

I've Gotten 4 Hours of Sleep and Dean is Kind of a Dick

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I've Gotten 4 Hours of Sleep and Dean is Kind of a Dick

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Summary

"Dean?" Came a confused plea from Cas.

With a look that screamed pure terror, Dean spoke softly, "Cas," he whispered fearfully.

Sitting up and looking at Dean with a look of fear that matched his own, Cas took Dean's hand and gave it a quick stoke. "Dean? Is everything alright? Are you ok?"

Notes

I REGRET NOTHING. until I sleep and regret everything I'm sorry.

"Dean. Dean please don't stop" The angel beneath him begged breathlessly.

"Wasn't-- Wasn't planning on it, Cas" Dean replied between waves of white pleasure.

The impala rocked under the two men, bouncing on it's suspension with every roll of their hips against each other. Dean and Castiel hadn't done this in almost a week and frankly, both of them were getting a little cranky. Now, however, the angel and the hunter were so desperate for each other, they hadn't even removed their clothes all the way.

Dean could tell that Castiel was close. Rocking his hips forward again, the rough friction of Cas' dick against his own made Dean momentarily lose his rhythm. However, determined to wait him out, Dean quickly picked it back up, and with a stroke of his hand, Cas was practically whimpering beneath him.

It was filthy and Cas was moaning loudly, clawing at Dean's back and struggling to hold on to something because he was that close to coming.

Leaning over Castiel to plant a desperate kiss to his lips, Dean smiled and the low moan Cas let slip sent shivers down both of their spines. As Cas came closer to the edge he started to incoherently mumble in Enochian against Dean's lips.

Suddenly Dean stopped moving altogether.

"Dean?" Came a confused plea from Cas.

With a look that screamed pure terror, Dean spoke softly, "Cas," he whispered fearfully.

Sitting up and looking at Dean with a look of fear that matched his own, Cas took Dean's hand and gave it a quick stoke. "Dean? Is everything alright? Are you ok?"

"Cas," Dean said again, a lot quieter and with a lot more fear in his voice than before, "I think I might be a little gay."

...

"You DICK!" Cas shouted pushing a hysterically laughing Dean off his lap, "I THOUGHT YOU WERE HURT."

"I am! I-- I am, Cas!! I'm hurt you don't-- don't find me hilarious!" Dean gasped between laughs.

"You are the worst!"

"You know you love me!"

Opening the door of the impala, Cas climbed out, kinda pissed and a little amused. Although more pissed because Dean was /still/ laughing.

"Baby, Where are you going?"

"I'm leaving. You're terrible." Cas bit back a laugh.

"You have to put pants on!" Dean shouted as Cas started to walk away, unable to hide the amused smile growing on his face.

"No I don't!" Cas shouted back over his shoulder as he heard Dean fall over in another fit of laughter. And he couldn't help but laugh along.

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