Cass looked up as Dean laid it aside. “I am envious of the human depiction of Angels, Dean.”

“Eh, they’re not all that. Too soft. Can’t fight in those flowy dresses either.” Dean’s eyes met Castiel’s and the words slid out before he could stop them. “Blondes ain’t my type anyway. I prefer my Angels brunette.” Dean’s eyes widened as he saw what he said register with Castiel.

Castiel looked bewildered at the Christmas tree in the TV room of the bunker as Dean stood on a stepstool to string lights at the top. “I’ve never understood why one puts a tree in their home to commemorate Christmas. The tradition is decidedly Pagan in origin…”

Dean shook his head at Cass disapprovingly. “Dude, no. Don’t harsh my mellow. I only got a
Christmas tree for four years of my life. I can’t even remember it. Sam’s never had one. We’re doing this.”

“Very well, Dean. How can I help?” Dean pointed to a taped up cardboard box sitting on the couch.

“Get that box of ornaments I bought at the thrift store out and help me hang em. I want to get this done before Sam gets back.”

Castiel crouched down and picked up a silver star ornament and a gold reindeer ornament, turning them over in his hands. “Thus saith the LORD, Learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of heaven; for the heathen are dismayed at them. For the customs of the people are vain: for one cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workman, with the axe. They deck it with silver and with gold…..”

“Cass…really?” Dean sighed in exasperation.

Castiel almost audibly shook himself. “Apologies, Dean. It’s very much hardwired into my brain at this point…”

Dean looked down from the step ladder, smiling. “Well, you’re a heathen like us now. Get with the paganistic merry-making. It’s a religious holiday, and mom’s coming too, so buck up buttercup…."

Castiel brought the box of ornaments to the tree and began hanging the ornaments delicately. “You gotta space em out so we have enough to cover the whole tree. Put one here.” Dean pointed to an empty branch and Cass’ hand brushed Dean’s as he hung a little snowman ornament on it. Dean jerked his hand away like he had been burned and went back to stringing lights. Cass saw an empty spot near where Dean was perched on the stepstool and he reached around Dean to hang a little glittery gold sleigh ornament on it. His arms brushed against the backs of Dean’s thighs and Dean shivered.

“Do you need me to turn on the heat, Dean? You appear cold.”

“Not cold, Cass. Just….just keep hanging up the ornaments. I’m going to go get the tree skirt I bought.” Dean went to the kitchen, where he’d laid the bags of Christmas stuff. He put his hands on the counter and took a deep breath. Get it together Winchester. It was Cass. He didn’t even know he was doing anything. It was Dean’s problem that he kept picturing kissing Cass by nothing but the glow of the tree lights. He physically shook himself, slapped his hand on the counter, and grabbed up the bags. He was about to tell Cass something when he stepped in the door and froze. Cass had shed his trench and coat earlier in the day so he was only wearing his white dress shirt, tie, and dress pants. He was holding a tree topper, an ornate female Angel wearing a flowing gold dress, blonde hair, and fluffy white wings made from real feathers. Cass was running his hands over the wings of the tree topper as Dean walked in. Dean swallowed hard. The glow of the tree lights behind Castiel gave him a truly celestial quality that made Dean’s heart race. He noted the slightly sad look on Cass’ face and he walked over and plucked the Angel from Castiel’s hands.

Cass looked up as Dean laid it aside. “I am envious of the human depiction of Angels, Dean.”

“Eh, they’re not all that. Too soft. Can’t fight in those flowy dresses either.” Dean’s eyes met Castiel’s and the words slid out before he could stop them. “Blondes ain’t my type anyway. I prefer my Angels brunette.” Dean’s eyes widened as he saw what he said register with Castiel.

Castiel’s eyes tightened slightly and he bit his lip in a nervous gesture he had picked up somewhere in his time on Earth. “Dean…” Castiel’s voice shook slightly and he looked at the floor.
“I know…I’m sorry. Shouldn’t have said that.” Dean carded his hands through his hair and avoided eye contact as he put the Angel topper back in the box and grabbed out another topper, a star. “Here, this one’s better anyway. You put it on. New family tradition. The Angel gets to put the tree topper on.”

Castiel’s throat tightened at the word family and he nodded, grabbed the star and stood on the step stool to place it at the very top. He looked down at Dean to ask if it looked alright and the look in Dean’s eyes sucked the breath from his lungs. “Dean, are you okay?” Cass stepped down off the ladder, right into Dean’s personal space. They were mere inches apart and Dean ached to close that distance. He licked his lips.

Dean’s features were unreadable. “No, I guess I’m not Cass.”

“What’s wrong? Can I help?” Castiel’s eyes were all concern and lingering worry.

Dean quirked a small smile that drew up his lips on one side. “Actually, yeah. There’s something I want….for Christmas.”

“What?” Castiel cocked his head to the side. Damn, Dean loved that.

Dean swallowed hard, and licked his lips again, staring at Castiel’s mouth. Those lips he’d stared at a thousand times. “A kiss.”

Castiel’s eyes widened comically and those lips Dean had been staring at opened with an audible intake of breath. “Are you pranking me again, Dean?” Castiel’s eyes were cautious now, and he subconsciously glanced at Dean’s mouth, soft and inviting. He had memorized every aspect of Dean’s face but never had he lingered on anything as much as Dean’s mouth.

Dean studied Cass’ face, nervousness creeping into his tone. “I’m not…unless you want me to be. If so, we’ll laugh and pretend I never asked…”

Castiel’s eyes filled with heat Dean didn’t expect then. “I’ve never been good at telling you no…” Castiel leaned in and Dean slid his eyes closed hesitantly. He felt the press of Cass’ lips, so warm. They were so foreign to what he was used to, but they felt so right. He put an arm around Castiel’s shoulder to stop him from pulling away and Dean deepened the kiss, his tongue sliding softly at the parting of Cass’ mouth. He felt Castiel shudder and wrap his arms around Dean’s back, pressing his strong hands into Dean’s lower back. Dean was just threading his hands through Castiel’s thick hair when he heard clapping. Shit.

“It’s a Christmas Miracle!” Sam shouted as Dean and Castiel parted like scared rabbits. Dean looked over, mortified as their mother stood next to Sam, holding her travel bag.

“You two weren’t already dating?” Mary said, confusion flooding her face.

Sam laughed as Dean and Cass stood there awkwardly. “Oh come on. It’s not like it’s a surprise to anyone in this room. Now, stop fooling around and help me get the presents in.”

Dean leaned over and whispered into Castiel’s ear, “Wait till I tell you about Mistletoe…”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!