Summary

It's been two months since Cas disappeared into the night.

Notes

#7 "I dreamt about you last night." of 100 Ways To Say 'I Love You'

See the end of the work for more notes
Art by the amazing and talented sketchydean
“Dean, come on,” Sam called out, only for the bedroom door to be slammed in his face. “I’m just asking you to talk to me, I’m not asking for a kidney!”

Dean ignored his brother, flopping down on his bed and pretending he couldn’t hear Sam hammering and yammering. Nobody would ever understand how he was feeling, how could they? Cas had—had lied to him. Had taken his heart and stamped all over it like it meant nothing. How could those two years together have meant nothing? Two years, and it was all a lie.

It had been two months since Cas disappeared into the night. Sam had clearly decided that two months was long enough of Dean moping and it was time things got back to normal. But that would never be the case, not any more. Dean could never be normal, not now. Not with what he knew.

He breathed a sigh of relief when Sam gave up. Resting his head on his pillow, Dean picked at a loose thread at the hem of his shirt. Cas had bought the shirt, of course. But then, after two years together, there wasn’t much in Dean’s life that Cas hadn’t impacted. Even looking around the bedroom, everything that wasn’t there reminded him of Cas just as much as everything that was still there.

The worst part was that Dean kind of got it now. Two months of running over that final confrontation over and over in his mind, of adding up every little moment of doubt, of confusion, calculating every lie Castiel had told him. It all added up to one truth. Their entire relationship might have been fake to Cas, but that didn’t mean Cas was a bad guy.

Dean reached for his cell, flipping the outdated tech open and dialling Castiel’s number.

_The number you have dialled has been disconnected._

Dean had expected that. Of course Cas wouldn’t have kept the same number, it was too easy for Dean to contact him. He hadn’t given up hope yet though. He had one other number, a number Cas had given him a long time ago in case of emergencies. With trembling fingers, Dean typed in the number.

“Leave a message.” Castiel’s deep, hoarse tones were the only sound Dean heard, but it was enough to make his heart ache. Fighting the urge to curl up into a ball, Dean took a deep breath and waited for the tone.

“Cas, it’s… it’s me, Dean,” he cleared his throat awkwardly. “Although I guess you already know that. Unless you’ve forgotten me already. Listen, I – I just wanted to say that I get it now. If I was some super awesome spy for the CIA then I would need a cover too. It took me a while to see that, through all the anger and the heartache, but I get it now. I can’t be mad that you were trying to save the world, or… or just catch some bad guy, you know? I guess I was mad at myself, because… because you made me fall in love with you.”

Dean had to stop to gather himself, saying the words out loud felt like a huge weight had been lifted from his shoulders, but the tears were threatening to spill from his eyes and if he started to cry now he wouldn’t get to say everything he needed to. Dean wasn’t stupid enough to think he’d get a second chance at this call.

“That probably doesn’t even matter to you, huh? You probably do this all the time. Fake relationships and feelings and shit. Hell, you’re probably already on your next assignment, shacked up with some chick now. You probably don’t care if I understand, but I just wanted you to know that I do. I dreamt about you, last night. About the night you said you loved me, and how real it felt. I know you told me the night you left that it was all a cover for your mission, but … I think you lied. I think you loved me, and that’s why you broke my heart. Because you know me, and if you left
without saying anything, you know I’d never stop trying to find you. I think you were trying to give me peace.”

The tears slipped down Dean’s face and he abruptly got up from his bed, pacing the room as he angrily swiped at his cheeks. “But you were wrong. What peace is there when I can’t even tell Sammy why you left me, huh? Why I feel like a total sap for giving you every part of me, but all you gave me was some half-assed attention while you did your job. I get it, Cas, but … I also don’t. Because if it was all fake, why did some of it seem so real?”

His breath was coming in short bursts now, and Dean wasn’t sure he could coherently say anything else. He figured he’d made very little sense anyway. With that knowledge, Dean hung up, letting sobs wrack through him. He sank to the floor, snatching up his comforter and using it to dry his tears as he struggled to get control of himself. This was weak, pathetic, and he despised himself for feeling this way, when Cas almost definitely hadn’t shed a single tear over him.

When the tears dried, Dean didn’t get up immediately. He stared at the floor, tracing shapes carpet with his eyes as he worked out what the next step was. He’d said his goodbyes; he’d gotten his closure. The only thing left to do was to move on.

“It wasn’t real,” he whispered. “Asshole was just too good at his job.”

“I am very good at my job.” Dean’s head snapped around to his bedroom window to find Castiel perched on the ledge, dressed in an expensive black tuxedo. “But that doesn’t mean it wasn’t real, Dean.”

Dean opened his mouth and closed them a few times. “You’re here,” he croaked, eventually. “Why?”

Castiel held up a cell phone silently, his expression solemn but his eyes dulled. “You called. I got your voicemail. I was attending a gala at the embassy, it only takes five minutes if you avoid the traffic on Fifth.”

Dean just stared at him blankly. “Bully for you, Cas. What are you doing here? I said everything I needed to say over the phone.”

“Now it’s my turn.”

“What, you don’t think you said enough? It’s been two months, Cas!” Dean snapped. “Just go. You being here… it’s more than I can handle right now, not since Sam threw out the whiskey.”

Castiel gave Dean a disapproving look. “Remind me to send him a fruit basket. Stop stalling, Dean, and listen to me. I know what I said hurt you, but orders are orders. I wasn’t leaving town; my next assignment is here. My handler told me I had to end our relationship because… my feelings for you were distracting me from my mission.”

Dean’s head snapped up, his breath hitching and his pulse going crazy at the words. “Cas…”

“He didn’t bank on the distraction you’d cause once I broke your heart. That look on your face when I said I’d never loved you … it’s all I can see every time I close my eyes. It’s not true, Dean. If you can trust one thing I said to you, let it be that.”

Dean swallowed. “I believe you,” he whispered. “But what does that change?”

“Nothing,” Castiel admitted, sliding into the room but leaving the window open behind him. “Nothing at all. I’m still a spy and you’re still technically considered a liability.”
He crossed the room, standing in front of Dean, holding his gaze intensely. Dean felt a little flustered at the way Castiel was studying him. Neither of them spoke for a long moment, just stared at each other as if they would never get to see each other again. Dean wasn’t sure that wasn’t entirely inaccurate.

“So what happens now?”

The spell broke with his words, the moment shattered. Castiel averted his eyes for just a second. “Now, you forget about me and I go back to my job. That’s the way it has to be.”

Dean nodded, numbly. He started to turn his back on Cas, because he wasn’t sure he could watch him disappear again.

“Or we run.”

Dean stilled. “Excuse me?”

Castiel shrugged, casually. “We can run. Pack your things, get a new identity, disappear into the sunset. It’s risky as hell, and they’d probably find us eventually. You’d never be able to see Sam again.” He held out his hand in invitation, giving Dean a wry smile. “But if you want to, we don’t ever have to look back.”

Dean’s gaze dropped to Castiel’s hand and he spoke carefully. “What about your duty to our country?”

When Castiel spoke, his voice trembled with emotion for the first time since he’d entered the window. “I guess I found something I consider to be more important.”

Without hesitation, Dean took Castiel’s hand and used it to pull him in for a lingering kiss. His whole body felt shaky, exhilarated from the knowledge of what they were about to do. He wasn’t stupid, he knew the risks. His life expectancy would drastically drop the second he and Cas left his bedroom. He’d never see Sammy again, or his baby. They’d both be looking over their shoulder for the rest of their lives.

But they’d be together.

Pulling back, Dean gave Cas a firm nod and a gentle smile. “Let’s go.”

End Notes

MY TUMBLR

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!