More Than Words

by viscouslover

Summary

Dean and Cas have a costume party to attend, but first they need to walk a familiar path.

Notes

Often, I listen to television shows without actually watching the screen. My imagination places the characters based on their words and pulls together the rest of the setting based on episodes I have already seen. I wondered if a fic reader's imagination could do the same, already being familiar with the world in which the story is set.

I challenged myself to use nothing but dialogue. This is the story, as told by Cas and Dean.

“Cas! Hurry the fuck up! If we don’t leave the Bunker pronto, we’re going to be late. You don’t want Kevin looking up some angel smiting spell because you missed his first party in his new apartment!”

“There’s no need to shout, Dean. I highly doubt Kevin would expend such resources simply because we were less than punctual.”

“Where’s your costume, man? Charlie wanted you to dress up for this thing. You’d deny the last wish of a fallen friend?”
“Charlie is in love, Dean. Not dead. It’s not the curse you make it out to be.”

“Good point. She’s stuck at Dorothy’s weird family dinner in Oz instead of partying loose and free with her besties. Sounds like a fate worse than death if you ask me.”

“For a man who has been dead multiple times, you think you’d offer death the respect it deserves.”

“Speak for yourself, dude. What’s your resurrection count at now? A billion?”

“Besides, you haven’t put on a costume.”

“Excuse you, did you not notice the axe? I’m a sexy lumberjack.”

“Then I invite you to read my identification: I’m Jimmy Novak.”

“That’s lame, dude.”

“I learn from the best.”

“Nah, I’m awesome. Now hurry that feathery ass up the stairs, we gotta put some mustard on it—unless you wanna angel-boop us there.”

“I thought you valued your digestive tract more than expediency.”

“Pooping only matters if you’re alive, dude. Don’t tell Kevin, but sometimes I’m terrified of that tiny nerd.”

“Your secret is safe with me. Would you mind not stepping on my heels?”

“Maybe if you weren’t old-man shuffling in your sensible shoes I wouldn’t have to be halfway up your ass to get you moving.”

“I’m simply trying to watch my step, Dean. The forest is dark this evening.”

“If you’d just use your angel voodoo—”

“Before you ask, I’m not wasting my Grace to improve my vision. You can simply walk with more caution.”

“You’re telling me you can get Heaven-charged flashlight eyes?”

“I didn’t tell you that at all, Dean. Besides, you could have driven.”

“It’s less than a mile to walk to Kevin’s from the Bunker by cutting through this forest. This way, I can drink without Mother Sam bitchfacing me all night.”

“So your plan is to stumble home, through the forest, intoxicated, when you can’t even refrain from stepping on my heels while sober?”

“I know. It’s genius. ‘Sides, you know from experience that I’m a master of trekking through forests. Heck, with the mist and the moonlight, this place even looks like Purgatory.”

“It does. Minus the constant presence of monsters and the fear for my life.”

“What you saying, Cas? I don’t scare you?”
“Sometimes you terrify me.”

“Lil’ ol’ Dean Winchester is scaring the big bad warrior of God, Castiel? Now ain’t that something.”

“Sometimes. More often than not, seeing you makes me very happy.”

“You know, when I found you there, crouching by the river— You were dirty and disgusting and, Hell, so was I, but…”

“Dean…”

“I thought we were going home… But, I guess this ain’t home for you.”

“Dean. Please, you know I needed to serve my penance. To pay for what I had done to Heaven. To humanity. To you.”

“What about me, Cas? You think I gave a shit about any of that then? Sure, yeah, I was pissed that you’d fucked the world and broke Sam and betrayed me - fucking lied to me - when I thought you were finally on my side, no strings attached. But then you went all Godstiel and fucking died on me, man. Again. You’re goddamn right that fucking pissed me off!”

“I’m sorry…”

“I don’t need your apologies, Cas! I had you back. Actual you. You weren’t possessed by Levis, or playing house as Emmanuel, and you weren’t crazy or brainwashed or serving who fucking knows who. You were just sitting by the river, looking… looking like you.”

“...I didn’t know.”

“When’s my penance over, Cas? Huh? What was I paying for?”

“Dean, please.”

“I thought we were going home.”

“We’re home now. Well, technically, sitting on a fallen log eight hundred and seventy-two yards from home.”

“Smartass.”

“And I’m me.”

“You’re you.”

“No plots, no possessions, no evil spells. I’m just Castiel.”

“I thought tonight you were Jimmy Novak.”

“Tonight I’m whatever you need me to be.”

“What if I need you, Cas?”

“Then I’m me.”

“No, I mean… I need you Cas.”
“You have me, Dean.”

“Dammit, man. Are you really gonna make me spell it out for ya? I need you to be with me. And not.. not just here sitting beside me but with me, OK? In all the stupid ways people need someone. All the stupid ways I didn’t think I needed anyone before I met your stupid, feathery ass.”

“I already know that, Dean. Why do you think I kept having to leave? Why do you think I keep coming back?”

“...Cas?”

“It’s always been all for one man, after all.”

“Cas… I’m gonna do something really stupid right now, so you gotta forgive me OK?”

“It’s not my place to offer absoluti—”

“...Sorry. I shouldn’t have… I knew it was stupid but I—”

“Penance is over, Dean. Kiss me again.”

“I can do that.”

“Can you move your hand to—”

“Yeah. You like it there?”

“Dean. Oh. Oh, Dean.”

“Is it good, Cas?”

“It’s everything.”

“Lay back, Cas. Let me take care of you.”

“No, Dean. I want to do this for you.”

“For us, Cas.”

“For us.”

“Cas, you know I—”

“I know, Dean.”

“Oh, Cas, fuck. Yes. Just like that.”

“You assholes are late!”

“Kevin, man, I’m sorry but Cas took forever to get his costume ready even though—”

“Like I’m going to buy that bullshit, Dean. The only thing different about your outfits today is that you look like you put them on in a dark closet. But, judging by the state of Cas’ hair and fly, I’m
“Guessing you’re actually fresh out of the closet?”

“No. We redressed in the forest. But, yes, it was quite dark.”

“Jesus fucking— Cas, man, I know I said I appreciate the honesty but there are limits, dude.”

“Kevin reached a false conclusion and I was simply correcting him by responding truthfully, Dean.”

“Cas!”

“Wow, I do not need to witness your first official lovers’ quarrel. If you need me, I’ll be next to the biggest bottle of booze I can find.”

“Great job, buddy. Now you’ve scared off Kevin.”

“I think I successfully deflected his anger and gained us further time to be alone.”

“You sneaky sonovabitch.”

“Strategist, Dean. I am a strategist.”

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