It's A Book.

by ditchablepromdateballs

Summary

Just a short ficlet, involving the novel Pride and Prejudice.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

Cas was sitting at the main table in the bunker, reading a novel. Dean walked by to go into the kitchen.

"Whatcha readin’ Cas?" he asked. Cas said nothing at first and finished reading the paragraph before responding. "It's a book." Dean exhaled a laugh and walked to the table with a plate in hand. "Thanks Captain Obvious. I meant which book?" He sat down and Cas looked up at him. "Pride and Prejudice. I heard someone talking about it the other day in the store, and I went and borrowed it from the library. I’ve never really taken interest in books, but I like this one." He immediately went looked back down to continue reading, already in it's final pages. "Well, must be some book then." Dean sat there, eating his sandwich, watching Cas read, his eyes squinting the further down the page he got. Dean couldn’t help but smile at his focused face, admiring how fast he could read. He finished his sandwich and took his plate back to the kitchen. Cas walked in after him, holding his book. "Will you read it?" He asked Dean, catching him off guard. "Oh, uh, I don’t know Cas, I don’t read too much…." Cas’ eyes looked slightly hurt. Dean noticed them shine, and he just couldn’t say no. Not to Cas. "Oh what the hell. Fine. Did you already finish it?" Cas smiled and nodded excitedly. Dean just smiled back and took the book from him.

He laid in bed that night, reading Cas’ book. It took him hours, but he never put it down. He was close to the end now, at almost five in the morning.

“You are too generous to trifle with me. If your feelings are still what they were last April, tell me so at once. My affections and wishes are unchanged, but one word from you will silence me on
This was one of Dean’s favorite lines, and he found himself smiling a huge grin once he finished the last page. He instantly went to Cas’ room and lightly knocked on the door. He heard Cas’ feet shuffle towards the door and he opened it. “Hey Cas,” Dean whispered. “I just wanted to return your book. I actually really… really liked it. Thank you for letting me borrow it.” Cas took it from him and he smiled. He looked over to the clock on the wall. “It’s late, Dean. You always say how much sleep you need. You didn’t have to read it so quickly.” Dean laughed and rubbed the back of his neck. “Yeah, I know Cas. I just.. felt like it. Can I just ask, what makes you like it so much?” Cas opens his mouth, and then closed it, thinking of how to word his answer in the best possible way. Dean watches him, wondering what Cas is thinking. “I guess it was just the chemistry between the two, Darcy and Bennet. She, not having the most supportive family, and being so smart and witty, and knowing how she feels, without caring what others told her to feel. And then Darcy, rich family, confident, until he is rejected by her, and then he feels like he needs to make himself seem worthy of her, to let her know that he can be good for her. I guess I just relate to it a little.” Dean blinked a few times, unsure of how to respond. “Uh, yeah. I’m the same way I guess.” He is suddenly nervous and wishes he had stayed in bed. “You can relate as well?” Cas asked, confused. “Well, yeah. I mean, I don’t exactly have the best family, besides Sammy… And I, obviously, act really confident around women, ‘cause they like that in a guy.. So I kinda relate to that Darcy guy, in a way.. And you…” He didn’t want to continue his thought. He never thought he would actually be having the conversation. Ever. “And…?” Cas asked, slightly leaned in, staring Dean down, trying to read his mind. “And that’s it.” He yawned. “Time for bed. Thanks again Cas. Goodnight.” Dean smiled as he turned to go back to his room. “Goodnight Dean.” He walked down the hall and looked back over his shoulder to see Cas still standing in the doorway, watching him leave, his hair a sloppy mess. He stopped and looked at him for a second before walking back into his room. He laid in bed for another hour, thinking about how he almost confessed his feelings for Cas. ‘That was a close one’ he thought to himself. He stared at the ceiling as the gray light of early morning crept into the room. He finally fell asleep, thinking about Cas, smiling. And little does he know, Cas laid in bed, thinking about him too.

End Notes

(hope it wasn't too horrible)

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