to see their grandchildren growing up, or see how fucking
happy we all are, even without them, cause damn it little brother, you deserve to be happy! I deserve to be happy! Don’t ever let anyone take that away from you!”

Cas felt better. You’re right, I am happy, happier than I’ve ever been in my life. I’m not letting her or Dad take that away from me.”

“I’ll see you Wednesday night, ok? We’ll sit, cuddle chickens, eat pie, and be with the people that actually give a damn, ok?” Gabe’s tone had softened. “We’ll be ok, Cassie. I love you.”

“I love you too. Give Eli my love, I’ll see you guys Wednesday night.” Cas told him.

They hung up and Cas sat up. Dean pressed the tumbler of whiskey into his hand.

“Thank you.” He said before downing half the glass. It burned going down, making him grimace.

“So, I heard part of that. I came in, heard you talking, and you sounded upset, so I came up to see why. Did she call to pick a fight? Was she really inviting us for Thanksgiving?” Dean asked. Cas nodded.

“She did invite us, but I told her we already had plans. So I invited her to Christmas. I felt bad saying no to her, but I figured I’d talk to you, maybe we could have them over since the rest of our families are coming, but then she implied that I’m just doing what you want, and I’m not thinking for myself, and that we rushed things because I was only living on my own a few weeks before I met you. She’s wrong though. I know exactly what I want, and I have that. I have you.” He pressed the palm of his empty hand against Dean’s cheek and leaned forward to kiss him.

“Yeah, I’m kind of crazy about you and don’t want to give you up.” Dean said, grinning. Cas chuckled softly and smiled.

“Yeah, I’m just as crazy about you too.”

“I need a shower, it was a long day at work. Care to join me?” Dean asked as he got to his feet. He held out a hand and after finishing off his drink, Cas took it. He was pulled to his feet, and into Dean’s arms.

“You know you’re loved, right? Baby, I love you so, so much.” Dean nuzzled against his cheek before placing a soft kiss there.

“Yes, I know. The rejection from the people that are supposed to love me unconditionally though, that’s what hurts. But I never doubt your love, or my brothers’. I don’t know what I’d do if I didn’t have you.” Cas said as he let Dean lead him into the bathroom.

“You’d still be watching shitty porn and teaching pre-kindergarteners, and waiting for your life to begin.” Dean teased. Cas laughed.

“Sadly, you’re right. I gotta say, deciding to watch porn that night was the best decision I’ve ever made.”

Dean laughed with him. “Hell yeah it was.”
I hope you enjoyed that chapter. I tried to make it a little longer. I've been busy, but I'm writing!

Guess what? So my daughter posted something funny on FB yesterday, right? And I laughed as I read through it. It was a series of Twitter posts from a comedian that calls himself Exploding Unicorn. He posts conversations he has with his 4 daughters, all aged 5 and under. So you know those are funny. I laughed and decided to check him out on Twitter. I liked more of what he was tweeting, so I decided to follow him. Why not, right? Cool, whatever. I was out with my best friend and put my phone away after that because we were out walking, doing our nightly exercises, but when I got home, I checked my emails and to my surprise...I had new Twitter followers. I started this particular Twitter account to help get my books out there, but for the last year I've had exactly 5 followers. 5!!! I follow a comedian, come home, I have 2 new ones. Ok, so I go to see who they are and to my surprise one is an actor from The Walking Dead! I'm like what????!! Then another comedian followed me. And later, another one. Then....another one! I think I'm up to 11 followers now? Of which like 6 are some sort of celebrity? Like, how did THAT happen?! All I did was retweet some funny stuff! I dunno, I'm going to take it in stride, see who else might follow me, and see if I can get a decent following. It'll help get my books out there, right? Especially for when I put the next one out!

My life is so dull, aside from a full on war on one of my posts on FB that I spent the better part of last night dealing with, and the fact that I decided it's time to get rid of all the assholes on there. It was an eventful night last night, lol. It has since calmed down though. It's sad when a post over transgender rights starts a war, and THAT is the most exciting thing to happen to me in days. I seriously need a social life, lol.
Chapter Summary

It's time to head to the Winchester family home for the Thanksgiving holiday. The Novak boys are meeting them there and Dean takes them aside to have a little talk.

Chapter Notes

Are your seatbelts on? You all know me. If you're reading something I wrote, at some point a seatbelt WILL be needed, like 90% of the time on these long fics. So get ready....

And enjoy...

The trip down to Mary and John Winchester’s house was quieter than Dean liked. Cas’ usually bubbly personality was nearly nonexistent. All Dean wanted was to get his boyfriend around the people that loved him, and show him that no matter what, he had family. They stopped for gas twice, and once to eat, and then they were pulling into the driveway of Dean’s family home. Dean was pleased that as they parked and got out and the front door opened, both Mike and Gabe came out. As Cas climbed the steps he was pulled into a fierce hug by Gabe that Mike joined in on.

“Mary made pie. Cherry, your favorite.” Gabe told his younger brother. Cas gave his first real smile since talking to his mother.

“Well I better get some before Dean eats it all.”

Mary was hovering just inside the door and as soon as Cas stepped into the house, she was hugging him as she showered his cheeks and forehead with kisses.

“Sweetheart, you are so loved, so, so loved.” When she looked him in the eye he could see her tears and it made his throat tighten as his own tears threatened to spill.

“I know. I really do.” His voice cracked as Mary took him by the hand and led him into the kitchen where Maeve and Eli were standing by the island eating what smelled to Cas like banana bread. Eli dropped his fork onto his plate and pulled Cas into a hug. No words needed to be said. Cas knew this man that was soon destined to become his brother by marriage loved him too. When Eli stepped back, Maeve had her turn, hugging him tight and kissing his cheek.

“I told you that you were loved, Babe.” Dean’s arms slid around his waist from behind as he leaned his chin on Cas’ shoulder.

“Thank you. I’m sorry I was so unpleasant on the ride here.” Cas apologized.
“You weren’t unpleasant. You have things on your mind and it is completely understandable. If you weren’t upset I’d be more worried. But you’re home now. Everyone here loves you, me most of all.”

Dean kissed the side of his face before smacking his butt. “And now we’ll have some pie, cause I know my mom has some in here somewhere.” He looked over at his mother who was pulling two out of the fridge.

“We’ll all enjoy some pie and banana bread, and you will tell me how the updates are coming along with your new house, and show me pictures.” She said as she set the oven so she could warm the pies up.

“I have cats.” Cas announced proudly.

“Oh! I want to hear all about them!” Maeve clapped her hands together excitedly.

“How on earth did you end up with cats?” Gabe laughed and shook his head.

“Queenie sort of had a litter of kittens in our barn. Dean said we could keep two, but they have to stay outside because of his allergies. He’s on allergy shots now, and it’s helping, but they still can’t be in the house, so we weatherproofed the barn and put up a shed next to the house for them. We kept Queenie and her son. Dean named him Jake.” Cas explained. He pulled out his phone and showed everyone all of the pictures he’d been taking of the cats since he’d first discovered them.

“Oh, if I’d have known I’d have taken one! They’re so precious!” Maeve cried.

“You can see them next month. They have free run of the whole barn, but one stall is dedicated to just them. I put a cat tree in there for them, and they have toys and an insulated box to sleep in.” Cas said proudly.

“He spoils them.” Dean teased. Cas grinned and Dean leaned in to kiss him.

“They’re so sweet, I have to.”

“I know, Baby. One of the many things I love about you is your big heart.” Dean murmured.

“So this little guy is the one you kept?” Gabe had Cas’ phone and was pointing at a little orange kitten sitting, looking up at the camera.

“Yep, that’s my boy, Jake. When I work in the yard, he winds around my legs meowing until I scratch his head, and if I work on the car, he jumps on my back. He’s a crazy little guy.” Dean laughed. He’d never thought he’d own a cat due to his allergies, but he really did love both Queenie and Jake.

“They’ll help keep pests like mice out of your coop.” Mary said as she got down plates and forks. Dean hurried to help her and soon they had plates ready and filled with slices of warm pie for everyone. Cas had missed Mary’s pies. Dean’s were wonderful and amazing but hers were ever so slightly different. He suspected it had more to do with how she made him feel when she put a plate in front of him. Like he was deeply loved and wanted. He wished his own mother was more like Mary.

It was late and everyone had waited for Dean and Cas to arrive, so once they had finished with the pie, Mary showed Mike and Maeve to the den where there was a new, fold out couch waiting. Sam wasn’t coming home for Thanksgiving, but Dean and Cas were springing for his ticket home for Christmas, so Gabe and Eli took his room just as they had done the year before. Dean took Cas up to their room.
“Where was your dad?” Cas asked as they got ready for bed.

“Mom said he had to work a double shift in order to get Friday off, so he won’t be home for another hour. He wanted to spend some time with us this weekend. Tomorrow he’ll sleep in, so we’ll have to be quiet as we cook, but with as many of us as there are this year, the preparations should go quickly. Mom said she already has the turkey marinating and she made like six other pies besides the ones she gave us earlier. And I plan to make something too. Maybe carrot cake. How does that sound?” Dean looked over at Cas who nodded eagerly.

“I love carrot cake with cream cheese frosting.” Cas hadn’t had it in years. His grandmother used to bring it for Easter.

“We’ll divide tasks in the morning. Right now, I’m exhausted.” Dean yawned as he grabbed his toiletry bag out of his luggage and started for the bathroom. Cas found his own and followed him. When they returned to the room they crawled under the covers and Dean pulled Cas close to him. Cas sighed and wrapped his arms around him, snuggling in as close as he could.

“How are you feeling?” Dean asked.

“Better. I feel happy around your family, and it helps that my brothers are here too. I missed them all so much. Hopefully we can visit them more often.” Cas murmured. He did feel better being back here.

“Why did Eli move the wedding date? You’ll have to take time off right at the beginning of the next school year.”

“Because he tried to rent a section of the beach in May but they only had time available during the week. Then the caterer they wanted couldn’t do it, so they moved it to September. I told Eli that will give him more time to plan since I wasn’t able to come out this summer and help him.” Cas said.

“Makes sense.” Dean yawned, the toll that the long drive had taken was finally catching up. Within moments he was snoring softly. Cas kissed his jaw tenderly before closing his own eyes and letting sleep take over. His dreams were of kittens and barns done up in ribbons and paper lanterns.


“I need to talk to you both. It’s important. Come down to the basement with me before Cas wakes up.” Dean looked at Mike and Gabe, both of whom were sitting at the kitchen table talking quietly and sipping coffee. Mary was not up yet either. Apparently neither were Eli or Maeve. Dean was glad to have caught these two alone.

“Oh, what’s on your mind Dean-o?” Gabe asked as they followed Dean down to the basement and clear to the back where the chickens were being housed.

“Let me finish before you interrupt me, ok?” Dean asked. Mike and Gabe shared a look before they both nodded.

“Ok, shoot.” Gabe motioned for him to continue.

“Right. So, I want to ask Cas to marry me, but...I want your blessings.” Dean looked between the two men. “But I’m not proposing now. I want to do it after your wedding, Gabe. I have a trip planned that he doesn’t know about yet. He has this secret wish to go see Disney, and since we’ll be close to California, I want to take him and propose there. So basically after the wedding, we’ll drive into California, go to the park, and I’ll find a way to do an epic proposal of some kind.”
Gabe’s eyebrows shot up so high they disappeared into the shaggy hair hanging down on his forehead and Mike was grinning so wide he looked like the Cheshire cat.

“That’s fantastic! Of course! You definitely have mine!” Mike grabbed Dean’s hand and shook it. Dean grinned excitedly.

“Thanks! I already bought the ring. I pay closer attention than he thinks I do, and when we were downtown in Indy we stopped in at a jewelry shop so I could get a chain for my mother’s birthday, and when I turned around I found Cas looking at a display of rings. It’s simple, silver with Celtic knot edging in gold, but I know he’ll love it.” He tempered his smile and looked over at Gabe. “Do I have yours too?”

Gabe broke out in a smile and clapped him on the back.

“Of course! I know it may have seemed like I didn’t like you at first, but that is the furthest thing from the truth. I like you a hell of a lot more than it might seem. I just worry too much about Cas. I figured out a long time ago that what you guys have is real, and I give you my blessings tenfold. Wait til I tell Eli!”

“Maeve is going to squeal with delight, then she’s going to punch me for not getting around to asking her.” Mike’s laugh was nervous.

“Do you want to? Marry her, I mean.” Dean asked.

“Yeah, I do. I know it won’t be a huge screw up like last time. What Mae and I have, it’s real, and it’s forever. I’ll have to man up and ask her soon, before she trades me in.”

“Do it on Valentine’s Day. It’s cliche, sure, but she’ll remember forever. And...you won’t be the last brother to get engaged. That would probably sting the worst.” Dean said. Gabe nodded in agreement. The door at the top of the stairs creaked open and they all froze.

“Dean? Are you down there? Do you know where Mike and Gabe are?” Mary called down the stairs.

“Yeah. Is anyone else up yet?” He called back.

“Maeve is in the shower, and Eli is getting coffee.”

“Ok, we’re coming up now.” Dean motioned for the other two men to follow him, and they all returned to the kitchen. He got his own cup of coffee as Mike and Gabe returned to their own cups and by the time Maeve and Cas finally wandered downstairs, everyone looked relaxed and ready to focus on the day.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, to those of you screeching so loud, I'm deaf now! Lol, I do hope you liked that. I told you I had plans!

P.S.: I have a secret obsession with flash mobs...
Thanksgiving Chaos

Chapter Summary

Eli is possibly even more enthusiastic about Dean's impending proposal, and he has ideas...lots of ideas...

Chapter Notes

I do hope you like this chapter. Thanksgiving isn't really the focus though. Eli is adorable in this chapter, I think. I hope you enjoy his enthusiasm. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I can help with it. I have a friend, a Disney princess, and her father is one of the managers at the park. How does a full performance sound? And...maybe you could dress up as one of the princes? Oh, I have so many ideas!” Eli clapped his hands together excitedly as different ones raced through his head. “It would be amazing! Like one of those flash mob proposals! What if…” He turned around and grabbed Gabe, pulling him closer.

Gabe and Eli had managed to corner Dean as he was taking out the garbage. Mike was busy distracting Cas in the kitchen. They didn’t have long though before someone came looking for them.

“What if we put off leaving on our honeymoon for two days, and we got the entire family to show up? A family flash mob! Mary, John, your grandparents, us, Mike and Maeve will still be on vacation too! Oh, it would be so beautiful!” Eli gushed. Gabe smiled at his fiance, delighted by his enthusiasm.

“I like that idea, a lot! I’d have to save up a lot more money though, to fly my parents out there, and cover their park admission.” Eli’s enthusiasm was really rubbing off on Dean.

“No, we’ll cover their flight costs.” Gabe said.

“What? No…” Dean didn’t want to be a burden. It was his proposal after all.

“Please, Mary and John have been better parents to Cas and me than our own were for our entire lives. If it will help make things go more smoothly for you and give you fewer things to worry about, then we will do it.” Gabe was not going to budge on this, Dean realized. Seems stubbornness ran in the Novak family.

“Besides, we’re inviting them to the wedding.” Eli added. “It wouldn’t feel right if they weren’t there.”

Dean smiled wide. “That’s awesome. They’ll love that.”

“So I’ll make a few calls, see what I can arrange for you, and I’ll text you once I have all of the information, ok?” Eli clapped his hands together excitedly. “This is going to be wonderful! It should
be recorded!"

Gabe laughed and patted his fiance’s shoulder. “Calm down there, James Cameron. Let Dean figure out how he wants to do it. It should be interesting since you’re proposing to another man. Can’t wait to see what prince you decide on.”

Dean snorted as they all started back up the driveway. “Yeah, that’s going to take some research on my part.”

“Where were you? Mary asked me to baste the turkey but I don’t think I did it right. And I dropped some of the juice on the floor of the oven! It’s sizzling!” Cas cried as soon as they walked in the kitchen.

“Where is my mom? And where are Mike and Maeve?” Dean took the oven mitts from Cas and pulled the turkey out to look at it. “Turkey looks fine. The oven can be cleaned later.”

“Well, Mike tried to mix the sweet potatoes but he put the beater on too high. They were still super hot and when they splattered everywhere, they hit him in the face. Some got in his eye too. Maeve took him upstairs to try and wash his face and make sure his eye is ok. Your mom went to wake your dad up.” Cas replied. Gabe frowned.

“I’m going to go check on Mike.”

Eli walked over to the mess Mike had left of the sweet potatoes. “I think I can salvage what’s remaining.”

“Please, and thanks, man.” Dean told him. He slid the turkey back in the oven and shut the door.

“I didn’t mean to spill the broth.” Cas sounded so upset. Dean pulled him close and kissed his forehead.

“It’s not a big deal, Baby. I’ve done way worse. I just hope Mike’s ok.”

“I do as well.” Eli agreed. He had managed to scrap most of the potatoes off the sides of the bowl and added in the ones Mike hadn’t had a chance to put in yet.

“What should I do now?” Cas asked. It was only now that Dean realized his boyfriend was wearing an apron. One with ruffled edges, the be specific. He looked freaking adorable.

“Well, it’s still early, but we could make the cranberries, peel and cut the potatoes to make homemade mashed potatoes later, and Dad loves green bean casserole. So we can make one of those too.” Dean was ticking off the things they still needed to get done. His mom had taken care of the pies, and Eli was doing the sweet potatoes…

“Mary says she has a ham to put in later.” Cas said.

“Yeah, she usually does, but those come pre-cooked, so that won’t be put in until a few hours before we eat.”

“I need something to eat.” Cas rotated his shoulders, sighing with relief when both popped, relieving the built up pressure.

“I’ll make us all some blueberry pancakes and bacon, how does that sound?” Dean asked. Both Cas and Eli nodded.
“Sounds amazing.” Eli’s stomach rumbled just at the thought of food.

“Then let me get started. I have a lot of food to make.” Dean said as he pulled a bag of flour out of the cabinet.

“I will help.” Cas went to the fridge and found the two packages of bacon Mary had bought. When he carried them over to the stove Dean smiled and gave him a peck on the lips.

“Thank you, Sweetheart.”

Cas smiled, finally feeling the tension of the morning starting to dissipate. “Of course.”

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, Mike is ok. So maybe that's not how he intended to distract Cas, lol. I hope you enjoyed the chapter. I have an idea in mind for the proposal. I wish I had the time and energy to invent my own Disney song. Cause I am going with a whole new angle for this.
Chapter Summary

Thanksgiving goes smoothly after the chaotic morning, and Cas realizes he is with his family; the people that truly love him.

Chapter Notes

If you don't just love John Winchester after this chapter, I'm doing something wrong.
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Despite a rough start to the day, the rest of the cooking went very smoothly. Eli pitched in a lot which helped Dean and Mary both, and Cas helped as much as he was able to. Most of his time in the kitchen was spent learning from everyone else, but he did help a lot. Dinner itself was a beautiful affair. The conversation flowed easily and everyone wanted to know how Dean and Cas liked living in their new house.

“We got the chimney cleaned and inspected and we lit our first fire last week. It was wonderful. We’re lighting one when we get home since we left the heat off.” Cas said.

“And I’m almost done with the heated floors. I had to take some time to insulate the barn and run electric out there, so now I’m concentrating on the inside. And Cas is picking out paint colors.” Dean added. Cas smiled and found his hand under the table, giving it a squeeze.

“We bought two more beds and set them up in the other bedrooms, so there will be plenty of room. We want to get a couch with a fold out bed for the basement later. Until then, we have a couple of air mattresses, and two couches.” Cas was worried that with both of his brothers and the Winchesters coming to their house for Christmas, there wouldn’t be enough room for everyone.

“It’ll be fine, I’m sure.” John assured him. “Sammy can bunk with us on an air mattress.”

“If he doesn’t want to, there is the couch in the basement.” Cas said. He and Dean had talked and until the landing was finished, the second couch was in the basement.

“We’ll ask him when he gets in.” Mary settled that issue. “So you’ll show me where you plan to put your coop, right?”

“Oh, yes! I have a spot picked out already. Dean said that in the fall, once the plants in the garden have died off for the year he wants to let the birds in there to pick through the vegetation. What they don’t eat will go in a compost bin that he’s building next summer. I found a plan online for one and he liked it, so he wants to help me build it.” Cas was excited.

“You still planning to build your own coop?” John asked. Cas nodded.
“I found a relatively straight forward plan.”

“You ever build anything before?” The corners of John’s mouth twitched but he managed not to make the young man feel as though he were mocking him.

“No, unfortunately neither of my parents showed me how to build anything, though my grandfather did let me help him once to build some bookcases.” Cas frowned and looked over at his brothers who both nodded in agreement.

“Our job was to maintain our grades. There was no time to learn any other skills that might have come in handy.” Gabe said, barely keeping the bitterness he felt under control. “Everything I learned, I did so after I had moved away. Eli is a big reason as to why I can cook, and I had to teach myself basic car maintenance and how to fix things.”

“He’s right. I took some home improvement courses that Home Depot was offering, just so I could learn to do something with my hands besides perform surgery.” Mike said.

“Well, I was thinking.” John pushed the potatoes around on his plate as he spoke, a sign that he was a bit nervous. “What if I was to come up there and help you build it? Maybe show you how to do a few other things around your farm?”

Dean shoved a chunk of turkey in his mouth to prevent himself from speaking up. He knew how to do all of that and had planned to help Cas and teach him how to build it, but his dad was offering to do it, to step up into the fatherly role that Cas’ own father had never wanted to do. Cas stared at the man with wide eyes for a moment before swallowing hard and nodding.

“I would like that very much. I want to learn as much as I can, so I can help Dean more. I feel quite useless at the moment.”

“You’re not useless, Sweetheart, you’re simply a blank slate waiting to be filled full of useful knowledge. Life is a series of lessons from which we learn new things all of the time. You’ll learn what goes into building a coop. John will show you how to make it safe from critters. Then you’ll learn what goes into keeping chickens. Right now, you’re learning what goes into keeping cats. You learned what goes into teaching children. We never stop learning, really. So soak up as much as you can.” Mary smiled warmly at Cas and he really had to fight not to cry. He swallowed hard again and nodded.

“I have some vacation time coming up. How does beginning of June sound? I can come up for a few days, maybe a week, show you some things. Get all of the tools and parts you’ll need for building the coop and print out the plan for it and between the three of us we’ll get that built in just a few days.” John met Cas’ eyes and he smiled. Cas smiled back.

“I’ll definitely do that.”

Later that night, after everyone had gone to bed, John found Mary sitting up in bed waiting for him.

“Everything alright, Ma?” He asked as he climbed into the bed.

“Dean is planning to propose to Cas.” She said. John chuckled and smiled at his wife.

“I figured as much. He’s never been so serious about anyone before.”

“He’s doing it next summer, out in California. Cas has a dream of going to Disneyland, so Dean’s
going to surprise him by taking him there right after Gabe and Eli’s wedding. The plan is for us to go out there too. It’s going to be this big event, and all of the family is going to be there. Like a big flash mob.” Mary was excited, he could hear it in her voice. He understood it though, their oldest was ready to settle down and get married. Maybe in the beginning he’d had an issue with his son dating other men, but he knew that who his son chose to love didn’t change who Dean was as a person, and if he had to choose someone for his son, it would be Cas. The man was the kindest, gentlest person John had ever met, and his temperament complemented Dean’s perfectly.

“I’m not sure I know what a flash mob is. Sounds too much like a flash grenade. You’ll have to explain it to me.” He said.

“I’ll show you videos later. They’re really cute. Cas has no idea. He’s going to be so surprised!” She squealed softly so no one but John heard.

“So this means I have to take off two weeks? One in June to go see Dean and Cas, and one for the wedding. Eli mentioned that we’re invited to the wedding too.” He had been stopped coming in from the garage where he’d been grabbing more beer by Eli who had told him that he and Gabe wanted them to come to the wedding. “He says that he and Gabe are paying our airfare.”

Mary nodded. “Yes, he mentioned it to me as well. I told him we’d be honored to attend, and I would love to see the ocean. They’re getting married seaside.”

“That’s nice. Should be pretty. So what then, after the wedding we’re all going to head out to California?”

“Yes. We’ll fly there with Gabe, Eli, Mike, and Maeve. Dean wants Sam there too, but I’m leaving that to them to work out. We’re to arrive at the park before Dean gets there with Cas. It’s all a big surprise.” She hadn’t been this excited in years and her blue eyes sparkled with it. It made him happy to see her like that.

“Alright then. You just tell me where we gotta be and I’ll be there.” He reached over to turn off the lamp on the side table and laid his head down on his pillow. A moment later Mary was snuggled up against his side.

“I’m proud of you.” She said softly.

“For what?” He asked, surprised.

“For offering to help Cas with the coop. You’re a wonderful man, John Winchester. One of the many, many reasons why I love you.” She leaned up, placing a gentle kiss to his cheek.

“The boy needs someone to teach him things. His own father wants to be an asshole, so be it. Doesn’t mean I have to be one. I like Cas, a lot. He’s a good kid.” He tried to sound gruff, but failed. Mary snickered.

“You big softy.”

“Yeah, maybe I am. Ain’t nothing wrong with that.” He huffed. Mary placed a hand over his heart.

“It’s just one of the many things I love about you.”

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Back at home again, Dean and Cas both fell back into their work routines. Cas was counting the days until winter break while Dean was racing to get the rest of the heated flooring down, and the
new wood floors laid over them. Cas helped him with all of it and it went much faster than it would have if he’d been left to do it alone. By the first day of winter break, they were done. From there Cas used his time off work to paint the master bedroom and go shopping for Christmas presents. A week before Christmas he and Dean went shopping for a tree and decorations. Dean, as it turned out, loved Christmas. Cas had been aware of just how much his boyfriend liked the holiday the year before but this year, with his own home to decorate, he went all out. Dean dragged him from store to store to select lights and garland, ornaments and stockings. And then there were the outdoor decorations! Cas was amused by it all rather than irritated, and he got into the Christmas spirit very quickly.

Sam arrived the evening of the twenty twenty first and Dean picked him up at the airport. Cas had managed to spring for a foldaway bed, as he felt guilty about Sam having to sleep on the couch or an air bed. He was thrown by the time change and went to bed almost as soon as he walked through the door. The following afternoon Dean’s parents arrived. They were staying through until after the first of the year and Cas was just as excited as Dean to show them the house. It had snowed the night before but Dean didn’t care. He stood outside the front door, grinning excitedly as his father’s truck pulled into the driveway.

“This is beautiful!” Mary exclaimed as she got out of the truck. Dean hurried down to hug her and help his dad with his bags.

“Thanks. Cas went all out for lunch. Sam just woke up so he’s taking a shower. Are you guys hungry?”

“Sure am. Let’s go on inside.” John said.

They brought the bags inside where Cas met them at the door.

“Hey, hi!” Cas hugged them both. “How was the drive? Not too bad, I hope.”

“No, it wasn’t bad at all. We didn’t really encounter any snow until we crossed the border into Indiana, and it’s not even that much.” John said as he handed his bags over to Dean who was eager to get them upstairs to the guest bedroom his parents were staying in. Cas took their coats and hung them up on the hooks Dean had put up by the door before motioning for them to follow him into the kitchen.

“These ceilings are fantastic.” Mary looked up at vaulted ceilings in awe.

“Makes things seem even bigger. Bet the acoustics are good.” John said.

“Dean has a guitar, but he hasn’t played it yet. I think you’re right though. I’ll ask him to bring it down tonight.” Cas motioned for them to sit down at the table as he carried dishes over to the table.

“Dean said you cooked.” Mary smiled as Cas placed the dishes on the table. His own smile was shy as he nodded.

“I’ve been practicing. I made a casserole.”

Dean came back down the stairs with Sam right behind him. He paused long enough to kiss Cas on the cheek before he went to the cabinet to get down the plates.

“Hey, Honey.” Mary hugged her youngest before he sat down at the table.

“I didn’t really get to see the place last night. It’s pretty awesome.” Sam said as he looked around.

“Thanks. Eat up and we’ll get mom and dad settled, and then we’ll give you the grand tour.” Dean
said as he brought the plates and silverware to the table.

After lunch Dean took his parents up to the room they’d be staying in so they could change into something more comfortable, and once they were, he gave them the tour of the house. Sam stayed downstairs with Cas and when Dean returned to the kitchen they were deep in conversation about one of Sam’s government classes. He just chuckled and left them at it.

“Why don’t you show me that barn of yours.” John said. Dean nodded.

“Sure, grab your coat. I shoveled and we put down sand, but just in case, watch your step.”

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Dean and his dad went outside while Mary helped Cas clean up from lunch. Dean knew his mom wanted her time to bond with Cas. He’d just show her the backyard and barn later.

“All this is yours?” John asked as they stepped out the back door.

“To the tree line on that side, and then over there…” Dean pointed to the copse of trees at the far end of their field. “That stand of trees is ours too. There’s black walnut trees growing back there, and what I think are apricot trees. Cas ate some last fall and said they taste like apricots. They’re just really small, not like the ones in the store.”

“That’s cause they’re not chock full of pesticides and other crap. I wouldn’t be surprised if they’re apricots.” John admired the actual yard. It was huge. “So where you all putting the coop?”

“Over here. It’ll back up to a fenced off vegetable garden. If the birds figure out how to fly over the fence, I’ll cover it. May want to anyway, so birds and stuff don’t get in. And I can let beans grow up the wire.” Dean went and stood over the area where Cas wanted the chicken coop to go.

“You planning to run electric out to it? Their water will freeze in the winter if it’s not heated. How many birds you guys wanting?” John was trying to get an idea of how much work he and the boys would be doing when he came up in June.

“Yes, I would like to. And we’re starting off with only a few birds. I have to ease Cas into owning chickens. He’s eager but I don’t want him to get overwhelmed too quickly.” Dean replied.

“Get the wiring, we can show him how to run the electric out here. It’s good for him to learn.” John said.

“He helped me get the flooring done upstairs. When you take off your shoes later, the floors are heated. We laid the hardwood down ourselves.” Dean was proud of the work they had done. “The carpet was hideous, and so gross.”

“I noticed the flooring. It looks great. Your ma will be glad later to know she won’t need her slippers.” John chuckled.

“We’re working on painting now. Cas painted our room one day while I was at work. He finished up the trim a couple of days ago. He picked a really nice color too. I was skeptical at first because it’s not quite gray, but then he put the new bed set on the bed and hung the curtains and it works. Downstairs we’ll do more neutral colors.” Dean said.

John looked at his son in amusement as he talked about paint colors and furniture. Dean was proud of his home, as well he should be, and eager to finish making it theirs.
“You two thinking of having kids?”

Dean paused in his explanation of the stone patio he wanted to build. His cheeks flushed and he smiled down at his feet.

“We’ve talked about it a bit. We both want kids, just not for a while. He wants a couple more years of teaching under his belt and I’d like to continue expanding my business. I just took on another new account. I’m getting my name out there, and after the new year, I’ll actually need to hire a second employee. It’s getting to be a bit too much for me and Eric alone.”

“That’s good. Sounds like your business does better than mine. Considering the area I work though, I’m not surprised.” John looked off towards the barn. He nodded towards it and they started walking.

“So your ma was telling me your proposal plans. Go big or go home, right?” John asked, grinning. Dean laughed and nodded.

“That’s how I feel about your ma. When she agreed to go out with me for the very first time, I felt like I’d won the lottery. I had the prettiest girl in town, and she wanted to go out with my sorry ass. The day she told me she loved me was the best day of my life up until the point. Mind you, I’ve had others since then, like the day she agreed to be my wife, and the days that you and Sammy were born, but that’s one that will stick out in my memory for the rest of my life. My first moment of absolute, pure joy. All wrapped up in three simple words.” John smiled and shook his head as he remembered that day. “I took her on a picnic. It was a warm summer day and we went down to the lake. You know, where I took you boys fishing growing up. Anyway, she wasn’t a girly girl, and I liked that about her. No frilly dresses, no ribbons in her hair. No, Mary Campbell was a woman after my own heart. She wore blue petal pushers. I think now you would call them capris, and a sleeveless white blouse that had tiny flowers all over it. It buttoned down and she had the bottom of her blouse in a knot. She wore a matching blue headband and white tennis shoes. I laid out the blanket and the small feast I’d brought for us, and afterwards we went fishing. As we were sitting on the little dock with our feet hanging over the edge, she looked up at me and smiled, and I swore I thought my heart would explode. She just looks up at me and says ‘John, I need to tell you something.’ I knew it wasn’t bad because she was smiling. She reached over to take my hand and she goes ‘John, I love
you. I love you so very much.’ I already knew I was in love with her, so I kissed her and told her I loved her too. We were married six months later. I never loved anyone like that before I met her, and I knew that if I lost her, I’d never love anyone like that again. Your ma? She’s a once in a lifetime kind of love. I’m grateful to her for taking a chance on a poor electrician all those years ago.”

Dean had never heard his father’s side of things. The details his father remembered about that day, and about that moment was incredible, and it made him think of the day he and Cas had told one another those same three words. He knew the feeling that his father was describing. That was exactly how he felt about Cas. Standing in Cas’ kitchen after the man had slaved over the stove to prepare him a carefully planned out dinner, he had known right in that moment that he had to tell Cas how he felt about him. Hearing those same words back had been amazing. He’d felt more joy in that moment than he ever had in his life.

“That’s exactly how I feel about Cas. He’s the most amazing person I’ve met. So kind and thoughtful, and he puts me first in everything. I do the same with him. I can’t imagine my life without him. I know I could never love someone else the way I love him. That’s why I have to marry him. I want to spend the rest of my life with him.”

John smiled and patted his son on the back. “I know, Son. Now, show me the work you did on this here barn.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, I do hope you liked this chapter. Do you love John here? Cause I sure do!
The Grand Tour

Chapter Summary

Dean gives his dad the grand tour and Cas brings Sam and Mary out to the barn to introduce them to the cats and show them all of the hard work Dean put into it. Mary makes a suggestion that Dean immediately is interested in. A way to earn them more money. A way he thinks will help him cover the cost that will come with proposing the way he wants to, and affording the wedding of a lifetime.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy some familial domesticity. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean and John were still out in the barn when Cas, Sam, and Mary made their way out there a half hour later.

“What are you two doing?” Mary asked, smiling at her husband and son.

“I was just telling Dad what I did with the electric.” Dean replied. Queenie came running at the sound of new visitors, and bumped against Sam’s legs. He reached down to scoop her up and she bumped her head against his chin.

“Is this Queenie?” He asked as he scratched under the cat’s chin.

“Yes. She’s a sweetheart.” Cas reached over to stroke his cat’s head. A little orange ball of fur came running, meowing and he scooped Jake up.

“And this is her son, Jake. We got them both fixed once all the kittens were weaned.”

“He’s adorable. Look at those huge eyes!” Sam grinned as he scratched under Jake’s chin too.

“They’re very friendly. Do you spend a lot of time out here with them?” Mary asked as she too joined in on the petting.

“He’s out here almost as much as he is inside the house.” Dean teased. Cas grinned and shrugged.

“I want them to know they are loved, and I make sure they have what they need to be comfortable.”

“It’s surprisingly warm in here. Is it insulated?” Sam asked.

“No, but Dean sealed up all of the cracks and air leaks, so there are no drafts, and though we got rid of all the moldy hay left behind by the previous owners, the dirt floor is solid, no pockets under the walls. Plus Dean did some irrigation around the outside, so when it rains, water rolls away from the barn and doesn’t seep in. So it stays dry in here. Let me show you the setup I have for the cats.” Cas motioned for Mary and Sam to follow him to the back of the barn. John chuckled as he and Dean watched them go.
“He really loves those cats, doesn’t he? How bad do they screw with your allergies?” He asked.

“When I tried taking over the counter meds, they were still fairly bad. I’m doing a shot now and I hardly itch or sneeze at all. If I hold them for extended periods of time or forget to wash my hands afterwards, then yes, I itch, but otherwise, it’s fine. And I have to admit, I like having cats. Jake likes to supervise me when I work on the cars, and Queenie loves to sunbathe in the backyard. I expect she’ll be in the garden with me come spring.” Dean laughed. John grinned and nodded.

“I think you’re right. It’s good company. Your ma has a rooster someone gave her last summer. Big ol’ bird too, but gentle as can be. Thinks he’s a damn parrot though. If I’m in the yard, he wants to be on my damn shoulder. Wherever I am, he’s right there. Follows me when I mow the grass, when I’m helping your ma in the garden he’s on my shoulder watching me, and if I lay out on the lounge with a beer in the afternoon, he has to sit on my chest. He ain’t no little bird either! Has to weigh dang close to ten pounds! We were gonna eat’im, but he sorta grew on me.”

Dean found that hilarious. “What’s his name?”

“Chester. Came with that name and damn if he don’t know it too! Comes running like a dog if you call him!”

“Cas has his heart set on at least one or two Seramas for inside the house. I expect they’ll be wearing diapers and following him around like puppies before the end of next year.” Dean said.

“Yes, your ma found someone that will make diapers small enough, so I expect ours will have run of the house soon too.” John smiled fondly at his wife who was standing in the last stall with Cas and Sam, listening as Cas described all of the things they had done to make the barn safe for the cats. “You going to put anything out here? Horses? Sheep? Anything?”

Dean shrugged and looked at the empty stalls. “I don’t really relish the thought of waking up at the ass crack of dawn to feed livestock. Maybe when we retire, but not any time soon. The chickens will be enough. Might get a couple of ducks too. I love cooking with duck eggs.”

“Your ma wants a couple of goats, but we don’t have the space for them. Ducks make for good eating too. Maybe I’ll get some this spring.” John mulled that over for a minute.

“Cas has a great setup for the cats, did you see that?” Mary was walking back and John was pulled from thoughts of ducks.

“Yep, Dean showed me. I’m quite impressed with the insulated cat box. That’s brilliant.”

“Cas made them. Saw a YouTube video and went out to buy some of those foam coolers and some totes. I have to admit, I was impressed with the overall results. Of course he stole my old flannels to use as bedding, but that’s alright, they were just going to end up as rags anyway.” Dean said.

“Recycling is good, and they’re getting plenty of use. Keeping one of the kittens was good. Queenie has company and another body to help keep her warm in the winter. Smart thinking.” Mary told her son. Dean smiled at her before his eyes drifted to his boyfriend was was walking back with Sam. They were still holding the cats.

“Yeah, well, just ask Cas. Jake became my buddy as soon as he was able to toddle out of the barn all by himself.”

“And you don’t know who owned Queenie?” Sam asked.

“We found out that around here, people like to just dump their cats. None of the neighbors in a mile
radius had ever seen her before, though one lady down the road said she saw someone dumping
something out of their car about six weeks before we moved in. She thought it was moving, so it’s
likely that Queenie was what was being dumped. The lady, Mrs. Little, she said to expect that other
cats will show up. If they do, we can call animal control. I talked to Dean about it and we decided
that we’ll just humanely trap them and take them to this shelter in town that spays and neuters ferals
really cheap, and then releases them. It helps keep the feral cat population under control, but helps
farmers out a lot since cats are good at keeping mice and rats away. Queenie is a good mouser. Jake,
not so much.” Cas laughed. Dean broke out in laughter as well as he nodded in agreement.

“The first time he saw a mouse he followed it around just watching it. Then he flopped over on his
back and swatted at it to get it to play with him. He’s rather useless as a mouser.” He said.

“He’s young, he’ll figure it out.” John said. He reached out to take the kitten from Cas. “He’s a big
guy. How old is he now?”

“Roughly about five or six months now.” Dean replied.

“He’s gonna be a big boy. Having him walking around by your chickens should help deter hawks
too.” John smiled when the kitten bumped his chin.

“I hope so. And my Seramas will be outside when I’m outside, so I can watch them closely. I’m
thinking of creating a special run just for them.” Cas looked to Dean who nodded in agreement.

“Well, I love this house, and there is so much potential. You know, you could rent out the barn to
people with horses. Turn a portion of your fields into grazing space, and make yourselves some extra
money.” Mary suggested. Dean perked up at that. More money? He liked that idea!

“Would we have to care for the horses? I haven’t a clue as to how to do that.” Cas’ brow furrowed
as he considered it. “I mean, I like the sound of extra income, but I don’t know the first thing about
horses.”

“We hire people, Cas. A farrier, a caretaker, and they get paid out of the the rent we charge per
month for the horses. I’d have to look into the costs, see how much we could actually make. Might
just be enough each month to cover the mortgage.” Dean was busy calculating numbers in his head.
Yes, they could make a decent side income by boarding horses. They had eight stalls. They could
rent out six, keep one for the cats, one for tack and supplies, plus there was the loft…

“Find out what the going rate is around here. Charge less if they bring their own farrier, or come to
care for their own horses.” John said. Dean nodded. He looked over at Cas who shrugged.

“What do you think, Babe?”

“Is it going to make the barn smell bad?” Cas asked.

“Well, it won’t smell like roses.” Dean laughed.

“I suppose, if it will bring money in. May I insist that the barn be kept cleaned of manure? To reduce
smell and bugs?”

“Of course. We can put it in the contract. If they can’t uphold their end of the contract, we fine them.
I’ll clean the poop and we’ll get more money.”

“And if you need to sue, I’ll be your lawyer. No charge, save for the cost of filing with the courts.”
Sam added. Cas smiled and nodded.
“Alright then. And we’ll make enough to cover the mortgage each month?”

“If we rent out like six of the stalls, yes. That will leave us money to save.” Dean had things he wanted to save money for. The biggest one being the proposal and the wedding itself. Anything that helped him to save up for those so that they had a wedding that Cas would remember for the rest of his life was worth it.

“Alright. I just don’t want to smell it from the house.” Cas wrinkled his nose at the thought.

“I’ll do my best.” Dean chuckled.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. I do hope you enjoyed this chapter. :)
With Mary, John, and Sam there now they're just waiting on Cas' brothers and their significant others to arrive. Time goes well until the day Mike arrives, and he brings some bad news. Cas comes to an important decision and Dean is helpless to do anything except support his boyfriend, even if he doesn't exactly agree with his choice.

#Sorry Not Sorry

Enjoy!

Back inside the house Dean and his dad made their way out to the garage to play around under to hood of the Impala and the Lincoln while Cas, Sam, and Mary went to enjoy the fire Cas lit, and talk.

“Dean already did a tune up on my car. I don’t know what he’s doing out there.” Cas laughed.

“That’s how Dean and his father have always bonded. If they weren’t under the hood of a car they were out on the lake fishing, or off camping.” Mary said. Sam nodded in agreement.

“I always felt like I was intruding on them when they were working on cars and stuff, cause that was never my thing, but I connected with him when it came to sports, and math.”

“My father never watched television with us. Actually, we never watched television at all. I had music, but that was it. We literally just studied. He would talk to us about medicine constantly, relate stories from the OR, discuss new procedures he had read about, go over anatomy, but watch a football game or let us play baseball? Never.” Cas shook his head sadly. “I missed out on a lot, but I still understand the concepts of different sports. I enjoy watching football, but I really like hockey. And soccer. Baseball is pleasant too.”

“What do you say we go see a baseball game once I’m stateside permanently?” Sam asked. Cas’ frown faded and he smiled brightly.

“I would like that very much.”

Sam got a kick out of Cas’ formalness. It was in stark contrast to his brother, but somehow managed to still fit well with Dean’s nature. He had met a few of his brother’s former lovers, but not a single one had he actually liked. He really liked Cas. Cas turned on the television and changed the channel to one with home improvement shows. They sat back to discuss what they were watching, and how it could be applied to the house.
“We have large windows down here, and we have to have the curtains special made. Neither of us had taken that into consideration when we bought the house. Each panel is at least two hundred, but I want them to be blackout, and thermal, so that will cost us even more money.” Cas explained. Mary looked up at the windows. They stretched up almost to the ceiling in a series of three windows, and each end of the room had three sets of windows.

“I know of a website with sound dampening curtains. They block out sound, light, and act to keep a room warm. You’ll pay roughly two thousand, but they’ll do everything you want.” She said.

“Oh, could you text it to me? I would like to look into that more. I’m afraid that if we don’t have something up before next summer, even with the air on the downstairs will never get cool. We get bright sunlight in here in the daytime.” Cas watched as Mary pulled out her phone and texted him the website. When his phone chimed with the notification he pulled it out and clicked on the link.

“These are very nice. I’m going to call them in the morning and see if they have any sales going on. I’d like to get at least the curtains for these windows, to block that light.” He pointed to the windows where sunlight was currently streaming in. They overlooked the front yard and the driveway.

They switched from the home improvement show to a movie about a little boy tasked with a project to come up with something to make the world a better place and put it into action. By the time Dean and his dad came in from the garage his boyfriend and mother were bawling their eyes out and Sam had tears in his eyes.

“What are you guys even watching?” Dean asked with a laugh.

“Pay it Forward. None of us had ever seen it before and I’m thinking it wasn’t the best choice.” Sam replied with a sniffle. “It’s really sad.”

Dean chuckled as he stripped out of his coat and boots. “Yeah, I saw that one a few years ago. Even I cried. The ending breaks your heart.”

“We noticed.” Cas croaked before he started crying again.

“Why don’t you help me get dinner in the oven, babe.” Dean said softly. Cas nodded and got up. John took his empty seat.

“Ain’t there a game on?” He asked.

“Are you ok?” Dean asked quietly once they were in the kitchen. Cas wiped at his eyes and nodded.

“I don’t like movies where children die.” He sniffled. Dean pulled him closer by his belt loops and kissed his forehead tenderly.

“Neither do I. It’s a very good movie but not one I can watch repeatedly, it feels like my heart gets torn out each time. I’ve seen it twice, once on my own and once with Charlie and Dorothy, and I don’t think I could do it a third time.” Dean admitted. He wiped a stray tear from Cas’ cheek and smiled at him. “So I have steaks marinating in the fridge. Why don’t you grab them and I’ll get the potatoes I washed earlier into the oven.”

Together they got dinner in the oven, and then Dean got started on a salad to have with it. Cas washed dishes and pulled out a pie he had made for dessert, setting it on the counter until dinner was done and he could pop it in the oven. They added the leaf to the kitchen table and brought in the extra chairs from the garage before setting the table. By the time they had everything ready, including a bottle of wine and a pitcher of iced tea, dinner was done. Mary had won out and they were watching another movie rather than a football game, and they were engaged in light conversation.
when Dean called them to dinner.

“Sure smells good.” John commented as he sat down at the table. Mary and Sam nodded in agreement.

“Dean made steak, baked potatoes, and salad. I made the pie for dessert.” Cas said as he poured them all some wine. Mary poured herself a glass of tea as Dean began serving the food.

“So when are your brothers coming?” John asked.

“Mike said he and Maeve are coming in on the twenty second, and Gabe and Eli will be here the twenty third. Mike is renting a car, told us to stay here, but we have to go and pick Gabe and Eli up.” Cas replied.

“It wasn’t too hard to get here. Dean’s directions were pretty straight forward. Mike should find it pretty easy.” John said.

“I sure hope so.” Dean chuckled.

Dinner went smoothly and Sam helped them to clear the table. Cas brought out the pie for dessert, his first foray into peach, and cut everyone a slice while Dean got a container of vanilla ice cream out of the fridge and added a scoop to each plate.

“Oh, this is delicious. Is that nutmeg and cinnamon I taste?” Mary asked. Cas blushed and smiled.

“Yes. I tried several different recipes until I found one I actually liked. Dean ate the other pie I made.”

Dean laughed and poked his fork in his boyfriend’s direction. “Hey! Traitor! You weren’t supposed to tell!”

Cas grinned and chuckled.

“But really, it was so good I couldn’t help but finish it. Took me a day and a half.” Dean added, still smiling like a fool.

“Did Cas even get any?” Sam asked with a laugh.

“No! I got to taste the sauce and that was it!” Cas cried, and everyone at the table started laughing.

“Well, sweetheart, you make sure you take a second slice for yourself, and hide it so your honey here doesn’t eat it on you.” Mary patted Cas’ arm and he looked over at Dean, his blue eyes twinkling with amusement. It was the happiest Dean had seen him in days, and he couldn’t help but smile.

“I love you.” He mouthed. Cas’ eyes twinkled even more as he smiled wide.

“I love you too.” Cas mouthed back. Mary saw them and smiled to herself. Her son had honestly found the love of his life, and she couldn’t have been happier for him and for Cas.

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Mike and Maeve arrived on the twenty second, reaching the house just in time for dinner. Cas had made tacos and Dean had tried his hand at fajitas, and after giving Mike and Maeve both a tour, everyone retired to the living room to catch up. Before they all went to bed that night Mike took Cas
aside to talk. After seeing everyone else off to bed, Dean had gone into their bedroom to change into his pajamas and get ready for bed. He had brushed his teeth and was just pulling back the covers when Cas walked in the room. He quietly closed the door and headed for the bathroom.

“Babe?” Dean followed after him and watched as Cas pulled out his toothbrush and toothpaste.

“My parents won’t be coming for Christmas.”

Dean sighed and wrapped his arms around Cas. “I’m sorry, sweetheart.”

“You know what? I don’t care anymore. Disowning can go two ways.” Cas said bitterly as he pulled his phone out of his pocket. As Dean watched he pulled up the number for both of his parents and blocked them.

“Honey-” Dean wanted to tell Cas that he was sinking to their level by doing that, but Cas held up a hand to stop him before he could get started.

“Please, don’t. You think I don’t know how petty it is? I’m not doing it to be petty. I’m doing it to stop myself from hurting anymore. From now on, it’s on my terms, and I don’t want either of them in my life anymore. What my brothers do, that’s their business, but from this point on I don’t have parents.” He brushed his teeth with too much force and went back into the bedroom. Dean followed quietly after, unsure what he could do to make his boyfriend feel better. Cas changed quickly, tossing his dirty clothes in the laundry basket before crawling into bed. Dean climbed in on the other side and felt at least a little bit of hope when Cas crawled closer and wrapped his arms and legs around him. Dean understood that his boyfriend was feeling utterly and completely abandoned by the two people that were supposed to love him unconditionally. He was lost, and it was Dean’s job to keep him grounded.

“I love you, Cas. More than anything in the world.” He said softly. Cas swallowed hard and kissed Dean’s jaw.

“I know, and I thank God everyday for bringing you into my life. I love you too.”

Dean held him close all that night.

Chapter End Notes

There is a method to my madness, as you will soon see. I do hope you liked the chapter. I am sorry, your hearts probably ache for poor Cas, as well they should. His parents are assholes. Mostly his dad. His mom is scared, afraid to lose her marriage but afraid to lose her kids. I can honestly say I would NOT want to be put in her position. Personally, if it were me, I know what I would choose. My kids come before everything. Some people aren’t strong enough to stand on their own though.
The following morning Sam found his dad and brother in the kitchen drinking coffee, neither man talking.

“Uh, everything ok?” He asked as he picked up one of the mugs Dean had left out for him and filled it with coffee.

“Yeah, why?” Dean asked.

“Where’s mom? And Cas?”

Dean sighed and picked at an imaginary spot on the table.

“Cas got some bad news last night. He wouldn’t get out of bed this morning, so mom’s talking to him.”

“What kind of news? Sorry if I’m being nosey, I’m just worried about him.” Sam said as he sat down at the table.

“Cas’ parents won’t be coming for Christmas. He’s really angry and hurt.”

“Damn.” Sam sighed. “How can his own parents be like that?”

Dean shook his head. “I don’t know. We lucked out with our parents. Him and his brothers, not so much. I really thought after last year that his mom would have come around and support him, but apparently her marriage to a homophobic asshole is more important than her own children.” He knew he sounded bitter, but he couldn’t help it.
“Cas has the family that matters. He has people that love him and support him. Hell, he’s already a part of this family. I know I love the kid. So fuck his poor excuse for a mother and father. He’s got your ma and me. And we love him just the way he is.” John said as he lifted his mug to his lips. Dean smiled at his dad.

“Yeah, you’re right.”

There were footsteps on the stairs and they all turned to see Mike and Maeve making their way into the kitchen.

“Oh, I should get breakfast started.” Dean mumbled as he got up from the table. He smiled and greeted Mike and Maeve as he passed them.

“How’d you both sleep?” John asked as Mike got coffee for himself and Maeve.

“The time change is throwing me, but I’ll adjust just in time to go back.” Mike laughed as he and Maeve sat down at the table.

“Don’t even mention time changes. I’ll be sick for a week once I fly back.” Sam groaned.

“You’ll be back stateside soon enough.” Dean said, grinning as he got out bowls and the ingredients to whip up pancakes.

“Would you like some help?” Maeve asked. “I’m sort of dying to see what it’s like to cook in this kitchen, it’s fabulous. Puts ours to shame.”

Dean laughed and nodded. “Sure. There’s bacon in the fridge, and frying pans are under there. I’m going to make the pancakes on the griddle.” He pointed everything out and soon the kitchen was filled with the delicious scent of frying bacon and fluffy pancakes. Dean set some of the batter aside along with some bacon for his mother and boyfriend. He was a bit concerned that it was just after eleven and neither had come down yet. He sat down to eat but kept one ear perked for the sounds of footsteps.

They talked as they all ate, and Maeve gushed about how beautiful the house was. Dean went and lit a fire in the living room and put a game on the television. Mike and John settled on the couch to watch it while Maeve and Sam helped Dean clean up the kitchen.

“Hey, I’m going to check on mom and Cas, see if they need anything.” Dean said as he put the last plate in the dishrack.

“I’ll make a fresh pot of coffee.” Maeve offered.

“Thanks.” Dean patted her arm and headed for the stairs. He climbed them and crossed the landing to his bedroom door. There were voices coming from inside and as much as he didn’t want to eavesdrop, he still stopped to listen, just to make sure Cas wasn’t crying.

“I just don’t understand how they can be so…”

“I understand, sweetheart. It took my father a while to come around once he found out Dean wasn’t straight. He was a real dickhead for quite a while, until he realized he stood to lose not only his grandson, but me and Sam as well. He never liked John.” Mary was saying. He heard Cas chuckle.

“I don’t know why, John is wonderful. I wish my parents were as wonderful as you and John. Like I said before, I am just done with them both.”
“I think God tests us. And he’s not just testing you, but your parents as well. This is their chance to be the parents their children need, and they are failing the test. This was your chance to be free, and to be yourself, which is exactly what you are doing. I think that you had reached a point in your life where you no longer were meant to just follow blindly after your parents, but to stand on your own, and when you did, God gave you what you needed. He brought Dean into your life, and with Dean came new friends and a family that loves you very much. I know, it’s not the same, and every child craves their parents’ love and attention, but sometimes we just have to learn that we are better than the sum of their opinion, especially when their opinions vary drastically from our own. You are better than what they think of you. Don’t ever let anyone tell you that you’re not absolutely perfect just the way you are.” Mary spoke with love in her voice, and Dean’s heart ached with the love he felt towards her in that moment. Making sure he hadn’t teared up, he knocked on the door.

“Come in.” Cas called out.

Dean opened the door and stepped in. “Hey, baby, Mom. I made breakfast and have coffee. You hungry?”

Cas and Mary were sitting up in the bed, their backs against the headboard and Cas had been leaning his head on Mary’s shoulder when Dean walked in. He was sitting up now though, and Dean was glad to see that at least he wasn’t crying.

“I would like some coffee. I’m not sure I’m hungry though.” Cas replied.

“You need to eat. Come on, let’s go get some breakfast.” Mary patted his leg as she got up from the bed. Cas listened and while Mary paused long enough to kiss Dean’s cheek before leaving the room, Cas stopped in front of him.

“How are you feeling?” Dean asked. Cas’ smile was soft and still full of pain, but there was hope in there too.

“Better? I love your mom. I wish she was mine. I think my life would have been very different if I had a mother as wonderful as she is.”

Dean wrapped his arms around Cas and pulled him into a hug. Cas laid his head on Dean’s shoulder and sighed deeply.

“Well, better late than never, right? You have her now and she loves you to death. Come on, I made pancakes and bacon, but I saved batter so you both could have fresh, hot ones.” He kissed Cas’ forehead before taking his hand and leading him downstairs. Mary was already at the griddle making pancakes from the leftover batter.

“I could have done that, Mom.” Dean said as he got a mug of coffee and handed it to Cas.

“It’s alright, I’m sort of in love with your kitchen.” Mary laughed. Dean and Cas both smiled.

“Maeve said the same thing.” Dean said.

“It was a big selling point for me. I love this house.” Cas murmured.

“Me too.” Dean agreed.
Mary is wonderful, isn't she? I hope you liked this chapter.
What's Most Important

Chapter Summary

Cas is rather melancholy but when his grandparents arrive Christmas Eve, they're angry over how Cas and Gabe are being treated, and it becomes just a bit too much for Cas to handle. They mean well, but it just pushes Cas beyond his limits of coping at the moment.

Chapter Notes

Don't worry, it will get better from here! Cas is hurt and angry because of his parents. It's perfectly understandable. But he has family that loves him deeply, and will help him through this. I hope you like this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

By the time Gabe and Eli arrived, Cas was mostly back to his old self. He spent more time with Mary, but Dean got it. His boyfriend needed a mother’s touch and a mother’s love, and no one gave that better than Mary Winchester. Gabe was quickly alerted to the change in his brother, and he pulled both Cas and Mike aside to talk before dinner. When they joined the rest of the family at the table Gabe was subdued, as were both of his brothers.

After dinner they set up the tree and together, as one big family they decorated it. Cas convinced Dean to pull out his guitar and play something, so he did. It was a lovely evening. The following morning they put all of the gifts under the tree, and it was soon overflowing with presents. Mary had to smile at that. One day in the not too distant future there would be double the amount of gifts because there would be grandchildren to buy for, and that thought made her very happy. She would love the Novak grandchildren just as much as the Winchester ones.

The morning of Christmas Eve was hectic. Dean, Cas, Maeve, Eli, and Mary started cooking early while Mike and Gabe made whatever trips were necessary to the grocery store. Mary and Eli got the dining room table set just as the doorbell rang with the first of the extended Novak family’s arrival. Cas was thrilled to see his grandfather James, and to hear that the man was furious with Karen and his son. When Karen’s parents arrived, they too were sharing the same sentiment.

“I’m done with his nonsense. I won’t tolerate it. I already went down to see my lawyer and changed up my will. I'm not giving one red cent to someone that would abandon their children, and Greg controls everything Karen does. I’ll be damned if I let him have my money, even if I’m dead.” Paul said bitterly as they sat down to dinner that night. James sighed and nodded.

“I don’t know where we went wrong with Gregory. He was a delightful child with dreams of growing up to be a doctor, and we encouraged that, paid his way through medical school, and we were nothing but proud of him. We were happy when he met Karen, she was such a sweet girl. When they had Mike we were thrilled to have grandchildren. It was around the time they were getting ready to put Mike in school that he started going on about how Mike needed a proper
education and how he was going to grow up to be a surgeon like him. It started all over with Gabe. I can’t tell you how often I told him to ease off and let the kids just be kids, but he wouldn’t listen. He had a great childhood. I took him to baseball games, museums, and I spent time with him. He was a happy kid! Why he felt it was ok to deny his own children that, I’ll never be able to fathom it! I’m glad you boys grew up and moved away. And I’m glad the two of you are gay.” He wagged his fork between Cas and Gabe, both of whom looked completely shocked.

“Oh, I’m not-” Gabe started to say he wasn’t gay, he was bi, but Eli touched his arm and shook his head. He knew it would be impolite to interrupt as Paul was still ranting about his son.

“Little shit told me I meddle too much, accused me of trying to turn his sons against him. I told him I didn’t need to turn you boys against him, he’s done a fabulous enough job of doing that himself!” Paul was angry and his wife Marilyn murmured something softly to him and pressed her hand gently to his cheek. His anger seemed to dissipate instantly and he nodded. Whatever she had said, it had calmed him down for the moment. Cas pushed his food around on his plate, his appetite gone. Dean found his hand under the table and squeezed it.

“He cares, honey. He loves you. We all do.” Dean assured him. Cas nodded but he didn’t eat anything more.

“I…” He glanced around the table at everyone that was engaged in conversation. “I think I’m going to go rest while you all finish dinner. I’ll be down later to open presents. Please tell my brothers to leave me alone.” Cas stood up and excused himself. The table fell silent as Cas left. Once he was gone, everyone turned to look at Dean.

“What’s up with Cassie?” Gabe asked.

“He’s upset, ok? He’s pissed at your parents. Do you know that last night he finally decided that he has disowned them? Do you know how hard this is for him? He’s depressed, he’s angry, and he feels completely and utterly abandoned. All he wanted was for his parents to love him, and they can’t even do that. I’m sorry, Paul, Marilyn, James, Rosemary, but I despise and loathe your son and daughter. Anyone that can just shun their child and cut them out of their life is a piece of fucking shit, pardon my language. And this is killing me too because I can’t fix it! I can’t miraculously make his parents accept him and love him! All I can do is love him with every single fiber of my being, and trust me, I do, but I can’t force them to do something they are incapable of.” Dean stood up and tossed his napkin on the table. “I’m sorry, but at this point, I don’t think I want Karen or Gregory to ever step foot in my house. I’m not going to send them a wedding invite, nothing.”

“Wait, are you and Castiel engaged?” Rosemary asked.

“No, not yet. I was going to talk to you all about that tonight. Just, if you wouldn’t mind, can Gabe and Mike fill you in on the details? I need to go and check on Cas.”

“I’ll go with you.” Gabe started to stand up until Dean motioned for him to sit back down.

“He’s not wanting to talk to you guys at the moment. I’m not even sure he’ll let me in the room. Let me try to talk to him. I need a few minutes to calm down myself anyway.” Dean started for the stairs. “I’m sorry to be an awful host, but…”

“No, don’t worry about it. Go, take care of him.” James said. Dean smiled tightly and left.

“I’m worried about Castiel.” Marilyn looked at her husband and frowned. He put an arm around her shoulder and pulled her as close as he could.
“I know, honey, I am too, but he has a wonderful young man that loves him very much. He’s lucky to have met Dean.” Paul kissed her forehead gently.

“Are mom and dad expecting you tomorrow?” Mike asked his grandparents. “They invited me and Maeve. I heard mom got dad to at least extend an invitation at Thanksgiving to Cas and Dean. I talked to her shortly after I got back to California and she was really snippy. Said Cas got an attitude when she called to invite them, and put words in her mouth. Called him an ungrateful brat that couldn’t take an olive branch when it was being extended to him. She was particularly mad that we were all going to Kansas to spend the holiday with John and Mary rather than with our own parents. I said it was her attitude right there that was the reason why we wouldn’t have come. We had a discussion about how much she is hurting Cas and Gabe with her lack of contact, and then the accusations. She doesn’t seem to see herself as being at fault. Either that or dad just has her so whipped she’s just talking like she’s a physical extension of him. I couldn’t imagine doing to Maeve what he does to her.”

“Yes, we were invited, and we declined, less than politely, if I do say so. I told my son he was a piece of shit, and that I am highly disappointed in him and in his behavior. I said until he can learn how to be a father and love and accept all of his children, we wouldn’t be coming to their house, and he is not welcome in ours. He’s my son, and God help me, I love him, but that doesn’t mean I have to like him.” Paul grumbled.

“We were invited too. I said we were spending the holidays with the children they had turned away, and pretty much we told them the same thing.” James said.

“Cas was always the most sensitive one of us, that’s why I was so sure he would grow up to be a surgeon, just like dad. When he decided to go with a degree in education I was more than a little impressed. He’s soft spoken and gentle by nature but that boy has a stubborn streak a mile long, and he’s a rebel. I admire that.” Gabe said. “And maybe I wasn’t totally shocked to find out he’s gay.”

Mike murmured in agreement and even their grandparents were nodding their heads. John, Mary, and Sam had all sat quietly, finishing their meals as they listened to the Novaks and Edwards talking. When the table fell silent, Mary finally spoke.

“Cas is an absolutely amazing young man. As soon as I met him I knew why he had stolen my son’s heart so completely. I knew my son was in love probably before he knew he was, but once I met Cas, I saw why. He’s probably the sweetest young man I’ve ever met. I heard about his childhood, or lack thereof, and I was amazed at what a well rounded and wonderful young man he still turned out to be. I think that yes, he is just now starting to really live his life, but I don’t think he’s immature or unable to think for himself, as his mother has suggested. If anything, Cas has always struck me as the kind of person that knows exactly what he wants in life. I think of anyone I’ve met, he is the most confident and self assured person. I admire his strength, so I cannot fathom how such a wonderful, intelligent, loving young man can’t be good enough for his own parents to love.”

“I have to agree. I’ve only gotten to spend a small bit time with Cas, but the guy is great. He’s smart and he loves my brother more than anything in the world. See, before Cas, Dean didn’t bring his dates or people he was in relationships with around our parents, but I got to meet a couple of them. I can say with confidence that not a single one of them could shine a light on Cas. The fact that my brother wants to settle down and marry Cas, that’s a big deal. He didn’t have a whole lot of luck in love. One chick he dated cheated on him so bad she broke his heart. But even what he felt for her, it’s nothing compared to what he feels for Cas. I am actually looking forward to Cas being my brother in law. I don’t think I could have chosen a better guy. It hurts to see him in pain like this. I just want him to be happy.” Sam sighed and shook his head. “I wish there was something I could do.”
“Just love him, he needs that more than ever, honey.” Rosemary told him. Sam smiled and nodded.

“I already do.”

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“Cas? Baby?” Dean opened the bedroom door slowly, poking his head in first to gauge whether or not he would shooed away.

“It’s ok, Dean. I’m not shutting you out. I’m not really shutting anyone out, I just can’t deal with Gabe’s pushiness right now. I might have to strangle him if he gets in my face again about all of this.”

Dean entered the room and closed the door behind him.

“Yeah, I needed to get away from that for a few minutes too. Mom or someone can serve the pie and cake.”

He walked over to the bed where Cas was sitting, his back against the headboard, his legs crossed at the ankles in front of him. The lights were off, save for a lamp on the nightstand, on Cas’ side of the bed. He smiled at his boyfriend as he kicked his slippers off and climbed into the bed. Dean crawled across the bed and laid his head in Cas’ lap.

“I know they all love me, and they mean well. It’s just a little overwhelming. Your mom though, she’s wonderful. You’re so much like her and I absolutely love that about you.” Cas said as he ran his fingers through Dean’s hair. It was spiked with hair gel but some gentle tugging on the short locks had them soft again and pliable.

“They’re hurting too. I couldn’t imagine raising a child, pouring all of my love and pride into them, only for them to grow up and shun all of it. To feel disappointment in your own child must be absolutely horrifying. Kids disappoint their parents in the little things, but not in the big ones. I know my dad was bothered when I told him I was bisexual, but never, not once did he ever make me feel like I was unloved or unwanted. He just needed time to understand. Later, I asked him if he was disappointed in me but he said no, he was simply worried, because this world is still a cruel place and not everyone is accepting. He didn’t want me to be the target of hatred or violence, but he did want me to be happy. That was his main want for me, to be happy. And I am. With you, I’m happier than I’ve ever been in my entire life. I want for you to experience that too, sweetheart. I can’t make your parents step up and be parents. But I can promise that I love you, and will continue to love you, until my last dying breath.” Dean turned his head so he could look up at Cas, and saw the first of his tears starting to fall.

“Oh, baby, don’t cry.” Dean sat up and pulled Cas to him.

“I’m not crying because I’m sad, Dean, I’m crying because I’m happy.”

Cas hugged him back tightly. “I love you too, Dean, I always will. But I am hurting for my family. My grandparents feel as though they have lost their children. My brothers feel the same as me, even Mike who didn’t have to turn away. We feel abandoned, and there is no reason for it. It’s all because my father chose to be an unaccepting asshole. I feel like it’s my fault. I could have stayed quiet and not told them I was gay. Gabe could have continued to hide his relationship with Eli, but that wasn’t fair to any of us. I didn’t want to hide you, Dean. I love you too much to ask that of you, and I saw how it was destroying my brother. He didn’t need to live in fear. Still doesn’t. But that doesn’t change the fact that I feel like this is my fault. I don’t want my family to suffer because of me.”
“Honey, the people that love you most in the world are all downstairs, waiting for us to come join them for dessert, and then open presents.”

They sat there, holding one another for another few minutes until Cas was ready. Together they walked back downstairs. The sound of laughter and talking was music to their ears as they walked into the kitchen. Everyone smiled and Mary motioned for them to sit back down.

“Eli is raving about your peach pie, Dean. You better share your recipe with him.” She said. Dean grinned and nodded.

“Eli and I swap recipes all the time, but I’ll definitely give him this one. I have one for gooseberry and for an apricot crumble cake.”

“Oh, I want the crumble cake recipe!” Eli exclaimed. Every chuckled at his enthusiasm, even Cas. Like that, his family was better, and he was happier than he had been in days.

Chapter End Notes

Cas is lucky/blessed (however you see it) to have so many people that love him deeply and care about his welfare. Sometimes, family isn't necessarily the people to whom you are biologically related, and the Winchesters are proving that. I hope you enjoyed this chapter.
Christmas Morning

Chapter Summary

Cas’ grandparents spend the night, and the following morning they open presents together as one big family. Dean has something special for Cas though, and it's only the first step to his plans for proposing.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Because the grandparents didn’t want to go see Karen and Stephen for Christmas, they had to do some rearranging to make room so they could spend the night. In the end, Dean and Cas camped out together on the basement floor with Sam while John and Mary slept in the living room on the air mattress. That way, each of the grandparents got to sleep in a real bed. Christmas morning Cas woke to find Dean gone. It didn’t surprise him, his boyfriend was probably upstairs getting a head start on breakfast. He rolled over onto his side and saw Sam a few feet away, one arm draped over his eyes.

“You awake?” Sam speaking startled Cas. He’d thought the man was still asleep.

“I just woke up.” Cas replied. Sam dropped his arm and blinked a few times before turning his head to look at him.

“I haven’t slept on the floor since I was a teenager. My body isn’t agreeing with it anymore.” He joked.

“I have to agree. I’ll be glad to sleep in my own bed again tonight.” Cas groaned as he stretched, feeling his joints popping.

“Even your basement is nice. This place is really great. You guys planning to put stuff down here? Like a pool table or something?” Sam sat up and rotated his shoulders to relieve the pressure that had built up in them.

“We’ve talked about it. Actually, when I get Seramas, they’ll be housed down here, but we’re also talking about maybe putting a media room down here, or a library. We’re still deciding.” Cas got up and began folding up his and Dean’s blankets, so Sam did the same with his own.

“I think you guys picked out a great house. I wouldn’t mind living in a place like this. Course that wouldn’t make sense to do all by myself, but I’m not in any rush. I need to pass the bar and focus on my career for a while. Besides, I don’t think I’d be lucky enough to find my soulmate like you and Dean did.”

Cas looked up in surprise. “You think Dean and I are soulmates?”
“Duh.” Sam rolled his eyes and grinned. Cas chuckled.

“I thought I was the only one to think of Dean that way. I wonder if he thinks of me like that.”

“I know he does. You ready to head upstairs? I think I might explode if I don’t pee soon.” Sam laughed. Cas grinned and nodded.

“Same. Let’s go.”

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Dean was in the kitchen with Mary, Maeve, Eli, and both of Cas’ grandmothers when he and Sam came up from the basement. After a quick stop in the bathroom, he returned to see what they were up to.

“What are you all doing?” He asked. Dean was already pressing a hot mug of coffee into his boyfriend’s hand and Cas smiled gratefully.

“Getting started on dinner, but we’re swapping recipes too.” Rosemary replied.

“Your grandmothers both have some lovely recipes for cookies, cakes, roasts, and all sorts of other foods. I am greatly enjoying picking their brains.” Eli said as Marilyn slid a piece of paper with a recipe for coffee cake over to him.

“Is there breakfast?” Cas didn’t smell anything cooking which was strange for Christmas morning.

“James and Paul drove to Indy to a special bakery that is open today. They should be back shortly.” Rosemary replied. Cas was a little disappointed that there wasn’t pancakes and waffles, but he simply nodded and headed for the living room where John was sitting on the couch watching It’s a Wonderful Life.

“Did you sleep well?” He asked as he sat down a few feet away from the other man.

“Better than I thought I would on an air mattress. Couldn’t have been good for you to sleep on the floor. How’s your back?” John looked over at him with a look of amusement. “Bet your back aches.”

Cas laughed and nodded. “It does. This couch feels like heaven compared to the hard floor. We need to get more beds for the other bedrooms.”

“They can’t all be your guest bedrooms. You guys will end up having to move or store a bunch of stuff when you have kids. Just invest in air mattresses or trundles. And a sofa bed wouldn’t be a bad idea either.” John said.

“What is a trundle bed?” Cas had never heard the term before.

“We had them for both the boys when they were little, before we got them their queen beds, but they’re under those still. It’s basically a bed that rolls under the main bed for storage. We got them for the boys for sleepovers. That way their friends weren’t sleeping on the floor. They’re a great investment. They also make an ottoman that unfolds into a bed. Plant one of those along with a nice arm chair in each of the bedrooms you plan to use as a guest room and you literally are putting three beds in one room, but only one bed is obvious. Maximum guest space in a small area.” John explained.

“Oh, I really like that idea! I was thinking of a sofabed for here, and another one for the basement. I
think we could probably put a couple of those ottomans and a sofabed in the basement as well. It would be nice to never have to worry about places for guests to sleep.” Cas was trying to count how many beds he could get away with hiding in the house. Four bedrooms, he could really get a lot of extra sleeping space for when his brothers came to visit, and when they would eventually bring their kids. He nodded towards the television. “Is this one your favorite Christmas movie?”

“Nah, it’s just what’s on. I prefer A Miracle on 34th street, or White Christmas.” John replied.

“Oh, I love White Christmas! If you would prefer to watch that, I have it on DVD. Dean bought it for me last Christmas.”

“Yeah, go ahead and put that one on.” John nodded.

Cas got up and put the movie on. Maeve came to join them, and eventually Mike and Gabe came down too. Ten minutes into the movie the front door opened and James walked in. Paul was right behind him. Their arms were laden with boxes and Dean and Eli hurried to help them.

“What is all of this?” Dean asked as he carried boxes into the kitchen.

“We decided to not just get their coffee cakes, but to invest in some of their other pastries too. There should be enough to last for a few days.” James replied. Cas and John got up to go investigate and Cas’ stomach rumbled as the scent of raspberry coffee cake hit him. Dean was already getting down plates and forks while Mary cut into the first of the coffee cakes. Cas finished his first cup of coffee and poured himself a second cup while his boyfriend and Mary served slices of the pastry.

“What kind of bakery was open on Christmas day?” Cas asked as he accepted a plate.

“A Jewish one.” Paul chuckled. “We’ve gone to them for years and they make some of the best coffee cakes and donuts I’ve ever eaten.”

Cas took a bite and moaned. “Oh, I remember this place! This was my favorite treat when I was a kid. I haven’t had this since I was like twelve.”

Dean had a slice of the raspberry but he’d also taken a slice of apple. He was nodding in agreement as he ate. “This is really good. We’ll have to get more from them later.” He dug into one of the donut boxes and fished out a bismarck before taking his plate and his cup of coffee into the living room.

“Someone has a healthy appetite.” Marilyn teased him. Dean grinned.

“This is some of the best coffee cake I’ve ever had.”

She nodded in agreement. “It really is.”

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After breakfast which Sam, Gabe, and Mike cleaned up after, Mary gathered everyone in the living room to exchange gifts. Dean settled down on the floor with his back against the fireplace, and Cas sat between his legs with his back against Dean’s chest. Sam sat down next to them while Gabe and Eli sat on the other side of Dean and Cas. Mike and Maeve sat across from them, leaving the couch and armchairs for parents and grandparents. Dean made a mental note to talk to Cas about new living room furniture, a matching set with either two couches or a sectional. Mary began handing gifts out.

It was no surprise to anyone when Sam and Cas gave one another books again. Dean was thinking it might be time to build a bookcase like they’d been talking about. Cas would no doubt have a massive library if he and Sam continued this tradition. Mary and John had bought items for the house
and had given them as a joint present. There was a throw blanket, candles to put on the fireplace mantle, and a series of black picture frames to help fill up their walls. Cas was glad for the frames since he had already printed out some pictures to hang up, but hadn’t had anything to put them in.

“Thank you. I actually had taken some pictures with the camera Dean bought me for my birthday and I printed some out, but had no frames. They’re sitting in a drawer in our room because I didn’t know what to do with them. As soon as I’m finished painting in here, I’m putting them up.” Cas hugged Mary and John both while Dean opened up the throw blanket and put it over their legs.

“Thanks, mom, dad. The candles are going to look great in here.”

Cas handed a box to John. “I found a store in the mall and took Dean to it. I knew you’d like the things they sold as they are sports related.”

John opened the box and laughed excitedly as he pulled out a hockey jersey and a ball cap. “This is awesome!”

“Now I know where you get it from.” Cas murmured in Dean’s ear with a chuckle.

“What, my love of sports?” Dean asked.

“No, your use of the word ‘awesome’.” Cas teased. Dean laughed happily.

“Yeah, you’re right.”

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Marilyn had made beautiful afghans for all three couples while Paul had bought season tickets for all of his grandsons’ favorite sports teams. Now Cas understood why his grandfather had called to ask what his and Dean’s favorite teams were. Thankfully he and Dean shared the same likes as far as that went. They received a gift card to a store where Cas could get the supplies necessary to put in the beehives he had been talking to his grandparents about. Dean was excited because he knew exactly where he wanted to put the hives. Cas was excited and went on and on about the flowers he intended to plant, delighting everyone with his enthusiasm.

“Cas has plans to turn a couple of acres into a bee heaven. He wants to invest in native plants, especially flowering ones, and let them grow wild so the bees will have plenty of food, but not just that, he is putting a lot of flowers up and around the house and in the backyard. We’re going to put lilacs and a few other flowering bushes in the front, but nothing that could be toxic to the chickens.” Dean was just as excited as Cas, though more so on his boyfriend’s behalf.

“It’s sounds lovely, like this will be a real farm very soon. I can’t wait to see all the flowers and the bees buzzing about. My parents owned chickens when I was a little girl and they were some of the best pets we ever had.” Rosemary said fondly. “It will be wonderful to be able to visit them here and see them running about.”

Gifts continued to be exchanged and Cas and Dean were delighted to get a brand new set of plates and silverware from James and Rosemary. Dean pulled an envelope from his pocket near the end of the exchange and passed it to Cas.

“What’s this?” Cas turned the envelope over so he could open it.

“It’s not for now though. It’s for next summer, after Gabe and Eli’s wedding.” Dean chewed on his lower lip as he watched his boyfriend opening the envelope. This was only the first step in the proposal. There was still a lot more to plan out and organize. First he had to get Cas to Disneyland.
“Dean! Oh my God!” Cas gasped as he slid the tickets out of the envelope.

“What did you get?” Gabe shared a quick look with Dean while his brother’s attention was still locked on the tickets in his hand.

“It’s tickets to Disneyland! Disneyland!!!!” Cas was so excited he was ready to burst. “Dean! Thank you!” He turned around and threw his arms around Dean’s neck. “Thank you, thank you, thank you!”

Dean laughed as Cas showered him with kisses. “You’re welcome, babe. I know it’s not the one in Florida but I thought that since we’ll be in Texas we can make the drive up into California and spend a few days at the park. It will be a long drive home but I thought maybe we could do some sightseeing. Maybe stop at the grand canyon? There are places I would love to see, and I would love to see them with you.”

“A road trip! That will be wonderful! I love it!” Cas cried.

“I think he likes his gift.” Sam said, laughing.

“Understatement.” James chuckled.

Chapter End Notes

I do hope you liked this chapter. Comments are always welcome. :)
The Call

Chapter Summary

Karen can’t reach Cas, so she places a call to Mike that he reluctantly accepts.

Chapter Notes

So I do hope you like this chapter. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the day was spent talking, watching movies, and cooking. Mary helped Cas put the pictures in the new frames and since there were ten of them, he hung a few in the bedroom. Dinner was lovely, and then Cas’ grandparents were heading home. Mary and John were tired and turned in early while Sam fell asleep on the couch. Cas and Maeve decided on a game of chess and they played quietly in the den while Dean worked on diving up the leftovers and trying to create some kind of casserole from the leftover turkey. Eli decided to help which left Mike and Gabe to talk and catch up. They were sitting at the kitchen table quietly swapping hospital stories when some time after eleven when Mike’s phone began to vibrate in his pocket. He was glad that he had turned the ringer off since people were already asleep.

“What the hell…” He muttered as he pulled the phone out and looked at the caller ID.

“Who is it?” Gabe asked. Mike looked up at him with a deep scowl on his face.

“It’s mom.”

“Answer it.” Gabe urged. Mike sighed and clicked accept before putting the phone to his ear.

“Hello?” He didn’t even pretend to be pleased to hear from their mother.

“Mike, honey, how are you?” Karen sounded...off.

“I’m good.” If she wanted to talk, she was going to have to do it. He wasn’t going to initiate squat.

“We didn’t hear from you today. D-did you have a nice Christmas?” She asked.

“We had a fantastic one, actually. Spent it with family.” He was staring at Gabe who was staring right back, but they had drawn the attention of Dean and Eli too who had stopped putting the casserole together and were listening to Mike’s end of the conversation. Karen sighed on the other end of the line.

“I tried to reach Cas, but I couldn’t. Did he change his number?”

“No, and you won’t be able to anymore. He blocked your number.” Mike said.

“What? Why?” She sounded genuinely distraught and he wished that she wasn’t his mother so he
could just throttle her for being so stupid.

“Really? You really have to ask that? You’ve gone out of your way to hurt him and Gabe, over and over again. Gabe, he’s maybe a bit tougher, but you’re destroying Cas. He did what he had to do in order to protect himself and Dean. I heard about your last call to him. That was pretty damn messed up. You raised us all to be able to think for ourselves, but then insult one of us when we actually do it. Not cool.” He didn’t hide his anger. He was angry for both of his brothers.

“He’s twenty five, never dated anyone before Dean. What was I supposed to think?” She cried.

“That maybe he didn’t have to make the same mistakes that I had made in order to find the person he wants to spend the rest of his life with? Geez, you’re not even around! You aren’t a part of their lives. If you were, you’d know how stupid you sound when you say Cas can’t think for himself. He and Dean, they have a warm and loving home, they have plans for their future, and they’re happy, save for your rejection. I really hope your marriage is worth losing all three of your sons, because I’m not going to abandon my brothers. They’re my family, the ones that have stuck by me over the years. The ones that suffered through all of the shit with me that we endured as kids. They understand me, and I understand them. I accept them. I love Eli and I love Dean, they’re good men, and I’ll be happy to one day soon call them my brothers. I’ll get to be involved in the lives of my nieces and nephews and spoil them, and I know they’ll do the same with my kids. The one that’s going to miss out is you, because you’re going to miss weddings, the births of your grandchildren, holidays, and more. You might want to convey that one to dad. His legacy? Wants nothing to do with him.”

Eli had walked over and gently put a hand on Mike’s shoulder. The entire conversation had Mike stressed out and he was struggling to keep his voice down so he didn’t wake Sam up, or alert Cas to whom he was talking to.

“I don’t want that. I love all of you. I think your father is finally starting to come around. He was very upset today that not even our parents came today.” Suddenly she gasped. “Oh, I understand now, that feeling of abandonment.”

“Tired you long enough.” Mike said dryly.

“Are your brothers ok? They’re well?” Her voice was small, tired, defeated, and Mike felt sorry for her in spite of everything.

“Yes, they’re both doing well. Gabe’s getting married this coming summer. It’s going to be a beautiful, beachside ceremony. I’m looking forward to presiding over it.” He replied.

“You’re acting as the minister?” She was surprised by that.

“Yes. We decided that we’re all going to take turns presiding over one another’s weddings. Gabe will do Cas’, and Cas will do mine.”

“Are you engaged? Is...Cas engaged?” She asked.

“No on both, but we will be, and soon.” Mike looked past Eli to make sure Cas or Maeve had not left the den. “Dean’s planning an epic proposal, and I’m going to ask Maeve when we get home.”

“I’ve missed so much…” He could hear his mother crying on the other end of the line. “I shouldn’t have listened…”

Mike sighed and looked at his brother, his expression one of complete exasperation.

“Yes, you’ve missed out on a lot, and that’s no one’s fault but your own. I’m going now, it’s late and
I was having a conversation with Gabe that I paused to accept your call. I hope you have a nice evening, mother. If you decide that your children actually matter and you want to try to make amends, feel free to call either myself or Gabe. You won’t be able to reach Cas until you get your head out of your ass. Goodnight.”

He didn’t wait for a response before he disconnected the call. When he looked up Gabe, Dean, and Eli were all watching him closely.

“Why did she call?” Dean asked.

“She missed us. Tried to reach Cas but obviously she couldn’t, so she called me.” Mike ran his fingers through his hair and tugged at it in frustration.

“Why didn’t she try to call me if she was so desperate to reach Cas?” Dean dug his own phone out and checked it. He had two missed calls, one from Charlie and one from Benny, no doubt wishing him and Cas a Merry Christmas. There was nothing from Karen Novak.

“Maybe it has to do with you hanging up on her the last time she called Cas.” Eli suggested.

“Yeah, maybe. I did it as politely as possible because trust me, I was so tempted to chew her out. It wouldn’t have done Cas any good though if I’d done that.” Dean shoved his phone back in his pocket and went back to making the casserole. Eli followed. Mike leaned an elbow on the table and looked at his brother.

“I think maybe she gets it now. She and dad were completely alone today, and it hurt. I don’t know that dad will get it, but she did. I hope she gets her head on straight and realizes what she is really set to lose.”

“If she really cared it wouldn’t take over a year for her to do it.” Gabe said bitterly. “I’m going to keep moving forward with my life. I’m marrying the man I love and I don’t care what her opinion is anymore, or what dad’s might be. My happiness is not about them. Same for Cassie. His happiness is not dependent on what their opinion is of his and Dean’s relationship. I think maybe Cassie is just starting to figure that out.”

They were sitting silently, brooding when Maeve and Cas came walking into the kitchen.

“She’s brutal when she plays! I lost so bad.” Cas laughed. Dean smiled at the two of them.

“She beats me too. I’ve yet to win against her.” Eli said with a soft laugh.

“What can I say? I was on the chess team all through high school.” Maeve grinned which made everyone chuckle.

“What are you all doing?” Cas asked. Dean and Eli had finished the casserole and put it in the fridge. They’d been standing by the counter looking through a cookbook when Cas and Maeve walked in.

“I made a casserole out of the leftover turkey and some of the vegetables. Eli was helping. Now we’re looking for something to do with the rest of the vegetables. I’m thinking I may only be able to do another casserole with them.” Dean lamented. He liked vegetables but not enough to have another casserole of just vegetables.

“Omelets?” Cas suggested. Eli looked at Dean and shrugged.

“It is mostly broccoli and cauliflower that is left. Soups are another option.”
“Yeah, maybe.” Dean chewed thoughtfully on his lower lip as he flipped through the cookbook. Maeve had walked over to Mike and they were talking softly. He stood up and took her by the hand.

“We’re tired and heading to bed. We’ll see you in the morning.” Mike said.

Goodnights were murmured and then they were leaving for bed.

“You ready for bed, babe?” Gabe asked as he stood up and stretched. Eli nodded.

“It has been a long day. Can we sleep with the afghan your grandmother made us?”

Gabe smiled as he walked over and pulled Eli into his arms. “Of course. It’s going to take some finagling to get everything into our bags for the flight home. We may have to invests in another bag.”

“We have one you can use. We’ll just pick it up when we come out to you guys this summer.” Dean said. Eli smiled up at him.

“Thank you, Dean. That is very much appreciated.”

They said goodnight and headed upstairs.

“I’m going to check on Sam. He fell asleep without a blanket earlier.” Cas said, and then left to go to the living room. Dean put the cookbook up and checked to make sure everything had been put away. Cas returned with a stack of presents in his arms that Dean took half of.

“We’ll have to find a place for all of this.” Cas said as they climbed the stairs and headed for their room.

“I have an idea for some of it. And I decided that I’m going to build you some new bookcases to house your growing book collection. It’s getting crowded under our bed.” Dean laid the items he was holding on the bed and looked through them while Cas went to the closet to grab some hangers. They both had new sweaters and flannels, and he wanted them hung up. Dean busied himself with storing away the books and other knick knacks they had received. The tickets to Disneyland were there too and he tucked those into the desk drawer for safe keeping. Once everything was put away and the afghan from Cas’ grandmother was lying neatly over the arm of the chair by the window, they went about their nightly routine. Dean shut the door before they finally crawled into bed. Cas slid closer, sighing contentedly as Dean wrapped him in his arms.

“I don’t remember what it was like to sleep without being in your arms. And I don’t want to remember.”

Dean smiled and kissed his boyfriend’s forehead tenderly. “I don’t want to remember what it was like before I got to have you in my arms every night either.”

“I’m so happy we’re going to Disneyland. I’m so excited. Thank you for that.” Cas tilted his head back and smiled at his boyfriend. Dean tried not to let the excitement that was filling every inch of his body show as he smiled back.

“I want to make your dreams come true, baby, and I know that’s something you always wanted to do. We’ll go and we’ll have an awesome time.”

Cas closed his eyes and snuggled closer. “I’ll have a wonderful time because I’ll be there with you.”

Dean’s cheeks ached with how hard he was smiling. There was a lot to plan between then and the actual proposal. Everything had to go just right.
Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter. Things are finally starting to dawn on Karen. She can't let her husband think for her any longer or she's going to lose everything that matters to her. I hope you all have a great weekend!
Valentine's Day Surprise

Chapter Summary

Dean is a bigger romantic than he lets on...

Chapter Notes

Ok, so tonight I was on a roll with writing for this particular fic, and since it's technically another day, I figured why not? I'm still working out some things for The Teacher's Crush (lots of research is going into that one!), and I'm trying to get these two along to Eli and Gabe's wedding, and then the proposal. Cause I know you're all dying for that, lol.

That being said....I talked to another Destiel writer friend of mine who will be attending Destielcon this year. I had forgotten it even existed! So I went to check out the site and it's really not all that far from me, maybe 3 1/2 to 4 hours? I do not drive though, so it will mean sweet talking my best friend into driving down with me. And she is NOT an SPN watcher. The only reason she even knows the word Destiel is because of me, lol. I may be able to convince her to drive me, but she won't go to the con. I'll have to find something else for her to do. So, I signed up for the guest panel. IF I get on it, I'll be going. If I don't, I'll likely have to pass on it this year. So, keep your fingers crossed! I would love to meet some of you if you are going. Everything is contingent upon money of course, and making sure I have someone here to take care of my mom if I have to be gone for a few days. I am hoping I get on the panel. If not, I'll just meet up with my friend somewhere for an afternoon. So wish me luck, everyone! There are already going to be some pretty awesome Destiel writers there, and I'd love to meet them too. But mostly I'd love the chance to meet more of you all. I love you guys!

I hope you like this chapter. Romance, romance, romance. Smut will come next chapter.

;)
“He sent me a huge bouquet of flowers and these. There was a note on the flowers too telling me that he has a romantic dinner planned tonight. I don’t know what I did to deserve someone as wonderful as Dean.” Cas sighed happily as he opened his lunch and took out the enchiladas left over from last night’s dinner. “You guys can have some if you want, I’ll never eat it all and if I bring home a full box he will eat them all, and then whine that he’s putting on weight.”

Jody laughed and lifted the lid to snag a piece. “Oh, this is the good stuff, not the ones where you have to guess what’s inside. Are these the hazelnut and chocolate ones?”

“Yes, they’re my favorite. Dean is the only person I’ve ever known that really, truly listens to me when I say something. I told you I mentioned in passing how I’d never gotten to do anything fun as a child, and that my dream was always to go to Disney World, but since we’ll be in Texas this be summer, he got me tickets to go to Disneyland instead. I never expected that. I think…” He tapped his fork against his lip absently for a moment. “I think maybe I’ll ask him to marry me while we’re there. I don’t want to wait any longer.”

“I doubt you’ll be waiting. I think he’ll be proposing when you’re there.” Chuck said.

“You think? I’m not sure. He hasn’t given any hints that he might. He made an itinerary of the things he wants to do while we’re there, and of the things we’ll do on the drive home.” Cas knew the promise to wait was there too. Dean had made that promise to Gabe. Two years, and Dean took that promise seriously. But it was Dean that had made the promise, not him.

“I’d wait and see what he has planned. You’ll feel like a butt if he has something planned and you interrupt it.” Jody added. Cas sighed.

“Yeah, I guess. But if doesn’t propose, I’m doing it at the Grand Canyon on the way back.”

“Have patience. That man loves you more than anything in the world.” Jody assured him. “You’ll have to let me know how your dinner tonight goes. I bet he takes you somewhere super romantic.”

Cas smiled and looked at the box of candy. “I don’t care where he takes me as long we’re together.”

“Now that’s real love.” Chuck grinned.

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Dean was glad he’d hired Rich and Mark. He felt confident that his guys could finish the job so he could hurry home and get things ready for their dinner date tonight. He only had an hour before Cas got home so he hurried to get everything situated. One of the things he had made sure to do was to take Cas out and buy him a couple of nice suits, so he went up to select one. He'd chosen the steel gray one and laid it out on the bed. After setting out the shoes, shirt, socks, and tie for Cas to wear with it, he went and took a quick shower. He shaved and styled his hair, humming happily to himself as he got ready. The plan was to take Cas out to dinner, then when they got back to the house Charlie's friend Evan was supposed to stop by with Cas’ present. They had to be back at the house by ten though for this to all work out.

As he was trying to decide which suit he wanted to wear, he heard the door downstairs open.

"Dean? Are you home?"

"In the bedroom, babe!" Dean felt a flutter of excitement as he moved Cas’ suit so that it hung on the front of the closet door. Cas walked in the room, his eyebrows rising when he saw Dean standing in front of the closet wearing nothing more than a towel.
"Hey, baby. How was your day at work?" Dean kissed him and stepped back, smiling at his boyfriend. Cas smiled right back.

"It was made better by the flowers and candy. Thank you for that. I shared the candy at lunch so you're not tempted to eat them all." He teased. Dean chuckled and grabbed at his own waist.

"Yeah, well, they're good, what can I say? I just don't need to be eating them. I'll get too fat and you won't want to have hot, steamy sex with me anymore."

Cas pushed Dean's hands aside and grabbed him by the hips. "That will never happen. I'll always want you. You will always be the sexiest man in the world to me, so stop that."

Dean grinned and pecked him on the lips before motioning towards the suit that was hanging. "I would like for you to wear that tonight. We have dinner reservations at seven, so you can take a leisurely shower if you want."

Cas pinched the corner of the towel and pulled it off. His hands slid around to cup his boyfriend's ass.

"Mmmm, I'm thinking that with that much time, there are some other things we could do."

Dean hummed an approval as he began unbuttoning Cas' shirt. "There are definitely some things we could do."

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Dean's plans were only slightly throw off by their pre-dinner romp between the sheets. He still planned to fuck Cas so hard later that the man would find it next to impossible to walk the next day, so right now he was the one having problems walking. While Cas showered, he applied some much needed Preparation H and then pulled his underwear on. By the time Cas finally emerged from the bathroom, clean, shaven, and smelling like absolutely heaven, Dean had decided on his own suit and was completely dressed. Cas stopped and stared.

"Dean, you're gorgeous."

Dean smiled, his cheeks turning slightly pink. "Thanks." He smoothed his hands down the front of his jacket as he watched Cas walk over.

"You're always gorgeous, don't get me wrong, but this..." Cas slid his fingers down the lapels of Dean's jacket and smiled. "You take my breath away like this."

Dean was pleased he'd chosen a suit that Cas liked so much, but the compliment made him feel warm and fuzzy inside.

"You make me feel that way. I'm glad I picked out a good suit. Now, hurry and get dressed, it's already after six." He gave Cas a quick kiss before taking his suit down and handing it over. Cas smiled and took the clothes over to the bed where he began getting dressed. Dean watched the way Cas moved as he pulled first his boxer briefs on and then his trouser socks before shrugging into the dress shirt. It took every ounce of will power he had not to just grab his boyfriend and put his hands all over him. His mind wandered to the plans he had for that evening. Everything had to go smoothly. He was snapped back to the present when Cas waved a hand in front of his face.

"You still with me?" Cas teased.

"Yeah, was just thinking." Dean replied, smiling.
"Can you tie this for me?" Cas had the tie looped around the back of his neck where it hung untied. Dean nodded and quickly fixed it for him. He tucked it down inside of Cas' jacket and stepped back to take a good look. This was the first time Cas was actually wearing this suit and he was unbelievably hot in it.

"Sweetheart, you are definitely the gorgeous one in this relationship, and you are freaking hot as hell right now." Dean said as he stepped back to really get a look.

"If we continue to stand here arguing over who is more handsome we'll be late to our own funerals. So are we ready to go?" Cas asked. He was deliriously happy with everything Dean had said and done for him, and he was excited to go out to dinner. Dean opened the closet door and pulled out his boyfriend's wool coat. It was long, thick, and one of their Goodwill treasure finds. A three hundred dollar coat they had bought for five dollars. All it had needed was the lining reinforced and new buttons added. They had hung it in the closet until they could take the time to bring it to the dry cleaners and have it repaired, but that was part of tonight's surprise; Dean had gotten it not only repaired but cleaned as well. He held it up and Cas gasped in surprise when he realize it was completely fixed.

"You took it in?"

"I did. Surprise." Dean said, smiling. Cas turned around so Dean could help him into it. He ran his hands down the front, letting them play over the new buttons for a moment before using them to secure his coat. Dean added a wool scarf, looping it around Cas' neck before pulling his own coat out of the closet. He wouldn't look quite as classy as Cas, his own wool coat was only waist length while Cas' came to his knees, but he still thought he looked pretty sharp as he slid his own coat on and grabbed his scarf. It was a particularly brutal February this year and the day had topped off at fifteen degrees. It was only supposed to be five by the time they got home.

"Do you have your gloves? It's going to be really cold. I'll go get the car started." He said as he started for the door.

"I'll grab them from my other coat." Cas replied. "First I want to make sure the cats' water didn't freeze. I'll meet you out at the car in just a couple of minutes."

Dean nodded and headed down to get the car started. He had pulled it into the garage since it had started to snow again, and he was glad for his wool coat as he sat in the car waiting for it to warm up. As soon as he was able to, he turned the heat on and by the time Cas came out to the garage, the car was toasty. He slid into the passenger seat and buckled his seat belt as Dean used the door opener.

"So where are we going?" Cas asked as they pulled out of the garage. Dean hit the opener again and the door slid shut behind them.

"Le Petit Jardin. The new French restaurant you were talking to Becky about on the phone a few weeks ago."

Cas' jaw dropped. "You..." He shook his head, amazed by the effort Dean always seemed to make.

"I wasn't eavesdropping, if that's what you think. I didn't know where to take you, and I was passing through the living room when you mentioned wanting to try the new French restaurant you passed on your way to work, so I checked the route you take, figured out the name of the place, and stopped by to see how hard it would be to get a reservation. It's a darn good thing I stopped in back in December because they are completely booked up for tonight now, but they're booked up for the rest of the month too. I checked online reviews and it has gotten really good ratings too. I like French food and I figured that if you don't like it, we'll go somewhere you do like." Dean shrugged. It really
wasn't a big deal to him, but Cas was forever being amazed by him. He decided Dean was deserving of the same thoughtfulness that he always showed. Mind blowing sex tonight was a given. Dean deserved that and so much more, but he had several gifts tucked away back in their closet for the man too. He knew Dean would love them, but they felt like they were not nearly as wonderful as all of the things Dean always did for him. From now on he would pay closer attention to his boyfriend and try to anticipate his needs and desires better. Dean deserved the sun, the moon, and the stars.

"I love you, Dean. You really have no idea just how much." He said softly as he reached over to take Dean's hand. The smile that graced his boyfriend's lips was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his life.

"I have a pretty good idea, and it's not nearly as much as I love you."

Chapter End Notes

I know you are all dying to know what they got one another. You'll have to wait and see! It'll be awesome though. :)

Chapter End Notes
The French Mistake

Chapter Summary

Dean has chosen a French restaurant to take Cas to for their Valentine's Day dinner. He scored the reservations months in advance just to make sure there were no mistakes. He didn't account for people they might know actually showing up, also looking to eat there.

Chapter Notes

*****WARNING****

Read this before you read the chapter!

I wrote a character into this chapter that is going to be unpleasant, and I know in the past people have gotten upset over people like this but guess what? PEOPLE LIKE THIS REALLY DO EXIST!!!! I KNOW people like this, and I deliberately do NOT associate with them. I have zero tolerance for ignorance. The character may or may not royally piss you off, but the boys are going to handle it with absolute grace. So don't get too upset. The WILL handle the issue. And as the writer, I can add anything I want. And because I refuse to be bullied on MY works, I will also be modifying comments from here on out. I've seen several other writer friends suffer undo stress and STOP WRITING because of how nasty some people can be. I've been upset over the ignorant comments in the past, but I'm not going to allow them to destroy me. I do hope you all can understand that. My need to keep my sanity intact is very important.

All of that being said, I do hope you enjoy this chapter. I've been working on it for a few days and it actually ended up being so long that I had to split it in half. Next chapter you'll get to see what Cas got Dean, and there will be smut. What is V-Day without sex, right? Lol! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The parking lot was full but they managed to find a spot a block down. They walked to the restaurant hand in hand, and as they squeezed in the front door, Cas got a good idea of what Dean had been talking about. The lobby was packed and every table that he could see was filled. Dean held tightly to his hand as he started easing his way through the crowd. When he reached the counter he waited until Cas was next to him and then slipped an arm around his waist. The woman behind the counter looked up, smiling politely.

“Do you have a reservation?”

“Yes, Winchester, party of two.” Dean replied. She tapped something into the tablet she was holding before looking up at him again.

“It’s a good thing you made your reservation early, and that you arrived early. We’re expecting a half
hour wait and we do apologize in advance for that.”

“That’s fine, we can wait.” Dean looked at Cas who nodded in agreement.

“Someone will come get you when your table is available.” She said.

With that, Dean took Cas by the hand again and they found an empty corner to stand in. Cas was getting hot in his coat so he slipped it off. Dean did the same.

“Wait here a minute. They have a coat check, so I’m going to get them to take these.” Dean said. Cas nodded, leaning back against the wall as he watched Dean weaving through people to get back up to the front counter. Once his boyfriend was out of sight, he took to watching the people around him. The lobby was full of people hoping reservations got cancelled so they could snag a table. He hoped the food was good.

“Castiel?”

Hearing his name he stood up straight and looked around. Balthazar was standing a few feet away.

“Oh, hello.”

“You’re here with someone?” Balthazar asked. He looked around but since Dean had not yet returned, it looked to him like Cas was alone.

“I’m here with my boyfriend. He’s checking our coats in.” Cas leaned back against the wall again. “I assume you brought your date here.”

Balthazar nodded absently but Cas could see he was alone.

“She was supposed to meet me here.”

“Dean got us reservations. I’ve been dying to eat here.” Cas said.

“Oh, we were hoping to get a table if someone missed a reservation, but I’m thinking that’s not likely to happen.” Balthazar sighed heavily. Cas spotted Dean coming back and smiled brightly. He held out a hand and Dean smiled as he took it.

“So they have our coats. I hope we don’t have to wait a half hour.” He said as Cas pulled him closer.

“I haven’t seen anyone leave while you were gone, just more people coming in.” Cas looked into the dining room again where it finally looked like a couple was getting ready to leave.

“It’ll be fine, as long as we get our table eventually.” Dean kissed his temple and Cas smiled again. He glanced at the man whose expression was a mixture of envy and fondness.

“Dean, this is Balthazar, one of the other teachers. He is trying to get a table if a reservation gets cancelled.” Cas motioned towards the other teacher as Dean tensed next to him.

“Hello.” Dean greeted the man stiffly.

“Hello to you as well.” Balthazar nodded politely. “Oh, excuse me, my phone is ringing.” He dug his phone out and due to the sheer number of people in the lobby he couldn’t walk very far, so he settled for turning his face away as he accepted the call. Dean slipped his arm around Cas’ waist and pulled him closer. Cas knew Dean didn’t like Balthazar but he wasn’t going to let this evening get ruined.
“So, when we get home, I have some things for you.” Cas said softly as he ran his fingers down the front of Dean’s tie. The man looked incredible in a simple tee shirt and jeans but in a suit, the man was absolutely breathtaking. His smile was dazzling and Cas couldn’t resist kissing him.

“What kind of things?” Dean asked.

“I bought you presents. I just hope that you like them.”

Dean kissed him again softly. “Baby, I would like anything you got me.”

“I am glad to hear that. Your happiness means everything to me.” Cas caressed his cheek, smiling when Dean leaned into his touch. His attention was drawn away from Dean when he heard Balthazar talking to someone a few feet away. They both turned to see the man greeting a woman with thick blonde hair and a skin tight dress that left very little to the imagination. The woman glanced in their direction before snapping her head back to look at Dean.

“Dean?!” She cried. He didn’t even get to open his mouth and say anything before she was hugging him.

“Uh, hey…” He said weakly as he patted her back. When she stood back she was smiling wide.

“What are you doing here?” She asked.

“It’s Valentine’s Day, we have reservations.” Dean found Cas’ hand and grabbed it.

“Oh? Where’s your girlfriend?” She asked.

“No girlfriend. This is my boyfriend, Cas. Though I think partner might be more appropriate of a term.” Dean pointed at Cas with his free hand. Her eyes fell on Cas and he was immediately uncomfortable under her scrutiny.

“I...didn’t know you were gay.” She frowned and looked up at Dean again. The last thing he wanted to do was explain shit to a girl he’d had sex with a handful of times back in his teens.

“My orientation is of no concern. Cas is the love of my life and I’m here for a romantic dinner with him.”

“I feel like I should have known you were gay.”

“Darling, he was never under any obligations to tell anyone his preferences.” Balthazar touched her elbow as he gave Dean an apologetic look.

“Do you have problems with gay people?” Cas asked. She was rubbing him the wrong way. It didn’t bother him that Dean knew her. It bothered him the way she was now looking at him, like he was dirty and nasty.

“Well...I guess not. I mean, I just never was intimate with anyone that was.”

“Good Lord…” Balthazar mumbled as he rolled his eyes. “I apologize.” He told them as he took her arm gently but firmly. “They’re booked up, love. Let’s try somewhere else.”

“I’m so sorry, sweetheart.” Dean was clinging tightly to Cas’ hand as he looked at him.

“Honey, I’m not blaming you for anything. We all make mistakes.” Cas kissed him and Dean relaxed.
“Gross.” Rhonda wrinkled her nose. Balthazar dropped her arm and glared at her.

“What exactly is gross? That it’s two men kissing? You do know I’m bisexual and that I’ve kissed men before. I’ve done a lot more than that too. If two men kissing is disgusting to you, I’m afraid I am the one that is now disgusted with you. I’m going home, and I would appreciate it if you would not call me again.” He nodded at Dean and Cas. “Have a lovely Valentine’s Day. Castiel, I will see you Monday at work.”

With that Balthazar turned and walked out of the restaurant.

“That was pretty ignorant. You never did think before you opened your mouth. Maybe one day you’ll learn to stop letting society influence your thoughts and opinions.” Dean was highly regretful that he had ever had anything to do with this woman.

“Oh, that’s rich, considering you put on my satin panties. I should have known it would turn you gay.” She sneered. Dean tried not to show just how much her words were humiliating him but Cas seemed to sense it and he stepped closer, placing a hand against Dean’s chest as he looked at Rhonda.

“Wow, you’re a special kind of stupid, aren’t you?” Cas was dumbfounded. Was this woman really this ignorant? Dean snorted next to him and sucked his lower lip into his mouth to hide his smile.

“Excuse me?” She snapped.

“You can’t turn someone gay. And for the record? Dean’s not gay. He’s bisexual. He likes men and woman, but he loves me. He has always been attracted to men and to women. You most certainly did not have any influence over that, though your ignorance may have influenced his decision to only associate himself with people of a higher intelligence.” Cas snapped right back. Dean sucked in air sharply next to him, and even the people around them had stopped their conversations, turning to look at Rhonda with varying mixtures of disdain.

“He’s right, you can’t turn someone gay. It’s in their DNA, and that was probably the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard someone say. My son is gay and my daughter is bisexual. They’ve always known, and nothing at home or at school affected them. It’s people like you that make things so hard for the LGBT community.” A woman standing off to Cas’ left said, thoroughly surprising both him and Dean, though they were both grateful to her for speaking up.

“Winchester?” The hostess called out.

“That’s us!” Dean raised a hand to acknowledge her and started moving forward. Cas paused to look again at Rhonda who was pouting as she rebuttoned her coat.

“You were very rude. I’m sorry that feel it’s ok to insult and humiliate people, and that you think it’s alright to do that in public. It’s not, and now you hurt Balthazar as well. That was uncalled for. I wish you luck in life, because you are truly going to need it with that attitude of yours.” As Cas turned to follow Dean, a soft applause rippled through the crowd. He stood up taller, nodding politely as he made his way through the crowd that now parted easily for him and came to stand beside Dean and the waiter who was there to seat them.

“What was that for?” Dean asked him.

“I set your friend straight.” Cas replied. The waiter was moving into the dining room, so they followed after him.

“She is not my friend.” Dean said bitterly. “I can’t believe she actually thinks like that.”
“I was attempting to be sardonic, Dean. I know she is not your friend.” Cas nodded politely at the waiter as they were seated at a table that looked out over a pond that was lit by spotlights. Dean gave the wine order and once the waiter was gone, he turned his attention to his boyfriend.

“I’m sorry about her. She’s not someone I ever thought I would run into again, and I’m angry that she upset you.”

Cas waved a hand dismissively. “She didn’t upset me in the way that you think. She upset me because I know her words were hurting you. I don’t like seeing you hurt, darling.” Cas laid a hand across the table and Dean laid his own in it, letting his boyfriend curl his fingers around his own.

“I didn’t really date her. She wasn’t a girlfriend. I knew her in high school and a year or so after graduation, we ran into one another again and she asked me out. She’d been hot in high school and still really pretty, so I said yes. It was a few dates and...sex, but I couldn’t handle her attitude. Me being bi never even came up in conversation. She was just wildly opinionated about everything, and it drove me nuts. Eventually I just stopped accepting her calls and she stopped calling. I went on with my life and obviously she went on with hers. But apparently she is still highly opinionated, without educating herself on any issues first.”

“Honey, you don’t have to justify anything. She’s a part of your past. If you think I don’t realize there were people before me, you’re wrong. I know you had other lovers. I am choosing not to think about them. You’re with me now, and that’s all that matters to me. Our life together, our future, and our love is what I care about. If I hadn’t led such a sheltered life until I got out on my own, I’m sure I’d probably have a few exes in my past too, but they wouldn’t mean anything. I prefer to live in the present, but mostly because my own past was unpleasant. It’s been amazing since I met you though.” Cas smiled warmly at Dean. He loved the man so much.

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The waiter came out with their bottle of wine and a single white rose, which he handed to Cas. Delighted, Cas couldn’t stop smiling as he smelled it. They placed their orders and then the waiter was leaving again.

“Did you arrange this?” Cas asked as he pointed with the rose at Dean.

“I did. I brought them by earlier, on my way home from work.” Dean replied.

“Them?” Cas asked, smiling wide.

“Yeah, baby. I have a whole bouquet for you.” Dean confessed.

“I feel so inadequate! I tried to get you flowers but they were sold out. It was something I was unsure whether you would like, so I called Meg and she gave me a bit of advice. I don’t think anything I got will compare to this though.” Cas was worried his presents weren’t good enough.

“Baby, it’s not a competition. I love spoiling you. I’d give you the world if I could.” Dean didn’t want Cas thinking he had to do something special just because he was. He was happy just to have Cas in his life and know that the man loved him.

With the arrival of their food came the rest of the flowers, arranged neatly in a crystal vase, and Cas was in absolute awe. Dean had worried that Rhonda had ruined their night, but she hadn’t. They talked as they ate and Dean discreetly checked his phone to make sure they’d have time to get back to the house before Evan arrived. After dinner they enjoyed a nice creme brule, and then it was time to go. Dean carried the vase of flowers in one hand while Cas held his free hand. They made their
way out to the car where Dean waited until Cas was settled in his seat and had connected his seatbelt before handing him the vase. He went around to the driver’s side and got in.

“So, beautiful. Did you like dinner?” He asked as they headed home. It was just after nine thirty. Barring no traffic, they would get home just in time for Evan to arrive.

“It was everything I had hoped it would be. And I’m so happy I got to experience it with you.” Cas replied happily. This had been one of the best nights of his life, and definitely one of the most romantic. Last Valentine’s Day had been romantic too, but Dean really had gone out of his way this year.

“Good. I wanted it to be something you would remember. Later in the year, when they’re not as busy, we’ll go back. I really liked their food.” Dean said.

“I would like that very much.” Cas agreed. The food had been phenomenal.

When they arrived at the house Dean sent Cas upstairs to change into something more comfortable while he put the flowers on the coffee table in the living room. The other bouquet was sitting in the center of the kitchen table and it brought a smile to Dean’s face to see them there. The ones he’d had delivered to the school were red roses but the ones he’d arranged to have given tonight with dinner were white. A quick check of his phone told it was ten after ten. Evan was running late so he shot him a quick text.

Dean: You’re still on your way, right?

He started upstairs to go change when his phone buzzed with a reply text.

Evan: Yeah. My gf had to help me get things together. She’s with me, hope that’s ok. We’re about five minutes out? Went the wrong way on 65. Sorry.

Dean: No, it’s cool. We just got home. I’m changing, so when you pull into the drive, text me. I want this to be a surprise for Cas.

Evan: You got it.

Dean hurried up the stairs and into the bedroom. Cas watched him curiously as Dean stripped out of his suit in record time, tossing on a tee shirt and the first pair of pants he pulled from the drawer which happened to be a pair of track pants.

“What are you doing?” Cas asked.

“Your gift is almost here.” Dean replied. Cas had been hanging his suit up in the closet but he stopped and turned to face his boyfriend.

“What do you mean?”

Dean grinned and pecked him on the lips before leaving the room.

“Dean, what are you up to?” Cas shut the closet door and followed him downstairs. Still Dean wasn’t answering him.

“Dean!”

Dean’s phone buzzed in his pocket.

Evan: We’re here.
“Sit on the couch and close your eyes, ok?” Dean asked as he turned to look at Cas.

“Why? What are you up to?” Cas was moving towards the couch already. At least he wasn’t going to be stubborn.

“It’s a surprise, and hopefully one you will like.” Dean’s response was cryptic and Cas realized he wasn’t going to get any better of an answer, so he just sat down and did as he’d been asked. The moment his eyes were closed, Dean opened the door.

Cas heard hushed voices and movement, so clearly someone had arrived, and he wondered who it was, though he kept his eyes shut as he’d been asked. He felt something brush against his leg and he knew Dean had come to step in front of him.

“Open your arms, babe.” Dean said softly. Cas did, keeping his eyes closed still. Suddenly a warm ball of fur was wriggling in his arms. His eyes flew open just in time for a tiny tongue to lick excitedly at his face.

“Oh!” He cried as the tiny puppy put it’s paws up on his chest and licked him even more.

“Happy Valentine’s Day, baby.” Dean said as he sat down next to Cas.

“What is this, Dean? Is...is this...mine? I can keep it?”

Dean chuckled and nodded. “She’s yours. Evan here, he and his girlfriend Brie, they breed two different kinds of Corgis, but not just to breed. They do it to improve genetics and prevent all of the problems that backyard breeding causes. They only breed what, twice a year for three years? Isn’t that what Charlie said?” Dean looked up at Evan and Brie who had come around to sit down across from the couch in the armchairs.

“Yes. We don’t believe in wearing our females out, they’re part of our family. Charlie mentioned that you were looking for something special for your boyfriend for Valentine’s Day, and we had a couple of puppies looking for good homes, and these are fantastic herding dogs. She’ll love running around on a farm.” Evan replied.

Cas was petting the excited ball of fur in his hands as he tried to blink away his tears. He could hardly believe it, he had a dog of his very own! And she was beautiful! Dean scratched the pup’s head and she chewed on his fingers.

“Thank you, Dean, this is a dream come true. You-you’re not allergic, are you?” Cas asked. If Dean was allergic, she wouldn’t be able to stay, and that might make his heart break.

“Nope. I went over to their house several times, sat on the floor and let all of the dogs climb all over me. Not even so much as a tickle.” Dean replied proudly. Cats might make him sick, but dogs didn’t.

“She’ll get along with the cats though, right?” Cas looked over at Evan and Brie who both nodded.

“I have three Bengals and they play with the dogs all the time. Everyone gets along fine. Your cats might need time to adjust to the puppy, but once they do, they’ll all be fine.” Brie replied. Cas nodded as he lifted the puppy up and hugged her close.

“I love her her, she’s so pretty.”

Dean smiled and kissed his boyfriend’s cheek. “I’m glad.”

“Oh! But we don’t have anything for her!” Cas realized. Nothing but Walmart would be open this
later, and that meant driving all the way back to Indy, in the bitter cold…

“Wrong, I got a list from Evan and I spent the last two weeks picking up everything we would need for her. It’s all in the basement closet.” Dean said. Cas looked up at him in surprise.

“Is that why you got so testy every time I went down there?”

Dean chuckled. “I was afraid you’d go into that closet since the extra detergent and fabric softener are in there, and find all of the stuff I was storing in there for her. I made sure she has everything, from chew toys to the right size kennel, to food and two dog beds for once she is fully potty trained.” He reached over and ran his fingers through Cas’ hair. “I knew you missed out on so much growing up, and we can’t have the cats indoors, but she can be in here. And she’ll be good company, hopefully for us both.”

Cas was so happy he thought he might still cry. He leaned over and kissed Dean tenderly. “What I bought couldn’t possibly compare to this.”

“Baby, I said it’s not a competition. I just want you to be happy.” Dean insisted.

“Dean, I’ve never been happier in my entire life.”

Chapter End Notes

So Cas has a puppy. And he’ll be absolutely in love with her too. She will be a good addition to their little family.
Cas' Gifts

Chapter Summary

It's time for Cas to give Dean his presents. It's more than Dean expected, and he is very happy with it.

Chapter Notes

So, I know it's been a few days, and I'm sorry. I've had stuff going on, and I've hardly been home to write, but I wanted to make sure you all got some smut. Fair forewarning though, once we reach the actual proposal, it will pretty much be the end of the story. I'll add on one or two time stamps later on down the line, but that will be it. So, enjoy this, because in a few more chapters we'll be done. I'll miss this one.

Evan and Brie stuck around long enough to help Dean get everything set up for the puppy whom Cas named Daisy, and to give them some dog care basics. Evan also explained that Daisy was ten weeks old, was a Cardigan Welsh Corgi, and was very close to being fully potty trained, but still had the occasional accident. They had been working with her to teach her the basic commands, and she sat obediently the moment Cas told her to. Dean set her kennel up by the back door so that first thing in the morning they could take her right outside to potty. Cas took her outside once Evan and Brie had gone home, and praised the pup when she did her business. When they brought her inside, she went easily into her kennel, which Dean had slipped a thick pad inside of, and added one of Cas’ sweatshirts for her to cuddle. Dean had to practically pry Cas away from his new pup, but he finally got the man upstairs to their room. They brushed their teeth and while Dean took a minute to pee, Cas returned to the bedroom and took the items he had purchased for Dean out of the closet. The temptation to buy an engagement ring had been strong, but Meg had advised against it. He was honestly getting a little suspicious as to why everyone kept advising him not to propose. But...he took her advice and he went a different route.

So as he waited for Dean to come out of the bathroom he arranged the gifts under the blanket so they weren't immediately visible. When Dean walked back in the room he smiled at Cas as he passed the bed and went to hang up his suit. Cas, in his haste to grab the gifts had forgotten to hang it up.

"Sorry, I was meaning to do that, but I forgot."

"It’s ok, I made the mess, I’ll hang it up.” Dean did exactly that but when he walked back to the bed Cas held up a hand to stop him before he pulled the covers back and accidentally sat on the things under them.

“Sit there.” Cas pointed to the spot right in front of him. Dean grinned as he came around to Cas’ side of the bed and sat down.

“I get my gift now?”
“I got you several presents. Since you’re the only man in the world that still listens to tapes instead of CD’s, I made this for you.” Cas held out a small, gift wrapped box that had Dean grinning wider. It was the unmistakeable shape of a tape box. He tore the paper off, his grin growing even wider.

“Babe, did you...make me a mix tape?”

Cas blushed as he nodded. “I was told it would be romantic, and something you would appreciate. They’re all songs that you like.”

Dean had opened the cover and was reading his boyfriend’s neatly printed list of songs. All songs that he didn’t already have on tapes out in the car. It was the most thoughtful thing anyone had ever done for him, and must have taken forever for Cas to weed out all of the songs he already had. He had a lot of tapes in the car!

“This is awesome, I can’t wait to listen to it on my way to work.” Dean leaned forward and kissed him. Cas was delighted that his first gift had gone over so well.

“I’m glad you like it. I also got you this.” Cas pulled a large, flat package out from under the covers and again Dean got excited when he realized it was an album. He took it and tore the paper off, his eyes widening and his jaw dropping when he saw that it was an AC/DC album, and it was signed!

“What? How! Cas!” Dean couldn’t think straight! How on earth had Cas found this?!

Cas chuckled softly. “It will suffice to say that I pulled some strings to get that for you. You do like it, right?”

A moment later he found himself being wrapped up in a hug so tight he couldn’t breathe.

“I love you, I love you, I love you!” Dean peppered his face with kisses before finally releasing him and sitting back. He picked the album up again and marveled over the signatures on it. “You are seriously the best boyfriend ever.”

Cas preened a bit at the high praise. His reached under the covers and the last gift he held tight in the palm of his hand as he brought it out. Dean looked up curiously since now Cas looked nervous.

“I-I wasn’t sure if this was something you’d be interested in or not, but it was suggested to me that it could be fun, since we have tried similar things in the past and enjoyed them. If it’s not, I will bow out gracefully and just be glad that you liked the tape and album.”

“Babe, what is it?” Dean asked softly. Cas looked downright embarrassed, like he was afraid to reveal what he was clutching tightly in his hand. Finally he thrust his hand out and dropped something into Dean’s open palm.

“What is this?” Dean asked as he turned it over. It was small, black, with a button in the center, that was ringed in gold.

“I-it’s a remote.” Cas replied. It slowly dawned on Dean what it could be for and as he looked up, he arched one eyebrow.

“It’s in, right now?”

Cas’ cheeks turned the most beautiful shade of red and he licked his lips slowly as he nodded.

“It’s been in since before we went to dinner.”
Dean’s dick twitched at the thought. He got up from the bed and picked up his album and the tape. Cas watched him cross the room to set them on top of the dresser before he walked back to the bed. The remote was still in his hand, his thumb slowly tracing the button.

“So...if I press this little button...how many settings are we looking at?”

Cas swallowed hard. “T-ten.”

Dean nodded approvingly. “And what setting is it on now?”

Cas’ cock had slowly been filling and getting hard and he whimpered as Dean crawled up the bed to straddle him.

“It’s on the lowest.” The words were barely above a whisper as they escaped Cas’ lips but Dean heard them just fine. His thumb was still slowly circling the button, and the teasing was driving Cas absolutely crazy.

“Lowest, huh? And I just…” Dean pressed the button and Cas yelped as the plug nestled deep inside of him suddenly burst into life.

“That’s the lowest setting?” Dean asked, surprised by the fact that he could faintly feel the buzzing from where he sat. Cas groaned, letting his head fall back but he jerked when Dean hit the button again and the buzzing increased.

“Pretty intense, huh, babe.” Dean mused as his boyfriend squirmed underneath him.

“F-fuck!” Cas hissed through clenched teeth. His hands were fisted tightly in the blankets as he tried not to burst from the stimulation. Dean hit the button a third time, causing Cas to cry out.

“Now I want to see. This is so far my favorite Valentine’s present of all, and I am dying to get a look.” Dean climbed off his boyfriend’s legs and Cas kicked the covers off. He shoved his pajama pants and boxer briefs down and kicked them off the bed. Dean laid a hand over his boyfriend’s stomach, feeling the vibrations pretty strongly.

“Does it feel good?” He asked, purring the words out as his gaze met Cas’.

“Y-yes, ungh!!!” Cas’ back arched and he moaned long and low as the plug rubbed against his prostate. “Fuck!”

Dean eased Cas’ legs apart and licked his lips as his eyes fell upon the blue plug currently buzzing it’s way to ecstasy inside the man he loved. Fuck this was hot! Cas was panting and squirming, moaning loudly as he began to writhe on the bed. His cock was leaking so much pre-come that his tee shirt was soaked, not that he cared. Dean palmed his own hard cock as he hit the button again. This time Cas arched completely off the bed as he screamed Dean’s name. He came so hard he painted not only his chest and face, but the headboard as well.

“Holy shit that was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen!” Dean cried. Cas was gasping and clutching at the sheets as his cock continued to throb and spill hot semen out. He couldn’t relax though, not with the plug still going strong inside him. Dean eased his legs apart and slowly pulled the still buzzing plug out.

“Fuck, no wonder you came so hard.” Dean held the now buzzing and rotating plug up for Cas to see. “How do I turn it off?”

“Hold down the button on the remote.” Cas’ words slurred as he fought against the post orgasmic
haze he was sinking into. Dean did as directed and the plug fell silent.

“\textbf{I am definitely looking forward to using that again. Soon.}” Dean said as he set the plug and the remote on the nightstand. “\textbf{I did not expect that, but it was awesome.}”

Cas smiled as he pulled Dean down into a deep and demanding kiss.

“I need you, Dean, inside me.” Cas purred as he slid one hand under the waistband of Dean’s boxer briefs and stroked him.

“Yeah? You’re not too sensitive right now?” Dean was eager to be inside his boyfriend, but not if it was going to hurt the man.

“I need your dick inside me. \textit{Now!}” Cas demanded. Dean chuckled and with a little help, got his underwear off.

“Roll over.” Dean ordered as he sat back. Cas pulled his wet tee shirt off, taking a moment to wipe the come off his face before flipping over and lying on his stomach. The sight before him was beautiful and Dean throbbed with even more need. Cas was ready and waiting, but Dean still reached for the lube in the side table. No doubt Cas had used a generous amount of lube earlier when he’d prepped himself, but that had been hours earlier, and Dean didn’t want to cause him any pain. He popped the top and poured a generous amount in the palm of his hand.

“\textbf{Hurry up, Dean!}” Cas whined. Dean smacked him on the ass playfully.

“\textbf{Ok, Mr. Sassy Pants. Up on all fours.}”

Cas was up on his hands and knees before Dean had even finished speaking.

“\textbf{God you’re beautiful.}” Dean didn’t think he could ever possibly tire of seeing Cas like this, all smooth skin and willing body. He was the most perfect thing to ever exist.

Dean lined himself up and slowly slid in. It didn’t take but a few seconds before he was completely inside, and he laid himself over Cas’ back, wrapping his arms around him as he began to thrust. Cas moaned deeply as Dean’s hips picked up speed and when his prostate was finally hit he dropped his face into the pillows, his moans barely being drowned by the soft cotton. Dean slipped a hand around Cas’ hip and took him in hand. To his surprise Cas was half hard again. His hand was still slick with lube as he began stroking him hard and fast, keeping in rhythm with his thrusts. It didn’t take but a few well placed squeezes and swipes over the head of Cas’ cock before he was screaming Dean’s name as he came for a second time. As his entire body tightened, Dean grabbed his hips to hold him up as he continued to pound into him. A half minute later and he was flying over the edge of his own orgasm as he spilled deep inside the man he loved. Cas groaned as he collapsed onto the bed and Dean hissed as he pulled out. His legs were quivering, threatening to drop him, if he tried to stand up, so he laid down next to Cas.

“You ok, baby?” He asked. Cas winched as he rolled onto his side, and then smiled.

“I’m great. That was fantastic.”

Dean smiled as he tilted his head enough so he could kiss him. “\textbf{I was worried I would hurt you, that you were too sensitive.}”

“No, that was amazing. So…” Cas ran his slender fingers down Dean’s chest as he looked up through his lashes. “\textbf{You liked your present?}”
Dean’s smile grew wider until he was grinning. “That was the best present I think I’ve ever received.”

Cas chuckled as he scooted closer. He laid his head on Dean’s chest and sighed contentedly. “I’m glad you liked it.”

“Come on, we need to wash up, and I need to change the blankets. Go get a shower started.” Cas patted Dean’s leg and snickered when he boyfriend groaned as he got up.

“Fuck, I’m sore.” Dean muttered as he shuffled into the bathroom. A moment later Cas heard the water starting. He hurried to grab his phone and shot off a text to Meg.

Cas: He loved it. Thank you for the idea.

It wasn’t as late on the west coast and a minute later his phone buzzed with a response.

Meg: Sex toys for the win! I’m happy for you. Was it a romantic V-Day?

Cas: HE BOUGHT ME A PUPPY!!! I’m so happy!

Meg: Awww! I want to see pictures!

Cas: I’ll send some tomorrow. Right now he’s waiting for me to join him in the shower.

Meg: I am sooo jealous! Have fun, text me details tomorrow. Love you!

Cas: Love you too!

He set his phone aside and walked to the bathroom. He didn’t hear Dean’s phone chirp with a text a few minutes later.

Meg: You’re on borrowed time, Dean. He wanted to propose tonight, but I managed to talk him out of it. So did his friend Jody, a teacher at the school who I am guessing you also let in on your proposal plan. I think he’s getting suspicious. Your proposal better be the most epic thing in the world! He deserves nothing less! Text me when you get a chance. And kudos on the puppy. He loves it.

Later, after changing the bed sheets and settling in to go to sleep, Dean watched as Cas drifted off. Once he was sure his boyfriend would not wake up, he grabbed his phone and saw he had a message from Meg. His heart leapt into his throat as he read it. He quickly messaged her back.

Dean: He didn’t propose. I wouldn’t say no, but I want to be the one to ask. Just a few more months. I’m planning it all now. I already contacted the park and started the ball rolling. It’s going to be fantastic. And you’re right, he deserves nothing but the best, and that’s what I plan to give him. We’re in bed now. Once I have more details, I’ll be in touch. Catch you later.

Everything was falling into place. His plans to sweep Cas off his feet were in motion. Six months, that was all the time he had left to get it all in order. He was excited. Summer couldn’t come fast enough.
I hope you enjoyed this one. Cas has a wonderful little puppy and Dean has a boyfriend that loves him VERY much. Not that Cas doesn't have that too with Dean, because clearly he does, but that plug was a welcome gift, lol.

I am off to work on the next chapter of The Teacher's Crush. That one will be drawing to a close soon as well. I have to finish these up as I have other projects in the works. I do hope you continue to read what I create! I also have another book in the works. I'm about 30,000 words in, so it's still in its infancy. I just hope it's good!
Grillmaster

Chapter Summary

Charlie and Dorothy pop in, bringing steak for Dean to grill. Charlie wants to know if Dean has already gotten the rings or not. Upon finding out he has, she is insistent about seeing them. The trick then becomes getting away from Cas long enough to show them to her without making his boyfriend suspicious.

Chapter Notes

I do hope you enjoy this story. I am off to work on a chapter of The Teacher's Crush now, but I thought we'd get this story moving along a little bit. We're almost to the end of summer, and the impending proposal. Just wait...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Dean, what are we going to do about Daisy when we go to Texas?” Cas asked. The puppy had fit in with their little family so perfectly in the three and a half months she had lived with them and Dean had grown to love her just as much as Cas did. Currently, as they talked about her, she was sound asleep with her head in his lap as he rubbed her belly. She was a bit spoiled.

“I already have that covered. Evan and Brie are taking her to stay with them until we get back. She’ll be well cared for while we’re out of town.” He replied.

Cas set down the papers he had been grading and looked at his dog. The idea of spending time away from her was excruciating. He wanted to bring her with but that wasn’t ideal since they had nowhere to put her while they were at the wedding or at Disneyland.

“Baby, she’ll be ok. I promise.” Dean said as he tried to reassure him.

“I know. It’s just...I’ll miss her.” Cas reached over to pet Daisy and her eyes opened briefly before sliding shut again. Dean understood though, and he had entertained the thought of bringing her along for the ride, but he had no idea how she would be on such a long road trip, nor where to put her while they were at the wedding. Leaving her all day and night, alone in a hotel room wasn’t good for her psyche. Plus she would bark and probably get them kicked out. So Evan had offered to board her until they got back. It was logical since he had raised her.

“I’ll miss her too, but I already weighed the options and it’s not fair to her to keep her locked up alone all day and night in a hotel room while we’re off having fun. Plus we’ll be stressing over what she could be getting into, so it’s best if she stays here. Evan has a pool and a big play area for all the dogs to play in. She’s going to have a blast.” Dean assured him. Cas sighed and turned back to the papers in front of him.

“I know. Your dad’s arriving next week, right? I went ahead and got the room he and Mary stayed in ready for his arrival. I think we have everything ready for the coop too.” He said as he went back to grading.
“Whatever we missed, he’ll know what to get.” Dean wasn’t worried about that in the slightest. He turned his attention back to the baseball game he’d been watching. It was a nice, calm Saturday for them, and though Cas was trying to get some of the last assignments of the school year graded, they were enjoying a nice, quiet day. Just as Cas was entering the last of the grades into the computer, the doorbell rang. Daisy immediately woke up, shooting off the couch and barking as she ran to the door. Dean got up and followed her. He opened the door to find Charlie and Dorothy standing there.

“Wassup bitches!” Charlie cried as she hugged Dean.

“Hey, you guys in the neighborhood?” He asked as he hugged her back. When she moved past him into the house he turned and hugged Dorothy.

“Yep. And we brought steaks. You have a grill?” Dorothy asked. He closed the door behind them and accepted the packages of meat.

“Yeah, Cas’ grandparents bought us a really nice one. You can ask Cas, we use that thing like three times a week.”

“It’s true, but I love just about anything grilled.” Cas said as he closed his laptop and stuffed the papers back in his bag.

“Same. I haven’t had good, home grilled food in ages though.” Dorothy lamented. “We were hoping Dean here would grill for all of us. We brought vodka too.” She pulled a bottle out of her bag and grinned.

“Now we’re talking!” Dean cheered.

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While Dean got the steaks started, Cas and Dorothy worked to make some homemade potato chips. Charlie kicked back with her drink; lemonade with a large shot of vodka on their porch swing and watched as Dean grilled.

“So, you got it?” She asked. He glanced back at her with a puzzled expression as he put the steaks on the grill.

“Got what, exactly?”

She gave an exaggerated groan. “The ring, Dean. Do you have it? The engagement ring.”

Dean glanced nervously at the door. The inside door was open, so anyone coming down the back hall would hear their conversation.

“Shh! And yes, I have the rings. The engagement ring is perfect too.” He kept his voice hushed as he walked over and sat down next to her.

“I want to see.”

“Maybe later. I don’t want Cas finding out that they’re here. I hid them.” He glanced nervously at the door, only relaxing when he heard Cas laughing in the kitchen.

“Well, when he’s not around later, I want to see them.” She said. He nodded.

“So, you and Dorothy, you’re pretty serious. It’s been what, two and a half, almost three years for you two? You thinking of popping the question?” He wanted to get the focus off him and Cas. Just
mentioning his upcoming proposal with Cas in a ten mile radius made him anxious.

“I’ve been thinking about it. We stayed pretty casual for a while, but then when we started getting serious I slowed down on my side job to focus on her.” She replied. Dean knew she meant her job being a dominatrix.

“I thought she was cool with that.”

“She is, but it started to feel like I was cheating. I still do it, and I’ve come to terms that it’s not cheating. My days of orgies are over. I stick to male clientele now. It helps ease my guilt since nothing would ever make me like dick.” She snorted as she looked over at him. He chuckled.

“Yeah, well, nothing would ever make me give dick up.”

She crossed her legs and leaned closer. “So, you and Cas, you guys have a good sex life?”

Charlie was the only person he had ever felt comfortable talking with about this kind of stuff. She was cool about it and never mocked him.

“Hell yeah we do. It’s the best sex I’ve ever had in my life. He’s amazing and he loves experimenting. The man has no qualms about walking right into a sex shop and buying whatever catches his fancy. For Valentine’s Day he bought this fucking fantastic butt plug, right? Had it in the entire night. I had no idea until we got home that night and were in bed finally and he hands me this little remote. At first I didn’t know what it even was, but I figured it out pretty quick. Holy hell! The thing not only vibrates, it fucking rotates too!” He continued to keep his voice low. While he wasn’t embarrassed to talk to Charlie about things of a sexual nature, Cas would be. He didn’t talk with anyone that Dean knew of about their sex life.

“That sounds awesome. He liked it then?” She asked. He nodded enthusiastically.

“Hell yes, he liked it! Came completely untouched, and still wanted me to fuck him! I swear, if I hadn’t already been in love with him, that right there would have had me falling hard. A few weeks back he caught me watching porn. I thought he’d get mad, you know? Cause it was straight porn. He was a little put out at first. I think he thought maybe I missed having a woman, but I really don’t. Porn is just…it’s hot, regardless of who’s having it, and I explained that to him. Straight porn, it doesn’t do anything for him. It’s like watching a dull documentary, but he gets that I find it to be a turn on, so what does he fucking do? He drops to his knees and sucked me down. No one ever did that before. The chicks I used to date? They’d throw a fit if they caught me watching porn. They’d actually be jealous of the women on screen. But seriously, there’s nothing to be jealous of. Cas gets that. He’s everything I need. I’ve never loved anyone in my life even half as much as I love him. That’s why this thing in Cali? It has to go absolutely perfect. He means everything to me, and I want him to have the most perfect day of his life.”

Charlie watched her friend talk about his boyfriend with affection, her heart filled with so much love that it ached on his behalf. He was head over heels in love, in a way she had never witnessed him be with any previous lover. And to think that he found it with a shy, inexperienced young man was amazing to her. The Cas she had first met nearly two years ago was a far cry from the confident man she knew now. Dean made him just as happy as he made Cas. The more she thought about it, that was how Dorothy made her feel too.

“I can’t wait to see the look on his face. I hired someone to videotape the entire thing. I want you both to have that memory forever. Your kids will love watching that later on.” She found his hand and squeezed it.
“Thanks, Red. That means a lot to me.” He told her. The back door opened and Cas came out. He was carrying two beers and he offered one to Dean. Daisy was right on his heels but continued on down the stairs, tearing off across the yard to run around and burn off the energy she’d been saving while inside the house. They all watched her for a moment with amusement.

“She sure has a lot of energy.” Charlie laughed as the puppy made her third lap around the yard.

“She’s always like that when she’s out here. It’s like someone put Red Bull in her water.” Cas joked. Dean pulled his boyfriend down into his lap and kissed his shoulder.

“I like seeing her like this. It means she’ll settle down later and go to sleep like a good girl.” Dean said. Cas nodded in agreement.

“She ate part of the wall in my office last week. I was not happy about that. Now I have to replace a baseboard and the corner strip by the door.”

Dean still wasn’t happy about that, but Daisy was teething. She chewed on anything and everything. He patted Cas’ hip and the man stood up. Dean let him take his seat as he went to check on the steaks. After flipping them he returned to the swing and this time sat in Cas’ lap.

“So what were you guys out here talking about?” Cas asked.

“About the wedding. Did you get a gift for Gabe and Eli yet? Dorothy and me, we got them a special cookbook for couples, except we had their names added to the cover. It’ll say Cooking with Gabriel and Eli Novak. Inside are all the cool recipes Eli shared with Dean, plus a few new ones. And we snagged pictures of them and had them added directly into the book, so it looks like Gabe and Eli penned the book. It’s such a cool idea.” Charlie was proud of the gift she and her girlfriend had gotten.

“That sounds amazing! I look forward to seeing it at some point.” Cas said.

“We got them a couple of things. A spa certificate at a place around the corner from their hotel while they’re on their honeymoon, monogrammed bath towels, and as crazy as it might sound, we got them chickens. I found a Serama breeder not far from them and we arranged for a rooster and two hens to be delivered once they’re back from their honeymoon. They’ll be arriving with a moveable coop. Eli has wanted one since he first met my mom’s birds, and Gabe is on board.” Dean explained.

“Everyone loves Mary’s chickens, they’re the sweetest things ever.” Charlie missed the chickens. They were so darn cuddly!

“Dad’s coming up next week, if you want to come see him.” Dean said. He pointed at a huge pile of wood and chicken wire covered in plastic a few feet away. Cas had been working on it since the weather had started to warm up, using the blueprint to build it slowly since it was his first time ever really building anything. “He’s going to help Cas finish building his coop. Then, when we get back, we’ll get our order in for the spring for some chicks. Next spring we’re adding Cas’ beehives and the chickens. We’re renting out the barn too this summer. Eddie came and helped me sink the posts a couple weeks back and we fenced off two pastures for horses to graze.”

“That’s so cool. Do you have people wanting to board their horses here?” She asked.

“One so far.” Cas replied. “But one is better than none. They’re coming next week.”

Conversation continued to flow easily between them with Dean getting up periodically to check on
Dorothy had stayed inside to make some cookies for dessert and was just pulling the second batch out of the oven when they all walked back in the house.

“Those smell amazing.” She smiled as Dean set the plate of steaks on the island.

“I can’t wait to dig in.” He admitted as he went to grab plates. Cas got the potato chips and silverware, and with help from Charlie carried everything to the table. They all sat down to eat and when they were finished, Dorothy served them the cookies.

“You watching the game tonight?” Dorothy asked Dean.

“I was planning on it. You staying to watch with me?”

“Sure.” She was already moving towards the couch and Cas followed.

“I’ll be there as soon as I get everything cleaned up.” Dean told her.

“I’m helping.” Charlie added. Once Dorothy and Cas were seated on the couch and had the television on, she turned to Dean.

“I want to see the rings.”

He frowned. “Yeah, help me clean up first. Then I’ll take you upstairs to show you.”

They washed and dried all of the dishes and Dean stopped long enough to feed Daisy and let her back out before he nudged Charlie so she would follow him.

“I’m showing Charlie my albums. We’ll be back in a couple minutes.” He said loud enough for Cas to hear. Cas waved a hand in his direction, never taking his eyes off the television.

“Ok, come on.” Dean hurried up the stairs and Charlie followed.

“The new floors look really nice. I hadn’t seen them finished.” She remarked as they walked to the master bedroom.

“Oh, I hadn’t realized you hadn’t seen them.” He said as he opened the door. “The heated floors were awesome this past winter.”

“Oh, I love the color!” She exclaimed as they stepped into the room and he hit the light switch.

“Cas has pretty damn good taste. He chose the bed set too.” He pointed at the bed.

“That’s nice too.” She liked the blue, lavender, and yellow colors and how they blended together on the comforter. It almost looked Persian in design. Dean walked over to a shelf at the far end of the room and she followed.

“So Cas bought me an AC/DC album for Valentine’s Day, signed. Back at my birthday he bought me an antique record player, so the album was greatly appreciated. I’ve listened to it a couple of times already. He has given me a couple more that he found in vintage stores since then. Oh, and he made me a mixtape of some of my favorite songs too. Ones I didn’t already have in the car. I listen to it all the time, it’s fantastic.” He was digging around inside of a tape deck as he talked and when he found what he was looking for, he turned to face her.

“You hid them in a tape box?” She laughed. “That’s ingenious!”

“He doesn’t listen to tapes, so it works perfectly.” He opened the box and pulled out the little velvet
pouch inside. Turning it upside down, three rings dropped into the palm of his hand. He picked the one that she could see small black stones in and held it out. “This is his engagement ring.”

Charlie took the ring, whistling as she turned it around in her hand. “This is gorgeous!” There were small black diamonds all the way around it, but the design was not obnoxious. It was very…Cas.

“Those are black diamonds. I chose this as the matching wedding bands.” He held up two matching rings, silver with black inlay. “And this is tungsten.” She took one from him, noting the small white diamonds surrounding either side of the tungsten.

“This must have cost a small fortune. They’re absolutely beautiful.”

“He’s worth it.” Dean said firmly. She went to hand him back the rings when she noticed something engraved on the inside of one band. Upon closer inspection she realized it was…Godzilla.

“Why is Godzilla on this ring?” She laughed. His cheek burned as he took the rings back and tucked them into the bag.

“Remember what I told you about the night we met?” He asked as he tucked the bag of rings back into the tape case and put it back.

“Some mess up with his blue tooth speaker.” She replied.

“Right, I was watching Godzilla, he was watching porn. If his speaker hadn’t messed up, I’m not sure I’d have ever stopped to really meet him. It was fate. It’s a running joke between us that Godzilla brought us together. He’ll understand, and that’s all that matters.” He plucked the AC/DC album out of the stack and held it out. “Isn’t that freaking awesome?”

She was envious. “Yes it is. Where did he even get it?”

“He won’t tell me! Not that it really matters. I absolutely love it.” He took the album back and set it carefully back on the shelf.

“It sounds like someone is spoiled.” She teased. Dean smiled.

“Yeah, maybe a little. I love it though. He’s the most thoughtful person I have ever known.”

Daisy met them at the bottom of the steps, her entire butt wagging in lieu of her missing tail, and followed them to the living room.

“That album is so cool, Cas. He showed me the other ones you’ve bought too. Where are you even getting them? I don’t even have most of those in my collection.” Charlie asked as she sat down on the loveseat with Dorothy.

“Oh, there are several fantastic vintage shops in Indy, but I’ve found a few others online and in the suburbs.” Cas replied. He opened his arms as Dean sat down and leaned back against him. Two seconds later Daisy was in Dean’s lap too.

“You and I are going shopping one of these days then. I want you to show me all of them.” She said. Cas grinned and nodded.

“We can make a day of it once school lets out.”

Dean settled back against his boyfriend’s chest as they watched the game. There really was no other place he would ever want to be than right here, in Cas’ arms. It was where he felt the safest.
Here are the rings, if you all want to see what they look like:


EnGAGEMENT RING: http://www.bluenile.com/black-diamond-channel-set-ring-14k-white-gold-6mm_47191?gclid=CjwKEAjwm8-6BRDgnb-Dk96UmRASJADBMyC-9R2OQj84UE-U877cE1aMBnyOsXYGJf5Lnc7d3iPHqj4aA-s0h8P8HAjAIwAAh00

And for the record? Cas talks to Meg. ;) She's his confidant.
John Winchester Comes to Visit

Chapter Summary

John comes to visit, and brings a surprise for Cas. He also imparts some wisdom on his future son in law.

Chapter Notes

We're drawing to a close here on this fic, my friends. I can't please everyone, and while some of you want it to go on forever, others don't. I was planning all along to get to the proposal, and end it there, so that is our end game. So only a couple more chapters after this one. I do hope you enjoy them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

John had opted to drive to their house, and Dean had gone into work as usual that day at his father’s insistence. Mary had to work and couldn’t get the time off, so he had come up alone, arriving just before three in the afternoon that Thursday. He rang the bell but no one came to the door, and even the dog wasn’t barking. He tried the door and found it unlocked, so he let himself in.

“Cas?” He called out. Somewhere in the distance he thought he heard hammering. He left his bags there in the living room and continued on through the house and out the back door.

“Hey.” He greeted his future son in law when he spotted him. The dog came running, bouncing around his legs and barking excitedly. He leaned down to scratch her head. Cas was working on the chicken coop and he startled, dropping the hammer in his hand and spinning around.

“Oh! I’m sorry I wasn’t there to let you in. Did you just get here?”

“It’s ok, son. The door was open and if it wasn’t, I’d have just followed the sound of hammering around back here.” John chuckled. Cas smiled and motioned towards the semi completed coop.

“I’ve been trying to follow the blueprints. Dean has been cutting the pieces for me and I’ve been attempting to put it together, but I feel like I’m messing the whole thing up. I thought that since you’re only going to be here for a week, and every tutorial I found online took several weeks to complete a coop, I would at least get it started.”

John walked over and Cas stepped back as he watched the older man critique his work.

“It’s not bad, but we can get it fixed up so there are no gaps and your birds are safe. You see this?” John pointed at a spot near the bottom where two boards didn’t quite meet. “You’ll get mice and snakes in there. But for bare bones, you did a good job. Dean been helping you at all?”

“Not really. He’s working on a big account for a hotel and has been getting home late. When he is home, he’s tired. I’ve done most of this by myself. My friend Chuck tried to help a little, but he’s not much better at building than I am.” Cas frowned at the gap. How had he missed that?
“It’s ok. Let me see that piece there.” John pointed to a board lying at Cas’ feet. He picked it up and handed it over. “This is the piece you need here. It should rest flush. Did you print out that blueprint?”

Cas pulled the paper with the coop design from his back pocket and handed that over as well. John studied it in detail, looking up occasionally at what Cas had done so far.

“You’ve done a pretty good job of getting it started. What do you say we get her finished?”

Cas relaxed and smiled. “Ok. Would you like something to eat first?”

“Nah, I grabbed Arby’s on the way in. I’m good.” John handed the board back and grabbed the hammer Cas had dropped. “So let’s see what magic we can work.”

As Dean pulled into the driveway, he smiled when he spotted his dad’s truck. He got out of Baby, groaning at how badly he ached. Fuck a shower, he was soaking in the tub tonight, his body needed it. He really hoped dinner was done because he didn’t want to cook.

“Babe? Dad?” He called out as he opened the front door. No answer, and no smells of food. “Damn it.” He muttered. The sound of a power saw reached him and he followed it out to the backyard. As he stepped out the door, Daisy came running, her entire back end wiggling excitedly. His dad was working the table saw and Cas was standing next to him, listening to the instructions John was giving him. When Dean looked past them at the coop he could see that they had gotten quite far with it. That explained why there was a crate sitting next to his dad’s bags in the living room with three hens inside it. He wondered if Cas was aware his dad had even brought the birds.

“Hey!” Dean shouted loud enough to be heard over the saw. Cas noticed him first, smiling before turning and walking over.

“Hi, darling. How was work?”

Dean noticed Cas was wearing protective goggles and was lifting them up to get a look at him. His smile faded when he saw the look of misery on Dean’s face.

“Bad day, huh. Well, you’ll be glad to know that I ordered dinner and it will be here shortly. John wanted to get this done tonight. Tomorrow we’ll paint it. He says I did a good job and tomorrow we’ll design a run that is big enough for us to enter and clean out.” Cas ran his fingers through Dean’s hair, noticing how Dean’s head pushed against his hand.

“It was a long day. My back is killing me.” Dean said with a heavy sigh.

“I’ll go run you a bath. Why don’t you say hi to your dad and take a look at what we got finished? Would you like bubbles?”

Dean blushed at the offer. Geez, his dad was standing a few feet away. He didn’t need his old man knowing he liked freaking bubbles. Still, the offer was appealing.

“Yeah, maybe the lavender ones?”

Cas smiled and kissed him softly before turning and heading into the house. Just as Dean was starting across the yard to greet his dad he heard Cas yelling.

“I take it he found the birds.” John had turned off the saw around the same time Cas had spotted
Dean and had heard the man yelling.

“You mean you didn’t tell him?” Dean laughed as he hugged his dad.

“Nope. That’s why I was pushing him to finish the coop tonight. He really did a good job. Tomorrow we’ll make the run but I’ll show him how to make a movable run too, one that you can move around the yard so you have a contained feeding area for your birds. That way they don’t get into your gardens.” John explained. The back door opened and Cas came outside with the crate in hand and tears in his eyes.

“You brought me birds?”

“I did. Mary wouldn’t let me come without bringing you some for your new coop. They’re the ones you’d have been ordering anyway, so ma decided to give you ones that would for sure be healthy and friendly.” John replied. Cas set the crate down and hurried over to hug John.

“Thank you! Thank you so much!”

John smiled as he hugged him back. “You’re welcome, son. We know you’ll take good care of ‘em.”

Cas pulled back, sniffling as he wiped at his eyes. “They’re so pretty. I love them.”

Dean figured Cas would be chicken crazy now and forget about his bath so he started for the house.

“Where are you going? You relax for a bit with your dad. I’ll get the bath going.” Cas told him as he gave the chickens one last glance before heading back to the house.

“A bath?” John teased.

“He’s in pain from all the overtime he’s been putting in.” Cas explained before Dean could even try to defend himself. With that Cas was gone, the screen door closing behind him.

“You putting in all those extra hours and taking on more accounts to save up for a wedding?” John dropped his voice as he turned back to the wood he’d been cutting.

“Yeah, but mostly for the September trip. It wasn’t cheap for those tickets, but I had to pay for a lot of other things too. This proposal is costing me about ten grand. The wedding is going to cost at least twice that.” Dean groaned as he popped his back. Most of the day had been spent changing ceiling light fixtures in a grand ballroom with Eddie while his other guys changed out all of the hall fixtures. And they still weren’t done. It was a twenty six story hotel and they had only finished seven floors so far. Dean expected they’d be done by the beginning of September, and if they weren’t, he was having his men complete it without him. They were all in on the proposal and fully supported Dean and his plan. He trusted Eddie to keep things flowing smoothly until he got back. John patted his son’s shoulder.

“You’re a good man, and you’re doing a good thing. He’s going to love what you’re doing and it will all be worth it when you see the look on his face as you get down on one knee. Not that you don’t already, but you’re going to make him the happiest man in the world. I’m proud of you, Dean. You’ve accomplished a lot, but you’ve managed to find the love of your life too. I know you’ll be happy like your mom and me.”

Dean felt like crying. It wasn’t that he didn’t already know that his dad was proud of him, but there was something special in hearing the words being spoken, and that his dad approved of Cas.
“Thanks, dad. That means a lot.”

“Dean? Your bath is ready.” Cas called from the doorway. Dean smiled and nodded at his boyfriend. He didn’t need to see the look on Cas’ face the moment he proposed. He already knew the man was worth everything bit of it.

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The food arrived while Dean was completely relaxed in a tub full of hot water and lavender bubbles. Cas had even added in some eucalyptus oil so that by the time he came downstairs an hour later his skin was soft and his muscles were relaxed. He was pretty sure that if he asked Cas for a massage later, he’d get one. Yeah, life was pretty damn good. He slipped into an old pair of sweatpants and a clean tee shirt and headed downstairs. His dad and Cas were sitting in the living room eating and watching Captain America when he walked in. John was kicked back in one of the arm chairs, his feet up on an ottoman while Cas was wrapped up in the blanket his grandmother had given them for Christmas. The moment he spotted Dean though he made room on the couch for the man, and once Dean was settled with a container of the Chinese food in hand, Cas draped the blanket over them both.

“Where are the chickens?” Dean asked.

“We put them in the coop. Tomorrow on your way home from work you need to stop and pick up a feeder and a water dish.” John said. Dean nodded, his mouth stuffed with Kung Pao chicken.

“I got to cuddle them all. They’re so sweet. John says they’re chicks from one of the hens I was cuddling at their house last year. We need a bag of chicken feed and litter for the coop floor. John brought up some food, but it won’t last more than a week.” Cas was running his fingers through Dean’s hair and it was lulling the man. He ate the container of food and accepted the egg roll Cas handed him.

“I’m actually going to take tomorrow off. I already told Eddie. So I’ll make a store run in the morning and get anything you need.” Dean told them. He finished the egg roll and leaned his head back against Cas’ stomach. After the day he’d had, he was exhausted. He’d already dozed off once in the tub and he was close to doing it again now.

“Do you want a massage before bed?” Cas whispered. Dean hummed happily.

“I would love one.”

“Alright. If you want to sleep now, go ahead. I’ll wake you when the movie’s over.” Cas continued to stroke his fingers through Dean’s hair and it was only a few minutes later before he hears his boyfriend snoring softly.

“Boy’s working too hard.” John said, keeping his voice low so as not to wake his son.

“He really is but I haven’t been successful in getting him to slow down. I haven’t seen him much since school got out. He’s tired when he gets home and usually falls asleep on the couch like this. I tell him all the time that he doesn’t need to work so hard. I make good money too, and we’re financially stable. It will be even better now that we’ll be renting the barn out. But he feels this need to work himself into an early grave.” Cas sighed. “I miss him when he’s not here.”

“He’s doing it for you, and for the family he wants to have with you, you know that, right?” John remembered a time when he had worked long, grueling hours that kept him away from Mary and the boys when they were little, just to keep a roof over their heads and food in their bellies. It had put a
massive strain on his marriage. He and Mary loved one another deeply though and they had worked through it. He knew his son loved Cas just as much and that they would get through this too, but it wasn’t fair to Cas. The wedding didn’t need to be immediately after the proposal, so Dean needed to slow down, to take time for himself and for Cas. Tomorrow he would say something to his son about that.

“I know. And I’m putting money aside too, for whatever might come our way. We want to get married at some point, and we’d like to have children. Adoption isn’t cheap. I don’t think we’d be able to adopt more than one child though. I’d like a few, but it’s so expensive.” Cas spent a lot of time thinking about the family he wanted to have with Dean, but if it meant Dean was going to continue to work himself into an early grave then he didn’t want any of it. He’d settle for a wedding in their backyard with just their closest friends and family, and they didn’t need kids…

“Everything he does, he does out of love. Dean takes after me more than I care to admit in that aspect. If you miss him, tell him. Just know that if he gets pissy about it, it’s not because you’re asking for his time, but because he’s afraid you’ll run out of money if takes a break. He loves you so much he wants to give you the world. Sometimes he forgets that he is your world.” John didn’t often get the opportunity to impart wisdom on his own sons, but Cas was listening intently to everything he was saying. He hoped he could make a positive difference.

“He really is my world. I need to tell him that more often.” Cas continued stroking his fingers through Dean’s now dry hair. He was glad to spend any time he could with the man he loved, even if Dean wasn’t awake for it.

When the movie ended Cas gently woke Dean and sent him up to bed. He cleaned up the containers from their dinner and helped John up to his room with his bags. He went back down to let Daisy out one last time and put her to bed. By the time he walked into their bedroom Dean had brushed his teeth and was already under the covers. Cas went through his own nightly routine, bringing a bottle of lotion back with him.

“Still want that massage?” He asked. Dean smiled and sat up so he could pull off his tee shirt.

“I need it. My back still hurts.”

“Alright, gorgeous. Roll over.” Cas climbed into the bed and straddled Dean’s hips as he popped the top on the lotion bottle.

“Thank you, babe. I needed this so bad.” Dean groaned as Cas began kneading the tight muscles in his shoulders.

“Yes, well, with all the extra hours you’ve been working lately, it’s no wonder. But just so you know, you’re bringing me home coffeecake when you go to Indy tomorrow.” Cas told him. Dean chuckled.

“Anything you want, baby.”

Chapter End Notes

For those that have been following along, I hope you have enjoyed this fic, and that includes this chapter. I thank you all for reading. Next chapter we'll be fast forwarding to Gabe and Eli’s wedding.
Here is the coop Cas was building. You can just imagine how much money he saved by doing it himself, and there's plenty of room to add in another 5 to 10 chickens comfortably next Spring:

Chapter Summary

It's time for a wedding, to which an unexpected guest shows up. Dean steps in to handle the situation when emotions threaten to get out of control.

Chapter Notes

Personally, I think this chapter came out rather nicely. A bit of drama, sweet romance, and a bit of closure, if not complete closure. I do hope you all enjoy it.

Excuse any errors, Google Docs has been a bit of a dick lately.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was an incredibly pleasant visit with John. Charlie and Dorothy came out to spend time with him and Dean did another barbecue. John took Dean aside one night while Cas was out with Charlie and Dorothy going around to the vintage shops like he had promised her, so that Dean could get some time alone with his dad. They were kicked back on the last day before John was set to drive back home watching a baseball game.

“You know, that man of yours? He loves you more than anything in the world.” John said it casually, his eyes never leaving the television screen. Dean smiled and took a sip of his beer.

“Yeah, I’m pretty damn lucky to have him.”

“Yes, you are. Don’t forget that. He’s lucky to have you too, but remember that goes both ways. He misses you, you know. You want to save money for your wedding, I get that, but he’s already feeling the loss from you not being there.” This time John did turn to look at his son, his brown eyes deep and full of concern. Dean’s smile faded as he listened to his father talking.

“He said that?”

“He said he misses you. For someone that lives with you, there is no reason for him to miss you. I made that mistake with your ma when you boys were little and it ended with us fighting viciously. For a while there I thought she was going to take you boys and leave. It scared the hell out of me. I cut my hours right after that and made sure I was around more, both for her and for you and your brother. A wedding is important, but Cas is more important. Don’t ever forget that.” John took a sip from his own beer but continued to look at his son.

“I didn’t...I don’t want to lose him.” Dean chewed worriedly at his lip. “I’ll try to cut back some after this job. I’ll get Eddie to pick up more slack, or the other guys. I’ll go back to being home by five every night. I miss him too. It wasn’t for forever. I was going to cut back once I had enough money.”

“You’re too much like me, son. You say it’s just for now, but ten you’ll find another reason to work long hours, and then another reason, and then another reason, and one day you’ll come home to find
he’s gone. You put your family first, son, and Cas? He’s your family. If you’re planning to marry him and have kids, he is your number one priority. Don’t ever put money before him.” John tipped his bottle in his son’s direction before taking a drink from it.

“You’re right. I’ll do better by him. He deserves it. He makes the time for me, I need to do the same for him.” Dean’s worst fear was losing Cas. He would do everything in his power not to let that happen.

That night, as they were getting into bed Dean pulled Cas close and buried his face against his neck. He breathed in deeply, loving how his boyfriend smelled, the combination of his skin and the frankincense and myrrh soap Cas always used had become his favorite smell in the world.

“Dean, honey, are you ok?” Cas asked when five minutes later Dean’s face was still buried against his neck and his arms were still holding him tight.

“I’m sorry.” Dean murmured. Cas tried to pull back to look at him but he couldn’t so he settled for running his fingers through Dean’s hair.

“What are you sorry for? You haven’t done anything wrong.”

“But I have. I’m a workaholic by nature, and I haven’t been home like I should. That’s going to stop though. You come first and you always will. After this account is done I promise I’ll be back to coming home at a reasonable hour, ok? It won’t be too much longer.” Dean was quiet for a moment before he finally lifted his head and looked Cas in the eye. “You know I love you, right? More than anything in the world?”

Cas was a little scared by how tightly Dean was holding him and the intensity that was suddenly in his eyes and voice. Was Dean scared he would leave him?

“Dean, honey, I love you. I know you love me too. I know how much I mean to you, and you mean just as much to me. I have told you before that I want to spend the rest of my life with you. If forever isn’t enough to let you know that I’m not planning to go anywhere, then I don’t know what else I can tell you.”

Dean relaxed, burying his face against Cas’ neck again, this time letting out a satisfied sigh. His grip finally relaxed and he ran one hand slowly up and down Cas’ back.

“I’m sorry. I just...I know my dad did something like this when I was a kid, and worked long hours. I just found out how scared he was that my mom was going to take us and leave because he was putting his job first instead of his family. Cas, you are my family. I will never put anything before you.”

Cas relaxed too, kissing the top of Dean’s head softly. “I would never put anything before you either.”

“I love you, baby.” Dean murmured as he began to drift off. Cas smiled. It always made his heart feel ten times bigger when Dean told him he loved him.

“I know, darling. I love you too.”

“Shit it’s hot!” Dean was complaining, not for the first time since they had arrived in Texas. The day
was hotter than they had expected and he was boiling in his suit. Linen or not, he wished he was wearing nothing but a pair of boardshorts and sunglasses. And on top of that, the damn sand was hot!

“Dean, stop.” Cas chastised. He was hot too, but wasn’t griping about it nearly as much as Dean was.

“When does this thing start?” Dean asked. He had to squint against the too bright sun that was beating down on them. Weather was usually in the high eighties, low nineties at this time of year, but someone upstairs had cranked that dial up to a hundred and one. And being that they were right on the ocean, it was humid heat that had Dean’s shirt sticking to him, and his balls were sticking to his thigh. He squirmed, catching Cas’ attention.

“Honey, are you jewels sticking? I brought some Gold Bond. I used it before we left the house because I knew mine would stick. I thought you knew.”

“No, where is it? I’ll go back in the tent and apply some. This heat is ridiculous.” Dean waited for Cas to dig around in the bag he had brought of clothes to change into after the ceremony, and located the little yellow bottle. He handed it over.

“Just go behind the partition there. I’ll make sure no one goes back there.” Cas pointed to the one a few feet away where ten minutes earlier Gabe had been fixing his tie and smoothing down his hair. Dean hurried behind it and Cas watched out for him as promised. People were still arriving, finding their seats, and Mike was not there yet either. He had just come in that morning with Maeve but traffic had delayed them from getting here to the beach. They still had a half hour until the wedding and Cas was hiding with Dean inside one of the tents in order to avoid the worst of the blazing sunlight. They had both applied copious amounts of sunblock and they both felt greasy, but they were both looking forward to changing into their swim trunks and going for a swim. Two days ago had been Cas’ first time seeing the ocean, and Eli had taken him and Dean to go swimming. It had been one of the highlights of his life. He had seen dolphins and Eli had pointed out a shark in the distance. He and Dean had lazily made out on the beach as the tide came in, and it felt like something right out of the movies to lay there in Dean's arms like that. Eli has snapped a few pictures that Cas enjoyed looking through later that night. Now they were out in the burning September afternoon, waiting for the wedding to start.

Cas heard the sigh of relief Dean gave as he liberally sprinkled the Gold Bond in his shorts.

“Feel better?” Cas called out.

“Much. I hate the sticking. It would be worse if I was wearing boxers. Boxer briefs make it better, but this heat still makes things stick.” Dean replied as he stepped back into the main area. He handed the little bottle back and Cas tucked it into his bag. Voices outside the tent, anxious and loud drew their attention and they stepped out to see what the commotion was all about. Gabe was standing there talking with their grandfather James and their great-aunt Louise, James’ sister.

“Uh, hey. What exactly is going on?” Dean asked.

“My mom is here.” Gabe replied, his voice full of irritation, but also shock. Dean’s eyebrows shot up and he looked over at Cas, trying to gauge his reaction to that news.

“Did you invite her?” Cas asked quietly.

“Yes, last year, when I sent the invitation to her. Before her douchebag performance at Christmas. I haven’t spoken to her since.” Gabe replied. He started pacing, running his fingers through his hair as
he did so. Dean recognized it as the same behavior as Cas when he was stressed out. If he didn’t relax soon the next thing he’d be doing was pulling on his dirty blonde locks as he tried to rip it from his head. Dean wished Eli was there right then to calm him. Since he wasn’t, he decided to do it himself. He stepped into the man’s path and grasped his shoulders to still his movements.

“Hey, this is not a reason to freak out. She came for a reason. She came because she loves you and puts your happiness first. This is good. It means she’s finally coming around. I take it their dad didn’t come?” He looked up at James whose jaw was clenched in anger.

“No, he didn’t come.” The man spoke through gritted teeth. “I didn’t even know my daughter was coming. She didn’t call her mother or me to let us know. If she had, I’d have called all three boys to give them the heads up.”

Dean nodded and turned his attention back to Gabe. “Would you like for me to go and speak to her? As a neutral third party. To make sure her intentions really are good. If I see any signs that she plans to make a spectacle I can have her removed.”

Gabe looked absolutely miserable. He looked over Dean’s shoulder at Cas who still had a blank expression on his face. When he turned back to look at Dean he saw nothing but caring and concern on the man’s face. He nodded.

“Yeah, would you? I’d probably have to hurt someone if they ruin this day for Eli.”

Dean smiled. Even in his own misery, Eli’s feelings came first. That was how Cas was too.

“Ok. I’ll go talk to her now. Just relax, ok? Everything will be fine and this will be the most epic gay wedding Texas has ever seen.” Dean patted Gabe’s arm, making the man snort and roll his eyes.

“Yeah, ok.”

Dean turned back to Cas and despite the awful heat, he pulled his boyfriend close.

“Baby, are you ok?”

To anyone less in tune, Cas appeared neutral in his expression, but no one knew the man better than Dean did, and he could see the misery deep down in those blue eyes he loved so much. Cas sighed deeply and wrapped his arms around Dean’s waist before laying his head on his shoulder. That spoke volumes to Dean. Cas was not ok.

“I’ll talk to her. I want answers. The woman owes them to you and Gabe both. If you don’t want to speak to her, that’s fine. I will not let her get close enough to. But I do need to talk to her. So I’ll be back in a little bit, ok?”

“Yes.” Cas’ voice was small, filled with pain and fear. Dean hugged him tighter before kissing his forehead. When he stepped back he looked at Gabe who nodded and moved closer to speak softly with Cas. Straightening his jacket, Dean walked across the hot sand in the direction of the guest seating.

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Three quarters of the seats were already filled and all eyes were on Dean as he approached, no doubt wondering if his appearance meant the wedding was about to start. He spotted Karen quickly, sitting in the third row on Gabe’s side, in a yellow sundress and white sunhat. Her eyes widened when she saw Dean approaching. The seats on either side of her were both still vacant so he sat down on her left.
“Hello, Karen.” He greeted her. She smiled nervously.

“Hello, Dean.”

“I’m going to be frank and quick because the wedding is about to start. Why did you come?” He looked her right in the eye, noting the pain in her blue eyes, but also the misery.

“I left my husband. I arranged for the divorce papers to be delivered while I am here. I couldn’t miss my son’s wedding. He won’t answer my calls, none of them will.” She sounded on the verge of tears but he had little sympathy for her after the crap she’d pulled.

“Yes, well, your behavior over the last two years has been deplorable. Your sons are angry and hurt. Cas wants nothing to do with you. You hurt him badly. There is never any reason as to why a parent should make their own child feel unloved, stupid, or inadequate, yet you and your husband managed to make him feel like that. I’ve had to clean up your mess. Eli has had to do the same with Gabe. You just showing up like this? It opened up fresh wounds for both Gabe and for Cas. Even your parents are upset. They’re all afraid you’re here to do something stupid, like try to stop the wedding. So, are you here to do something stupid like that? Because the police are only a phone call away.”

He kept his tone even as he met her gaze. “Because Gabe is going to be my brother in law in the not too distant future, and I’m marrying Cas, whether you like it or not, and I will not allow anyone to hurt my family. Do you understand?”

Tears welled up in Karen’s eyes as her face crumbled in misery. “I’m a terrible mother. I hurt everyone. I tried to make my marriage work but I couldn’t. All I’ve done is manage to make all of the people I love most in the world hate me. My sons…” She shuddered as she pulled a handkerchief from her purse and dabbed at her eyes. “I can’t believe I was so awful as to be disowned by my own children. I love my boys so much.”

“Telling Cas he was not mature enough to make his own decisions was a shitty way to show it.” Dean snapped. Karen burst into tears, sobbing heavily and drawing the attention of the people around them.

“I know! I let Stephen influence me for far too long. My therapist explained to me that our relationship, it was toxic, and that his denial of our sons was destroying not only our marriage, but my own relationship with my sons. So I started thinking after I last spoke to Michael. He made some points that made me realize that I can’t keep living in denial. I have slowly been changing things, with my will, with my insurance, with my money. I cut Stephen out of everything. The money I get from my parents, I have had my lawyer put a stop to it until the divorce is final. We have a pre-nup in place, but Stephen is petty enough to try and fight it. I always thought he married me for my money. He expected to get all of my parents’ money when they died, but from what I understand they have removed me from their will entirely and diverted it all to my boys. And I prefer it that way. I arranged for the money I did have in a joint bank account to be completely removed. It’s untraceable, and he won’t be able to access it, ever. I’ll be ok once the divorce is finalized. And I’m keeping the house. He can move.” She said bitterly, sniffing as she got her tears under control finally. “I’m sick of him telling me what to do. He has until I return to remove himself and his belongings from the house. If he’s not gone, I’ll have a police escort when I return and they will remove him, forcefully, if need be. I almost hope the son of a bitch does put up a fight.”

Dean was a little shocked by this turn of events, and maybe a little impressed too.

“So you’re here to celebrate in the love between Gabe and Eli?”

She nodded eagerly. “I just want to be a part of my sons’ lives. I am happy for Gabriel, and I’m happy for Castiel too. I’m sorry, Dean. So sorry.” She burst into tears again and this time Dean
pulled into a hug. She was careful not to get makeup on his suit as she hugged him back.

“I can’t promise they’ll forgive you, but I’ll talk to them. So will Eli.” He told her.

“Thank you. You’re a good man, Dean. Cas...he’s truly blessed to have you in his life. Are you really going to propose?” She asked as she sat back again, dabbing at her eyes some more.

“I am, in three days time. When are you planning to fly back?”

“I haven’t decided.” She replied.

“I still have your number in my phone. I will call you at some point between tomorrow and Monday.” He said.

“Alright.”

Dean stood up and smoothed down the wrinkles in his jacket. It was linen and seemed to get them just by looking at it.

“I have to get back, I’m standing up in the wedding. I’ll see you after though.”

She smiled and nodded. “I look forward to it.”

Dean felt a sense of relief as he returned to the tent. He could see that everyone had been watching and Gabe pounced the moment he got within hearing range.

“I saw you hug her, and she was crying. What happened?” The shorter man demanded. Dean glanced over at Cas who looked just as eager to know the answer.

“She filed for divorce from your father. The papers are being delivered while she’s here. She left him, and his ignorance. I think it’s finally dawned on her how stupid she has been and that she needs to work on her relationship with her children and stop worrying about trying to please a man that can’t be satisfied. She’s miserable and misses all of you.”

Gabe’s jaw dropped as he gaped at Dean. “She-” He snapped his jaw shut and looked at Cas. “She left him. For good.”

“She really said that?” Cas asked, the hope daring to rear itself in his heart.

“She did. She regrets everything she did to push you guys away.” Dean replied. Cas’ lip quivered as his eyes began to water.

“Fuck.” He muttered softly. His aunt wrapped an arm around his waist and kissed his cheek.

“It’s alright, sweetheart.” She assured him.

“I sort of chewed her out a bit for all the crap she did. I called her out on it. That’s why she was crying. I wanted to be sure she really was sorry for all the cruel things she said and did. She’s going to want to talk to you guys later. I told her there’s no promise you’ll forgive her, but I did say I would talk to you. Is Mike here yet?” Dean still didn’t see the eldest Novak boy.

“He’s with Paul and Maeve.” James replied. “I suppose I should find my wife and go sit with my daughter.”

Dean smiled. Maybe the family could finally start on the path to healing.
James and his sister left to go sit down while Cas ushered Gabe into place. Mike was already waiting under the gazebo that was acting as their alter. It was covered in white gardenias and smelled absolutely heavenly. Cas smoothed his brother’s hair back down before leaving to go wait with rest of the wedding party. Eli was there with his sister and brother, all of whom were standing up for him. A quick reintroduction was made since Dean and Cas had only briefly met them at the rehearsal the day before.

“Dean, you’re with Chana.” Eli pointed at a woman with a barely contained head full of dark brown curls. She smiled warmly at him.

“He thinks we didn’t just do the run through last night.” She said with a laugh. Dean chuckled.

“He’s nervous so I’m letting it slide.” He joked. She slid her arm through his.

“So, if I remember Gabe telling me it right, you’re Eli’s older sister?”

“I am. It’s me, Eli, Ephraim, and then Nava.” She replied. “What about you?”

“It’s just me and my younger brother, Sam.”

“Are you close?” She asked.

“Oh yeah. He’s my brother, but he’s one of my best friends too.” He loved his brother and was proud to call him friend.

“That’s good. My brothers and sister and me, we’re close. I’m glad too. Family is important and we’re happy to welcome Gabe into ours.” She said. Dean smiled.

“That’s how we feel about Eli. The guy’s pretty awesome.”

“You are engaged to Gabe’s brother, right?” She asked. Dean glanced at Cas who was talking to Eli’s brother Ephraim. He leaned closer to Chana and dropped his voice to a whisper.

“Not yet. I am proposing in a couple of days out at Disney.”

She gasped excitedly. “Oh! That’s wonderful!”

Cas looked back curiously and Dean winked at him, grinning at the way his boyfriend smirked and rolled his eyes before turning back to Ephraim.

“Nava! Come, take Cas’ arm.” Eli motioned towards his younger sister who hurried forward to slide her arm through Cas’.

“Hello again.” She said, smiling.

“Hello yourself. Are you melting in this heat too?” He asked. She laughed as she nodded.

“I am. I always thought the idea of an oceanside wedding was so romantic but seriously, it’s hotter than an oven out here. I can’t wait to swim later.”

“Same here. All I can think about is getting in the water and cooling down.” He agreed. Nava, as far as Cas was concerned, looked the most like Eli, though her hair was lighter. It was somewhere between blonde and light brown, but she had the same large, deep brown eyes her brother did, and the same features as Eli, though more feminine. She was a pretty woman.
“Is your husband here? I don’t think I met him last night.” Cas had met so many people the night before, including Eli’s parents, his aunt and uncle who had flown in from Israel, and a few cousins, but he didn’t recall meeting Nava’s husband.

“He’s here. He didn’t come to the rehearsal because he was watching our son. He’s only three months old and colicky.” She replied.

“I look forward to meeting him later.” He told her. She smiled brightly.

“He is looking forward to meeting all of Gabe’s family as well.”

“Ephraim, you will stand here with Jordan.” Eli positioned his brother and Gabe’s cousin between both of his sisters.

“Relax, Eli. Everything will be perfect.” Dean said, trying to reassure the man. Eli smiled tentatively as he took his his position at the back with his parents.

The music started, something slow that sounded vaguely familiar to Dean, but he couldn’t quite place it. A woman, another relative of Eli’s, motioned to the flower girl, Eli’s niece, to start walking. The little girl was wearing ballet slippers to protect her feet from the hot sand. Dean was wishing he had something to protect his own feet as the ring bearer started up next. Both children were Ephraim’s and absolutely adorable as they made their way up to the front. Cas led Nava out next and Dean heard him hiss as his feet crossed over the hot sand. A tiny crab had Cas jumping over it suddenly, making everyone chuckle. Ephraim and Jordan began walking next, and then Dean was leading Chana out. They reached the front and Dean took his position behind Jordan, neatly crossing his hands behind his back. The music changed and everyone turned to see Eli starting down aisle, his mother Shoshana on his arm and his father Yoram at his side. They both looked happy for their eldest son. This was definitely not a Jewish wedding, as Shoshana and Yoram both hugged and kissed their son, and then did the same with Gabe before placing their son’s hand in Gabe’s. No Torah was in hand, and Eli was not wearing a yarmulka. Mike didn’t even have a bible. Instead, he had a non denominational script in his hand and when his brother and Eli turned to face him, he began reciting from it.

“Thank you all for coming here today to celebrate Gabriel and Eli’s wedding.” Mike said, addressing the guests first.

There was murmur of thank you’s from everyone.

Mike looked at his brother and smiled. “Gabriel, will you have Eli to be your husband; to live together in the covenant of marriage? Will you love him, comfort him, honor him, keep him, in sickness and in health, and be faithful to him? Will you do this?”

Gabe nodded. “I will.”

”Will you really do this?”

Gabe nodded again, his eyes never leaving Eli’s face. “I will.”

Mike turned to look at Eli. “Eli, will you have Gabriel to be your husband; to live together in the covenant of marriage? Will you love him, comfort him, honor him, keep him, in sickness and in health, and be faithful to him? Will you do this?”

Eli smiled and nodded. “I will.”

“Will you really do this?”
Eli nodded again. “I will.”

Mike looked up, addressing the guests once more. “Will all of you witnessing these promises do all in your power to uphold these two persons in their marriage? Will you do this? If so, answer "we will."

There was a resounding answer among the hundred or so people attending. “We will.”

“Will you really do this?”

The answer was repeated louder. “We will.”

Mike smiled at his brother and Eli. “You may now make what promises you will to each other.”

Gabe held Eli’s hand up to his heart as he spoke. “Eli, I vow to be your companion through good, bad, and indifferent times; to work toward and to allow space for growth in ourselves and in our relationship; and to endeavor to always act out of love.”

Eli smiled so sweetly at Gabe that it made Gabe’s heart swell with love for the man.

“Gabriel, I vow to be your companion through good, bad, and indifferent times; to work toward and to allow space for growth in ourselves and in our relationship; and to endeavor to always act out of love.”

Mike looked to Ephraim and Cas for the rings both men held in their pockets. They handed them over quickly. There was a little fumbling and some giggling as they slipped the bands onto one another’s hands. Once the rings were in place, Mike spoke up again.

“I now declare you married in the eyes of God, the law, and all beings. I introduce the newly married couple, Gabriel and Eli Novak! You may kiss.”

The laughter that erupted as Gabe grabbed his husband and dipped him before kissing him firmly on the lips was loud and as soon as he stood Eli up again, they were both grinning. Eli fell into his arms and kissed him again, earning them loud cheers from everyone. Gabe grabbed his husband’s hand and lifted it in the air as they started back down the makeshift aisle towards the tents. The rest of the wedding party followed. Once they were out of sight of the guests, Dean was tearing his jacket off and loosening his tie. When he looked over, Ephraim and Cas were doing the same.

“too hot out here for suits. Was it supposed to be this hot today?” Ephraim asked.

“I have no idea, but it feels good to get this stuff off.” Dean muttered as he began unbuttoning his shirt.

“I suppose we can change now into our tee shirts and swim trunks. Guests will be changing now too. The caterers are setting the food up now. We will eating within the hour.” Cas said as he walked into the tent that he and Dean had been in earlier. Gabe and Eli were in there too, already stripped down and in their trunks.

“How did you change so fast?” Dean asked them.

“Already had them on under our suits.” Gabe replied.

“I thought about that, but I would have chafed too badly.” Cas grimaced just thinking about it.

“The mesh inside these holds the family jewels snug, so there is nothing to chafe.” Eli said.
“I need to invest in some of those.” Dean grabbed his trunks as Cas handed them to him and ducked behind the partition to put them on.

“We’re going to go out and greet everyone. We’ll see you all down by the water.” Gabe said as he took Eli’s hand and started to leave.

“Congratulations. I’m happy for both of you.” Cas told them. Eli stopped and turned back to pull him into a hug.

“Thank you, Cas. And thank you for coming and standing up for us. You as well, Dean. It means the world to us.” He said loud enough for Dean to hear. Dean stepped out from behind the partition and walked over to hug them both.

“It’s our pleasure. I’m thankful to have been included.”

“You are family.” Eli whispered as Dean hugged him. Dean grinned.

“Yeah, we are.”

The water was cool and felt wonderful after an hour of wearing suits in the hot sun. Cas forced Dean out after an hour as he was starting to get a bit too pink, and reapplied his sunblock. Dean did the same for him and then they were back in the water. They played with Ephraim’s kids, and Dean had a blast tossing Daniel around in the surf as the boy absolutely loved it. When the kids were called out of the water to go and eat, Dean took a moment to look around. To his surprise Karen was dressed in a lavender swimsuit, and sitting at the edge of the surf where the water could wash over her feet as she watched everyone enjoying themselves. Her sunhat was still in place, except now she wore large sunglasses as well. Eli was sitting beside her and they were discussing something. Cas noticed where Dean’s attention was and stopped splashing around in the water. He walked over to his boyfriend and Dean put an arm around his waist.

“Are you going to talk to her?” Dean asked.

“I’m not sure yet. I’m angry, Dean. She said a lot of hurtful things, and did a lot to show me that I am unloved and unwanted. How does one forgive such digressions? Do you really think she regrets the things she did?” He looked at Dean, the pain and hurt still so clear in his eyes.

“I do think she’s sorry. I’ve never met your father but I’m under the impression that he is a controlling dick. Just from how he treated you and your brothers I thought that. But every time Karen said something mean, it didn’t feel like it was her words at all. It felt like it was just an extension of your father. I get the whole ‘wanting to save her marriage’ thing. Marriage is meant to be for life, and she loved him, even when he was completely unlovable, but she had to choose between the homophobic cruelty of a man she was never really positive loved her, or her children. She chose you and your brothers.”

“Wait, what do you mean she wasn’t positive my dad loved her?” Cas asked.

“She said she thinks he married her for her money. I also think she moved everything offshore, so he can’t touch a single penny. Did you know they had a pre-nup?”

Cas thought he’d heard mention of a prenuptial agreement, but it hadn’t been by either of his parents. It had been a conversation he’d heard between his grandparents when he was just a little boy. Something about them being thankful there was one in place.
“I heard it mentioned, but not by my parents. At the time I had no idea what one even was. I was maybe seven or eight. Later, in school I learned what it is. It wouldn’t surprise me though. My dad, he was never mean or anything to my mom, but he was never loving like my grandparents. That’s really shitty if that’s what he did.”

“I agree. But they’ll sort it out in courts. All we can do is stand back so we don’t get hit with the drama it’s going to bring,” Dean laid back so he could float. “I wouldn’t put it past him to contest your trust funds.”

“My grandparents guarded everything legally. He may contest it, but he won’t win. Besides, even if I never got money from my family, I’m happy with my life the way it is now. I have a job I love, a man I love, my own house, and I have pets for the first time in my life. I am happier than I have ever been in my entire life.” Cas said as he too let himself fall back until he was floating. It was different floating in saltwater than it was floating in fresh, but he liked it.

“You know I don’t care about money, not in that way, right? I just want you, broke, rich, whatever. I love you, Cas. More than anything in the world.”

“I know that, Dean. I’ve lived my life as though under the assumption that I would never get anything from my family. I rely on my own money, and that is how I will continue to live. You and I make plenty, I think. We are comfortable, are we not?” He looked over at Dean who nodded.

“We are. I know I feel this need to work like a dog to make all of your dreams come true, but I don’t want to do that at the expense of your happiness.”

“Honey, my dreams only came to life when I met you. I never imagined myself with another person. I had no real feelings toward anyone. It was school, school, school, and just trying to survive. Then I got the job at the pre-school and I knew I needed to get away and live on my own before I suffocated. And I did that. I was living in shades of gray until you came into my life. I’ve never been happier than like I have been since we met. Don’t you realize how happy you already make me? You’ve made dreams I never even knew I had come true. And the best thing of all is when I get to spend time with you, not matter what’s going on around us, or where we are. Like right now, this is my happy place, because I’m with you.”

Cas’ eyes were closed as he talked, and when Dean looked over he could see the soft smile on his boyfriend’s face. He couldn’t wait for the day he could call Cas his fiance, but even better than that would be the day he could call him his husband. That thought made his stomach flip excitedly. Castiel Winchester sure had a nice ring to it.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you got a kick out of Gabe's grand gesture at the end, when Mike told them they could kiss. I just had to do it.

So that's their wedding, seaside, toes in the sand, bright sunshine. A perfect day, overall. I do hope you all enjoyed it. Their vows, while edited by me a bit, came from here: http://offbeatbride.com/super-simple-ceremony-script/

Maybe one or two more chapters and then we will be finished with this fic. It's been a fun ride.
The Proposal

Chapter Summary

This is it, Dean's epic proposal. He just needs everything to go off without a hitch so that Cas is clueless until the very last moment.

Chapter Notes

This has been a fantastic ride, my friends, and this here, it's the last stop, save for a few time stamps further down the road. I do hope that you enjoy this chapter. I have, for visual purposes, included plenty of pictures scattered throughout the chapter so you all can see what I have envisioned, and hopefully enjoy it even more. It's a nice, long chapter and my beautiful beta, Monijune approved of it, so therefore I am sharing it with you now.

So, on with the show...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The reception wore on and as the sun set, Dean and Cas stretched out the sand to dry off, and then made their way up to the reception area to eat and watch Eli and Gabe cut the cake. There was a table waiting off to the side where Dean’s parents were sitting, and they went to sit with them.

“Enjoy your time in the water?” Mary asked. Cas smiled and nodded.

“I never saw the ocean before this week. Dean says I need to write down a bucket list and start marking things off it as I achieve them. Seeing and swimming in the ocean was high on my list of things to do. So was owning my own pet. I am starting to mark things off on my list. And I’m adding new things all the time. Like, I didn’t know I wanted to own my own home until I had it.”

“It’s a great feeling to own something for yourself. What else is on your list?” Mary asked.

“Oh, someday holding a position higher than teacher, like vice principal, or even principal. Having a family of my own, getting married, seeing way too many places to list. Dean’s taking me to see the Grand Canyon on the way home. That’s on my list.”

Cas was looking at all of the people dancing on the makeshift dance floor, so he missed the gleeful look Mary and Dean shared at his answer. Dean leaned an arm across the back of his boyfriend’s chair and leaned close.

“Can I have this dance?”

Cas turned to look at him, his smile so wide that every tooth in his mouth was showing.

“Yeah? You want to dance?”

“Only with you, gorgeous.” Dean stood up and held out one hand. Cas took it and followed Dean
out onto the dance floor. Mary leaned against her husband as they watched their son pull Cas into his arms and begin to dance.

“We’re going to be sitting here again soon, once those two are married,” John mused. Mary sighed happily.

“I’m looking forward to it. Cas is wonderful, and he fits so well with Dean. I’ll be proud to call him family, not that he isn’t already.”

“This is the longest and most serious relationship Dean’s ever been in. I was a bit worried when he said he was buying the house with Cas rather than on his own, but the more I get to know Cas, the more I realize he keeps Dean grounded and focused, and damn that boy loves our son. Being around them, it reminds me so much of you and me when we were in our early years. And I know that thirty years later I still love you as much as I did back when I first fell in love with you, so I have faith that what they have will last. They’re good together, like you and me.” John spoke earnestly and Mary was surprised to hear the emotion in his voice. She lifted her head to look at him.

“I love you too, darling. And I know you’re right. Guess I better start shopping around for a mother of the groom dress.”

John chuckled and nodded. “Guess you’re right.”

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The rest of the night was full of fun with family and friends. Charlie had worked her way into Gabe and Eli’s lives too, and had earned herself an invite to the wedding. She and Dorothy danced the night away along with Gabe and Eli. By two a.m., everyone was thoroughly exhausted. Cas had dozed off in his chair and his head was resting on John’s shoulder, much to the older man’s amusement. Dean collected his boyfriend and guided him out to the car. Eli and Gabe, as far as Cas knew, were on their way to their honeymoon in the Grand Caymans, so tonight they had a room already rented at a nearby hotel. John and Mary had rented a car and were staying at the same hotel. They had agreed to meet for breakfast the following morning.

As Dean led a very sleepy Cas into their hotel room, Cas turned abruptly to look at him.

“Was I wrong? I didn’t speak to my mother tonight. Am I an asshole?”

Cas was more than a little buzzed too from all the alcohol he’d been drinking, and Dean definitely didn’t want to set the man off when he was in this state.

“No, baby. She did wrong by you, and there are no rules saying you have to forgive her right away. Or at all if you don’t want to. She hurt you. You have the right to take as much time as you need.”

Cas nodded and watched as Dean set their bags down and fished out their toiletry bags. He handed Cas his and watched him head for the bathroom.

“Dean, can you bring me some clean underwear? I need a shower, there’s sand everywhere!” Cas called from the bathroom.

“You ok to shower? You’re a little wobbly on your feet,” Dean replied as he searched through their bags and located his boyfriend’s underwear.

“You could join me.” Cas’ tone was flirty, teasing, and it made Dean smile.

“We’re not having shower sex, or any sex at all until we’re sure there is no sand anywhere. I don’t
feel like getting friction burns, or giving them to you.” Dean walked into the bathroom with Cas’ underwear and set them on the sink. Cas was already in the shower, trying to rinse the sand and salt off his skin.

“Then get that gorgeous ass of yours in here and make sure I don’t have sand hidden anywhere!” Cas growled. Dean wasn’t going to argue with that!

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“How long of a drive are we looking at?” Cas asked as he slid his sunglasses on.

“It’s a long one, babe. That’s why we left early and we’re splitting it in shifts, six hours at a time. If we do that, we can be at the park when it opens Monday morning.” Dean wasn’t letting anything get in his way of being in that park at the designated time.

“We could get a hotel.”

“No!” Dean realized he was shouting, then smiled sheepishly. “Sorry. There’s a special event, for a new movie, and Monday is the last day before it closes.”

“What movie? Another robot one? It’s not for Star Wars, is it?” Cas asked as Dean drove towards the expressway entrance.

“No, it’s a prince movie,” Dean replied. Cas slid his sunglasses to the edge of his nose and peered at his boyfriend over them.

“Do you mean a princess movie?”

Dean shook his head, careful to keep his eyes on the road as he merged into traffic. “No, it’s Disney’s first gay movie. A prince falls in love, I think with a young man in his court. It’s going to be epic, and I want to be a part of that unveiling.”

“Really? A gay movie? That’s exciting!” Cas had his phone out and was looking it up. “Oh! It’s coming out in February of next year! We’re going to go see it, right?”

“Of course, baby. And we’ll bring our friends too. We’ll make a day of it.” Dean had planned with Eli so that they would show up exactly at this time. Mondays were slower, so fewer crowds; the new movie was being released and indeed they were doing a character tease for the new movie, but only until Wednesday. Cas didn’t need to know that though. His parents, Cas’ brothers and their significant others were already heading to the airport to fly out ahead of them. Charlie had left on a flight last night, wanting to get there in time to orchestrate the entire thing. Dean was fifty shades of nervous and trying hard not to show it.

“Did you really spring for John and Mary to join us?” Cas had asked.

“Oh, yeah. After I gave you the tickets at Christmas apparently mom was hinting to dad that she wanted to go, because they’ve never really taken a real vacation, so dad asked me how much tickets are. Since Gabe and Eli paid their way out here by plane, I paid for the tickets so they could go to Disneyland too. They won’t be with us the whole time, they want their own romantic second honeymoon.” Dean wanted to give himself a pat on the back for that smooth little lie. Cas was smiling, warmed by such a romantic gesture.

“That’s so sweet! I love it!” the man gushed. “They’re so wonderful together. I want us to be like them when we’re that age, so deeply in love still, and always wanting to do things for one another. I really admire your parents.”
Dean smiled as he reached over and took his boyfriend’s hand. “We will be, because we genuinely love one another, and I love to spoil you. I never really wanted to do that with anyone before I met you. My gestures were never really appreciated, so I didn’t do too much, but with you, everything I do is appreciated, and that’s fantastic. Even my little gestures, you make me feel like a million bucks when I do something nice. I just fall in love with you over and over again.”

Cas chuckled as he slotted his fingers together with Dean’s. “And mine are appreciated as well. I hadn’t realized that some people will do nice things and they will go unnoticed or unappreciated until I started watching a few television shows. People can be cruel, and I don’t ever want that with us.” He fell quiet for a moment. “I...thought about wearing the plug today.”

Dean nearly swerved into the next lane. “What?! You brought it?!”

Cas snickered mischievously. “Of course I did. I brought some other things too. I bought a few new toys.”

Dean dared a glance over at him. “I thought you weren’t going to go into that store without me?”

“I didn’t. I ordered things online. I figured this was our vacation, two weeks to do whatever we wanted, and I want you to fuck me until I can’t walk. Not tonight, of course, we’ll still be driving, but tomorrow night? Absolutely.”

Dean was even more excited now for their trip. He had, with a generous monetary gift from Paul and Marilyn, paid for a weeklong stay at Disney’s Grand Californian Hotel and Spa. Paul had told him not to worry about the cost. Their room, their meals, and amenities were covered. He was happy to do it, he’d said, because Cas was in love, and Dean made him happier than he had ever seen his grandson in his life. That had actually made Dean cry. It was wonderful knowing his love for Cas really did make a difference in the man’s life, but most of all, it had made a difference in his own.

“So, you still haven’t told me where we’re staying. You did book a room already, right? I really don’t want to have to drive around looking for a last minute, roach-infested motel,” Cas said, snapping Dean out of his thoughts.

Dean snorted and side-eyed him. “Babe, you really watch too much television. And really, how well do you know me? Do I ever not plan things out in detail ahead of time?”

Cas had to concede Dean was right. “No, you don’t. So where are we staying?”

“It’s a surprise.”

Cas arched one eyebrow. “A surprise? At least tell me, is a hotel or a motel.”

“It’s a hotel. It’s nice, you’ll love it, might not even want to leave and tour the park,” Dean replied.

“That’s not happening, even if the floor and walls are made of diamonds, I’m touring that entire damn park.” Cas wasn’t missing out on anything.

“I know, baby. But I planned out every detail. You will love the hotel; you’ll love the park, I promise.” Dean lifted the hand he was still holding and kissed the back of it. Shit, in less than forty eight hours he planned to have a ring sitting right on this finger he was showering with tender kisses. Cas smiled adoringly at him as they drove along. This was a pivotal point in their lives. If Cas said yes, and Dean had no doubt he would, this would be the next step in their relationship, and in their lives. He wanted Cas for the rest of his life. This was going to be something neither of them ever
“Dean?” Cas mumbled as he was gently shaken. He sat up in his seat and groaned. His back ached from the hours spent driving. It was a ridiculously long car ride.

“We’re here, baby. Surprise.”

The car was idling in front of a huge hotel and Cas’ eyes flew open as he gaped at it.

“We’re staying here?!”

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Dean laughed as he got out and went to open the trunk. A bellboy appeared with a cart to take their bags, and as soon as Cas climbed out of the car a valet was moving to get in and go park the Impala. Cas was still gaping up at the hotel. It was dark out, just after five a.m. Dean must have driven like a fiend while he was sleeping, otherwise they wouldn’t have gotten here this quickly. When Cas didn’t move from staring at the hotel and everything around it, Dean came around to touch his elbow gently.

“I’m exhausted, come on, let’s go get some sleep,” Dean said. Cas nodded and let Dean guide him
inside. They went to the front desk where he only paid half attention to Dean giving his name as he checked them in. This was only the second time Cas had ever stayed in a hotel or motel in his life, and this was vastly different from the one they had stayed at on their way down to Texas. That had been a completely different environment. Quiet, no real lobby. Just a front desk and a small, clean room to sleep in, just like in some of the movies he had watched. This place though? It was...was opulent an appropriate word? Perhaps that was too grand a word. But this was definitely classier than he had expected. It was almost like a lodge, but absolutely enormous. He loved it. Rich woods and comfortable looking chairs filled the lobby, and even at this early hour people were milling about.

“Come on, sweetheart, our room is upstairs,” Dean said, cutting into his admiration of this place.

“What is the name of this hotel? I see Disney logos, so we must be near or on park grounds,” Cas asked as they stepped into the nearest opening elevator.

“We are on park grounds at the Grand Californian. I thought about a themed room, but then I thought, you know what? We’ll come back and do a themed room someday with our kids, when we can really enjoy it. For us, as adults, it’s cute and whimsy, but for children it will be downright amazing, and it will be twice as awesome for us to experience that kind of thing through their eyes,” Dean said as the elevator went up. Cas found that he couldn’t stop smiling as he listened to his boyfriend talking about them having kids. He wanted that, to come back with them and experience Disney all over again through their eyes.

The bellhop was in front of them, their bags sitting on his cart. When the elevator doors opened, the young man wheeled the cart off and they followed.

“If you need anything, please call down to the front desk and someone would be happy to get it for you.” The bellhop opened their door and since they only had a couple of bags, left the cart in the hall and simply carried their bags in, setting them on the floor at the foot of the bed. Cas’ jaw was dropping again as he looked around. The room was bigger than their entire first floor back home, and filled with the same rich woods as the lobby. It was beautiful. While Dean tipped the bellboy, Cas ducked into the bathroom, gasping at the sheer size and the marble tub on one end.

“Is this a room or a suite?” he asked as he moved to an open doorway and peered in. There was a couch and table as well as armchairs in there. This place was amazing!
“Weren’t expecting anything this nice, huh?” Dean appeared behind him, wrapping his arms around Cas’ waist and pulling him back against him.

“Dean, this has to have cost a fortune! Is this why you were working so many extra hours this summer?” Cas turned a bit to look at him, and Dean stole a kiss.

“Yes. You deserve the best, and I can’t wait to take advantage of the massages at the spa tomorrow morning. Then we’ll do breakfast and hit the park, ok?”

“Yes, I love that! What time are we waking up? I’m exhausted right now.”

“Whenever we wake up, we wake up. If we don’t get the massages tomorrow, we’ll get them Tuesday. It’s no big deal. Come on, let’s get ready for bed.” Dean went back into the bedroom and dug out their toiletry bags, returning to the bathroom to find Cas fiddling with the bidet.

“What is this? It’s an odd looking toilet.”

Dean laughed and shook his head. “No, baby. The toilet is over there. That’s the bidet.”

Cas stood up, his cheeks a bit rosy with embarrassment. “Oh, I only ever read about them. I never actually saw one.”
“Eh, they’re a bit pointless, as far as I’m concerned.” Dean went to the double sinks and chose one side as he pulled out his toothpaste and toothbrush. Cas did the same and soon they were walking back into the bedroom.

“I believe this is bigger than your apartment and my apartment combined.” Cas mused as he walked over to the wall of windows at one end of the room. “Dean! This view! Is that...the park? Is that Disney?” He looked back excitedly at Dean, who walked over and slipped his arms around his waist again. He rested his chin on Cas’ shoulder as they looked out the window.

“It is. I asked for a view of the park. I’m glad you like it. It’ll be even more amazing once the park gets going tomorrow. Come on, sweetheart, or we’re never going to get any sleep.”

Dean stepped back, taking Cas by the hand and leading him the bed where he pulled the covers back. They slid under the covers and Cas snuggled up close.

“Thank you, Dean. This is amazing, and we haven’t even gotten to the park yet.” Cas yawned, his eyelids growing heavier by the second. It was only a few moments later before he was asleep. Dean pulled him closer and closed his own eyes.

“I love you, Cas. More than you will ever know. I can’t wait to marry you,” he murmured as he finally drifted off. It was the best night’s sleep either of them had ever had before.

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Dean woke just after eleven to the sound of his phone vibrating. It took him a minute to figure out what he was hearing, and once he did, he slid from the bed and fished it out of the jeans he had left on the floor. It was Gabe. Making sure Cas was still asleep, he went into the adjoining room and closed the door.

“Hey,” he said softly.

“Cas still asleep? Did I wake you?” Gabe asked.

“He is, and it’s ok. I needed to be up anyway. We need to take showers and eat breakfast so we can get to the park. You’ve got the rings, right?” Dean spotted a Keurig machine and popped a pod in for a double shot. He needed it, but if Cas woke soon, he’d give it to him instead.

“Ok, so I’ve checked, and everyone is here. Charlie and Dorothy are, as of right now, already at the park. Eli and I are on our way with Mary and John. Meg is meeting us there, and so are Jody, Becky, and Chuck. Oh, Hannah’s supposed to be there too. Her flight arrived last night. She came with someone named Garth? Says you know him. Our grandparents are at the hotel and they’ll be in place at two o’clock, right on schedule.” Dean could picture Gabe flipping through a checklist and it made him grin.

“Awesome. Charlie said she hired someone to film it all, and the park is supposed to have dancers ready and waiting, and they’ll have my costume. Please, please, please make sure they have everything ready, cause we gotta do this all right. I’ll already be walking around with the stupid tights on under my jeans, practically dying, but they’re supposed to be ready with the robe and crown. And whatever you do, don’t let Cas see you before it’s time!”

“Don’t worry, Eli and I will be extra discreet. Now go wake your love and get your day started. You have to be downtown at two,” Gabe said.

“Yeah, ok. Catch you later.” Dean’s nervousness was back. This was the only time he ever wanted to do this, and it had to be done right.
“Relax, Dean. You already know he’s going to say yes. Just make it count,” Gabe assured him.

They hung up and Dean decided Cas needed the cup of coffee more than he did. He took the cup, adding the right amount of cream and sugar before carrying it back into the bedroom. Cas was face down, one cheek smooshed into the fluffy pillow, sound asleep. Dean waved the cup of coffee under his nose a few times but it didn’t rouse the man.

“Babe, it’s time to get up.” He kissed Cas’ cheek softly and heard a soft groan in response.

“No, tired,” Cas muttered. Dean chuckled as he ran his fingers through his boyfriend’s hair.

“I know, baby, but we have things to do today, and I’m starving. So let’s shower and go get breakfast, ok?”

One blue eye peeked up at him, clearly irritated at having been woken. This could go one of two ways. Either Cas would be grumpy but cooperative eventually, and get up, or he’d be grumpy, roll over and go back to sleep. Maybe a blow job would have been a better way to wake him up, Dean thought.

“Please? I have coffee.” Dean was trying to coax the man from the soft bed, and it wasn’t easy. Finally Cas grunted and sat up.

“Why do we have to get up?” He complained as he took the cup of coffee.

“Mom and dad are meeting us for breakfast, then we’re heading into the park where we’ll go on our separate ways from them. They’re waiting for us,” Dean replied. Cas sighed and sipped at the cup as he swung his legs over the edge of the bed and finally got up. He shot Dean a dirty look as he headed for the bathroom. Dean was just grateful Cas was being semi-cooperative.

“Dean, you coming?” Cas called from the bathroom.

“Absolutely!”

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As much as Dean wanted to linger in the shower and just enjoy a lazy day of lounging in bed, making love, they had a full day planned. While Cas busied himself with shaving, Dean found a moment to slip the tights on before pulling on his jeans, and then he hung up the dress clothes he had brought for them both. He had plans to take his fiancé to dinner that evening, and he wanted them both to look nice. When Cas was done and came out of the bathroom, Dean ducked in to shave and pee. When he stepped back into the bedroom he found Cas attaching a fanny pack around his waist.

“Really, babe?” He laughed. Cas looked up, confused.

“What’s wrong with a waist pack?”

Dean smiled and shook his head. “Nothing. What do you plan to use it for?”

“Well, I know you burn, so I brought sunblock, and it’s big enough to hold a bottle of water, plus the room key, my wallet, your wallet, if you want, both of our sunglasses, and maybe room for a few other things, if we want.” Cas was busy tucking things into inside pockets and Dean found he was a bit impressed by the design.

“I’ll hang onto my wallet for now, but that thing is pretty cool if it holds all of that.”
Cas smiled. “Put on your sunblock now. I already put some on. We’ll reapply in a few hours.” He tossed Dean the bottle and as they made their way out into the hall, he busied himself with applying it.

“Don’t forget the tips of your ears,” Cas reminded him.

By the time they were in the lobby he was handing the bottle back. John and Mary were smiling, sitting in a couple of the comfortable looking chairs and looking up at them as they walked over.

“Good morning, sleep well?” Mary asked.

“The bed is incredibly comfortable. I’m excited to get into the park.” There was excitement sparkling in Cas’ eyes that had them all smiling happily.

“So am I. I always wanted to come. Let’s go have some breakfast and then enjoy our day.” Mary stood up and slipped her arm through Cas’ as they headed towards one of the in hotel restaurants. John fell in next to Dean and they stayed far enough back as they walked so Cas wouldn’t hear.

“He wore a fanny pack?” John asked with a chuckle.

“I have to admit, he’s adorable with it,” Dean replied, grinning.

“I can’t complain; your mom has more than a few for things like this. The bag on her shoulder? It’s actually a fanny pack. She’ll put it around her waist later, once we’re out walking.” John said.

“That’s a pretty cool idea, making a convertible one.” Dean didn’t think Cas would use one that could convert into a purse, but it was still a cool idea.

“So, everything still on track? We’re to all be downtown at exactly two?” John dropped his voice as he asked the question. Dean nodded.

“Yes. Gabe called me this morning. Everything is in place. You remember your dance moves, old man?”

John laughed and shoved him playfully. “Watch your mouth, boy, I know my way around a dance floor.”

“Dean! Look! It’s gorgeous in here!” Cas’ eyes were wide as he looked around the restaurant. The place was amazing. Dean moved up to stand next to him and kissed his cheek.

“Let’s get a table and eat, I’m eager to go explore.”

Cas smiled and nodded. “Yes, let’s!”
By the time they entered the park, it was ten to one and Dean was nervous. John and Mary had stuck with them until twelve thirty before they excused themselves to go explore. Mary gave her son a thumbs up before linking hands with her husband and walking away. Dean turned to Cas. Normally he’d ask the man what he wanted to do, but they didn’t have time for rides.

“Hey, let’s head this way. We’ll look around, get a gauge on all of the things we both want to do, then go back and see if we can’t do them all. We’ll be here a whole week, so we have the time.”

Cas was eyeing a window where they could see an animator drawing. “Alright, I would like to see some of the shops and that…” He wandered towards the window and Dean followed.
“I am amazed. Do you know, the first Disney movie I ever saw, it was at my grandparents’ house when I was twelve? My dad thought they were frivolous and pointless for boys to watch. I saw The Little Mermaid, and I loved it. I never told him I saw it. I saw my second one a year later, again at their house. The Rescuers. That one was thrilling, at least to me it was. I always loved Disney. I used to beg my parents to take us here, but my father felt this was a waste of time. I don’t share that sentiment. This is a wonderful place that lets one’s imagination blossom. I could truly be happy here if I wasn’t already the happiest man on Earth.” He looked over at Dean and smiled. “Thank you for bringing me here. This is a dream come true.”

Dean slid the pack over and then put an arm around Cas’ waist. Together they watched the animator create a drawing from Pinocchio. When it was finished they clapped, along with the rest of the crowd that had gathered. As they walked away, Cas found Dean’s hand and linked his own with it.

“This place truly is magical. I would think that something happened to my father in his childhood that caused him to be such a miserable adult, but the more I think about it, the more I realize that some people? They are just incapable of allowing themselves to be happy in the present. They keep reaching for the next, and they’re not satisfied even when they get there, so they reach for more, and more, until they have reached the the end of a long and miserable life. My dad, he wanted the beautiful wife, and he got her, but that wasn’t enough. He wanted money, so he got his medical degree and made a lot of money, plus he had my mother’s money, but that wasn’t enough. Then he wanted kids, so he had them, but having us wasn’t enough; we had to be rich, successful surgeons like him or he wasn’t happy. Unable to control the three lives he helped to create, he became bitter and angry. Then he lost control of his wife. I can only imagine how miserable he must be right now, and what he might be trying to reach for next. A new wife? More kids? It’s rather late to start all over from scratch again.”

Dean listened in awe. He hadn’t realized that Cas thought so intensely about his father, or about something like this. He’d been under the impression Cas tried not to think about his father at all, since he never brought the man up at home. He let go of his boyfriend’s hand and slid his arm around his waist instead.

“He has no one to blame but himself. He’s the kind of person that won’t really allow himself to be happy. I’m sure he’s busy blaming all of the external factors in his life for why two of his three sons didn’t become surgeons, and one didn’t become a doctor at all. And then two of his sons turned out to not be straight. Probably blames the school system, your mother, the neighbors, anyone and everyone that is not him. He doesn’t realize you can’t turn someone gay, and he won’t accept that you and Gabe made conscious decisions to follow your own dreams, and that your dreams were not the same as his own. It probably infuriates him that all three of you were able to find the happiness that has always eluded him, and that you have moved on with your lives. If anything, I admire you and your brothers. I simply pity him. What good is a doctorate and boatloads of money if you’re miserable and all of the people that you’re supposed to love and cherish, you don’t, and therefore they cut you out of their lives? It’s a miserable existence. I’m a firm believer in karma, and he’s definitely getting his own right now.”

Cas murmured an agreement. Dean was right, and as far as he was concerned, he no longer cared what his father’s opinion was of him. The man had destroyed his own life. He wouldn’t make the same mistake. Music in the distance caught his attention and he perked up. They could see Disney characters dancing and he laughed happily as Cinderella and Prince Charming twirled past on one side while Beauty and the Beast moved past on the other.

“Oh! This is wonderful!” he exclaimed. Dean loved seeing the pure, unadulterated joy on his boyfriend’s face. He didn’t understand how Stephen Novak could have wanted to crush the light that shone so brightly in all three of the Novak boys. Cas’ was so bright it shone like the sun, and Dean
loved seeing it. He was no longer the shy, timid young man he’d met two years ago. Now he was happy, confident, and even more beautiful than he’d been when they’d first met. Dean found himself falling in love with the man all over again.

Snow White approached, a soft smile on her face and Cas hugged her. There were tears in his eyes, and Dean had to have pictures of it. He pulled his camera out and snapped pictures of his boyfriend interacting with all of the characters. They all posed for pictures, and Woody even took the camera so Dean could take a few with Cas as they stood with Rapunzel and Flynn Rider. Then they were moving on, heading towards downtown. A sneak check of his watch told Dean it was almost two. His stomach was in knots as they followed the music towards the wharf. That was where they needed to be. He caught a glimpse of bright red hair but when he turned to look, it was gone. Was it Charlie? He really hoped it was. There were dancers dressed in tights, light, filmy skirts flowing down the legs of the women, tight black shorts on the men. This. This was what he had paid for, and judging by the amazement on his boyfriend’s face, it had been a good choice. They moved closer, standing and watching as the dancers moved fluidly, dancing to some song neither man had ever heard before.

“Is this for that new movie coming out?” Cas asked.

“I think so. I heard it was some kind of coastal prince, and we’re at the wharf, so I’m guessing it is.” Dean was busy looking around, trying to spot people in their group. Off to the sides he saw people dressed up in fancy, royal clothing and...was that his mother?! Mary wore a gold gown covered in jewels, a blonde wig on her head, a crown sitting atop it. Her face was covered in so much makeup he had almost missed her, if it wasn’t for the bear of a man standing next to her. Someone had put jewels in John Winchester’s beard and dressed him up like Henry the Eighth. Dean wanted to laugh at the sight, but he was so nervous he couldn’t do much more than blink. This was it.

“I’m going to grab that bottle of water, ok? I’ll be right back. Don’t move.”

“I can go with you,” Cas said, his eyes never leaving the dancers.

“No, baby. Enjoy the performance. I’ll be back in just a few minutes.” Dean kissed his cheek and started walking towards his parents. He glanced back, but Cas was still watching the dancers who had moved closer to twirl and dance around him. When Dean reached his parents he bent over, placing his hands on his knees as he tried not to hyperventilate.

“You ok? You’re not having second thoughts now, are you?”

Dean looked up to see Gabe and Mike standing in front of him.

“No, never. I’m just nervous!”

Mike grinned and clapped him on the back. “Well, come on, you need your robes, your majesty.”

Dean barked out a nervous laugh and stood up straight. “Yeah, let’s do this thing.”

Cas was loving the dancers. They were so talented, moving so smoothly it was as though the dancer next to each one was simply just another extension of themselves, and it was like that with the entire troupe. It was amazing to watch. Someone moved a large speaker to the third tier of the stage, and soon something fun and playful began to play. It was more familiar, and it brought a smile to his lips. He hadn’t even noticed Dean wasn’t back yet. As the words filled the air, dancers in royal clothing began to appear, walking along the different levels of the stage, from either end, meeting in the
middle, taking one another in hand and waltzing. The dance didn’t match the beat of the music, but the original dancers were moving to it in a different way, and Cas was torn as to which he wanted to watch. The royal clothing intrigued him, and he wondered if they represented the people from the new movie. They all wore masks too, as though they were at a ball. The first verse played through and he clapped happily when he realized he did know this song! It was the one he hummed when he was doing things around the house. Bruno Mars’ “Marry You.” He thought of Dean every time he heard it come on his Pandora, and it was one of the songs he’d added to his romance playlist on Spotify. Dean didn’t know that though.

The second chorus came on and a couple joined the dancing royalty, both men, one from the right, one from the left. The man on the left bowed deeply to the man on the right before taking his hand and sweeping him into a waltz. Cas cheered along with the other people standing around watching. For a brief moment he wondered where Dean was, because he was missing something beautiful. The third chorus brought another couple out, and Cas froze. That looked an awful lot like John and Mary Winchester. He pulled off his sunglasses and looked harder. The man bowed before offering the lady his hand, and then sweeping her into his arms. They were on the lowest tier of the stage now and dancing between the original dancers who were now surrounding them. Other couples in royal garments were coming out now, and at least two of the couples looked even older than the Winchesters. Were those...his grandparents?! Cas’ heart leapt into his throat, and one shaky hand made its way up to cover his mouth as he looked at all of the dancers. Red hair. Was that...Charlie? Dancing with Dorothy? The two men dancing...was that Gabe and Eli? The tall man in the royal blue jacket dancing with a woman in a matching blue dress, was that Mike and Maeve? He was shaking now as he realized that despite the masks covering their faces, he recognized every single person up there dancing. A woman with piles of dark hair atop her head was swept down to the main floor by a tall man, and Cas burst into tears as he realized it was Meg. Meg was here! She was dancing with Dean’s friend Victor! The beat picked up suddenly.

Don’t say no, no, no, no-no
Just say yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah-yeah
And we’ll go, go, go, go-go
If you're ready, like I'm ready

By that point all the couples waltzing were now down on the main floor, dancing around him and the other people that had gathered to watch while the dance troupe continued to dance in front of him. Suddenly they were all dancing around him. He was vaguely aware of the sound of clapping and cheering. His heart was racing and he was looking around for Dean. Where was he? The last three verses began to play and as soon as he heard the words, the dancers parted and a prince dressed in a cream colored jacket with black leggings that emphasized the bowed legs that Cas knew so well began approaching. A crown sat atop perfectly styled light brown hair and jewels sparkled everywhere on the jacket and in the crown. Cas thought he might just pass out as Dean walked up to him. He was mouthing the words and smiling as Cas reached for him. He didn’t care that he was full-on sobbing, this was the most perfect, beautiful moment of his entire life and he needed to have Dean in his arms, to hug him tight, and as soon as his boyfriend was close enough he launched himself at him and threw his arms around his neck. He felt more than heard the chuckle Dean gave as he hugged him back, and then he was being gently pushed back just as the song was drawing to an end. As he watched, Dean dropped to one knee in front of him. Cas burst into tears again.

“Cas, baby, you make me happier than anything in the world, and I know that we already told one another that this is it, that we’re in this forever, but I want more than just that. I love you more than anything and I would be honored if you would say yes and marry me. So, Castiel Novak, will you marry me?”

He was holding up a small, black, velvet box, and sitting in the center was the most beautiful ring
Cas had ever seen. For a moment he forgot how to speak as he nodded vigorously over and over again.

“Yes! Yes I’ll marry you!” he managed to say. Around them everyone burst into applause and a second later he found himself being swept up into Dean’s arms and kissed.

“I love you, Cas. So fucking much,” Dean murmured against his lips. Cas laughed and kissed him again.

“I know, now put that ring on my finger, damn it!”

Dean laughed as he stepped back and removed the ring from the box. He slid it onto Cas’ finger and felt a sense of pride. It looked good there. It belonged on this man’s finger. Masks were coming off the royal dancers and Cas cried again when he saw all the people who had come to take part in this.

“Meg!” He cried as he grabbed his friend and hugged her tight. “Hannah! Garth!” He went around hugging everyone, still crying happy tears. This was the best day of his life.

“Congratulations,” Eli said as he hugged his brother-in-law.

“I can’t believe you all planned this! This is the most perfect day ever!”

Gabe stood next to his husband and smiled at his brother. The young man’s joy was a beautiful thing to witness. He looked up at Dean and nodded.

“You’re already there, but I feel the need to say it again, welcome to the family, Dean. I’ll say it again on your wedding day, but it needs to be said, and said often. And thank you, for loving my brother the way you do.”

Dean was humbled by Gabe’s words. Of all the Novaks, Gabe’s approval and acceptance had been the hardest to earn, and the one he craved the most.

“He’s the other half of my heart. I’ll love him til my last dying breath,” Dean said, and he meant it.
That night, as they laid together in bed, he held Cas close, running his fingers through his fiance’s
hair as the man slept. Even in his slumber, he still had a soft smile on his lips. It brought Dean an
immense amount of joy knowing that he had brought so much happiness to the man he loved. He
looked forward to spending the rest of his life with Cas, and come what may, they would weather it
all together.

Chapter End Notes

For more pictures of the hotel (It’s a real hotel, my friends), and for those unfamiliar with
Bruno Mars and the song I added, here are the links:

Hotel Link: https://disneyland.disney.go.com/hotels/grand-californian-hotel/?
CMP=OKC-dlr_gmap_33

Bruno Mars "Marry You" song link: https://youtu.be/9xdyRsG0I6U

This entire story was an absolute blast to write, and I wanted it to go out with a bang. I
do hope you all enjoyed this last chapter. I love you all!
Comments and kudos are welcome, thanks for reading!!!!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!