

## Hurricane in Cobalt Blue

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# Hurricane in Cobalt Blue

by [shieldmaiden\\_of\\_celestial\\_intent](#)

## Summary

Classic "I need to be groomed" wing fic trope, just to save time so I could get to the good stuff. Cas' wings have slowly healed on their own but they are still a mess from the time they were damaged. Of course he needs a helping hand and Dean is more than happy to provide.

No angst, no gay panic, just clear consent, resolved tension, and loads of pleasure for Cas. I've always thought from what we know of Dean's character that he would be a very generous lover, especially with Castiel. Written for those who like positivity with their wing kink. I just love to see Cas safe, happy, and satisfied.

## Notes

I felt like writing a fic where Castiel really gets pampered and indulged. Enter Dean who finally goes for the one person he's been wanting all these years. I hope you enjoy. Comments and kudos are much appreciated. I will write a sequel to this where Cas pampers Dean if people like this one.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dean and Cas sat companionably in the main room of the bunker, having a friendly discussion about the state of Castiel's wings and what might be done to return them to their former glory.

It began with a casual inquiry from Dean about Cas' general well-being. Castiel told him that although he believed that the worst was over, he lamented the fact that he was unable to do a thorough grooming of his healing wings unassisted. However, when Dean made an offer to help his idea had been met with surprising resistance.

"I don't understand, Cas. If it bothers you so much why won't you just let me help you? You heal me up all the time."

Castiel sighs deeply, "It's not that simple Dean. There are... connotations, deep levels of bonding involved. I just don't think you would be comfortable with it. I rarely regret never taking a mate but this is usually something that would occur between two entities that are quite intimate..." Castiel trails off, letting the 'connotations' speak for themselves.

"Look Cas, I think we have been pretty damn 'bonded' for a long time now. You said so yourself. Plus, you don't have anyone else to help you and I'm offering. I mean, it's not like you asked me to give you a sponge bath. How 'intimate' can grooming wings be?"

Castiel's brow furrowed deeply with that look he gets when he's really concerned about something risky. A dramatic pause passed before he finally spoke, allowing Dean the time to grasp the gravitas of the situation.

"Very well. You're right. You are by far the best person to assist, and you are the only person who cares enough about me to offer. I accept, and thank you."

Dean was surprised at the formality of Castiel's acceptance speech. He rubbed his hands together in a 'let's get this show on the road' gesture.

"Great. To be honest I'm looking forward to seeing them again. They were very impressive the few times I've seen them."

"You've never seen them," Castiel deadpanned.

"What? What do you mean? I saw them the night we met. You know, sparks flew... you knocked my surrogate father out with one finger, how could you not remember?" Dean said, looking hurt that the night that changed his life might not have the same meaning for Castiel.

"Of course, I remember it perfectly," Castiel said fondly. A trace of a smile crossed lips. "You saw me manifest their shadow in this plane of reality. I never manifested them fully. They are quite solid and tangible in their natural state. It can be overwhelming to humans, I merely showed you enough for you to believe me."

"You sly bastard," Dean said. There was no trace of anger in his words, only admiration as a slow smile spread across his face. "Well now I gotta see em. Please Cas."

“We need privacy, and a great deal of space.”

“I’ve got just the place. Come on.” Dean turned and led Castiel down a few hallways in the bunker they rarely used and opened a door into a rather ornately decorated room. There was a large hardwood canopy bed, a plush sofa wide enough for two with plenty of room to spare, and a lovely full-length dressing mirror over to the side.

“This was the head of the Men of Letters suite,” Dean explained. “Far away from the others for whatever privacy you can get living with that many dudes.”

Castiel looked around appreciatively. “This is perfect,” he said.

Dean looked nervous for the first time since he had offered to help. “So, do you just whip em out?” he blurted.

Castiel paused, obviously resisting doing his characteristic eye roll. “I just need a moment to prepare.”

“Sure,” Dean sat on the edge of the sofa, too keyed up and eager to rest back. With no further deliberation, Castiel reached for his tie and yanked it loose. He dropped it to the floor. He then carefully slid off his trench coat, laying it over the back of a nearby chair.

He caught Dean’s gaze just at that moment. Dean’s eyes were wide and he swallowed hard as if suddenly uncomfortable.

Castiel stopped with his fingers poised over his top shirt button. “Are you alright?” He asked.

“Yeah!” Dean replied, a bit too forcefully. He made a flailing gesture with his hand that urged Castiel to continue.

Castiel began unbuttoning again, slowly this time. “I will be disrobing now. Will that be a problem?” he asked cautiously.

Dean shook his head emphatically no, but he still had that dazed look on his face. Cas’ shirt hung loosely open, revealing a hint of tanned skin. He had seen this look on Dean’s face once before, in the Impala the night he had taught Castiel to unbutton his shirt partway to appear more attractive.

Castiel was inexperienced, but he was also fiercely intelligent. He could see that Dean was responding in a way he might not be able to cope with emotionally. Out of respect, Castiel chose to approach the situation with complete honesty.

“I must warn you Dean, among my species this act is considered highly erotic. It is also known to be intensely pleasurable for the receiver.” Castiel said.

“Is that so?” Dean replied, seemingly unable to focus. He pulled his eyes up from Cas’ bare abs to meet his gaze. “You mean grooming feels really good, like a massage?”

“Dean I am unmated, so I am not able to tell you from experience. However, if knowledge gained from others of my species is anything to go by, it is far beyond that. Our oil glands are

known to be quite sensitive. I need to know if you are disturbed by this. Perhaps I could locate some coconut oil or jojoba oil as a substitute..."

Dean interrupted him, "Now hold on Cas. There's no need to use something weird that might jack up your wings even worse. If the worst thing that can happen is that it feels good to you, then I can handle that. For all we know you could be allergic to 'ho ho ba' oil or whatever. I can't have you go into shock, or wing lock, or something. Not on my watch."

At this Castiel smiled, an amused, brighter-than-a-supernova smile of genuine affection for Dean's clumsy attempts to reassure and help him.

"I don't want you to do anything that makes you uncomfortable Dean," Castiel said quietly.

"I'm fine. I mean, they're just glands. Is it kinda like when you're cleaning your ear with a q-tip and you hit that one spot and you have an eargasm?"

Castiel leveled him with one of his famous soul-searching stares. "It's difficult to explain because my knowledge about all of this is theoretical. Perhaps the closest analogy would be akin to stimulating an aroused human nipple, or perhaps even the prostate or clitoris, I'm not certain. I do know it is meant to be pleasurable, as this encourages grooming behavior and keeps the wings healthy."

Castiel could see by Dean's expression that he finally grasped the gravity of the situation here. He waited for Dean to politely suggest they retrieve the extra virgin olive oil from the kitchen, so he might gingerly get it over with and forget that it ever happened.

Dean pulled in a deep breath and slowly let it out, collecting himself.

Castiel braced for rejection, "Perhaps I should seek assistance elsewhere..."

"Look Cas, if anybody is going to be playing with your glands, it's going to be me. And that's final."

Castiel gasped softly. For a moment they simply stared into each other's eyes and let that strange and possessive declaration sink in. There was nothing more to say, no point left to argue, so Castiel simply slid his shirt off his shoulders and let it fall. It pooled on the floor near his feet.

Dean's eyes drank in the expanse of Castiel's skin before meeting his gaze again, urging him to continue.

Castiel had not been planning to strip completely but now it seemed acceptable, as Dean had agreed to this with full knowledge and consent. Cas made quick work of his belt. His pants and boxers pooled on the floor with his dress shirt and tie.

Dean sucked in a breath and when he exhaled it came out shaky. Just as he had imagined, Castiel was breathtaking. Although he would never admit that he had imagined this moment countless times.

Castiel kicked his shoes and socks off and kicked the entire pile of discarded cloth away. He stood there confidently, inhabiting his body without a shred of the bashfulness usually displayed by humans.

Dean's eyes took in the artful lines, the elegantly balanced features, the rippling effect of strong muscle tone, grateful to finally be allowed past the ever-present barrier of cloth upon cloth.

“Holy fuck. Castiel. You’re absolutely beautiful.” Dean said earnestly.

Castiel stood proudly, the barest trace of a nod acknowledging Dean’s complement, his statuesque figure displayed for Dean’s pleasure. They had not even touched but Dean was already sure that this would be remembered as one of the most erotic moments of his life. Having his heart’s most secret desire laid bare and standing before him in all his glory made Dean’s head spin and his cock swell.

“Brace yourself,” Castiel said. “This will be more jarring than the times I have revealed their shadows before.”

Dean nodded, and he suddenly heard a loud thunderclap in the distance. Castiel lowered his head in concentration and the thunder grew exponentially. Wind howled and a sharp crack of lightning popped so loudly it seemed in the same room with them. The lights flickered wildly and suddenly a huge span of tangible shadow filled the room from one wall to the other. The thunder boomed once more, and Dean’s mouth went slack with awe.

Blue. Cobalt blue so vivid it boggled the mind. A bolt of blue so intense that Dean was agape at the display. The wings gradually grew lighter toward the feather tips, the rich color of a late afternoon summer sky.

Although Dean could see that the wings were long overdue for some care, it occurred to him that all the bluebirds in the world should hang their head in shame before this majestic creature.

He struggled to find a response appropriate enough to fit the moment. “Castiel... Cas your wings are... You are... magnificent.”

Castiel’s expression softened and he looked at Dean gratefully. Grateful for accepting him as he is and for appreciating how revealing the true form of his wings was far more intimate than showing off the nudity of his body.

“Thank you, Dean.” Castiel’s eyes glistened as if the complement had moved him close to tears, “I’m very glad you like them.”

“Like them? That is the understatement of the century.” Dean said.

Dean realized he was aching to touch them, that he simply could not wait to be the lucky bastard who gets to pleasure an entity such as this by caring for those wonderful wings. Still dumbstruck, Dean walked toward him.

Castiel looked far more inhuman at this moment than he had in a long time. The curious tilt of the head as Dean approached, the skittish flutter of the giant wingspan. Dean knew he'd fallen in love with a hurricane in the shape of a man.

When Dean was close enough to reach out and touch Cas he asked, "So, this is something mates do?"

Castiel's demeanor changed, expecting rejection again. "Yes, Dean."

"Does this mean I can kiss you?" Dean asked with hope in his eyes.

Relief broke on Cas' face like the light of a swift dawn, "Yes of course, Dean. As you wish."

Dean chuckled softly at the reference and wondered if it was deliberate. He felt giddy as a schoolboy. His hand reached forward and slid around Cas' trim waist, resting on the curve of his back. He pulled them toward each other gently. Oh, he had longed for this moment, all this time. He wondered if Cas ever knew.

Dean gently slotted their lips together, savoring the first contact. He pressed soft kisses to Cas' lush pink mouth, his tongue exploring artfully until Castiel pulled him in tightly and kissed back with unabashed passion.

It was not long before Dean took advantage of his partner's state of undress as his hands wandered over smooth skin. He grasped and stroked the strong shoulders and back, then followed the curve down until he was caressing the firm flesh of Castiel's ass.

Castiel moaned against his lips and Dean's erection strained against the tight prison of his jeans. Never breaking the kiss, he attempted to shift and felt the unmistakable hardness of his partner's arousal against his own. This surprised him enough that he pulled away gasping to catch his breath.

Castiel searched his face with love-drunk eyes and asked him what was wrong.

"Absolutely nothing," Dean said, "but if we're going to do this I'm going to have to calm down and catch my breath. I'm about to get carried away."

Dean was rewarded with another dazzling smile, a kiss, and a murmured Enochian endearment in rich baritone.

Dean smiled back, asking "What did that mean?"

"I think you know," Castiel said demurely.

Dean winked at him and took his hand, "Come on, its time you showed me how to do this," he said as he led Cas to the bed.

Castiel perched gracefully on the bed with his wings spread wide, draping over the sides. Dean removed his shirt and popped open the buttons on his fly to give his erection some space. He arranged himself directly behind Cas, cross-legged and facing Castiel's wings. Dean watched the rippling back muscles shift as Cas settled in.

Dean snaked both arms around his trim waist and squeezed him in a reassuring hug. Cas leaned back, resting against Dean's chest. They stayed like that a few moments, the scent of Cas' hair was pleasant as Dean breathed more calmly than before.

He rested his chin on one shoulder and whispered against Cas' earlobe "Tell me what you need, baby" and a shudder rippled through Cas' body.

"Oh, you liked that didn't you?" Dean teased. He pressed a kiss to the earlobe and caught it between his teeth for a gentle love bite and Castiel keened his approval.

Dean had been hesitant about going there physically with Castiel for years, despite his pining and longing. Now that they had crossed that line, however, he was determined to rock Castiel's world any way he could.

It was no secret that Dean had great deal of experience, and prided himself on being 'a giver' when it came down to it. He could think of no one in the wide world that he'd rather indulge than Castiel. However, since there were some new physiological opportunities to explore, he asked for a little instruction.

Castiel replied hesitantly, shy for the first time this evening. "Well, if you were hypothetically grooming wings between mates, one would begin by clearing the loose molted feathers away from the strong living growth. Then you would groom those remaining feathers smooth, and finally use the oil produced at the glands to make them sleek."

"I think I can do that" Dean said against Cas' neck, punctuating the sentence with kisses pressed to the warm flesh and enjoying the way Castiel responded. Dean wanted nothing more than to reduce Castiel to a whimpering mess before this was all over. Dean loved to tease and he was looking forward to taking his time.

Hugging Castiel from behind allowed him to reach an expanse of beautiful golden skin, and his hands took a meandering tour over Castiel's torso, stroking and caressing.

"I can't wait to hear more about those glands. I believe you said something about them being sensitive like nipples?" Dean said, bringing his hands up Cas' chest to brush his thumbs against his exposed buds. "Like this?" Dean whispered.

A soft gasp escaped Cas' lips and he lay back heavily against Dean's chest as Dean slowly teased his nipples to hardness, sending jolts of pleasure throughout his body that led directly to his cock.

"Yes... or so I've heard" Castiel said shakily. He bit his bottom lip and groaned as Dean stroked lightly with his fingertips, toying with him to gauge his response.

Dean watched over Cas' shoulder as they hardened to stiff peaks beneath his deft fingers. Cas' cock swelled and lengthened. Dean smiled wickedly as Castiel's head lolled back against him.

"Well, you see this is something I know a little about" he whispered into Cas' ear. He tweaked the erect buds gently, bringing forth louder groans from Castiel. He had certainly



passed Dean's little sensitivity test.

Dean was already having the time of his life, watching Castiel lose his composure as he rolled his buds delicately between his fingers.

"You're nice and sensitive, I like that, I can work with that," Dean reached up and licked his thumb and forefinger of one hand, then the other. With wet fingers he descended on Cas' rosy buds again, ruthlessly teasing the erect tips. Castiel splayed out with his eyes squeezed shut in rapture.

Dean knew that one day soon he would lay Castiel out on a bed again to lick and suck these pretty pink buds until Castiel came untouched. He seemed sensitive enough for that, and Dean loved giving someone special that kind of orgasm, but he knew he had a task to accomplish before he let his angel finish today. He eased up gradually, until he was simply caressing Cas' chest.

"Dean, that was..." Castiel trailed off, his eyes still closed, brow furrowed.

"That was just a preview, sit up for me baby."

Cas hummed ruefully, clearly sorry to have the preview end, but scooted up so that Dean could inspect his wings closely.

"I got this," Dean said confidently. Castiel's breath began to calm as Dean cleared out all the old growth, placing the feathers in a light pile beside the bed to be cleared away later. He made quick work of it, considering the terrible shape they had been in at first. Castiel hummed his approval.

Dean carefully arranged the long flight feathers and discovered one of the impressive long ones was loose. He inspected it closely, and decided to keep it. He was not opposed to the idea of featherplay, and suddenly the concept seemed quite alluring.

"So, where are they?" Dean asked. Castiel startled slightly, having become quite relaxed while Dean worked.

"At the apex where each wing bends. Not where they would be on a bird, and quite different structurally," Castiel said.

Cas had that wide eyed, virgin-on-his-wedding-night aura about him that Dean had seen once before, that time when Dean tried to deflower him by proxy with the sex worker who had them both thrown out of the establishment. They had come so far since then.

"Here?" Dean asked, not quite touching them yet. Cas nodded. Dean gingerly brushed aside a few downy feathers and discovered the glands beneath.

"Can you, like, fold your wings in closer to you so they are easier to reach?"

"Of course," Castiel complied.

Dean marveled at the way the large appendages folded neatly behind Cas' back. They were so large they looked as if they would be ungainly, but he seemed to have absolute control over their movements.

Dean pondered the best way to go about it. There was more than one agenda here. From a practical viewpoint, the wings needed oil from these glands. He could simply squeeze or milk them or whatever he had to do to get that accomplished. However, Dean's real goal was to give Castiel as much pleasure as he rightfully deserved.

"How should I touch them? Do you know how the others do it? Like, for fun?"

"Theoretically, yes." Cas said, sounding unsure of himself.

"OK well, lets start logically. How do I get the oil out?"

Castiel glanced back at him, looking uncharacteristically bashful. In a rushed, quiet whisper he said, "It must be teased out."

"What?"

Castiel rolled his eyes and turned around a bit more, "They need stimulation, to produce and release the oil. It must be literally teased out of them. I'm afraid I have no experience to fall back upon." Castiel concluded sheepishly.

"Turn around and look at me," Dean said. Castiel turned enough to look him in the eyes. He saw the uncertainty, the vulnerability there. Cas quickly glanced away.

Dean gently placed a finger under Cas' chin and lifted it so that he looked into Dean's eyes once more.

"Don't worry Cas. I've got you. I've got enough experience for the both of us. This I can do. Just make sure to tell me if I do anything you don't like. Okay?" Dean said earnestly.

"Okay," Castiel promised him.

"Turn back around."

Dean thought for a moment how to best put Cas at ease. He began by kissing along his shoulders, trailing over his neck, sucking lightly at an earlobe whenever one was within reach. Cas' tenseness softened quickly. His body language spread out invitingly, and he made soft sounds of approval when Dean did something that pleased him.

Dean decided to warm him up a bit more by relying on what he knew worked, Dean's hands caressed their way back to Cas' chest. He found Cas' nipples already hard and treated them to gentle tweaks and light tugging until Castiel was blissed out and softly calling his name.

"That's good baby. That's real good. Nice and ready for me," Dean crooned. He pulled back and let his hands find the wing joints, and began massaging the nubs experimentally.

Cas let out a sudden deep moan that surprised him. Clearly that area was even more sensitive than he had thought. Dean brushed aside the downy feathers that partially covered the glands for better access. He wasn't sure what to do next, looking down at the joints where the wings were neatly folded.

Dean decided he would just have to follow his instincts, so he lowered his head and pressed a gentle kiss to a gland, then flicked his tongue across it.

*"Deeean!"* Castiel called out emphatically.

Dean was feeling quite encouraged, so he shifted his attention to the other wing. He placed a gentle kiss on the gland there and flicked his tongue lightly over the sensitive organ.

*"Oh, Fuck!"* Castiel groaned, his voice even more deep and gravely than usual.

"I think I'm going to like this," Dean said, grinning at his new discovery. He stroked the nub, testing for response, and Castiel whimpered.

He tried it again with both hands, rubbing the glands with his fingertips. A shudder ran through Cas' body, strong enough for Dean to feel it. Oh hell, Dean could get used to this.

He grasped the long bone of each wing just below the bend to keep his hands steady and positioned his thumbs directly above Cas' sweet spots. He descended on the nubs, rubbing in slow circles with the pads of his thumbs. Castiel cried out his name again, louder and more desperate than ever.

Dean seemed to have really hit the spot this time. Castiel was making the most delicious sounds, moaning and gasping as if he was getting the most stellar blow job imaginable. Dean immersed himself completely in the task of pleasuring Castiel, his own arousal still present but forgotten.

*"Yes! Oh, fuck Dean yes, like that. Please don't stop."* Cas begged when Dean began to really bare down, rubbing away firmly until the angel was sobbing out unintelligible cries of bliss.

It was then that Dean realized that his thumbs were gliding over the sensitive glands far more easily than before. He saw a glistening sheen spreading across his hands as they worked Castiel into a frenzy.

Dean wondered what he should do, Cas was obviously so helplessly turned on it would be cruel to stop, but he had to get the oil onto his wings somehow. He wondered how it was usually done. One thing he was sure of, Castiel was far too incoherent to explain, and Dean wanted to make him come so hard he couldn't see straight. Cas deserved that, and Dean was determined to give it to him.

The solution turned out to be quite simple. He pulled away one hand, and quickly descended on the slick gland with his mouth, kissing and teasing it with his lips. Castiel's moan at that moment was probably the most wonderful thing Dean had ever heard. It was low and raw and primal, and trailed off into rapturous endearments in Enochian. Dean hoped he remembered that sound for the rest of his life.

With his free hand he stroked oil over the wing as he continued to tease the gland with his lips. The oil had a faint taste, but it was not unpleasant. It was not much different from going down on someone you really cared for, and Dean began to experiment with his tongue. He licked the nub delicately, and when Castiel responded with another string of broken Enochian, Dean knew he had him exactly where he wanted him.

He stroked the wing until he was sure every feather was properly oiled as he teased the slick gland with the tip of his tongue. He indulged Cas like this for a long while, then brought his wayward hand back to stroke the nub he had been mercilessly pleasuring with his tongue, ready to switch sides.

He made sure both hands were back in place before lifting his mouth from its task. He licked his lips and looked at the state Castiel was in, smiling proudly when he saw his raging hard erection, the slit dripping with fluid, the shaft a beautiful ruddy hue tending toward purple.

He moved his hand to the other wing, and pressed his lips to the other nub. A few firm kisses and soon he was lapping at it and flicking his tongue over it with enthusiasm. Castiel moaned deliriously, growing louder and more insistent.

The only word Dean could make out in English was his own name, growled out in an absolutely wrecked tone of pure debauchery. He kept Castiel there on the edge of bliss as he stroked the oil all over that wing.

Eventually he was satisfied that he had done a good job of fixing Castiel's little wing problem. He stopped oiling the feathers and redoubled his efforts on the glands, basking in Castiel's reaction as he writhed helplessly in his lap.

He decided it was now the perfect time for Castiel to reach the big finish, and he already knew exactly what he wanted to do. He wrapped his lips around the nub he had been teasing and gently sucked the tip, reaching his oil slicked hand around to grasp Castiel's rock solid cock.

With a gentle squeeze he began, stroking from head to root and back again. Castiel reached back a hand and squeezed Dean's leg encouragingly, clearly beyond words but desperate for the release Dean offered.

Dean stroked him languidly, gradually picking up speed. He knew Castiel had been at the edge for ages, but he did not want this new way of pleasuring him to be over too quickly.

Castiel's response was to fall in sync with his movements. Endearments and encouragement fell from his lips like blessings. His thrusts matched each stroke as he moved sinuously and seamlessly with Dean's ministrations.

Dean gripped him tightly, the oil allowing for the perfect balance of slip and friction. They moved as one and the feeling built and built.

Castiel's hand began to lose its grip on his thigh and falter, the rhythm of his hips stuttered, every muscle in his body flexing beautifully. All the while Dean sucked and licked those erogenous glands, mouth deliriously wandering to make sure each got the proper attention.

His slick fingers slid over Cas' cock reverently, as if he were polishing a sacred artifact. The rosy skin gleamed as the heavy cock twitched in Dean's hand.

Dean let his other hand roam across Castiel's chest, moving from one erect nipple to the other. He used the oil on his fingers to soothe the overstimulated buds, toying with them the way he now knew Cas could not resist.

He then heard his angel whisper "*Oh, fuck yes.*"

Unabashed, filthy moans of ecstasy escaped Castiel's lips as his cock twitched violently in Dean's hand. Long ribbons of white spurted from the slit. Slow and deliberate, Dean's fingers caressed the shaft, squeezing gently, milking every drop of exquisite pleasure from Castiel as he gasped and shuddered and finally collapsed back onto Dean's chest.

Dean wrapped his arms around him and held him. Several minutes passed before Castiel seemed lucid again.

"Thank you, Dean," Castiel said softly.

"So how was it? Was it everything the other angels said it would be?"

"I would elaborate, but there simply aren't words worthy of describing it" Castiel said, his voice tinged with wonder.

"You are very skilled" Castiel ventured.

"Ya big old softie, I bet you say that to all the humans." Dean replied.

Castiel smiled serenely and said "I will say this, because you have given me the greatest pleasure I have ever known, it would be an honor if you allowed me to return the favor. I promise to be as diligent as you were."

"I'd love to Cas, but I'm fresh out of wings."

"Who said anything about wings?" Castiel said, lifting one brow suggestively.

"Well, I'm sure I could think of something," Dean replied, smiling broadly.

## End Notes

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