

A Room Of One's Own

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/1417834) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/1417834>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Supernatural
Relationship:	Castiel/Dean Winchester
Additional Tags:	Masturbation , Porn Watching , Anal Play , Shameless Smut , Humor , Bunker , Frottage , Bunny Ears , Toast , Disco , Free Awesome Blow Jobs , And No Emotions , Well Maybe Some Emotions , Anal Sex , Impala Sex , Blow Jobs , Wing Kink But A Little Different , Advanced Cuddling , Smut , Fluff and Smut , Gratuitous Smut , Angst and Fluff and Smut , Porn , Porn with Feelings
Language:	English
Collections:	The Destiel Fan Survey Favs Collection , I Don't Have Favorites But If I DID... , BestOfTheBestFanfics , LOVEIT , ProfoundBond Fic Recs , All Time Favorites , Destiel , FAVORITES TO REREAD , worth it , Angel's Supernatural favorites
Stats:	Published: 2014-04-05 Completed: 2014-05-18 Words: 94,118 Chapters: 18/18

A Room Of One's Own

by [NorthernSparrow](#)

Summary

All Dean wants is a little privacy. Cas doesn't understand.

Natural Curiosity

A/N - Explicit Dean/Cas. This is set in a season-8-ish world: Purgatory was not all that long ago, Sam and Dean have moved into the bunker, Cas still has his wings.

The really great thing about the bunker was the *privacy*.

Not that Dean had really minded having to share the endless string of motel rooms with Sam. They'd grown up like that; they were used to it. Sam and Dean actually worked pretty well as roommates, in fact. Over the years they'd worked out a set of reasonable compromises about room clutter and whose stuff went where and so on, and they usually managed not to get on each other's nerves too often. And they knew each other's quirks.

And, of course, one of those "quirks", kind of a big one actually, was each other's, well... personal habits. Or to put it more bluntly: they had learned to give each other enough privacy to jerk off.

Rather like a pair of college roommates, they'd wordlessly worked out a compromise schedule without ever quite openly discussing it. Showers were a given, of course; that gave each of them a guaranteed jerk-off moment each morning. And if either one of them got in the habit of two or three showers a day, or took an unusually long shower, you just *didn't ask* for details, now, did you?

In addition to the morning showers (and sometimes evening showers), Sam would usually go running at least once a day, which gave Dean a good solid hour alone. Sam was diligent about not returning home before the hour was up, even if he was only really doing a half-hour run. Once Sam was back from his run Dean would usually go out for a walk, or head to a nearby bar for a drink before dinner, to give Sam a good solid evening hour as well.

A guy just needed some time alone, you know? And young healthy guys needed some time alone a couple times a day. Minimum!

It worked okay, but there were definitely times when a guy kind of craved a room of his own.

So when they found the bunker, it was... *bliss*. Sheer bliss. Yeah, the layers of warding were nice. Yeah, the library was pretty damn cool. The kitchen was good. The old cars were nice. But best of all was the *privacy*. They each had their own bedroom!

Privacy! Hour after hour after hour of it, uninterrupted!

Without any discussion about it, Dean and Sam both quietly selected bedrooms that were just far enough apart that soft sounds (like, oh, the occasional moan or grunt or something) wouldn't be heard. Dean (and Sam, no doubt) was highly practiced at the Completely Silent Orgasm, of course, as was anybody who'd grown up in shared housing, but it was *really* nice to not have to really stress about the occasional soft gasp right at the end. That heartstopping

moment, right as the orgasm really crested... and right when the first spurts were coming out... it was damn hard to keep quiet then.

At last... some privacy for one's gasps and grunts. In a room of one's own.

There hadn't been any internet in the bunker at first, so internet porn wasn't an option right away. Instead Dean spent the entire first week in the bunker just holed up in his room almost full time, working his way repeatedly through his stack of girlie mags.

Later that week Sam had called Dean into the back of the library, laughing. Sam pointed to the back of a dusty filing cabinet. Dean peered over a rack of dusty old files to see a stack of vintage Playboys and Penthouses wedged in the back of the Men of Letters files. Dean let out a guffaw.

"Guess even Men of Letters had needs," Sam said. "And check out how tame it all looks now!" He picked the top magazine up and riffled it, and it fell open instantly to the centerfold. "Almost as if somebody's had this open there before..." said Sam, unfolding an old-style pinup of a smiling naked girl straddling a motorcycle. "It's so totally old school. Looks almost innocent compared to what we've got available online now."

"Yeah, practically tame," said Dean, taking the magazine and flipping through a few more pages. "Oh," he said, for the next few pictures were of the girl sprawled suggestively across the hoods of a couple of classic old cars. No Impala, but ... Hm.

"Can't believe they got off on these," said Sam.

"Yup." said Dean. "So..... uh... maybe I'll just take them for research, you know?"

Sam snorted. "Not so fast. I get half."

Turned out those quaint old-fashioned girlie mags had a certain charm.

A week or two later, Sam managed to rig up a high speed wi-fi connection (the 50's bunker wiring hadn't been exactly internet-ready, but Sam somehow got a cable guy to hook in cable to the top of the building, and Sam took it from there.) The second Sam got the wifi router running, Sam and Dean both disappeared into their respective rooms for nearly another solid week.

Yup, thought Dean several times that week; the really great thing about the bunker was the *privacy*.

One night not long after, Dean announced to Sam that he was "going to bed early" because he "felt sleepy."

It was Dean's usual excuse. Sam just snorted and said, "Right, Dean. Just don't you dare let me hear anything." Dean knew he wasn't fooling Sam — and Sam never fooled him, either — but a guy had to keep up appearances, you know?

Dean strolled off to his room with the last of a bottle of scotch tucked under his arm. Once in the room he locked the door — *god*, a bedroom door that actually locked! Then he kicked off his shoes, shucked his pants and underwear off so that he was down to just his t-shirt, and settled down on his bed.

He took a minute to get organized: a few Kleenexes and a little towel on his right; bottle of lube within arm's reach; pillows stacked just right; skin mags on one side; laptop up on another pillow on his left side so he could see it easily; earbuds ready; everything in a nice position, so he could easily replay a video with his left hand. Cause, you know, his right hand would be busy. Dean had always been of the opinion that it was worth the little bit of extra effort to get everything comfortably arranged at the beginning. So that you could really concentrate, right?

Let's see now, thought Dean, *what'll it be tonight?* Classic skin mags, modern skin mags, or laptop? He took a swig of the scotch, set his glass down on the side table by his gun, and decided to start out online. He got the earbuds in and started flicking through one of his favorite sites, typing in some random keywords and trying to ignore the awful music the website was playing. Almost immediately one of the Kleenexes drifted over onto the keyboard and made him do a typo - "massive tits" became "massise tits," which the website autocorrected to "masseuse tits," which turned out to be really not a bad phrase at all to search on. Next thing Dean knew, he was on a blundering tour through a few bizarre massage-related fetishes he'd never even thought of before. ("Pencils? ... really?" Dean muttered at one point. "That just doesn't look comfortable." And later: "Oh, wow, I did *not* need to know you could get a turtle in there.") And eventually he found a couple new vids that really were pretty damn hot.

Dean liked to think of his sexual tastes as being the ideal balance of kink and classic. But when you got right down to it (thought Dean) he really just had good ol' redblooded-American-male tastes. Straight-guy tastes, really. Just a hot girl with nice tits would do it, really. Like, here - here was a good video - a hot masseuse girl with nice tits. Yeah, that's all it took. A hot girl with nice tits, sucking off some guy's cock. That was nice. (Dean started palming his own cock, squeezing it gently, occasionally reaching further down to roll his balls gently back and forth in his hand. His cock was rising slowly to half-mast, getting heavier.) A hot girl with nice tits... sucking off a nice cock. Yeah. *Yeah*.

This video had no cheesy background music, but just natural sounds: gasps and groans and slurping noises. All the soft, wet, delicious noises of a great blow job. Dean noticed that the cock in the video, the cock the girl was blowing, seemed to belong to some dude who was tied to the massage table. After a while the video zoomed out so you could see the whole situation, the guy looking kinda... well, kinda helpless really, in sort of a hot way though; sort of squirming, his chest heaving with gasps now and then. (Dean's cock was getting pretty hard now, and Dean started doing long strokes.) Then there were a few closeups of the cock; the masseuse girl had taken her mouth off it, and was just teasing the cock with the tip of her tongue now, flicking it. Flick. Flick. Flick. The guy's cock twitched each time that tongue came flicking forward. And, *oh hey*, an *even closer* view of the cock, super close up; Dean could see pre-cum starting to dribble out.... and...

.... and somehow Dean found himself watching a solid six minutes of that closeup on that cock, watching that cock in the video just getting thicker and longer, watching it seeping more and more pre-cum.

(Dean occasionally did find himself looking at cocks in porn videos; it was just natural curiosity, right? Just natural curiosity. It was just sorta interesting, now and then, to check out another guy's junk... to see what other guys looked like when they came...to see how much come came out... what kind of sounds they made... Of course, it was all just for comparison purposes, really. Just natural curiosity.)

The video cut back to the overall view and the guy was really squirming now. The girl kept alternating tactics: swallowing the cock down; wrapping one or both hands around it; flicking him ruthlessly with her tongue. And yeah, she was a hot girl with nice tits, and that was nice, but Dean just couldn't help *also* noticing the *dude*, how turned on that dude was, how the dude was writhing around, straining at the ties that were holding him to the table, starting to twist his hips from side to side, starting to let out tiny little groans. Then there was one more closeup of the cock. The dude seemed to actually be arching up off the table now. The girl's tongue came out for one more flick, the cock seemed to swell more ...

And... whoa, the guy was coming! Dean watched, rapt, fascinated, his eyes glued to the screen. He watched the spurts of come shooting out, watching the guy's cock twitching hard with each spurt, listened to the guy's choked gasps.

Just natural curiosity.

Dean lubed his hand up a little more, wrapped his hand tightly around his cock and sped up a little. God, the *wonderful* wet, slick feeling of a well-lubed hand. Damn, Dean was getting close... he just needed... just the right scene... but the video had ended....

Then Dean found himself clicking the video back to just before the guy came, and accidentally watched the guy writhing around again. He accidentally watched the cock spurting again. Accidentally listened to the guy's moans again, tugging on his own cock the whole time. Stroking the whole shaft with his lube-slicked hand, long strokes along the whole length; caressing the head; running his thumb over the slit... feeling that coil of heat start to flare at the base of his spine. Getting close now, starting to really feel it heat up, feeling the wave build; and —

Damn! The video had ended again.

Dean clicked back *again*, really intending to watch the girl's tits now, but he accidentally ended up watching the dude's cock yet again, and watching the dude build up toward orgasm again. The guy in the video let out those little choked groans again, and Dean's cock gave a sympathetic twitch and a big drop of pre-cum swelled out of the slit at the tip. Dean couldn't help letting out a soft groan too, "mMMmmm..." It just felt so damn good.

He sped up his hand and... *ahhh*, the guy on the screen was coming, those big spurts just flying right out of that cock, those *huge spurts*, *jesus*; Dean's cock gave a huge twitch and another drop of pre-cum welled out, oh god, *so close now*, Dean's hand sped up more, short sharp strokes now, just below the head; the video ended again and he clicked it back; the guy

in the video was spurting again and Dean couldn't help grunting softly, "Nnnhh!", *so damn close!* — and a rough gravelly voice from just a few feet away said:

"Are you going to ejaculate soon?"

Castiel was standing right next to the bed.

Dean practically jumped a foot off the bed as he tried to do three things all in a millisecond: cover himself up, slam the laptop closed and grab his gun from the side table. A split second later he realized he didn't actually need the gun, but he sure as hell needed to cover up because goddam sneaky Castiel, apparently the most perverted angel in the garrison, had somehow materialized in the room without Dean noticing, and Cas had been standing all of THREE GODDAM FEET AWAY, right at the edge of the bed. Cas had been on Dean's *right* side, the side away from the laptop; Dean hadn't seen him; and Cas had apparently been watching *everything*.

"WHAT. THE. FUCK!" Dean spat out, just barely managing to keep his voice low enough to not alert Sam, while also yanking the bedspread over himself, and scrambling wildly across the bed away from Cas, the earbuds falling out of his ears. The laptop and half of the pillows fell to the floor, and then Dean fell right off the bed himself.

"Well, are you?" said Cas, while Dean flailed around on the floor, tangled in the bedspread. Cas added, "I've been waiting but it seems to be taking some time. Does it normally take this long?"

Dean managed to lurch to his feet, clutching the bedspread around him, gasping with shock and feeling so fucking *scorched* with humiliation that he about wanted to grab the gun after all just to shoot himself.

Cas was just standing there on the opposite side of the bed as cool as a cucumber, goddam trenchcoat and blue tie and the whole ensemble, looking completely unfazed. He didn't even seem to notice there was anything particularly wrong. He said calmly, "I'm sorry if I startled you. It seemed you might be getting close to ejaculation, so I thought I would ask. Just to see how much longer it might take."

Dean finally had the bedspread wrapped fully around his waist. The adrenaline was still surging through him, his heart *hammering*, and his goddam idiot cock didn't seem to know whether that meant to get harder or get softer. So it was at a weird in-between half-mast now and Dean was having to fucking try and hide his hard-on. Which was pretty damn pointless given that Cas had just been *watching Dean jerking off* and... holy shit, how much had he seen? Dean mentally rewound the last fifteen minutes, desperate, frantically trying to convince himself that this wasn't as disastrous as it seemed... maybe Cas had just showed up a few seconds before he'd spoken? But he'd said that terrifying phrase about "I've been waiting but it seems to be taking some time..."

Hold on a sec...

...holy shit... the fucking Kleenex ... THE KLEENEX!

The Kleenex drifting onto the keyboard! *FUCK! That had been the wind from Cas arriving!* That was at the *beginning!* That was before Dean had even found the video!

Cas must have seen *absolutely everything* and... yeah, this was pretty damn disastrous. This was supernova-scale disastrous.

After a few wordless gasps, Dean burst out with, "God fucking DAMMIT, Cas, *what the fuck is wrong with you?* You've been standing there *watching?*" He was still desperately trying to keep his voice low enough so that Sam wouldn't hear. "Haven't you ever heard of friggin' PRIVACY? I thought I explained this to you ages ago!"

"Explained what?" said Cas, frowning.

Dean hissed, as loud as he dared, "Not to FRIGGIN' INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING!" He waved a hand at the bed and added, incoherently, "When I'm in the m-middle ... of... when I'm ... when I'm... doing... when... I told you YEARS ago, Cas! And I told you to always say something when you show up! What the HELL?! I mean, *what the friggin' hell, Cas?!*"

"Oh," said Cas, nodding. "I see. Well, first, I did say hello but you didn't hear me. I think those little devices in your ears may have been playing music, perhaps? And, also, what you told me before, when we first met years ago, was not to come into the motel bathrooms. Your exact words, as I recall, were 'Do not frigging come into the frigging bathroom without a frigging express invitation, you frigging pervert.' You didn't mention it was specifically related to masturbation. I didn't realize at the time that you might have been masturbating." Cas paused, glancing at the bed in thought, and added, "I think I understand now. Should I infer then that you were accustomed, back then, to masturbating in motel bathrooms, but that now you masturbate in this room? The bunker offers more possible locations, I suppose?"

Dean gaped at him. A few moments ticked by; Cas was just staring right at him, without even the slightest *hint* of embarrassment, apparently just awaiting an answer.

Dean finally said, "We are not having this conversation. I refuse to believe that we are having this conversation." He tried to wrap the bedspread around himself in a more clothes-like way, sort of like a toga. Except it turned out his damn cock was for some reason still at half-mast and he became nervously aware that it was still going to make too much of a bulge. So he gave up on the toga idea and had to sort of bunch the bedspread up right in front of him. "I don't friggin' *believe* this is *even happening*," he muttered to himself.

Cas sighed, and said, spreading his hands as if he were a bit baffled, "Dean. I see I've upset you. Forgive me for not having an intuitive understanding of this, but, you seem to forget sometimes, I'm truly *not* human. And I truly don't understand what it is you're upset about."

Just then Dean heard a tinny little grunting noise and Cas looked down at Dean's feet. Dean glanced down in horror at the laptop. On the plus side, it seemed to be undamaged; on the minus side, it was somehow playing that fucking video all over again and that damn dude was about to come again.

Dean slammed the laptop shut with his foot, and closed his eyes, and took a deep breath.

After a moment Dean opened his eyes. He said slowly, through gritted teeth, "Don't... EVER... do that again."

Cas frowned. "You'll need to be a little more specific," he said. "Are you talking about this room in particular, or the bunker in general, or, specifically masturbation no matter what room you may do it in, or —"

Dean put a hand up and said "STOP." Cas stopped, frowning again.

"Just don't... *interrupt* me," Dean said, struggling to even say the words, "if I'm... if I'm... just *please don't interrupt me*... if ... I'm... "

"Masturbating?"

"Y-yes," Dean choked out.

"All right," Cas said, nodding. "I won't interrupt you when you're masturbating. You can continue. I won't interrupt."

Cas gestured to the bed.

"What?" said Dean.

"Continue," said Cas. "I won't interrupt."

"Continue?"

"Continue masturbating," said Cas. Dean blinked at him. Cas gave him a slightly exasperated look and said, "Isn't that what you meant? You had not yet achieved orgasm, correct? I gather that means you wish to continue, without me interrupting, until you have an orgasm. Right? So, continue."

Cas gestured to the bed again.

Dean was speechless for a moment.

Dean finally managed to say, "*With you here?*"

"I don't mind," said Cas. "I can wait. I just wanted to tell you about a possible case, but it can wait a few more minutes." He looked at Dean inquiringly. "Do you have an estimate of how many more minutes it will take?"

There was a long pause.

Dean finally said, "Cas, you know what, it's going to take a very long time now. You better just leave."

Cas nodded. "All right. I'll return in an hour, how about that?"

"Sure, that sounds good. And Cas?"

"Yes?"

"If you ever mention this to *anybody, especially Sam*, EVER, *I will fucking kill you*," said Dean. "And don't you ever just fucking *watch* me like that. Don't just *watch* me, EVER again. Got it?"

Cas frowned. "No need to be rude, Dean. I merely wanted to alert you to a case. I'll be back in an hour." And with a faint flutter of wings, he was gone.

A Kleenex drifted across the bed.

Dean spent the next ten minutes sitting with his head in his hands, and the half hour after that getting drunk.

A/N - Think this is the last time Dean'll get "interrupted"?

Nah, me neither.

edit: so, some people have missed that there are more chapters. There's a bunch more! Just click "Next." :)

edit2: I am waaaaay behind on replying to comments. But I promise you, I absolutely read every single one (usually the second it arrives) and your comments absolutely make my day. So please leave a comment if you have a moment! I really appreciate it!

Cas Follows Instructions

Castiel showed up, as promised, precisely one hour after he'd left Dean's room. Dean was jittery with nervousness by then (and also slightly drunk) and kept pacing around the kitchen. But when Cas finally showed up, Cas didn't say a thing about what had happened an hour earlier. He just called Sam in from the library, and told them both about a possible case. Apparently there'd been a set of strange deaths in an Iowa town a half-day's drive away.

The whole time they were all talking about the damn Iowa case, Dean was petrified that Cas might let something slip to Sam. Plus there was a distinct lingering air of, well, *soul-crushing humiliating embarrassment*, pretty much, that was making it nearly impossible for Dean to even look Cas in the eye. But Cas didn't say a thing about it, and barely talked to Dean at all. He just got into a long discussion with Sam about the Iowa murders.

Dean ended up spending the entire conversation just staring at the floor with his arms crossed, while Sam and Cas talked about the case.

Cas took off shortly afterwards, without even a glance at Dean. Whew.

Sam was looking at him a little funny, though.

"Something wrong?" Sam asked.

"No," said Dean sharply, marching over to the kitchen counter and grabbing some bread, just to give himself something to do.

"You're acting a little weird. You didn't say a single damn word to Cas. You and Cas have another argument or something? It's not that thing again, is it?"

"That thing" was shorthand for "that time when Cas mysteriously reappeared from Purgatory and then nearly killed Dean and even broke his arm, but then healed him up again, but then ran away with the angel tablet, and it turned out Cas was brainwashed, and Cas was really sorry but Dean was pissed at him for a while anyway." *That* thing. Which, yeah, had been bad. But that had sort of faded into the past, pretty much.

"Nothing's wrong," said Dean, jamming two pieces of bread roughly into the toaster.
"Everything's fine."

"Well, whatever," said Sam, shrugging. "Just checking because, you know, I don't really want to have to tiptoe around you two again. It's kind of exhausting when you guys have one of your weird breakups or whatever."

"EVERYTHING'S FINE," said Dean loudly, slamming a peanut butter jar down on the countertop.

Sam raised an eyebrow. After a little pause he said, "Why'd you come back out here, anyway? Thought you'd be holed up in your room all night."

"Jesus Christ, Sam, do you have to grill me about *every damn thing*?" said Dean, spinning around to glare at him. "So I wanted a peanut butter sandwich! Is that so crazy?"

"No, no. Of course not." Sam shrugged. "Whatever. Just checking." He yawned. "I'm heading to bed myself. Feeling kind of... sleepy." He grinned at Dean, and Dean was instantly mortified, convinced Sam *knew somehow* and was about to start howling with laughter. But Sam just walked out of the room. Presumably to go jerk off in his own room, but without a goddam friggin' angel hovering over him watching every single mortifying moment with that damned angel-laser-stare.

It just wasn't fair.

They did go to Iowa, and spent a few nights in a motel there. The case was pretty simple (it turned out to be a vengeful-spirit) and they wrapped it up quickly. But the whole time they were there, Dean found he couldn't even get through his usual morning jerk-off session, even when he was safely in the motel shower. He just felt so damn rattled, he couldn't seem to jerk off *at all*.

He wasn't actually worried that Cas would zoom in on him again. (Well... not very worried.) Cas was usually pretty cooperative about following Dean's various little house rules. It was more just the knowledge that Cas had *seen everything*. Cas had seen *every single stage* of Dean's jerk-off routine. He'd seen Dean picking out a video, slowly getting aroused, getting more and more turned on...

And Cas must also have seen exactly which video Dean had chosen. And which parts of it he'd been watching over and over. Dammit. Why, oh why, had Dean happened to be watching a video of a ... well, a *dude*, on that particular night, of all nights?

God friggin' dammit... it was just too fucking humiliating.

Dean and Cas had spent quite a lot of time together of course, and there'd always been a certain... tension in the air, you could say. Dean had thought sometimes that, back in Purgatory, if Benny hadn't always been around, maybe he and Cas might have... might have....

But Benny had always been around. And something about the Purgatory air just seemed to suck the libido right out of a guy, anyway.

And then there'd just been so much crap afterward, with Cas being brainwashed or reprogrammed or whatever the hell you wanted to call it...

Their friendship had never really gotten back to what it had once been. Whatever strange tension Dean had once felt with Cas, back in the days of the Apocalypse, seemed to have dissipated since, during the sad series of betrayal, near-death, amnesia, coma, insanity, Purgatory, and brainwashing that Cas had been through since. Dean was glad Cas was back, of course. It was kind of miraculous, actually, that he'd managed to put himself back together at all, after all that. It was good to have him around again.

But they'd never quite gotten back to what they'd had.

Or rather, what they *might* have had. They'd never really had a damn thing, come right down to it.

And why was Dean even thinking about this? Cause the truth was that Dean was a just a straightforward red-blooded American guy. Perfectly straight. A guy who liked hot chicks with nice tits. *Definitely not* a guy who liked fallen angels who were wearing decidedly male vessels. No matter how intriguing that male vessel was; no matter how blue the eyes, how piercing the gaze, no matter how soft that dark hair looked, no matter how "profound" the "bond" with the strange creature who was looking out at him from inside. (And was Cas even male at all? Or was he some kind of asexual creature... or maybe bisexual? ... *Stop it, stop it, stop thinking about it!*, Dean chastised himself.) No. No. Sure Dean might watch a video or two of a dude, just for kicks, but he was sure he could never *really* be into any guy for real. Or a male vessel, either. He was sure about that. He was totally sure.

Well... he was pretty sure.

A whole nother week went by, and they were back at the bunker now, and Dean still hadn't jerked off at all since the episode with Cas. He'd gone cold turkey for a full two weeks before finally the itch at his groin got too intense, and at last Dean tentatively fired up the laptop again. This time he set himself up in a chair wedged in the corner, and he didn't use his earbuds, just to be extra certain that Cas wouldn't sneak up on him.

And this time Dean also diligently looked for "lesbian porn" only. Girl-on-girl. Lesbian porn, of course, was as straight as it gets (for a dude viewer, at least). Absolutely no cocks in sight!

In his long-ago youth, girl-on-girl action had usually been fairly reliable for Dean to get off to. But in recent years its allure seemed to have sort of faded. The video he found tonight was okay, but somehow it didn't seem to really have that spark. Dean did get a decent enough hard-on but just couldn't seem to make himself finish. Which was weird, given that it had been a couple weeks.

Until suddenly he thought, *Cas could be invisible. He could be watching me right now.*

The moment that thought crossed Dean's mind, he was hit immediately by a hot wave of bizarrely mixed emotions: embarrassment and nervousness and ... sort of a weirdly nice rush of adrenaline too... and... maybe a tinge of fear?... but also, strange, *excitement*... and ... an image popped into his mind of Castiel possibly standing right here by Dean's chair, invisible maybe, but *watching Dean's erect cock*. Just friggin' standing there *watching*.

Staring. That amazingly relentless laser stare that Cas had.

Dean pictured Cas right here in the room with him, staring at Dean's cock. And immediately Dean felt his cock stiffen, felt his balls tighten, and then he was gasping, and then he was *coming*. Holy shit. Coming hard, too. Fast sharp jolts of semen, shooting out so suddenly he barely got the Kleenex into position in time to catch most of it.

"Okay, that was fucking bizarre," he muttered to himself afterwards, wadding up the damp Kleenex. It was completely drenched and hadn't even caught it all; it had been a pretty sizeable load. One spurt had even escaped the Kleenex and had hit the laptop screen. As Dean mopped it up with yet another Kleenex, he realized he hadn't even been watching the laptop. He hadn't noticed the end of the girl-on-girl video; he'd had his eyes closed.

Because he'd been thinking about Castiel.

What the hell is wrong with me? Dean wondered.

I'm just getting my wires crossed, he thought. I'm just still a little mixed up. Cas just confused me, is all. Wasn't even really his fault, he just showed up in the wrong room on the wrong night and he confused me. That's all.

"Dammit, Cas," he muttered. "Get out of my head."

Quite a few days went by before Dean dared jerk off again.

A week later Dean finally felt a little more normal. He hadn't seen Cas in a few weeks now, which was good; it kind of took the edge off all of it. Dean was even starting to think he'd maybe overreacted. So Cas had gotten an eyeful of Dean's jerk-off routine; so what? Cas probably didn't give a damn anyway. He wasn't even human. He'd been on earth for millennia; he'd seen humans having sex before, and, presumably, must have seen them jerking off now and then too. As long as Cas didn't mention anything to Sam, maybe it just was no big deal.

Dean finally got a little braver, and one night he made himself go right back to the laptop, and use it right on his bed again. Time to get back on the horse. It took a little while to relax, but eventually Dean got into it. He ended up messing around on the same website he'd been looking at the first time ... and, hm, right there in the "You might also like" section was a new video by that massage girl. Well, hell, time to banish the demons, right?

Dean clicked on it.

It was actually a pretty awesome video. This one started with the hot massage girl tying down the guy (a different guy this time), and then giving him a bit of a massage. A massage that concentrated on the balls and cock, of course. She was slicking up her hands with massage oil and it was actually pretty hot, hearing all those slurping noises and watching her hands slide around.

Then the girl pulled the guy's leg ties apart so that he was sort of spreadeagled. Hm. That was new.

She bent over the dude from the side (letting the camera get a clear view of the guy's crotch from the spread-eagle position) and went right into what looked like an amazing blowjob, really enthusiastic with lots of wet slurpy noises. She took his whole cock into her mouth... swallowed it all the way down... slurping up and down... worked her hand around the base.

She reached over to fondle the guy's balls and started playing with his asshole. And then sloooowly she slid some kind of little vibrating butt-plug thing right up the guy's ass.

Immediately the guy in the video began writhing, actually *shaking*, trembling all over, moaning nonstop, and precum began just friggin *pouring* from his cock. *it must be vibrating against his prostate*, Dean thought, fascinated. It almost looked like the cock was drooling actual come, but no, it was clearer, it must be pre-cum, but... the guy was sure acting like it was almost an orgasm. Almost.

Dean had totally forgotten all about his nervousness. His own cock was hard now, his hand was nicely slicked with lube, and he was just comfortably jerking his own cock, his hand halfway up the shaft, tugging firmly up and down, now and then giving it a good long stroke right to the head. It felt good. Back on the horse!

On the video, the girl had begun flicking the guy's cock with her tongue now. Kind of like in the first video: Flick, flick, flick. But this guy had a vibrator up his ass, so it was a bit of a different scene; and then the girl did two more things: she squeezed his balls gently with one hand, and she reached up with her other hand and pinched one of the guy's nipples. The dude let out an actual *scream*. Then she gently, slowly, pulled the weird little vibrator out. As it came sliding slowly out of his asshole, the guy screamed again, gave two huge panting gasps, and come began just *flying* out of his dick. Dean could actually see the dude's asshole spasming in time with the jolts of semen coming out of the cock.

Jesus that was fucking hot. Dean was pulling fast at his own dick now, which was swelling tighter and tighter. It was standing straight up, firm and hot and heavy. It was feeling *really* good, and it was all starting to build, starting to tingle, and Dean knew it was going to be an intense orgasm. It had been weeks, after all. Dean was due a good orgasm.

... but then the video ended.

Dean almost clicked back on the video to see the guy shooting again. But NO, this was exactly where things had gone wrong last time! No way was Dean going to jerk off again to another video of a dude coming! No way. He had to quit that. It was like some weird addiction, a bad habit he'd suddenly got into.

He resolutely closed that window and dug up the girl-on-girl video from last time... and immediately lost his momentum, his erection fading slightly.

Frustrated, Dean shut his eyes and tried to get there just by friction alone, just by the touch of his hand. But instantly he *thought* about the other video: the guy writhing in near-ecstasy as the vibrator had gone in, pre-cum dribbling down the dude's cock...

An image shot into his mind of Castiel. Cas... writhing in ecstasy.... what would that look like? Unflappable cool Cas, totally losing it? *That would be hot. That would be unbelievably hot.*

Whoa whoa whoa.

Stop that! Dean thought. *Stop that. No cocks. No dudes. And definitely no Cas. Think about girls. Girls!* He was *damn* close now, too, his cock positively twitching, but he forced himself to take his hand off his cock completely and just lie there a moment, not touching himself at all, trying to switch to a more appropriate fantasy.

Out of nowhere a hot, slick hand closed firmly around the shaft of his cock. Dean yelled and his eyes flew open and there was friggin' Castiel himself, live and in the flesh, bending right over Dean, and *holy fucking shit* Cas had his *hand* on Dean's *cock* and Cas *squeezed* and before Dean could speak or even fucking *move*, it was happening, dear god he was *coming*, a tremendously powerful orgasm spearing right through him like a lightning bolt. Jolts of come were just *instantly* flying out of his dick before Dean could do a damn thing. Thick white strings of come, just shooting out. Fast, sudden, breathlessly strong, completely unstoppable.

All Dean could do while it was happening was clutch at Cas's arm. He had a brief, faint thought to push Cas away, but ended up just hanging onto Cas's arm for dear life as the spasms rolled through him. And Cas was fucking *milking* him. Squeezing gently, sliding his hand up and down. Dean shuddered through it, clinging to Cas's arm with both hands, gasping, biting his lip, and trying desperately not to moan too loud.

The spurts finally faded into small dribbles, Dean's cock began to soften in Cas's hand, and Dean slumped back onto the bed as the last little twitches rippled through him. And then he lay there frozen, wide-eyed, blinking in shock, staring up at the ceiling, both hands still clamped on Cas's arm.

Did that actually just happen? Dean thought. He looked down. Cas's hand was still on Dean's cock.

Yes, that had actually just happened.

Castiel had just jerked Dean off.

Cas removed his hand, sat down on the edge of the bed, turned to look at Dean and said, "The case in Iowa appears to not be settled. There has been another death. I think there may be another vengeful spirit. I just thought you should know."

Dean took a long, slow breath, closed his eyes, and swallowed.

Dean said carefully, his eyes still closed, "You could have called to tell me that." He opened his eyes, still blinking up at the ceiling, totally unable to look at Castiel. Dean added, "There is this thing called a phone. You have one. I gave one to you."

Cas said, "Well, yes, but it's more reliable to just fly here and tell you in person. The phones don't always have good reception. Also, you don't always answer." At the expression on Dean's face, he began to look a little puzzled. He said, "Dean, is something wrong?"

Dean forced himself to meet Cas's eyes. Cas was just ... *looking* at him, that way he always did, that steady unblinking gaze.

"What ... The fuck," whispered Dean hoarsely, "*was* that?"

"Excuse me?" Cas looked genuinely puzzled.

"What did you just do?"

Cas frowned. "I helped you to ejaculate," he said. "I thought that was obvious."

Dean said, his voice almost breaking into a squeak, *"Why?"*

Cas was still looking puzzled. "You told me not to just watch," he explained. "Those were your exact words: Don't just watch me, you said."

Dean blinked.

"That's.... not...." Dean began. He took a breath, and made himself finish, "... that's not ... what I meant." He realized his hands were still clamped on Cas's arm, and had to make himself let go. Then Dean numbly reached for a Kleenex, and numbly began to wipe himself clean. He thought idly *I should probably cover myself up*, but there hardly seemed to be any point.

"Allow me," said Cas. He touched Dean on the cheek, that friggin' healing touch that he could do, and instantly all the spurts of come that had landed all over Dean's thighs and stomach were just.. *gone*. Dean sat up slowly, propping himself up with his arms behind him, and looked down at himself. The spurts of come were gone, and the dribbles that had leaked out of his cock at the end were gone, and even the sweat was gone, too, from all over Dean's body, and the lube that had gotten sort of smeared around his crotch. Everything was all cleaned up. Dean was fresh as a daisy.

Dean just sat there, staring down at his cock, which was completely soft now. There seemed to not be a single thought in his head.

Cas was studying Dean with a look of concern. He said, "Dean, are you normally like this after you ejaculate? You seem somewhat stunned." He went on, in a perfectly normal conversational tone, "You know, the Neanderthals used to recite poetry after sex. Are you going to do that? You have sort of the same look right now that they used to get."

"No... I'm.... NO," Dean said, shaking his head. "No poetry."

"Birds sing sometimes," remarked Cas. "After sex. Some of them sing post-copulatory songs."

"I'm not... going to... sing," said Dean, finding that it seemed to take an immense amount of concentration to put a sentence together. Probably due to the voice in his head that was chanting, *Cas just jerked me off, did that really just fucking happen?, Cas just jerked me off, did that really just fucking happen?* "No... singing. No poetry. Uh. Cas. You didn't say... you didn't say hello. When you flew in. You didn't say anything. I didn't know you were here."

Cas said, "You told me not to interrupt."

"Uh," said Dean. "Oh..."

"You said, don't interrupt, and don't just watch. Which meant, of course, you wanted me to assist you, but very quietly, right?"

"Actually," said Dean, "Uh... that isn't...what... I... " He trailed off into silence.

Cas went on, "I will admit I wasn't entirely sure why you wanted my involvement, but I was happy to assist."

Dean had gone totally mute.

"Feel free to call on me again," said Cas. "If I'm not busy with something else, I would be happy to assist. If you should have any difficulty ejaculating, just let me know."

This was getting so damn surreal that Dean was utterly unable to figure out how to explain to Cas what was wrong with this whole concept. "Okay," he finally managed to say. "Uh, Cas. Uh. Just for ... future reference, you should... you should really... ask people... before ... before you put a ... hand on their dick. You shouldn't just jump in ... and grab people's dicks... unannounced like that. It. Um. Startled me."

"Oh. I see. I took you by surprise? My apologies," said Cas, nodding. "I did notice that you jumped. Though possibly the surprise might have helped, don't you think? You seemed to respond quite suddenly. Very rapidly. Less than two seconds. There seemed to be good force and volume in the ejaculations, too. Anyway, what do you think about the Iowa case? Will you and Sam be able to go back, or should I deal with it? I could, but I've got some other issues to attend to."

Dean blinked, and looked up at Cas, still barely able to believe that he was really sitting here *completely fucking nude* next to a fully clothed Cas, who had just *jerked Dean off* and was now sitting on the edge of the bed chatting about the force of Dean's *frigging orgasm* as if he were discussing the goddam weather.

"Dean? What about Iowa?" Cas reminded him.

"We'll take care of it," said Dean.

"Excellent," said Castiel. He stood. "Dean, you do still look a little peculiar. Perhaps you should get some rest. The orgasm was acceptable, wasn't it? It was pleasurable?"

Dean said, "Yes."

"You're certain?"

"The orgasm was pleasurable," said Dean blankly. "I'm certain."

Cas looked relieved. "I just wanted to check. I haven't done that before, and I didn't want to let you down. I'll let you get some rest, then. Good luck in Iowa."

And he was gone.

A/N - And to think I'm the one who used to swear up and down that I would never, ever, ever, ever write Supernatural slash. It is a slippery damn slope, my friends.

Please leave a review if you're liking this!

Dean Takes A Shower

Dean lay on the bed for a long time after Cas left, just staring up at the ceiling.

Over the years, Dean had had his share of odd sexual adventures. Including a few embarrassing ones, and the occasional "surprise sex" moment with an unexpected partner that had left him a bit confused. He usually was able to just tuck it away in the Weird Stories file and get on with his life.

But this was *Cas*. He couldn't just tuck it away.

He couldn't tuck it away because...

... because Cas was important.

The oddest thing was that he couldn't even figure out whether this *completely bizarre* new development was a horrific screwup of colossal proportions, or just a neutral bump in the road. Because, thing was, Cas's attitude had been so inhumanly matter-of-fact. Maybe jerking off a friend really didn't mean anything much to Cas? Maybe he viewed it as just another odd human physical quirk. Like eating and sleeping — things he knew about, and had seen occasionally, but didn't really care much about.

Maybe jerking Dean off was, to Cas, no more interesting or unusual than, say, giving Dean a sandwich?

But... truth be told, the problem wasn't just what Cas thought about it all. Or the scalding sense of embarrassment. Or the worry that Sam would find out. Or the fact that Cas was a friend, and also an important ally that Dean needed to be careful with, or the fact that Cas was a friggin' *angel*, even. There was also another problem. Another problem entirely.

The other problem was that *Dean had come almost instantly*. The very moment Cas had touched him, BAM! "Less than two seconds," Cas had said. (Which was a whole different kind of embarrassing.)

What the fuck.

It was probably just the adrenaline, thought Dean, as he lay there staring at the ceiling. Ah; this was a good theory, wasn't it? He thought about this a bit more and soon had himself pretty convinced that it had been just the adrenaline. Cas had actually startled him quite a bit. Dean had been just about to come anyway, and then Cas had just really startled him, and the adrenaline from being so badly startled had probably just tripped some weird biological trigger and sent him over the edge. Yeah, that's probably what it was. That's definitely what it was. It was nothing really, just a weird adrenaline-triggered fluke.

A tiny thought rose up in his mind: *But the reason you were just about to come in the first place is you'd been thinking about Cas. And remember that time last week? You know... that time when you came as soon as you pictured Cas staring at your dick?*

Dean mentally batted those troublesome thoughts away and turned his face into the pillow for a moment. He finally made himself get up and put some clothes on. It was all just a ludicrous mixup. The most important thing was to tell Cas *never* to do it again. He'd just call Cas tomorrow to explain things to him, set some boundaries, lay down some clear rules, straighten it all out. It'd be simple, really; he just had to set some clear ground rules. Poor Cas just didn't know any better. Ground rules. Boundaries! That would do it.

However, the thought of having to have a conversation about "boundaries" with *Castiel* really made Dean suddenly want a drink, maybe a beer or two, or maybe an entire six-pack, and he started to open his door to head to the kitchen. Then he froze, thinking, *what if I run into Sam in the kitchen?* It seemed like Sam might just magically know somehow what had just happened.

Oh, come on, Dean thought to himself. *Sam's not going to know. I'll just walk into the kitchen and say "Hey, Sam," and I'll grab a beer.*

Dean rehearsed it in his head, just to be sure he was prepared: he'd walk into the kitchen, and if Sam was there he'd say "Hey, Sam," and Sam would would.... *would look at him and say "Oh my god, Cas just jerked you off, didn't he!" and start laughing like a goddam hyena and—*

No, wait, that was ridiculous. There was no possible way Sam would know. Sam couldn't have heard anything (right?). Dean would walk in and say "Hey, Sam," and Sam would say "Hey, Dean," and Dean would grab a beer and that would be that.

But try as he might, Dean suddenly couldn't make himself leave his room. He ended up hovering by his door for a while, the door cracked open slightly, peeking out and trying to figure out where Sam was, till at last he happened to hear Sam's footsteps. Sam was going to his own room down the hall! Perfect! Dean waited till he heard Sam's bedroom door click shut. Then he darted out as quietly as he could, sprinting on tiptoes past Sam's door to the kitchen.

Success! The kitchen was empty! Dean grabbed a beer as quick as he could and dashed back toward his room.

But just as he was scurrying past Sam's room, Sam's door swung open suddenly and Sam stepped out again. They nearly collided, Dean barely stopping in time.

"Oh, hey, Dean," said Sam.

Dean froze. *Act natural,* he thought.

Dean cleared his throat and said, in a voice that had suddenly gone squeaky, "Hey.... there... Sam! Um. How ... are ... you?"

Sam had been about to walk past him, but he paused and gave Dean an odd look. "Uh... I'm fine, Dean." Sam studied him for a moment. "You okay? You look a little weird."

"I'm ...fine!" said Dean brightly. "Fine! I was... just... getting... a beer. I was, uh... reading... and ... I thought I would ... get a beer! I was just reading."

Sam repeated doubtfully, "You were... reading?"

"Yes!" said Dean. "I'm ... just ... going ... back to bed...to.... read. I'm going to go read. A book. The book I was reading earlier. I've been reading it all evening." He sidled around Sam stiffly, his legs suddenly barely working.

Sam actually snickered. "You're walking a little funny. You sure that what you were reading wasn't those old Playboys?"

"I WAS NOT LOOKING AT ANY PORN," said Dean, inching backwards down the hall toward his room. "I WAS NOT LOOKING AT PORN." He just barely managed to avoid adding "And Cas did not just jerk me off. And if he did, I certainly didn't enjoy it." Dean waved his beer bottle around aimlessly to try to cover up the slightly awkward pause, but the beer bottle almost flew out of his hand and he had to flail wildly for a moment to get hold of it again. He spilled half the beer, managed to catch the bottle, straightened back up, cleared his throat and said, "Okay goodnight Sam see you tomorrow huh? I'm gonna go read my book, okay bye!" He turned and scuttled to his door, hearing Sam's skeptical "O...kay," behind him.

Dean shut his bedroom door behind him, locked it and leaned his head against the door for a moment, thinking, *Fuck*.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He swallowed down the remaining half-a-beer in a single gulp, turned the light off and crawled into bed with his clothes still on — because the thought of getting naked again, even just to change his clothes, was just too terrifying. What if Castiel just happened to suddenly zoom in on him again, right when he was naked? Dean curled up in the dark under the covers, thinking, *Maybe I'll wake up and it'll turn out this was all just a hilarious bad dream...*

... and resolutely trying to forget how *fucking good* it had felt to come so hard with Cas's hand on him.

Dean finally managed to drift off to sleep. He soon found himself in a dream, walking around the aisles of the local grocery store with Sam. They were standing in the freezer aisle and had gotten into a pointless argument about frozen burrito brands when Cas walked right up to them out of the blue, right there in the freezer aisle.

Sam said, "Cas! Hey, man, what's up?"

Cas said "Hello, Sam," turned to face Dean, and said, "Dean, was the orgas—"

Before Cas could finish the word "orgasm," Dean grabbed Sam's arm and sprinted away, dragging Sam along behind him. He got them into another aisle safely away from Cas and

was thinking *whew, that was close*, when Cas was suddenly walking right toward them again, suddenly right in front of him again, saying, "Dean, are you normally like that after you ejacul—"

Dean had to grab Sam's arm *again* and hustle him away. But Cas somehow got on the store intercom and the next thing Dean knew, Cas's voice was ringing through the whole store, saying, "DEAN? DEAN, WAS THE—" Dean instantly stuffed Sam head-first into a huge bin of toilet paper rolls, as Cas's voice kept booming through the store, saying "—ORGASM PLEASURABLE, DEAN? THE ORGASM I GAVE YOU? DEAN, WAS THE ORGASM PLEASURABLE?" Meanwhile, Sam was yelling, his voice muffled through the toilet paper rolls, "What the hell are you doing Dean? Hey, what's that sound... is that Cas? What's he saying?"

Cas paused to draw breath, and Dean yanked Sam bodily out of the bin and raced him out of the store at near light-speed. But when they got outside the store, Cas's voice began booming through a set of loudspeakers that seemed to be mounted on every damn phone pole in the entire town. "DEAN—" said Cas, his gravelly voice thundering through the streets. Dean clapped his hands over Sam's ears, *hurled* Sam into the Impala, and slammed the door closed just as Cas said at about a hundred and eighty decibels, "WAS THE ORGASM PLEASURABLE, DEAN?" Passerbys in the streets were looking up in puzzlement as Cas just went on relentlessly, his voice echoing off the nearby hills, saying, "DEAN, WHEN I TOUCHED YOUR DICK AND YOU EJACULATED IN LESS THAN TWO SECONDS, WAS IT PLEASURABLE?"

Dean woke up yelling, "YES! YES, GODDAMMIT! ALL RIGHT? YES! IT WAS!"

The next day Dean felt a little calmer, and he began to plan out the little talk about boundaries that he was going to have with Castiel. Any day now. As soon as he got around to calling Cas. The little talk was going to start with "You know I value you as a good friend, Cas, but *just a friend*. Friends have to respect certain boundaries, did you know that?" And it was going to end with, "So it was all a misunderstanding! No harm done, and I understand that it was just a mix-up, but don't ever do that again, okay?"

Dean got the whole speech planned out pretty well, but he couldn't quite get up the nerve to actually call Castiel (whether by prayer or by phone) to talk to him. He just seemed to need a little more time to get mentally prepared. But somehow, day after day slid by with Dean not feeling any more mentally prepared. And in the meantime... well, Dean found he didn't *dare* jerk off and didn't *dare* look at any porn. Because... *what if Cas showed up again?*

And also.... it turned out every time the thought of porn even crossed Dean's mind, even if he just glanced at that ancient old Playboy with that girl on the car hoods, he just instantly began thinking of Cas. How Cas had grabbed his dick and... how it had felt and... and that was just...

... *that was just not a good thing to think about*, no, no, it really wasn't.

Another week went by with Dean living like a monk. They did head back to Iowa, where they uncovered not just one but a whole nestful of vengeful spirits. At least that distracted Dean for a few days, but as they successfully dealt with the vengeful-spirits one by one over

the next few days, he started to get worried again. Once this case was wrapped up, he really was going to have to talk to Cas soon. Worse still, Sam had started giving him puzzled looks, like when Dean was tapping his hands nervously on the Impala steering wheel, while running through the "boundaries" conversation in his head. Sam even started asking now and then if Dean was "okay."

Dean kept insisting "I'M COMPLETELY FINE, SAM!" which for some reason didn't seem to reassure Sam any.

On their last day in Iowa, Dean woke early, diligently ignored his morning-wood hard-on (as he had every morning since the Cas incident) and started taking his usual morning shower. It had actually had been kind of a rough, dirty couple of days here in Iowa, with some fights and some grave-digging and such, but the last of the vengeful spirits had finally been polished off last night, and Sam and Dean had both agreed to take one extra day here just to recover a bit. They'd both had showers last night, but Dean found he wanted to take a nice *long* shower this morning, just to really relax, and really scrub clean.

He began to scrub himself all over with a hot soapy washcloth, taking his time, just scrubbing everywhere.

He eventually had to wash his dick, of course. It was still a little hard from the morning-wood and it started to stiffen a little bit more as he worked the soapy washcloth around it, and — it suddenly occurred to Dean that maybe motel bathrooms were still safe. Cas still seemed to be obeying Dean's long-time request about the motel bathrooms. This hadn't occurred to Dean before — Cas was still staying out of motel bathrooms!

This was a wonderful thought! It had been over a week now since Dean had jerked off (or rather, since Cas had jerked him off). Dean thought, *I'll just test the waters*. So to speak.

He began tugging gently on his soapy dick, while trying to think of an appropriate mental image to jerk off to. How about... hey, how about that old Playboy. How about that Playboy girl sprawled across the hood of the old cars! One of the pics had been of her spreadeagled on the hood of a Mustang. Yeah! Perfect.

The Playboy girl on the Mustang was actually a pretty appealing image, and soon Dean was working his soapy hand up and down a nicely hard dick, the hot water blasting him, just happily thinking about that girl. Then he thought, how about that Playboy bunny girl sprawled across the hood of the *Impala*. Oh, wow, now *that* was a nice image. A genuine Playboy bunny, spreadeagled across the Impala's hood. Totally naked except for the Playboy bunny ears, heh. Maybe she'd be rubbing her hand over her tits; fondling her crotch; maybe moaning a bit. Maybe pinching her nipples ... *yeah, that was good... that was really pretty damn good*. God, it really felt fantastic to be able to jerk off again.

Dean spent several delightful minutes just getting harder and harder. Soon he was getting close, his breath starting to heave, when a stray thought drifted through his mind: *What if Cas were there?*

The image in his mind abruptly flipped around, and suddenly it was *Castiel* sprawled across the Impala. Still in his trenchcoat and all, but also wearing Playboy bunny ears, and his shirt was unbuttoned, his tie draped over his naked chest; and his fly was undone... and his cock was sticking right up out of his open fly. Cas was groaning, squirming around, pinching his own nipples, tossing his head from side to side (and the bunny ears), and his dick was sticking out...

Dean's cock was suddenly rock-solid and throbbing. He gasped, bracing himself against the shower wall with one hand, the other hand jerking his cock so fast his hand was almost a blur. Cas, writhing around on the Impala, bunny ears on his head — and, in his mind, Dean reached out and grabbed Cas's cock....

Dean was horrified to hear himself let out an alarmingly loud moan, "nNGGHH!!", as hot shots of come suddenly blasted out of his dick, splatting right against the shower wall. Dean snapped his jaw shut, cutting off the rest of the moan, and sagged against the shower wall, tugging his cock as it twitched and jumped through the rest of the orgasm.

He caught his breath and stood up slowly. The hot water was still blasting down. He swallowed, and began to wash the shower wall clean.

Dean slowly realized that he'd just jerked off to the thought of Cas writhing around on the Impala with friggin' BUNNY EARS on his head.

What the hell?

And, dammit, what the hell was with that friggin' moan, too? What had happened to Dean's ever-reliable Completely Silent Orgasm?

Sam didn't even bother to try to hide his grin when Dean came out of the shower.

"Nice shower?" said Sam.

"Shut the hell up, Sam," snapped Dean, and Sam actually *laughed*.

Dean didn't even touch himself once for a whole nother week. And now he couldn't even look at the Impala.

Or anything involving bunny ears. Ever again.

A/N - Did you like the dream? Heh heh heh heh. :D

Setting Boundaries

After another week of monk-like celibacy back at the bunker, one night it finally occurred to Dean that maybe the reason he'd been having the weird Cas fantasies was just because he hadn't been jerking off like usual. Maybe he'd just gotten stuck in a sort of funny vicious circle: he wasn't jerking off like usual (because he was nervous Cas might see him), so then when he *did* finally jerk off, he was way more turned on than usual ('cause it had been a while), and *that's* why he was having all the weird fantasies. And coming so fast. And Cas was involved in the fantasies just because Cas was the problem behind it all.

This was an excellent theory, really, and it made him feel a little better. Dean thought, *I just gotta clear things up with Cas and get back to jerking off like usual, and then everything'll get back to normal.*

Time to take the bull by the horns. It was time to talk to Castiel... and set some boundaries.

Dean waited till night-time, after Sam had gone to bed and Dean was alone in his room. He made sure he was all cleaned up, freshly showered, and absolutely fully clothed. He even put on his working jeans and his leather boots and even his jacket, as if he were armoring up for battle.

He'd decided to try contacting Cas by prayer. So he stood there in the center of his room, a little nervous, his fists clenched. It turned out he was almost too nervous to be able to pray, but he eventually managed to get himself into that strange prayer-state-of-mind, where he could do what he thought of as "thinking at" Castiel.

"Castiel," he said quietly, with his eyes closed. "Castiel? Cas, you listening? If you got a moment, could you drop by? I kind of need to talk with you about a few things."

A sudden fluttering sound, *whup-whup*, like a flag whipping softly in the wind; and Castiel was standing right in front of Dean.

"Yes, Dean? What is it?" Cas said.

Dean crossed his arms over his chest, aiming for a sort of stern-but-kind, totally-in-charge, look. His plan was to let Cas down gently. "Cas," Dean began. "When you were here last time, uh....Look, I just need to make something clear. I... Look, I consider you a friend, and... last time I saw you..."

Dean paused, trying to gather his thoughts, and Cas said, "Would you like my assistance achieving ejaculation again?"

How the fuck was he able to say things like that with a straight face?

Dean shifted his feet, and uncrossed his arms, and crossed them again, and said "N-no... no."

"You don't wish to ejaculate tonight?" Cas said. Dean had to stifle a mad impulse to say, *Wait, let me just check my ejaculation schedule here in my calendar.*

Cas added, "Because if you wished to, I have about an hour free right now. Perhaps slightly more." As Cas said this, his eyes dropped to Dean's crotch.

Castiel was staring at Dean's crotch. With a distinctly calculating look in his eye.

And Dean felt his cock start to rise. Gently. Slowly. Relentlessly.

You goddam friggin' traitor, he thought at his cock. *Would you just STOP IT!*

"I have... something else ... planned," said Dean. "I'm, uh, busy ... tonight. I have a thing."

"Ah," said Cas, nodding, raising his eyes back to Dean's. "Perhaps some other time, then."

Dean found himself almost about to say, "Sure, some other time," and had to clamp his mouth shut to keep quiet.

Cas remarked, "I've been doing some research, by the way."

With an absolutely heroic effort, Dean managed to avoid asking what the "research" was about. Gritting his teeth, he hauled himself back to his pre-planned speech and said, "Listen, Cas, I really have to explain something to you. The thing is, we need some boundaries. I really need to set some clear boundaries with you. It's not your fault, really, I know you just didn't know any better, but you see, what I really wanted, when I moved into this bedroom, was some *privacy*."

Cas did his classic little puzzled head tilt, and a slight frown creased his forehead. "I don't understand," he said gravely.

Dean cleared his throat, and continued, "I mean, it's great having you visit. I like having friends and family around, like Sam and all, but, the thing is, I really want some *privacy* here. I *need* privacy, Cas. Especially in this room. Especially here. It's the only time I've had a room of my own and..." Cas was looking so perplexed now that Dean switched tactics and tried for an analogy. Dean said, "Look, you know how much I care about Sam, right? He's my brother, I love him, it's great having him around. But I need some privacy, even from Sam. Sometimes I don't even like it if Sam can overhear me, to be honest. And with you, well, the truth is, when you flew in on me like that, a couple weeks ago, well, it got kind of awkward for me. Pretty awkward. Do you see what I'm saying?" He drew a breath, and said, "Cas, what I'm trying to say is, can you give me some privacy? *Total* privacy? Especially when I'm in this room?"

"Ah," said Cas. He looked down at the floor, frowning. "I see," he said slowly. "I see. I believe I understand." He thought a moment, and slowly raised his eyes to Dean's. "I'm sorry about that. I see what you mean." He took a breath and said firmly, nodding his head, "Yes, I can give you privacy here, Dean."

"Thanks, man!" said Dean, feeling a surge of relief (and... a twinge of disappointment).
"Thanks for understanding."

Cas nodded again. "It's not a problem, Dean." He disappeared.

WHEW. It had all been straightened out! It had been *easy*, even, Cas had understood right away, Dean hadn't even needed to get into any excruciating details, and now Dean had a room of his own again. Privacy!

Cas was gone. No more sudden heartstopping awkward appearances...

... but also no more Cas grabbing his cock...

Dean stoically ignored the odd feeling of letdown. And ferociously ignored the aching feeling in his half-erect cock.

An hour later, Dean had changed into sweats and a t-shirt, getting ready for bed. He was standing next to his bed, just starting to contentedly set up for the evening, getting the box of Kleenex out of his bedside drawer, getting ready for a nice *private* session.

There was a ruffle of air, and Cas was suddenly standing two feet away. Dean shouted, dropped the box of Kleenex and jumped back against the bed.

"Cas, *what the hell?*" he hissed, as soon as he got his breath back.

"I'm sorry it took me a while," Cas said. "I had to go to the Brazilian Amazon and Easter Island to find a few of the necessary spell ingredients. But, you're all set now." He paused, and said, sounding rather pleased with himself, "I've set up the boundaries for you."

Dean blinked. "What?"

Cas said, "I've warded all four walls of this room, as well as the ceiling and floor. There is a complete set of privacy boundaries in place around the entire room. You needn't worry any more, Dean."

"Privacy... boundaries?" Dean said.

"Essentially, the whole room has been soundproofed now. No sounds will escape this room," said Cas. "Additionally, even if the door were to open somehow, nobody would even be able to even see inside. You have complete privacy here now, Dean. Sam won't be able to hear anything. It's too bad you were having to worry about that last time. You know, though, I doubt that he would have heard anything — your vocalizations really weren't very loud."

Dean was rapidly reviewing what he'd said to Cas earlier, replaying it in his mind: *I don't like it if Sam can overhear me... last time, it got kind of awkward... I just need to set some boundaries... Can you give me some privacy? ... Especially when I'm in this room?* Dean

started to say, "Wait... uh....that's not....", but Cas was now saying, "Anyway, as I was saying earlier, I've been doing some research. On human sexual response."

Dean silently suffered through a very short, desperate internal battle, trying to force himself to change the topic back to re-explaining about "boundaries". He failed miserably, and heard himself saying, "Uh... what did you... find out?"

"Well, I've been investigating the various sorts of stimuli required."

Another silent internal battle. Another absolute failure.

"S-stimuli?" Dean said weakly.

"Stimuli that can elicit an orgasm from a human male."

At this point Dean had to clasp his hands together so he could let them hang casually in front of his crotch, trying to hide the increasingly large bulge that seemed to be forming in his sweatpants. Cas went on, saying, "It turns out there's extraordinary variation in individual response, and there are quite a lot of possible stimuli that can be used. Did you know the human penis can be stimulated to orgasm with over five hundred different forms of stimuli? The range is quite incredible, all the way from simple pressure from fingers or tongue, to the use of specialized props. Such as, for example, cock rings, and cotton ropes, and feathers—"

"Right, yeah, I've heard about those," interrupted Dean, trying to figure out how the conversation had gotten derailed so swiftly into Castiel telling Dean about cock rings. (And, *feathers? No — do NOT go there — do NOT ask Castiel about feathers!*) And how on earth had Cas been doing this "research"? Spying on people invisibly? Jerking off a few other guys, maybe?

"Um," said Dean. "So... anyway... " And he stalled. He was truly, honestly, trying to get back to the boundaries topic and set Cas straight, but seemed to have gotten stuck in a sort of mental quicksand.

Dean drew a breath to start over, just as Cas said, "There's a whole category just involving the tongue, for example. Here, allow me to demonstrate." He smoothly pulled Dean's numb hands aside and then, *jesus*, yanked Dean's sweatpants and underwear down to his knees. And *what a surprise*, Dean's cock had somehow gotten all the way erect. Cas merely said, "Ah, I see you're already aroused; I'll start at stage two, then." He calmly wrapped his hand around Dean's cock. No, this was *not* what was supposed to be happening! Dean started to push Cas away, one hand on Cas's shoulder trying to shove him back, the other on Cas's arm trying to pull it off of Dean's cock. Dean even started to say, "Cas, you have to stop this," but all that came out was "Caaahhhhh..." because Cas had suddenly knelt down and, holy shit, *flicked his tongue* across Dean's cockhead, exactly like that damn video that had started this whole disaster several weeks ago. Apparently Cas had been paying attention, for now Cas's tongue went:

Flick. Flick. Flick. Right across the head of Dean's cock.

Just like the masseuse girl.

Dean's mind completely derailed at the sight of Castiel, angel of the Lord, soldier of God, kneeling in front of him *licking Dean's cock*, his soft pink tongue darting out repeatedly, leaving fiery, molten trails of sensation along Dean's cockhead. And suddenly Dean found that instead of pushing Cas *away*, he was clamping Cas's shoulder tightly and pulling him *closer*. Instead of pulling Cas's hand *off* his dick, he was just pressing Cas's hand even more firmly *onto* his dick, wrapping his own hand around Cas's hand.

Cas lifted his head and said calmly, as Dean tightened his grip:

"Would you like to see some of the other stimuli?"

Dean couldn't speak.

Cas said "Here's another. An extension of the first." He leaned forward again and wrapped his lips around the head of Dean's cock. Just the head; not the shaft.

Dean opened his mouth to say "Okay, that's enough, Cas, that's really crossing a line. Stop right there." But instead what he said was, "nnNGGHhh," his knees buckled, and he sat slowly down on the bed. Cas sort of followed him down partway, then pulled free and said "These clothes are inconvenient." In one swift, extraordinarily powerful move he simply *shoved* Dean back on the bed, pressing Dean back with a hand on Dean's chest till Dean was lying flat on his back, and then in another swift, unstoppable move, Cas just yanked the sweatpants (and underwear) off Dean's legs entirely. Then he pressed Dean's knees apart, knelt between them, grabbed Dean at both hips with an incredibly firm grip — *jesus he was strong!* — leaned back in and got his mouth back on Dean's cockhead.

Dean completely lost his breath as he realized that in just one single second Cas had got him flat on his back on the bed, completely naked from the waist down, his lower legs dangling off the bed, his legs fucking *splayed wide open*, *jesus*. With Cas kneeling between Dean's knees. One hand still gripping Dean's hip firmly, the other hand now wrapping around the shaft of Dean's erect cock. And Cas's *hot, hot, hot* mouth softly wrapped around the head of Dean's cock.

Dean managed to get his breath back and thought, *This is completely COMPLETELY not okay and I'm going to stop him now*, but then Cas began to swirl his tongue around Dean's cockhead, and Dean grunted "nNGGH!", and grabbed Cas's hair. He got his breath back from *that* and thought *I'm going to stop him now, here I go, I'm stopping him now*, but then Cas pressed his tongue to the underside of Dean's shaft and Dean gasped "ngaahHHH!" and tightened his grip on Cas's hair. Dean thought, *Okay, now I'm REALLY going to stop him*, and Cas flicked his tongue back and forth across the top of Dean's cockhead, and Dean said "hhh, hUNNNHHH", pressed Cas's head down a bit, and thought, *Well, maybe it won't kill me if I let him try out a few of the stimuli.*

But I won't let him get me off. Can't go that far. That was a mistake, last time.

"Is this stimulus effective?" Cas asked, lifting his head up just long enough to speak. He lowered his head back down and ran his tongue around Dean's cockhead again.

"That one's — *ahh* — that's — *uhhhh* — okay," Dean choked out.

"How about this one?" Cas asked. "Is this one acceptable?" — and he tugged gently on Dean's balls, squeezing them lightly, as he ran his tongue around Dean's cockhead one more time.

"*aahhHH*, that's, yes, that's... *nnngh*... accept-, *urgh!*... acceptable," said Dean, knotting his fingers even more tightly into Cas's soft, dark hair.

"And this?" Cas let go of Dean's balls, reached up under Dean's shirt and began pinching one of Dean's nipples. "The girl did it like this; is this effective?" he said, pinching the nipple hard and twisting it a little.

Dean said, "hHHUH, yes, that's... effect-ive... *aAAAnnggh*."

"I could try them all together," offered Cas, twisting Dean's nipple again.

"*nghh* ... All ... all right... *uhhh*.... s-sure..." said Dean.

Cas flicked his tongue at Dean's cockhead and pinched his nipple and squeezed his balls, all at once, and Dean heard himself let out a loud groan: "aaAHH!!" Dean was suddenly extremely, extremely grateful that Cas had soundproofed the room, because although Dean had long been (till that shower incident) a master of the Completely Silent Orgasm, *oh my god* it was getting more and more difficult to stay quiet. And more and more difficult to act cool, to act like this was no big deal, to act like he was anywhere near being in control. Cas squeezed Dean's cock tightly and again an embarrassingly loud, out-of-control sound ripped out of Dean's throat: "gaaAGGHH!" Cas kept doing the tongue flicks and the cockhead licking and the nipple pinching and the ball squeezing, and now that Dean had started groaning, he just couldn't seem to shut up. Every little touch that Cas did seemed to tear another moan or groan from Dean's lips.

Cas said, "Here's another stimulus," and he just plain swallowed Dean's cock, down, down, *down*, till Dean's cock was completely buried, right down to the root, in Cas's *steaming hot* mouth, Dean's cockhead pressed right into the back of Cas's throat. Dean completely lost it, all pretense of holding back totally blown away as Dean cried out "NGGGGHHH!! *yes! YES, AHHH! that's good!*" In that moment Dean suddenly had a revelation: It would really be perfectly fine if he let Cas suck him off just this one time. Because, Cas had already seen him come once already, right? Just one more time wouldn't make any difference at all, right? Just this one time, and then, *afterwards*, Dean could explain to him about boundaries.

As Dean worked his way in about half a second from "I absolutely have to get Cas to stop" to "You know what, it's really just fine if he continues," Cas began working his mouth up and down, his lips carefully wrapped over his teeth, his tongue sliding all the way down Dean's shaft like hot velvet. It felt *fucking incredible*, and again Dean just couldn't keep quiet, blurting out, "*yes yes oh yes, GGGAHHHH!! nGGHH!!!*" Where the *hell* had Cas been doing his "research"? Cas just kept on going; and Dean discovered that his hips were starting to thrust up into Cas's mouth. First slowly, rolling his hips back and forth. Then that tingling heat started to spread in Dean's groin, and he began thrusting faster, and faster, pressing Cas's head down as hard as he could. He just couldn't help it.

Cas pulled his mouth off Dean's dick, easily resisting the pressure of Dean's hands, and he said matter-of-factly, "Dean, I think you're getting close to ejaculation, so I'll stop."

"DON'T STOP," gasped Dean, trying to push his hips back up toward Cas's mouth, and trying to push Cas's head back down. Cas didn't budge.

"You said you didn't want to ejaculate tonight," said Cas, holding Dean's hips down effortlessly, both hands on Dean's hips again. Cas's hands were suddenly like iron, holding Dean completely still.

"I ...*ngghh*... changed my mind," said Dean. "Might as well... *hnnhhh*... do it now."

"You were quite clear earlier that you didn't want to ejaculate."

"I W-WANT TO EJACULATE," Dean choked out, still trying to thrust back up toward Cas's mouth.

"You're certain?" Cas said. He shifted one hand to Dean's balls ... and squeezed.

"YES, *gahhhh*," Dean gasped. "*hnnhhhh* YES."

"All right," said Cas. He sucked Dean's cock all the way down again, swirled his tongue and slurped at Dean's dick noisily. Dean dug his fingers into Cas's hair again, crying out "YES! *hhnnh* YES! *ahhhhh don't s-stop! yes yes aaAGGHH!!*" and in about another half second Dean revised his mental plan yet again, thinking: *You know what, it'd really be fine if I let him suck me off a time or two after this, too.* After all, Cas had gone and done all that research. He would need someone to experiment on. Dean would let Cas experiment. Dean felt quite willing to sacrifice a little of his time for this.

Cas drew his head back from Dean's cock and just *looked* at it. Dean had to let go of Cas's hair when he pulled back, and Dean glanced down and saw the absolutely surreal sight of Castiel's familiar face - stoic, serious, calm - just inches away from Dean's swollen, erect cock. Dean whimpered at the sight and his cock twitched, a big bead of shining pre-cum welling out of the tip. Cas touched the pre-cum delicately with one finger, and Dean could actually *see* his cock stiffen at Cas's touch. Dean knotted his hands in the bedspread, gasping. Cas touched Dean's cock again; gentle, soft; again Dean's cock actually *moved*, tilting its angle more upright, actually *lengthening visibly*, it was *so fucking hard now*, hard as a rock, throbbing almost painfully, twitching constantly, precum starting to run in shining little rivulets down the sides. Dean was groaning almost continuously now, on every breath, "unhh, unhh, unhh, unhh..."

Cas reached up and pinched one of Dean's nipples again, twisting it hard, and Dean grunted loudly, "GAAHHH!! NGGHH!!!" as an electric jolt shot right down to his cock and a white-hot fire began to surge up in his balls. Oh god, this *felt so unbelievably good*. Dean's cock felt impossibly rigid, impossibly swollen, his balls tight, everything going tight and hot. It was all snowballing together, it was boiling over him. He caught another look at Cas's face and saw Cas narrow his eyes and lean even closer to Dean's cock, *staring* at Dean's rigid cock from just a few inches away, watching a long drooling line of pre-cum drip down the shaft as Cas

toyed with Dean's nipple. Oh my god, Cas was *studying him*; Dean went hot with humiliation and electric with excitement, both at once.

Cas leaned forward, and his tongue went: *Flick*.

Dean felt his cock somehow stiffen even more (how was that even possible?), his balls drawing up, his hips arching up off the bed, his legs locking tightly around Cas's torso, both hands clutching at the bedspread, his whole body going rigid. Dean grunted "gonna come gonna COME!" He was helpless; it was out of his control; he was going to have a friggin' *massive* orgasm right in front of Castiel. *Cas was sucking him off, Cas was making him come, Cas was going to see everything!* Cas pulled back and watched Dean's impossibly stiff cock from a few inches away, twisting Dean's nipple very slowly with one hand and working his other hand *agonizingly slowly* up and down the shaft of Dean's cock. Again Cas's tongue went: *Flick*. Dean's cock gave a huge twitch, Dean convulsed in huge heaving gasps, a tiny preliminary spurt of come splurged out of his cock, and Dean yelled "AHH!". He was just pinned there now, hips pressed up, back arched, frozen, in free fall. Cas *flicked* again, Dean heaved another huge gasp, another isolated tiny spurtlet of come squirted out, Dean yelled "AHHH!" again, and now here it came, here it came, here it came, Cas's tongue drew a long wet line from the base right to the tip, and Dean, longtime master of the Completely Silent Orgasm, screamed "*ahhh, ahhh, ahhh, ah, ah, ah!-ah!-ah!-ah!-AH!-AH!-AHHH!-AHHHHHHH!!!!!!*" and an astonishingly huge, thick, rope of come shot out of Dean's cock. It squirted *two fucking feet* in the air and landed in a big white stripe right across Cas's trenchcoat, *holy jesus fuck*, on Cas's *coat*! Dean was seeing his *own cock*, hot and heavy and hard, *spraying come onto Castiel*, while Cas just jerked him gently and kept pinching his nipple and just friggin' *watched Dean's come land on him*, and it was all so frigging *obscene* and so frigging *unbelievable* that just that sight alone made Dean convulse again and the second shot was bigger still. This one splatted heavily across Cas's tie and shirtfront, Dean screamed again, "*UNGGGHH!!!*" and Cas just kept jerking him gently; and now Dean's cock was *spasming* with rapidfire shots blasting out one after another. Fast, hot, firey lines of come coming *squirt squirt squirt* out of his spasming cock, Dean screaming with every one, "AHHH! NGH! NGGH! AHHH!! UNNGH!", both hands grabbing desperately onto Cas's arm, Dean's upper body bucking up off the bed with every spurt, his legs clamped tightly around Cas's ribs. On and on, it just seemed to keep going and going, Dean moaning and convulsing and clutching onto Cas helplessly as his balls seemed to turn completely inside-out, emptying out totally, his cock shooting semen in long, wet, ropey strands all over Cas's trenchcoat, and his white shirt, and his blue tie.

It must have been some fifteen or twenty spasms before Dean finally collapsed back on the bed, actually gasping in exhaustion. His cock was still twitching weakly and was still half-erect. Cas started flicking his tongue at it again, and small spurts and dribbles of come kept leaking out the tip, till Dean's cock abruptly went so hypersensitive he couldn't bear any touch at all. Dean had to groan "Stop, stop" and had to pull totally away from Cas, squirming up on the bed and curling up on his side and cupping his cock protectively with both hands, before Cas would leave him alone.

Dean lay there panting, curled on his side, both hands over his groin. It had been such an intense orgasm his stomach muscles were actually hurting. His friggin' *arms* were tired from having clenched onto Cas's arm so tightly.

Cas sat up on his heels and looked at Dean. There were damp stripes of white all over his coat and tie.

"That combination of stimuli appears effective," said Cas. "What do you think?"

Dean just lay there gasping.

Dean finally said, "Y-yes... yes, that was... effective."

"It appeared that was a stronger orgasm than the previous one that I saw," Cas said calmly. "Your penis had more contractions and the emissions were more forceful. You also were vocalizing a great deal more — it's good you thought of setting up the boundaries, I think. How was the quality?"

"...what?" said Dean.

"The quality of the orgasm."

"It ... wasn't ... bad," whispered Dean.

"Was it acceptable?" asked Cas, looking at Dean closely. "The orgasm?"

"Uh," said Dean. "Yes."

There was just *no friggin way* he could confess to Cas that it had been the best orgasm he'd had in years. Maybe ever.

Cas frowned. "There's some other stimuli I didn't get to," he remarked. "Several others. If you require my assistance again some other time, perhaps I could test some of the others." He stood. "Is there anything else you wanted to talk about?"

It took Dean a long moment to remember that he'd originally asked Cas to come to his room to "talk about a few things".

"Oh... uh... nothing," said Dean, still curled up on his side. "It... wasn't important."

"Hm," said Castiel. "Well, then, if you don't need me for anything else, I'll be going."

"Wait," Dean whispered. "Wait, I, uh... I messed up your clothes."

Cas glanced down at his trenchcoat, gave a little shrug and all the come disappeared. He leaned over and touched one hand to Dean's cheek, and Dean was instantly clean.

"By the way," said Castiel, "Let me know if you think you need more boundaries. I could add some more." A wing flutter, a puff of wind, and Cas was gone.

Dean was left lying there re-evaluating all his plans, thinking, *Oh my god oh my god oh my god, screw the fucking boundaries, I've got my own friggin' orgasm angel on my hands here. My very own blow-job angel. Holy shit. I just HAVE to not screw this up.*

Maybe I'll just let him try out a few more of the stimuli....

A/N - Dean actually did a decent job explaining about boundaries, didn't he? And Cas really did his best to respect Dean's wishes. Clear communication is the key to any good relationship!

edit: at the time I wrote this it was the smuttiest thing I'd ever written in my life and I was totally mortified about posting it. A few weeks later I was merrily writing about 8 even smuttier chapters. Slippery slope, I tell you...

Dean Goes Shopping

Dean was awfully tempted to drift right off to sleep, but forced himself to take a few minutes to really think through everything carefully. If he was really going to allow Cas to experiment on him like this another time or two, or possibly several dozen more times, there were some things that needed to be carefully considered. There was the fact that Castiel was a friend; and was, well, a *guy* ; and a different species entirely. And, also, the whole Heaven situation was actually still pretty dicey, and the entire world had nearly been destroyed a couple times recently, and Cas was kind of right in the middle of all that, which was all *possibly* almost as important as Dean's sex life. Also there were some delicate psychological factors, the recent brainwashing and all. Considering all these facts calmly and balancing them against each other, Dean found that one fact in particular kept rising to the surface, which was that *Cas had just sucked him off to a completely motherfucking AWESOME orgasm*. That really did seem to be the most significant fact, or at least the one that kept jumping on top of all the other facts. Dean went over it all a few more times in his head, thinking:

I gotta remember that Cas was sorta brainwashed not at all that long ago and—

—THAT WAS SUCH AN INTENSE ORGASM! —

—and I'm seriously not into guys anyway and if Sam found out—

—THAT WAS THE BEST FRIGGIN' ORGASM EVER! GOD FUCKING DAMN, THAT FELT SO FUCKING, UNBELIEVABLY GOOD! —

—and I gotta be a little careful here, Cas is sort of an important player in all this Heaven stuff—

—I CAN'T FRIGGIN' BELIEVE I CAME ON HIS COAT! HOLY FUCK THAT WAS SO UNBELIEVABLY HOT! —

This went on for a while. By the time Dean had been thinking about it for an hour, he'd come to three conclusions.

Conclusion #1 was that he needed to jerk off AGAIN, IMMEDIATELY, RIGHT NOW, because the white-hot memory of his come shooting onto Cas's coat had given him a raging hard-on all over again.

Dean had always felt it was important to not procrastinate about important tasks like this, so he focused on Conclusion #1 right away. It took very little time; all he had to do was lube up and start stroking himself and think of the way Cas had just... *flung* him down on the bed... and how he'd just *swallowed* Dean's cock right down, with that cool, calm "Here's another stimulus"... and how he'd delicately touched that bead of pre-come... and how Dean's come... had... just... SHOT... out... and ... *landed... on... Cas!...* and, and, and, *yes, yes, now!* — Dean

was coming again. Panting and gasping, his body going rigid, his toes almost cramping, as his cock spilled another hot, wet load into a wad of Kleenex.

Conclusions #2 and #3 had sort of evaporated and it took Dean a few minutes to remember what they were.

Oh yeah. Conclusion #2: this was going to be the *all-time perfect* opportunity for no-strings-attached sex! Because — why on earth had Dean never thought of this before? — Cas didn't have any emotional connection to sex! Sure, he might have some old-school ideas, but he'd already broken every rule in the old-school book multiple times over by now. The main thing was that at a gut emotional level, sex just didn't seem to *matter* to Cas. He seemed to be interested in the human orgasm just as a sort of physiology experiment - "see how the funny little apes work," more or less. And *that* meant he wasn't going to need pampering; he wasn't going to want any stupid spooning or cuddling or kissing; and he certainly wasn't going to give a damn if Dean ever called or not. Hell, Cas probably wouldn't even want any sexual favors in return! (A little twinge of regret started to flare up about that, but Dean quashed it immediately.)

And what that all added up to was, potentially, endless free awesome blow jobs, from Dean's very own personal Orgasm Angel, with no emotional attachment on either side to mess it up.

Perfect!

Well, okay, perhaps there might be a *slight* emotional attachment.

And *perhaps* even mutual.

But in a purely bromance kind of way. It would really still be just a totally typical guy friendship. Just with a few blowjobs added in. A totally ordinary, typical, platonic friendship between guys, with a few blowjobs.

Conclusion #3 was, of course: *It is absolutely essential that Sam not find out.*

The next morning, Conclusion #1 had floated to the surface once more: the top priority for the day was clearly to immediately jerk off again. Dean thought he'd try jerking off to the old Playboy photo spread, but right away the image of Cas writhing on the hood of the Impala popped into Dean's head again: *Cas, moaning on the Impala... his dick sticking out... Dean reaching out and grabbing his dick...and (YES!) jerking it for him... and Cas loved it, he LOVED Dean's touch, he was crying out for it, grabbing at Dean, begging him to go faster, faster... the bunny ears flopping around as Cas tossed his head from side to side, delirious with ecstasy...*

Dean's cock was dripping pre-come now and his hand was already in overdrive, when he thought, *what if Cas showed up right now? What if he saw me jerking off while I was thinking about him?*

A guttural moan ripped out of his throat, "uuRRGGH!" and Dean convulsed, thrashing around on the bed, while long shots of come spurted out of his cock.

Of course, he thought as he mopped up a few minutes later, it wasn't like he really wanted Cas *specifically* or anything. It's just that that blowjob was awesome and he'd had a dry spell the past month and so that blowjob from Cas had felt particularly great. Every guy loved blowjobs, right? And that's what was driving the little Cas fantasies now — it's just that the blowjob had felt so damn good after the dry spell. More blowjobs would be awesome, definitely, but Dean wasn't feeling fixated on Cas or anything, or desperate to contact him or anything. *I won't contact Cas myself, thought Dean. I'll wait for him to contact me.*

But... it did occur to Dean, especially later that night when he was jerking off on his bed again to the memory of how Cas's tongue had gone *flick-flick-flick*, that Dean really wouldn't mind too much if Cas flew in again someday pretty soon.

The night after that, as Dean came yet again, sitting in the corner chair jerking off to the masseuse-girl videos, remembering how Cas had caught him watching the videos, he thought, *Okay, so I'm half-hoping Cas might show. I admit it.*

The third night (this time while reliving the original "surprise dick grab" and the Instant Orgasm that had resulted): *All right... not just half-hoping. FULLY hoping.*

The fourth night (writhing on the bed again, picturing his come landing on Cas's coat and tie): *So, I guess I really would sorta kinda be into another one of those blow jobs from Cas right now.*

The fifth night (flicking his finger softly on the tip of his cock, his eyes closed, trying to mimic the touch of Cas's tongue): DAMN! *I REALLY want another blow job from Cas RIGHT NOW! Okay, all right, okay okay okay, I REALLY WANT ANOTHER BLOW JOB FROM ORGASM ANGEL. There. I said it. Or thought it, anyway.*

But Cas didn't show.

The sixth night Dean thought of praying to him. Just a casual prayer, something like, "Hey Cas, I was just wondering if you might have a little time free right now, to assist me with an ejaculation project that I had in mind." But it turned out he was just too damn chickenshit to actually send out the prayer.

The next day Sam proposed a supply run to Hastings, Nebraska, which was the nearest large town (or at least, the nearest non-microscopic town). Hastings was a full hour away, but had much bigger stores than what tiny Lebanon could offer.

It was a familiar drive, and the hour there flew by pretty quickly. Except for Sam asking a few times why Dean was so quiet — and Dean stumbling for a lame excuse while trying to avoid saying, "Oh, I was just thinking about my come landing on Cas's coat." He finally managed to put Sam off. Once in Hastings they started hitting up their usual circuit of stores: a booze stop, a drugstore, some groceries, and finally a Wal-Mart on the way out of town where Sam needed to pick up a few last items.

Sam went darting away into the Wal-Mart on what he promised would be a "quick" dash into the back of the store, so Dean decided to kill a little time poking around the front aisles, and he wandered into the "seasonal" aisle and discovered some discount Halloween supplies. Halloween wasn't really Dean's favorite holiday (he had more than his fill of ghosts and ghouls and monsters in his regular life) but he was always a big fan of Halloween candy, so he strolled down the aisle looking for the "mini" versions of some of his favorite candy bars. Halfway down the aisle his eye was caught by a little costume display; just little cheap costumes, funny hats and a few plastic props. He snorted at a pair of small, glittery, white angel wings.

Cas's wings are only about a hundred times more awesome, Dean thought, reaching out to touch the little toy wings. *Though... he thought, I guess I haven't seen the real wings? Or have I?*

It had never really been clear to Dean whether the (extremely impressive) winged black shadows that he'd seen once were Cas's actual wings, or just shadows of the real wings. Sam had taken the trouble to read through a couple of angel-lore books and seemed pretty sure that those shadows had been just, well, shadows, and that Cas's real wings were in "the adjacent dimension", whatever the hell that meant. But neither Sam nor Dean had ever gotten around to asking Cas directly.

Sam says the real wings have feathers, Dean thought. And then he instantly thought of Cas saying "Cock rings, and cotton ropes, and feathers..."

Could Cas have been thinking about his *own* feathers as.... *sex toys*? His own wings? No... he couldn't possibly have meant that.

...could he?

Dean felt a twitch at his groin, and hurriedly stuck the toy wings back on the shelf.

And then he spotted the bunny ears.

Right there among the vampire fangs and pirate eye-patches and zombie makeup was a pair of classic Playboy-style bunny ears, mounted on an elastic headband. White fluffy ears with pink inner linings, one of them bent at a rakish angle.

They were only five ninety-nine.

Oh, and look, hey, there was a matching bunny tail too... just three-ninety-nine....

Bunny ears *and matching bunny tail*.

This was a bad idea.

But suddenly the thought of maybe convincing Cas to put these on someday, really just as a joke, a joke Halloween outfit or something — well, it was such a hilarious idea that Dean suddenly just couldn't resist. (*Obviously* it would be just for a joke! Obviously the bunny ears were not an actual turn-on or anything. Obviously it was just a joke.)

Just to be on the safe side, Dean leaned out into the main aisle and looked over toward the back of the store, scanning around for Sam. Sam was nowhere in sight.

What the hell — it'd be good for a laugh, right?

Dean grabbed the bunny ears, and the tail too, off the rack, and began to walk toward the checkout.

Oh, but, wait. While Dean had been thinking about Cas with the bunny ears, for some reason that had reminded him that he'd been getting low on lube. Dean walked briskly over to the "Hygiene" aisle and grabbed some Astroglide, and then his eye fell on the condom display — and then Dean got completely confused about whether he might need condoms or not. His hand had already reached out and grabbed a box of "Pure Ecstasy Ultrasmooth Lubricated Condoms (Ten-Pak)" before he thought, *wait, Cas is an angel.*

But it was just such second nature to grab condoms whenever he was facing *any* possibility of *any* kind of sex, with *anybody* (of *any* species) that it took him a long, confused moment to think through whether sex with an angel might ever require condoms. *Would Cas even be into... well.. wait, back up here,* thought Dean, *Cas is an angel, so he's not gonna have any STDs anyway.* (Right? There weren't STDs in Heaven, were there?) *And he could just heal me right up if I ever had any. Which I don't anyway. And he sure can't pregnant, ha ha! Or, wait.... Could he?*

Because... was "he" even really a he? Did it just depend on the vessel, or...

This was all *just* confusing enough, and the habit of buying condoms so ingrained, that Dean couldn't quite make himself put down the box of "Pure Ecstasy Ultrasmooth Lubricated Condoms (Ten-Pak)". He stood there in the middle of the aisle for a long moment, staring at the box in his hand, totally confused. Maybe Cas just might want a condom anyway? Just to...

... to keep himself clean? *Ahem.*

... or something?

And WOULD Cas even be ... into well, wait a sec, now, would *Dean* even be into...uh...

Jesus H. Christ, get a hold of yourself, Dean thought. *A friend sucks you off ONCE, a GUY friend at that, and suddenly you're practically planning a honeymoon? Why are you even thinking there would be ANY NEED FOR CONDOMS? EVER? PLUS HE'S A FRIGGIN' ANGEL!* But he had bewildered himself into complete immobility now, and was just standing there in the aisle staring at the box in his hand when a little old lady came wobbling down the aisle on her walker. She spotted Dean still standing there, staring blankly at the box of condoms in his hand, gave him a big cheery grin and said "I recommend the BareSkins, sonny."

Dean bolted for the checkout. With the box still in his hands.

On the way to the checkout he thought, *Hell, I'll need condoms someday, somewhere, right? Might as well buy them.*

He headed for the self-checkout and was about to scan his purchases, but suddenly spotted Sam approaching, from all the way across the store, with a little basket of running socks and bathroom stuff. *Shit.* Dean had spent too long dithering about the condoms. Sam was getting closer. Abandon the incriminating purchases? Or scan them really quickly before Sam got here?

After a lightning mental calculation about the current distance between him and Sam, Sam's current walking speed, and the acuity of Sam's vision, Dean decided to go for it. There was a self-checkout machine open right here - he only had four items - how long could it take?

It wasn't until Dean started scanning his purchases that he discovered that the Wal-Mart in little Hastings, Nebraska, still apparently had the ghastly first generation of self-checkout machines, the kind that had actually announced the *name* of every item. Most stores had instantly realized the folly of this plan and had changed the machines' programming, but this machine had apparently never been touched since the early days, for as soon as Dean scanned the first two items it shouted loudly, "NOVELTY BUNNY EARS, FIVE-NINETY-NINE."

Dean blanched, but it was too late; he'd already scanned the next item, and the machine shouted "PERSONAL LUBRICANT, SIX NINETY-NINE."

Fuck. Dean distinctly saw the woman in the next line over raise her eyebrows. He hesitated with the last two items in his hands. They couldn't possibly have had these machines programmed to say "condoms" out loud, could they? They wouldn't *possibly* have been *that* stupid, not even in the first generation of programming, would they? Dean looked over his shoulder to see where Sam was. Still just far enough away. *Go for it!* Dean hurriedly scanned the last two items.

"PURE ECSTASY ULTRASMOOTH LUBRICATED MALE HYGIENE ITEM TEN-PACK, ELEVEN-NINETY-NINE. NOVELTY BUNNY TAIL, TWO-NINETY-NINE. "

Jesus fucking christ. The woman in the next line over was definitely looking at him now, and Dean said, "It's for my daughter," before he realized how that was going to sound. The woman's eyes widened. "It's her tail, I mean," said Dean, "Uh..." and then he tossed down two twenties, grabbed the bag and fled clear out of the store and all the way to the Impala.

By the time Sam came out, Dean had just about managed to stop blushing, though he was deeply questioning his sanity now about the condom-purchase logic as well as the entire bunny idea. But, what the hell, he had the damn stuff now. Dean had already wedged his bag in the top of one of the liquor store bags he'd picked up earlier, in the back seat safely away from Sam's eyes. Sam tossed his own bag in the back without really looking at what else was back there (whew), they gassed up, and headed back to Lebanon.

On the way back to Lebanon they started chatting about the week's plans. Sam checked the news on his phone while Dean was driving, and discovered there had been a rather

suspicious-sounding death in Montana. A priest had been found dead with his eyes burnt out. Hm.

"Sounds like an angel, doesn't it?" said Dean.

"Yeah. We should call Cas," said Sam. "He might know what's going on. Let's call him right now, actually."

"NO! We... we shouldn't call Cas," said Dean, for it was suddenly dawning on him that he'd really not made clear to Cas, after the last, uh, "incident," how important it was *not to tell Sam anything*. And given how blasé Cas was turning out to be about sex between friends, Dean could only too easily picture Cas showing up and saying something to Sam like, "So, Sam, I've put boundaries around Dean's room so that his orgasmic screams won't disturb you when I'm performing oral sex on him."

Dean cleared his throat and said, "We don't need Cas. We really shouldn't be bothering him too much. He's probably busy."

Sam looked at him. "What are you talking about? You always call him when we have a potential angel case. He knows most of the angels, Dean, you know that! Plus, if he's busy he just won't show—you know how he is."

"Yeah, it's just, you know, I kinda don't want to bother him," said Dean.

Sam looked at him a moment. "Aw, dammit, Dean," he said, with a sigh.

"What?"

"Dean... You still haven't straightened things out with him about that thing, have you?"

Oh. The "thing".

Dean couldn't quite figure out how to tell Sam that actually, he and Cas seemed to be getting along *just fine* these days.

"Sam, it's okay, just drop it."

Sam shook his head. "It's just, you guys really used to be pretty close." He sighed again, and said, "I still remember how messed up you were about not having gotten him out of Purgatory. You guys had a history, Dean. Don't you think you could give him a chance? Cause, you know, the thing that happened, you *know* he was brainwashed. You *know* that. It wasn't him; he couldn't help it. Couldn't you just talk to him? Sort things out?"

"I've been... trying to sort things out, actually, but... I've kinda been having a hard time — uh — " (*"Hard" time! Ha!* Dean almost busted out laughing.)

Sam said quietly, "Dean, don't kill me for suggesting this, but do you think you might still be, like... getting over it? I mean, he did hurt you. He didn't mean to, but you did get hurt. And even if he healed you up right again after, maybe it's still sort of eating at you."

Well, yeah, Cas has been eating at me, you could say that, thought Dean, stifling another snort of laughter.

"Dean, I'm serious, do you think you might be sort of... tense or something, when he's around?"

Tense. Or something.

"Um," said Dean, desperately trying to keep a straight face. "Um, yeah, sorta."

"Can you talk to him? C'mon, DON'T LAUGH, I'm serious, give me a chance here."

"Uh, uh, I mean, it's been kind of hard ..." Another burst of giggles threatened to bust out; Dean managed to squash them and said, "It's been kind of difficult communicating with him recently." *Understatement.*

Sam snorted. "You're probably being way too vague, knowing you. You know how he is; you gotta spell it out or he can misinterpret stuff." (Hm. Sam definitely had a point there.) "He's a good guy, Dean. And, he kinda cares about you, you know. Hey, don't give me that look!" For Dean had rolled his eyes. Dean was actually pretty sure that *even when Cas was blowing him*, Cas didn't really actually care that much. Dean was a "friend", sure —whatever the hell that meant to Cas. And even the sex stuff was obviously completely trivial to Cas.

Sam went on intensely, "He *does* care, Dean, and he worries what you think, too. And I'm pretty sure he's still messed up about that thing. I see it even if you don't. And, you gotta know, Dean, when he makes mistakes it's always because he's trying to help. If you could ever actually tell him what you wanted, I bet he'd try to help you out."

Dean thought, *Like if I told him "I want to ejaculate?"* and this time he absolutely could not hold back and busted out with a snort of laughter.

"Goddammit, Dean," said Sam, suddenly sounded kind of pissed. "That's it, I'm calling him right now. You gotta get over this."

"No, wait, Sam —"

But Sam had already closed his eyes and was muttering "Castiel. Castiel, can you hear me?"

"Sam, no, don't—"

"Castiel?" Sam said loudly, his eyes still closed, talking right over Dean. "Could you come down here? We need your advice."

Sam opened his eyes. Nothing happened for a moment.

And then, *whup-whuff*, Cas was suddenly there — wedged into the *front* seat between Sam and Dean. The Impala was not really all that wide and Cas just barely fit, his thighs pressing up against both brothers.

"Jeez, Cas!" Dean said, flinching. "What's wrong with the back seat?"

"The back seat seems to be full of alcoholic beverages and preserved foods," said Castiel. "I tried there first. I didn't fit."

"That's okay, Cas," said Sam, with a broad grin. "Some togetherness might be just what we all need. Don't you think, Dean?"

Dean didn't answer, because, oh wow, Cas was really *very* close. It was the first time Dean had seen him since the "incident", and... god, it was intense suddenly having Cas *so damn close*. With his head turned like that toward Dean, Dean could even smell his breath. Cas smelled faintly of fresh rain and... was that... heather?

It was kind of a nice smell.

"So, anyway, Cas," said Sam. "We got a potential case in Montana that I thought we should check with you about. Looks like there's an angel loose up there and I wondered if you'd heard anything."

Sam dove right into telling Cas about the death in Montana. But Dean could barely concentrate. Cas was really *right* next to him, his left leg pressed right up against Dean's right, their shoulders and hips brushing. Worse still, Cas's hands were resting quietly on his thighs, and the edge of his left hand was just slightly, *slightly* brushing the side of Dean's thigh.

That's the hand he was jerking me off with, Dean remembered.

He glanced down at Cas's long, lean fingers.

And suddenly all Dean could think of was the delicate feather-light touch Cas had used, when, *with that very same hand*, he had touched the glistening drop of pre-cum that had been dripping out of Dean's dick; and the way *that very same hand* had folded around the shaft of his cock, and kept jerking him, gently, firmly, while Dean had been coming... how come had been shooting out and landing *on Cas's trenchcoat* — the *very same coat* he was wearing right now.

It was all suddenly vivid in Dean's mind again, unbelievable as ever: He'd actually *shot his come all over Castiel*.

Aaaand.... Yeah, Dean shouldn't have been thinking about that. Yup, there went his cock again. Growing harder. Dean was getting a hard-on, quite a strong hard-on in fact, right here in the Impala with Cas sitting right next to him, and with *Sam* just beyond Cas. Perfect. Absolutely perfect.

Cas's hand twitched slightly. He slowly turned his head to gaze at Dean, even though Sam was in the middle of talking.

He didn't say a word, but Dean thought, *Holy shit. He knows I've got a hard-on. He wasn't even looking and he knows somehow*. But how? Dean's jacket and jeans were still hiding things pretty well. Yet Cas curled his fingers up, and one finger brushed Dean's thigh, and Dean was certain he'd done it on purpose.

He knows somehow, he fucking knows! What the hell, do angels have a special spidey-sense for nearby erect penises or something?

Sam was chattering on about Montana when Dean broke in, saying, "Cas, could you go to the back seat?" It was the only way he could think to convey to Cas "not now, please don't say anything to Sam, please don't touch me, please don't look at my crotch, not now, please!"

Sam stopped in mid-sentence and leaned forward to scowl at Dean. "There's plenty of room *here in the front seat*, Dean."

"It's *really kind of crowded actually*, don't you think, Cas?" said Dean desperately, shooting a pleading glance at Cas, who was gazing at him steadily now, his head tipped back a little, his eyes flicking up and down Dean's body. *He's goddam studying me again*, Dean knew.

He felt his cock stiffen further.

He heard Cas inhale softly. Still looking at Dean.

"CAS. GO TO THE BACK," barked Dean.

"No, Cas, *stay in the front*—" Sam was saying. "The bags are all over the place back there."

"I can go to the back," said Cas. "I can move the bags." He twisted around and made a motion with one hand, and Dean heard the bags all shove over to one side. A moment later Cas was simply... in the back seat. Sitting there quietly.

Sam let out an exasperated sigh and shot Dean a truly furious glare.

"Sorry," said Dean. "I just was... AH!" For he'd looked in the rearview mirror and there was Cas holding the bunny ears up in one hand, looking at them. They must have fallen out of the bag when Cas had shoved all the bags over.

Then the edge of the condom pack came into view in the mirror. *Cas had picked it up*, and he was turning it around in his hand, looking down at it curiously. Cas started to say, "What are ___"

"LET'S JUST PULL OVER AND TALK RIGHT HERE," Dean announced loudly, screeching the Impala to a halt by a nondescript field of alfalfa. "How about we all get out of the car and stretch our legs. It'll be easier to discuss this case if we can all see each other."

"What the hell are you talking about, Dean? This is a crappy place to stop," said Sam. But Sam did get out (though with another very exasperated sigh). As soon as Sam had closed his door, Dean whipped around and snatched the condom box out of Cas's hands, hissing, "*Give me those!*"

Cas looked at him wide-eyed. "What?"

"And *put those bunny ears down!*" Dean grabbed the ears too.

"What? Why?"

"*The ears are secret!*" hissed Dean, stuffing the condom box in one jacket pocket and the ears in the other. "Look, please, *please* just *don't* say anything about it to Sam!"

Cas was starting to look very confused. "About what?"

"About the — about the — you know — last week?... when...."

"Oh, should I not talk about the fellatio?" said Cas, just as Sam opened his door.

Sam blinked.

"Ha ha, Cas, ha!" said Dean, "Ha! Yeah, exactly, I don't really need to hear about the sex lives of the Neanderthals right now. Out you go now."

"Neanderthals?" said Cas, now sounding so bewildered that Dean began to feel a little bad. But at least Cas did get out of the car, and Sam got right back on the topic of Montana, bless his heart.

But then goddam Sam got it in his head that they should all walk around to the front of the car, and Cas followed him, and then, *jesus*, Cas fucking *leaned back on the hood of the car*. No bunny ears, and he was just leaning against the hood a little, not sprawled all over it or anything. But still! Well, at least his dick wasn't sticking out — Dean's eyes automatically dropped to Cas's crotch, just to check, and — *WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING LOOKING AT CAS'S CROTCH!?*, Dean thought, for his goddam hard-on was suddenly back and suddenly harder than ever. Dean actually felt himself flush. He abruptly turned away from the car, shucking his jacket off ever-so-casually to hold it in front of his crotch.

He kept trying to turn back around and join in on the conversation, but every time, there was Cas, leaning on the Impala hood, looking right at him. Just fucking *staring* at Dean his eyes flicking up and down, checking Dean out from head to toe.

Dean had to keep turning away to check out the field of alfalfa. And adjust his jacket.

Thankfully Cas wrapped up the conversation pretty soon. He insisted on dealing with the Montana situation himself. And poof, he was gone. The breeze from his departure wafted some leaves across the road.

Dean finally felt he could turn around safely — only to find Sam glaring at him with his hands on his hips.

Sam said, "That was downright *rude*, Dean. You kick him out of the front seat? Then you won't even *look him in the eye*? You won't even talk to him? You turn your friggin' BACK on him? Seriously?"

"Sam, look, I really can't talk about this now," said Dean, still fairly distracted about having to hold his jacket ever-so-casually in front of his crotch

"Whatever. But I'm telling you, you have GOT to talk to him," said Sam. Dean rolled his eyes, and Sam said, "Dammit, Dean, I have about had it with you and your weird issue with Cas. Why can't you just talk to him! Is it *really that hard*?"

Dean managed to keep a straight face for a whole entire second before he burst out with a huge snort of laughter. He managed to get himself under control just long enough to say, "Actually, Sam, it is," and then burst into helpless laughter all over again.

Sam wouldn't talk to him for the entire rest of the drive.

A/N - B less your smutty little hearts for reading this far and for tolerating my sense of humor. Please drop me a review if you are enjoying this! Up next: Dean finally calls Cas.

The Return of Orgasm Angel

A/N - This is pretty much all just smutty smutness.

All the rest of that day, Dean was a little bothered by the bewildered look Cas had given him in the car. This, at last, gave him the kick in the pants he'd needed, and at long last Dean finally managed to get up enough guts to pray to Cas.

He waited till Sam had gone to bed. And then he took a good long shower, scrubbing himself all over, and even getting out some scissors to trim down some (*ahem*) hair in certain areas. (It was just polite, right?) And then he dithered around for a while about what to wear. Jeans? or...

He remembered Cas just yanking his sweats right off. The sweats had really come off pretty damn easily, hadn't they?

Sweats it was, then! Sweats and a t-shirt. And you know what, hell with it, maybe he'd just go commando too. One less layer to worry about.

He got all ready and then sat down on the edge of his bed and closed his eyes, feeling more than a little shy. While in the shower he'd actually planned out this prayer, and he had a carefully thought-out couple of sentences ready. Entirely about how he was just checking in to see how things had gone in Montana.

But he'd only gotten as far as "Hey, Castiel? You got your ears on?" when Cas appeared right away, standing three feet in front of him, with a ruffle of air.

Dean jumped up off the bed. "Hey! Wow, that was quick. Uh... thanks for dropping by."

Cas just looked at him. Calm as ever, his chin up a little, his gaze cool. "I happened to be free," he said.

"Um...." Dean said, the shyness welling up over him. He even felt himself blush. *What is it with the blushing, am I suddenly in seventh grade again?* "So... have you been to Montana already? Any news? That angel cause you any trouble?"

Cas's glance slid away. "I took care of it." He looked around the room for a moment, and back at Dean. "Why did you call? Is something going on? Is it another case?"

"Oh," said Dean. "Well, I just wanted to say... I just wanted to say sorry about that situation in the car. About asking you to go to the back seat and all."

"Oh, that's all right, Dean," said Cas, a little half-smile crooking up one side of his mouth. "I assumed you were probably just distracted because of your condition."

"My condition?"

"Your penis was becoming erect. I theorized that might have been distracting you."

"Y-yeah. That's... a pretty good theory," said Dean, trying to act casual, like, *yeah, my erect penis was distracting me a bit, you know how that happens sometimes to us humans*. "So. Uh, just by the way, how'd you know about that?"

"I was close enough to smell your arousal."

What?

"I know your scent now," said Cas explained. "There's a particular scent that appears in your sweat sometimes, that I now know is an indication that you are experiencing sexual arousal. And a different scent when you're near to orgasm, and there's a very distinctive scent during the orgasm itself, and yet another scent afterwards, and—"

"Right, okay," interrupted Dean. "I get the picture."

He knows my SCENT?

FOUR different scents?

Cas said, as if it were purely of academic interest, "I now realize I've detected the first scent many times before. For example, recently when we were in that restaurant in Omaha, and the maple syrup spilled and—"

"Yes, yes, I remember, I get it," said Dean, now thinking, *oh jesus, he's going to notice every damn twinge of a hard-on I get from now till the end of time*.

A moment of silence ticked by. Cas was just looking at him.

Dean shuffled his feet.

"Dean, can I ask something?" said Castiel. "What is the purpose of the secret ears?"

Dean felt himself flush again.

Cas narrowed his eyes. And inhaled softly.

"Oh... just a Halloween costume idea..." said Dean.

"I see," said Cas. "But why are they secret?"

"Oh, well, you know. It's not Halloween yet."

"Ah," said Cas... as he lifted his head slightly and flared his nostrils. "Of course."

There was a little pause.

"Well, thank you for the apology, Dean. Though it was unnecessary," said Castiel. "If you don't need me for anything else, I'll be going."

Cas did that little sniffing-the-air move again. It was quite subtle; just tipping his head up a bit, and that soft inhale.

"Oh," said Dean, virtually paralyzed now as he watched Cas's little sniffing motion. "Uh... okay..."

"So," said Cas, "You don't need me for anything else?" *Sniff.*

"Oh... well..."

Say it! Ask him! Say it say it say it!

Dean stuttered out, "I g-guess not..."

"Well," said Cas slowly. "I suppose I should... be... going... then." A gentle, slow inhale, this time, and Cas's eyes actually drifted shut for a moment.

"Right," said Dean. "See you later."

"Yes..." said Cas, opening his eyes. "All right. I'll see you later."

A pause.

Cas took another soft, slow breath in through his nose.

"Goodbye, then, Dean," said Castiel.

"Yeah... bye..." said Dean.

Another pause.

Cas suddenly said, talking much faster, "It occurs to me, I was just wondering, would you like my assist—"

"Yes!" said Dean.

"I meant, with ejacu—"

"Yes yes I know what you meant yes the answer is yes," said Dean.

"I had an idea about another stimulus," Cas said brightly. "If you have a little time. Maybe half an hour?"

"Oh... I can clear some time, I guess," said Dean, and Cas took one step closer, reached out a hand and clasped Dean's shoulder and *poof*, they were in the garage. Standing at the front of the Impala.

"Um," said Dean, "Why are we here?"

"Dean," said Cas, dropping his hand and backing away a step, "why don't you.... *look at the car?*"

"What?"

Cas's eyes narrowed. Watching Dean closely, he repeated, "Just...*look at the car, Dean.*" There was rather an odd tone in his voice, slow and serious, if he were an amateur magician trying to put Dean under hypnosis.

Dean glanced at the Impala's hood, and of course immediately he thought of Cas writhing around with the ridiculous bunny ears... *Cas panting... Cas groaning in pleasure...*

"I thought so," said Cas, with a rather smug air of satisfaction. "The sight of this car is an effective stimulus for you. Rather interesting. I noticed it when I visited you and Sam earlier. Whenever you looked toward the car, your level of arousal increased."

Dean thought, *Yeah, that was because YOU WERE LEANING ON THE HOOD and I kept picturing you with your damn dick sticking out of your pants*, but he didn't even have a moment to think about what to say, for Cas just took a step over to him and casually *picked Dean up by the hips* — *jesus*, that strength again! — and set him on the hood. Cas seemed to have charged right into action mode now, Orgasm Angel all over again; just like the last time, it took him only one second to push Dean roughly back on the hood, and whisk Dean's sweats off.

His efficiency was astonishing. Boy, when Cas got down to business he didn't mess around. And now it was *Dean*, not Cas at all, who was spreadeagled on the hood of the Impala. With his cock sticking up in the air, already half-erect.

But this would do. This would do nicely. The Cas-on-the-Impala scene could come later (hopefully?); a Dean-on-the-Impala scene was acceptable for now. Definitely acceptable. Perhaps more than acceptable, thought Dean, because Cas already had Dean's legs apart again and already had Dean's cock in his mouth again, and he sucked Dean all the way down again, his nose pressed right up to Dean's pelvis. Then, god, he just *stayed* there, all the way down, swirling his tongue around.

Every other thought in Dean's mind flew away, and all he thought, and all he said, was "Yes yes yes yes yes." He let his head sag back on the hood. It was already clear that the Impala hood was actually not the world's most comfortable place to get a blowjob, but Dean didn't care at all because, *ahhhhhh*, it felt SO DAMN GOOD already. He'd been waiting for this all damn week, *hoping* for this, thinking about it every night like some idiot high-school kid with an idiot high-school crush, and now that it was finally happening again it was SO. MUCH. BETTER. than he'd even remembered! Cas's mouth was SO hot, fever-hot, his tongue SO velvety and wet and slick and steamily amazing. And Dean's cock jumped to a full erection in about one second, and kept getting harder every second after that.

Cas sucked Dean's cock down a little further down his throat, running his tongue up and down the shaft, and Dean moaned.

"aaAAHH, Cas...." he said.

One of Cas's hands shot up and covered Dean's mouth. *Oh, fuck.* Dean realized. *No "boundaries" around the garage!* And Sam wasn't all that far away! Sam and Dean often left the door open between the garage and the rest of the bunker, and the kitchen and library really weren't all that far away. Shit, where the hell was Sam? How loud had that moan been?

Cas's hand slowly lifted off Dean's mouth and Dean huffed quick breaths of air as quietly as he could, wrapping his heels around Cas's back and tugging him closer. And all the while Cas just seemed to keep his mouth fucking *locked* on Dean's cock, still all the way down. Then Cas started making some kind of weird swallowing motions in the back of his throat that felt *fucking incredible* on Dean's cockhead. Cas started to swirl his tongue around more too, and Dean hissed out a rough breath of air, "*hhhhhhh!*" Desperately trying to stay quiet.

Cas just sucked and sucked and swirled his tongue and made those incredible swallowing motions, and started bobbing up and down slowly, Dean's cock just completely buried in his mouth. "*Oh god Cas....*" Dean whispered, as quiet as he could, "*just keep doing that.*" Dean got a glance down and discovered Cas was watching him. Staring right up at him, those intense blue eyes wide open, looking up, locked on Dean's face. And it was positively mind-blowing to look down and see Cas like that, to see Dean's *cock* going into Cas's *mouth*, Cas's lips stretched around the veiny shaft. The gleaming black Impala hood stretching away to either side. (okay, so maybe the Impala *was* a bit of a turn-on?)

Cas slowly lifted his head all the way off Dean's cock with a soft slurp. Dean gasped, his cock bobbing in the cool air as Cas pulled free. Cas licked his lips slowly (this was an excruciating sight), and whispered, "By the way, Sam is within hearing distance, so you must be quiet if you truly prefer him not to overhear you. Here's a new stimulus, Dean."

He hitched Dean's legs open a little wider, licked one long, slender finger... and gently ran it right around Dean's asshole, simultaneously returning his mouth to Dean's cock.

But Dean found himself flinching away again from the finger, squirming up a few inches on the Impala's hood. He was actually not sure at all about this. Sure, the thought had crossed his mind briefly during the Hastings condom fiasco, but, truth was, Dean had never really been into the whole anal idea (well, not on the receiving end, anyway). Because, well, wouldn't having a finger up his butt make him gay or something? A split second later he thought, *oh, and having your cock sucked off by a dude is less gay?* followed by, *Or perhaps neither of those is actually the definition of "gay"?* and then, *What the fuck does it even matter?* and right on the heels of that, *Is he even a dude anyway?* And Dean had gotten so confused now that he just gave up and let Cas gently press that long finger in.

Cas went very, very slowly, slurping his way around Dean's cock, bathing Dean's cock with that hot silken tongue, and only very occasionally easing his finger in, a millimeter at a time. In. In. In. Gentle. Slow. Pausing. Continuing. In. In. In.

Cas got the finger pretty far in and seemed satisfied with that and just left it there, the one finger sunk all the way in and his thumb and other fingers gently rubbing around Dean's asshole. *It feels... okay*, thought Dean, slightly disappointed. Turned out one finger didn't really hurt or anything, but wasn't anything special, either. It just felt sort of... stretched out, and a little weird; and that was all. But Cas's *tongue*, meanwhile, *jesus that tongue*, hot as lava, slick as silk, still working like hell on Dean's cock, and soon Dean felt that tight, intense sensation start to take hold, gripping him all around his groin, all around his hips. His cock was really throbbing now — he could feel it stiffening. Dean started feeling the pressure built and he hissed, "Cas, I'm... getting close... getting.... close..."

Cas started massaging his thumb around the edge of Dean's asshole, pressing a tiny bit more firmly, and whoa, that actually felt weirdly good in a way Dean couldn't even define. A wave of tingles started sort of zooming all around there, from his asshole to his balls and cock and back again.

Then Cas wiggled his finger. The finger that was in Dean's ass.

JESUS. Suddenly that was feeling REALLY GOOD. Those tingles were getting stronger and were really kind of... kind of AWESOME.

Cas did it again and Dean felt his pelvis snap down against Cas' finger, kind of embarrassing actually, a totally involuntary thrust that drove Cas's finger a little deeper; then Dean couldn't help thrusting up sharply, sinking his dick even deeper into Cas's mouth; oh but now the finger had almost slid out! nooo! Dean's hips snapped down again; and jerked up again. Then Cas did ... *something*, moving that finger around, and an *explosion was happening, some kind of friggin explosion of fire tingles pouring along his cock*. Dean inhaled with a huge gasp and Cas clamped his other hand across Dean's mouth just in time, muffling the scream Dean had been about to let out.

"Mmff! mMFFH!" Dean whimpered, Cas's hand nearly sealing his mouth shut. OH MY GOD THOSE TINGLES, WHAT WAS HAPPENING? Dean's hips jerked again, faster now, strong hard thrusts, DOWN on the finger, UP into Cas's mouth, and *holy friggin christ*, Dean felt like his cock was exploding in slow motion somehow. Was this the prostate thing he'd always heard about? Because if so - HOLY SHIT WHY HAD HE NEVER TRIED THIS BEFORE? His cock was still buried in Cas's mouth, but Dean could feel the precome just pouring out of it. It felt like the Mississippi River, just flooding out endlessly, nonstop, and it was SO good, SO good, SO good! DOWN snapped Dean's hips, UP, then DOWN, UP, DOWN UP DOWN UP DOWN UP, Dean whimpering "mrrfffh! mff! mmmm!" into Cas's hand. The Impala had started creaking, the front end bouncing up and down with Dean's thrusts, and Dean knew Sam might hear, but he just couldn't seem to stop the thrusting. DOWN, UP, DOWN, UP, went his hips in jerky huge moves, such big, absurd, needy thrusts that he would have been embarrassed if he had *at all* given a fuck anymore.

His thrusts were sort of working him to the edge of the hood and then Dean started to slip right off the Impala, his hands scrabbling for purchase, and yet *still* he couldn't stop thrusting, DOWN, UP, DOWN, UP. Dean grabbed desperately at a wiper blade up over his head, and Cas shifted over and shoved a shoulder against the underside of one of Dean's thighs, stopping Dean's descent, and all the while Dean just couldn't stop the thrusting. Cas shoved

hard with his shoulder and pushed Dean back up the hood. *He could just magic me to where he wanted*, thought Dean deliriously, *he must LIKE the physicality, he CHOSE to yank my pants off like that, he's CHOOSING to push me around— he must like this—he must LIKE this!* This thought made a wash of hot prickles run all over Dean's skin, and Dean grabbed out with his free hand and got hold of Cas's hair, still hanging onto the wiper blade with the other. Just then Cas swallowed Dean's cock allllll the way down again and *sloooowly* pulled his finger out of Dean's asshole, wiggling it somehow *and HOLY FUCKING HELL those fire tingles suddenly went fucking EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE!* "mMMF!" grunted Dean. A shuddering spasm gripped him all over and an incredibly rapidfire blast of quick, hot blasts of come just *ripped* out of his cock and went right down Cas's throat. Quick sharp shots this time, lightning quick, *spurt-spurt-spurt-spurt-spurt-spurt*. And Cas just fucking swallowed it all and just *fucking stared up at Dean* the entire damn time. One hand still clamped over Dean's mouth. Dean gasping with the effort of staying quiet, whimpering against Cas's hand and writhing his hips against Cas's mouth, as his cock all but emptied out.

The spasms gradually faded and Dean went so limp he lost his hold on the wiper blade and started sliding off the Impala again. Cas pulled his mouth off Dean's cock, stood up and braced him with his own hips, leaning hard against Dean's pelvis, still with one hand over Dean's mouth.

Again Cas had halted Dean's slide off the Impala. And suddenly, for the first time, Cas's pelvis was right up against Dean's. Dean had his legs spread; Cas was standing there pressed right against him; and... oh.... this was surprisingly nice. This was surprisingly good. Cas's pelvis pressed to Dean's. This was good. This was very good. Dean made a mental note. Though, Cas's pants and coat and all were still in the way... but... did Dean... feel something? Was that... was that... *dammit, there was a fold of coat in the way* — Dean squirmed around, trying to feel what was going on — *did Cas actually have a hard-on?* Panting from the orgasm, Dean looked up at Cas. And for the first time all night, Cas looked away from him.

Cas gazed far off across the garage. Still leaning against Dean's crotch, still with one hand over Dean's mouth, but with a sort of thousand-yard stare on his face. Frowning a little, concentrating.

He seemed to go a little pale.

Dean had managed to squirm a little closer and... no, Dean had been wrong. No hard-on after all. (*damn...*) Still though, for a moment there, Dean had almost thought he'd felt something. It must have been just the damn coat, bunched up.

And then they were back in Dean's room. Dean was sprawled on the bed; Cas removed his hand from Dean's mouth and stepped back.

Dean sat up, wiped his mouth, tasted copper, and realized he'd bitten Cas's hand. Bitten so hard he'd drawn blood, apparently.

Cas was looking at his hand.

"Oh jeez, Cas," said Dean. "I'm sorry."

Cas just said, inspecting his hand, "That last stimulus appeared effective."

Dean said, "I would agree with that assessment."

"That's an interesting one," said Cas, lowering his hand. "You didn't respond immediately, but you did a few minutes later. There's some interesting cross-wiring there, anatomically. I could see that it can stimulate either the orgasmic pathway or several other pathways entirely. There's some distension sensors that really have to be calmed down first."

"What? "

"I was watching the nerve impulses," said Cas.

Right. He'd been watching the nerve impulses. Orgasm Angel had x-ray vision. Of course he did.

Cas eyes lifted to Dean's. Calm, cool... but... cautious. Almost worried?

Cas said, "Was that orgasm acceptable?"

Dean had to laugh. "Just a tip, Cas, if you have to muffle me with your hand and I bite you when I come, that would be a yes."

Cas just looked confused. Dean clarified, "*Yes, Cas*, it was acceptable."

"And the quality...?" said Cas, watching Dean alertly.

"Oh, you know," said Dean airily, "Not bad at all." Again he was feeling an odd reluctance to let Cas know *just how friggin' awesome* these angel-orgasms were turning out to be.

"The car was also effective," remarked Cas, lifting his eyes and gazing off into the distance.

Yes... the car had been effective... but... Dean still kind of had this thought in his head about *Castiel*, not Dean, writhing on the Impala.

Or, Castiel writhing at all, anywhere, would be nice.

Or, you know, Castiel even just getting turned on at all. Because ... that little brief moment when Dean had thought he felt a hard-on had been surprisingly exciting. But Cas hadn't been hard at all; it had just been a fold of Cas's jacket or something.

It was just a teeny tiny eentsy little bit disappointing.

Count your fucking blessings and don't wish for more, Dean thought, but he couldn't help asking, "Cas... do you want anything? I mean, can't I do something for you?"

Cas hesitated. He glanced at the floor.

Dean waited. It had always been a point of pride for Dean to never leave a partner unsatisfied, but he was utterly unsure what Cas might actually want. Could angels even *have*

orgasms? Maybe Cas just couldn't even get turned on? Maybe angels just weren't wired for it? Dean had no idea, but he suddenly felt he should check. Though... suppose Cas might want, oh, a blow-job or something? Dean suddenly got a little worried about this since he seriously wasn't into the idea of putting his mouth on another guy's dick.

But, Dean thought, if he absolutely *had* to do something like jerk Cas off, or even maybe give him a blow-job... or maybe just *lick* Cas's dick, or... fuck him, or get fucked by him, or let Cas come on him, or rub up against him or something, or maybe Cas might want something weird like maybe... maybe Dean would have to scrub him all over with a soapy sponge or lick hot chocolate off of him or put a cock ring on him or put nipple clamps on him or French-kiss him for an hour or curl him up and spoon him all night — well, if Dean *absolutely had* to do something like that, he'd find a way to soldier through it.

Cas was silent for a few moments. At last he said, still looking at the floor, hesitant, endearingly shy, "Actually... there is something I'd like, yes. Dean... the truth is... "

Dean waited, gazing up at Cas, breathless.

Cas finally looked at Dean and said, "The truth is, I still have quite a few more categories of stimuli I wanted to investigate. Quite a few more than I may have led you to believe. If you didn't mind, perhaps I could try several more on you. If you had some free time? In the next few weeks?"

"Oh, what the hell," said Dean. "If you really insist, I'll see if I can clear my schedule."

A/N - The Adventures of Orgasm Angel will continue next week. If you are liking this, please let me know!

Breakfast with Castiel

Dean had known some Great-Sex Weeks before in his life. Even despite the nomad life, he'd once or twice managed to stay in one place long enough, and had found the right person, at the fiery beginning of a relationship, to experience one of those wild blurs of seemingly endless sex.

But this, now. This thing with Cas. This was something else again. *Castiel*, of all people! Dean had always known Cas was bold; that he was quite un-selfconscious; that he was persistent, that he could be single-minded, that he never gave up at a task that he'd set himself. But somehow Dean had never, ever dreamed that Cas could turn that laser focus of his to *sex*, of all things. Wasn't Cas supposed to be a millennia-old virgin or something? But these ... these *stimuli* that Cas had thought up! His *curiosity*! His single-minded fascination with getting Dean off in as many ways as possible.... it was something that had to be seen (and felt) to be believed.

Cas returned every night for the next week, and it was the Great-Sex Week to end all Great-Sex Weeks.

On the first night, Dean was just starting to pace around his room wondering if Cas was going to show, when piles of Busty Asian Beauties skin mags appeared out of nowhere, stacks and stacks of them all over Dean's room. With Cas standing right in the middle of them.

"I thought of testing some visual stimuli tonight," said Cas. He snapped a finger, and the Busty Asian Beauties photo spreads came to life in the air all around him, like dozens of little 3D holograms floating in the air above the magazines.

Dean came embarrassingly fast that night, flat on his back and spurting high into the air, as dozens of Busty Asian Beauties gambolled naked all around him. (Cas sucking him off expertly, with a finger up his ass again, just *might* have been a contributing factor.)

Dean assumed it was over; he'd come already, right? But Cas started fiddling with what those 3D hologram things were showing, what areas of the body they zoomed in on, studying Dean the whole time. After about half an hour of Cas "experimenting with visual stimuli," Dean found himself surrounded by dozens of giant holographic Asian boobs bouncing gently in the air all around him, like large hot-air balloons all crowded into the room, a surreal sight which made him both giddy with laughter and almost helplessly turned on.

See? See? I AM attracted to women, I AM! Dean thought — studiously ignoring the fact that being attracted to boobs didn't negate the possibility of *also* being attracted to other things as well. For in fact the "visual stimulus" that actually seemed to be having the most powerful effect was the sight of Castiel himself, standing there by Dean's bed, with one hand on Dean's dick and the other gesturing in the air as Cas summoned one giant-bouncing-Asian-boob mirage into existence after another. Cas imperiously waved them closer and the boobs all

obediently grouped themselves into pairs, and then all circled around Dean, jiggling and bouncing lazily. *Ha, he's a Boob Wizard! Cas is a certified Boob Wizard*, Dean thought. He started to laugh, because it was all just so completely ridiculous; but then Cas bent down and began *flicking* him again, the boobs all gathered close like eager puppies, and the laughter turned into choked grunts as Dean spurted wildly into Cas's hot mouth.

The second night turned out to be Nipple Night. Nipple clamps were something Dean had never given a thought to before, but which turned out to be "remarkably effective", as Cas decreed later, especially when Cas did a little experimenting with timing, removing the clamps suddenly just at the point of orgasm. Aaaand a little later that night, after Dean had barely had enough time to recover, Cas had the bright idea of using his own tongue. And then his teeth. Yeah. In addition to the "tactile stimulation," as Cas put it, Dean was vividly aware that this was also pretty much the closest Cas had gotten, physically. Cas's head was pressed right up to Dean's chest by the end, his wonderful talented tongue working away, his teeth nibbling lightly, and Dean kept thinking *He's so CLOSE, he's so CLOSE TO ME*, and found himself clutching Cas's head tight to his chest with both hands as he gasped, and moaned, and then screamed, and then spewed all over Cas's hand.

The third night, out came the cock rings, and some damn timing strategy called "edging", which Dean found completely infuriating. But when he finally reached the end... "Those are definitely effective", decreed Castiel.

The fourth night was anal beads, which Dean was sure he would hate and which reduced him to a quivering mess of orgasmic convulsions. "It's really *quite* a good idea that you had about setting the boundaries," Castiel remarked. "Your lungs are quite powerful, did you know that?"

The fifth night was butt plugs. Another thing Dean had never dreamed he'd actually be trying; another half-hearted attempt at evasion blown away by Cas's gentle persistence. Another night of Cas standing up at the end saying calmly, "That appeared rather effective, wouldn't you agree?" Dean lying gasping on his bed in post-orgasmic bliss, looking up at Cas in something like awe, thinking, *How did I get this lucky? How did this happen?*

The sixth night, Cas had decided to try to find other erogenous zones on Dean's skin, by licking his way all around Dean's body. Partway through this Dean started to get very hopeful about the possibility for some kissing, maybe, perhaps? (Kissing was something Cas had silently avoided all along, and that Dean had been too shy to suggest.) Sadly, Cas managed to evade Dean's mouth for the entire night, but he did discover several delicious spots, behind the ears and between the toes and the insides of the elbows, that Dean had never dreamed would be that "effective."

Cas had already warned Dean that the seventh night would probably involve more "visual stimuli". But on the morning of the seventh day, Sam insisted that Dean go out with him to grab breakfast at a local diner. "You've been so cheerful all week!" Sam had said. "Nice to see you in such a good mood. Thought it might be a good time to go out and grab a real breakfast." So they headed off to Lebanon's tiny diner. And just as they had pulled up and were walking toward the diner's door, Sam said offhandedly, "Oh, I invited Cas. He's already here."

"*Cas* is here?" said Dean, his feet immediately slowing.

"I called him up an hour ago and asked him to meet us here," said Sam.

"*Why?*"

"Oh, I just thought maybe we could all hang out for a bit," said Sam airily. "He said he had a little time free. And, you know, you've been in such a good mood...."

Dean stopped in his tracks and glared at Sam.

Sam put his hands up and said, "Okay, okay. All right, look, I thought maybe you might be willing to talk to him. You still have this problem with Cas, I *know* you do, and you two *need to talk about it*."

"Oh, *jeez*, Sam," said Dean. "Look. I do *not* have a problem with Cas."

Or, not the problem you're thinking.

"Then you won't mind if he hangs out for breakfast, will you?" said Sam with a grin. He turned and pushed open the diner door, and held it open for Dean. Dean sighed, and walked in.

And there was Cas, already seated at the booth in the far corner, waiting for them, a mug of coffee in his hands.

"Hey Cas! Good to see you," said Sam, maneuvering around Dean rapidly and grabbing the other side of the booth, so that Dean was forced to wedge into the side of the booth right next to Cas.

"Gee, Sam," said Dean drily. "Thanks for letting me choose my seat."

"No problem, Dean!" said Sam. He flagged a waitress down and ordered toast and eggs for himself. Dean sighed again, and ordered pancakes. Cas, of course, just stuck to his coffee.

"So, Cas..." said Dean. "How... are you?"

"I'm fine, Dean," said Cas, looking at him gravely.

There was a little pause. Dean was acutely aware that he could feel Cas's thigh next to his.

After all these sex-charged nights with Cas recently, it seemed strange to be just sitting next to him. With clothes on. Like a normal person. Expected to converse, even.

Cas said politely, "And how are you, Dean?"

"Oh... I'm... fine," said Dean, shifting in his seat.

"Gee, you two are just shining examples of conversationalists," remarked Sam. Sam's order arrived, and he said, "Hey Cas, you ever tried toast? Or scrambled eggs?"

Cas shook his head, and said, "I don't eat, Sam."

"I know, but wouldn't you like to try? Just to try something new?"

"Yeah, Cas," said Dean, "You oughta try some new... *stimuli*."

Cas gave Dean a narrow look, but after a moment he nodded to Sam and said, "Perhaps I could try some toast."

"Wait, wait, try it with jelly," said Sam. "It's better with jelly." Cas looked a little puzzled, but accepted the toast from Sam and then picked up his knife. He carefully dipped the knife in a little plastic tub of grape jelly that Sam was holding out to him, and spread a bit of jelly on the toast, frowning with such intense concentration it looked rather as if he were performing a delicate surgery.

Sam and Dean both watched as Cas lifted the toast to his nose and sniffed. And sniffed again. Flaring his nose, inhaling slightly.

Dean blinked.

Then Cas's tongue came out, that velvety soft slick tongue that Dean had come to know *so very well* over the past couple weeks. Cas gave the jelly an experimental lick, flicking his tongue lightly over the edge of the jelly. And then another lick. Then a ever-so-tiny bite.

Dean watched, breathless.

Goddam it! Do not get turned on with Sam here! Just don't! NO BONERS AT BREAKFAST!

"Like it?" asked Sam.

Cas did the little sniffing motion again, looked slightly confused, and then looked over at Dean.

No boners at breakfast, no boners at breakfast, Dean repeated to himself, clearing his throat and looking away. He heard Cas say, "Um. Yes, I... like it. The toast is quite nice, Sam. The jelly molecules are ... nicely shaped."

Sam snorted and said, "Guess that's the best we can do for you, huh." He suddenly made a show of looking at his phone. "Oh hey," he said. "I gotta take this call. It'll be a few minutes, probably."

Dean said, "Your phone didn't ring, Sam."

"Did too. I had the ringer turned off."

"I am not believing you."

"I'm just gonna go take this call and why don't you and Cas just talk for a few minutes? Just catch up? Be back in a few!" Sam gave Dean a bright grin, jumped up out of his seat and walked toward the door.

Dean sighed and took a swig of coffee. Great... now Sam was trying to *set him and Cas up*, trying to fix their friendship, which would be just too funny if it weren't also kind of awkward. Well.. at least his friggin' breakfast boner had managed to fade a bit, now that he was no longer having to watch Cas actually *licking* the goddam grape jelly.

"Sam is behaving oddly," remarked Castiel, watching Sam as he left the diner.

"He's trying to get us to spend some time together," said Dean. He added, with a little smile, "He's worried we're not getting along and that we need to talk."

"Hm," said Castiel. "Perhaps it would reassure him if I told him that I've stimulated you to orgasm several times in recent days?"

"That would NOT reassure him, Cas," said Dean rapidly. "It really wouldn't."

"Maybe if I described the volume and force of your ejaculations?"

"*That would not reassure him, Cas,*" hissed Dean intensely, glancing around the restaurant. "And keep your voice down, could you?"

"But wouldn't that indicate that you do derive at least some pleasure from my company? Wouldn't it?" said Cas.

"Sam will NOT be reassured if he thinks I'm having any kind of sex with you. Just trust me on that one," said Dean. "He'd think I... he'd... just trust me, Sam does NOT want to hear about my orgasms. General rule of thumb actually, do not tell *any* guy about his brother's orgasms. And he's not really gonna be thrilled if he knows we're... you know."

"He wouldn't like it if you were associated with me?" said Cas. "I... understand, I think. I understand."

But Cas looked a little downcast now.

Dean rubbed his forehead with one hand, and said, "Cas, it just.... It's... Sam just can't find out, okay? Look, it's just... it's hard to explain. It's... it's a human thing, okay?" Cas thought about that, and gave a slow nod.

Dean heaved a big sigh and said, "Man, suddenly I could really use a drink."

"Would you like some more coffee?"

"I meant the *alcoholic* kind of drink, Cas."

Cas raised one arm and flagged down a waitress. "One alcohol, please," he said to her. "For my friend."

She gave him a bit of a funny look, and said, "We don't serve alcohol, mister. Try Flanagan's, across the street, if you want a drink."

After she'd gone away Dean said, "Just a tip. Try asking for beer instead of just 'one alcohol'. And, ask in a bar, not a diner." He sighed. "I *really* could use a beer, actually."

Cas nodded.

And then Cas vanished. Dean jumped at his absence.

Damn. Cas had just up and left. Here Dean finally had a chance to just sit and chill with him and actually talk with him for a change. (Not that all the visits from Orgasm Angel hadn't been awesome, but Dean found that somehow he was missing just hanging out with Cas.) And he'd blown it.

He'd had a chance to sit and chill with Cas, and he'd blown it somehow.

This wasn't a goddam date, he reminded himself. Free Awesome Blowjobs And No Emotions, remember? No attachment. He's not even into sex, he doesn't even want to kiss, he's just taken you on as his hobby of the month. He'll get bored eventually and move on to something else. Like he did with the honeybees.

Don't even dare dream of anything more.

Just count your blessings and be grateful, Dean reminded himself.

But a minute later, just as Dean was disconsolately starting to cut up his pancakes, Cas reappeared. In an unusually noisy puff of wind. The curtains at the windows waved wildly, napkins blew off several of the tables, and Cas slumped heavily in his seat, sliding sideways onto Dean.

"Whoa, whoa! Not your smoothest landing there, buddy!" said Dean, shoving him back upright. "What's up, you okay?"

"I'm okay, yes.... All is *well*," said Cas blearily. "Here. I brought you an alcohol." He held up one hand, and Dean saw Cas was holding a big pint-glass of beer. Cas said, enunciating carefully, the pint-glass wobbling a bit, "I went to F-*Flanagan's*, across the shtreet, for you. Here." He sloshed the beer down in front of Dean.

"Shh! Keep it down!" hissed Dean. "You're not supposed to have that in here!"

"Then you'd better drink it rapidly," said Cas. He added, putting his nose up and waving one finger in the air, like a tipsy professor making a grand proclamation in front of a lecture hall, "*I have dissss-covered something*: It, it is inshuf... inshush... *in-suf-fi-cient* to ask for "one beer" because then they will ask WHICH of several different kinds of beer you desire. Dean,

there are *very many kinds of beer!* I have discovered... *there ... are... MANY DOZENS of types of beer!*"

"So, let me guess, you tried a few?" Dean said, stifling a laugh.

"I tried them all," said Cas. He hiccuped. "They have twenty-two varieties at that particular esh-eshtablishment. I tried them each." He hiccuped again. "Several times in multiple rounds of compari.... comparish.... comparishonzzzz, to narrow it down to a final eight, and then quarterfinals and then the final *twooooo*."

Dean stared at him. "How did you have *time?*"

"Oh," said Cas, "I went forward in time to thish evenin'. It took *several hours* to inveshtigate all the options. THISH, Dean," he waved a hand at Dean's beer. "THISH WAS MY FAVORITE. I brought it back for you. Try it!" He leaned back against the booth, looking very pleased with himself.

Dean had been doing his very best to not laugh, but he finally just started chuckling and shaking his head. "Thanks, Cas," he said. It was sort of sweet, actually; Cas had gone to all that trouble just to try to get Dean a good beer.

He took a sip. It was some fancy-shmancy microbrew. An amber or lager or some damn thing.

He took another sip. Castiel watched him intently.

Damn good, actually, Dean thought.

"Izzz it ... good?" said Castiel, staring at him.

"Yeah, Cas," Dean said, nodding. "Actually, it is. Thanks."

"I wanted to get you some honey mead," said Castiel, with a sigh. "It used to be very common. I used to drink it with Arish-totle..." Dean blinked, thinking *Aristotle? THE Aristotle?* Cas went on, saying wistfully, "...it was his favorite... but... it turns out they didn't have mead at Flanagan's. They were puzzled when I asked about it."

Cas took a big breath, as if working up to a deeply emotional revelation, and finally he burst out with, "Dean... they told me... *people don't make mead any more!*"

It was at this point that Sam came walking back in. He looked rather alarmed at the sight of Castiel looking slightly teary and tugging on Dean's sleeve, but Dean beckoned Sam closer. Sam crept up uncertainly and Cas turned to him, grabbed over the table at Sam's wrist, and said, "Sam, it's *so sad*, they *don't make mead any more!*"

Sam cast an alarmed look at Dean as Cas said, straightening up a little, shaking both of their arms, "Sam. Dean. I am going to tell you something important. Something very important."

They both stared at him. Sam sank down in his seat.

Cas said, lowering his voice, looking at them from under his brows, still tugging on their sleeves, "The two of you have accomplished such... *impossible* things. You are such... *remarkable* men, both of you. I believe — I am *certain* — that you two could... *learn to make mead*! If you set your minds to it." He released both their arms and leaned back against the booth with a sigh.

Dean said to Sam wearily, "He went to get me a beer."

"And he had to try some first?" guessed Sam, a flicker of a smile darting over his face.

"Apparently he tried all of them, several times."

Castiel said, "I am *only very slightly* intoxicated. Pay it *no mind*. I m-merely wanted to get Dean a good alcohol. Dean, is the alcohol pleasurable?"

Dean actually choked at the word "pleasurable", spitting out a mouthful of beer.

"Um, yes, Cas, it is! It's great. It's a great ... it's a great alcohol," said Dean. Sam muffled a snort of laughter, but Castiel said, very seriously, looking highly concerned, "It's a good quality? It's a good experience? You're happy?"

"Yes, Cas," said Dean. "I'm very happy with the beer."

"Ah, then," said Cas, relaxing abruptly. "That's good. That's very good."

"So, Cas, you and Dean are getting along okay, are you?" said Sam, still trying to hide his grin. "You talked through some stuff?"

"We don't actually *talk* much," said Castiel seriously, "But I believe he has experienced a degree of s-satisfaction, some pleasure perhaps, in my company. There are certain shtimuli that—"

"Hey Sam, how'd the phone call go?" interrupted Dean.

"Oh... it was fine," said Sam, not taking his eyes off Cas. "You really okay there, Cas? Had a good chat with Dean?"

"Yes, Sam. Things are going well." Then Cas leaned across the table toward Sam and said, in a throaty, confidential stage whisper. "You know, Sam, your brother can be *very loud*. And.... the *volume* and the *forcefulness* of—"

"ALL RIGHT THERE, CAS!" Dean said brightly. "Sam, you know what, maybe you could give me and Cas a little more time to talk?"

Sam ignored Dean and said to Cas, "What do you mean, loud and forceful?" — a flick of an irritated look at Dean here — "Was Dean yelling at you, Cas?"

Cas nodded slowly, and said, "He yells *a lot*."

Sam glared at Dean. "Dean? What is he talking about?"

"Oh, c'mon, Sam, he's drunk!" said Dean, increasingly desperate. Was there no way to get Cas to shut up?

"Cas, has Dean been angry with you?"

Dean again tried to break in with "Sam, you *know* he's just drunk—" but Sam said "It's best if we get this out in the open. Cas," he repeated, turning back to Castiel, "Was Dean acting angry with you?"

"No no no no no, noooooo!" said Cas breezily, waving a hand back and forth. "No, no, he just gets... *excited*. Sam, did you know that your brother has..." He paused.

It was like watching a rollercoaster plunging down the track. There was just no damn way to stop it. Dean could only sit there and cringe.

Castiel leaned across the table toward Sam and whispered, "Your brother has... *secret ears*."

Sam looked completely baffled.

Cas continued, "But I'm not sh-sh-supposed to tell you about that. So I won't." He shut his mouth primly and leaned back against the booth. He looked over at Dean and said, in another oh-so-confidential stage whisper, "*Don't worry, Dean. I won't tell Sam about the ears.*"

"Yeah," said Dean. "Thanks for that, Cas."

"*Or the condoms*," whispered Cas. "*You can count on me, Dean.*"

Sam burst out laughing.

"Thanks, Cas," Dean managed to say. He said wearily to Sam, "I bought some at the Wal-Mart, okay? So sue me. Cas saw them in the back seat."

Castiel nodded. "Pure Ecstasy Ultrasmooth Lubricated Condoms," he recited carefully.

Dean put his hands over his face, and said, "Yeah, Cas, thanks for—"

"Ten-Pack," said Castiel.

"—thanks for not telling Sam about that, Cas," said Dean, his face buried in his hands now. Sam wasn't even bothering to hide his laughter any more and had dissolved in giggles.

"I won't tell Sam, Dean," said Cas. "I am the soul of dish-dish... dishcretion."

"You're the soul of something, all right," said Dean.

Sam finally managed to stop laughing, and said, "Why did you even think you were gonna need condoms, Dean? When have we ever even had a split second to talk to an actual girl in the last six months? There's no way you've met someone."

And dammit, Dean could *feel* himself blush.

"Holy *shit*," said Sam, staring at Dean. "You *have* met someone! Haven't you!"

"No... I... haven't...." said Dean weakly, trying very, very hard not to look at Cas. "You know how you're supposed to always have... condoms... anyway... just in case?"

"Don't give me that line, you've *met* somebody! Where? When? Was it in Iowa?"

Don't look at Cas, don't look at Cas. "Uh, yeah, maybe it was Iowa, okay?"

"So what's she like? What's her name?"

Dean couldn't help it; he looked at Cas. And Cas was staring back at him with the most bewildered look on his face.

Cas said, in a small voice, "You have a girlfriend, Dean?"

Dean felt pretty sure the rollercoaster car had gone right off the track and was heading right over a thousand-foot cliff now.

"C'mon, Dean, what's her name?" Sam said.

Dean tried to think of a fake girl name, but the first three names that came to mind were "Cassie", "Cassandra", and, worst of all, "Castiella."

"Ella," said Dean, barely able to breathe.

Sam said "What's she like?"

If I shrink down in my seat far enough, can I just slide under the table? Dean thought. He tried to come up with a convincingly detailed lie for Sam, to come up with a decent description of a fictional girlfriend. But when he tried to picture an imaginary partner, for some reason all he could see was Castiel.

"Uh... she's got... d-dark hair... and...uh... blue eyes...." stuttered Dean.

"Oh, c'mon, give us some details here! She hot? Nice tits? Athletic? She nice? Good kisser?"

"Um... sorta flat-chested actually....yeah, athletic.... lean... um... *super hot*... and... nice, yeah... a little nerdy... but... in a good way... pretty badass... a good fighter... really good with a knife... big family... they're not very nice..." Dean heard himself rambling on, *about Castiel*, and thought in horrified panic, *Get a hold of yourself! Stop babbling! Change the fucking topic NOW!* "Look, I don't really want to —"

Cas broke in with "How are her fellatio skills?"

Both Sam and Dean turned to stare at him. Castiel said, very serious and suddenly looking much more sober, "I've been given to understand that it's an important skill. And apparently it requires some practice."

Yeah, the rollercoaster was just about to hit bottom, wasn't it....

Half of Dean's mind was still casting around wildly for some distraction (could he pretend he'd just seen a werewolf run by in the street outside? Yell "fire"? Fake a heart attack?). And the other half of his mind was noticing the worried, downright *heartbroken* look that had crept into Cas's eyes.

"Well, since you ask, Cas," said Dean, "Her fellatio skills are kind of poor."

Sam snorted again, but Cas said "Really?", his face visibly relaxing.

"Yeah. I think she hasn't done her research."

"Research is *important*," said Cas, nodding eagerly.

"So!" said Sam, suddenly getting his wallet out. "I think that's enough conversation about fellatio with the drunk angel for now, Dean, don't you think?"

"*Absolutely*," said Dean. "Sam, if you could give me a few more minutes with Cas here to, uh, clarify a few things, and I'll join you out at the car soon. Okay?"

"Clarify away," said Sam, rolling his eyes. "Good luck with that. See ya, Cas. And just by the way, you are a downright adorable drunk." He reached across the table to give Cas an affectionate clap on the shoulder, shot Dean a sympathetic grin, tossed down a few bucks for his meal, and bolted for the door.

"Cas," Dean began, "Look, I know you're a little drunk right now, but I just want to be sure you know, you just *can't* tell Sam stuff like that, okay? Because HAH!"

Cas had just grabbed his dick. Well, through his pants. But still.

Oh, and, now Cas was unzipping his fly. And licking his hand, and putting his hand back down, and, yeah, he'd gently maneuvered Dean's dick out into the cool air and was starting to massage it.

"This girl Ella," Cas said, "How is she with manual stimulation of the penis? Or, of the testicles? Or anus? Do you kiss her? Does she use any unusual stimuli?"

"*Cas! Whoa!*" Dean hissed, trying to squirm away, trying to shove Cas's hand away, as discretely as he could. He glanced around the diner, but nobody seemed to have noticed anything. Thank goodness they were at least in a corner booth, a little out of the main flow of traffic. He just couldn't seem to get Cas's hands off him, and goddam if the Breakfast Boner wasn't storming back now, and Cas just wasn't letting up.

Jesus Cas's hand was hot. Not for the first time, Dean wondered if Castiel's body temperature might be substantially higher than normal. He always seemed just... *so hot*.

In several kinds of ways.

Cas paid absolutely no attention to any of Dean's attempts to shove his hands away, and was still peppering Dean with questions about "Ella", asking, "Has she tried vibrators? Can she give massages? Has she tried feathers — Dean, *she hasn't tried feathers*, has she?"

"Oh, jeez, Cas," Dean whispered. "People are *watching*, Cas,"

"No, they're not," said Cas, glancing briefly around the diner. "She hasn't tried feathers with you, has she?" *Why had he asked three times about feathers?* Dean filed that away for reference, but didn't get a chance to ask about it because Cas was just going to town on his dick now, his hand just *so damn hot*, and finally Dean just closed his hand over Cas's and let him go at it. Damn, if he'd ever needed the Completely Silent Orgasm, he needed it *now*. Dean had given up totally now, just letting Cas go at him, and it built, and built, and built, and *dear god* it felt good. Nothing fancy about it, no creative "stimuli" this time, just Cas jerking him off plain and simple, fast and raw, but *oh* it felt *good*! Cas was somehow doing all this with no apparent movement at all in his upper body, just turned very slightly toward Dean. Watching him.

Watching him.

"She hasn't tried feathers?" Cas said again.

"No... feathers, Cas," whispered Dean. "No... f-ff-feath— mm! mff!" Dean went dead silent, and sat absolutely still, half panicked and half thrilled. Through the sound of the blood pounding in his ears he could hear the clinks of silverware and conversation in the background, a waitress calling for more coffee, a patron walking by... the whole diner just going about its business... and everybody in the diner, except him and Cas of course, completely unaware of what was going on under the table.

It built. It built. Dean held his breath.

Cas whispered, "I want you to ejaculate for me. Now."

It burst over Dean, ripped through him, and then a flood of warm semen was pulsing out of Dean's cock into Cas's hot hands. Dean sat rigidly still, holding his breath. He felt his torso twitch once at the beginning, but managed to keep it very small.

He sat very still, and felt the waves of ecstasy roll right through him, and out of him, and right into Cas's hands.

Dean finally was able to draw a long, careful breath, and another, and another. Cas magicked him clean, and tucked Dean's dick away carefully, and did up the zipper.

"Thank you, Dean," said Castiel.

"*Holy hell*, Cas," said Dean softly.

"Is Ella... are her skills.... pleasurable, Dean?" Cas said. Dean finally had got his breath back enough to turn and look at him, and found Castiel looking so woeful and dismayed (and tipsy) that Dean just wanted to gather him up in his arms.

"There is no Ella, Cas," Dean said. "I made her up."

"What?"

"There's no girl. I was just trying to throw Sam off the trail. There's just you."

Cas blinked. "I am... confused," he said. He stared down at the table for a moment.

"Sorry if I got a hand job under false pretenses," said Dean, feeling a little guilty.

"I should have thought of offering it anyway. It was my pleasure," said Castiel absently, still staring at the table.

A moment later he said, "Dean... I would like for you to have a life partner who makes you happy. But.... I must admit I'm glad you haven't tried feathers with somebody else." Eyeing Dean's beer glass, Cas said "Are you going to drink the rest of your alcohol, Dean?" and without waiting for an answer, he picked up the glass and drained the remainder of Flanagan's Angel's-Choice Beer in a single gulp. He plunked the glass down on the table and said, "I'll see you later," and disappeared.

He reappeared a moment later to say, "Oh, you may wish to avoid Flanagan's tonight. I gave them your name for the tab." And disappeared again.

A/N - Now what was he going on about with the feathers? Perhaps he was just drunk. Or perhaps we'll find out later.

If you are enjoying this, please leave a review!

Interior Decorating

A/N - Just a warning, change in emotional tone coming up. Some more serious stuff on the horizon.

Also, at some point in here you may start to detect that I am an ornithologist (yes, really) who has some opinions about how winged creatures are built and how they naturally would behave. My take on angels isn't always the standard one, so, just a head's-up about that. This'll become more obvious later.

Of course Sam just would not let the Ella thing drop. He peppered Dean with questions about "Ella" for the whole drive back to the bunker.

Dean finally said, "Look, would you *please* stop bugging me?"

"But, Dean, it's just, you were friggin' *babbling* about her!" said Sam. "You only ever do that when you're really into somebody. I've only seen you go on like that about a chick, like, twice ever. And one of those was when you were in ninth grade! How the hell have I never met her? When have you even had a chance to hang out with her?"

"Oh, well, you know," said Dean. "She... lives pretty far away, so, we, uh... we skype a lot. From my room."

"Ha!" Sam said, sounding satisfied. "Well, that explains it."

"Explains what?"

"You've been disappearing into your room right after dinner every night for a couple weeks. No movies, no bars, just straight to your room. And you've been in such a good mood, especially this last week. I wondered what the hell was going on. Cause, you know, it's not really normal for you to be in a good mood."

Dean flipped him off, and Sam laughed. Sam went on, dropping into his Heartfelt-Brotherly-Bonding voice all of a sudden, "Seriously, Dean. I'm happy for you. Though I wish you'd friggin' *told* me. And, you know, I kinda always wished that..." He stopped.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing," said Sam. "Nothing. Say, the internet speed holding up okay for the skyping? Wifi strength okay? I could try to bump it up or something?"

"Oh, a little stuttery, not too bad," said Dean — actually, on the porn videos, sometimes the wifi signal strength did drop a bit and the vids got stuttery. Getting a wifi signal through those thick concrete walls wasn't actually all that easy.

"I'll see if I can tune it up a bit," said Sam. "Cause it'd be a *shame* if a skype call with Ella froze up at *just the wrong moment*, wouldn't it? You know, I'm just amazed I haven't *heard* anything from your room recently. Used to be I heard all kinds of horrible noises. Suddenly nothing! You must be, ah, *keeping things under control*?"

"Would you just shut up," said Dean.

Sam grinned and added, "Especially after that shower. Oh! That was Iowa! Wasn't it! You must've just met her!" He started cracking up. "You were thinking of her, weren't you?"

"Would you just shut the hell up," said Dean, and Sam started downright cackling with laughter.

If Sam gave him this much hell over a goddam skype call with a *girl*, yeah, it was going to be an absolute friggin' nightmare if Sam ever found out what was really going on. Conclusion #3 was just getting more and more important.

Conclusion #3, of course, was: *Sam can never, ever, find out.*

Most of that day Dean was out in the garage working on the Impala (oil change, tune-up, and also fixing a wiper-blade arm that had mysteriously gotten a little bent somehow, about a week back). Sam took one of the other cars out for the afternoon, running some damn series of long errands.

When Dean finally got back in the bunker, just at dinnertime, Sam said, "Hey, I was out at hardware store for the wifi stuff and I wanted to show you what I did. For the wifi in your room." He led Dean down the hall.

Dean started to hear "Saturday Night Fever" playing before Sam even opened the door.

Sam swung Dean's bedroom door wide open and Dean said, in genuine horror, "What the FUCK did you DO?!"

The Bee Gees were singing "Saturday Night Fever" at top volume from a 1980s era boombox in the corner of the room. And the whole room was full of glittering silver lights swirling around the walls, coming from a small, battery-powered, spinning disco ball hung from the center of the ceiling (complete with light guns aimed at it from two corners of the room); a red lava lamp was bubbling in one corner; and even from the door Dean could see some kind of friggin' *sex sling* hammock thing hanging in other corner of the room. Black rubber, with separate stirrups for the feet, and a handy hole right in the base of the seat.

And the bunny ears and tail were neatly arranged on the sex sling. Along with an absolutely gigantic rubber dildo that looked over a foot long.

The dildo was buzzing and shaking noisily.

Sam was howling with laughter.

"What the FUCK did you do with MY ROOM?!" Dean said, walking in and turning around, and the more Dean looked the more he saw. "My Little Pony" posters all over the goddam walls. The bed was neatly made up with a tiger-print fleece bedspread and zebra-print throw pillows, and Dean was pretty sure he could see cheetah-print sheets underneath everything. There was a huge bottle of "Total Ecstasy Massage Oil" perched on the bedside table with yet another lava lamp AND a friggin' enormous bright-red butt plug decorated with blinking Christmas-tree lights. Dean turned around further, mouth starting to actually hang open in shock, Sam absolutely in convulsions in the doorway. There was another gigantic pair of bunny ears, this set of ears over two feet long actually permanently mounted to the wall over the bed, along with a sparkly flying Pegasus-unicorn that seemed to have a huge rainbow coming out of its butt. A whole new set of ancient girlie mags was scattered on every conceivable surface (well, those at least might be useful) along with an assortment of tiny ceramic unicorns tucked absolutely everywhere. There was an actual BEANBAG in the third corner. It was a SUEDE beanbag. A HOT PINK suede beanbag. Dean actually yelled when he finally got all the way around to the last corner of the room and discovered a giant life-size cardboard cut-out of John Travolta in the corner, in classic Saturday Night Fever dancing pose, just behind the door.

"I just wanted... Ella..." choked out Sam through his laughs, "...to get to see the real you." He convulsed in laughter again. "Oh my god, the look on your *face* when you saw the *butt plug*!"

"I friggin' don't *believe* this," said Dean, staring around. "Can't a guy get ANY GODDAM PRIVACY in his OWN GODDAM ROOM?"

"Serve you right for not telling me when you've finally met a person you actually like," said Sam, managing to get only that one sentence out before he started laughing again, choking through his laughs, "*I can't... believe... you actually... got... bunny ears for her!*" He just buckled over with laughter again for a moment, and then gasped out, "When Cas said that thing about the ears I knew something was up, and I found them — Don't LOOK at me like that, I actually wasn't trying to pry, but, I found 'em under your bed when I was drilling the damn hole for the internet cable — I found the ears, that was just before noon, and then I got the whole idea and spent all afternoon running around to flea markets. Oh, *god*, your expression when you saw *Travolta*! It was all worth it just for that!" He started giggling again.

"GET THIS CRAP OUT OF HERE," yelled Dean, though, actually, he had to admit was pretty damn funny, and finally he started chuckling too. "Where the hell did you even find a friggin' suede *beanbag*, Sam?"

"Rural Kansas flea markets are nothing if not up-to-date on their home decor," said Sam, gasping for breath. "And, just in case you're worried, the butt plug and dildo are actually brand new, so you can use them with no fear. AND, the dildo vibrates! And it's FOURTEEN INCHES LONG! I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT!" Sam started laughing helplessly again and Dean whipped a few zebra-print throw pillows at him, which Sam batted away easily. Sam finally managed to sober up enough to say, "I actually did get a wifi router of your own in here, and bumped the speed up. You should have *awesome resolution* on the Skype videos now. She should be able to see *every single detail of your room*."

He started giggling again, and Dean finally managed to kick him out.

Of course Cas took it all in stride when he showed up half an hour later. Dean hadn't bothered to even try to take any of it down yet — he was just flopped out on the tiger-print bedspread staring in defeat at the spinning disco ball. Even the "Saturday Night Fever" soundtrack was still playing in the corner.

Cas appeared in the middle of the room, glanced around serenely and said, "You're added some decorations, Dean."

"You are really the Angel of Understatement sometimes, you know that?" said Dean.

Cas didn't respond. He was turning around in a little circle inspecting the room. He finally said, "Dean, I wasn't aware you were fond of small colored horses."

"It's Sam's idea of a joke," Dean tried to explain. "I'm not really into any of this stuff."

"Oh. These are not things you personally like, then?" said Cas, still looking around. "Striped predators? Tiny revolving mirrors? This large dancing man in white?"

Dean had to laugh. "No, not really my kind of stuff," he said.

"Hm," Cas was walking around the room now, inspecting everything closely. "Interesting stimuli, actually. But if you say they're not effective for you, I'll trust you." He looked at Dean. "Dean, it occurs to me, I haven't asked you yet if you have stimuli of your own in mind. Stimuli that you might like to try."

Cas just happened to be standing right by the sex swing. On which the bunny ears and bunny tail were still lying. (Dean had turned off the vibrating dildo a while ago.)

"Well," said Dean. "Uh. Just for kicks...how about..."

He walked over and picked up the ears, and slowly set them on Cas's head.

"My vessel already has ears, Dean," said Cas seriously, as Dean adjusted the little headband-thing that held them in place. "These ears will not be functional."

"They're not supposed to be functional, Cas," said Dean. "And hey, let me just... I'll just put this one more thing on, just complete the costume here... Just testing out the Halloween costume..." The bunny tail had a little clip, and after a little fiddling, Dean managed to get the tail clipped right to the back of Cas's trenchcoat.

"I don't actually need a tail either, Dean," said Cas. "My true form already has a tail."

Dean looked at him, startled. "You have a *tail*?"

Cas looked puzzled. "Of course. All flying creatures have a tail. How else could we steer?"

Well, when he put it that way it sounded so obvious.

But... jeez, a *tail*?

It was so easy to slip into thinking of Cas as human. An eccentric human, a little different, of course; but basically human. But then there were these moments, sometimes, when Dean was abruptly reminded that Castiel was really something else entirely.

Dean found himself starting to ask, "So how..." He was seriously just about to say "How long is it?" but suddenly it seemed like such a hell of a double-entendre, and somehow Dean got so shy he just shut his mouth and backed away a few steps.

And there stood Cas looking at him with the *little BUNNY EARS!* One of them stood straight up, the other was bent a little, and *oh god*, it was so hilarious, and so adorable, and Cas looked so extremely puzzled now at Dean's expression. Dean started cracking up, and Cas ended up squinting his eyes so much that it seemed a miracle he could even still see at all. Dean peered around Cas's side to look behind him and there was the fluffy white tail, in exactly the right spot. It was just too friggin' hilarious; it was *perfect*.

"Why are you laughing, Dean?" said Cas.

"Oh, I'm just happy," said Dean, biting back another laugh. "Could you, uh... could you...just... lie back on my bed for a sec?" The sex swing had its own temptations, but Dean still just had that damn image in mind of Cas sprawled back on the Impala, or on the bed at least. Dean wouldn't be able to see the tail, but...

Cas obediently sat down on the edge of the bed, and then lay back, looking up at Dean. With those damn EARS ON HIS HEAD. On the tiger-print bedspread. With the zebra throw pillows. The goddam lava-lamp in the corner. The giant blinking butt-plug. The swirling disco-ball lights all around. Old Playboys lying all around him.

Dean had thought it would be hilarious, but he instantly felt himself flush, and had to look away. That goddam Sam.... somehow he'd actually stumbled across some decent stimuli.

Dean *heard* Cas's soft inhale, *knew that Cas knew* what Dean was thinking, and a moment later Cas had silently got back to his feet and was gliding over to Dean and pulling him by one arm to the bed. Where he gently pulled Dean's clothes off. Sweats. Boxers. T-shirt. And then, damn if he wasn't picking up the Total Ecstasy Massage Oil and saying, "I was going to try visual stimuli tonight, but I think there's enough visual stimuli already." Cas poured a little oil into one hand, set the bottle down, rubbed his hands together, looked up - those *friggin ears, my god* - and he said, "How about a massage?"

Dean had assumed Cas would go straight for the cock, but no, it turned out Cas actually launched into a full-on, honest-to-goodness legitimate massage. Cas had Dean lie face-down first and just started working all over Dean's shoulders. Turned out Cas had somehow picked up some genuine massage technique somewhere (*Someday*, Dean thought, *I really gotta ask him about the "research."*)

Cas worked Dean over from head to toe, worked all the knots out of his back and shoulders, worked all the way down his limbs, all the way down Dean's fingers and toes. This all turned

out to be so exquisitely relaxing that Dean almost forgot all about the sex stuff. (Almost.) Cas's hands just felt so damn good.

It was sorta sweet, too, in a way. Almost like Cas was really trying to take care of Dean... not just observing Dean dispassionately as Exhibit A in Cas's little human-biology experiment. Almost as if he were really just trying to make Dean feel good, in whatever way he could.

That episode in the diner this morning was interesting, too, mused Dean, as he was almost drifting off, lying there with Cas's strong hands working on a knot in Dean's shoulders.

That diner thing was interesting. Well, obviously getting jerked off in a diner was interesting right there, but also Cas's reaction to "Ella" had been kinda interesting.

Kinda like he'd been jealous or something.

Dean was still pretty sure, though, that Dean was really still just Exhibit A for Cas. Just the hobby of the month. Cas had probably just got worried about whether his "skills" were up to snuff, just in general. Not worried about Dean in particular.

'Cause, you know, the thing was, Cas just *never got turned on* at all.

And he still would never let Dean kiss him. Or do any kind of embrace. This line had been drawn so consistently and yet so silently that Dean had found himself reluctant to ask about it, fearful Cas might somehow just scare off entirely. But the pattern had become very clear: Cas never really let Dean get his hands on him. Kisses, embraces of any kind, and of course, any actual fucking, god forbid, all seemed off the table.

The blowjobs and all are amazing, of course, Dean thought. *I'm not complaining.... I'm definitely not complaining.*

I'm not complaining.

I'm not complaining.

Okay, I'm complaining.

If Dean was completely honest with himself (which he generally tried to avoid), it was starting to get kind of frustrating. A bit of a bummer, even.

"You're tensing up," said Cas. "Just relax." His hands dug harder into Dean's shoulders, and Dean tried to forget about all the other stuff and just enjoy the massage.

A full hour later, Dean was lying there in a blissed-out reverie, on his back now, Cas still working slowly up the muscles of his thighs, when Dean realized that Cas's hands were at last drifting closer to Dean's crotch. Cas was still just studiously doing a sort of thigh-muscle massage now, but of course the thighs just happened to be close to certain other body parts, and Cas started casually resting one hand on the shaft of Dean's cock now and then, and then started squeezing and tugging lightly, then massaging Dean's balls, then returning to his thighs. Dean was so super-relaxed now that he was actually a little surprised to discover he was getting a full hard-on. When the hard-on appeared, suddenly the thigh massage just

happened to be over and Cas shifted his attention (and both hands) smoothly to Dean's cock and balls. His hands slick and warm with the massage oil, tugging Dean's cock more and more. Till Dean started to squirm, and moan, his cock getting firmer.

Dean opened his eyes and saw Castiel standing over him.

There stood Cas, leaning right over him, by the side of the bed, looking down, still so calm and silent, his attention focused on Dean's groin. Dean looked up at Cas's familiar profile, at his focused expression; at the serious eyes, that soft-looking hair (with the *bunny ears!* *The bunny ears were so fantastic, oh god! And the disco lights!*) That familiar outfit of tan trenchcoat, and white shirt; the dark suit jacket just visible under the trenchcoat; the blue tie hanging down as Cas leaned forward. The ridiculous disco-ball lights sliding over everything. The disco lights added such a touch of unreality that Dean had a weird surreal moment of thinking, *Maybe I've just dreamed this entire last month? Because this really is not possible. None of this is possible.* Dean's breath started coming in gasps now, and Cas paused to slick both hands up with massage oil again and then wrapped a slick fist tight around Dean's cockhead and slowly pressed his hand down, all the way down to Dean's pelvis. And again. And again, squeezing Dean's balls with the other hand. Dean gasped out, "god, GOD, that's good, yeah, *do that again.*" Cas's eyes flicked to Dean's face and held his eyes for a moment.

That cool gaze.... (and the *bunny ears!*)

Cas broke eye contact and looked back down at Dean's cock. Calm as ever. Calm and cool.

The end of his tie brushed over Dean's cockhead.

Suddenly something swept over Dean, and he *intensely wanted his hands on Cas*. He wanted *contact*, he wanted to make Cas feel something, to make Cas *react*... he wanted... something *more, something closer*. Cas ran his hot, slick fist down Dean's shaft one more time and Dean suddenly just couldn't stay still. He reached out and grabbed Cas's coat roughly with both hands, said, "Come *here*," and yanked him closer, throwing him off balance. Dean simultaneously rolled toward Cas a little, so that his cock was pressed up against Cas's shirt. Cas jolted in surprise and had to let go of Dean's cock to try to brace himself with both hands on the tiger-print bedspread, one hand on each side of Dean, but he let Dean go at it. The soft, slightly scratchy touch of Cas's shirt against Dean's cock was overwhelming, and Dean shoved his dick hard against Cas and pulled him even further down against the bed, almost reflexively butting his cock up against Cas's torso, feeling the warm firmness of Cas's flesh (Cas's flesh!) under the shirt. He knew Cas must be able to *feel his cock* now, feel it butting against him. Yet Cas still said nothing; he still looked calm, focused, attentive. "Give me something BACK, damn you!" muttered Dean, and Cas just gave him a puzzled look.

Dean felt the brush of Cas's tie again and groaned and grabbed for the tie and wrapped the end around his cockhead. The *tie! Cas's tie!* It was cool and silky, it was *part of Cas*, it was the only part of Cas he seemed able to really grab hold of, and though a tie wasn't really the part he most wanted, Dean could make do. Dean said, "Get *closer*, you bastard," yanked Cas down further with his other hand, trying to get the tie more fully wrapped around his cockshaft. The whole thing was getting totally disorganized and confusing, Dean's moves messy and uncoordinated, because there wasn't really a plan here, it was just Dean groping

madly at Castiel and obsessively wrapping the tie around his cock, breath catching in his throat, cock throbbing, getting perilously close to the edge.

"You like this," said Cas, his voice even more gravelly than usual. "Yes," moaned Dean, pushing against Cas again. Cas put his hand over Dean's. Cas's hand, slick with massage oil, over Dean's hand, over the blue tie, wrapped around Dean's cock.

Cas squeezed his hand.

Dean yelled "yes, yes, AH, AH, AH!" and started thrusting hard against Cas, into his tie, into his hand. Pushing against him, rutting up against his chest like a mindless animal.

... and suddenly Dean felt Cas's hand slid off of Dean's dick. And felt him sink sideways against Dean's leg. Dean thought Cas was changing to another position, and glanced up at him, half-waiting for another dry "Here's a new stimulus, Dean."

But Cas's eyes were glazed and unfocused. His face was shockingly pale, his lips blue.

Something was wrong.

"Cas?" Dean said, a chill of fear running down his spine, just as Cas slithered off the bed, totally limp. He fell a little sideways and his face caught the edge of the bedside table as he fell. The bunny ears flew off and skidded several feet away.

"Cas? *Cas?*!" Dean called, scrambling to the edge of the bed to look at him.

Castiel was lying unconscious on the floor, his face dead white, his eyes half-open.

It was easily the quickest boner-killer Dean had ever experienced in his life. Between one heartbeat and the next, Dean's erection was entirely gone, his cock curling up limply, the looming orgasm evaporating into nothing, as Dean leapt down to the floor. He knelt down next to Cas, calling "Cas? Cas, can you hear me? Cas, what's wrong, *CAS? CAS?*!" Dean started shaking him gently, slapping his face. But Cas seemed to be out cold. What the hell was wrong?

"SAM!" Dean hollered. "SAMMY! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH CAS! GET IN HERE!"

Sam was actually the one who knew more about angels; it was Sam who'd read that whole damn ancient tome on "The Physiology of Angels". And it was Sam who was better at human first aid, too. Good ol' bleeding wounds, Dean knew exactly what to do; but stuff like mysterious passing-out, Sam was definitely the one to call.

"SAM!" Dean hollered again. A moment later he realized Sam was going to bust in here and find Dean stark naked with Castiel, with some very compromising "stimuli" scattered around the bed.

And Dean suddenly didn't give a damn. He suddenly just didn't give a damn at all if Sam found out.

Dean didn't even bother to try to get some clothes on. That would waste time.

Where the hell was Sam? Oh, goddam, the friggin' "boundaries"! Dean ran for the door (still totally naked), stuck his head out and hollered "SAM! GET IN HERE! SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH CAS!" And there was Sam, already running down the hall toward him.

Sam charged in and skidded to a halt, taking in the sight of completely naked Dean crouched by unconscious Castiel. Sam shouted, "Dean, WHOA, man, get your boxers the *fuck* on! What happened to Cas?"

"I don't know, he just, he just passed out, he just, he just keeled over! I don't know what's wrong!"

"Okay, okay, calm down. And *get some underwear on*, jeez. Cas?" Sam took over with Cas, checking his pulse and breathing, while Dean pulled on his boxers.

"He's breathing," Sam reported after a moment. "His heart's beating. Bruised his face here, but I don't see any real injuries. What happened? Did he just show up like this? Did he speak?"

"He, he, yeah, he was speaking, but all of a sudden he just *passed out*," said Dean, crouching next to Cas again with Sam. "I don't know what's *wrong* with him, Sammy, I don't know what *happened*, I don't know what to *do*—"

"Calm down. Hey. Calm down, Dean," Sam looked up at Dean and put out a hand on Dean's arm. "Calm down. He'll be okay. You're freaking out, Dean. Calm down."

Dean took a breath.

Sam went on "You're freaked out cause he caught you doing, well, whatever, with Ella, right? - but chill, it's okay, it's, uh, kind of hilarious actually but, look, he's breathing, he's probably fine, he probably knew he was about to pass out and flew here just to be somewhere safe. He probably didn't even notice what you were doing. Here, get your sweats on." Sam grabbed Dean's sweatpants off the floor and tossed them at Dean. Glancing down at Cas, Sam added, "Shit, he's waking up. Dammit, Dean, *snap out of it*, here, you sit with him and I'll hide the stuff."

Dean stared at him. "The stuff?"

"Rule one about porn, Dean," said Sam, dashing around the room now, picking up the girlie mags. And the dildo. And the massage oil. And the bunny ears. And throwing a blanket over the sex swing. "Rule number one, if a friggin' angel of the Lord shows up in your room you *hide your porn immediately*."

"Yeah... I... keep forgetting about that," said Dean, finally realizing Sam had assumed that Dean was naked because he'd been skype-sexing with the fictional Ella.

And Sam was helpfully trying to hide the evidence from Castiel.

While Sam was grabbing the ten million girlie mags and sex toys that were all over the room, Dean discreetly wiped the massage oil off Cas's hands with the edge of his sweats. Best if Sam didn't notice that.

"What did Ella see?" said Sam, stuffing about fifty ancient Playboys under the bed. "Did she see Cas show up?"

"Uh," said Dean, "Uh. I just... slammed the laptop closed."

Sam rolled his eyes. "You'll have make it up to her later."

"Right..." said Dean.

Sam had been right about Cas waking up; a few moments later Cas' hands started twitching, and then his eyes blinked open. Immediately he looked all around the room. Dean had noticed this before, with Cas; he had that soldier's reflex to scan the room immediately if he woke up somewhere unexpected. Cas was instantly looking all around, briefly registering their faces and saying "Sam? Dean?" and then looking around some more, trying to sit up, looking behind him.

"Cas, you okay?" said Dean, bracing him so he could sit up.

"Dean... I'm sorry," said Cas, his voice a little weak.

"What the hell happened? You really all right?"

"Just a... temporary issue. I'm all right." Cas glanced up at Sam. "Hello, Sam."

Sam froze. He just happened to be holding the last stack of porn: a huge armful of girlie mags, plus the blinking christmas-tree-lighted bright-red butt plug, and the bunny ears. He glanced down at the butt plug, cleared his throat and said, "Hey, Cas." Cas just kept gazing at him and Dean watched in delight as Sam's face gradually turned almost the exact same shade of red as the butt plug. Sam shuffled his feet a little, and then very slowly set the enormous blinking butt plug down on the bed, and casually placed a zebra-print throw pillow on top of it, which didn't even remotely hide the thing. Sam cleared his throat and said, "So, Cas... you okay?"

"Yes, Sam, thank you." Cas looked curiously at the bright lights that were still blinking out from under the pillow.

Sam closed his eyes for a second, and then heaped several more pillows on top of the butt plug.

Cas sat up further, saying, "I'm fine, really. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to alarm you," Cas turned his attention to Dean, saying, "Dean, were you... did you..." He tottered to his feet and put his hand on his head. He looked back at Sam, saying "Sam, why are you hiding all the... items?"

Sam said rapidly, "Oh, no reason, just thought I'd... tidy up. Dean was just, uh, experimenting... with.... Look, Cas, why don't you come with me, and, uh, Dean, you just, uh,

tidy up some more, why don't you, get some... more... clothes on and maybe... check your *laptop*, Dean, and I'll just sit Cas down in the main room."

A second later Sam was dragging Cas to the door, one arm on his elbow. Sam was just guiding him out of the room when Dean suddenly saw the *friggin' bunny tail*. *It was still clipped to Cas's coat*.

The bunny tail was going to give everything away.

And Sam hadn't seen it yet.

Dean scrambled out the door after them, tried to grab the tail, and missed. Both Cas and Sam turned to look at him, turning in the hallway so that they were sort of facing each other, the tail hidden from Sam.

"Check your *laptop*, Dean," hissed Sam. "You gotta check your *laptop*. I'll take care of Cas."

Cas said, "Actually, I'm really quite all right now, Sam."

"Yeah, but why don't you just come and keep me company for a while. Dean has *stuff to do*. *Don't you, Dean.*"

"But I'm all right," said Cas, trying to maneuver back toward Dean's door, and Dean suddenly realized that if Cas kept walking away from Sam, in about half a second Sam was going to see the bunny tail.

"GO WITH SAM, CAS," Dean barked, and Cas stopped, looking puzzled. Sam took him by the elbow and began to pull him back toward the kitchen. By some freak miracle Cas happened to turn so that Sam still didn't see the tail.

"But..." said Cas, looking back at Dean in obvious confusion.

"Be there in a sec, Cas," said Dean desperately.

As they walked down the hall, Dean heard Sam saying, haltingly, "Look, Cas, about all that stuff I was carrying, the stuff in Dean's room, I know you might have seen Dean doing... something, and I just want to be sure you know it's all okay... because... I don't know if you know, that... you know, a man needs some... *release* sometimes... and..." *Oh god*. This had disaster just written all over it, didn't it? And now Dean had to stay in his room for a minute, for long enough to pretend he'd called his imaginary Iowa knife-fighter girlfriend back and apologized for interrupting their steamy video-sex session to take care of a sick angel.

And it was only a matter of a minute at most before Sam would notice that bunny tail!

Dean suddenly had a brainwave.

He closed his eyes and sent out a prayer to Castiel:

"Castiel? Cas, can you hear me? Castiel? If you can hear me - look, that goddam bunny tail is still on your coat, can you just get rid of it? Put it somewhere *Sam won't see*. Sam can't see it

on you, you understand? Put it somewhere Sam won't see." A second later Dean thought to add "And don't send it to the outer rings of Saturn or some damn thing. You can keep it in the room where you are, just make sure it's somewhere Sam can't see it. Okay?"

He waited another minute, opened his door and dashed out toward the main room. Cas looked perfectly fine now, just standing there with his back to Dean, talking to Sam (who was facing Dean now). And *the bunny tail was gone* from Cas's coat! *Cas had heard him!*
HALLELUJAH!

Cas was okay, and the bunny tail was gone, and everything was fine. Dean heaved a huge sigh of relief, feeling almost wobbly on his feet. He walked over to join them.

He got just close enough to notice that Sam's face was beet red. Then he heard Cas saying "But I don't understand, what does Dean need release *from*? Has he been trapped?"

Sam said, "Yeah, Cas, so, um, men have certain.... *needs*.... "

"Oh, that's a euphemism for needing orgasms. I've heard that expression," said Cas, nodding. He added, sounding a little worried, "Sam, are you saying that Dean needs more orgasms?"

Sam shot a terrified look at Dean and said, "Hey, I'm gonna just go make some tea! For all of us! Everything okay there Dean?"

"Yup!" said Dean, and Sam turned around and bolted toward the kitchen.

The bunny tail was clipped to the back belt loop of Sam's pants.

Dean almost yelled. He actually had to clap both hands over his mouth, and then forgot to breathe. He stared at Sam, as Sam walked hurriedly away toward the kitchen, staring at the fluffy white bunny tail, right there on Sam's ass, bouncing gently with every stride.

Sam disappeared into the kitchen and Dean turned to Cas. He made himself take a deep breath first, and start with the most important thing, which was, "You really okay, Cas?"

"I'm fine, Dean. I'm very sorry to have alarmed you. And to have interrupted our session."

"Cas?"

"Yes?"

"Why is Sam wearing the bunny tail?"

Castiel said, "Oh, yes. Well, actually I did send it immediately to the asteroid belt just beyond Mars, but then you said to put it in the room but somewhere Sam wouldn't see. But, Dean, I couldn't find a spot where he definitely wouldn't see, but it occurred to me, the one spot he definitely won't see, no matter where he turns, is directly behind himself."

"Cas?" said Dean, pinching the bridge of his nose with one hand.

"Yes, Dean?"

"Send it to *my room*," hissed Dean.

"I can't," said Cas, looking quite apologetic. "I'm sorry, Dean. I'm out of power. Especially after sending it to the asteroid belt and back. I barely got it onto Sam at all. I'm sorry — an episode of vessel failure like that can knock down my power temporarily."

Dean took a breath. "Okay, Cas. That's okay."

"Dean... did I make... a mistake?" said Cas, suddenly looking so very worried that Dean had to paste on a fake grin and clap him on the shoulder.

Dean said, "It's okay. I know you did your best. I'm just glad you're okay." At that point Dean caught sight of Sam moving around in the kitchen. Sam happened to turn away from Dean, and Dean was instantly pulverized by the effort of *not laughing*, from the sight of that fluffy little white tail perched on Sam's butt. Sam reached up to get some mugs, and the little white bunny tail wobbled a bit; he turned to check on the hot water, and that little tail was in perfect profile view.

Sam was wearing a Playboy bunny tail. And HE DIDN'T FRIGGIN' KNOW.

Dean's breathing was getting so ragged he had to turn his back on the kitchen and actually bite his knuckles to keep from bursting into laughter. Cas watched him with concern.

"Are you all right, Dean?"

"Yesss," Dean just managed to hiss, drawing a very careful breath. "Cas... I do just have to say one thing. The mistakes you come up with are *so much more creative* than anybody else's mistakes." Dean stole one more glance over his shoulder and spotted Sam's bunny tail again and instantly almost lost it again. "*Oh my friggin god*," he gasped, turning back to Cas, leaning over a chair and breathing deeply till he got back in control, "Why does this stuff keeping *happening* to me?"

"I'm sorry, Dean. I'm causing complications for you, aren't I?" said Cas. He still looked quite worried. "And I ruined your orgasm," he added sadly. "And now Sam says you need *more* orgasms."

Dean realized that Cas was gazing at him now with one of his damn-near-lethal Sad Puppy looks. Dean gave a little chuckle and reached out to give him a squeeze on the shoulder. "Cas, don't you worry about what Sam says. And you're allowed to leave a guy a little blue-balled if you friggin' pass out for some damn reason."

At that point Sam came trotting back into the room with three mugs of tea and insisted they all drink it, even Cas, who obviously didn't need tea, but Cas politely took some anyway. Every time Sam turned around Dean almost lost it again and Sam started shooting him suspicious looks, but Sam finally just ignored him and said to Cas, "So, Cas, what happened?"

Cas looked down at the floor and said, with a completely unconvincing little shrug, "Oh, nothing..."

Sam gave a snort. "That wasn't nothing. C'mon, Cas, what's going on?"

Cas said, "Oh... I ... was... assisting.... a friend... somewhere... with... with..." A long pause. "... a.... thing... and..."

"We don't need the details, Cas," interrupted Dean, feeling like Cas might as well just hold up a giant blinking neon sign that said "I AM TALKING ABOUT SEX WITH DEAN." Dean added rapidly, "Just, why'd you pass out and are you okay?"

Cas nodded, and said, "I had to decrease the blood pressure of my vessel."

Dean and Sam both stared at him. Sam said, "Decrease your *blood pressure*?"

Cas seemed to slide right back into his "Castiel the Inept Liar" act again and said, waving one hand around aimlessly, "My vessel was beginning to... get.... it was beginning to... It was... It's as if it were... It started to... react to... a certain... stimulus, and... "

Dean's mouth actually dropped open. Cas was very determinedly *not looking at Dean*.

Dean finally got in gear enough to cut off Cas's stuttering trail of Blatant-Hints-For-Sam-Winchester, and said, "So you messed with your blood pressure, is the point?"

Cas cleared his throat and went on, more steadily, "Yes. There are various ways of controlling a vessel; it's rather complicated, but the point is, sometimes they react to... " He cleared his throat. "...stimuli. External temperature or food or..." A *very obvious* pause. "... other stimuli. And, what happened was quite simple, my vessel was reacting to..." Another *incredibly obvious* pause. "...something. And, I had to decrease the blood pressure to calm it back down, quite a lot actually, and I realize now I decreased it too far. I'd forgotten there was a lower limit to human blood pressure, and I dropped it too low. Simple, really, I just forgot there was a lower limit."

Sam was looking at Cas with a studious frown. "You know, I've been reading that old book, on angels, you know, The Physiology Of Angels, and—"

"That's a *very inaccurate* book, Sam," Castiel said instantly. "Nothing in there is accurate *at all*."

"You ever thought of just letting the vessel do its thing?" Dean said nonchalantly, crossing his arms. "Like, not dropping the blood pressure? Just let the vessel get hungry or whatever? Or get... *hot*, or whatever?"

"That wouldn't be wise," said Castiel, fidgeting.

Sam put in, "So in The Physiology Of Angels, I couldn't help noticing that it says—"

Cas said, "That's really a *terrible book*, Sam."

Dean said, zeroing in on the blood pressure issue like a pit bull, "Cas, it doesn't seem all that much wiser to pass out and crack your head on the floor, than, to just, you know, let the

vessel do its thing. And also, maybe you'd... enjoy it, you ever thought about that? Maybe you'd enjoy being... hungry or, you know... *hot*. Or something."

"That's *not the point*," snapped Cas, a hint of steel in his voice now. "It wouldn't be *right*."

What the hell? It wouldn't be RIGHT?

Dean said, "Oh, and everything *else* you've done is so goddam right?"

Whoa. That hadn't come out well at all. And Cas folded right away, his gaze dropping to the floor, his shoulders slumping.

"Dean! Jeez!" put in Sam. "Give him a friggin' break here! He came to you for *help*!"

Dean immediately felt awful, and said, "Cas, hey, I'm sorry, I wasn't talking about all that old stuff, I just meant... I just ..."

Cas looked up at him with a rueful little smile, saying. "That's all right, Dean. It's a fair point. And this is my fault; I've made you both worry. I do apologize. I'm fine now, and thank you both for the care, and, Sam, thank you for the tea. I'll be going now."

"Oh, you're, you're sure you're okay to fly now?" said Dean.

Cas nodded.

Bunny tail! Tell Cas to deal with the bunny tail!

Dean said, "Is there anything you want to... *take with you*? Anything you ... *put anywhere*?"

"Not really, Dean. If there's anything out of place, I'm sure you'll manage," said Cas. And goddam it if he didn't have an actual smirk on his face when he vanished.

Dean spent the next ten minutes trailing after Sam, half still worried about Cas, half panicking about the damn tail, trying to think of some way to swipe it off of Sam discreetly. At last Dean finally had the positively brilliant idea of pretending he was putting the bunny tail *on* Sam, as a joke to get back at him about the bedroom. And best of all, once he'd oh-so-casually collided with Sam and made a fake swipe at his butt, pretending to put the tail on, *Sam still didn't notice*. Which meant Dean *finally* got to have a solid five minutes of genuine fits of hysterical giggles before an increasingly confused Sam finally realized what was happening, scrabbled around at his backside, found the tail and shot Dean a truly evil glare.

"You. Dean. Dean Winchester," Sam said, shaking the bunny tail at him. "Just for that, I'm not going to tell you yet."

"What? You're not going to tell me what?"

"Oh... nothing," said Sam innocently. "Nothing at all!" He tossed the bunny tail at Dean and walked away, chortling.

Now what the hell was that about? Dean had no idea. But he did know one thing for sure.

He knew what stimuli he was going to ask for next.

A/N - Number of hints dropped in this chapter about various things: 7.

Saturday Night Fever

And then of course Cas didn't show for a few nights after that.

For several nights Dean hung out in his room just kind of hoping Cas would show, and of course Dean ended up just sitting on the tiger-print bedspread, flipping through the millions of girlie mags that Sam had left under his bed. The girlie mags just didn't hold his interest, though, and after a while Dean fell into a pattern of just sitting there in the evenings actually reading the goddam *articles* in some of the old Playboys, not even trying to jerk off. Just sitting there drinking a beer, reading the old Playboys (hey, it turned out the articles WERE actually pretty good). And, now and then, just gazing across the room at the red lava lamp with the disco ball sparkles swirling over the walls.

He'd be damned if he'd listen to that ridiculous Saturday Night Fever soundtrack, though. Disco? Seriously? Dean had a good lineup of classic rock on his ipod, and listened to that instead.

Four nights slid past.

But Cas still didn't show.

Dean was not the wallowing type. On the fifth night, as he sat there flipping through another Playboy, he kept repeating to himself *Free Awesome Blowjob and No Emotions*.

Emphasis on *No Emotions*.

But it was starting to creep into his consciousness that the "No Emotions" part was perhaps getting a little hazy. There were, in fact, a few emotions flitting around. For example, there was a lingering worry about whether Cas was truly ok. And then, there was an increasingly strong sense of irritation about how Cas had actually been trying to hide his vessel's "reactions" from Dean - and looking back now, Dean realized there'd been quite a few moments when Cas had gone a little pale. Starting way back with that moment on the Impala, when Dean had been *sure* he'd felt some kind of bulge there, something under Cas's coat.

There was also an unmistakable spark of hope. Dean kept trying to squash it and it kept bouncing back up like an excited puppy that just wouldn't stop barking. Cas's vessel had "reacted"! That *had* to be good, right? Right?

And... last... a very wobbly feeling kept surfacing now and then that actually made Dean feel a little nauseous. What if it had really been *only* the vessel reacting, and not really Cas at all? What if Cas truly *didn't* want his vessel to react?

What if Cas had been "lowering the blood pressure" because he *just didn't want Dean*?

The moment this thought floated up in his head, as Dean sat there on the tiger-stripe bedspread, Dean made a snap decision that this would be an excellent time to open up a new bottle of Jack Daniels.

About a half hour later Dean was lying back against the zebra throw pillows singing loudly along to the Saturday Night Fever soundtrack, a glass of whiskey in one hand, waving the fourteen-inch vibrating dildo around in his other hand to conduct the Bee Gees and their back-up orchestra. Turned out Dean had picked up some of the Saturday Night Fever lyrics somehow over his life, and the dildo actually made a pretty effective invisible-disco-orchestra conducting baton. He was entertaining himself pretty well till he realized he'd got to a song where he was singing "You're my savior when I fall." He fell silent and listened to the Bee Gees singing:

You're my savior when I fall...

And you may not think I care for you...

When you know, down inside,

That I really do.

Dean took a huge swig of whiskey, set down the dildo, staggered up off the bed and stumbled over to the boombox as the Bee Gees belted out,

... and it's ME you NEED to SHOW!

... HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE!

How deep is your love, how... deep... is... your... love?

"Shut the hell up, you warbling disco canaries," Dean said, stabbing the fast-forward.

On cassettes you couldn't just click to the next track, of course; you had to just randomly fast-forward for a while and see where you ended up. Dean held the button down for a minute, released it on a random song and flopped down again on the tiger-stripe bedspread. He picked up the buzzing dildo and started conducting again. It was some random sappy-sounding song that Dean didn't even recognize till the trumpets suddenly launched into the chorus and the singer (some babe this time) belted out:

IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU,

I DON'T WANT NOBODY, BABY!

IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU!

UH-HUH-HUH! OH!

How had Dean never noticed that the goddam friggin' damn chorus repeated THREE FRIGGIN TIMES IN A ROW at the end of the song?

IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU,

I DON'T WANT NOBODY, BABY!

IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU!

UH-HUH-HUH! OH!

Dean chugged down the whole rest of the glass, lurched to his feet again, wobbled over to the boombox and hit the stop button. "Friggin' CANARIES," he said.

All right. Enough was enough. Time to man up. Dean refilled his glass, just for some extra reinforcement, and stood in the center of the room, swaying only a little.

It was a little harder to pray while drunk, but Dean made a decent stab at it, closing his eyes, trying to "think at" Castiel.

He only got as far as saying, "Hey Castiel, so are you actually an angel or just a giant feathery chicken?" when, *whuff-whup*, Cas was there, standing right next to the Travolta cut-out. He'd actually answered! Immediately!

Castiel stood there bathed in the glittering disco ball lights. He happened to be standing just to the left of the Travolta cut-out, right where the dippy 70s chick in the red dress would have been standing if it had been the Saturday Night Fever movie poster. Except, instead of looking at Travolta adoringly like the 70s chick would have done, Cas was looking at Dean.

He said, "Is that your choice of stimulus for tonight, Dean?"

Dean looked down and realized he was still holding the fourteen-inch vibrating dildo in his hand.

"It may be anatomically unwise," suggested Cas. "But I could give it a try if you wish."

"NO! No. No, definitely not, no, I was just... playing music."

"You were playing music with a large rubber penis?"

"Yes, Cas. I was playing music with a large rubber penis," said Dean, waving the dildo around like a sword. "There's *many things you don't know* about us humans, you know, Cas."

We can play music with large rubber penises. There's things you don't know! For example," said Dean, walking a little closer, "DID YOU KNOW. One of the stimuli that works really well for a lot of people is, it's *pretty damn effective if our partner is enjoying it too*. DID YOU KNOW THAT."

Castiel glanced away. He said, "I... am aware of that, yes."

"Cas," said Dean, spreading both hands wide - the buzzing dildo wobbling around in one hand, a little whiskey sloshing out of the glass in the other hand - "did it ever occur to you that maybe I might *like it* if you *let your vessel react*? That it might be an *effective stimulus*? That I might like it if *you* reacted?"

A very odd expression passed over Cas's face. "Dean... you're... a male. You would prefer a female partner. Your history is with females. A male vessel won't be effective for you. We both know that."

"Do we really *know that for sure*?" said Dean, waving the dildo and whiskey around again. More whiskey sloshed out and the dildo wobbled wildly as Dean said, "Here we are trying *every goddam stimulus in the universe* and you've kind of got a pretty damn obvious stimulus sitting right there in your pants and you haven't even *tested it*? What the hell kind of researcher are you, anyway?" He took a step closer, gesturing with the buzzing dildo, pushing it at Cas like a baton, saying, "Research is *important*, Cas, you said it *yourself*, and a good researcher tests *every possibility*. AND!" Dean tapped the dildo several times on Cas's chest for emphasis. "Another stimulus you haven't tested: KISSING! And, another one, HUGGING! And, you know, physical contact in general. And, look, I mean, like, if you didn't want to do the actual sex stuff, I get that, if it's an angel thing or whatever I can deal, but, I'd consider other stimuli too.... like... I'm not into cuddling or anything, but, you know, we could test, like, lying next to each other or something. Y'know, just sorta be closer."

"That's not... cuddling?"

"No no, I'm not into cuddling. I'm not a cuddler. Just... lying close together. Though.... maybe... with... some, like, *contact*. Like a horizontal hug."

Cas looked confused. "In what way is lying close together in a horizontal hug not cuddling, Dean?"

"And, here's another one we *really* ought to test," said Dean. "Like, what if YOU, like.... got excited or something, like, just, for example... what if you... found a stimulus YOU liked.... and your vessel... even... maybe... hypothetically ejaculated or something, you know, just hypothetically. Just hypothetically, seeing *that* that could be an *interesting visual stimulus*, don't you think? *Don't you think we oughta test that*?"

Cas suddenly was looking rather pale.

"Don't you friggin' lower your blood pressure when I'm TALKING TO YOU, Cas," said Dean, stabbing him with the buzzing dildo again. "It's *rude*."

Castiel said, "Dean. Angels aren't... That is, we... can't...we... I don't... I don't...." He stumbled to a stop.

It definitely wasn't a yes. But it wasn't really a no either. Actually Cas hadn't even managed to finish his sentence. Dean was getting confused now, and finally just pushed the dildo at Cas's chest again and said, "I'm jus' *saying*, Cas, there's some PRET-TY BIG categories here that you're skipping. *What if they're effective?*"

"They... wouldn't be, Dean..."

"YOU DON'T KNOW THAT. I DON'T KNOW THAT. We need to TEST them, Cas, or this whole research project is just, is just.... UNSCIENTIFIC, is what it is!" Dean turned and flung the dildo down on the suede beanbag, feeling he'd made his point pretty well. He chugged the rest of whiskey and turned to put the glass on his bedside table. And then he spotted the boombox. He turned back toward Cas and said, "*Cas*. Also, the Bee Gees, they were singing some *pretty significant stuff* that maybe you ought to consider. I was listening to it earlier. It was like.... a *voice from the past*, Cas. A voice...*from the 70s*. They were singing right TO me."

Cas frowned at him. "Did time travelers from the past come and sing to you, Dean? Is that what you're saying?"

"Yeah, sort of," whispered Dean.

"What did they say?"

"They said.... they said stuff like..." Dean tried to remember. "Whether you're a brother or whether you're a mother, you're stayin' alive, stayin' alive. And.... another one goes... you should be dancin', yeah. You should be dancin', yeah." Cas frowned, listening intently, as Dean continued, "And... gimme that night fever, night fever." Dean took a breath. "But those weren't the most important ones. The most important ones were..." He looked at Castiel for a moment and had a brilliant idea. Grabbing Cas's lapels with both hands, Dean said urgently, "You really gotta hear it for yourself, Cas, it was ... *good stuff*, Cas... I never really listened to it before, but it was like, *deep*, it *meant* something, here, you gotta listen—"

Dean staggered back over toward the boombox, dragging Cas along behind him with one hand. He was planning to play "If I Can't Have You" for Castiel, absolutely certain that as soon as Cas heard the song he'd know exactly what Dean was trying to say. But the floor seemed a little uneven and Dean fell against the wall, tried very hard to avoid one of the My Little Pony posters, had to let go of Cas, and instead hit the table the boombox was on, which was crowded with the tiny ceramic unicorns. Several of the unicorns toppled over, and one fell to the floor and broke its little horn off.

"Awwww I broke a UNICORN!" said Dean, slumping down on the floor next to it.

"GODDAMMIT! I BROKE A UNICORN!"

"Dean, I believe you're intoxicated," said Cas, looking down at him with a frown.

"Aw, Cas, I BROKE A UNICORN, I just can't *believe* this! Everything just *sucks* all of a sudden!" said Dean. He picked up the unicorn, but couldn't find the horn. He said, suddenly feeling near tears. "Cas, I can't find the HORN!"

Cas pointed — the horn was right at Dean's foot — and Dean managed to pick it up after only four slow, careful, completely incompetent attempts. Dean looked up at Castiel and said, "I *really* need your help here, Cas. *Please*."

"I believe you're substantially intoxicated, Dean. But give me the pieces — I can help." Cas plucked the horn and the unicorn out of Dean's hands, held them together, and placed the unicorn back on the table. It was intact, the horn perfectly attached.

"Ohhhh you *fixed* it," breathed Dean. "Aw, jeez, *thank you*, Cas! You *fixed* it, I *knew* you would, you're just *so awesome*, Cas!" He staggered up and grabbed Cas in a clumsy hug.

And suddenly... ohh, it felt good to hug him, to just hold on, to grab onto that coat, to pull him close.

Dean didn't let go. Partly because he was a little worried he might fall over if he did. And partly because, even through the drunken fog, Dean was pretty sure Cas was actually relaxing in his arms. And was actually starting to hug back. Dean felt one of Cas's hands settle tentatively on his back, and Dean shifted one hand up to the back of Cas's head, just trying to hold Cas's head a little closer, just wanting to feel his hair...

But the second his hand touched the back of Cas's head, he felt Cas jerk as if he'd gotten an electric shock. Cas abruptly pulled away and took two steps back. Dean lost his balance so badly he almost fell over again.

Cas had friggin *pulled away*. Dean almost wanted to cry.

Cas rubbed the back of his neck with one hand, gazing at the floor for a moment, and said, his voice a little soft, "There's... some stimuli I can't... offer, Dean. Some of the ones you've mentioned. They just wouldn't be effective for you anyway, and also... I... just... can't. But," Cas took a breath and looked up, obviously regrouping. "I do believe you've got a point that we should probably test more personalized stimuli. There are a few, I think, that might work well for you specifically. And then maybe, also, perhaps you could select some that you want to try. And if I can offer them I will. Does that sound like an acceptable plan?"

Partial victory. That'd do for now.

"That's acceptable," said Dean graciously, nodding his head very slowly so that he wouldn't fall over.

"And later we can try to decode the time-traveler messages," Cas added, reaching over and touching Dean on the cheek. Dean was instantly sober.

"Whoa," Dean said, looking around. "Whoa, Cas. I'm sorry. I was wasted." He saw the dildo still buzzing on the beanbag, said, "I was *really* wasted," and turned it off, and walked over to

the wall and finally turned off the damn disco ball. "Sorry about that," he said, feeling pretty embarrassed. "I was about to make you listen to disco."

"You often communicate more fully in that state," said Castiel, "so perhaps it's for the best. In fact I only cleansed your blood because the alcohol would have interfered with your erections. Dean... you raised some... good points, and I'll do what I can to help you test any stimuli that you want to test. In fact, I've got several stimuli in mind that I think may affect you specifically." Cas paused, watching Dean carefully. "Do you want to do that now?"

Dean was still feeling surprisingly shaken about Cas having pulled back like that. But, *hell* if he was gonna reveal that.

Free Awesome Blowjobs and NO FRIGGIN' EMOTIONS, bucko. Get the hell under control.

Dean nodded. "Personalized stimuli. Sure." He folded his arms, thinking, *just a business transaction. Exhibit A, open for business. No Emotions.*

Cas said, "I'll go fetch one now. I'll be right back." With a little flutter noise, he disappeared.

And reappeared a moment later with his back toward Dean.

Cas turned around slowly. And there in his arms was a sleek white rabbit.

Medium-sized, with soft-looking white fur and big dark eyes. Its little nose was twitching. It pressed itself down in Cas's arms, its ears flat down along its back as if it were trying to hide.

"That's a... rabbit, Cas," said Dean uncertainly.

"Yes, Dean," said Cas softly, staring at Dean. "Dean, would you like to... touch the rabbit?"

"What?"

"Perhaps you might like to touch its... *ears*?" suggested Cas.

Cas ran one hand over the rabbit's head, running the hand right along the ears. The rabbit did a funny little chewing motion with its mouth and wriggled further down in Cas's arm. Cas petted it again, and the rabbit did the same thing.

"The rabbit likes its... *ears* petted, Dean," said Cas significantly. "Its *ears*. Wouldn't you like to *pet its ears*?"

"Um. Cas. Yeah, about those bunny ears... actually... I'm not actually into rabbits, Cas."

"It's all right, Dean. It's okay to admit to having an arousal reaction to an unusual object. It's best just to accept your fetish."

"My *fetish*?" Dean scrambled for a response. "Oh. Oh, wait. Cas, you think I have a *rabbit fetish*?"

Cas said, "After I discovered your secret ears, I did some further research and I've been talking with some fetish enthusiasts. They've been quite helpful. Very educational, really. I've discovered that people with fetishes, in the early stages, sometimes will go to great lengths to try to hide their interest in the fetish object."

"Cas, I'm actually *not* into rabbits. Or their ears. I promise."

Cas frowned. "Hm," he said. "You may be in denial about your fetish. I wonder if a combination of stimuli might be more effective." He walked past Dean and set the rabbit down on Dean's bed, where it began to nose around the zebra throw pillows curiously, its big ears coming up and flicking around.

Cas said, "Watch closely, Dean." He did a sort of *whup-whuff*, flickering away and back again very rapidly, and then, watching Dean's face carefully, Cas held out a piece of... toast and jelly. Which he placed carefully in front of the rabbit.

"Look at the toast, Dean," said Cas slowly. "The toast looks ... *good*, doesn't it? It's got... *grape jelly*, Dean."

Dean was completely baffled.

"Toast?" he finally said.

"You can't turn away from your natural attractions, Dean," said Cas. "It's best just to accept them. You were most definitely aroused by the ears the other night. And also, earlier, I distinctly detected your arousal when you were looking at the toast in the diner. The toast that had the grape jelly. I really recommend that you should accept your sexual attraction toward both rabbit ears, and toast with grape jelly. You'll be so much happier when you accept yourself for who you really are."

Dean stared at the rabbit next to the toast and had to actually turn his back for a moment to keep from bursting into laughter. He got himself slightly under control and turned around slowly, with every intention of giving Cas a calm explanation, but at the sight of that rabbit sitting next to the toast, and most of all *the way Cas was looking at him*, a wave of giggles started bubbling up. Dean was barely able to get any words out. He said, actually stuttering as giggles kept trying to burst out, "Cas, I don't have a— t-t-toast f-fetish. Or a r-rabbit fetish, I *swear*."

"Just *look*, Dean. Oh! Look! The *rabbit is next to the toast*, Dean."

Dean looked - the rabbit had taken a slow hop closer and was sniffing at the grape jelly, and Dean couldn't help it, a guffaw burst out.

Cas frowned. "Hm," he said, "Perhaps they are not in close enough proximity?" Staring at Dean carefully, Cas picked the toast up and placed it delicately on top of the rabbit's head. "Look, Dean, just look - a rabbit *with toast on its ears*," proclaimed Cas, in a tone of pure triumph.

Dean absolutely couldn't hold back another snort of laughter.

Cas looked momentarily confused, but then muttered, "Hm. I believe you're in strong denial about your fetishes." He thought a moment, and said, "Perhaps one more?" He disappeared, and reappeared... with a fistful of four or five blue neckties, which he arranged in a little circle around the rabbit.

Cas said, "I was going to save this one for later, but perhaps it may help you overcome your shyness about your fetishes if you have to confront them all at once. You showed a *very* strong reaction to my tie the other night, Dean. I believe you may have a fetish for blue neckties as well."

Cas carefully adjusted the neckties around the rabbit and the toast, and looked at Dean (who was absolutely speechless now, just trying to breathe evenly). Cas frowned again, and moved one of the ties closer to the rabbit. Looked at Dean. Frowned again. Cas waved one hand and suddenly the rabbit was wearing one of the neckties, while still wearing the toast balanced precariously on its head.

"*Cas, you gotta stop,*" Dean gasped, the giggles suddenly overwhelming him again. The way Cas was *looking* at him right now, looking back and forth between Dean and the rabbit, as if he expected Dean to be practically on the point of orgasm already just from the incredibly arousing sight of...

... a fluffy white rabbit, wearing a blue necktie, with a piece of toast (with grape jelly) balanced on its ears.

"Why don't you *take a closer look,*" suggested Cas, in a low, sultry voice, staring at Dean intently.

"Cas, you're killing me here, you *gotta* stop," Dean gasped out. "*I promise* you, I do not have a rabbit fetish. Or a toast fetish. Or a tie fetish."

"But..." said Cas, now looking very puzzled, "But I'm certain I sensed arousal for each of these things. I'm certain."

Dean thought, *There's another element you're missing here, Cas... there was something all these things had in common....* But after his drunken outpouring earlier, though, and especially Cas pulling back like that (*goddamit!*), Dean was feeling a little shy. He thought, *Maybe I won't explain the details just yet.*

Cas gave Dean a narrow glance, but then sighed and waved his hand. The toast and tie disappeared. Cas scooped up the rabbit, and said, "I don't understand. You exhibited such a strong reaction to all three of these items earlier."

"It's okay, Cas. Not every stimulus is gonna work."

"I suppose so," said Cas, a little sadly, petting the rabbit again. It snuggled down into his arm again, and made that little chewing motion with its jaw, when he stroked the ears.

"It kinda does like its ears petted, huh?" said Dean, trying to make Cas feel a little better.

"Yes, she does," said Cas, looking down. He stroked the rabbit's ears again, and the rabbit did the same thing, the little snuggling-down motion again and the strange little chewing motion. Cas said, "Almost all rabbits like having their ears stroked, you know. Every species is a little different, about what sorts of touch are reassuring, and pleasing. Rabbits lick each other on the ears, and the forehead too, to show affection, or to comfort ... Every species is a little different." He paused for a moment, as if about to say something, but then just petted the rabbit's ears a couple more times. At last he said, "Well. I'll return her to her warren and deliver the bananas."

"Bananas?"

"She agreed to come here in return for bananas for the whole warren. Rabbits will do anything for a banana."

"Don't you mean carrots?"

Cas just looked at him and said, "I see you've never negotiated with rabbits. I'll be right back."

He disappeared, and reappeared few moments later, sans rabbit.

"Well, at least the rabbits are happy," said Cas. He looked at Dean with sort of a sad worried look. "I'm sorry, Dean. I let you down a few nights ago, and now I fear I haven't done a good job for you tonight either. Is there some other stimulus you'd like to try?"

"Actually," Dean said. "I've got a great idea. How about feathers?"

A/N - Readers of my other fic Forgotten may have recognized a certain motif in this chapter: Dean accidentally breaks a little ceramic figurine and Cas helps him fix it (this is very meaningful in Forgotten). That was for you guys! :D

PS - the rabbit stuff is all true, including the bit about how they will do anything for a banana. (I used to work for a rabbit vet). And they absolutely love having their ears stroked. Like Cas was saying, "Every species is a little different." Hmm, now why else would he have said that....

Feathers

A/N - Serious warning now, here comes the big change in emotional tone; the humor is going to go away for a couple chapters and it is going to get emotionally intense. (in a good way I hope) I couldn't help it, something real started happening between our angel and his boy, in this story, and it sorta has to get serious here for a couple chapters to let that play out. So - those of you who only want the funny stuff, turn back now.

Also - wing kink ahead and it is a little different than most wing kink.

"I got a great idea," Dean said. "How about feathers?"

Cas blinked. He opened his mouth, and closed it again.

He cleared his throat and said, "Actually... I doubt that feathers would be effective. You know, Dean, I just had an idea, there are these electrical vibrating devices that—"

"You mentioned feathers earlier," said Dean, cutting him off. "A few days ago. Several times. At the diner."

Cas hesitated a moment, and said, "Yes, but..." He rubbed the back of his neck with one hand. "I was not thinking clearly. I was intoxicated. I've reconsidered since. I don't think feathers would be effective. Instead I think the electr—"

"I thought you had kind of a good idea there, actually," said Dean.

"It wasn't a good idea. Now, instead—"

"I think feathers might be effective stimuli," said Dean.

Cas narrowed his eyes. "I doubt feathers will be effective, Dean."

"I really think feathers are gonna turn out to be effective."

"I *very much* doubt feathers will be turn out to be effective *at all*."

Whoa. Total roadblock, thought Dean. This was unexpected.

And intriguing.

Dean folded his arms and said "Cas, I've never tested feathers and I want to test them. Are you gonna help me out or what?"

"I just really don't... think... they'd... be...", said Cas, evading Dean's gaze, "....effective. If the vibrating devices aren't appealing, there are some other things I've thought of that—"

Dean suddenly got an idea. Turning toward the door, he said casually, "Oh, never mind. If it's one of the things you can't offer, that's cool. Totally cool. I'll just go test some feathers on my own then. I think there's some in the library somewhere. See ya later, huh?"

He heard Cas's quick inhale behind him, but continued walking slowly toward the door.

"WAIT," said Cas, actually jumping forward to grab Dean's arm. Dean stopped and turned, pasting an innocent surprised look on his face. Cas dropped Dean's arm and backed off a few steps.

Cas cleared his throat and said. "All right. We can try feathers. If you'll excuse me, then, I'll go get some. "

"Go where?"

"To... get some... f-f-feathers," said Cas, evading Dean's gaze again.

He'd actually *stuttered*. This was just getting more and more intriguing.

"I was thinking your feathers would do," said Dean. "Then you wouldn't have to go anywhere."

And Cas actually blushed.

"Well," Cas said, rubbing the back of his neck again with one hand. "Actually," he began again. "Um..." he said.

Dean began to feel a twinge of worry. Maybe this was a bigger deal than he'd realized. And he'd been kinda at Cas all night. And the poor guy had actually passed out last time, too.

Maybe he should let it go.

Reluctantly Dean said, "Hey, Cas, it's no biggie. I just meant, I thought you had wings, and I thought the wings had feathers, just 'cause, that's what Sam said. But if you don't wanna—"

Cas cleared his throat. "Well, actually, um..." he said. He rubbed the back of his neck again. *Funny how he rubs the back of his neck when he's really nervous*, Dean thought, as Cas went on with, "Sam's correct. I do have wings, yes."

"With feathers?"

"With... f-feathers... yes," said Cas, who couldn't seem to stop fidgeting now. He shuffled his feet, rubbed the back of his neck for *like the hundredth time*, glanced around at the walls, looked up at the ceiling. He said, "*I do have feathers*," as if this were a major confession, looking up rather wide-eyed at Dean. He dropped his eyes again. "But I usually carry my wings in the etheric plane."

"The what?"

"The etheric plane. It's the dimension adjacent to this one." Cas suddenly straightened up, looking a little too eager at the obvious opportunity to change the subject, and said, "You can think of the etheric plane and this Earthly dimension as two adjacent pages of paper in a book. If you are standing in one, you can see the other. When an angel flies, the wings pull the vessel into the etheric plane, and—"

"That's *fascinating*, Cas," interrupted Dean. "But, you can bring the wings to this dimension, too, can't you? When you want to?"

Cas said, "Well... yes... but..." He stopped for a moment. "I don't do it very often."

"Why not?" Dean added, curious, "Is it... like... indecent exposure or something?"

"No, Dean," Cas actually rolled his eyes. "They're just wings. Limbs. Like your arms. Very like your arms, actually. Just with feathers."

Now Dean was totally confused. "Then what's the big deal?"

"It just..." Cas gave a helpless little wave with one hand. "It can feel... odd. The wings are part of my own true body, but the vessel is not. I can scale the wings to the vessel, so that they fit together fairly well, but the wings always feel... more like You see, the vessel usually feels... It's hard to explain. It just... feels..." He stopped again, paused a moment, and finally just repeated himself: "It can feel... *odd*."

Odd, Dean thought. *This I have to see.*

Cas said, "Dean, why don't I just go get some swan feathers and—"

"Get your damn wings out, Cas," said Dean.

Cas sighed, and nodded.

"Stand back," Cas said, sounding resigned. Dean edged to the side of the room, while Cas took a few steps over to the center of the room. He shot Dean a completely unreadable look, and bowed his head.

There was a crackle of static. Dean actually felt his hair standing on end — and, whoa, was that actual *thunder* overhead? The lights flickered, there was a wave of warmth, a long roll of thunder rumbled far overhead— and then Cas was standing there with two friggin' *enormous* wings coming out of his back. Through his clothes, somehow; he must've cut holes in the back of his coat or something.

His wings were white, it turned out. A gleaming, shining white that seemed to be slightly glowing in the dim light of Dean's bedside lamp. The wings shimmered like silver where the light caught them just right.

And they were *huge*. Cas had them partly tucked behind his back, but even so, the big joint at the folded bend of each wing stuck up a few inches above Cas's shoulders, and the tips of the longest flight feathers almost brushed the floor.

Cas just stood there, staring at the floor. As the distant rolls of thunder slowly faded away, Cas gradually raised his eyes, gazing up at Dean from under his brows.

He seemed to be waiting for Dean to say something.

But Dean was speechless.

There Cas stood, right here in Dean's own room. Good ol' familiar Cas, Dean's long-time angel buddy; wearing that familiar old trenchcoat, hanging from his shoulders in those ill-fitting, loose folds; there was the familiar crooked tie; there was that oh-so-familiar face — the dark hair, a little mussed; the wide jaw; the slight stubble, the blue eyes, always slightly sad. Good ol' Castiel. Except now, with those great wings half-spread behind him...

... it took Dean back.

Took him back in an instant, to a day years and years ago, when he'd been standing terrified in a barn, while the doors blew apart and a creature Dean had never even known existed came walking slowly toward him, wearing that very same coat... and a few minutes later, spreading those incredible shadowy wings.

Dean had really only ever had that one look, but he had never, *never* in all the years since, *never* forgotten that stunning sight of those great dark shadowy wings. That had been the moment Dean had first learned that angels were real.

And that had been the moment he'd first met the creature who had saved him from Hell. The being who had pulled him out of Hell, and saved his soul, and given him life once again. Castiel.

Now Dean stood there just staring at Castiel, struck completely mute.

A long, frozen silence stretched out, and still Dean just stared.

Castiel finally looked away from Dean. He glanced around Dean's bedroom nonchalantly and said, in a dry, even monotone, "Dean, my wings will not be an effective stimulus for you. I'll go get some swan feathers for you. There's a lake not far away where they nest; I'll go get some swan feathers and you can investigate them on your own, because, actually, I really should be going. I've just remembered, I have some business I need to attend to—"

"Get over here," said Dean in a hoarse whisper, cutting him off. He held out a hand.

Cas fell silent. He raised his chin a little and his eyes flicked over to Dean with a regally indifferent look.

"Get the hell over here," said Dean, his voice a bit stronger, reaching his hand out a bit further. "Come on. Come here. Get over here."

Cas hesitated a long moment, and then slowly took a step closer. One slow step; a second slow step; a third; a fourth; Dean was still holding out his hand, and finally Cas reached out, and took Dean's hand.

The regal indifferent look had completely evaporated during those four slow steps, and Cas was suddenly looking rather wide-eyed and uncertain.

Dean realized they were holding hands. He'd held out his hand originally as an invitation, but now Cas had taken his hand and had not let go, and Cas didn't seem to know what to do next. And Dean had no idea what the hell to do next either, so they were just standing there holding hands. They'd never actually just held hands before.

It suddenly seemed the most intimate thing they'd ever done.

"What should I do?" said Cas, still holding Dean's hand, still gazing at him wide-eyed. "What do you want me to do?"

What had happened to Cas's usual nonchalant boldness? Where was the casual "Here's another stimulus, Dean"? Where had calm, cool Orgasm Angel disappeared to?

Dean thought suddenly, *He thinks I won't like his wings.*

And then, in a flash of insight, *He thinks I won't like HIM. The real him. The wings are really him. The human body isn't.*

"Cas... your wings... Cas, your wings are..." Dean said, struggling to find the right words.

Dean finally said, "*Amazing*," which wasn't nearly a good enough word, but it was the best he could think of. And he felt a warmth in his chest when he saw Cas's head lift, felt his hand twitch, and saw the uncertain look lighten slightly.

Dean said, "Can I ... see them? I mean, can you spread them, or open them or whatever?"

Cas nodded slowly. He dropped Dean's hand, took a step back, and flared one wing out partway, and then the other. Watching Dean carefully.

Now that the wings were slightly spread, Dean saw they had lovely little silver scalloped designs laced through the white; it seemed most of the feathers were edged with silver, forming little silver crescents where one feather overlapped another. There were also long lines of gold running along each long feather. And they just looked... so soft.

Dean said "Can I touch them?"

"Dean," Cas began, "My wings are not going to be an effect—"

"Can I touch them?"

"Well, yes, but—"

Castiel abruptly fell silent as Dean reached out a hand and rested it lightly on the joint at the top of one wing, feeling the soft, cool feathers. The whole wing twitched when his hand made contact, but Cas said nothing more.

The top edge of the wing was sleek and soft, yet also much more solid than Dean had expected; Dean could feel a thick, strong, warm bone right under the feathers, very close to the surface. It felt almost like taking hold of someone's wrist. Dean ran his hand further along the top edge of the wing, where it started to slant down toward the floor, and felt a point where the bone suddenly ended. From there on it was just the incredibly long flight feathers, all by themselves, stretching several feet further down.

Dean kept going, running his hand all along the long flight feathers down toward the floor, and oh god, the feathers were just so... *so damn awesome*. They were cool to the touch, almost silky, but strong. *Like silk over steel*, Dean thought. He traced the whole length of a single flight feather. Four *feet* long, several inches wide. The feather had a strong, flexible central shaft of gold, and a wide snowy-white flight vane running down one side. The whole vane, and the tip of the feather, were edged with silver.

Dean took hold of the whole wing, and stretched it out a little bit. Cas let him move it, and gently Dean pulled the wing wide open.

Jesus, with just the one wing out, Cas nearly filled the room. There was a whole other joint that Dean hadn't even seen, by Cas's back, that was unfolding somehow to add even more length to the wing. The damn thing must have been at least eight feet long, just the one wing, fully extended. Dean folded the wing up again, marveling at the way the long flight feathers slotted right on top of each other, folding up neatly like some kind of perfectly engineered Japanese fan. He opened it out again and watched how the flight feathers slid smoothly out from over each other, arcing out to form a beautiful shining wall.

The wing was.... *incredible*.

And plus, it felt good, somehow. Just in the short time Dean's hand had been on Cas's wing, his hand had somehow gotten warm and tingly.

Dean glanced back over at Cas. He had originally had an idea in his head that Cas might fall into moans of rapture or something as soon as Dean touched the wing, but Cas was just watching him. Watching Dean fold the wing in and out, letting him handle it.

But the look in Cas's eyes....

Dean was old enough to know that there are other forms of intimacy besides sex.

There were other ways to feel vulnerable; other ways to feel exposed. And other ways to show trust.

"What do you want to do?" asked Cas, his voice very quiet.

Dean suddenly wasn't sure. He was starting to feel a little rattled, and even a little sorry that he'd sort of pushed Cas into this. He'd originally been thinking of the whole feather idea as almost a game, a game that was called something like "See If You Can Embarrass The Angel." And sort of a way to try to get Cas to "react". But the game had changed suddenly, into something more like "See If You Can Blunder Into Something Frighteningly Important That You Really Don't Understand."

Or, maybe, "See If You Can Fuck Everything Up."

Dean began to feel... small. Partly because the wings were just so damn *big*, but he felt small in another way, too. Small like a little child.

Small like a selfish, whiny little child... for only a child would be foolish enough to think he had *any* right to use these incredible wings as his own personal pleasure toy.

Or... *any* right to try to push a friend to do something he wasn't comfortable doing.

Dean gently released Cas's wing. Cas didn't fold it up immediately, and it hung in the air before him, a shining wall of white and silver and gold. "Cas," Dean began, "We don't have to do anything. I'm sorry, I really didn't mean to—"

He flinched when the wing suddenly moved toward him. It was suddenly *right in his face*, and it actually touched him, pressing right up against Dean's face and chest, so that all he saw for a moment was feathers, and all he felt was feathers, and all he smelled was feathers. They smelled like....

Like rain on a warm summer day... like heather, like honeysuckle... like dust on a summer road... like the wind through a field of grass...

Then Cas lifted the wing so that the feathers slid right up along Dean's face, sliding along his skin, those long, long, long flight feathers sliding all the way up. Dean couldn't help giving a little gasp as he felt the long sleek feathers sliding up his chest, over his chin and cheeks and his lips, right up over his closed eyelids.

Like ribbons of silk... like water... like wind...

... and then up over his forehead and they were gone.

He opened his eyes. The whole wing was up over his head.

The wing came down in front of him again and did the same thing, brushing right up against him and sliding right up over him.

Like velvet... like satin... like a wave from the sea...

"Cas," Dean said shakily, "You don't have to—"

"It's all right, Dean," said Castiel, in a gentle voice. He added, quietly, "Stand still," and Dean stood still. The wing pressed up against him again, and this time the long flight feathers drew slowly along his bare arm. It felt like...

Like falling into soft snow... like being licked by a cloud... like floating down a river...

A shivery rush of goosebumps flooded along his arm as those long, cool feathers traced their way along his bare skin, and Dean gasped again. There was suddenly a touch on his other arm and he jumped. It was the other wing. Cas had shifted a bit, now standing directly behind Dean, and he brought both wings around Dean now. The right wing slid along Dean's right

arm, and the left wing along the left arm, and Dean just about melted with the wave of shivery, tingly goosebumps that ran all along both arms and right down his spine.

Again Dean tried to say, "Cas, you don't have to—"

"Take your clothes off," Castiel said, in that same low gentle voice.

"W-what?"

"Take your clothes off," repeated Castiel. "All of them," he added. He pulled his wings slightly away from Dean.

Dean suddenly felt *incredibly* nervous. But he undid his shirt, and took it off, and tossed it to the side. Then the pants, and *my god*, his hands were actually shaking. The jeans got caught up briefly on one foot and Dean had to bend down to get his foot free, and felt absurdly awkward and idiotic, but he got free at last.

Dean hesitated. He still had his boxers on.

"All of them," repeated Castiel. He was just watching Dean, goddam, just... *watching*... his eyes dark, an intent, hungry look on his face that Dean had never seen before. The vast wings were spread out around him, arced slightly toward Dean, gorgeous and shining and huge.

Dean swallowed, and shucked his boxers off.

Dean kicked the boxers clumsily to the side and then just stood there, facing Cas now. He had to resist the temptation to cover his crotch. It was completely ridiculous how nervous he felt; *jesus*, he hadn't felt shy even when Cas had been sucking his dick, so why he was shy now with Cas just looking? Dean had to force himself to stand upright, and square his shoulders.

He tried to give Cas a cocky smile, but knew the smile came out a little lopsided.

Cas gave him a soft smile back, holding Dean's eyes. He didn't say anything, just held Dean's eyes, with that familiar steady gaze.

Cas raised his eyebrows a little, in a silent question. Dean nodded.

Those huge wings began to move closer, closer, very slowly now, gentle, almost hesitant. Then Cas started brushing his flight feathers against Dean again, as he had before, just gently brushing the feathers all along Dean's skin in long, soft strokes. Those warm tingles started to move along Dean's skin again. Both wings, now, both wings were moving all over Dean, all over his arms and legs, moving down, moving up, over his face, across his chest; and yes, across his groin too. Yet Cas didn't seem to be paying any particular attention to Dean's cock; rather, he was touching Dean *everywhere*. All the way up; legs, torso, arms, neck, face, ears, the top of Dean's head; all the way back down, ribs, belly, hips, thighs, knees, calves, feet, every damn toe. Slowly, silkily, the feathers brushed absolutely everywhere, delicate and soft and gentle. And waves of soft warm tingles swept all over Dean's skin, everywhere those feathers touched.

A wing massage! Dean thought dreamily. *He's giving me a wing massage, that's what this is.* The feathers weren't even pressing hard; it was nothing like that other massage Cas had given him; but these *tingles*, *god*, it felt so relaxing. He found himself leaning into that incredible silken touch, his eyes closed, his head nodded forward, thinking, *I'm getting a wing massage from an angel. Heh.*

After a few minutes Dean was about to suggest that maybe he could lie down and maybe Cas could just keep brushing him all over with his wings for another few days, but when Dean opened his eyes to say something to Castiel, he discovered that Cas's eyes had closed too. Castiel wasn't looking at Dean at all anymore. He was absolutely still, his head hanging down slightly, his arms limp at his sides, his eyes closed. Just feeling Dean all over with his wings.

Castiel sighed. A long, slow sigh.

The wings slid all over Dean. Down to his toes; up to the top of his head. Moving all over. Touching everywhere.

Cas sighed again. An even deeper, longer, slower sigh.

Whoa, thought Dean, watching Cas's expression. *What's going on?*

It didn't look like passion, actually. It didn't even look like Cas was getting turned on. (Dean's eyes flicked down, just to check. No bulge. *Damn.*) But *something* was happening. *Some damn angel thing*, Dean guessed. It seemed rather like Cas had gotten... lost in sensation. Concentrating on just his wings. Not really paying any attention at all to his human vessel anymore.

And Dean suddenly was convinced that he knew what Cas had meant about "It can feel odd." *The wings are really him*, Dean thought. *The wings are really him. I bet things feel more vivid to him through the wings. I bet everything feels more real. I bet that's it. I KNOW that's it.*

Because it was like watching a blind man who was finally able to feel a friend's face for the first time.

Dean stood there, still pretty blissed out from the wing tingles, but now also watching Cas's face. Cas's eyes hadn't opened at all for a while now. His face was angling to the side a little, one ear tipping toward Dean, almost as if Cas were trying to hear something, to listen to his wings. Faint expressions came flitting over his face — a ghost of a smile appearing when one wing slid over the site where Cas's handprint had once lain on Dean's skin; a frown when the other wing traced over a recent scar. His mouth was half-parted, the corner of his mouth twitching slightly; his breathing had gone slow and deep, and those long, deep sighs kept happening now and then.

He...is... TRIPPING OUT, thought Dean. *Something about this is TRIPPING HIM OUT. Something about having his wings on me.*

Both wings somehow took hold of Dean's shoulders, one wing braced against each shoulder, One wing pushed gently, the other pulled gently, and Dean found himself turning right around, steered by the wings.

His back was to Cas now, and Cas began pulling the flight feathers in great long slow strokes all across Dean's back. *Whoa, tingle city!* thought Dean, as waves and waves of those shivering tingles ran all over his whole body now, right to the top of his scalp, all the way down to his toes. Dean couldn't stop sighing with it. Goddam, this felt *incredible*. Dean felt himself actually wobble, he'd gotten so dazed on the tingles, and Cas moved up behind him and took hold of Dean's upper arms with both hands, one hand on either side, supporting him. The wings wrapped around Dean too, now, the big wing joints resting right at Dean's shoulders and those long, long flight feathers draped all the way down his front. The wings were causing those waves of tingles *all along* Dean's front now, and Dean groaned "ahhhhhh.... " Cas pulled Dean back a little with his arms, Dean let himself sink back, cocooned in feathers; the strong wings supporting him on either side; the twin curtains of the long flight feathers draped all down his front, and Cas's long lean body pressed up against him. Holding him securely.

It was a strange position; though it was really quite wonderful to feel Cas so close, to feel his whole body up against Dean's like that, it was also maddening to not be able to see him, to be facing away from him. And... not even a hope of being able to maybe to kiss him. But, Dean had somehow arrived at a new, philosophical viewpoint about this: He was suddenly feeling almost grovelingly grateful that Cas was willing to do this at all.

If there's only certain things he feels he can do, I am just gonna be GRATEFUL AS HELL that brushing me all over with his wings is one of them, thought Dean. *And screw pushing for more. Screw that. Because it is kinda blindingly obvious that he is already giving me all he can.*

A moment later, Dean realized there was a definite benefit to the odd positioning. In this position, with Cas standing directly behind Dean, Cas could do something in particular with his wings: He'd got Dean tightly wrapped in his wings now on both sides, *and also*, the long flight feathers were now pressing right down over Dean's chest. The feathers extended all the way down to Dean's knees... and the long feathers began to slide right over his groin. And over his cock.

Dean looked down, and saw those gorgeous shining feathers, moving back and forth over Dean's half-erect cock. It should have been a hell of a turn-on but instead, somehow, Dean suddenly got very worried. Because, these weren't just any old feathers, these were *Cas's wings*, and Dean still was worried that he had kind of pushed Cas into this whole thing.

"Cas, you really don't have to do anything," said Dean, amazing himself by actually lifting both hands to try to push the flight feathers away from his cock, which was not *at all* what he wanted to do, but he made himself do it. "It's okay, really. This is already so awesome."

Cas didn't say a word, but he reached out both arms and took hold of both of Dean's wrists, pulling both of Dean's arms firmly back away from the wings. He crossed Dean's arms gently, and held them there, folded across Dean's chest.

The flight feathers pressed tighter against Dean's cock, shifting, rubbing slightly. They felt cool and hot at the same time, firm and soft at the same time, flexible and stiff at the same time. They felt *awesome*, and Dean gasped, "Well, okay—but you really don't—ah!—h-have to, *ahhh!* Okay okay if you *insist...ohh, AHH!*" Cas pressed the feathers harder, shifting the

wings around a bit till Dean's cock was almost entirely sheathed in feather. It felt silky and cool; the tingles started happening again too, which felt, well, *pretty damn awesome*; the blunt little edges of some of the flight feathers were making little ridges of pressure against the side of his cock, and that was also awesome. But it was the fact that it was *Cas*, that it was *Cas's wings*, Cas's wings that Cas was super protective about for some reason, that was suddenly making it about a hundred times hotter than Dean had expected. Ridiculously hot. The wings were amazing, they were glittering, they were beautiful, and Dean just stared down at those ethereal, gorgeous, shining feathers, seeing the head of his cock sticking out from a friggin' *angel's wings*, from his *friend's wings*, and just couldn't believe it was happening. Dean groaned as the soft warm tingling started spreading again through his entire body.

Cas sort of *hissed* against Dean's back, which was extraordinarily fucking arousing sound, and then ... his wings pulled away. In a quick, complicated wing move that Dean couldn't quite follow, Cas folded the long flight feathers back very tightly, so they were pointing straight backwards, parallel to the floor, and dropped both wings very far down, the joint near his back unfolding somehow. And somehow suddenly the big joints, the huge forward bend of each wing, were *right on* Dean's cock. One on the right, one on the left.

Dean felt Cas's head nod forward against the back of Dean's head.

A moment later Dean felt an extraordinary soft, silky pressure on the *head* of his cock, like a soft finger working its way around. He looked down and was utterly baffled to see what looked like small, narrow, *entire extra wings* right at the joint of each wing, two on the left wing and two on the right wing. They seemed to be something like long feathered fingers, several inches long, attached directly to the big joint of the wing, and — *oh hey* — Cas seemed to have independent control of them. *This is completely fucking bizarre*, thought Dean, looking down in confusion as those separate little feathered winglets began working their way all over his cock.

Dean gasped, "What... what are..." just as the winglets began to squeeze and rub, wiggling around in a way that made Dean instantly decide that the anatomy discussion could wait till later. The little winglets squeezed the head of Dean's cock now, and began sliding up and down. Exactly as if they actually were feathered fingers. Dean caught his breath in a gasp. *Oh fuck*. He had *not* really been prepared for this, this was *way* too alien and bizarre and weird and *why the fuck had he kept thinking of Cas as human* when he had known all along that Cas was a friggin' TOTALLY OTHER SPECIES, and... somewhere in all the freaking-out, Dean realized, *oh fuck this is amazing*.

The weird kinky feathered whatever kept squeezing and jerking his cock, sheathing it in a velvety firmness, pulling, tugging. It felt like jerked off by two sleek silky feathered hands, and Dean groaned "*Cas, you've been - you've - been — holding out on me, you— KINKY— BASTARD!....ohhhh, DAMN that's good...*"

Cas's wings (and the kinky winglets) suddenly stopped moving, and Dean blurted out, "No no *don't stop don't stop, Cas!*"

But Castiel was frozen still.

"You like this?" Cas said. He sounded very surprised.

"YES CAS, I LIKE IT," gasped Dean.

"It's... acceptable?"

"It's VERY ACCEPTABLE, now *please would you MOVE your fucking wings!*" gasped Dean. Cas started to move his wings again, sliding the kinky winglets over the head of Dean's cock.

"What are... *ngggghh!* what are those — *ahhhHHH!* — *little THINGS?*" gasped Dean.

"Alulas," muttered Cas into Dean's shoulder.

"What? *AHH!*" said Dean, for Cas had just started pulling the soft edges of the long flight feathers of one wing all along the length of Dean's shaft while the "alulas," or whatever Cas had said, of the other wing kept squeezing the cockhead. *Oh holy mother of fuck*, that combination felt good, and Dean said, "Oh yeah *yeah, uhhhh...*"

"How is ... that?" asked Cas, sounding a little more confident now. "Is it—"

"*It's extremely fucking effective, Cas,*" grunted Dean. "and it's *extremely fucking acceptable*, now just DON'T fucking STOP, I mean, like, unless you want to, but PLEASE DON'T STOP, *nnnhhhhhh, ahHHHH...*"

Cas got quiet again after that as his wings just worked Dean over, reducing Dean to a squirming, moaning mess. Dean just stood there, leaning back against Cas, his wrists still sort of bound across his chest by Cas's hands. Cas had one leg a little forward now, between Dean's legs, which was damn useful actually because Dean was about to buckle totally. Dean groaned and moaned and started moving his hips back and forth in gentle, gentle thrusts. It was all so slow-motion, such a relentless slow build; Dean wasn't even having to try for it, wasn't having to strain; it was just building on its own, carrying him away.

A wet, warm sensation on his neck made him jump. Jeez, had Cas just *licked* him? Cas did it again, licking lightly right at the nape of Dean's neck, and then Dean felt his teeth — holy fuck, Cas was *nibbling at him*, right at the nape of Dean's neck, nibbling, nibbling, nibbling, gradually working his way a little higher into the soft short hairs at the base of Dean's head. Dean could feel his hot, wet, lips, his hot breath, as Cas just kept doing a series of tiny, very gentle, little nibbles right at the back of Dean's head.

What the fuck was happening? This just kept getting kinkier and kinkier.

Cas had got going into a sort of rhythm of alternating gentle long sleek rubs with the long flight feathers, and constant little tantalizing jerks and squeezes with the soft winglets, and every now and then the winglets would all sort of clamp down like a silky soft fist and Dean just couldn't help thrusting up in to them, thrusting up into those silky, hot, downy winglets. All the while, Cas kept nibbling Dean's neck. Dean gasped, "*nNNNHH* *jesus that's hot*, Cas I'm getting *close*," and he was, his cock was throbbing under Cas's silky soft feathers. That slow endless build kept carrying him up, like the tide rising, and now Dean could feel

precome leaking out. He glanced down to see his cock dripping clear fluid that was *getting all over Cas's feathers, oh no*, this didn't seem right somehow. Dean gasped, "Cas, no, I don't wanna mess up your wings, they're so *pretty*—" He even tried to pull his hands free to push the wings away again, he was suddenly so worried about messing them up, but Cas just held his hands tighter and Dean felt another warm, slow surge of pre-come flow out. And another, Dean helpless to stop it, pre-come just drooling out in long, exquisite pulses. He moaned with it, still worried, moaning, "*ahh*, Cas I'm getting your f-feathers all w-wet, I'm sorry, AHHH...*ohhhh*..." Cas didn't seem a damn bit sorry at all, and pressed his feathers tighter and moved faster. Another slow long trickle of pre-come dribbled out and Dean cried out, "gGAAaaa!" His legs completely buckled; he would have fallen, but Cas was holding him up, his arms locked around Dean's ribs, his leg between Dean's, the sides of the wings pressed against Dean's hips, and Dean just sagged there, writhing now, his legs thrashing, his cock leaking all over Cas's beautiful feathers. Another long drool of pre-come and Cas's flight feathers were all slicked down now. Cas did a LONG, LONG stroke with the wetted feathers and Dean cried out, "nnGHHH! *fuck, fuck, Cas, that's so fucking good*, AHHH!", thrusting as much as he could into the feathers. Dean started chanting "*don't stop, don't stop, don't stop, Cas don't stop, ah yeah uh uh UH UH UH*" as it began to sweep over him. He suddenly realized "*oh Jesus fuck I'm gonna come on an angel's wings*," Cas bit him hard on the neck, *what the fuck*, Cas was *biting him on the neck*, Dean grunted "HNNNNNH!", and a long, early spurt of cum sort of drooled out, spilling out all over Cas's feathers, Dean crying out "AHHHHH! YES!". But Cas did something strange, grabbing Dean's cock at the base with those fucking bizarre little winglet things, and the orgasm stopped in mid spurt, hovering over Dean like a gigantic wave about to crash down. Dean screamed in frustration, "C-CAS, *please!*" The feathers finally moved again, sliding up the side of Dean's cock, and Dean screamed "AH, AH, AGHHHHH!", his legs stiffening, his whole body going rigid, as thick hot jets of come flew out out of his twitching cock, jetting out several feet in front of them both and raining down on the floor with audible little pitter-pat noises, *splat splat splat splat splat*.

Dean would have collapsed if Cas hadn't been holding him up. At last the spasms subsided and Dean drew a long ragged breath and got his feet under him again. Cas still hadn't moved. The wings were still on him, just pressed very gently to his cock.

The wings started moving again.

"Cas, I'm done," gasped Dean, but, *holy fuck*, those waves of tingles again. Dean knew he wasn't going to come again, but it felt damn good anyway, so he just relaxed and let those tingles roll through him.

He leaned all the way back on Cas.

And realized Cas was hard.

Cas had a fucking hard-on. At last. *At last*. "Oh, god, *at last*, you fucking angel, *give that to me, that's mine*," Dean groaned, shoving back hard with his hips, pushing hard against Cas.

He pushed Cas off balance and suddenly the wings were flapping wildly and Cas staggered back a few steps, dragging Dean with him, stopping only when he hit the edge of the bed. Dean managed to get his feet under him and pushed back again, grinding against Cas's cock,

which felt *oh so maddeningly good*. Dean was trying to squirm free, trying to pull his hands free, trying to turn around, wanting more than anything to get that hard cock in his hands, but Cas wouldn't let him go. So Dean just ground back into him, feeling that thick long rod tenting Cas's trousers, wriggling around to feel it better, grunting, "*Give me that, that's MINE, give me that!*" Which didn't even make any sense. But it was all he could say. There was still Cas's *damn fucking pants* in the way and Dean *couldn't turn around* and it was maddeningly frustrating and unbelievably hot. Finally Dean said, "If you really want me to fuck you backwards and through your pants *then that's how I'll do it, Cas,*" for Cas had not pushed him away - actually Cas was holding onto him even tighter. Dean was pretty sure he had Cas's cock just where he wanted it, lined up vertically against Dean's asscrack, and he started grinding against it, working his ass up and down, *pushing back, pushing back*.

Cas's wings reflexively tightened around Dean. And Cas groaned against Dean's neck.

Oh god... that sound.

Cas bit Dean's neck again, his wings wrapped Dean tighter still, and he fell right back on the bed, Dean right on top of him, his arms and wings still wrapped around Dean. It wasn't organized at all, a messy fall backwards, and Dean felt his head knock hard into Cas's forehead, but Cas didn't flinch and Dean didn't care.

Dean flailed on top of Cas, heard him groan, felt him biting Dean's neck again, Dean blurted, "ah, dammit, CAS, DAMMIT, CAS! GIVE IT TO ME!" Somewhere in all this Dean discovered his cock was hard again, just possibly because Cas's wings were grabbing convulsively at Dean's cock again. The wings pressed, Dean ground down against Cas's cock, Cas was thrusting up at him, holy shit, Cas was *writhing* under Dean. Dean tried to help him, bracing when he could, thrusting down when he could, confused and maddened and ridiculously turned on but determined to help. Then Cas *stiffened* under him and *howled* and even in this ridiculously awkward frustrating position Dean could feel Cas's cock twitching, feel that liquid warmth oozing through Cas's pants. Dean had thought he couldn't possibly come again so soon, but it turned out he was wrong; because *Castiel was coming hard right against Dean's ass* and now really, what could you really do about that other than have an instant orgasm yourself? Dean felt Cas shuddering under him, convulsing, rocking back and forth, and Dean shouted "AHHH! NGGGH!", and come came flying out of Dean's cock again. Much faster than the first time, hard fast shots ripping right out of him, flying up in the air and landing all over Cas's beautiful, wonderful feathers, Dean almost crying with it.

After Dean got his breath back Cas rolled him to the side, spooning around him, wrapping his wings tightly around Dean. The top wing dragged over Dean's cock again and oh, holy fuck, his cock was STILL hard, and it was building again, it was building all over again. Dean moaned, "*I don't fucking believe this,*" the wing tightened and tugged and pulled, it was boiling up, how could he *possibly* still be hard, but he was, and Dean gasped "coming AGAIN, *holy shit oh my god, ah, AHH, AHH—*" His cock twitched and throbbed, and, yes, *now now now*, come pouring out again, sort of oozing out this time, Dean moaning, his feet tangling stiffly around Cas's legs, bucking against Cas's arms, as the wings just fucking *pulled* more come out of him.

At long last his cock began to soften. He'd come *three fucking times in a row*, what the hell, what was this, wing magic or something?

Cas had not said a word in a long time.

And Cas didn't say a word now. He didn't ask if it had been "acceptable", or "pleasurable", or "effective"; he didn't stand up and start talking about other stimuli; and he didn't disappear. He just lay there behind Dean, and he started doing those tingly nibbles on Dean's neck again. Endless tingly nibbles; with both Cas's arms still wrapped tightly around Dean's ribs; both wings folded around him too, enfolding Dean's naked body in a huge warm feathery blanket; even Cas's legs were still tangled around Dean's feet.

Cas had hold of him everywhere, all around him, and the sensation of safety and warmth and comfort and peace was overwhelming.

Cas finally released Dean's hands. Dean immediately wanted to turn around and kiss him but found himself gripped by a hugely cautious sense of *Don't push it! Don't push it! Don't try to make him kiss you!* If Cas had to do things backwards and all weird for some reason then *that was gonna be okay, dammit*. Dean could adjust.

So Dean kissed what he could reach. He kissed both of Cas's hands, all over, every finger. He kissed both wings. Then he found the weird little winglets. They were folded down so neatly now along the rest of the wing that they were almost impossible to see, but Dean found and kissed all four of them — and after he kissed the first one, the other three all lifted up a bit, like eager little puppies waiting their turn. He stroked them, and kissed the big joints too, and felt sort of rewarded when all the little feathers along the very top of the wings sort of puffed up a little. Was puffed-up feathers good? Was puffed-up feathers bad? *Who the hell knew?* Dean decided it was good.

Finally he said, "Cas? Cas, you okay?"

Cas nibbled the back of Dean's neck, and the wings tightened around him. The little winglets grabbed at Dean's fingers.

"Cas? You there? You okay?"

Cas nibbled the back of his neck again, and the winglets tightened. Dean began to get the impression that Cas had maybe gotten stuck in some kind of angel-mode and maybe couldn't remember any English.

But Dean was starting to think maybe everything was okay. He was only too keenly aware that the No-Emotions rule had been pulverized to smithereens. And he was also certain now that there was something kind of bizarre going on; something under the surface, some angel thing maybe, something Cas hadn't told him. But, somehow, still, everything was okay.

Actually everything was wonderful.

The wings shifted slightly around him and snuggled closer. *We are lying in close proximity in a horizontal hug*, Dean thought, laughing at himself. *Not a cuddler. Right. Yeah. Like hell you*

aren't, Dean Winchester. Waves of those warm wing tingles began to roll all over.

Dean kept waiting for Cas to snap back to normal, say something dry and distant, and disappear; but Cas stayed, and stayed, till Dean drifted to sleep.

For once he had no awful dreams. No dreams of Hell or hunting. Dean dreamed of nothing but wind, and soft summer rain, and the scent of heather.

A/N - Long author's note for this one.

So after working with a lot of different species, I've had this thought in my head that if an angel got truly overwhelmed, he might snap back into his own species' body language and might kind of forget how to act human. And that it would be, well, WEIRD. Weird, a little awkward, a little unexpected. (Yet also hot!) A lot of fics present angels as basically superpowered humans, but I interpret them more as not human at all, but a different species entirely.

BTW alulas are real and all birds have them. They are independently controlled little feathered fingers at the bend of the wing. Most modern birds have 1 on each wing. You only see them held out separate from the main wing if the bird has its wing splayed out in rough air, so most people never notice them, but they're there and they're actually pretty cool. Ancient birds had more than 1 on each wing - up to 3 - and today there's still a few birds with 2 per wing, in species that need to use their wings sometimes to crawl or hold things. I decided since angels are an ancient species, and also might need to hold things, they might have 2 on each wing. ALSO! Seraphs are supposed to have six wings! If you interpret seraphs-have-six-wings lore as 1 main wing on each side, each with 2 independent little winglets coming off the bend of the wing, then it totally agrees with the biology of ancient birds! Cool huh?

Oh, and just by the way; there is a reason for the nibbles-on-the-back-of-the-head stuff too, and there's a reason Cas is still trying to evade kissing, there's basically a reason Cas wouldn't let Dean turn around and kiss him; but that'll come clear later.

Hope you don't mind the (relative) lack of humor in this chapter; again, the story just went there. Dean and Cas both just needed a serious chapter to work some stuff out. (actually, they need a couple of serious chapters.) I didn't want to just treat them just as cardboard comic foils but rather, let them be real if that's where it went, and that's where it went. Please let me know what you think!

The Physiology Of Angels

Dean woke the next morning feeling deeply rested, comfortable, warm...

It took a moment for his brain to kick into gear. Cas was gone.

He must have either magicked Dean under the sheets, or done a truly delicate job of rearranging the bedding, for Dean was neatly tucked in now. Still totally naked (and all cleaned up), under the cheetah-print sheets, with his blanket and the tiger-stripe bedspread all cozied around him and even snugged up under his feet the way he liked. But no Cas.

Well, thought Dean philosophically, He doesn't sleep. He probably couldn't spend all night just lying there spooning me. Probably had to get going.

Doesn't matter at all, of course, he told himself, since, y'know, I'm not the type who likes the morning-after stuff. Waking up and everything, all awkward. I'm not the type who likes that stuff. I'm not the type who would look around for a note on the pillow...

Dean found himself rolling over and checking the pillow, just in case. Both pillows. And looking under them. Just in case.

And then looking all around the room. Just in case.

No note.

No meaningful-single-feather left propped on the end table or anything, either. No nothing. Cas was just plain gone.

The guy's busy. Angel war and all. He can't just hang out all night and wait for breakfast the next morning. Heck, the dude doesn't even eat.

Dean clambered out of bed, and then he saw the dried little splotches of come on the tile floor. Cas had apparently cleaned Dean up (and hopefully his own wings), but he must've forgotten about the floor. Dean stared at the little dried splotches, thinking, *god, it really happened. It all really happened. I saw Cas's wings... He let me touch his wings, he jerked me off with his feathers.... it really happened.*

The memory of it was suddenly burning bright in his mind. The *incredible* wings. Such a privilege it had been to even see them; let alone get to touch them. Let alone get jerked off by them!

That amazing relentless slow build... *god* it had all felt so good.

But brightest of all was the memory of that confusing, astonishing, overwhelming moment when they'd fallen backwards onto the bed. When Dean had suddenly realized how out-of-control Cas really was. Unable to stay on his feet, even. Unable to hold back. Unable to stop... how he'd *writhed* under Dean! The sound of that groan just before he'd fallen... the

way he'd bit Dean's neck... that *howl* he'd made when he'd come! How he'd jerked and bucked, the feel of that warm wetness oozing through his pants.

And all that just from *holding Dean*, all that just 'cause he'd been *feeling Dean's dick with his wings*, that tremendous orgasm taking him over *all because of Dean....*

And now of course Dean had his hand on his own dick. He'd a decent little morning wood going on anyway, and there was no way he could stand there and remember last night, simply *no way*, without Conclusion #1 taking over again. Conclusion #1: *Must jerk off IMMEDIATELY, AGAIN, RIGHT NOW*. Standing there, jerking himself fast, eyes closed, thinking of how Cas had writhed and moaned and howled. Within a minute, Dean was gasping, crumpling down on the beanbag, jerking his cock, thinking: *Cas writhing! Cas howling! Cas clutching me tight, with his hands, with his wings, everywhere, Cas COMING!*

Dean lay there shuddering on the pink suede beanbag, his hand a blur on his dick, reliving it all. He remembered, again, that moment of falling backwards... Cas clinging on to him, Cas's wings just *grabbing* at Dean's dick... and now Dean's hips jerked forward in a huge involuntary thrust that was so strong he nearly slithered off the beanbag; he was coming, grunting, gasping, spurts of semen shooting out over the floor. New wet splotches joining the dried ones that were already there.

"Good thing I hadn't cleaned up yet," muttered Dean to himself, as his breathing finally steadied.

He found himself whistling as he cleaned the floor, and whistling as he headed to the shower later. Sure, Cas had had to dash off for some reason, but he'd be back. He always came back. And suddenly this little jerk-off episode had just given Dean some *great* ideas for some stimuli to test next.

For example. How about just getting to *see* Cas's dick, just *feel* it maybe, just touch it maybe, surely Cas couldn't object to that? Or how about... how about if Cas might be willing just to let Dean feel those incredible wings again. What if Dean could caress those soft little winglets... maybe just as Cas came, *god, what would Cas do then?* Or, to see Cas shooting! ... or maybe... maybe Cas might be into shooting onto Dean? *How about that* for a stimulus? How about Cas... with his hard dick pressed next to Dean's. How about Cas's dick, in *Dean's* hands. How about...

There were just *so many stimuli to test now!* So many possibilities!

And one other thing kept floating up in Dean's mind: the way it had felt to lie there with him afterwards. So warm and safe and comfortable. Kissing the wings; watching the feathers puff up.

Feeling Castiel still nibbling at Dean's neck.

Dean was dimly aware that he had a habit of hiding certain things from himself, but this one he couldn't seem to hide at all: Whatever the hell that nibbling had actually meant, Dean had *loved* it. He had *loved* it.

Dean couldn't help thinking about the nibbling a little more as he got dressed, and was really in an amazingly good mood by the time he got to the kitchen. It suddenly seemed like it would be an awesome day to just go for a drive in the Impala, and he looked for Sam but had a little trouble finding him. Sam wasn't in his room; wasn't in the kitchen, wasn't in the library...

Dean finally found Sam snoring away on a big pile of notes in one of the furthest back file rooms, down in the basement. His ipod was at his side, one earbud in one ear. The other earbud had fallen out and Dean snorted when he heard what he was pretty damn sure was Lady Gaga's "Poker Face."

Dean snapped his fingers right by Sam's ear.

"AH!" Sam yelled, bolting awake with such a jerk that he knocked half his papers onto the floor.

"Lady Gaga? Really?" said Dean, as Sam scrambled to his feet, gasping, and then sank back in his chair with his hands over his face.

"Jeez, Dean. You about gave me a heart attack!" said Sam.

Dean snickered at him. "Got lost in your research again, huh, Sam? You know, someday you really have to get out more."

Sam rubbed his hands over his face, shook himself further awake and leaned down to pick up the papers. "Yeah, it just got late and I guess I kinda forgot to go to bed," he said. "Just was digging back into some of the old files. I got a lead on a possible ghost case in New Hampshire and then found this whole bunch of files back here."

"You are SUCH a nerd," said Dean. "C'mon, let's go hit the diner! It'd be a great day for brunch, wouldn't it?" He grinned and added, "Maybe we could even call Cas!"

Dean did call Cas. But Cas didn't answer. Dean left a message, but Cas didn't show. Not that day, and not that night either.

The next morning Dean woke up thinking, I gotta calm down here. So he got his rocks off, ONCE. I should know better than anyone, that does NOT mean a damn thing. The nibbling probably didn't mean anything, either. Probably just some weird automatic thing angels do. Probably doesn't mean anything.

He yawned, and got up, and took a shower, still feeling pretty good anyway, thinking, Hey, it's all cool. It was a fun evening and all. Maybe I got a little carried away? But it was fun.

I am not gonna call him today, though. Don't really need to call him about anything. What was I thinking, anyway? That this was gonna be a relationship or something? Heh.

Definitely not gonna call him today.

Dean called him at ten a.m.

No reply. Dean left a message: "Hey Cas, just, uh... checking in... uh.... okay, bye."

Cas didn't call back.

The next morning Dean thought out a careful plan about how he wouldn't call Cas that day, because it would just look too pathetic if he called every single day, right? He'd wait two more days, then maybe call on the third day.

Dean held firm to this plan all the way through breakfast, just casually reminding himself approximately every thirty seconds how he was not gonna call Cas that day. Yet after breakfast he thought he'd take a walk, happened to see a sparrow fly by, noticed its wings, and suddenly found himself with his phone in his hand, calling Castiel.

"Hey, so, Cas, it's me, um, Dean. I was just... wondering... if.... you... um... if you.... if you.... if you've heard of any cases maybe? Okay, well, let me know bye."

No reply.

Goddam sparrow, thought Dean. Goddam sparrow and its goddam little wings. Just distracted me, that's all. Distracted me from my plan.

For the rest of that day Dean fieldstripped all his weapons. Washed and detailed the Impala. Polished its tires. Washed the insides of the windows. Vacuumed the footwells. Rearranged the trunk. Bugged Sam about whether there were any cases they could go check out; Sam did have a little more info on the possible ghost in New Hampshire, but Sam didn't think it was worth the drive.

However, Dean immediately realized that he had to call Castiel about the ghost. Because, Cas might know something about it... because Cas... well, actually, Cas never knew anything about ghosts, really, but he *might*.

Prayer this time: "Hey Castiel? Castiel? This is Dean, um, praying to you, um, can you hear me? are you hearing me? ... so, uh.... just wondering... if... you're hearing me? So... Sam found a case in New Hampshire, a ghost, and... I was just... hey are you hearing this? So... I was thinking... I thought I might watch a movie tonight, like, I was thinking of, uh, just some, movie or something, and... make some popcorn maybe, and if you wanted to drop by or... hang out or something... or whatever.... you could just... hang out. Or whatever. You like popcorn, right? Or... okay... uh, so, y'know, whatever. So, yeah, let us know about New Hampshire."

There, that had come out pretty well. He'd obviously just called Cas to check on the New Hampshire case. Totally reasonable.

But Cas didn't answer. And he didn't show.

Dean didn't watch a movie after all.

And Cas didn't show the day after that.

Or the day after that.

The next day, Sam bugged Dean to do another supply run to Hastings. Dean found himself weirdly reluctant to leave the bunker — what if Cas flew in and Dean wasn't there? — but Sam seemed convinced that Dean "needed to get out," so at last they left.

"So," said Sam, once they'd gotten underway, the drab brown fall agricultural fields rolling past the Impala. "You've been a little... quiet." He cleared his throat. "How's Ella?"

Dean tried to think of some fake story to give Sam. How *was* Ella, anyway? Dean said idly, "Oh... fine... "

"What's she been doing?"

"Oh... she's been working on her... um..." Dean struggled to remember what he'd said about Ella. "Working on her knife-fighting. Practicing with her knives and stuff. She's like, in some league or something."

"A knife-fighting league?"

"Yeah, she's in this, like, Iowa women's knife-fighting league," said Dean.

"Iowa women's knife-fighting league?" repeated Sam doubtfully.

"Yeah, it turns out there's, like, clubs and everything. It's apparently this whole thing, for Iowa women. You know how Iowa is. But..." Dean realized he was getting onto thin ice here, and tried to change the subject, faking a big sigh and saying randomly, "Actually I haven't heard from her for a few days."

"Why, what's up?"

Dean shrugged, "Dunno. Just haven't heard from her."

"For how long?"

"Almost a *week*. Like, *six days*." Whoops. Dean had accidentally started talking about Castiel. How had *that* happened?

"Six days is a big deal?"

Dean glanced over at him with a scowl. "Well, it's just... we had sorta, like, we had...kind of... a thing. It's sorta like.... There was this little thing that happened and... I don't know, I thought that maybe... well. It was just a little thing. Never mind."

There was an altogether too tense pause. Sam was staring at him.

"Whoa," said Sam.

"What?"

"You had a *major* thing happen, it meant a hell of a lot, she panicked and ran, and you are *so completely freaking out* it's not even funny."

"What the hell are you talking about? It wasn't a major thing and I'm not freaking out."

"Mentioning anything about it to me, *at all*, qualifies it as major, and as freaking out. Don't even try and deny it. And don't snap my head off here, but, have you called her?"

"I've left messages and everything," said Dean glumly.

"Have you tried, like, *actually saying what you mean*, in the messages?"

"What?"

"Have you left a message that was something like 'I really need to talk to you about why you panicked and ran' instead of something like 'Oh hey this is Dean, okay whatever bye.'"

"Jeez, Sam. Give it a rest." Dean struggled for some way to change the topic, and finally came up with, "So, by the way, what was that thing you said you'd tell me about later?"

"Oh," said Sam. He cleared his throat, and shifted in his seat. "There was something in that book, Physiology of Angels." Dean glanced over at him. Sam was staring out the window, as he went on, "Cas said he'd had to drop his blood pressure to keep his vessel under control, right? So, thing is, there's a whole chapter in Physiology of Angels about vessels, and what I remembered reading in there was, that it's actually supposed to be really rare to have that kind of vessel problem. It's supposed to only happen when the angel is, um, "in a state of strong emotion," I think is how the book puts it."

"Huh," said Dean.

They drove on a little in silence.

"So," said Sam, "I was trying to ask Cas about it because I was worried maybe he was in trouble or something. Like, maybe he'd been frightened or overwhelmed or something. But... he didn't seem to want to talk about it."

"Yeah," said Dean. "Might as well drop it if he didn't want to talk about it. Hey, Sam, so.... did that book have anything about... well..."

"Yeah?"

Dean thought fast. How could he ask this question without cluing Sam in? "I was just... thinking about... how...every species is different. How, like, rabbits like their ears rubbed. I was just... wondering if... angels have anything like that."

"You're wondering if angels like having their ears rubbed?"

"Well, I mean, is there anything that's sort of... unique to angels? Like, things angels particularly like, or don't like?"

Sam looked at him.

"Ella was asking," said Dean, said, making it up on the fly. "After I told her about how Cas passed out."

"Ella was curious about what angels like?" asked Sam, raising his eyebrows.

"Yeah. I guess some of the girls in her league were asking about it."

"The Iowa women's knife-fighting league wants to know if angels like their ears rubbed?"

"Yeah, I guess the president of the league was asking because they all got into this argument after a tournament and—" Dean suddenly realized he was digging himself *way* too deep into this ridiculous lie, but he was committed now. "—and they were arguing about angels, you know, because there's rumors going around about angels taking humans as vessels, right? And I guess they got into kind of an argument about, are angels like rabbits or people or what, and could an angel take a rabbit vessel, and they wanted to know what an angel would like or wouldn't like, and they wanted me to ask Cas but he had gone."

There was rather a long pause. Dean was cringing so hard his toes were curling up.

"So," said Sam, "Basically... you're saying the president of the Iowa women's knife-fighting league got into a bar fight about whether or not angels can turn into rabbits?"

"Yeah," said Dean. "Basically. And... do they like their ears rubbed... or... anything."

"I don't know," said Sam.

"Oh," said Dean. "Okay."

They drove on for another minute.

"Oh, I guess there's the head feather stuff," said Sam.

"What?"

"I just remembered. I guess it's hard to preen the feathers of your head by yourself. If you're an angel, I mean. So one angel will help another angel, and kind of, preen him on the back of the head. That's what the book said. Like parrots. You know how parrots sort of nuzzle each other there? On the back of the head?"

Dean almost forgot to breathe. He finally managed to say, "Does it...like... mean something?"

Sam looked at him again.

"Ella got involved in a bet about it," said Dean. "With the president."

"Your skype girlfriend got into a bet with the president of the Iowa women's knife-fighting league about what it means when angels preen each other?" said Sam.

"Well, you know how those Iowa girls are," said Dean desperately. "They just... kind of get super obsessed about stuff like that. They're, you know, they're sweet."

"My god, Dean," said Sam, shaking his head. "You do know how to pick 'em. Anyway, I don't remember, but the book's back at the bunker, if you want to read it."

"Oh... maybe... I guess," said Dean.

They got to Hastings, where Sam had to hit a drugstore. Dean was having trouble remembering what any of his errands were, and he ended up back outside the Impala, just praying to Castiel, "Castiel, hey, just checking in... I'm just... sort of getting worried, could you at least just let me know if you're okay?"

No answer.

Eventually Sam finally came back from his shopping, and Dean got glumly into the car, and they headed back to Lebanon.

And then, *whup-whuff*, there was Cas, suddenly in the back seat saying calmly, "Hello, Sam. Hello, Dean."

Unbe-friggin-lievable.

"Why, hello there, Castiel!" said Dean drily. "So nice of you to join us! Gee, Cas, how nice of you to join me *and Sam in the Impala*. So that you can talk to me *and Sam*." Cause this *couldn't* have been coincidence. Cas waited to show up till Dean was stuck in the car *with Sam*? Right.

Cas just flicked a cool glance at him in the mirror, and looked away. But Dean was feeling generous now. *Glance away all you like, you big feathery chicken*, he thought triumphantly, *You can't fool me, I KNOW you nibbled me on the back of the neck and now I KNOW that means something. Ha!*

...Even though I'm not sure exactly what.

"What's up, Cas?" said Sam.

"Oh," said Castiel, with a very non-Castiel-ish casual airy tone, "I just thought I'd... check in. See how you were both doing."

"I'm *fine*, Cas," said Dean.

Sam said, "Yeah, Cas, we're both good."

"Gee, Cas," said Dean. "We haven't... *heard from you* for a while."

"My apologies," said Cas smoothly. "I've been busy."

"So how ya been, Cas?" said Dean. "Had a good week? Anything interesting happen? Anything that you... *enjoyed*? Did you have a *good week*, Cas?"

Cas wouldn't meet his eyes in the rearview mirror. Instead he just said, "I've been considering the time travelers' messages, Dean. I think I may have decoded them."

"Time travelers?" said Sam. "What?"

Cas explained, "Several nights ago, Dean was visited by time travelers from the nineteen-seventies. They gave him some rather cryptic messages. I've been pondering what they might have meant, and have consulted a few sources. I've got a few ideas but I'm really rather uncertain about it."

"Dean, *time travelers*?" Sam said, staring at Dean.

Cas said, "The one about staying alive is fairly self-explanatory, I think. At a surface level it's simply a statement of fact: whether somebody is a brother or is a mother, a major goal of life is, indeed, staying alive."

Out of the corner of Dean's eye, he saw Sam squirm a little bit in his seat and heard him squeak out a tiny, choked laugh.

"Though it's interesting they repeated the phrase twice," mused Castiel. "Staying alive, staying alive. That usually indicates it's something particularly important."

"Cas, let me guess," said Sam, breathing a little oddly, "Dean heard these time travelers in his room? Within the last few days?"

"Yes, just a few days ago," went on Cas. "Dean — I think there may be a hidden message. The brother represents men, and the mother represents women. Thus, it's an indication that both sexes have the same underlying problems, hopes and dreams. In other words, it may be a message that you should not be too preoccupied about a person's sex; that underneath, both sexes are actually quite similar."

"You know, Cas," said Sam, his voice strangely stiff, "Those time travelers spoke to me too. The same night, in fact. I think I heard the same messages Dean did."

"Really? What do you remember?"

Sam paused a moment, and then said in a thin, choked voice, "They said: Well, you can tell by the way I use my walk... I'm a woman's man, no time to talk."

Dean lost such a big gasp of air at this that he had to concentrate on keeping the Impala going straight. And as much as he wanted to slap Sam for leading Cas astray, he absolutely could not resist hearing where this was going to go.

"There were also," Sam paused a moment. "Colored lights... and... a man in white."

Cas thought about that for a second. "Like the man in Dean's room?"

"Yessss..." whispered Sam. "We call him... the Angel Travolta."

"*Sam*," hissed Dean.

"I didn't realize it was a religious display," said Cas after a pause. "The Angel Travolta...I'm not familiar with the name. I haven't met that angel myself. But the message is intriguing, Sam. It's interesting they would have said that to you. It's quite different than Dean's. Dean's message indicates that the sex of a person doesn't really matter; while yours seems to indicate that you naturally are subordinate to women, and that your uncertainty around women is apparent even from your gait and body language. And, yet, you keep yourself too busy to talk to them."

Dean burst out laughing. "The time travelers were *spot on* with that one, Sam. What about the other messages, Cas?"

"The one about night fever, I've done some research and I believe that may be a reference to sexual activity, actually," said Cas. Sam buried his face in his hands. Cas went on serenely, "Sam, it occurred to me that it might relate to what you told me earlier, about how Dean may need more orgasms. If you consider orgasms as something that creates heat, typically at night, then—"

"Yeah, Cas, we get it," said Sam rapidly. "You don't have to explain that one."

Dean said, "Sam, I really think Castiel might be onto something here. I'm really kind of liking the idea that the Angel Travolta flew down from Heaven to tell the world that Dean Winchester needs more orgasms. I'm completely on board with this interpretation."

Castiel said, "I was considering the possibility that the time travelers might have been trying to deliver orgasms to Dean for some reason."

"Hm," said Sam, sounding almost paralyzed, his voice weirdly squeaky again, "Dean, that's quite likely, don't you think? The Bee Gees... might have... been trying... to... deliver orgasms to you."

Cas went on, "But, Dean, the one that's most baffling to me was the message about how... you should be dancing."

"*Yeah!*" Sam and Dean both said simultaneously, instinctively finishing the lyric Cas had just quoted. They both broke up in snorts of laughter.

Cas said from the back seat, sounding a little annoyed, "I don't see why you're laughing. Messages through time are almost always significant. Dean, you said yourself, there were some messages they said that you thought were very significant. Granted you were rather intoxicated, and you were quite distressed about the little unicorn, but you did say the messages were 'deep' and 'meaningful'."

"Oh, *did you*, Dean," said Sam with delight, "*Did you* say that? When you were *rather intoxicated*? You thought it was *deep and meaningful*? "

"I... might have," said Dean reluctantly.

"And, you got *quite distressed* about a unicorn?" said Sam. "I'm just trying to get the complete picture here."

Dean sighed. "I broke its goddam horn off, okay?"

"Then he couldn't find the unicorn's horn," said Castiel.

"Where was it?" Sam was sounding all too delighted about this whole thing.

"Three inches away from his foot," said Castiel.

"It sounds like you were *rather intoxicated*, Dean," said Sam.

"Look, Sam," said Dean, "You weren't there. It.... it.... it *broke its little horn off*, Sam," his voice rising in pitch and his hands clamping on the Impala wheel as he suddenly started feeling sorry all over again for the little unicorn.

"It seemed to be a traumatic event," said Castiel. "I tried to assist Dean as much as I could. But, Dean, about the dancing that the time travelers said you should be doing, I'm a bit concerned about that. It may mean... that you should concentrate more on the things you enjoy."

"Or, Cas, maybe you should concentrate on the things *you* enjoy, huh?" Dean couldn't resist saying. "Maybe the message was for *you*. Maybe the Angel Travolta was trying to tell *you*, the angel *Castiel*, that *you* should be enjoying life more. Dancing, metaphorically."

Cas was silent a moment. Dean checked Cas's face in the rearview mirror, and was startled to realize that Castiel looked quite shaken. He was gazing down, looking tremendously worried.

"I doubt that's correct," he finally said, his voice quiet. "I shouldn't be ... dancing. I shouldn't. I... should *never* be dancing."

What?

The mood in the car had suddenly gotten somber, and Sam said "Cas, we're just messing with you. It was just music. Just words to some songs from the 70s." He sounded embarrassed now, sorry to have led Castiel on like that, and he confessed, "I found some old 70s music for Dean and put it in his room as a joke, and then Dean was listening to it later when he was drunk. That's all it was. No time travelers. And that guy in white, that's just an actor from the movie the music goes with. I found the cut-out from the movie, the same day, at another flea market, just by coincidence, and I thought it would be a funny joke." Sam sounded really regretful now. "That's all it was, Cas. I'm sorry."

But Castiel was completely unperturbed by this revelation. He said calmly, "If Dean heard something meaningful in the song lyrics, Sam, perhaps you found that particular music for a

reason. And it does seem rather a coincidence you would have found the man in white, too, on exactly that day, does it not? There are few coincidences in life, Sam. "

Dean and Sam glanced at each other, a little startled.

"Think about it," said Castiel. And he disappeared.

Sam looked over at Dean. "I don't believe I'm about to say this," he said, "but, I gotta admit I *was* kind of amazed when I found the Travolta cut-out. It wasn't even at the same flea market that had the cassette tape."

"So..." said Dean, "You're saying... the Angel Travolta really *does* think I need more orgasms?"

They both busted up laughing for a moment, and then Sam said, "I dunno, I mean, damn, Dean, our whole lives have been so nuts, I wouldn't put it past the powers-that-be to have rigged the Bee Gees to sing certain lyrics just so we could hear them thirty years later. What was the song that got to you, anyway?"

It was with considerable surprise that Dean heard himself confessing, "If I Can't Have You."

Sam just looked at him.

Dean hastily reached over to turn on the radio. And blasting out of the radio came the Bee Gees singing,

You should be DAAAN-CIN', YEAH!

You should be DAAAN-CIN!

They both sat there numbly as the chorus repeated a few more times:

You should be DAAAN-CIN', YEAH!

You should be DAAAN-CIN!

The song ended, and Sam slowly reached over and turned the radio back off.

They sat there a moment in silence.

"I'm never going to be able to laugh at disco again, am I? said Dean.

"You wanna know what I think?" said Sam. "You know what I think we should be doing?"

"Uh... we should be dancin'?"

"We should friggin' be dancin', is what I think," said Sam.

When they got back to the bunker, Dean waited what he thought was a completely subtle forty-five minutes before saying, *totally* casually, "So, hey, Sam, where was that book? That angel book?"

Sam gave him a disturbingly unreadable look, gestured at Dean to follow him, and led him all the way back to the stack of notes in the back file rooms where Dean had found him asleep several nights earlier. Without a word, Sam handed Dean a thick, leatherbound book. Dean looked at the cover:

The Physiology of Angels

With Notes on Behavior

and

Additional Observations

by

Knut Schmidt-Nielsen

The book was festooned with a few dozen colorful post-its sticking out of the pages.

"Mind if I, uh.... borrow this for a bit?" said Dean. *Ever* so casually.

"Knock yourself out," said Sam. He sat down at his notes. "I got a case to research, Dean. Borrow it as long as you want, just don't spill Jack Daniels all over it or anything."

Dean could have read it there with Sam. But Sam didn't seem in a sociable mood; he just jammed those earbuds back in and turned the volume up on Lady Gaga or whatever crap he was listening to. And Dean kind of wanted a little privacy anyway. So he headed back to his room.

The book was one of those super dense ones, with way more info than he'd be able to take in in one night, but Dean started flipping through some of the chapters hoping to at least find whatever-it-was Cas hadn't wanted them to see. It was actually kind of an interesting book. It had a whole section on "Heavenly power", the angel-mojo Dean had always wondered about. Dean even attempted to read the chapter, and tried to study a truly bewildering illustration of the apparently *five*-dimensional nature of wings, all of which left him with just the fuzzy impression that the wings could sometimes function as a kind of fancy solar panel.

He gave up on that and went on to the wing-anatomy chapter, which had a spectacular black-and-white hand-drawn illustration of angel wings that instantly had Dean riveted. With a close-up of those amazing little winglets.

The winglets were indeed called "alulas", and they were "fully functional airfoils" as well as "exquisitely sensitive organs of touch," according to good ol' Knut Schmidt-Nielsen. Sam had flagged this paragraph with a bright yellow post-it.

And that was when Dean realized that every piece of information that was most interesting in this book - about grace, about angel power, about vessels, about fighting abilities - had already been flagged by Sam with a bright yellow post-it. Once Dean caught on to that, he just started flicking his way to the pages with the yellow post-its.

The next yellow post-it was in the chapter called "On Feathers and Flight." It was stuck on a paragraph where Dean read:

As with all flying creatures it is critical to keep the feathers in good condition. Most angels preen their own feathers, but an area of particular difficulty is the feathers of the head, and especially the back of the head. Angels who are very close companions may assist each other with this region. The author has learned, however, that the act of touching an angel in this area is not to be taken lightly. For one angel to preen another angel in this way is a significant act, indicative of deep affection, respect, and trust. If an angel has reason to believe that the touch is not genuine, or that the significance of the touch is not understood, he will rapidly withdraw.

Oh... that hug. That moment when Dean been hugging Cas. He'd just been wanting to touch Cas's hair... and then Cas jumping like an electric shock had gone through him. Pulling away, stepping back, staring at the ground.

If an angel has reason to believe that the touch is not genuine, or is not understood...

Dean thought a while, staring off into space at the red lava lamp.

Finally he flipped to the next post-it, which was marking a paragraph called "Molt." Dean read:

All angels molt - grow new flight feathers - once a year. The process is painful and fraught with risk, as angels are rendered flightless and vulnerable during the two-week period of the molt. The author was able to consult a seraph of Heaven on this topic, and the seraph stated that it is customary for an angel to call upon a close associate for assistance and protection during the molt, typically turning to his closest and most trusted ally. The seraph further stated that any angel cut off from his Heavenly companions faces a non-trivial hazard in navigating molt alone; apparently it is not uncommon for isolated angels to perish during molt.

Cas had *never* mentioned this.

Cas had been cut off from Heaven for *several* years. Cut off from his "Heavenly companions." And he'd never mentioned a damn thing about "molt" to Dean. They had been

in Purgatory for a year together... and Cas hadn't ever "molted", and he'd never disappeared.

No, wait....

Cas had, indeed, vanished for a few weeks, in Purgatory. *Right at the beginning.* And he'd been so ragged and worn when Dean had finally found him. Cas had come out with that weird story about having left Dean alone so that "Dean would be safer"... That had never really made much sense. It had always kind of bugged Dean a little.

Dean looked at that last sentence again:

it is not uncommon for isolated angels to perish during molt

... and had to close the book for a while to think.

Eventually he was able to get going again. The second-to-last post-it was in the "Observations on Behavior" chapter. Dean read:

Some say angels do not experience emotion; that they are merely weapons of God. The author disagrees. The seraph consulted for this text has stated to the author, emphatically, that angels do in fact experience emotions, often very strongly. Human impressions to the contrary are due merely to the fact that angels do not express their emotions as humans do. But clues remain. For example, an angel in the grip of some very extreme emotion may lose control of its vessel. Similarly, there may be clues if the wings are visible; for example, where a man may smile, an angel may fluff its feathers. Where a man may cry, an angel's wings instinctively drag lower. A distressed angel, in fact, often will feel unsure of his flight abilities and often will instinctively retreat to solitude, ceasing to respond to prayers or efforts at contact. We humans misinterpret these behaviors and we conclude, erroneously, that the angel does not feel.

One last post-it at the very back of the book. It was just the Acknowledgments. Dean almost skipped it, for there were so many other thoughts rattling around in his head clamoring for his attention. But Sam had flagged it for some reason, so Dean plowed through it. A whole tedious paragraph about Schmidt-Nielsen's wife, kids, publisher, editor, proofreader, on and on it went, and then right at the end;

The author's boundless thanks and gratitude to the psychic Shelagh O'Connor, who was able to contact several spirits of the other realms who were willing to answer certain of my questions. Our especial gratitude to the seraph Castiel, who, almost alone of all seraphs contacted, appeared well-disposed toward humans and willing to converse with us, and perhaps was almost as curious about humans as we were about seraphs. In several illuminating conversations, this seraph Castiel explained many aspects of seraph behavior that otherwise would have remained utterly opaque.

Enough was enough. Dean clapped the book shut, stood, and closed his eyes. He had to grope for enough calmness to be able to pray at all, but finally he was able to say, in relative calm, "Cas. Castiel. I don't care how low your wings are dragging. Or how friggin' unsure of your flight abilities you are. Get your sorry ass down here and tell me what the hell is going on."

Nothing happened.

Dean drew a breath, and said, "Cas. You owe me. You know you do."

Whup-whuff.

A/N -

Ten million thanks for all the awesome birthday wishes! Sorry I haven't yet thanked each and every one of you - it was a desperate week with a grant proposal due. But I was determined to get this chapter out to you, even though it is now 3am! I hope you like it. Next chapter coming next week for sure, possibly as soon as Sunday.

If anybody wants to wish me a late happy birthday just drop me a review! :D

You Should Be Dancing

A/N - Warning, heavy emotional stuff ahead.

Whup-whuff.

Cas had arrived next to the Travolta cut-out again. He met Dean's eyes for perhaps one entire nanosecond, and then shifted his gaze over to John Travolta. He stood there staring at the Angel Travolta with such intensity that Dean was irresistibly reminded of the 70s chick in the red dress.

"Hey, Cas," said Dean. Somehow the fierce momentum he'd felt a minute ago had instantly evaporated, leaving him feeling remarkably like an awkward seventh-grader.

"Hello, Dean," said Castiel coolly, still studying Travolta.

There was a silent little pause. Castiel's eyes flicked up and down Travolta's white leisure suit, from the top of Travolta's outstretched arm all the way down to his white shoes, and back up.

"So," said Dean, clearing his throat. He picked the *Physiology of Angels* up off the bed, "So... I just happened to be reading this book here. The Physiology of Angels."

Cas's eyes snapped over to the book, and then up to Dean's eyes.

Castiel said, "As I told Sam, that book is really quite unreliable."

"I don't know," said Dean, "good ol' Knut here seemed to make some good points. Especially here at the back." Dean flipped to the Acknowledgments. "See, here at the back, where he says, 'Our especial gratitude to the seraph Castiel.' *Gee, Cas*. Which 'seraph Castiel' could he possibly be referring to?"

Cas's eyes widened. After a little pause, he walked slowly over to Dean and peered at the book. Dean held out the Acknowledgments to him and watched as Cas's eyes scanned the page.

Cas said slowly, "I didn't know he'd put that in the Acknowledgments."

"So it's an *unreliable* book, is it?" said Dean. "What, did they use an *unreliable source* there, when they consulted this here seraph Castiel?"

Cas gave a short sigh, and glanced down at the floor. "I... I am doing Knut an injustice. Actually..." He sighed again. "Actually it's quite a good book. Actually it's the best anybody

has put together. He was a good man." Castiel was silent a moment, and then added, "His previous work on kangaroo-rats and camels was quite ingenious. I thought at the time, anybody who pays that much attention to the problem of the camel's nose might be able to do a good job with angel physiology."

"The camel's nose?" said Dean.

Cas switched visibly into his Angel-Professor mode, lifting his eyebrows and straightening up. He started to say, "You see, camels live in a very arid habitat, and—"

"You can tell me later," said Dean, cutting him off. "Cas, the point is, Schmidt-Nielsen says here—" Dean flipped to the behavior section "—see, he says here, a distressed angel won't answer his cell phone."

"Well, actually, there were no cell phones at that time, and—"

"He also says here, he's got this bit about, vessel failure only happens in cases of extreme emotion. And this stuff about isolated angels, here—"

"That's a little complicated, actually—"

"CAS," Dean interrupted. Castiel fell silent, his mouth tight. He glanced away from Dean, back over toward Travolta. Dean said, "Cas, *what's going on?*"

Castiel turned on his heel and walked a few steps away, this time stopping right in front of a My Little Pony poster and gazing up at it as if fascinated.

Dean pressed, "And what the hell was that bullcrap in the car about how you shouldn't be dancing? What the hell was that?"

Castiel just kept looking up at the My Little Pony poster. It was one of those idiotic "Friendship is Magic" posters, with a bunch of ridiculous little ponies all labeled with their names.

Cas remarked, "Twilight Sparkle seems rather an odd name, doesn't it?" He studied the poster further, and said, "Look, one of these is a unicorn but the others are all just small, oddly shaped, pastel horses. This may be a case of cross-species friendship, don't you think?"

Dean sighed. "*Castiel*. Stop dodging me. You *enjoyed* it, last time, here. When you had your wings on me. You DID enjoy it, you can't tell me otherwise, I KNOW you did, I KNOW you liked it. So what the hell is going on?"

Castiel finally turned around and looked at him.

He said, "I'm sorry, Dean," with such a distant, remote look in his eyes that Dean suddenly knew that Castiel was about one second away from disappearing.

Dean flung the Physiology Of Angels book on the bed and charged at Cas with both hands, pinning him right against Twilight Sparkle, one hand on each of Cas's shoulders.

"Do. Not. Leave." Dean snapped out.

Cas stared back at him with a grim, dark look. He'd ended up dead center against the poster, a bright pink balloon directly above his head that said "Friendship is Magic!", little colored ponies gambolling around on the left and the right.

Cas said, "Dean. Let me leave."

"Tell me *what the fuck is going on, Cas,*" snapped Dean. "TALK TO ME. No dodging. No flying away. Fucking TALK TO ME."

He felt Cas sort of shrink under his hands, flattening further against the wall, his shoulders sinking. Cas nodded, his gaze dropping down.

There was such a long pause that Dean began to worry that Cas was going to stonewall him totally. Dean didn't release his shoulders and just held him there, pinned to the wall. And at last Castiel spoke.

Still staring at the floor, Castiel said, in a soft steady voice, "Do you remember. Dean. When I said to you. That I would find... a... way?"

Dean had no idea what he was talking about. He slowly released Cas's shoulders.

Cas just stayed there, pressed up against the wall, and continued slowly, "... that I would find a way... to...."

A long pause. Dean waited.

Cas's mouth twisted. He finally continued, "... to redeem myself to you."

Dean felt his mouth actually drop open.

Oh shit.

That had been *years* ago.

That had been right after Cas's ill-fated attempt at godhood. Just minutes after Cas had purged himself of most of the Purgatory souls. Just before he'd been taken over and nearly killed by the Leviathans. And then... months of amnesia, then Lucifer, then months of catatonic coma; then months of insanity; then months in Purgatory; then months of brainwashing...

Castiel said, in an eerily level, calm voice, "I swore to you I would find a way to redeem myself to you. But. Instead. Just seconds later... everything got... even worse. And then even worse still. For years. Just worse and worse. I did not redeem myself. Quite the opposite. I only made things worse. Worse and worse and worse."

A long pause. Dean couldn't even speak.

Cas continued, still in that spookily flat voice, "In Purgatory, I thought, if I could stay, perhaps I could atone for my sins there... or... perhaps if I just died there.... "

Dean thought, *It is not uncommon for an isolated angel to perish during molt.*

"... But then I was pulled back here." A long, slow sigh. "Dean, I know now that I'll never be able to atone for my sins. Never. Everything I was, everything, my entire life, all these endless millennia, everything I thought I was... a good angel... *good*... trying to do the right thing... Dean, I always tried to do the right thing, *always*, that's what I thought I *was*, and it is just... it's gone, Dean, what I once was; it's *ruined*, it's over, I cannot even describe it, it's *destroyed*, everything I was, what I thought I was... somebody *good*... it's all destroyed. And I can't ever undo what I did, I can't fix it, *I can't ever fix it.*" Castiel stood very still for a moment, still just staring down at the floor, "Yet... when I was brought back from Purgatory I still couldn't give up. I still kept thinking, maybe there is at least still some way I could redeem myself to Dean. Maybe some day I can again become a good friend to Dean. Maybe I can fix at least that one thing. And what did I do then?"

Cas finally raised his eyes to Dean's. Looked at Dean steadily.

"I tried to kill you," Cas said.

A thought fluttered through Dean's mind, as he stood there staring blankly at Castiel, his mouth agape. The thought was: *Sam was right. Sam was right. Sam said, Cas is still messed up about that thing, and you need to talk to him. Sam saw it, and I didn't.*

Castiel was still looking steadily at Dean. He went on, in that eerie flat voice, "I beat you. I shattered your arm. I felt it break. I heard you scream." He closed his eyes. "I heard you begging me to stop." A long pause, his eyes still closed. "I couldn't stop. I couldn't stop, Dean." Now his voice began to shake. He opened his eyes, looking at Dean, the calm facade finally cracking as Cas began to stutter, "...I... *couldn't stop*...I *c-couldn't s-stop*..."

"Cas," Dean whispered. "You *did* stop."

"N-not *quickly enough*," whispered Cas back, gazing back at him with enormous dark eyes. "I, I, *was hurting you*, Dean, you were *frightened*, I know you were, *I know you were, I heard you*. I was seeing everything, I heard everything, I heard *everything* you said, and I was... *so desperate* to stop, I was... *so terrified*, I *knew I was going to kill you*, and I couldn't *stop*, I couldn't *stop it!*"

"Cas, Cas, look at me, I'm right here, I'm alive," said Dean, spreading his hands helplessly, stepping closer, "I'm right here, I'm fine. You *did* stop, don't you remember? And Cas, it *wasn't* your fault, you must know that—"

"*But I should have been able to stop sooner!*" Cas said, his voice just a hoarse whisper now. "I should have... been able to snap free somehow! I should have been able to stop sooner. I tried going back in time, Dean, to that day. To try to stop it, to see if I could make myself stop sooner. I've gone back hundreds of times... I still couldn't stop it, Dean."

Hundreds of times?

Cas went on slowly, "Ever since then... the months since then... I've... been... trying to see... if there was some way I could... any way that I... could..." He was talking more and more slowly, like a windup toy running down.

"... any way.. I could... give you... at least.... some....

Dean waited for the last word. He knew what it would be.

"... pleasure," said Castiel.

Dean closed his eyes.

Cas went on, "To try to make up for at least some of the pain."

There was a long pause.

Cas swallowed, and took a breath. "The first time I interrupted you here was truly an accident. The second time, the third, I was... I realize now, I was jumping at the opportunity to try to give you some pleasure. I was... just.. so... *hopeful*, to discover there was something I could do for you. I was so... I felt *such hope*, Dean. So I went to Amsterdam and...

"Amsterdam?" said Dean, confused.

"I was quite... I was very... I was *worried*, because, I have not done this before. I thought I would not do an acceptable job, so I tried to... learn. I was... worried..."

Something flickered across Cas's face as he said "worried" and Dean knew, like a gut blow, that Castiel hadn't just been worried.

He'd been *scared*.

"The research," said Dean, closing his eyes, rubbing his forehead. "Amsterdam is where you did your research."

"Yes. I found the woman in the videos, the woman with the massage table, the videos that you liked. She lives in Amsterdam, I found her, I asked her advice, she was very helpful, I did a lot of research there, she let me work with her for a while..."

Dean had to put both hands over his face.

He was scared. He was scared, Dean kept thinking. Cas had been scared, and he'd just gutted himself through it. "Research." Even back here with Dean, he'd probably been scared, at least those first couple times. A good soldier, hiding his fear; because he'd wanted so hard to do something nice for Dean.

Dean was suddenly desperately close to tears, and had to just keep his hands over his face, trying to breathe.

"I thought at first that maybe the pleasure could make up for the pain." said Cas. He added slowly, "But I began to realize it doesn't work like that." He paused. "It's not like a positive

that erases a negative. I can't ever bring it back to zero. Can't ever erase what happened. The pain will always have happened. The damage will always have been done. The breach of trust..." He stuttered on "trust", his face twisting, and finally managed to continue, "...can't be repaired. *I know that*. But still I found I just wanted to... do something for you. Do what I could. I knew you didn't really... care at all, really, and I, I know you are ashamed of my company, I understand, I know that's why you don't want Sam to know—" Dean felt his face blanch, felt sick, wanted to stop him right there, but Cas just went plowing on—"and I know my skills must... be.... very... low.... I know it must not seem like much to you. But, I wanted to do what I could."

Dean was almost beyond speech and was only able to say, "Oh, *Cas*," both hands pressed to his temples now. There were a thousand thoughts crowding his mind, all trying to burst out at once, a thousand things he needed to fix. One popped to the surface, and Dean said, "Cas... was this all just... a punishment? To you?" Dean drew a breath, and made himself lower his hands. "Was this... were you punishing yourself?"

"At first I thought so," said Cas, now gazing at him quietly. "But... Dean... it... has been a *terrible* punishment. Just a *terrible* punishment, just, *completely* ineffective."

"What - what? Why?" said Dean, completely bewildered now.

Cas seemed to shrink down a little more, looked desperately to the sides, and then he burst out rapidly with, "Because I *enjoy* it!" He took a huge breath and went on with, "Amsterdam was, um, challenging, but when I got back here to you... Dean, I enjoyed it *immediately*. *Right away!* To such a great extent! It has been so, so.... " Cas took another huge breath, his eyes wide, as if confessing something enormous, something he'd been wanting to say for ages, "It was, it *is*, *so rewarding* to see your reaction. To see that I could provide that for you, it has been just... *overwhelming*. The whole point was, I was supposed to be just giving *you* pleasure but I, I, I need to confess, Dean, I was, I was, I became *so selfish!* Every night I told myself it was all just for you, but every night the truth was that it was giving *me* pleasure. I've been losing control of my vessel *every single time* because it is just... such a *deep* pleasure. It's just been *so completely ineffective* as a punishment." Cas paused and then went on, his voice suddenly changing to a sort of puzzled tone, "Actually it's been extraordinarily difficult to get anything else done. It's been very distracting."

Dean actually had to laugh at that. He was starting to feel a little better. He swallowed, and wiped his eyes, and said, "Cas, you're allowed some pleasure too, didn't you know that?"

But at those words, Cas suddenly went ice cold. He glared at Dean and snapped, "NO. I'm NOT. Haven't you been listening to *anything I've said?* I deserve *nothing*, I deserve *no* pleasure. Of *any* kind. *Ever*."

Dean stared at him.

"NO physical pleasure. NO emotional pleasure. EVER." said Castiel flatly.

Dean could only blurt out, "Cas, you *can't* live like that."

"*I have to.*"

"No, you *don't*. Cas, jeez, you idiot, I can't believe you sometimes," and Dean saw Cas lift his chin, saw that faraway look come into his eye, that pre-flight-check look again. Dean barked, "DON'T YOU DARE FUCKING LEAVE! Don't you FUCKING leave, you FUCKING owe me!" Cas's eyes widened and he pressed further back against the wall as Dean slammed both hands on Cas's shoulders once more, desperately trying to stop him from leaving, caught in the most bizarre mix of emotions he'd ever felt. Fury and confusion and such *intense* worry and...

And "deep affection", as good ol' Schmidt-Nielsen had put it.

What the hell do I say? Dean thought, looking at Cas looking back at him, seeing that stubborn look in Cas's eyes. Dean knew, he *knew*, that if he just said "I forgave you long ago," or "We've all done shitty things," or "You have to forgive yourself," or any of the other goddam stupid pep-talk speeches that were running through his head, Cas just simply wouldn't believe it. He was just so friggin' stubborn, so goddam sure he was right. And he'd fly away and he'd be gone and he'd just go on torturing himself pointlessly forever.

And Dean would lose him.

Dean thought, *I HAVE to get through to him. I HAVE to make him understand.*

Suddenly he knew what he had to do.

He made himself put his stern face on, his Scary-Dean face, and said to Cas, who was gazing coolly over at Travolta now, "Look at me."

Cas kept staring at Travolta.

"Look at me, goddammit! Look at me!"

Cas shifted his eyes to Dean's. Stubborn, grim, his mouth thin and tight, his shoulders tense under Dean's hands.

Dean said, "Who gets to pass judgment on a sinner, Cas? Tell me who. Is it the sinner who gets to pass judgment?"

Cas didn't answer. But Dean saw him blink, and saw a flicker of doubt run across his face.

"Answer me, goddammit," snapped Dean. *"WHO JUDGES, CAS?* Is it the sinner who gets to judge?"

Cas's stony expression wavered. "N-no," he said uncertainly.

"Who judges, then? Who passes the sentence?"

"God," said Cas, in a hoarse, soft whisper. He swallowed, his mouth working, and finally said, "But he's gone. So I have had to do it myself."

"Fuck NO you don't get to do it yourself! You seriously think the SINNER gets to judge HIMSELF?" Dean could see Cas struggling to think it through, wanted to shake him, wanted

to hug him, wanted to slap him, wanted to kiss him; and Dean forced himself to go on, nearly yelling now, saying, "*Think, Cas! Who's the right person to pass judgement, if God is gone?*"

A long pause. Dean tightened his grip on Cas's shoulders. It was so, so, so tempting just to gather him close and just tell him everything was okay. But Dean knew, knew in his gut, that Castiel had to think it through for himself. It was just the way he was.

Dean watched Cas's face, saw his eyes flicker left and right as an idea took hold, knew what he was thinking. Dean actually shook him then, hissing, "Who's the right person to judge, Cas? *Tell me.*"

"Those the sinner wronged," whispered Castiel.

"YES. And who's that?" said Dean.

The room seemed infinitely quiet.

"You," whispered Cas.

Dean nodded. "Me." It wasn't even true; Dean was an absolutely crappy choice to judge *anybody*. But Dean knew somehow that this was a line of reasoning that Cas would accept. He let it sink in, watching Cas's eyes, willing him to understand. After a moment, Dean said, tightening his grip again, leaning close, "*I'm the one you betrayed. I'm the one you lied to, Cas. I'm the one you beat, I'm the one whose arm you shattered. There are others who got hurt, sure, but I'm the one who knows you. I lived with you for a fucking year in that Purgatory hell-hole. I know you. It was my arm you broke and it was me you tried to kill one-on-one and I know what happened and I know who you are, and I am the one who gets to pass judgment. Right?*"

Ah, hell, no, hell no, Cas was *shaking* under Dean's hands, *hell, no*, Cas was actually *shaking*. It felt like he was about to fall apart. Dean wanted to cry.

But Cas nodded, and whispered, "Right." A ragged breath. Still trembling. "I agree. I will... accept... your judgment, Dean."

Castiel raised his head. Gazed at Dean. That grim stoic look on his face. Awaiting his sentence.

Dean absolutely couldn't stand that look of stoic despair. "So here's my judgment," he said, releasing Cas's shoulders and setting both hands gently on either side of Cas's face. He just held Cas's face for a moment; and then, very gently, Dean leaned in and kissed him.

It felt a little strange, to kiss a guy; to feel the scratchy stubble along the jaw, and around the lips. It was... different.

Dean caught a little whiff of heather.

Cas was absolutely frozen under his hands, under his lips; still as stone, not even breathing. He didn't kiss back.

Dean did just a slow, soft, long, gentle kiss on the lips. Nothing else.

Cas stuttered into Dean's mouth, "W-w-what?" Dean broke the kiss and pulled back, as Cas drew a very ragged breath and said, "*W-what did you just do?*"

"I kissed you," said Dean. He added, with a little grin, "I thought it was obvious."

"*W-Why?*"

"Because," said Dean, "You've suffered enough." He stroked Cas's forehead, one hand still cupping Cas's cheek, the other brushing his hair back, and said, "Listen to me, Cas. Listen to me very closely: *Endless suffering is evil.*"

Cas stared at him. "What?" he said again.

"I've been in Hell," said Dean. "Trust me. I know. Endless suffering is *evil*, Cas. You cannot keep punishing yourself, because *it would be wrong.*"

Dean kissed Cas again. Again, just a very gentle kiss on the lips. Again Cas just stood there frozen.

Dean pulled back again, stroked his hair back again, and said, "My judgment is, you've suffered *enough*, Cas. The arm thing, that wasn't even your damn fault, and you *know* that, you just won't let yourself believe it. And all the other stuff - you were - you ARE - *brand fucking new* at making decisions on your own, and you were also *trying to save the goddam world* just by the way, and you also seem to have forgotten you *succeeded* at saving the world. Cas, you were still learning then, you're still learning now. And Cas, the way it works is, when you fuck up big time, what you do is, you make sure it never happens again. You figure out why it happened, you change yourself so you won't do that kind of mistake again. You watch out for that kind of situation again, you talk it over with your friends, you go to them for help when you're unsure. You *learn*. You *get better*." Dean went on, "But what you *don't* do is, you *don't* torture yourself forever. You got that?"

Dimly, in the back of his mind, Dean was faintly aware that he was also talking to someone else; that Cas was not the only person in the room who'd been needlessly torturing himself.

Cas was still staring at him blankly. "You got that?" Dean repeated.

A shaky nod from Cas.

"And Cas... *you ARE a good person.*" Another kiss. "I *know* you. I *know* you. *You're a good guy.* Actually even *more* now, because now you're trying to do it on your own, which is like a thousand times harder than just following orders. You're *good*. You really are." Another kiss. "And you *do so* deserve some pleasure." Another kiss, and the kisses were longer now, each one a little deeper; Dean starting to work on Cas's lips, tug on them, taste them, run his tongue between them. Cas still wasn't kissing back at all, though; he seemed completely stunned, still just flattened against the wall, frozen still during each kiss, drawing in great deep breaths afterwards, as if he were being repeatedly dunked underwater.

Another kiss. Cas muttered "Dean, you don't... you don't have to do this..."

Dean said, "Oh, you friggin' MORON, I've been wanting to kiss you for *weeks* now." Just as Dean said those words, he seemed to suddenly see a wall in his mind that had been sitting there very silently for a very long time, and Dean saw that stony wall just evaporate away. He said, "Well, actually. Years, actually. If you really want the truth."

Cas was so startled at that that his mouth dropped slightly open. Dean took advantage of the opportunity and leaned in for another kiss before Cas got his wits back enough to close his mouth. Tongue this time. *That magic tongue of yours*, Dean thought, *Let me at it, let me taste it for myself*. On this kiss it ignited: Cas was suddenly kissing him back, his mouth hot and hungry, his hands suddenly up at Dean's shoulders.

Dean was flooded with sensation. The strange feel of Cas's stubbly cheek against his hand, the electric buzz of Cas's mouth suddenly coming alive under Dean's; Cas's hands, pulling him close at the shoulders, his tongue exploring Dean's; Dean tasted honeysuckle, and caught the scent of heather and mountain air. There suddenly seemed to be wildness all around him, a sensation of something alien. Dean abruptly realized he had a *wild animal* under his hands; a *wild animal*, something fierce and incredible, like an eagle, a lion, a bull; like an actual dragon, right here under his hands; something astonishing, something unbelievable! Castiel seemed just all around him, everywhere, all over Dean's face, filling all his senses, everywhere, bright and vivid and electrifying. Fire and lightning under Dean's lips, and Dean just couldn't get enough, grabbing him, tasting him, pulling him closer.

Then something froze up. Dean could actually *feel* the moment when Cas tried to get control again and started to overthink everything again, could *feel* the guilt and pain barreling down on him again. Cas stiffened like he'd been doused with ice water, and pulled back and drew a breath and started to say, "But Dean—"

"Who gets to decide?" Dean interrupted, before Cas could throw himself back in that private pit of pain he'd been living in. "Who, Cas?"

"You...." But now Cas had that maddening flicker of doubt in his eyes again.

"Cas, *trust me*," Dean pleaded. He heard the words come out of his mouth, *trust me*, and suddenly remembered - *Trust. Respect. Deep affection.*

Dean shifted one hand toward the back of Cas's head. He just managed to brush the back of Cas's neck, and Cas gave a sort of long shuddering inhale that sounded as if he were very, very close to bursting into tears. "Dean—" he choked out, blocking Dean's arm, trying to pull away, trying to slither sideways along the wall. "That— that— that— that— you should know, that sort of touch— means something — to angels."

"I know what it means, Cas," said Dean. "I read the damn book. Please, *please*, trust me, Cas." *Goddammit, Schmidt-Nielsen, do not let me down*, Dean prayed, gently pushing his hand past Cas's, gently settling his hand on the back of Cas's neck, working his fingers into the soft dark curls of hair at the back of Cas's head, scratching him lightly. And Cas was *instantly* babbling, "I trust you, I do, *I do trust you*, Dean, I trust you, *I do*," nearly in tears,

kissing Dean again, messy and confused, still trying to talk even in mid-kiss — "I trust you, I *do* trust you, I *do*—" the words almost incomprehensible.

You the man, Knut!, thought Dean, ablaze with triumph. He pulled Cas away from the wall, said, "Here's a new stimulus, Cas," leaned around him and tried an experimental nibble on the back of Cas's neck. Cas gave a huge ragged gasp of disbelief and clutched onto Dean's arm, gulping huge breaths of air. Dean kept nibbling, slow gentle nibbles, just trying to mimic what Cas had done on him, the night of the wings. Little licks, little nibbles into Cas's hair.

Trust.

Respect.

"Deep affection." There was another word for that....

Like magic, he felt Cas steady, felt his breathing steady. Felt all the fear drain out of him at last.

"Humans need to kiss on the mouth though," Cas muttered a second later, turning to face Dean. The back-of-the-neck thing seemed to have somehow given him an instant infusion of confidence and courage, for the bold un-self-conscious Castiel was suddenly back. Cas swung around at Dean with all the force of a tidal wave, and just *dove* back into the kissing, so forceful that Dean nearly lost his balance and staggered sideways along the wall a few steps, fetching up against the beanbag. "It's strange, the vessel sort of wants the kisses on the mouth," Cas said a minute later, his voice suddenly much more normal. He started kissing again, but a second later pulled back with a very weird look in his eye and started kissing his way across Dean's ear and around toward the back of Dean's neck. Partway through it Cas paused and said, "This is very confusing. I want both sets of things."

"How about we alternate," Dean gasped out. He felt Cas nod, and then Cas spent a strange few minutes just going back and forth from Dean's neck to his mouth, like he just couldn't decide which he wanted more. Eventually Cas sort of got his hands secured around the back of Dean's head and then settled in to long kisses on the mouth while also scritchng at Dean's hair, a combination that Dean decided was *very, very nice*. Dean sank down on the beanbag, Cas just followed him right on down and ended up right flat on top of him, sprawled all over him, kissing and kissing, both hands still clamped to Dean's neck.

Dean had already been thinking maybe he wouldn't try to dive into any sex stuff, thinking *He's so rattled, I should just do the head-scratches or something tonight, no sex tonight, shouldn't try to grab his dick or anything... I should just take it slow, just make sure he's really okay*. But now Cas was flattened up all over him and grinding into him, and Dean felt a pretty damn obvious bulge going on in Cas's pants, and he suddenly thought, *Actually, you know what would go AWESOME with the head-scratches? Getting his dick in my hand! That would go PERFECT with the head-scratches!* Cas seemed to be not quite thinking clearly enough to do his dramatic whisking-the-clothes-off thing, so Dean had to wrestle with the belt buckle and zipper all by himself while Cas was just lost in the kissing, wandering all over Dean's face now, kissing his way all along Dean's cheek and up around his forehead and down the other side, as Dean wrestled with Cas's damn belt and fly. AT LAST Dean got Cas's pants and underwear shoved down a bit, AT LAST Cas's dick was out, and yes it was HARD,

and AT LAST Dean had his hand on Cas's dick, AT LAST, AT LAST, AT LAST! Cas gasped when Dean's hand made contact, and Dean was instantly so close to coming, *just from putting his hand on Cas's dick*, that he had to stop and gasp and stare up at the My Little Pony poster for a moment to try to calm himself down.

Whoa...I have to be very careful I do not end up with a My Little Pony fetish here, thought Dean after a moment of staring up at Twilight Sparkle while holding Cas's hard dick in his hand. Dean closed his eyes, just to be on the safe side, while he wriggled around and managed to get his sweats down a bit too, then, *oh god, oh god*, they were pressed up together, Cas's cock right up against Dean's, skin-to-skin, sprawled together over the hot-pink suede beanbag. *THIS IS THE BEST BEANBAG EVER*, thought Dean deliriously, *THIS BEANBAG TOTALLY ROCKS*. Both of them still had their shirts on, with their pants just barely down over their hips, Cas still had his damn *trenchcoat* on, even, the coat draped over both of them; but *oh god, oh god yes yes yes*, their dicks were now pressed right up against each other between their stomachs. Dean couldn't even get his hand in there, Cas was grinding so tight against him, so he worked his hands under the trenchcoat (under the TRENCHCOAT! holy fuck!), grabbed Cas's ass with both hands (*HOLY FUCK!*) and just hauled him even closer.

Cas stopped kissing for just long enough to gasp, "This is *extremely* pleasurable."

Dean grinned and said, "You should be dancin', Cas."

Cas just said hoarsely, "Okay." He dove right in again to Dean's mouth and started grinding his hips again.

Dean felt that hard rod pushing against him, felt it pushing *against his own cock, oh holy fuck that felt amazing*. He felt dampness against his belly, and knew it was pre-come but couldn't even tell whose it was. Cas was gasping now, moving faster, and Dean knew it wouldn't take him long. And it wouldn't take Dean long either. Dean yanked Cas's ass tighter with one hand, still kissing him; feeling Cas's hands all over his head; feeling the rough fabric of the trenchcoat sliding over Cas's bare ass (*holy fuck!*); and finally managed to squeeze his other hand between them to grab both their slick, damp dicks and press them together.

"Uhhhh, *AHH!*" grunted Cas, breaking off his endless kissing to gasp for air, thrusting faster, hot and rough, just instinctively rutting into Dean's hand, right against Dean's dick. HOLY FUCKING HELL, it was simply UNBELIEVABLE. Dean began to hear a truly ridiculous series of stupid phrases coming out of his own mouth: "oh *yeah*, that's *it*, *yeah*, come on, you *angel*, you *fucking angel*, Cas, come on, Cas, *give it to me* — yes *yes yes*, that's *it*, do you like that, Cas, do you like that, angel?"

"YES," gasped Cas into Dean's ear. "A LOT."

Dean grabbed his ass tighter, squeezed his dick, heard him moan. Dean just couldn't seem to stop talking, idiotically crazy angel-sex-talk just spilling out of his mouth nonstop: "oh, yeah, Cas, you *like* it, you *LIKE IT*, angel, my angel, you're *my angel*, Cas, ah, jeez, yes, just like that, like that, ah, yes, yes, yes, GIVE IT TO ME, CAS, ah, you're *such a fucking hot angel*, Cas, you are *so fucking hot*, DO YOU LIKE THAT, CAS?"

"I LIKE IT A LOT," grunted Castiel, "I LIKE IT A LOT - ah - ah - oh - AHH - ah, Dean," Dean felt him getting desperate, felt him accelerate, heard him grunt, "Ah, Dean, AH, AH, help me, help me —"

Dean squeezed Cas's cock even tighter against his own, and pulled his ass even tighter; Cas gave a huge gasp; Dean felt Cas's cock swell and stiffen, impossibly hard suddenly. Cas bucked with one last huge thrust, grunting, "UNGGGH, NGHH!" Then Cas's cock was flexing and twitching in Dean's hand, hot dampness was suddenly all over Dean's stomach, and Cas was *convulsing* on top of him, shuddering, bucking, more and more hot sticky warmth spilling out between them. "*Oh holy fuck,*" Dean blurted, completely blown away by the sensation of Cas's cock twitching in orgasm right against his own. Dean cried, "*ah - yeah - ah, ah, ah, ah,* nngghhh, AHH!," His own cock suddenly stiffened too, and *yes yes yes*, he was coming too, his spurts mixing with Cas's, both of them just spasming together for a long helpless moment, rocking around together on the hot-pink suede beanbag, the trenchcoat still covering them both.

Cas slowly went limp on top of Dean. Dean let go of his own cock but managed to keep hold of Cas's, massaging his dick gently while the last slow twitches rolled through both of them. Cas's last twitches seemed to last an incredibly long time; a whole minute rolled by and Dean could still feel Cas's dick, Cas's whole body actually, still gently twitching every few seconds.

Dean kept one hand on Cas's dick and managed to get his other hand out from under the trenchcoat and up to Cas's head. Where he began scritchng the hair on the back of Cas's neck. Cas drew a long, shuddering breath and buried his face in Dean's neck, sighing. Dean just scritchng the hair on the back of his neck for a long time, listening to him sigh. Wonderful, long, slow sighs.

Dean thought briefly, *I should talk to him some more. Reassure him some more.* But then he realized the head-scratches were saying it all in a way that was going straight to Cas's heart.

Trust. Respect. Deep affection.

We'll talk more later, Dean decided. For now, head-scratches seemed to be working pretty damn well. So Dean just kept scritchng his head. And Cas just curled onto him, still sighing. He put his hands around Dean's head too, scritchng him back, and just lay there with him.

"So," said Dean, after several long lovely minutes of just scritchng Cas's head and listening to him sigh. "So, Cas, was that pleasurable?"

No answer for a moment.

"Yes," whispered Cas against Dean's neck.

"And how was the quality of the orgasm?"

Castiel lifted his head, and pulled back just enough to stare into Dean's eyes.

Oh, wow, thought Dean, *Look at that, it's Castiel.* Somehow it was so surprising to see his face so close, to realize once more that it truly was him. *Look at that, it's Castiel.* thought

Dean. *Right on top of me. His trenchcoat all around me. That's his dick in my hand. That's him looking at me, that's his hair that I'm scritching. It's Castiel. It's my angel. Right here with me. Right on top of me.*

"I have a question," Cas said, staring at Dean from about six inches away.

"What?"

"Dean. Every time I have asked you how the quality was, *every* time, you have said, "It wasn't bad." So every time I have concluded it was just barely acceptable. Dean..." Cas frowned. "What exactly did you mean when you said 'it wasn't bad'?"

"Oh, that," Dean said, "Yeah, when I said it wasn't bad, I meant, um, it was pretty much the most intense pleasure I've ever experienced in my life. Um... sorry about that."

"Dean Winchester," said Castiel, his eyes narrowed. He drew a breath to say something, started off, "You..." and then just shook his head and put his head back down.

"So the quality was okay?" asked Dean after a second.

"It wasn't bad," said Castiel.

A/N - So now you know what has been in Cas's head all along. Poor little angel... but at LAST everything is all better. :D

Please let me know what you think!

Angel In Moonlight

A/N - This chapter ended up split into not two but THREE chapters! Because, it became apparent, Dean really deserves a certain, um, stimulus that he's been wanting, and I just had to work that in (hope you don't mind) and it turned into a mega-long scene. Here we go. This part is pretty much all smutty smutness.

Dean lay there on the hot-pink suede beanbag, thinking. One hand still nestled into Cas's hair, scritching lazily.

He came to a decision.

"Cas," said Dean. "We gotta get up. You mind, uh, cleaning us up?"

Cas raised his head again and gave Dean a puzzled look. But he nodded, and closed his eyes for a moment in concentration. A moment later all the sticky come was gone. Dean wriggled around to pull his own sweats and underwear back up, and then started to work Cas's pants back up too. Cas still looked a little puzzled, but he shifted his hips to help Dean pull Cas's underwear and pants back up, and then watched curiously as Dean gently tucked Cas's dick back in his underwear.

Dean did up Cas's fly, fastened the pants, and carefully buckled the belt.

"C'mon, dude," said Dean, jumping up and holding out a hand.

Cas frowned, but he took Dean's hand and allowed Dean to pull him to his feet. Dean started to tuck Cas's shirt back in.

"Dean, I'm capable of putting clothes on," said Castiel at last. "And tucking them in."

"I know. I like doing it," said Dean. For the thing was, he did. Actually he was getting a huge kick out of putting Cas back together. Doing up all his clothes for him, getting the whole trenchcoat-look back together, restoring him to his usual formal, business-attire appearance. It felt deliciously like wrapping up a secret present, with Dean knowing all the while that soon he would get to unwrap it again later.

Dean shook Cas's suitjacket back into place, and adjusted Cas's tie, and smoothed down the trenchcoat. He took a moment to walk around Cas and inspect him from all sides.

After a moment Cas said, "Dean, is something wrong?"

"No! No. Just looking," said Dean, realizing he'd totally forgotten to check the clothes, and instead had just been standing there staring at Cas thinking, *That's my angel*. He cleared his throat and said, "Just... checking your clothes. You don't look half bad, Cas."

Cas frowned. "Is not looking half-bad something like... 'it wasn't bad'?"

Dean grinned at him, and said "Exactly."

Cas gave him a tentative half-smile back. He added, his eyes flicking up and down Dean's body, "Then... you don't look half-bad yourself, Dean."

Whoa. Dean could almost feel his heart skip a beat.

Dean cleared his throat, thinking, *Gotta get this show on the road here, or I'm going to get completely distracted.* "C'mon, Cas," he said, grabbing Cas's hand and marching him to the door. He walked briskly down the hall, more or less dragging Cas behind him. All the way down the hall, practically clear to the kitchen.

To Sam's room.

Dean paused at Sam's door. It was a little late now, sure, past midnight actually, but, Dean didn't want to wait till morning.

"Why are we at Sam's door?" asked Cas, standing just behind him.

Dean said, "Conclusion #3 is about to bite the dust, Cas."

"Conclusion #3?"

Dean just grabbed Cas's hand tighter and sent out a quick mental prayer: *Please, Sam, please be okay with this.*

Dean knocked.

And waited. And suddenly Dean was nearly shaking with anxiety. He realized his hand was trembling, which was a little embarrassing, and he felt Cas give his hand a gentle squeeze.

Cas said, "Dean, you don't have to tell Sam anyth—"

Dean just knocked again, loudly, and called out, "Sam? Sorry it's so late — I gotta talk to you." Maybe Sam was just really deep asleep.

Still no answer.

Dean called Sam's name a few more times; no answer. Finally Dean cracked the door open gingerly. "Sammy?" he called.

He flicked on the light.

The room was empty. The bed was neatly made; even though it was well past midnight now, it looked like it hadn't been slept in at all.

"Huh," said Dean. "I wonder if he fell asleep doing research again? He's been working on some damn case." But it really was a little odd that Sam wasn't in his bed. Dean thought for a

second, and said, "Let's go find him." He started dragging Cas right through the kitchen, intending to check the library, but Cas suddenly balked and dug his heels in, completely immovable. Dean turned to look at him.

"Dean," said Cas. He looked very serious. "You have been so kind to me, tonight. It means more than I can say. But... perhaps telling Sam isn't the best idea. Because, Dean, you're a *male*. This *isn't* the right vessel for you. You're attracted to *other things*, Dean; you've been so very kind, but you must already know that this won't work for you long-term. So perhaps there's no reason for you to worry Sam—"

"First off this is not going to 'worry' Sam," said Dean, hoping like hell that he was right about that. "And, second, I'm attracted to other things? What do you mean, like the rabbit and the toast?"

"Exactly," said Cas, nodding — though a flicker of confusion did cross his face. "Though those were ... erratic, for some reason. But... Dean, I want *you* to be satisfied. You should be with a partner who genuinely excites you, whose company you genuinely enjoy, and also I don't want you to be feeling ashamed, and—"

"*I am not ashamed*," said Dean sharply. "I just was being a moron." He sighed and muttered to himself, "Thought the Anal-Sex Fairy was gonna get me."

"What?"

Dean sighed, knowing that Castiel was not going to understand this, but he went on anyway, saying, "I just had this stupid thought that if ever had sex with a guy, it would somehow just hey-presto change me into... like... some rainbow-colored glitter gay-bar dancer. That next you know I'd be wearing hot pink spandex and driving a Mini Cooper all covered with glitter, or some damn thing. Thought it would change me, somehow. I was just being dumb, Cas, it was nothing to do with you."

"Rainbow-colored glitter.... gay-bar... dancer?" repeated Cas slowly. "Spandex?" A pause. "And Dean, I am not aware of any fairies that specialize in anal sex. Have you met one that does?"

Dean sighed again. "Never mind. Look, Cas," said Dean. He started to chuckle, saying, "Look, if you haven't figured out by now what turns me on, I don't know how I can even show you..." He stopped short, and stared at Cas a moment.

Change of plans! Sam can wait a bit.

"Wait right here," Dean said, dropping Cas's hand and darting back to his own room. Dean grabbed what he needed, got his jacket and shoes on, and hurried back out to the kitchen, already slightly worried that Cas would be gone. But no, Cas was waiting patiently — though looking a little doubtful.

Dean took a moment to send a quick text to Sam ("Going out for a bit"). Then he grabbed Cas's hand again and dragged him out to the garage, saying, "Let's go for a ride, Cas, huh?"

Cas was looking more and more puzzled, but he got into the passenger seat willingly enough, and Dean took the Impala out into the cool Kansas night.

Dean didn't go very far, just a few miles. Just to a spot he knew, where he could pull the Impala off on a deserted little side road by a wide open field, by a stream. Cottonwood trees nearby. It was a beautiful starry night, and the moon was high overhead.

Dean got out of the car and felt in his pocket. Bunny ears. Check.

Impala. Check.

Castiel. Check.

Dean took a deep breath.

Cas was just coming around to the front of the car, saying, "Dean, you're being quite mysterious. Why have we stopped here?"

And Dean was suddenly crippled with shyness. Would Cas laugh at him? Would Cas not want to do it? Dean shuffled his feet, and cleared his throat, almost too embarrassed to take the bunny ears out of his pocket.

Dean finally asked hesitantly, "Would you mind if I tried out another stimulus, Cas?"

Cas narrowed his eyes. He studied Dean for a moment.

And he sniffed the cool night air. That soft inhale.

"Of course I wouldn't mind, Dean," he said, lowering his chin a little, gazing at Dean with a level, steady gaze that was suddenly *absolutely smoldering hot*. "What did you have in mind?"

Dean pulled the bunny ears out of his pocket, and gave Cas a slightly wobbly smile. "Um... maybe I could put these on you again?" he said. Cas nodded, and Dean took a few steps closer and set the bunny ears, once more, on Cas's head. Dean adjusted the headband thing, made sure they were on right, and then stepped back and took a look.

Oh, those *marvelous* bunny ears... out here in the moonlight now, gleaming white under the stars... it was just too perfect.

"Oh, I see," said Castiel, nodding. "We never did finish that session when you wanted me to wear these ears. But, Dean, I must point out, this actually illustrates exactly what I mean. You're attracted to *other things*, not this vessel. Dean, so many times I've wished I had taken another vessel, one that would appeal to you, but—"

Dean leaned in and kissed him. *Best way to shut him up anyway*, thought Dean.

Again that thrilling strangeness; to feel that scratchy stubble; to run his hands over Cas's shoulders and coat and feel that lean muscled chest, the strong arms. Even just to kiss someone who was that *tall*, who was right at Dean's level, felt astonishingly different.

Again that faint scent of heather, and that strange wild crackle of electricity.

That sudden certainty that there was a *wild animal* with him.

It was strange.

It was very wonderful.

Dean kissed him again, just to be sure he'd experienced it right the first time.

He finally made himself break the kiss and step back just enough to say, "Cas, the reason I was into the bunny ears isn't because I have a rabbit fetish. I was into the bunny ears because there are these magazines where sexy models wear bunny ears. So, I got this idea in my head of *you* wearing bunny ears. Because I was thinking of *you* as the sexy model. Got it?"

Turned out the bunny ears wobbled a bit, in a very endearing way, when Cas tilted his head in puzzlement.

"And the toast," Dean said, starting to maneuver Cas around lightly, steering him around slowly till Cas slowly backed up against the hood of the Impala. "*You* were holding the toast, Cas, you were *licking the toast* with that goddam tongue of yours, don't you remember? It was *your tongue* I was looking at, not the toast."

Cas's eyes widened at that.

"The blue tie," Dean went on, fingering the tie. "It was *your* damn tie, and I don't know if you remember, it was the only damn part of you I could get hold of at the time. It's part of you. Or seemed like it at the time. And the Impala," Dean said, pushing Cas gently back against the hood. "Well, actually," confessed Dean, "Maybe I do have a bit of a Impala fetish, but, what I really had in mind was YOU on the car. You, Cas."

Dean set both his hands on Cas's shoulders, saying, "All those things were about *you*, Cas. *That's* what turns me on."

Cas actually pushed him back for a moment, a hand on his chest. "Dean," he said, frowning in confusion, "Are you saying that you have an angel fetish?"

Dean had to laugh then. "I'm saying I have a *Castiel* fetish." He leaned in for a kiss, and Cas was too surprised to kiss back. Dean went on, "I'm also saying, don't you *dare* ever change your vessel." Another kiss... and this time Cas was kissing him back. He had Cas backed right up against the Impala grill now, and realized abruptly that he had a hard-on going on. He heard Cas do that soft inhale, that gentle sniff of air, and Cas's hand was suddenly on his crotch — *jesus* the guy was nothing if not bold — pressing, Cas starting to spin Dean back around, obviously thinking of putting Dean on the hood again. But Dean resisted, saying, "Actually, Cas, so, I was thinking, it might be nice, if, if you didn't mind... I had this, um, stimulus in mind, of, um, maybe you could, maybe *you* could, um, get on the Impala's hood maybe? And, um, maybe, um..."

Dean was just tripping over his own tongue now, suddenly realizing that he was acting like an absolute *obsessed freak* with this stupid idea of Cas spreadeagled on the Impala.

But Cas just looked at him and said, "Where would you like me, Dean?"

Dean took a breath, and suggested, "Maybe you could, like... lie back on the hood?"

Cas looked at him a moment (*those bunny ears!*). He inhaled softly.

Without another word he hitched himself up onto the Impala hood, inched back a little further, and lay back, his head against the windshield, looking at Dean. "Like this?" he asked.

"Yeah.. exactly. And... maybe... you could..." said Dean, getting a little breathless, "...unbutton your shirt? Maybe... open your shirt up?"

Cas shifted slightly further up on the windshield so that he could watch Dean. And began unbuttoning his shirt. Slowly. One button at a time. Very slowly. Watching Dean.

Excruciatingly slowly.

"*Oh my god*," whispered Dean, watching this.

"I learned this in Amsterdam," said Castiel, suddenly looking a little shy. "To unbutton clothes slowly."

"It... works," said Dean — yup, definitely feeling pretty breathless now, definitely, and Dean was getting damn aware now that he had a pretty serious hard-on now. "Maybe... maybe....you could... undo your fly?"

Cas reached down, and unzipped his fly. *Slowly*.

Dean's mouth went dry. "Maybe you could..." he started, but Cas was already working his dick out, getting it out past the underwear. *Slowly*.

Slowly.

And, yeah, Dean was about paralyzed now, watching wide-eyed as Cas *sloooowly* drew his cock out into the cool night air.

It was hard.

"Maybe.." breathed Dean, but Cas seemed to be somehow friggin' *reading Dean's mind now*; Dean didn't even have to finish his sentence, for one of Cas's hands started roaming all over Cas's chest now... oh, now he was pinching his own nipple... *watching Dean....* and... the other hand was sliding down, to his cock... and... slowly wrapping around it... and.... Cas started jerking his cock now with one hand. Slowly. Slowly.

Cas was getting into it, Dean realized. *Cas liked it*. He wasn't just doing the moves because Dean wanted him to, but also because *he was getting pretty damn friggin' turned on*. Dean watched as Cas closed his eyes... Cas was just feeling himself now, one hand still twisting

one of his own nipples... the other hand roaming back and forth from his hard cock to just rubbing all over his chest. His cock was harder.

Cas's cock was sticking up damn straight now. Cas spread his legs slightly.

Dean muttered "*Oh my friggin' god.*" He had to make himself step back for a second and just take in the scene. The black Impala, gleaming in the silver moonlight; the stars overhead; and *Castiel*, lying there on the Impala's hood, fucking *spreadeagled*, the friggin' *bunny ears* on his head; his trenchcoat spread out around him, his white shirt open, the blue tie all askew; his hands roaming all over his chest; and *his hard cock sticking out of his pants*.

It was actually happening. The scene Dean had jerked off to in the shower, and in his room, the scene he'd had stuck in his mind for over a month now. *It was actually happening.*

Cas touched his own cock again, just rubbing his hand over it, pressing the long, straight shaft down against his shirt. He *gasped*.

He *squirmed*.

"*Oh holy fuck please let me touch you,*" blurted Dean, pushing up against Cas's knees breathlessly. Cas instantly spread his legs even wider and Dean shoved in close, pressed up against his crotch, jamming his pelvis right up to Cas's. Dean grabbed Cas's dick, it was HOT, it was HARD, Cas GROANED and clamped his legs around Dean, and Dean came in his pants.

Dean came in his goddam pants. *Came in his pants*. Like a friggin' teenager, like some fourteen year old who'd just found his first-ever porn. It just swept over Dean instantly, the second he got his hand on Cas's dick, the second he felt Cas's legs clamp around him; Dean's cock just plain spasmed, and come was suddenly just *shooting* out, splurting out and oozing through his boxers and his sweats in a hot sticky mess, Dean crying out "*oh, god, ah, AH!*", buckling forward, shoving his hips hard against Cas's crotch, pressing his spasming cock right against Cas's groin; one hand still on Cas's dick, the other grabbing at his chest. Dean curled forward, gasping, his face right down on Cas's chest. Cas clamped his legs even harder around Dean's hips, and wrapped both arms tight around Dean's head, just holding him there as Dean shuddered through it.

Dean finally managed to get his breath back and get somewhat on his feet again. *Oh jeez.* *That* had not happened in... quite a few years. Dean could feel the hot sticky wetness all over his underwear. "Oh jeez, oh I'm sorry!" said Dean, terrifically embarrassed. "Ah, jeez, I was gonna do all this *stuff* to you. I can't believe this. I'm sorry, Cas. I just... lost it. I'm sorry."

Cas muttered "I don't understand... *at all*... why you're... apologizing... Dean." He sounded only just barely able to talk. "That was... *very nice*... *very*... and... you ARE doing... stuff... to me. You're definitely... doing... stuff....to me...."

Dean lifted his head up and looked down at him and realized that Cas was oh....

Cas was a hot mess. His clothes all twisted around, his shirt and jacket half off. He was panting, his eyes huge and dark in the moonlight, his forehead slick with sweat. And he was

grinding slowly up and down. Thrusting his cock slowly up and down against Dean's hand, against Dean's shirt.

"Oh. New plan then," muttered Dean. He pulled free of Cas just long enough to yank off Cas's shoes and socks, and then turned back to Cas and started to undo that damn belt, the very belt he'd fastened up just half an hour ago. Cas got the idea immediately and tried to help, almost desperate, grabbing clumsily at the belt. Between the two of them they managed to get the belt undone, and the pants open, and then Dean yanked at the pantlegs and finally got Cas's pants *completely friggin' off*, his underwear too.

Again Dean had to just take in the sight for a moment. The unbelievable sight. Castiel sprawled on the Impala in the moonlight, *now bare from the waist down*, his cock sticking up, hard and erect, Cas jerking it desperately now.

"*Oh my god you look so damn good*," breathed Dean, leaning in again.

"Get your pants off too," said Cas hoarsely. He sat up a little, somehow shucked free of his shirt, suit jacket and trenchcoat - they all came off at once, in *one single move*, and now Cas just had that damn tie on, plus the bunny ears, and not a damn other thing. Cas reached out one hand to scrabble at Dean's waistband, saying, "Dean, get these *off*. Get them *off*." He wasn't at quite the right angle to work Dean's sweats off and said, very impatient suddenly, "*Dean, get your pants off! NOW.*"

Commander Cas, in bunny ears and blue tie, thought Dean, almost laughing as shucked off his shoes and socks, and then the sweatpants. And, what the hell, the shirt too, everything. He looked up to find Cas staring at him with a white-hot smoldering dark look that took Dean's breath completely away.

"Get *UP HERE*. Get *ON ME*," ordered Cas. "*NOW.*" Dean took a step closer to the Impala and Cas got hold of him somehow and just kind of manhandled him up, yanked him up and shoving him around till suddenly Dean was up on the Impala hood too, kneeling half by Cas. Cas was just *yanking* one of Dean's legs over him and, *oh yeah*, suddenly Dean saw where Cas was going with all this; *oh yeah*, now Dean was straddling Cas's hips, Cas's dick pressed against Dean's. Cas gave a deep, shaky, moaning sort of sigh, and sank back against the windshield again, closing his eyes.

Dean was about to start jerking their dicks off together, as he had before, when he suddenly had a thought.

"Damn," he muttered. "I should've brought the lube."

Cas's eyes snapped open. He looked up at him. "What?"

"It's useful for... some stuff. We could've... Well. Next time I'll bring the lube."

Cas stared at him for a second. "Hold yourself up," Cas said. "Get up on your knees. Yes. Like that. *DON'T MOVE*," and Cas was suddenly ... *gone*. Dean gasped. Cas was gone, and Dean was crouching alone on the Impala, on his hands and knees, Cas's trenchcoat and shirt and jacket all spread out messily below him.

And suddenly Cas was back, right under Dean again, in a big puff of wind, leaves floating up and flying around.

"Is this it?" said Cas, bright-eyed and hopeful, holding up a little can of... WD-40.

"No," said Dean, trying not to laugh, "Um, no, that won't work."

"*This won't work?*" said Cas, sounding very dismayed. "*Why not?* It says lubricant *right on it!*"

"Human lube is different."

"Are you SURE?" Cas sounded appalled.

"I'm sure, sorry, Cas," said Dean. "But there's some lube in my bedroom. The lube's... it's in the drawer in the bedside table, it's in this purple—"

Cas was gone again. And back. A HUGE burst of wind this time, leaves flying everywhere, the Impala rocking.

"Is THIS it?" said Cas desperately, holding up the little purple box of Astroglide. It was the new one, still in its box.

"Yes, that's it—" began Dean, and Cas was tearing the box open with his teeth. A second later he scowled and the cardboard box suddenly burst into a puff of flame and ash, and the tube fell into Cas's hands. But then it turned out the tube had some damn little foil safety-seal. Cas wrestled with it for a moment and then looked up at Dean, saying, "Dean! I CAN'T OPEN IT!" as if the fate of the world depended on it.

"I got it, I got it," said Dean. He got it open, got a nice amount into his hand, tried to warm it up a bit, and slicked down Cas's cock. And, god, Cas just *writhed* under Dean.

Dean grabbed Cas's cock and started to reposition himself. He hesitated for a split second thinking, *Am I really going to do this? This is official anal sex, right? Isn't this crossing a line or something? Isn't the Anal-Sex Fairy gonna get me, or something?* A split-second pause.

"All right, come and get me then," muttered Dean, reaching back and slicking up his own asshole.

Cas said, "Wait, Dean," and touched Dean lightly there, running one finger just around Dean's asshole. It felt good, and Dean sighed. He knew what Cas was doing; instant-colon-cleaning. This had come up during the butt-plug and anal-bead nights. *There are definitely some perks to having an angel around*, thought Dean.

Then a bit of repositioning, wriggling around, leaning on one hand, getting Cas's cock positioned just right with the other hand. Cas was staring up at him, breathing hard, his eyes glazed. He had one hand locked on Dean's hip, the other up at Dean's shoulder.

"I gotta take this slow," Dean warned him. "I haven't actually done this before."

Cas's eyes widened at that. "Dean... are you sure that—"

"Yeah, I'm really fucking sure, Cas," said Dean, sinking down slightly, till he could just feel that hot, round, blunt cockhead, warm and soft and slick, butting against him. "Yeah, I'm *sure*," Dean repeated. He had to just sit there a while, just sort of hanging there with Cas's cock pressing at him. There was no single moment when it was suddenly IN, more like... it was pressing and pressing and PRESSING and PRESSING and Dean was starting to feel full and full and FULLER, just sinking down millimeter by millimeter. Somewhere along the way, Cas whined, stirring under him, tossing his head, his fingers clutching at Dean, and Dean realized Cas's entire cockhead had somehow gotten inside. Dean was gasping, big breaths, his legs shaking from the weird tension of trying to hold himself up while also trying to relax. But slowly Cas's cock sank in further and further.

He had to pause for a long, long moment with Cas's cock only about an inch in. It just wouldn't seem to go any further. Everything seemed just *way* too stretched and tight, and borderline painful, too. But slowly it seemed to relax, the pain faded, and Dean sank all the way down. Slowly, slowly, *all the way down*, Cas's dick plunging so *damn* deep, spearing right into him, till Dean was sitting *right on Cas's pelvis*.

Holy shit. *I've got a dick in me*, thought Dean, astonished. *I'm getting fucked up the ass*.

The entire world disappeared. There was nothing else in the world. There was nothing else that mattered, anywhere. There was only this: Dean and Castiel together on the shining black Impala in the moonlight; both of them buck naked (well, Cas still had the tie and ears), the trenchcoat spread out under them like a blanket; Dean straddling Castiel, *sitting on Cas, Cas's dick up Dean's ass*, filling him up completely. There was... too much to take in, too much sensation, too much: the soft warmth of Cas's balls pressed up against Dean's ass cheeks, the solid, bony strength of Cas's pelvis right under him, holding Dean's whole body weight; the sharp pain where Cas's fingers were digging roughly into Dean's shoulder; the sight of Cas leaning back on the windshield, his eyes closed, his face twisted, panting, the white bunny ears standing out vividly against his dark hair and the dark windshield. The black fields all around, the stars overhead, the trees sighing in the wind, the wind whipping around again, dry fall leaves flying through the air.

And most of all that phenomenal goddam *cock* in him.

Dean just sat there, straddling Cas, gasping, braced with both hands against Cas's shoulders.

Cas looked up at him, his eyes dark and huge.

"Are you... all right?" he whispered. He seemed barely able to speak.

Dean couldn't even speak at all. He managed to nod.

Dean felt Cas's pelvis begin to rock a little bit. Tiny, tiny little thrusts, just barely shifting Cas's cock in and out slightly. Dean couldn't even think; he felt suspended in mid-air, just hung there above Cas, just trying to take it all in. The *weird, weird, weird* sensation of being stuffed full, of being all filled up. It wasn't instant ecstasy as he'd kind of imagined, but there

was a strange.... *something*, something, *something going on in there*, strange faint tingles starting to happen.

Cas had shifted one hand to Dean's cock now, holding it just below the cockhead, sliding his hand up and down down the shaft. Dean groaned and put his hand over Cas's. "Ah, *god that's good*," Dean muttered.

Then Cas hissed, "I have to touch you." Which was an odd thing to say since he was already touching Dean, but Cas said, "Really touch you. Stay still," and he suddenly sat up, leaning up toward Dean, grabbing Dean's upper body with both arms, pinning Dean's arms to his sides. Dean felt him shudder.

There was a *huge* crack of thunder overhead. Clouds suddenly boiling overhead. Wind whipping around them again, leaves whirling through the air all around them. Cas still just rocking back and forth, pinning Dean's arms to his sides, Dean just whimpering with it. A wave of heat. Dean watched in amazement as the air to the left and the right shimmered around Cas, *glowed*, and suddenly there they were, great gleaming banners of white and silver on either side, THE WINGS! Just as the wings appeared, Dean felt a huge surge of those electrifying wing-tingles run across his whole body, all over his skin, from everywhere Cas was touching him.

Cas's wings were back. Cas gasped and fell back again against the windshield, the wind still howling all around, the leaves flying, the dry scratchy leaves brushing against Dean's back. Cas's wings folded around Dean. Stroking him all over; left to right, then right to left; over Dean's face and down to his stomach. Ah, *god*, they were so soft and incredible, and those waves of tingles started running over Dean's body again. All the while Dean could feel Cas's cock just *filling him up*, stuffing him absolutely full, just gently shifting in and out. It was... *doing something* to him, making that firey wave of tingles run absolutely everywhere. Dean was actually starting to lose track of where the sensations were actually coming from, from his ass or balls or cock, or from the feathers all over his skin or where exactly; it was just hot, hot, HOT waves flowing all over him, making his skin flush all over. The wings were all over his cock now and things were getting out of control, everything swollen and ripe and warm and hot, everything bursting with heat. "Ah, Cas, ah, *jeez*, everything's *so good*, *ahhhh*..." moaned Dean. He heard Cas's breathing accelerate and looked down at him, fascinated to see that Cas was starting to lose it. Cas's face was twisted in ecstasy, his eyes screwed closed, and now he was *tossing his head from side to side* and goddam if those bunny ears weren't getting tossed too, against the windshield, side-to-side, just like in Dean's hokey fantasy. "*Ahhhh YES*," grunted Dean, bracing himself hard against Cas's shoulders in a half-crouch while Cas started just shoving up into him, thrusting up blindly, grunting and gasping. Cas's wings were clamping around Dean's body now, pressing down on his shoulders, pressing Dean down onto Cas's cock, and Cas grabbed Dean's cock with one eager hand. Dean just crouched there, feeling the Impala shaking, watch Cas going *friggin' crazy* underneath him.

Suddenly Dean felt EVEN MORE stuffed full, IMPOSSIBLY FULL suddenly. *He's about to come, he's coming*, Dean thought, amazed that he could feel it so clearly, that he could actually feel Cas's cock swelling that last little bit. Ahhh, Cas was *writhing* beneath him, those *friggin' bunny ears were flopping around*. Cas gasped out, "Dean — is it — okay — if I —"

Dean blurted out, "Fuck *yes*, you crazy angel, you fucking COME IN ME RIGHT NOW, Cas, I want it, *I want it*, come on—" Cas's wings began to shudder, wrapped tight around Dean, and Dean just kept talking him through it, "DO IT BABY, come on, GIVE IT TO ME, CAS, RIGHT IN ME, ahhh, yeah yeah, come ON, Cas, I wanna feel it, baby, come ON—"

Cas took in a huge gulp of air, froze for a moment and then his whole upper body twitched, almost seizing. Cas grunted, "ngh, NGH— AHHH! AHHH!" and Dean *felt Cas's cock pulsing*, oh *god*, he could actually *feel* the pulses inside him - Cas was coming, Cas was coming *right in Dean's ass*, and OH GOD it was HITTING SOMETHING - SOMETHING - SOMETHING. Suddenly Dean was the one writhing, clutching onto the wings, grabbing on to the sleek white feathers. Dean heard himself shouting hoarsely as the huge wave crested over him. He felt his balls drew up tightly, felt Cas's cock still twitching, and could only shout "ah ah AH AH *UHHH!*" as his cock jerked hard under Cas's hand and a GIGANTIC thick line of white come shot out, jetting right onto Cas's chest. Cas's other hand was suddenly on Dean's balls and Dean felt something very bizarre happening, his balls suddenly very hot and tight again; another *huge* spurt of come shot out. *And another. And another. And another, and another*, huge long lines of come just jetting out. It just went *on and on*, it was impossible, it was insane, just endless long huge shots spurting out, Dean twisting and spasming and screaming as his cock pulsed and pulsed and pulsed, his balls and cock and all the muscles of his whole groin clenching hard with every spurt, and his ass clenching so hard around Cas's cock and Cas now moaning again too.

It wasn't stopping. Spurt, spurt, spurt, spurt, spurt, spurt. *The orgasm wasn't stopping.* Dean moaned, nearly out of his mind, "Ah CAS *what is this*, AH, AH, AHH, *so good*, AH, AH, *what, what is this*, AHH, AHH, AHH, ah SO GOOD, SO GOOD, ah, *ah ah ah, Cas...*" .

After what seemed like an entire fucking minute of orgasm, the spurts finally trailed off and Dean collapsed forward right onto Cas's torso, shaking with fatigue, his whole body still twitching. Cas's dick slid out when Dean buckled forward, and just that one sensation made Dean twitch all over again.

For a few long minutes, all Dean could do was lie there on top of Cas, gasping for air. He tried after a few moments to sit up a bit, and crack some dry joke, but still couldn't even breathe. He just lay there, one arm curled around Cas's head, the other holding onto a wing, Dean's nose pressed down into a soft fuzzy bunny ear.

The wings wrapped gently around him

"*What the hell*," Dean finally said, still taking huge deep breaths of air.

"I've been wanting to try that stimulus for a while," said Castiel, suddenly sounding ridiculously matter-of-fact. "I thought perhaps you might like it."

"*What the hell was that*," Dean gasped.

"An extended orgasm," said Castiel. "I was increasing the volume of seminal fluid available in your testes. Well, the prostate too. As soon as some left I replaced it."

Dean blinked. "What?"

"I thought it might enable you to have a longer orgasm. It seems to have worked, yes? How did it feel?"

Dean started giggling.

Cas turned to look at him. "Dean? Was it all right?"

"*It wasn't bad*, Cas," said Dean, laughing again.

Cas brightened visibly. "Really?" he said. "Because, I didn't learn that in Amsterdam. I thought of that one myself! I've been wanting to try it for a while, but it requires me to have contact with my wings, and also to have some interior contact, and I... wasn't sure you would like that."

Dean put one hand behind Cas's head, and scratched, and kissed him on the cheek. And then on the lips. A soft, long kiss.

He drew back a little, keeping his forehead against Cas's.

"I liked it," said Dean.

"I'm pleased," said Cas.

"I liked it a lot," said Dean.

"I'm very pleased," said Cas.

"I like you a lot," said Dean, surprising himself completely. "You know that, right?"

Cas fell silent. Dean felt the wave of doubt run through him.

Dean twisted his head and reached, to get a bit further behind Cas's neck, and nibbled him on the neck.

The wings tightened. Dean nibbled again, and again, waiting, one hand on the top edge of one wing, feeling the wing, waiting;

... there... all the little feathers had puffed up.

"Hope you don't mind if I have this Castiel fetish," said Dean. "Cause... it's turning out it's kind of a strong fetish. Sort of a Castiel addiction. Really hope you don't mind."

All the little feathers fluffed up even more under his hand.

Where a man may smile, an angel may fluff his feathers.

Dean smiled. And kept nibbling, and kept stroking the wing,

Cas finally moved a little, wrapping his arms around Dean. Dean felt Cas prepare for something, his body going still and tense, and felt the great wings move off his back and stretch out. The wings gave one huge wingbeat, and, *poof*, they were in the garage - with the

Impala. Another great wingbeat, and, *whuff-whup*, they were on Dean's bed, Cas still under Dean, still with his eyes closed.

Dean lifted his head and looked around, startled. His room had been completely ransacked! The boombox was on its side, the ceramic unicorns all toppled over, some of them broken; the closet door open, all his clothes scattered all over; the bedside table was upended, the lamp upside down, the drawer completely out and the contents scattered all over the floor.

"Uh, Cas?" said Dean.

"Oh, yes," said Castiel. "Sorry. I was in a bit of a rush to find the lubricant. I'll fix the unicorns later, I promise."

A/N - So the entire above scene is why this chapter is late. Hope it was worth the wait! I figured Dean really, really deserved to get to see Cas on the Impala at last.

If you are enjoying this please drop me a review! It's my only feedback and it means SO MUCH to hear what worked. (Not that I am pathetically addicted to getting your reviews or anything)

The Glitter Contract

Dean began to drift off to sleep, still just lying there on top of Cas, the wings folded around him again. Cas hadn't even cleaned them up yet; there was a ridiculously large mess of stickiness from Dean's "extended orgasm", pressed between their chests, but for some reason Cas seemed in no hurry to clean it up. Instead Cas just kept stroking Dean's hair. Stroking the back of Dean's head and all the rest of his head too. It felt wonderfully relaxing. And the wings were so soft and warm.

Dean was feeling pretty pole-axed from that completely mindblowing "extended orgasm", but managed to rouse himself enough to say, "You don't have to stay, Cas. I know you don't sleep." But Cas just kept silently stroking his hair. His hand paused, and Dean felt Cas go slightly tense and stop breathing for a moment, and all the sticky come suddenly was just ... gone. They were all cleaned up, all the sweat gone too, both of them clean and dry, just that faint whiff of mountain air again. Then the wings sort of shook themselves out: both the great wings lifted up, gave a couple small flaps as if to settle all the feathers in place, and then both wings snuggled down onto Dean, first hugging him in a sort of alternating left-right-left-right action. At the same time, Cas nuzzled into the side of Dean's head. Then both wings snuggled close and went still.

It seemed, Dean thought, rather like something flying creatures might do before they settled down for the night. If they were planning to stay in the same place for a while. Get all the feathers sorted out, and then settle down.

Cas's hand began moving again, very slowly, just gently stroking Dean's hair.

Dean drifted off.

Soon Dean was dreaming.

He was walking down a sidewalk with Sam, in a nameless little town on a dusty summer evening. Sam was saying something about the Impala, something about the case they were working, when a nice-looking girl walked by in a low-cut t-shirt. She gave Dean a wink as she sashayed on past them, and Sam laughed.

Sam said, "Well, there's your conquest for tonight. Looked about like your type, too, huh?"

"Right," said Dean. "My type. Yeah."

Then two girls came by. These two had just halter tops. Sam snickered again. "Hey," he said, "Those are about your type, too, huh?"

"Yeah..." said Dean half-heartedly. "I guess..."

Four girls came by next. Topless. Totally topless. "Now THOSE are your type!" said Sam. "Maybe you should invite them back to the motel room! And I'll get out of your way - I can

just take a run or something."

"Actually..." said Dean. It was weird. Yeah, the girls looked awesome. Yeah, the boobs still looked kind of nice. But when Dean thought of taking someone back to his motel room, the only person he really wanted was Cas.

He didn't want the girls. Not to say he'd never wanted girls.

But right now he only wanted Cas.

"Whoa!" said Sam. Eight girls now. Totally naked! Then sixteen. Then thirty-two. The entire street was full of naked girls now, skipping and dancing down the street. Suddenly it was a parade, hundreds of naked girls prancing down the street, all shapes and sizes, all types of tits, all skin colors imaginable.

"AREN'T THESE YOUR TYPE, DEAN?" Sam was shouting. "What are you waiting for? Go get one! Get one quick! I know this is what you like!"

"Actually," said Dean hesitantly. "Um... maybe not. Sam, there's, um, there's something I should tell you..."

But then the crowd started murmuring. Dean turned to see what was going on, and far away in the parade, Dean saw a glittering naked man wearing nothing but a tiny rainbow-colored pair of Spandex swim trunks and a black leather torso harness. He was completely covered in rainbow-colored glitter, with a huge pair of lacy fairy wings flapping lazily at his back.

Around his neck was a black leather choker with a long vibrating dildo dangling from it. There were anal beads around both wrists.

And there was a rainbow coming out of his butt. Shining out in a beautiful colorful arc, illuminating the ground just behind him.

"What the hell is THAT?" said Sam.

"It's the Anal-Sex Fairy," Dean said, dumbfounded. And it was. The Anal-Sex Fairy made an imperious gesture with two hands, exactly like Moses parting the Red Sea, and naked girls just tumbled away helplessly in all directions, as a broad path appeared through the parade crowd. The Anal-Sex Fairy strode down this path toward Dean, both hands still up Moses-style to keep the sea of naked girls at bay. He walked right up to Dean, stepped up onto the sidewalk and lowered his hands, saying to Dean, as the dildo buzzed on his chest, "You have crossed the line, Dean. The Anal-Sex Line. You have had a dick up your butt, and you may never go back. And now you must tell your brother that you have accepted the Glitter Contract. By your actions, you have accepted glitter as your life."

He held up his hands. In one hand was a fistful of rainbow glitter; in the other was a microphone. He handed the microphone to Dean, and Dean took it numbly.

Sam was just standing there looking at Dean now with his mouth open, looking completely and confused. "Dean," Sam said, looking horrified, "Is he telling the truth? You had... *anal*

sex? With a guy?" Sam began to back away, looking horrified, saying, "It was just an accident, right? Just, like, experimenting?" Dean tried to go over to him, appalled at the look on Sam's face, but the Anal-Sex Fairy had a firm grip on Dean's wrist now. The Anal-Sex Fairy tapped the microphone, saying "Sound check? Sound! Check! Check, check, check!" His voice began booming out of the loudspeakers mounted from the phone poles. *Oh hell, it's that damn town full of the loudspeakers*, Dean thought fuzzily. And suddenly, presto, all the hundreds and hundreds of girls were watching, and there were tv cameras crowded into his face. The Anal-Sex Fairy said, "This announcement you're about to make has a live feed, but only to some two billion people, don't panic, it's not even most of the planet. It does bind you to a contract to the Glitter Life, for the rest of your life, and the afterlife too - you'll go to the Glitter Heaven now, or possibly the Glitter Hell, but, you made that choice when you accepted the dick into your butt. Okay, go ahead, Dean, what were you going to say to your brother?"

There were thousands of eyes watching him. But all Dean could see was Sam looking at him. Baffled. Confused.

Dean cleared his throat, and heard the echoes of his throat-clearing bouncing off the nearby hills. "Sam, I think I might be... I think maybe I... Look, um, Cas and me, we... uh...."

He stalled.

The Anal-Sex Fairy twiddled a knob on the huge sound board that suddenly seemed to be just to the side, and saying to Dean, "I'm turning it up to 11." He leaned close, pulled Dean a little bit away from Sam, and said in a low voice, "There is *no going back*. After you make the announcement, the announcement about how you have dared to love a male, I will dust you with rainbow glitter and the contract will be sealed. From that point on you are certified Gay for the rest of your life. This means, you are no longer allowed to look at tits, EVER. Also, you must cover your black Impala in rainbow stickers, you must *seriously* upgrade your wardrobe, my boy; you must attend gay bars and wear black leather BDSM outfits and, I think, a snappy-looking black leather hat, perhaps? You must also start to talk with a lisp; but of course, the biggest commitment is to the glitter. Rainbow glitter is always preferable. You must always be dusted with glitter, at all times. "

"But I don't want to do any of that!" burst out Dean.

"It's just the standard contract," said the Anal-Sex Fairy, shrugging. "Remember, you had anal sex. That means, rainbows everywhere. And glitter. For the rest of your life. It's required."

"Can't I just be gay the way *I want* to do it? Or bi or whatever?" said Dean, suddenly beginning to panic. "Can't I have Cas and also just.... just live the way I want to live? Just be who I am?"

"*You had anal sex*," said the Anal Sex Fairy, holding up a handful of rainbow glitter rather in a surprisngly threatening way. "And you were the *bottom*!"

"Well, actually, I was on top—"

"You were the bottom!"

"How can I be the bottom if I was on top?"

The Anal-Sex Fairy scowled. "You had a dick up your ass! You're a bottom!"

"What if I want to stick my dick in Cas's ass later? What if I just want to give him a blow job or something and there's no dicks going into any asses?"

"You can't do that! You chose bottom! You must always have a dick up your ass now!"

"What the hell kind of bullshit definitions are these?" said Dean, starting to get annoyed.

The Anal-Sex Fairy's butt rainbow was beginning to warp a little bit, and bits of rainbow-colored spit began flying out of his mouth as he hissed, "*Whatever*. You had a dick up your butt, is what counts. *You MUST* abandon your old life, and you *MUST put rainbow stickers all over the Impala*. In fact, I really advise you sell the Impala entirely and invest in a hot-pink Mini Cooper."

But right then some of the naked girls started looking behind Dean, and pointing. A rustle of excited conversation ran through the parade crowd, and everybody started looking behind Dean, and pointing. Even the Anal-Sex Fairy's attention wavered. Dean slowly turned around.

There was a bar behind him. A big bar, with a large plate glass window. And the bar was packed with women (these women all had clothes on), and they were fighting. Women were leaping and kicking and punching, whirling around, the whole bar seemingly just a blur of fighting women, long hair flying. Two of them suddenly came barreling right through the plate glass window, crashing right through and rolling around on the floor. There was a flash of silver, and Sam said, "Oh my god! It's — it's—"

The two women leapt dramatically to their feet on the sidewalk, whipping around in a complicated series of martial arts moves. One of them had a "Des Moines" t-shirt, the other a University of Iowa Hawkeyes cap. They were both holding lethal-looking blades.

"It's the *Iowa Women's Knife-Fighting League!*" said Sam and Dean simultaneously.

The two women suddenly seemed to notice them. They slowly stopped scuffling.

The taller woman, with the Hawkeyes cap, nodded. "Yep," she said. "Just got off a tournament. The girls always get a little riled up after a tournament." She glanced over her shoulder at the commotion in the bar - there must have been at least fifty different knife duels going on in there now, a hundred women all paired up, all just a blur of lunges and rolls and blocks and twirls. And now Dean could see that every damn one of them had a blade in her hand.

"Excuse me," said the Anal-Sex Fairy, his wings flickering in annoyance, the butt rainbow darkening further and starting to swish from side to side, like the tail of an annoyed cat. "We were in the *middle* of an *announcement*. Dean here has had anal sex, and he must now commit to a life of rainbow glitter." He held up his fistful of glitter.

The president of the Iowa Women's Knife-Fighting League looked at Dean. "Is that what you want?"

"Not really," said Dean. "I just want to be with my friend. I don't want the glitter. Also, I really don't want a Mini Cooper."

"He *has* to accept the glitter and sign the contract! And drive a Mini Cooper, or at the very least put some colors on that hideous black car!" said the Anal-Sex Fairy.

The president just looked at him, put two fingers in her mouth, and let out a blisteringly loud wolf-whistle. Instantly the entire bar brawl stopped, all the hundred women freezing in the tracks, their blades in their hands, their heads turned toward the president.

"GIRLS!" she hollered. "This man is being bullied by the Anal-Sex Fairy!"

There was a split-second pause, and then the women all screamed in rage and came charging out of the bar window, a flood of a hundred women, all the blades at the ready. The Iowa Women's Knife-Fighting League, in full force, all came leaping out of the shattered window like Olympic hurdlers, their hair flying in the wind, and they charged at the Anal-Sex Fairy at what seemed like sixty miles an hour.

The Anal-Sex Fairy gave a single high-pitched squeak, dropped his fistful of rainbow glitter and dashed away, his rainbow disappearing up his butt as he fled in panic. The parade of naked women all sighed in relief and began to wander away, chatting with each other.

Pretty soon it was just Sam, and Dean... and the entire Iowa Women's Knife-Fighting League. Most of whom started milling around in the street comparing knives. Sam pulled out an angel-blade to show them, and the demon-blade too, and a good dozen of the knife-fighting women said, "Oooo" and clustered around Sam to get a closer look.

"We've run into that Anal-Sex Fairy before," said a slender, lean girl, stepping closer to Dean. She had jet black hair, and blue eyes. "Name's Ella," she said casually, holding out one hand to Dean. "How you doing."

Dean looked at her. Ella. Black hair, blue eyes. Lean, and athletic. Pretty fine-looking, actually.

Good with a blade.

But she wasn't Cas.

She flipped her blade around in her free hand and raised her eyebrows, still holding out her other hand.

"Hey," Dean said. He shook her hand, and she gave him a wink.

Ella said, "That Anal-Sex Fairy thinks he owns all the anal sex in the world. Thinks if you have anal sex, or if you're gay AT ALL in any kind of a way, you're signing some kind of contract and you have to live your entire life a certain way. He's such a jackass."

The president nodded. "He's always telling people they have to glitter up and put rainbows on everything, and choose top or bottom, and all that."

"I don't?" said Dean, a flicker of hope in his chest.

"Honey," said the president, clapping him on the shoulder, "If you like glitter, that's awesome. I keep a permanently glittered cat, myself. But if you're more the flannel-shirt type, which apparently you are, then keep wearing the flannel shirts. Honestly the Anal-Sex Fairy is just kind of a bully. We follow a different leader, ourselves, and she says the whole point is to choose your own path, and make your own life. Maybe you'll get to meet her someday."

Dean gave a huge sigh. He couldn't believe how relieved he felt at knowing he didn't have to put rainbow stickers all over the Impala just because he wanted to be with Cas.

"What were you all fighting about, anyway?" asked Dean.

Ella sighed. "Me and the girls got into sort of a little disagreement. I don't suppose you happen to know the color of an angel's wings?"

"Well, actually... yes," said Dean.

All the dozens and dozens of knife-fighting women, who had been chatting to Sam and milling around in the street, all froze. Every single head turned toward Dean.

"I just saw an angel's wings last night, actually," said Dean. "I don't know if all angels are the same, but my, uh, my angel's wings are white. With silver and gold bits. Way cooler than that sounds; they're really beautiful. And they kind of shine."

All the women said, simultaneously, "Ohhhhhh!" Half of them beamed with smiles, the other half scowled, and suddenly money was changing hands, tens and twenties grudgingly handed over as the losers began to pay up, the winners joking and clapping each other on the shoulder and high-fiving each other.

Ella said, "Thanks for settling our bet, mister. You know... I always wondered... can an angel and a human truly love each other?"

"I bet not," said a blonde girl nearby. "Two totally different species. Different perspectives."

"I bet *so*," said Ella. "I bet they *could*."

"They could never have kids," said the blonde. "Never settle down. They have totally different lifespans. It just wouldn't work."

"I just *bet* you it would work," said Ella, scowling. "I bet they could care about each other, and I bet if they did, they could make it work."

"It wouldn't be easy."

"*Nothing's easy*, you dope," snapped Ella, twirling her knife around in her hand again. "I bet you twenty bucks they could fall in love, AND make it work!"

"You're on!" said the blonde girl. There was instantly a hubbub of conversation all around, every one of the other women piping with "Bet not!" "Bet so!" "No way would an angel love a human!" "What the hell are you talking about? Of course an angel could!" "Bet you twenty!" "Thirty!" "A HUNDRED BUCKS!" "You're on!"

The knives came whirling out again and in a flash the women had all paired up into duels. A moment later the knives were whirling, women leaping and lunging and parrying all over the street, heated knife battles again.

Sam wandered back over to Dean, looking very bewildered, and asked, "Why are they fighting?"

"Nobody knows the answer to Ella's question," said the president, with a sigh, "So they have to settle it by knife duel instead. It's an old Iowa tradition, whenever two women disagree about something."

Sam said, "There's got to be a way to find out the answer to their question." The president just sighed again, and Sam said, "Come on, somebody's going to get hurt here! Isn't there anybody we can ask?"

"Well," said the president, a contemplative look in her eyes. "There is... one who does know. The Crowned One. Our spiritual leader. We could, in fact, pray to her, and see if she could answer this question. It is rare for her to manifest... but we can try." She turned to the fifty whirling knife-battles and hollered once more, "GIRLS!"

At her clarion call, the fifty battles all stopped at once. "Girls," said the President of the Iowa Women's Knife-Fighting League, "We have to find out the answer to this one. It's time to pray to The Crowned One."

They all bowed their heads.

A great beam of sunlight suddenly broke through the clouds, and a heavenly choir began to sing. Dean and Sam both looked up, shielding their eyes from the radiant light. Something... *someone* ... was descending to them, floating down from on high, in a blinding aura of heavenly radiance so brilliant it was almost impossible to look at. Dean heard the Iowa knife-fighting women start to gasp and say "I can see her! I can actually see her!" "It's HER!" One by one they dropped to their knees. Dean and Sam were left standing there gaping, as the heavenly apparition sailed gently down, the choir singing more and more loudly.

Dean heard one woman cry out, "I can see her EARS! I CAN SEE HER EARS!"

Dean squinted, shielding his eyes against the light. And now he could almost see it: the silhouette of a small rabbit seated on a zebra-print throw pillow, sailing slowly down from Heaven, surrounded by a thousand-voiced choir. Flocks of tiny little cherubs were flitting around her carrying bananas. The light was blinding; Dean could just barely make out two fluffy white ears, sticking right up. A little twitching nose. A little tie around her neck.

"I can see her CROWN!" sobbed another woman. Dean squinted again, and now he could just make out... a little square of toast balanced on the rabbit's head.

"It's... the... fetish rabbit?" Dean asked tentatively.

"She is very wise," said Ella solemnly. "She will know the answer."

The choir finished their song, and as the last of the music faded away the rabbit spoke.

"Dean," said the Fetish Rabbit, in a dulcet, sweet, feminine voice. Her silver aura was almost blinding. "Dean Winchester. You are loved by an angel. You know this to be true. And you love him too. You know this to be true as well. You two have a chance to be happy together."

"*Ohhhhhh*," said all the knife-fighting women softly. They were all still kneeling, but Dean heard fifty hushed, whispered conversations break out, and the distinctive rustle of money changing hands.

The Fetish Rabbit went on, "It is entirely your choice what you may do next. But know this. By my sacred Crown Of Toast With Grape Jelly—" (there were several more cries of rapture from the crowd at the mention of the toast) "I tell you, you have been given a gift. You have been given the greatest gift. You may deny the gift, or you may accept it. Only you know the right path. Only you know how to build the life that you want."

"But... what about... Sam?" said Dean. Out of the corner of his eye he felt Sam look at him.

He could barely make out the Fetish Rabbit at all, as just a faint silhouette barely visible against the blinding aura of white light, but he could see her ears twitch in irritation. The Fetish Rabbit said, "Dean Winchester, don't be a friggin' idiot. Your brother loves you. You take care of that angel the way he has taken care of you, and you tell your brother the friggin' truth. And you be friggin' grateful, you *silly human*."

The choir began to sing, the cherubs moved closer with the bananas, and the Fetish Rabbit began to rise upwards once again. Rapidly she ascended into the clouds. The ray of light disappeared, the choir faded away, and Dean was left blinking in the dust next to Ella and the president of the Iowa Women's Knife-Fighting League.

"I won my bet!" said Ella, grinning. "Shoulda bet a hundred on that one. I was so certain." She reached over and punched Dean on the shoulder, and added, "Somehow I just *knew* the answer to that one. I *knew* that kind of love could work."

But then a wind picked up; a chill, brisk wind; and there was a sound of a distant trumpet. As one the women all looked down the street. There was a commotion in the distance. Far down the street, a mile away or more, Dean could just make out a whirl of activity. He saw some kind of long slender things shining in the light. The distant trumpet blew again, and all the Iowa girls looked toward their president, lifting their blades in anticipation.

"What's going on?" asked Sam.

The president looked grim. She said, "It's the Missouri Women's Sword-Fighting League. We must leave you now. Wish us well."

"Thanks for your help with the Anal-Sex Fairy," said Dean, shaking her hand firmly. "Really, I needed that."

"Anytime you need us," said the president, "Just give a wolf-whistle and we'll come. GIRLS!" she bellowed in a stentorian voice. "TO BATTLE!" There was a rousing cheer, and the Iowa Women's Knife-Fighting League went sprinting away down the street.

Only Ella was left. She looked at Dean a moment and held out her hand.

"I think," she said. "That we may know each other. In some other universe. Farewell, Dean Winchester."

Dean actually found himself choking up. Ella was just so brave and awesome. And the best thing was, she hadn't been jealous at all! She'd actually *bet on him and Cas*. He shook her hand tightly, swallowing, and Ella gripped his hand in both of hers. "You take care of that angel," she said.

"I will," promised Dean. "And... good luck."

She grinned at Dean, winked at Sam, twirled her blade in her hand, spun nimbly on her heel and sprinted away to join her sisters.

Dean woke. He was on his side now, Cas curled behind him, spooning him, with a wing wrapped across Dean.

Dean rolled over enough to catch Cas's eye in the dim glow of one of the lava lamps. Cas was awake (of course) and was watching him.

"Cas, I just had a really weird dream," Dean said.

Cas nodded. "You had visitors."

Seriously?

Dean stared at him for a moment, and then asked, "Were.. they... real?"

Cas frowned. "Real can be surprisingly difficult to define. I didn't go into your dream — I wanted to give you your privacy — so I don't know exactly who was there. All I sensed was, you weren't alone. But it was a good presence, Dean. Not malevolent."

He smiled at Dean's confusion, and said, "I wouldn't worry about it. It's still the middle of the night, Dean. Go back to sleep." He began stroking Dean on the forehead, and snuggled up his wing under Dean's chin. Dean lay there very confused for a moment, but Cas's hand stroking his head was very soothing, and eventually Dean began to drift off again. For a moment he seemed to hear the sound of distant trumpets, and the dulcet voice of the Fetish Rabbit saying:

"You take care of that angel the way he has taken care of you, and you tell your brother the friggin' truth. And you be friggin' grateful, you silly human."

"Yes, ma'am," whispered Dean. Cas's wing tightened on him, and Dean dropped off to sleep again.

A/N - It rapidly became apparent this week, as I was taking the subway back and forth to work thinking about this chapter, that the Iowa Women's Knife-Fighting League needed - and wanted - to appear in person. And also that Dean needed to think some stuff through. But he'll never let himself sit down and think it all through while awake, so he has to do it in a dream.

Please drop me a review if you liked this chapter, it is so appreciated!

edit: CALL TO FANDOM ARTISTS. The world needs an Iowa Women's Knife-Fighting League t-shirt. If you have any ideas please send 'em my way!

The Wingman

A/N - Like Zeno's Paradox, this last chapter keeps infinitely splitting in half. Once again I couldn't get it finished and am posting just the first half. (I failed to finish before my trip and am now at a work conference pretending to be a serious professional. I'll have to finish it up next weekend but wanted to give you something tonight like I promised.)

The next morning Dean woke to find himself *most embarrassingly* curled up under Cas's arm, with his head pillowed on Cas's shoulder. Cas was lying on his back; Dean was curled onto him from the side. Dean had a very odd moment of disorientation, thinking, *Wait! No! This is the girl's position!* But after a brief moment of panic, it slowly occurred to Dean that the "girl's position" was actually pretty... well... pretty nice, actually. Cas's arm was around Dean's head and shoulder, Dean was all draped in a most comforting way all across Cas's body, and *plus*, Dean could actually hear his heart beating, and feel him breathing. All of which was just...

... pretty nice. Actually.

I can handle this, thought Dean. *As long as I don't have to put rainbow stickers all over the Impala, I can handle this.*

As long as Sam is okay with it...

He shook that disturbing thought out of his head. Looking around a bit more, he realized Cas must have tucked his wings into the "etheric plane" sometime during the night, for Cas was just lying there flat on his back with no wings in sight. Cas had done a few other adjustments as well; they were now between the cheetah sheets, the tiger-stripe bedspread tucked around them. Cas even had a zebra throw pillow tucked under the elbow of his other arm, his hand behind his head, and he was just gazing up at the ceiling.

Cas felt Dean stir, and looked over at him to say, "Good morning, Dean."

"Don't you get bored just lying here all night?" asked Dean, suddenly curious.

Cas gave a little smile. "I've watched mountains erode, Dean. One night is not a problem."

Dean looked at him a second and felt a strange stab of worry, thinking, *This guy is hundreds of millennia old. I'm just a little human.*

There's no way I'm going to be enough for him.

But a moment later Dean thought, *Ella bet on us. She wouldn't have bet on us if she weren't sure.* A moment later he remembered that Ella wasn't actually real, but somehow Dean felt reassured just the same.

Dean finally said, "Okay, up and at 'em. Let's go talk to Sam."

Cas suddenly looked quite serious. "Only if you're certain, Dean."

"Get the hell up and get your clothes on, Cas."

Dean flipped the covers back and sat up on the edge of the bed, looking around for his clothes. It turned out Cas had done some work at some point during the night, for the little unicorns were all fixed and up on the tables again, the end table back together, everything all straightened up. But... no clothes. After a moment Dean realized they'd accidentally left most of their clothes back in the field. Cas's shirt, suit jacket and trenchcoat had made the trip to Dean's bedroom, apparently but nothing else had.

Cas flitted back to the field quickly and returned in a moment perfectly attired, pants neatly pressed, shoes shined, with Dean's shoes, sweatpants, shirt and jacket in his hands, all neatly pressed and folded as if he'd just picked them up at the drycleaner's.

Then Cas sat down in the sex swing (*hmm, there's a whole nother set of possibilities there*, thought Dean). He swung back and forth idly, watching Dean curiously as Dean went through his morning routine - disappearing to the bathroom for a quick shower, coming back to get dressed, getting his clothes and shoes on.

Cas just sat there and watched. It was kind of nice to have him there in the room. Just a quiet, calm presence; just sitting there in the black leather sex swing, watching Dean get dressed, with a sort of attentive, soft gaze that got Dean into the oddest mixture of alternating waves of shyness and confidence.

Dean finally managed to get himself together and get fully dressed. Once his shoes were tied he looked over at Cas, gave him a reassuring grin, took him by the hand and pulled him out of the swing, and led him out to the hall.

But it was just a repeat of last night: Sam still wasn't in his room! Weird. Dean started to feel a twist of worry, realizing that he really ought to have checked on Sam last night. Maybe Sam was already up and was in the kitchen? Or had just fallen asleep in the library?

But Sam wasn't in the kitchen or in the library. Dean turned to Cas and said, "Maybe he's in the lower level. He's been crashing there sometimes. Just gets so into his research, you know?"

Cas nodded, saying, "Research is important."

"*Not that kind of research*, Cas," said Dean.

"Just the same, it's important," said Cas mildly.

They went down the hall, down the stairs, all the way to the lower level. Down to the archives. And, yup, there was a faint little light shining from under one of the doors. Dean inched the door open with a little knock, and there was Sam! (*Whew!*) Sam was actually

curled up asleep on the *floor* this time. With his head literally propped up on a pile of books, snoring lightly. A faint little desk light was shining; piles of notes were all around.

Dean whispered to Cas, "I knew he was a nerd, but this is ridiculous." He knelt down and shook Sam gently on the shoulder. "Hey, Sammy!"

"AH!" Sam shouted, bolting awake just as he had the other time Dean had found him in this room. Once again, it turned out he'd had earbuds jammed in his ears that had been playing some hideous music.

"Sorry to disturb your beauty sleep," said Dean, grinning. "You know, Sam, if you don't wanna wake up so startled, maybe you shouldn't sleep with earplugs. Or earbuds or whatever."

Sam pulled out the earbuds, blinking at Dean hazily. "What time is it?" he mumbled.

"It's morning, dude. Maybe about time for you to get to bed?"

"Oh, actually, I'm fine here," said Sam, yawning. "I still got some reading to do."

"Sam, you gotta get to bed."

"No, you know, I'm fine here, really I am," said Sam. He finally looked around the room and seemed to notice Castiel for the first time. His eyes darted back to Dean, then to Cas, then to Dean, then to Cas. Sam seemed instantly awake.

"Oh... hey... Cas," said Sam.

"Hello, Sam. You're researching wall sigils?" said Castiel.

Dean and Sam both looked at him, and Castiel pointed to the book that had been propped under Sam's head as a makeshift pillow. Dean peered at the title: *Wall Sigils And You — How To Protect Your Home, Barn and Castle*.

"Oh! Um. Just... researching a case," said Sam stiffly. And he blushed. He sat up and made a show of rubbing his eyes and face. But he'd *blushed*. He'd friggin' blushed.

That was all kinds of interesting, but Dean was not going to let himself lose any momentum. He kept thinking of brave Ella saying "Take care of that angel," just before running off to battle, all alone; and the Fetish Rabbit saying, "Tell your brother the friggin' truth." Okay, it had just been a dream (or not?), but....

"Um, Sam," said Dean, feeling himself flush before he'd even started, "Sam, I know you just woke up, but, there's...um. There's something I gotta tell you." He looked over at Cas, who suddenly was looking very worried.

Dean once again remembered Cas saying, *I know you're ashamed of me...*

Dean looked back at Sam. He suddenly got weirdly panicky, and heard Cas take a step closer to him. They weren't holding hands or anything, but just knowing that Cas was right next to

him was tremendously reassuring, and Dean finally managed to say, looking awkwardly at the ground, making himself just blurt it out before he could change his mind, "Sam, I just wanted to tell you that, um, Cas and me, we, uh.... we... we're kind of, like, together. I just... wanted to tell you that."

Dean finally managed to raise his eyes to Sam's.

And damn if Sam didn't have a little smile on his lips. He gave a little huff of laughter, and nodded.

Dean finally managed to say, "And... you... already know."

"Yep," said Sam, nodding.

"And... you're... okay with it?" said Dean hesitantly.

Sam actually rolled his eyes. He said, "That you would even need to ask that question, Dean..." He shook his head. But then he brightened and said, "Yes, I'm okay with it. I'm all kinds of okay with it. I'm just sort of pissed you didn't tell me earlier. That you would think you had to *hide* it from me, jeez, Dean, come on."

Out of nowhere Cas spoke up with, "I wish to assure you, Sam, that I'm doing everything I can to give Dean the best orgasms possible."

Dean covered his eyes with one hand, as Sam broke into laughter and said, "That's... awesome, Cas. That's... totally reassuring. Really."

Cas said, sounding quite relieved, "I *thought* you would be reassured to hear that! Dean said you wouldn't, but I thought you might be. Perhaps I should also tell you that I've discovered several dozen stimuli that he responds very well to, and—"

"Yeah, Cas, I trust you," broke in Sam, still laughing. "I know you'll take care of him. But, just one request, please don't ever tell me anything about his orgasms, okay?"

An uncertain look crossed Cas's face. "Does that mean you are... ashamed... in some way? Sam? Ashamed to... have me here? To have me associated with your brother?"

"Oh, fuck," said Sam, shooting a swift scowl at Dean. He bounced to his feet and actually walked over to give Cas a quick, strong hug. Cas shot a very startled glance at Dean over Sam's shoulder.

All Dean could think was, *oh, Sam, thank you. Thank you.*

Sam let go and backed off a step and said, "Cas, you're the best one for him and you always have been."

"But, Sam," said Cas, looking very puzzled, "You have never said anything like this in the past several weeks. You truly already knew?"

"Yeah," said Sam, with a little chuckle. "Actually... it was kind of blindingly obvious. Or, deafeningly obvious, at least." And then Sam blushed beet red again, and cleared his throat. He turned away and sat down down in his little chair, looking down at his notes.

Dean suddenly had a thought. A terrible thought.

"So, anyway..." said Sam. He cleared his throat again. He was still completely red. "So, I think it's awesome and—"

Dean said, "What did you just say, Sam?"

"Oh, nothing..." said Sam. He suddenly seemed to have an urgent need to fiddle with all the papers on his table and line them up very neatly. "So, Cas, anyway—"

"SAM," said Dean.

Sam wilted. He looked up at Dean. "I guess I gotta tell you," he said slowly.

"TELL ME WHAT."

"So...." Sam cleared his throat again. He leaned his forehead on one hand and took a breath. "Aw... hell. Okay." A big sigh. "Do you remember when I said, after that bunny tail thing, that there was something I wasn't gonna tell you yet?"

Dean said, baffled, "Wasn't that about the book? The angel book?"

"Ah... yeah... well... no," said Sam. He was blushing even more now, if that was even possible. He cleared his throat again, ran his hand through his hair, shifted in his chair, lined up all his little stacks of notes again, and said haltingly, "No... it was about... your room..."

The pieces suddenly flew together in Dean's mind.

A few weeks back, Sam had led Dean down the hall to see his "redecorations", and Dean had heard the Saturday Night Fever music playing even before Sam had opened the door to Dean's room.

Dean had heard the music BEFORE THE DOOR OPENED.

Later, when Cas had passed out, Dean had hollered for Sam to come help. Dean had yelled once with the door closed, and had opened the door to yell again, but Sam was already running towards him.

Sam was already running.

Sam had already heard him. THROUGH THE WALLS OF THE ROOM.

The room with the supposedly soundproofed walls.

"Soooo," said Sam, as Dean began to slowly put both hands over his face, Cas looking at both of them curiously, "Soooo, you remember when I, um, upgraded the wi-fi? For your, uh,

skype calls? When I, uh... drilled a hole through the wall of your room?"

"*Oh shit. Oh shit oh shit oh shit*," said Dean, turning to the wall and pressing his forehead against it, as if he could sink through the wall if he just pressed hard enough.

Sam started to laugh. "Yeah, well, I drilled through the wall and there was this puff of weird blue fire all along the wall and I realized I'd drilled through some kind of sigil or something, and had accidentally deactivated it. It had been invisible, but it glowed for a bit when I broke through it. I was worried about what it was at first, and got a picture of it while it was still glowing. I looked it up in this book here and found out it was just a silencing spell. Figured you'd put it there for Ella, you know? To keep your skype calls quiet? Thought that was kind of funny. Thought it would be funny if I didn't tell you for a while." Sam cleared his throat again while Dean just hid his face.

"Ah, I understand," Castiel put in, totally unfazed. "You unintentionally disabled my silencing boundaries. And then you heard Dean's orgasmic screams?"

Sam put his head right down on the desk and actually covered his head with the "Wall Sigils And You" book. "Yes, Cas," he muttered from under the book.

"Oh my *god*, Sam," groaned Dean, turning around slowly. "How much did you... NO, NO, DON'T EVEN TELL ME."

"He's very loud," said Castiel to Sam. "Didn't I tell you he was loud?"

"You did, Cas," said Sam, unburying himself from the book briefly and glancing up at Cas. "You sure did. Loud. And lots of volume and forcefulness. That's *just* what you said. I really should have been taking notes, in the diner."

Cas said, "Actually, when I said forcefulness and volume, I was referring to Dean's—"

"OKAY, STOP RIGHT THERE, CAS," said Dean, as Sam covered his head with the book again, starting to giggle helplessly now.

Castiel looked back and forth between both of them with a very I'm-the-elder-species-here sort of look. He sighed and said, "I *really* don't understand humanity's shyness about sex. You're literally the only species that's so shy about it. The only species ON THE ENTIRE PLANET. All humans have sex almost *constantly*, year-round, far more than other species actually, and yet you are so strangely shy about it! The two of you, you *both* have orgasms just *constantly*. I can always smell it every single time I'm here, from both of you. Take you, Sam, just for example, I've detected that you have a habit of—"

"SO ANYWAY, CAS," said Sam brightly, suddenly sitting up very straight and talking quite fast, "Cas could you maybe go and fix that sigil that would be JUST AWESOME, could you just do that right now if you have a sec and I'd be super grateful and meanwhile I'll just talk to Dean for a second and then we'll meet you in the kitchen, how about that?"

"All right, Sam," said Castiel with a little sigh, nodding. He turned as if about to leave, and then turned back and said to Sam, "Sam... thank you."

Sam grinned at him and said, "Welcome to the family, Cas. Well... you were family anyway. But even more, now."

Cas blinked at that. Dean, who had been thinking all morning, *Don't do any goopy affectionate stuff in front of Sam, it'll freak Sam out*, suddenly found himself reaching one hand out and giving Cas a little scritch on the back of the neck, before he could stop himself. Cas blinked and gave Dean a completely endearing flustered little half-smile, glanced back at Sam, cleared his throat as if to say something, *blushed*, and then turned and walked out of the room.

Dean lowered his arm, feeling paralyzed with shyness suddenly, but Sam just said, "Oh my god, that was friggin' *adorable*." Sam watched Cas leave the room and finally glanced over at Dean with the weirdest little smile on his face, while Dean still just stood there paralyzed.

Finally Sam shook his head with a laugh and said, "You gotta understand, Dean, I would've figured it out no matter what. Cas can only mention fellatio and orgasms out of the blue just so many times before I start to think, hmm."

"Oh... right... that... the fellatio stuff... yeah," said Dean. He tried to casually lean on a filing cabinet, but was still so flustered he actually *missed the cabinet* with his elbow and nearly fell over. He scrambled back upright, saying, "Yeah, he's.... uh... kind of impossible to keep any sort of control of."

"I can only imagine," said Sam, grinning. "And, I gotta say, Dean, another MAJOR clue was the vessel failure. *Vessel failure*, Dean! You made him have a *vessel failure*! Do you have any idea what that means? That's *so romantic*!"

"Yeah, I read the book, Sam," said Dean, suddenly compelled to put both hands over his face again.

"Hey, dude, *I'm* the one who told you about the vessel failure, AND the head-feathers, don't get all 'oh I read the book about angels' with *me*, Dean. I bet you didn't even read the whole book, just the parts I flagged for you, right? "

Dean blinked. "I thought you'd already read that book. Weren't the post-its already there?"

Sam laughed. "I'd skimmed it once last year. I sure hadn't studied it. But after I realized you had this little soap opera going on with Cas, I re-read the whole damn thing. Then the second you started asking about the book, the second we got back from Hastings the other night, I stuck those damn yellow post-its on every paragraph I thought you really should read. It took me, like, forty minutes to find all the right paragraphs, right when we got back from Hastings. I'd just barely finished when you came asking for the book. Got it done JUST in time to act all casual, like the post-its had already been there."

Dean dropped his hands down and looked at him. "Seriously? The post-its were for me?"

"Seriously. Did they help?"

Dean stared at him.

The post-its!

The head-scratches, the fact that angels felt emotions; the info about molt, the meaning of feathers fluffing, the stuff about vessel failure - all of it, all of it, had been from those damn post-its.

Dean wouldn't even have known to call Castiel down for that critical talk, that talk when Castiel had finally explained everything, if it hadn't been for that post-it marking the stuff about "distressed angels."

Which meant Dean probably would have *lost Castiel*. If not for Sam's post-its.

"You are *one hell* of a wingman, Sam," said Dean at last. "The post-its were friggin' *critical*."

Sam grinned.

Dean went on admiringly, "And I didn't even know you knew. That is... that is some *smooth* wingman action, Sam. That is... *velvety smooth*."

"Always here to help, dude," said Sam, grinning even more widely now.

"And, I'm sorry if I blew your ears out. Truly sorry."

"Actually I didn't hear that much," said Sam, reassuringly. "There's only been a few nights... that... well. The first time, you know, for the first hour or so I was just giggling and thinking, wow, Ella sounds pretty amazing. But then you got to the part where you started yelling Cas's name—"

"Oh dear sweet baby Jesus *please don't tell me anything*," said Dean desperately, covering his face with his hands again.

"But I just *have* to tell you how close I got to actually busting in your room!" said Sam, laughing now. "Because at first I thought you were fighting! You were yelling Cas's name so I thought you were either in a huge fight, or you were both fighting off a demon or something, so I ran right on up to your room with my gun and I was literally about to bust in there, I was RIGHT OUTSIDE, but then a few seconds later then I was all, *ohhhhhhhh* they are *not fighting* and there is *no demon* and they do *not* need me. And I promise you, Dean, the *very split second* I figured it out I pretty much sprinted at top speed to the furthest corner of the bunker, all the way down here, down the stairs and to the furthest back room I could find. With my hands over my ears the whole damn way."

Dean peeked through his fingers at Sam.

"Why didn't you just tell me?" whispered Dean.

Sam said, his smile fading a little, "I was... I was kind of wanting you to tell me when you were ready to. To tell me because you wanted to tell me. Not to have to tell me just because I'd found out."

Aw. That was actually kind of sweet.

"I shoulda trusted you, Sam," said Dean, after a little pause. "I just didn't know what the hell I was doing. I'm sorry."

Sam shrugged. "You weren't ready. But, y'know, to be honest, the first thing I thought, as I was sprinting down the stairs at top speed with my hands over my ears, was, thank fucking god that he's FINALLY with Cas instead of in some bizarre long-distance relationship with a flaky Iowa knife-fighting psycho girl who I don't even KNOW, and who also apparently has very poor fellatio skills. First off, you deserve somebody with good fellatio skills, Dean, I'm just gonna say that. And second of all, I've only been waiting for you to figure out this Cas thing for, like, four or five years." Sam paused, looking up at Dean. "Then I was trying to get the ipod earbuds in, and I was all, Cas was *really not kidding* when he said Dean was loud. Poor guy! Do you give him earplugs or anything? Though I guess if he has angel-eardrums maybe he's okay. So anyway I got the earbuds in and turned the music up and I've been sleeping down here every night since, sleeping in this room. With either earplugs or music. That whole trip to the drugstore in Hastings the other day was entirely to buy some more earplugs, by the way. "

"You've been *sleeping* down here?" said Dean, a little appalled. Sam nodded. Dean said, "For *weeks*? On the *floor*?"

Sam nodded. "Yeah. You haven't been your most observant lately."

"Oh god. You must be so damn exhausted. Oh, jeez, Sam, I'm so sorry." Dean remembered something and asked, "But... what about the case you were working on? Weren't you down here to work on that, too?"

Sam laughed, looking down at his notes, and said, "There's no case. I've just been trying to figure out how to repair the wall sigil. To spare you this whole conversation, was the plan. But it turns out there's something tricky about the sigil that I'm not getting. That's actually all I've been doing down here — researching wall sigils. Well, and, reading up on angel physiology in case you needed any tips."

Dean just stared at him. Sam grinned, and said, "Let's go get some breakfast with Cas, and after that maybe I can finally catch a nap in my own damn bed for once. Here, you can make everything up to me by carrying a couple of these books." Sam piled a couple books into Dean's arms, and added, "And you make the eggs. But I'll make the coffee, you suck at that."

They headed up the stairs, Dean obediently carrying Sam's books, still just stunned and trying to take it all in.

Halfway up the stairs Dean stopped dead. Sam turned and looked at him. Dean said, "I just remembered what you were listening to, the other day. That Lady Gaga song.... 'Poker Face', Sam? Seriously?"

Sam snickered, "I thought it might give me strength. I had it on for inspiration, you know? " He started to walk up the stairs again, and then stopped and turned to look at Dean. "Oh, and, Dean?"

"Yeah?"

"I forgot to mention. The president of the Iowa women's knife-fighting league called up. She wanted to know how Cas takes his coffee. "

Dean broke into laughter.

"Actually," Sam went on, "Apparently the entire Iowa women's knife-fighting league got into sort of this bar brawl about whether angels take sugar in their coffee. They wanted me to call them right back with the answer."

"Yeah, yeah," said Dean. "Tell them, black, one sugar, okay? Hey... Sam?"

"Yeah?"

"Just hypothetically," said Dean, "If the Iowa women's knife-fighting league got into a battle with the Missouri women's sword-fighting league, who would you bet on?"

Sam thought. "Swords are definitely longer," he said, considering. "But... Iowa girls. You know those Iowa girls. They're tough."

"They're tough as nails," said Dean.

"Especially the imaginary ones," said Sam, snickering. "Seriously, though. I'd bet on Iowa."

That made Dean feel pretty good.

Sam paused and looked back at Dean. "I guess I was wrong about something, though," he said. "I really thought Cas was still messed up about that thing. That's why I kept trying to get you to talk to him. But I guess you guys were fine, huh?"

All Dean could do was shake his head.

Sam's eyes widened, and Dean said, "Just put it this way: you are one HELL of a wingman, Sam."

"Wingman for a wing-man?" Sam said, grinning. Dean was forced to punch him on the shoulder for that one, and even had to chase him up the stairs, swatting him with the books from behind.

A/N - So now you know what Sam has been thinking all along! Please drop me a review if you liked this!

Advice From Amsterdam

A/N - Zeno's Chapter continues on, grows and grows and splits yet again, like a little amoeba dividing away happily. Here is the first half. I swear to god the next one is going to be the last. It'll be up Saturday or Sunday.

Castiel did stay for breakfast, and did have coffee (black, one sugar), sipping it while they ate.

Dean noticed, as if for the very first time, what a nice rapport Sam and Cas had whenever they talked. How gently Sam ribbed Cas — Sam was much more gentle than Dean, actually. And how respectful Cas was of Sam.

Then Sam turned out to have about three hundred thousand questions about wall sigils, and next thing Dean knew, Sam and Castiel had practically waltzed off into nerdville together, discussing sigils and runes and glyphs till Dean's eyes had glazed over.

It was all pretty sweet. So when Dean walked to the kitchen to make another batch of coffee (Sam having given him very strict instructions about the coffee-to-water ratio), he was a little surprised, as he glanced back over at Sam and Cas, to realize he was feeling kind of uneasy.

Sam seemed to actually have more to talk about with Cas than Dean did.

Not that Dean was jealous or anything (it was pretty clear Sam and Cas didn't have *that* kind of spark going on). It was just that they were, well, *bonding*, kinda. They had stuff to talk about.

They were both nerds. And Dean wasn't a nerd.

Dean had invested quite a lot of time, over his life, in looking down on nerds, and making jokes about nerds, and sneering at nerds. Because, you know, nerds were uncool, they were dorky, they wasted their time on brainy stuff, they were safe to make fun of, they were...

... smart.

They were really smart. Cas was a bazillion years old and spoke a bazillion languages and knew stuff like quantum physics like the back of his hand. Sam had gotten into Stanford Law School. *Stanford. Law School.*

Dean hadn't even finished high school.

What Dean could talk about was... well, tallying it up, what Dean *did* know about, and could talk about, was: guns, and cars; and... classic rock and stupid movies, for sure; and

and...

Well... that was kind of it, actually.

Classic rock, stupid movies (which Cas apparently wasn't into. He hadn't even replied, that one time Dean had invited him). And guns, and cars. That was pretty much all Dean was gonna bring to the table here. Aside from the sex, of course.

Not to mention Cas, *in addition* to being a nerd, was also a *goddam friggin' angel*. He didn't sleep, he didn't eat... He was zillions of years old... he'd watched humans *evolve*, he'd seen friggin' *mountains erode*, *jesus christ*, he had a thousand-foot-long body that Dean had never even seen, and he could friggin' *fly*, he steered with a friggin' TAIL....

Once again Dean thought, *There's no way I'll be enough for him.*

Well, thought Dean, as he watched the coffee drip, *I probably oughta make clear to Cas that he doesn't HAVE to hang out with me or anything. He doesn't have to spend the whole night, like he did that other night. And I better make sure he knows he doesn't HAVE to come here every single night and give me the "pleasure" or whatever; he can just come by if he feels like it. No pressure. No commitment.*

I'm super independent anyway, Dean thought, folding his arms, staring at the coffee. *That's really what I want too. The sex is awesome, obviously... maybe a little snuggling could be cool... but I don't really wanna be part of a COUPLE couple. This is not gonna be your standard gay-couple thing. Hope I didn't mislead Sam about that.*

As breakfast was winding down Sam magically disappeared, scooting downstairs all of a sudden to "straighten out his notes". The second he left, Dean realized Sam had done it again, done his sneaky wingman act, for now Cas and Dean were suddenly here at the table alone.

"So," said Dean, shuffling around a bit in his chair and turning his coffee mug around in his hand, "Cas, I just wanna make clear, y'know, we don't have to be, like, a COUPLE couple or anything."

"A couple couple?" said Cas, frowning. "What does that mean? Is that a... squared couple?"

Dean laughed. "I meant, we have this... *thing*... obviously... but...it can just stay what it is. It doesn't have to be anything else."

Cas was just looking more confused. "We have a thing?" he asked, looking around. "Where? What is it? Is it something that metamorphoses?"

Dean had to stifle another laugh. Okay... vague relationship-speak was probably not the best approach here. Dean tried again: "What I mean is, you don't have to feel obliged to come by every night. You don't have to constantly be doing nice things for me, right? Like... all the sex, it's totally awesome, but, you don't *have* to do that for me, you know that now, right? Just, if you want to." Cas was still looking kind of confused, so Dean added, "You can drop by for fun now and then, but *only when you want*. You don't *have* to. And you don't have to

hang out all night; I know that must be boring as hell for you. We can just be, like, two independent people. Not a COUPLE couple. If you want."

Cas's expression cleared, and he nodded. "I think I understand. You want me to feel free of expectations, and a squared couple would imply some expectations."

"Exactly," said Dean, nodding. "No expectations. On either side. You can just drop by on the occasional night, now and then, when you feel like it. Just when you feel like it."

"And when you feel like it too?" asked Cas.

"Right. Point is, we just do whatever we each want," said Dean. "No pressure. You've got other stuff to do, I've got other stuff to do. We can just get together when we feel like it. No pressure, is my point."

"No pressure," agreed Cas. "All right, Dean. Well, as it happens, I do actually have some business elsewhere. So... I'll be going; and perhaps I will drop by later." He paused and added, tentatively, "If I feel like it."

"Perfect," said Dean, grinning. Cas gave him a smile, and vanished.

Aw, no goodbye kiss, thought Dean instantly, and then had to chastise himself a second later. We're not a COUPLE couple. We just.... got a thing, is all.

Sam came wandering up from the lower level a half hour later, carrying all his notes.

"Cas take off?" he said, glancing around.

"Yeah," said Dean, rinsing the cups out in the sink. "Sam, look, I shoulda made clear, he's not gonna necessarily move in or anything. I brought him down to you this morning because I really wanted to be sure he knew I wasn't ashamed of him, but, we're not really a couple exactly. We just got a sort of a thing going, is all." He set the mugs in the dish strainer. "Just wanted to make that clear."

"You've got sort of a thing going but you're not a couple?" said Sam, raising his eyebrows.

"Not a squared couple," Dean said, somehow having slid into Castiel's terminology. Sam gave him a baffled look, and Dean explained, "He's got his own stuff, I've got mine, it's just, we'll probably just hang out sometimes. I just didn't want you to think that... that... that he'd, like, *be here* all the time—"

"Dean," said Sam, laughing a little. "What-the-hell-ever. You don't have to define it and you don't have to get friggin' married to the dude or anything. As long as you're happy, I'm cool. Also, you do not have to give me blow-by-blow updates or a detailed schedule. Or a goddamned report every morning about the night before. I mean, if you *want* to tell me stuff, sure, but—"

Dean suddenly lifted his head. Sam's mention of the "night before" had reminded him of something. "Sam," he said, suddenly getting a little starry-eyed at the memory of what had

happened on the Impala last night, "Cas can do *this thing*—actually, he's got, this, like, *repertoire*—"

"NEW RULE! NO REPORTS," said Sam suddenly, with a little laugh. "No reports! Just drawing a little line here. Mostly because I suddenly get the feeling it's just going to start making me jealous and, let's just not go there, all right? But, god, Dean, I just wish you could see your own face for a moment here. Mr. I'm-Not-In-A-Couple-We-Just-Have-A-Thing. What the hell ever, Dean."

And Sam just walked away, still laughing, and shaking his head.

Dean wasn't really expecting Cas to show the rest of the day, or that night. He suddenly seemed to have nothing at all interesting to do. At about mid-day he asked Sam if there were any possible cases on the horizon, and Sam confessed that he'd actually passed up a few possible cases during the last few weeks, in order to give Dean some time "to get the Cas thing figured out", as Sam put it. Dean sighed, and got Sam back on his laptop looking for possible hunts, but it was clear they'd still be here in Kansas for a few days more. So Dean found himself pacing around all afternoon. He washed the Impala... again. He fieldstripped the weapons... again. He made a grocery run.

And he thought.

I should learn some stuff, he thought, as he drove back from Lebanon's tiny mini-mart with a load of groceries. *Maybe I should learn about wall sigils? Or ... multidimensional wavelengths. Or... partial differential equations or whatever Cas said that one time. Maybe some physics or something? Or a foreign language.*

That afternoon he actually ended up in the library staring at a little section of physics books.

But the physics books seemed overwhelming. Dean thought in despair, *I'll never be able to learn enough physics! There's no way I'll be enough for him!*

But then he remembered the Fetish Rabbit saying, "Take care of that angel as he has taken care of you."

And it suddenly occurred to Dean that *every* night they'd spent together had been about what Dean wanted. Sure, clearly Cas was into some of the same stuff, and he'd sure seemed to enjoy himself well enough the last couple times. But come right down to it, it had always been Cas doing what *Dean* wanted. Even to the point of trying to fulfill Dean's totally weird bunny-ears-and-Impala fantasy.

Never once had Dean asked Cas what *Cas* wanted.

He stared at the physics books, thinking, *I'll ask him what he likes, of course. I'll start studying him like he's studied me, but.... it'd be cool if I could figure something out on my own. Something that I know he'll like.*

Wonder if he saw anything in Amsterdam that he liked?

Amsterdam was actually a bit of a sore point that Dean had been trying to ignore. The thought of Cas having been scared there, and of what he might have had to do there, and what might have been done TO him, was actually fairly worrying. Dean had been dealing with this worry by not thinking about it. But now the thought got stuck in his head. What had actually happened in Amsterdam?

Then a fairly nightmarish follow-up thought popped up:

Wonder if he's still going to Amsterdam? On his own? Just for fun?

Without me?

Next thing Dean knew he was striding off to his room, closing and locking the door, and firing up the laptop. And navigating his way to the masseuse girl video. The Amsterdam video.

He skipped the entire video and went straight to the little ad at the end, which he'd always kind of blitzed past before. It was an ad for something called "Lady Velvet's House of Pleasure"... with a link to an online live-video service.

Dean clicked the link, fed his credit card information in, and waited impatiently for the video-chat window to load.

Sam had actually done a damn good job with the internet speed, for a crystal-clear, high-definition video popped up a moment later. Suddenly there was a woman looking at Dean. A topless woman. Wearing a black velvet eye-mask, a black velvet choker, and with little black velvet cat ears on her head. She was holding one of those short crop-style whips in one hand.

And.... there in the background was that goddam massage table! The one from the videos! It had to be the same table - Dean recognized the layout, and the wall hangings behind it. There was a dude tied to the table. Along the far wall, further back, were an additional two dudes, one tied upright to the wall and one spreadeagled on a bed that was wedged into the corner of the room. All the dudes had their faces hidden by black leather masks, and there was another girl strolling around in the background, going from one guy to another, dressed in... ha... a friggin' *angel* outfit. White bustier, white hose and garters, elbow-length white satin gloves, white fluffy wings, and even a perky little halo. And even a white whip.

Dean said to the cat-eared woman, "You Lady Velvet?"

She just said, "mmmMMMmmm..." eyeing Dean a moment, running one hand over her little black whip. "This must be my lucky night!" she said at last, in flawless English with a hint of a charming Dutch accent. "You delightful tasty piece of lusciousness. Yes, I am Lady Velvet, and this is my House of Pleasure. I must confess, usually I ask my clients what they want, but in your case I think I might just jump straight to the chase." She toyed with her whip, ran one hand over her nipples, and said, "I want you.... to *take off your clothes*. I want you... to *touch your dick, you naughty boy*. And then I'll tell you what to do next."

"Yeah, um, no. I mean, no thank you," said Dean, shifting a little nervously in his chair. "You the massage girl? The one that's in the videos? You do that tongue-flick thing?"

The woman paused a moment, then continued in the sultry voice, "That's me, sugar. Didn't recognize me with the mask, did you? Come on, honey, let's get that luscious dick out. Remember, you *must* obey me! Right, boys?"

All the men in the background nodded.

"Listen up, cat-girl," said Dean, trying mightily to stay on task. "I think you might have messed with my friend, and I want to know what you did. And if you hurt him any, you will PAY, and I mean that." He paused, and went on, his voice suddenly a little uncertain, "And, uh, I was wondering if he's still showing up?"

"I have *many friends*, my lovely boy," she said, laughing. She flicked her long, shining black hair over her shoulder. "It's a House of Pleasure. Many men come through here. Such as my three slaves that you see here. And what they do when they are here is in strictest confidence."

"He always wears this tan colored coat? Dark hair, blue eyes? Blue tie? He said he'd asked your advice."

The woman froze. And so did the angel-girl in the background. And the three slaves' heads turned toward the screen.

Lady Velvet reached toward the camera and jerked it a little bit sideways. A desk full of neat stacks of papers came into view, and a little chair. She plunked herself down in the chair, pulled it right up to the monitor and set her whip down. Peering at the screen closely, her black mask almost filling the screen, she said, "Do you mean Clarence?"

Clarence. Of course.

"Yeah. Clarence," said Dean. "He's... a friend. Look, I just wanted to ask what he did with you. What he... If he... look, what happened, can you just tell me? What'd you do with him?"

There was a long pause. Lady Velvet stared closely at the camera. "Oh my," she said, sounding absolutely delighted. "Oh my!" A big smile spread over her face, and even through the black velvet eye mask, Dean could see her eyes crinkle in delight. "You're the friend! Aren't you!"

"The friend?"

"The friend he was trying to please. Right? How did everything go?"

There was a burst of Dutch behind her, several voices talking over each other. Lady Velvet turned around and said a rapidfire burst of Dutch back. Dean only caught the word "Clarence", saw her gesture at Dean, and saw all three slaves sort of perk up and lift their heads even further, and the angel-girl started to walk a little closer. There was another little flurry of Dutch, everybody talking at once.

Lady Velvet turned back to the screen. Switching back to English, she leaned at the screen and said, "Everybody wants to know if he has fucked you."

Dean blinked. "What?"

"Has he fucked you?"

Dean was so surprised he just nodded.

Lady Velvet turned and said "*Ja!*" to everyone else. There was a little cheer from the three bondage slaves, and the angel-girl gave a darling little squeal-and-hop, clapping her hands together, her little halo and wings bouncing.

Lady Velvet turned back to the screen and said, "He just kept *insisting* that fucking you was not part of his plan, but of course we did not believe that at all. So we've all been wanting to know what happened! But he suddenly stopped showing up. He disappeared!"

"He hasn't been back?" said Dean, suddenly feeling a little better.

"No! We've all been, just, perishing of curiosity!" Everybody behind her nodded. Lady Velvet went on, saying, "We have had a theory that his disappearance means things have either gone very well, or very poorly."

Dean felt himself blush.

"Oooooo," said Lady Velvet, her eyes widening. "Things have gone very well! Correct? I am right, yes? I know I am right!" She didn't even wait for his nod, but turned away again and chattered out some more Dutch. The angel-girl, who had been darting around doing something-or-other with the slaves' bindings, suddenly zoomed up to the screen, her face pushing right next to Lady Velvet's, her little halo bobbing. She said (in more thickly accented, but still grammatically impeccable, English) "Did he try the blowjobs? How were the blowjobs? He was so worried about his technique but I told him he'd be fine."

Dean blinked. Lady Velvet added, "Did he try the anal beads? He said you wouldn't like that but I recommended he really should give them a try."

A black-hooded head suddenly pushed into the other side of the screen — it was one of the slaves, somehow free of his bonds, sticking his head almost sideways into view very close to the camera, just a giant black mask with two round eyes filling the whole screen, saying in a thick Swedish accent, "Did he try a massage? I show him Swedish massage!" He gestured to make his point clear, putting both hands up and kneading the air directly in front of the camera, two giant blurry hands almost blocking out the view of everything else.

"Yeah, um..." said Dean, who was suddenly wishing he'd thought to put on a black leather mask of his own *just to hide his damn blushing face*. "Yeah, everything's gone... pretty good, but..."

Another hand shoved the black-hooded head away and there was another slave leaning over the angel girl, saying in a husky German-accented voice, "You like the clamp of the nipples? I

especially recommend to him this type of the clamp of the nipples. See—" He pulled up his black mesh shirt, displaying an amazing assortment of nipple clamps — he somehow seemed to have three on each nipple — and he said, "This type of clamp of the nipples, they are SUPERIOR, I told him—" Lady Velvet put two hands out and smoothly shoved the two slaves back. They unwillingly stepped behind her, still hovering close over her shoulder, one still pointing meaningfully to his nipple clamps, his mouth silently mouthing "*Superior!*" the other still kneading the air with his hands, winking knowingly at the camera.

Dean finally managed to say, "Look, everything's great, but, can you just tell me how it went for him there? In general?" He added, to Lady Velvet, "I was kind of worried."

Lady Velvet nodded, leaned close and said, "Your friend, he appeared several weeks ago. Over a month ago, I believe. He said he needed help learning how to give a male friend excellent orgasms, and that he had no experience and wished to learn some skills. He was... " She sighed, her eyes drifting up to the ceiling. "He was so sweet."

The three bondage slaves and the angel-girl nodded behind her, saying, in various accents: "Cute." "Shy." "He seemed nervous." "Very adorable." "Sweet." "Determined." "Yes, but innocent." "Surprisingly strong." "Smelled nice." "Very impressive breath-holding capability."

Smells nice? Breath-holding?

Lady Velvet nodded in agreement with all the phrases people were peppering at her from behind. She said, "He was indeed quite adorable. Really wanted to learn, so willing. Offered himself as an assistant for free, in fact. Organized all my files." She gestured at all the tidy stacks of paper on the desk. "Most helpful. And, of course, offered himself as a slave."

Dean blanched, and said, "You didn't... he didn't.... " He finally burst out with, "Did you use him? Tell me you didn't, *please*."

There was a little silence. Dean cringed, knowing what the answer must be, but then he heard one of the slaves say, "Awww," and Lady Velvet smiled. She said, "He wanted to, but I wouldn't let him. He really wanted to practice — he was just so concerned about his skill level — but I told him to try the final stages on you."

"And... he didn't..." Dean didn't even know how to ask.

"She wouldn't let *anybody* fuck him," spoke up the angel girl, sounding rather frustrated. "Not even me!" The three slaves nodded, and the nipple-clamp one said, "And he looked just so *tasty* too. She wouldn't let anybody fuck him, and wouldn't let him fuck anybody, either. We're all regulars, here, we saw him here many times but Lady Velvet here wouldn't let anybody at him. M'lady, you are so annoying sometimes."

Lady Velvet rolled her eyes and said to Dean. "After I realized how inexperienced he was, and that he had someone he cared for, I laid down some rules. The first rule was, he could touch others but not bring them all the way to orgasm; and the second was, nobody could touch him at all. Some little things, I let him do. Putting clamps on and off, jerking guys off a bit. Mostly I only had him watch. Explained my technique. Told him what to look for. Oh,"

she said, remembering something, "I did have him practice fellatio on some bananas. And a cucumber."

"We were jealous of the bananas," chimed in the massage-hands slave, and the nipple-clamp slave added somberly, "And the cucumber." All three bondage slaves sighed, like a little chorus.

Lady Velvet said, "But I didn't let anybody at him, don't worry. He was just so obviously..."

"IN LOVE!" said the angel girl, clasping her whip to her bosom, and the three slaves all let out little romantic sighs again.

"Yes," said Lady Velvet. "Fairly obviously." Then she reached to the side and grabbed a keyboard. One of the slaves said, "Oo, secret message!" as she typed something, and Dean saw a little chat message pop on his screen. It read:

You should know: He was frightened. He was trying to hide it..

"I know," Dean said to her, feeling a little choked up suddenly. "I figured that out. That's why I was calling, actually."

Another message popped up: *That is why I tried to take care of him, and made him save the best parts for you. He relaxed very soon, but I still kept guard of him. But I did let him learn a little, because he wanted so much to learn.*

Dean only wished he could grab Lady Velvet right through the screen and kiss her.

"Thank you," he managed to say, his voice rough. "Thank you."

Lady Velvet nodded, pushing the keyboard aside. She added, "Also, he speaks so many languages - he was quite a help with the clients. We get all nationalities here, you know, and, your friend, he is such a linguist! He was very helpful."

The angel-girl leaned forward and said solemnly "I call him our angel." The three slaves, and Lady Velvet, rolled their eyes, but the angel-girl said, "I believe this. He healed me of a... problem that I had. I am certain. I changed my outfit, in his honor. I changed to white and added the wings." She paused, thinking, and added, "I think he was pleased."

Dean had to grin.

And that, finally, reminded him of his other question.

"Hey, Velvet," he asked, "And Angel-girl and the Three Musketeers there, all of you. I need your advice. I want to do something special for him, but I don't know what he likes. Was there anything that he liked? I mean, something that he might like done TO him??"

Lady Velvet's mouth twisted in thought. "I am unsure," she confessed at last. "He observed many techniques and he was very attentive to everything, but I don't remember a particular interest." She turned to the three musketeers and the angel-girl. "Did any of you?"

A pause.

Then the third slave, who had not spoken till now, said in a quiet, gentle voice, "Whatever he did first."

All the others turned to look at him. Dean said, "What?"

"That's just my guess," the third slave said, "He wanted so badly to please you, so I think, the first thing he would try on you would be the thing that he thinks is the best thing. He might like other things that you can find out later, but I think that would be a good place to start."

Dean thought back.

Cas saying: There's a whole category just involving the tongue. Here, let me demonstrate...

Dean smiled at the memory, and said, "I got it. Okay."

"Also," said the angel-girl, considering. "Velvet, he liked your cat ears. He used to watch your ears from behind, when you weren't looking."

"Hm," said Lady Velvet, looking back at her. "He was *fascinated* by your wings, as well. Could not take his eyes off them when you first showed up with them on."

Dean had to laugh at that. He said, "I really oughta have figured that one out for myself."

"And, the nipples," said the nipple-clamp guy.

"You think nipples are the answer to all the world's problems," said Angel-girl, rolling her eyes.

"Well, they ARE," said the nipple-clamp guy. "And he was interested in them, I am certain!"

Dean said, "Thanks, guys. And — Velvet — thank you. I really mean it."

He signed off a minute later, to a rousing background chorus of "Goodbye! Good luck!" "Fuck him many times!" "Tell him we miss him!" "Let him fuck you many times too!" "And give him a hug from us!" "Do not forget to lick his penis!" "And please say hi from me!" The last thing Dean saw was the nipple-clamp slave pointing insistently to his nipple clamps, calling out in a thick accent, "Do NOT overlook his nipples! Too many people overlook nipples!"

Dean closed the laptop and set it on the corner table by the boombox. He wasn't really expecting Cas to show that night, of course, but felt really pleased to have a plan for next time: Blow jobs! Of course! Cas had started right in with blow jobs (with tongue), and so Dean was gonna start off with a blow job on him too. How simple. The cat ears and wings and stuff, that definitely had some potential, but Dean would need to go get some props (and now that he was thinking about props, he *really* needed to try out some feathers on Cas, too), but he could start off with blow jobs right away. It made sense; blow jobs were always the

all-time surefire winner stimulus for a human penis, and of course Cas had a human penis now and he must just be curious about how it would feel.

Blow jobs! Dean couldn't wait.

Dean changed for bed and was just about to get under the covers when, *whup-whup*, there was Cas! Standing there by Travolta again.

Cas said, "Dean, it occurred to me, perhaps tonight could be an occasional night."

"An occasional night?" said Dean, sitting up in bed.

Cas said, "You said I should drop by on occasional nights, just when I felt like it. I decided I felt like it, and I thought perhaps tonight could be an occasional night." Cas looked at him hesitantly. "That is, if you feel like it?"

"Oh," said Dean, already flipping down the sheets and bouncing out of bed, "yeah, I kinda do feel like it, actually." He walked over to Castiel, reached up both hands, and began to slide Cas's trenchcoat off his shoulders.

"Not that we are a squared couple," said Cas, letting Dean slide the trenchcoat over his shoulders, and down off his arms, lifting his elbows helpfully to let the coat fall off easily. Cas added, "There are no expectations."

"No expectations..." said Dean, a little distracted because, *my god, Cas looked good in that dark suit*. Dean hardly ever got to see him in just the dark suit, without the trenchcoat. The dark suit, with the dark hair... *But I bet he'll look even better without the suit at all*, thought Dean. Dean turned to toss the trenchcoat on the beanbag. Before he'd even turned back, Cas's suitjacket was flying through the air right past Dean's nose to land on the beanbag too, and by the time Dean got fully turned back around, Cas already had his shirt cuffs unbuttoned and was halfway down the shirt.

"No expectations," agreed Dean, pushing Cas's hands down, "Let me unbutton those, Cas... there... yeah..." Oh yes. Dean was getting to unbutton Cas's shirt now. The buttons down the front. One at a time. Dean was undoing Cas's tie. The tie, yeah. The tie came off; the shirt, off. Yes. *Oh yes*.

Cas was naked to the waist. "Not a squared couple," Cas murmured again, looking at Dean.

Dean took a breath, just looking at him for a moment, saying, "Right. And no expectations. We just have a... thing... is all. Just a thing."

"Just a thing," said Cas, his eyes drifting closed for a moment as Dean began to run one hand slowly over Cas's chest. Cas added, his eyes still closed, "Though... I'm not sure I'm... understanding. What is... this thing... that we have... Dean?"

"I don't know," Dean said, taking one step closer, and leaning in for a kiss.

Oh, yes.

Yes.

That electricity. That fire. That *magical tongue*. Cas's delicious scent. And Cas so close, so damn close, that scratchy stubble, my god, Dean was starting to REALLY REALLY LOVE that feel of scratchy stubble. He ran his hand over Cas's jaw, back and forth, loving that sandpaper feel against his hand. And Cas's hair, that lovely hair.... Dean was running one hand up through Cas's hair now, and still tasting his lips, tasting his tongue, leaning down and tasting his neck...

"Is this... the thing?" asked Cas, his voice rough. "This... set of actions?" Dean lifted his head off Cas's neck just long enough to say, "Part of it, yeah."

"I like the thing," whispered Cas.

"There's more to the thing," said Dean, grinning. And now he had the sheer raw pleasure of sloooowly undoing Cas's belt, and the button on his pants, and the fly, and.... yes... pushing Cas's pants slowly down over his hips. And underwear. And there was his cock, semi-erect already. Cas kicked his shoes off without needing any prompting, and Dean knelt down — knelt at his friggin' feet, and Cas's goddam COCK was right friggin' THERE. Dean had to force himself to look down, and just concentrate on getting Cas's pants and socks off his feet.

There. Pants, socks, underwear, all off. Dean shoved it all to the side.

He looked up.

There stood Castiel, looking down at him. *Completely naked*.

Naked, and *gorgeous*. And totally unashamed, that forthright bold look in his eye, his cock already sticking out further.

Dean could barely breathe. He knew his own cock was stiffening too, and thought, *Down, boy. Tonight's just for Cas. Just for Cas.*

"Wanna bring your wings out?" said Dean. "I mean.... only if you feel like it. But if you feel like it, it's okay if—"

"I feel like it," interrupted Cas. The thunder rumbled. The wash of static through the room.

Dean had seen the wings materialize twice before. But never with Castiel standing over him like this, standing there completely friggin' nude like a goddam Adonis, letting Dean just stare at him. Dean just drank in the sight. The long, lean look of the planes of his muscles; the slant of his shoulders, his chest, his abs, that COCK, those legs, those arms, all of it so, so perfect; and all the while Cas gazing back at him with those soulful blue eyes. And now the distant roll of thunder overhead, the great wings suddenly there...

My. God. He was so damned impressive. Not only gorgeous but just... impressive. Impressive as hell. Naked, the *wings* shining... and, yeah, his cock sticking out.

A naked angel. Wings and all.

Mine, Dean thought, suddenly almost drooling with possessiveness, as his eyes roved up and down Cas's body and down to his stiffening cock and over to the wings, and back to the cock. *Mine. That's all mine. That's my angel. My angel.*

All right now. All right. It was time. Dean had never sucked a dick before, but — *mine, all mine*, he thought, and he inched closer on his knees, closer still.

This was actually Dean's very first close-up view of Cas's cock. He'd got a hurried view the night of the Impala, but now there was an actual light on, Cas just standing there patiently, and Dean could just... look at it.

What a handsome cock, was his first thought.

It seemed just the right size. Just the right length, just the right width. Just the right firmness. It seemed just... beautiful. Dean took hold of it with his hand.

Oh, it's so smooth! was his second thought. Again, he had more time to concentrate now, to really focus on what he was feeling. It was like his own cock, of course, and yet *very much not*. For the first time he could really focus on how it felt *to his hand*.

Velvet soft. Silky. Smooth. So soft on the surface, yet firm underneath.

And so damn hot. Downright feverish.

And clean as could be. The little hairs at the base trimmed tidily short. (*Probably the way the vessel was when Cas took possession*, Dean guessed). Dean leaned closer. It... it actually smelled good. That lovely Castiel scent of heather and mountain wind, and... something else, too ...

Dean stuck out his tongue tentatively and licked it, heard Cas gasp, and...oh...

His third thought: *This has got to be the nicest tasting cock in the world.* Cinnamon and salt, and a tantalizing masculine muskiness, and that heather-and-mountain-wind scent laced through it all. Dean was so startled by how much he liked it that he was literally just about to ask, perfectly seriously, "Do all angel cocks taste this good?" when he felt Cas's hands on his head, pushing him back. He looked up to see Cas with his eyes squeezed shut, gasping, pushing Dean *away*. What?

Cas choked out, "Dean, this is, this is, *extremely pleasurable*, but, I had some ideas for stimuli for you, there's some things I wanted to try on you. On YOU. And — AH!"

Dean had knocked Cas's hands away, leaned back in and put his lips around Cas's cockhead. Cas shut up like a switch had been thrown, and actually curled down over him, gasping. *Heh*, thought Dean. *This is kind of fun.*

Dean took his mouth off, grinning, and said, "The thing is, Cas, I've got some stimuli of my own to test. On YOU. Why don't you just lie back here on the bed, and I'll try out the next one. It's an extension of the first."

"But... you need stimuli too," Cas said, looking worried. "You have— to have— stimuli too, Dean—"

"We've had, like, a dozen nights just for me. Now you get a turn," said Dean. He got to his feet and pushed Cas to the bed. Cas resisted, still looking worried and Dean finally said, "Cas. Let me do this. It makes me happy."

"Well... okay... " said Cas weakly, finally letting Dean maneuver him over to the bed and sit him down. Cas added faintly, as Dean pushed him back on the bed, "Only if you feel like it."

"I REALLY feel like it," said Dean. For he had Cas exactly where he wanted. Exactly where Cas had put Dean, that first night so long ago. There was Cas, now, lying back on the bed with his legs dangling off the edge, his wings spread out to either side; there was Dean, pushing Cas's knees open, kneeling between them, taking Cas's cock with one hand. Cas was still muttering out little protestations, saying, "We're not a... squared couple — there are no — expectations — AH, Dean, *oh, ahh...*" - for Dean had leaned in and got his lips around Cas's cockhead again, and Cas moaned, "That's — *impossibly good, Dean* — that's — AH!"

"Effective?" said Dean, lifting up his head for a moment.

"YES," gasped Cas, his hands knotted in Dean's hair now. Dean licked Cas's cockhead again, just as Cas had once done to him, and Cas said, "This is *so* effective, I had *no idea— it's—so — ahhh!*"

"Pleasurable?" said Dean, and now he took a deeper breath, thought, *Remember to cover your teeth!* and swallowed down Cas's cock as far as he could go.

"OH YES," moaned Cas, his hips squirming. "YES THAT'S PLEASURABLE, YES."

And then Dean panicked. Cas's cock was just filling his mouth *so damn much*, all the way back to his throat, and for a moment he was overwhelmed with a certainty that he was going to choke.

But he forced himself to wait a moment, held his breath, and started to get used to it. He got a little more comfortable, found a slightly better position to sit in, and then sat there trying to just breathe through his nose. He got his breath back and tried pressing his tongue to Cas's shaft. Cas gave a strangled groan and Dean felt a little proud of himself, thinking, *I'm a natural!* Then he realized he actually didn't have Cas's cock all the way down. Maybe he needed to practice on a banana. Or, maybe a cucumber would be better; Cas's cock seemed to be getting substantially wider than your average banana. It was also much harder to keep his lips wrapped over his teeth than he'd thought, and Dean was almost choking again, and definitely running out of air now, and Cas's cock seemed *SO* damn long. *Cucumber, definitely*, Dean thought. *I gotta practice; I really gotta work on my fellatio skills.* And then all of a sudden he was completely out of oxygen, couldn't huff enough air through his nose, and had to come up for air, panting, "Sorry, Cas, I'm kinda new at this, I'm really sorry."

"WHY ARE YOU... APOLOGIZING," groaned Cas, squirming again. "IT'S ... SO GOOD... AHHHH, *oh, Dean, that's....oh...*" For Dean was feeling a little reassured, and had begun to work on Cas's cock from the side, licking and nibbling his way up the side of Cas's shaft,

while he got his breath back. Cas gasped, "Dean... is this... is this... more of... the thing? The thing that we have?"

"Part of it," said Dean, grinning. He took another deep breath and dove back down for more, one hand on either side of Cas's hips, swallowing Cas all the way down again. This time it seemed more comfortable and Dean got it a little deeper. Got a rhythm going, too, slurping up and down. *Yeah, I got this now*, thought Dean, *I'm getting it figured out! I AM a natural!*

Several delicious minutes slipped by like that, Dean getting more and more comfortable, working his way up and down, working his tongue around Cas's shaft and cockhead. And oh, *god*, feeling Cas's hips start to shift around in his hands, hearing him groan, glancing up and seeing him tossing his head squirming on the bed... feeling him start to really lose it.

Dean thought, *Thank you, Amsterdam.*

Then Dean remembered the bondage slave saying, "Do not overlook his nipples!" Dean put one hand up to Cas's nipple, found it, and pinched, and *squeezed*.

Cas screamed, "AH, AHHHH! Dean, DO THAT AGAIN!"

Wow. Talk about "effective."

Dean did it again.

Cas yelped, his breaths turned into rapid pants, and he choked out, as Dean kept pinching his nipple periodically, "Ah, Dean, I, I, I'm, AH! AH! — I'm, close, *I'm close*— may I... ejac- AH! AH! AH! may I ejaculate... in your mouth? Only if you — feel like it — AH!"

This would be another first, but Dean was determined. He pulled off Cas just long enough to gasp, "Pretty sure I feel like it." He dove down again, and sucked him down again. Cas's cock felt practically like iron now. Once again Dean reached up to pinch one nipple and Cas gave a tight, strangled grunt, "HNNNNH!" and his wings suddenly flapped. Huge powerful wingbeats, once, twice, three times, sending an absolute gale of wind through the room. Travolta fell over, the sex swing started swinging wildly, and on the third wild flap Cas froze, his legs going stiff; his wings quivering, all the feathers shaking. Dean thought, *I'm making him come, he's coming because of me, HE'S COMING BECAUSE OF ME*, and Cas's hot, swollen cock suddenly started twitching in Dean's mouth like a rapid-fire machine-gun. *Twitch twitch twitch twitch*, and there abruptly was a huge, huge flood of salty fluid deep in Dean's mouth, far back in his throat. It just seemed to *appear* there, just more and more thick salty fluid suddenly filling his mouth, Cas flopping and seizing and spasming on the bed, grunting out a little high-pitched choked series of "AH... AH... AH....", his wings giving short, sharp, helpless little flaps every second or so.

Dean couldn't breathe at all. He felt as if he were drowning, as if he were being tumbled under water through a gigantic ocean wave. He choked through a couple of useless coughs, but just hung on, both arms wrapped around Cas's hips now, holding him tight to Dean's mouth. He was just so damn determined to keep Cas's cock in his mouth all the way through Cas's orgasm. *And if I just choke to death right here*, thought Dean fleetingly, *my god, is this ever the way to go or what*. For it was the best thing he'd ever tasted in his life. Salty and sweet. Cinnamon and rain. Fizzy and hot. Better than whiskey, better than maple syrup, better

than friggin' champagne. Better than everything: feeling Cas jerking in ecstasy, hearing his cries, feeling him coming and coming, in Dean's mouth, under Dean's hands.

I love this, I love this, I love this, thought Dean.

At some point Dean was finally able to start huffing breaths of air through his nose again. He managed to swallow (and this turned out to be *nowhere near* the big deal he'd always imagined. Some salty fluid, swallowed down, no big deal). After that he ended up just crouching there holding Cas's softening dick gently in his mouth for several more minutes till Cas was relaxed and sighing on the bed, his wings flopped out loosely, the flight feathers spread wide, one of his hands limp on Dean's head.

Dean finally pulled free and grinned at him.

"Dean," said Castiel, looking down at him. "The thing that we have. I like the thing."

"Yeah, so do I," said Dean, grinning wider.

"I like the thing *immensely*. It's such a *good* thing."

"I agree completely," said Dean, walking over to the bedside table and pulled out a couple baby wipes (he always kept a few there, next to the lube and Kleenex. Just in case.) He ripped one open, walked back, and began wiping down Cas's dick and balls. Wiping off the saliva, cooling him down.

"I can clean myself up, Dean," said Cas, craning his head to look at him.

"I know. I like it," said Dean. "It's part of the thing, Cas."

Cas just let his head flop back down, and let Dean clean him. Dean moved the baby wipe carefully all over, wiping Cas's lovely cock clean, taking his time; then going over his balls gently, all over his crotch. Aware that Cas was gazing at him softly the whole time

"I really like the thing *to an extreme degree*," said Castiel. Dean grinned to himself.

"Listen, Cas," said Dean, standing Travolta back up and then sitting down in the sex swing. "I really just wanted to do this for you, tonight. And I just wanna be sure you know that you really don't have to stay the whole night."

"Ah," said Cas, sitting up. "I was only to stay on occasional nights. I remember now."

"You're probably busy or something, right?" said Dean, feeling a little wistful already. But he had to make sure Cas didn't feel like he always had to stay.

Cas nodded. "Actually, I do still have some business I'm supposed to do. There's an angel I'm supposed to discuss some details with, about the volcanoes in New Zealand... I should probably go. I was only planning to drop by here briefly." He sat up further, and twisted his shoulders a little, frowning.

A crackle of static, a flicker of light —

... the wings were gone.

Dean felt oddly sad to see them go. But, Cas couldn't keep his wings out all the time.

Cas looked at him. "Dean, this was exquisite. But... are you certain you don't need me to stay longer? You haven't had any sort of orgasm at all yet — are you certain you're okay?"

"Oh, I'm fine," said Dean, forcing a shrug. "I don't need orgasms every single time. Plus, I'm pretty independent, you know."

"You are, that's true," Cas said, nodding. He stood, and Dean watched, a little sadly, as Cas began to get dressed.

"I'm also quite independent," said Castiel. He fastened his pants, and buckled his belt. "We're both quite independent, I think."

"Definitely," Dean agreed, nodding. "We're both damn independent. You're like, Mr. Nomad, practically right? You've probably got rooms of your own all over, huh? All kinds of places you like to hang out? This one probably seems like nothing much, huh."

Cas was buttoning his shirt now. He looked around Dean's little room. "Actually," he said, "I've never had a room of my own. Yours seems... quite nice." He was gazing at Twilight Sparkle again, for some damn reason. He cleared his throat, picked up his suitjacket and trenchcoat, and glanced back at Dean. "It's very good that you have a room of your own, Dean. An independent human such as yourself definitely needs a room of his own."

"Yeah..." said Dean half-heartedly. A room of his own. That's what Dean had always wanted.

Really.

Cas looked at him for a moment. "But... perhaps I will stay over, on an occasional night," he said.

"Absolutely. But just when you feel like it," said Dean.

Cas smiled at him, and walked over, and ran his hand over the top of Dean's head. Down the back of Dean's neck. Dean practically melted.

Cas said, "Till later, then." He dropped his hand. "Dean. I'm so very glad we have a thing."

Whuff-whup. He was gone.

Dean lasted all of thirty seconds before starting to jerk himself off. He had a whole new pile of mental images to work through now, all stacked up waiting to be jerked off to, and so he decided he really had to get right to work. The way Cas had screamed when Dean had got to his nipple... the way he'd flapped!

The way Cas's cock had twitched *when Cas came in Dean's mouth...*

Conclusion #1 was alive and well, apparently, and it took a grand total of perhaps a minute and a half till Dean was coming himself, panting, jerking his cock, not even bothering to try to catch the come, just letting it splat all over the floor. His eyes closed, just thinking of Cas writhing there on the bed.

Time to clean the floor again! Dean cleaned the floor, took a shower, got dressed for bed once again, made the bed up (it had somehow got a little disheveled). He kicked all the zillions of zebra throw pillows, which had somehow ended up all over the floor during the blow job, to one side of the bed. He flicked the light off; he got into bed. Dean stretched his legs out, luxuriating in all the space he had. A whole huge bed, all to himself. In a room of his own. Just what he'd always wanted.

The bed was very big.

It was very empty. The whole room seemed kind of empty, actually.

The bed was quite cool.

Very cool, actually. Almost cold. Dean curled up on his side, trying to tuck the tiger-stripe bedspread around him. How had he never noticed how cold this bed was? Had the bunker's thermostat crapped out or something? The bed seemed *freezing* cold, and huge, and empty. Why had Dean never noticed this before? Last night it had seemed so warm...

.... oh yeah... last night Cas had stayed.

He'll be back, thought Dean. *Maybe he'll spend the night occasionally. And I like being alone anyway. I kind of prefer it. I have so much space. And freedom. And independence. I can do whatever I want. At any time.*

He lay there awake for a while, just thinking, *This bed is so damn empty.*

Then: *Whuff-whup.*

"Cas?" said Dean, reaching out to flick on his bedside lamp.

"It occurred to me," said Castiel, already shucking his trenchcoat off again, "Perhaps tonight could be *two* occasional nights. An occasional night for sex; and *also* an occasional night for staying in your bed overnight. I know that's two occasional events combined in one night, but what do you think? If you feel like it?"

"Get in here," said Dean, flipping the covers back.

A/N - Part 2 tomorrow: Dean teaches Cas how to cuddle. And that, I believe, will finally be the end.

If you have enjoyed this please let me know! I love your reviews!

Cuddle Lessons

A/N - We have finally reached the last chapter. I will post one more thing tomorrow but it will be just my usual author's-notes-and-thankyou. This is the last real chapter.

"You needn't feel obliged to give me fellatio again, of course," said Cas, who had somehow managed to strip down completely in about ten seconds flat. He walked around to the empty side of the bed, suddenly all magnificent nakedness again, adding, "There are no expectations."

"Oh... okay," said Dean, trying not to stare at Cas's dick. "Right. No expectations."

"Though, if you should want to continue with fellatio again, at some point, *that would be okay*," added Cas hastily, pausing at the empty side of the bed. "I just meant, you don't HAVE to."

"Right, right," said Dean, clearing his throat. "And you don't have to do anything either. We could just cuddle or something."

Cas gave him one of those squinty looks. "I thought you didn't like cuddling?"

"Oh," said Dean, "We could give it a try. C'mon." He shifted over to make a little more room, and patted the empty pillow.

And Cas clambered in.

"To be honest," said Cas, settling on his side facing Dean, "I've heard the term cuddling but I'm not entirely sure what it entails. I've gathered it's some sort of embrace?"

"Yeah, just, kind of relaxing together. Actually we were sort of doing it the other night," said Dean. "See, I'll just get a little closer here —" Cas was watching him so alertly Dean was half-expecting him to pull out a little notepad and start jotting down notes and diagrams. Dean scooched a little closer, trying to work an arm under Cas's head, saying, "Let me get my arm under your head here—no, no, like, the arm's *INSTEAD* of the pillow— well, wait, the arm goes under your neck, sort of, and the pillow is — no, the pillow should be a little higher —" Cas was twisting his neck into some very awkward positions, obviously totally confused about what Dean was getting at. It was kind of cute; Cas had been so confident about all the other stuff, the blowjobs and even the anal sex and all, and he'd also easily managed to snuggle Dean a few times with his wings. But he seemed to be totally baffled now by the mechanics of ordinary, non-wing, cuddling.

Guess Lady Velvet didn't cover this part, Dean thought, grinning to himself.

Dean finally got his arm under Cas's neck, and the pillow back under Cas's head, and said, "Like that. Now, just, get a little closer. Put your arm over me. Yeah. See?"

There, they had it pretty well sorted out now. Dean's arm under Cas's head, his hand lightly stroking Cas's back; Cas's head sort of snuggled up under Dean's chin; one of Cas's arms draped over Dean's torso.

Cas was lying extremely still.

"Is this correct?" said Castiel, his voice muffled into Dean's shoulder.

Dean laughed. "Cas, it's not like there's one correct way to cuddle. You just get close any way you like. Any way that's comfortable."

He felt Cas nod.

"You comfortable?" asked Dean.

"I think so, " mumbled Cas into Dean's shoulder. He still felt totally rigid.

A pause.

"Now what happens?" said Cas into Dean's shoulder.

"Now you just relax," said Dean, trying not to laugh. "It's just a nice way to relax, Cas." He reached up with his free hand and started to stroke the back of Cas's head.

Cas gave a little sigh. Dean kept stroking his hair, and at last felt him truly relax.

A few moments later Dean realized he was nuzzling into Cas's hair, drinking in his lovely scent. And then, without even planning to, kissing the top of Cas's head. *Whoops*. That was kind of a squared-couple thing to do, wasn't it?

Well... *what-the-hell-ever, as Sam put it*, thought Dean. *What-the-hell-ever*.

Dean kissed the top of Cas's head again.

He felt Cas's arm tighten around him, felt him shift a little closer, and then felt Cas's hand creep up tentatively up to Dean's head too. A moment later Cas gave a tiny scritch on the back of Dean's head, and Dean scritch'd him right back. Cas scritch'd again, a little firmer, and Dean scritch'd him right back again, and ran all his fingers upwards through Cas's hair, and back down, and felt him sigh. He let his other hand roam around Cas's back, just tracing light outlines across Cas's skin.

"Dean, this is very... nice," said Cas, his voice going soft. "I... " He paused a long moment, and finally said, "Thank you, Dean. Thank you."

"For what?"

Another pause.

"Everything," said Castiel.

They lay there quietly for a while, Dean nuzzling into Cas's hair and stroking his head.

"Um. Dean," said Castiel.

"Yeah?"

"What do I do with the underneath arm?"

"What?"

"The underneath arm. The lower arm. It doesn't seem to fit anywhere. It's..." Cas wriggled around awkwardly. "It's going numb. Is that supposed to happen?"

Dean looked down between them and realized Cas's lower arm was twisted kind of weirdly under him; he was also lying ON TOP of it, pinning it to the mattress.

"Um..." said Dean. He had to actually think about this. Dean had always been the one with his lower arm under the other person's head — since girls were shorter and it just seemed to always work out that way. So what did the girl do with her lower arm? Dean suddenly had no idea. Did the girl pin the lower arm behind her back? Suck it magically into her body somehow? Was this just one of those girl secrets? Dean suggested, "I think you can fold it up at your chest, maybe?"

Cas wriggled around and got the arm folded *very* awkwardly between them. Hm. Maybe he had more arm muscle than the typical girl? The arm seemed kind of in the way.

"This seems an impediment," observed Castiel, frowning at Dean in puzzlement, his blue eyes searching Dean's. "And not comfortable. And a waste of an arm. "

"Maybe you can stretch it out?" Dean said, and a second later Cas was sticking his arm every which way, squirming around, putting the arm way high up on the pillow right across Dean's nose, and across Dean's shoulder, then straight up into the air, and then behind him, like he was practicing for a semaphore competition; and finally straight down between them. Where it pressed it right against Dean's cock.

Oh. That's right. That's what girls did with the lower arm.

"Look, Dean, I can just put it against your penis," said Castiel happily. "That seems to work. What do you think?"

"Yeah, that's... fine," said Dean. He'd jerked off just a half hour ago, and he was still determined to just cuddle, to not make Cas feel like he had to give Dean a blowjob or something, but, even that little bit of pressure.... it was just the back of Cas's forearm, pressed against Dean's penis... but still... *mmmmm*.

Cas twisted around a little, tucking his elbow back against his stomach, and said "Dean! Look! I can get my hand directly on your penis! That's better, isn't it?" Aaaaand yeah, suddenly Cas's hand was right on Dean's dick.

Cas looked up brightly, a smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. He looked pleased with himself. He asked, "Is this a good cuddling position?"

"Yeah, that's.... that's a great cuddling position, Cas..." said Dean, closing his eyes and trying to focus.

Down, boy, down. You already had your fun. A HALF HOUR AGO. Settle down!

And for a moment Dean did actually manage to relax, just enjoying the feeling of his dick being so safely, gently, cuddled in Cas's warm hand. Like Cas was protecting him.

Dean started stroking Cas's hair again. And Cas's hand immediately tightened on Dean's dick.

Down, boy! DOWN!

"Hey, you know what, Cas," said Dean, "There's another cuddling position where the arms aren't so problematic. You were doing it to me the other day. Spooning. You know that term?"

Cas shook his head.

"Okay, the idea is we nest together like two spoons. It's nice; I think you'll like it. Here, you flip around — no, I meant, turn on your other side, not to put your feet on the pillow — *ow!* — *you gotta let go of my dick*, I forgot to mention that, now turn over — wait, not on top of me, just FACE THE WALL, is what I meant — the OTHER wall — *oof* — *parallel* to me, not at right angles — I meant, the OTHER other wall — I meant, face the zebra pillows — That's it! Okay, now I gotta get my arm under your head again — lift your head a bit — *don't move* — there, that's it. Exactly. Perfect."

Cas was frozen still again, obediently facing away from Dean now but as stiff as a statue, his head lifted tensely off the pillow. "You can relax now," said Dean, and he felt Cas settle down tentatively, letting his head sink down on Dean's arm. Grinning to himself, Dean snuggled closer, drawing his knees up a little till he was curled right around Cas, his chest right up against Cas's back.

Wow. They fit together *perfectly*. Cas turned out to be *precisely* the right height, relative to Dean's height, for *absolute perfect spooning*. Like they'd been custom-made for each other. Dean's mouth was right at the back of Cas's neck (the magic head-feather spot! *yes!*) ...

.... and his dick was pressed right up against Cas's ass. Fitting absolutely perfectly into the groove between Cas's butt-cheeks. Almost as if it had been designed to fit there.

Well, at least Cas's damn *hand* wasn't actually on Dean's dick. Dean thought he still had a reasonably good shot of just letting Cas enjoy the cuddling.

"This *is* a nice position, Dean, you were right," said Cas appreciatively.

Dean inhaled slowly, his nose buried in Cas's hair, drinking in that heather-and-mountain-wind scent, and he tightened his hold on Cas's torso, and couldn't resist running one hand softly across Cas's chest.

"So, just to clarify... this is also cuddling?" Cas said after a moment.

"Yup."

"This is *quite* nice, Dean." Dean felt him relax further, inching back a little against Dean.

Dean said, "I thought you'd like it."

"I'm sorry I'm making so many mistakes, Dean."

Aw, dammit.

"Cas," said Dean. "You're doing great."

Cas twisted his head around, looking back at Dean, and said, looking a little worried, "I realize now that I didn't do any research on cuddling. I'm sorry."

"Cas" said Dean. "To be honest I am just *thrilled* that there is something I actually get to show you, for once. And also... I just gotta point out, if you plunked me down in a thousand-foot-long body with wings and a tail, I would be making *so many mistakes* you'd just laugh your ass off. I'd probably just be spinning around in circles on the ground."

Cas gave a little huff of laughter at that. Dean said, "You're doing awesome. And, Cas?"

"Yes?"

"I love having you here," said Dean. "Just as you are." Just to drive the point home, he nibbled Cas at the back of the neck. Cas drew in a sharp breath, and pressed back against Dean. *Nibble. Nibble.* Tiny, soft little bites. Cas sighed. He was all tightly, perfectly pressed against Dean now. Pressed against Dean from head to foot.

Including his hips.

....aaaaand Dean was getting hard.

Damn, Dean really wanted just let Castiel relax; let him enjoy the cuddling, and not feel pressured into feeling like he had to deliver orgasms to Dean 24/7. So Dean tried to subtly inch his hips back a little bit so Cas wouldn't feel anything, but Cas immediately wriggled backwards. Dean moved his hips back again, and Cas wriggled back *again*.

"Dean, *stop moving*," said Cas. Then he just *shoved* his hips back.

"Dean, your penis is erect," observed Castiel calmly, shifting around a bit, and Dean's dick slid right between Cas's asscheeks, the cockhead nestling between his thighs.

"Sorry about that," said Dean, his breath coming a little faster. "I just... it just happens sometimes but, we don't have to do anything. You can just relax," said Dean, adding "We're just cuddling..." but now Cas was squeezing his thighs together, and Dean thought, *maybe just one teeny tiny little thrust, just one real slow, just to see how it feels*. He did a slow, slow little

slide forward, so slow it didn't really count as a thrust, really, more just... gently shifting position. Just easing his dick along Cas's asscheeks, and between his thighs... and back out.

Okay, "gently shifting position" feels good. Check. Verified.

"Just... cuddling," muttered Dean again. *Just once more, to doublecheck.* Dean shifted his hips slooowly forward, and slooowly back again.

Ahhh. Yup. Still feels good.

"This is still... cuddling?" said Cas, sounding a little out of breath suddenly.

Maybe JUST ONCE MORE.

"Yeah..." breathed Dean, "Advanced cuddling." He closed his eyes, rolling his hips slowly again. In.... out...

DEFINITELY GOOD.

Dean said, "Hey, would you mind if I—"

"I don't mind—" said Cas.

"If you don't mind I'll just—*ah*—just—do this a little—you can just relax—" Dean started doing deeper, longer thrusts, in and out of Cas's crotch.

Suddenly Castiel was pulling away slightly, groping around on the bedside table for something. Dean heard the drawer open and then the *snap* of the lube opening up. A moment later Cas curled down, reaching between his own legs, and Dean felt Cas's hot, slick, WET hand grab Dean's dick.

Well, then, that kind of settled it! Dean sighed as Cas slicked him down, thinking, *okay okay okay it's gonna be sex again, okay already, I tried to hold back, I really did!*

But *damn* it felt good, now that Dean's dick was slicked up. Dean began sliding between Cas's ass cheeks again, between his thighs and just lost himself for a while there, not thinking about a single damn thing other than how GOOD it felt to slowly slide his slick, hard cock into Cas's thighs. Back and forth. Back and forth. Before he knew it he was rock-hard and starting to pant. Cas was arching his hips back at him now, starting to breathe a little hard himself, and Dean shifted a bit, changing his angle. Ah, yeah, now he was kind of thrusting *up at* Cas a bit, Dean's cockhead sort of butting right up at him, between his asscheeks.... Somehow Dean hadn't even been thinking about what he was aiming for, but he heard Cas groan, and suddenly realized his dick was pressed right up to Cas's asshole. Dean's cock was just *right there, right on it*. "Oh, Cas," Dean groaned, leaning his head against Cas's back, grabbing his shoulders hard with both hands. Dean just stayed there for a moment, afraid to do anything, just pressing.

Cas reached his hand over his hips and grabbed Dean's dick and adjusted its position minutely, holding it right against a certain hot, hot, *hot* place that seemed to give way a little bit. Dean gasped.

"*There*," Castiel hissed. "*Push*, Dean."

"But—" gasped Dean. "Only if you want—you don't have to—"

"*I know I don't have to*," said Castiel. "Would you just *push* already!" Dean still felt a little tentative, and Cas suddenly reached back and grabbed Dean's hip with one hand, somehow wriggled his other hand underneath and grabbed Dean's lower hip too. Now he had both hands on Dean and damn if Cas didn't just friggin' start *pulling* Dean into him by sheer force. Slowly. Slowly. Just a fraction of an inch at a time. Panting. Pausing. Pulling. Dean lay there breathless, in disbelief, clinging to Cas's shoulders with both hands now as Cas just *hauled* Dean into him with that relentless strength, just impaling himself, Dean just helplessly along for the ride.

Slowly. Slowly. The feeling of Cas's fingers digging in so firmly on Dean's hips made Dean moan; there was such an amazing sense that Cas *had him*, had *hold* of him. Right at the core, right at the root. Dean couldn't have gotten away if he'd tried; Cas was practically just using him like a giant dildo. And *oh god* Cas's asshole turned out to be *so unbelievably steaming hot and so unbelievably tight!* Dean's cock was being slowly sheathed in what felt like boiling hot, tight, wet velvet. It just sank down over Dean's cock, swallowing him up, and Dean started to whimper, muttering "Cas, *Cas*, *fuck that's good*, *oh my god that's so good!*," as Cas pulled him in.

Cas got him about two-thirds of the way in and paused. Dean gasped "You... feel... *so fucking good*, Cas," Dean pressed his face into the sheets, grabbing tight at Cas's hip and shoulder.

"Have you done... this before?" whispered Cas.

"NO," croaked Dean. "NO."

"Me neither," said Cas.

An immense, unstoppable urge was building to MOVE, to PUSH, to THRUST, and it was all Dean could do to resist, lying there as still as he could, his swollen cock buried over halfway in. One arm gripping Cas's hip, the other arm stiffly braced on Cas's shoulder. "You... okay?" said Dean, gasping, his hips already starting to jerk in tiny, automatic little twitches. Cas had stopped at two-thirds-in, and Dean didn't want to hurt him by pushing too far.

Cas said, "You can't hurt me, Dean..." and Dean started to move his hips a little more. Forward a little. Back a little. Cas said, "*Ahh... Dean... I like this... cuddling... I like cuddling...*"

Dean would have laughed if he'd had any breath. He finally gasped, "This is ... *highly advanced* cuddling, Cas." Really starting to jerk his hips now, more firmly. In. Out. In. Out.

"It's... *nice... ahhh...* Dean, could you.... *cuddle harder*, *Dean...*" gasped Cas, pushing back again.

Dean laughed, and groaned. And obeyed, thrusting harder, gripping as tight as he could onto Cas's hip with one hand, his other arm locked straight and braced against Cas's shoulder.

Dean was still trying to stay gentle but each thrust was getting a little deeper and deeper, each push working his cock further and further into that *insanely tight, hot* asshole that Cas seemed to have. How the hell was it possible for this to feel so *damn* good? Cas was moaning now, and Dean's thrusts were starting to actually shove Cas across the bed.

"Cuddle DEEPER!" said Cas, and Dean groaned, and shoved, and sank *all the way in*. Balls-deep, burying himself right to the hilt, feeling his balls press against Cas's ass. Cas twitched and yelped. Next thrust and it happened again, Cas flinching and giving a little cry.

"You okay?" gasped Dean, pausing

"DON'T STOP!" yelped Cas. "KEEP CUDDLING!" Dean choked out a laugh but Cas twitched all over and moaned "Dean...you're... hitting something —" Dean shifted his angle a bit, and Cas yelled, "THAT! THERE! AH! *yes!*"

His prostate, I'm hitting his prostate! Dean thought dizzily. He gasped, thinking, *I should jerk him off or something, I should slow down, I should reposition, I should get organized here,* but he just couldn't seem to stop thrusting, for Cas was just twitching and moaning on every thrust now. And Dean just couldn't stop pounding.

Pound. Pound. Pound. Dean's balls were audibly slapping against Cas's ass now. *Pound. Pound. Pound.* Cas gasped, "I'm falling—Dean—I'm falling." Dean thought *Is that angel-speak for coming?* And then they fell off the bed.

Dean hadn't been paying attention, and he'd been shoving Cas progressively across the bed with every thrust. And off the edge they went.

It was a weird, slow-motion fall, Dean clinging onto Cas's hips the whole way down like he was trying to save Cas from disaster. Cas managed to get his arms down to break the fall and they sort of slithered slowly down a tangle of sheets, blanket and bedspread, right down into the morass of the zebra-stripe throw pillows. And, insanely, Dean just *kept on thrusting*, all the way down, like a maniac, totally unable to stop, somehow managing to actually stay inside of Cas all the way down. They ended up sprawled all over the pillows and bedding, and Dean was STILL just shoving into him as hard as he could, gasping, totally unable to stop, just rutting into him on the floor like an absolute animal, going just *insane* with the way Cas was moaning "*Yes, there*" and twitching and yelping on every single damn thrust. It was totally disorganized, bedding and pillows were skidding away in all directions, and finally Dean's feet skidded too, slipping on the damn zebra pillows at just the wrong moment, and his dick slipped out.

"Dammit!" Dean gasped, lurching up to his knees by the bed.

"GET BACK IN ME, Dean," said Cas, scrambling up to his hands and knees too. "Cuddle me MORE!" Dean would have just burst out laughing if Cas hadn't just reached back and grabbed Dean's dick and just damn backed right up into him. *I thought the guy on the bottom was supposed to be passive or something?* Dean thought fleetingly, as Cas just plain shoved Dean right back against the damn bedframe and impaled himself on Dean's dick all over again. "*Oh, CAS, FUCK!*" groaned Dean, curling over him. He leaned forward, trying to thrust again, and was skidding all over again on the damn pillows and sheets.

A crackle of thunder, a wash of static, the fucking *wings* were there suddenly and Dean grabbed onto them in near-desperation, right where they joined Cas's back. It was like having a new set of handles suddenly. Dean *pulled* hard on the wings and plunged all the way in. Balls-deep. "THERE! YES!" cried Cas, arching his back.

"You like being *cuddled*, do you, Cas?" Dean said, adjusting his grip on the wings. "You wanna be CUDDLED, do you?"

"Yes," grunted Cas. "Harder, Dean, *cuddle me harder! Deeper!*"

"I'll cuddle the shit out of you," Dean grunted, pounding away now. "Yeah — yeah — you LIKE being cuddled, don't you, angel!" He'd sort of lost track of the humor of the cuddle joke and somehow it had just become hot as hell, and Dean started grunting, "You LIKE being cuddled, DON'T YOU, angel, you LIKE this, I'll *cuddle you*, angel, I'll *cuddle the shit out of you*, you *fucking sexy hot angel*, I'll *cuddle you till you come*, Cas!"

Somewhere in the middle of Dean's completely ridiculous cuddle-talk, Cas suddenly grabbed one of Dean's hands, jerked it around his hips and pressed it onto his own cock, holding the palm of Dean's hand right to his cockhead. Dean wasn't sure what he wanted but when Dean did another deep thrust, Cas moaned and - *holy fuck* - Dean actually *felt the precome* dribble out of Cas's dick and ooze onto his palm. *Oh. God.* Had Dean somehow... squeezed Cas's precome out with his own thrust? Dean did it again, another deep thrust; another groan from Cas, another twitch of his cock, another slow surge of warm wetness into Dean's palm. *Holy fuck.* Dean cried out, "AH, CAS!", felt his cock stiffen, knew he was right on the edge. Cas gasped:

"Are you going to... ejaculate... soon?"

Exactly what he'd asked over a month ago, Dean realized. Then, Cas had been standing there puzzled by the bed, and Dean had almost died of embarrassment. Now...

Now. Unbelievable. Impossible.

"Yes, YES!" grunted Dean into Cas's feathers. He felt feverish, his whole body vibrating, buzzing. Another deep thrust; he felt Cas's dick twitch again, felt more fluid drip into his palm, and Dean groaned, "YES, YES, YES, into YOU, into YOU, CAS, *ah, Cas, YES, YES!*" He bit the back of Cas's neck and Cas yelled "ah! *AHH!*", and hot sticky jets were squirting out of his dick suddenly into Dean's fingers, Cas grunting loudly with each jet, his wings doing those little jerky flaps again. And Cas's asshole began clenching rhythmically too, as he came: *squeeze, squeeze, squeeze*, right onto Dean's cock. Cas was coming *while Dean's cock was in him*, and this turned out to be the *single most exciting thing that had ever happened in the history of the universe*. Dean gasped as his hips gave a HUGE involuntary thrust forward, so hard Cas skidded forward a few inches. Dean froze there, balls pressed to Cas's ass, hanging on the flailing wings, trying somehow to bury himself even deeper. Cas's muscles clenched tight around Dean's cock one more time and come just friggin' blasted out of Dean's cock. Into Cas's ass. Dean felt the come just ripping out, jolt after jolt after jolt. Dean's whole body seized up; even his toes were curling with it, as the come just kept shooting out of his twitching cock, right *into Castiel's ass! (Unbelievable! Impossible!)* Dean groaned, great huge long groans, just clinging onto one wing with one hand, his other hand still holding

Cas's spasming dick, catching Cas's come; his face buried in feathers, feeling Cas shudder under him, feeling the wings tremble.

Slowly the spasms subsided. But Dean just hung on, as long as he could. Hung onto the wing; held onto Cas's cock. Hanging onto Cas everywhere he could. All through the last small twitches, through the very last ripples. At last Cas's ass gave one last contraction that actually squeezed Dean's softening dick right out - a bizarrely exquisite sensation that made Dean groan again. He lost hold of Cas's dick as Cas sank down onto the floor, right onto the tangled sheets and all the little zebra pillows. Dean just collapsed right on top of him, one hand still on the wing, the other hand trapped under Cas, still full of Cas's hot sticky come and pressed flat to Cas's stomach.

They lay there, panting.

After a few moments Cas said, "I had *no idea* cuddling would feel that good, Dean."

Dean laughed weakly. "That was *advanced* cuddling."

"Cuddling is much more energetic than I had pictured," said Cas.

Dean kind of knew he should straighten Cas out on this terminology thing, but it was just too adorable. If that's what Cas thought "cuddling" meant, then Dean was just gonna go with it, and *by god Dean was going to cuddle Castiel every damn chance he got.*

"I *really* enjoy cuddling with you, Dean," said Cas.

"I really like cuddling you too, Cas," Dean said. He kissed the back of Cas's neck. And tried a nibble.

Nibble. Nibble.

He felt Cas give a long, slow, sigh.

Nibble. Nibble.

Then Cas said slowly, "Dean... I know you said you read Schmidt-Nielsen's book, but... I just have to ask. Do you... *really* know what this means?" He paused. Dean felt Cas's head shift, and looked down at him. Cas had turned his head to the side, so that he could look up at Dean out of the corner of his eye.

Cas said, "Dean... when angels preen each other on the head... what do you think it means?"

Dean said, "Trust. Respect. Deep affection. That's what the book said. Is that right?"

"Yes," said Cas, after a tiny pause. "Do you... truly mean that?"

"I mean it," said Dean. He turned back to Cas's neck.

Nibble.

"I feel the same," said Cas softly.

Nibble. Nibble.

Dean lifted his head and said, into Cas's ear, wanting to be absolutely sure that Cas heard, "It also means love. Doesn't it."

A pause.

Cas whispered, "Yes."

"Yeah, I mean it," said Dean, and he nibbled again, and nibbled again. He wrapped one hand around the top of Cas's head, ran the other hand all along one wing and discovered all the little feathers along the top were fluffed up high, fluffed up more than Dean had ever imagined they could fluff. Including the winglets. Dean gently worked his fingers into the winglets and felt them clamp down on his hand.

"I feel the same," whispered Cas.

They lay there a moment.

"Cas..." said Dean. He paused, and then blurted out, "I don't know any physics!"

"What?" Cas twisted his head around further and looked up at him.

"I don't know any physics," said Dean, holding onto the winglets tightly. He put his head down on Cas's back, talking right into the fluffy feathers at the base of the wings. "I'm not *smart*, Cas, not like you and Sam. I mean, I don't really *know* much. All I have is this stupid little room, and my car and my stupid movies and guns and the stupid music. Cas, I tried to look at physics books today, to learn about wavelengths and dimensions and stuff, so I could talk about stuff with you, and I couldn't even read the first page!"

Cas gave a strange little *shrug*, and Dean felt all the sticky come disappear. Then Cas lifted one wing and squirmed around, sitting up, lifting the wing over Dean's head as he turned, so that he could turn around and face Dean. He ended up sitting on his knees facing Dean with his tremendous wings splayed out on the floor, one of them half-folded weirdly and the other stretching almost to the far wall. Dean sat up too, and looked back at him.

Cas said, "Dean, why would I want to talk about physics?"

"I don't know, I just, I don't want to bore you!"

Cas got a very strange look on his face. "But *I'm* the one who's going to bore *you*," he said after a moment.

"What?"

"I never understand any of your jokes!" Cas burst out. "I don't know anything about music. There's still so many things I don't understand about this culture, Dean, I still make so many mistakes—"

Dean was shaking his head now, "Oh, Cas, jeez, that doesn't matter, my jokes are stupid anyway. You don't have to laugh at them. It's just, all I have is my car and this stupid little room—"

"I wanted to come to the movie," said Cas, suddenly sounding absolutely broken-hearted. "But I was afraid there would be jokes I wouldn't understand, references I don't know, I thought you would be bored if you had to explain— and you'd have to see movies you've already seen, I haven't seen *any* of them— you'd have to see them *all over again*—"

"I *love* watching movies again — I'll watch them *all* again — but Cas, you fly all over the world, and I only have this one stupid little room—"

"I love this room," said Castiel. "It has you in it. I wish it were my room."

Dean looked at him.

Cas suddenly looked away. He cleared his throat and shook his wings out, and rubbed the back of his neck, saying, "But of course, I can certainly find a room of my own somewhere. This is your own room. You need privacy, and you need space; you're very independent, and you need a room of your own—"

"There's *plenty* of space here," said Dean. "It's a *really big* room, actually, there's lots of space, and the bed's just huge — I was just noticing that tonight, right before you got here, actually. Noticing how big the bed is. See —" He sprang up, grabbed the bedding and shook it out over the bed again. "See, it's a HUGE bed," said Dean. "And there's a ton of space here! Cas, how much stuff do you have, anyway."

"My... blade. That's all," said Castiel. "And my clothes, I suppose."

Dean laughed. "That'll definitely fit," he said. "Look, see, your blade could go right here by the boombox." Dean looked over the assemblage of little ceramic unicorns that were cluttering up the table. He plucked out one - the one that Cas had fixed for him - and set it gently on top of the boombox; all the others, he swept into a little jumbled heap of unicorns, which he put in a little drawer. (Carefully. So their little horns wouldn't break.) Then he went over to Cas's coat, fished the angel-blade out of the sleeve and came back and set it ceremoniously by the boombox. "See!" Dean said proudly. "Plenty of room!" Cas was gazing at him wide-eyed, still just sitting there on the floor in the tangled bedding with his wings splayed all over the floor. Dean stepped carefully over his feathers and flung open the little closet in the corner. There were no empty hangers. Dean hastily dumped several of his shirts on the floor (trying to hide this action from Cas) and turned around with a grin, holding up the empty hangers, saying, "See, plenty of extra hangers!" He grabbed Cas's trenchcoat and suitjacket and pants, and hung them all up, even taking the trouble to fold the pants neatly at the creases. Next Dean folded Cas's boxers, and tucked his socks together, and set them by the angel-blade; and he set Cas's shoes together tidily, in the corner of the room where Dean's shoes were, saying, "See, everything fits, there's tons of space." He turned around and was startled to find Cas standing directly behind him, only about two feet away.

Cas's eyes were shining.

The great wings seemed a little higher than usual. Spread a little more than usual.

The feathers looked *very fluffed*.

Dean said, "You could stay. Every night, Cas. I mean... if you feel like it."

"Pretty sure I feel like it," said Castiel.

Dean took his hand, pulled him back to the bed, and turned out the light. In just a moment they were under the covers again, and, in a flash, just instantly, Cas was snuggled right up to him. One arm draped over Dean's back, the "underneath hand" resting comfortably on Dean's dick.

"Look at you, Cas, you're a friggin' expert," said Dean. He got his arm under Cas's head and rested it on Cas's wing, which was tucked tightly behind his back. The upper wing settled over Dean.

They fit together perfectly.

"You sure you won't get bored with me?" whispered Dean, into the darkness.

"Dean," said Castiel, "You are many things. But you are *never* boring."

And there they were. Just lying in bed together. No sex going on, no bunny ears, no anal beads, no nipple clamps, no Impala, no "stimuli", no orgasms of any sort. Just lying in an ordinary bed, between the ordinary sheets (well, cheetah-print, anyway), doing an ordinary cuddle. Just lying here next to each other, and Dean thought, *There is nothing better in the world. There is nothing better.*

There was nothing better in the world than just being curled up here, next to his angel. Next to Castiel.

In a room of their own.

THE END

A/N - and that, my friends, is the formal end of the story.

But little epilogues will probably follow. (They almost always do. Besides, there's still some stimuli they haven't tested!) I've got to get working next on the sequel to my other fic Forgotten, but eventually there will be epilogues.

Tomorrow I'll post a sort of author's-notes thing about how this fic was put together, and where some of the ideas came from, if anybody cares.

Please let me know if you liked this, and what you liked! This was my 2nd fic ever, my first Destiel fic and also my first smut, so your reviews and encouragement mean so much to me.

Thank you!

edit: I did not expect this to get so many readers! :D :D :D I started with maybe 7 readers. I am so glad you guys liked it! Please consider dropping me a comment if you liked my story! (sorry if I am slow replying) And I would ADORE it if anybody feels inspired to contribute related fanart! Thank you all so much.

Author Notes and Thanks (NOT A CHAPTER)

THIS IS NOT A CHAPTER. THIS IS A MEGA-LONG AUTHOR'S NOTE. With lots of thanks.

Ah, everybody, thank you so so much for all your kind reviews!!!! This is only my 2nd ever fic and my first Destiel fic, also my first smut, so thanks so much for your encouragement and for tolerating my weird sense of humor. Like I did with my first fic *Forgotten*, I thought I'd add this 1 more thing about how the fic was written. I'm a professional scientist so I write a ton of nonfiction, but I am very new to fiction, so I always love hearing from other writers about where their ideas come from, what they were aiming for, and how it developed. So even though I'm new at this I thought I would write some of those things out in case anybody cares.

INVERSION #1: SEX FIRST. I deliberately tried to do a few things backwards in this fic, inverting some common romance themes. The big thing I inverted was: this fic was sex first, emotions later. The usual order in romance fiction to start with emotions, then work slowly up to sex, right? But I wanted to go backwards and start right off with sex as the VERY FIRST STEP. Not even any kissing, just straight to the orgasms! Why? Because it actually does happen in that order sometimes in real life... ahem, tmi maybe, but there you go! :) And also - I think of Dean as a "sex first" kind of guy; that it's probably easier to get him started in a relationship by jumping straight to the sex, and then letting the emotions develop later.

INVERSION #2: DEAN SWITCHES TO CAS TERMS: Another thing I inverted was who changes their language. In a lot of Destiel fics, Cas will say things slightly wrong and Dean will correct him and force him to switch to standard English slang. (Things like: Cas'll say something like "copulate", and Dean will laugh and make him switch to "fuck".) That is, Cas usually switches to Dean's language. I thought it would be cool (as well as funny!) if it went the other way around, if Dean sort of slid into using Cas's terms. So, over the course of this fic, Dean almost entirely switches to Cas's terminology - stuff like "stimuli" and "pleasurable" and "fellatio skills" and of course "cuddling" at the end. The point really being that subconsciously, Dean is willing to adjust to Cas.

INVERSION #3: SEX CAN BE FUNNY. It seems rare to mix smut with funny. Or feels with funny. I was determined to get the funny stuff mixed in there and see if it could work, see if I could get laughter mixed right in with hot sex and deep emotions. Because... again, sometimes that's what happens in real life! Real life has this way of mixing up the genres: you think you're in a romance and then something tragic happens; you think you're in a tragedy and then something hilarious happens. Sometimes all in the same day. I wanted to see if I could capture that. By the end, Dean is genuinely laughing right in the middle of genuinely hot sex. Because... that just happens sometimes. (or do I just have an especially ridiculous sex life?)

INVERSION #4: A VIRGIN WITH EXPERIENCE. Cas is often portrayed as a kind of clueless/nervous/ignorant virgin, so I just loved the idea of him being a virgin who is very

bold and who also has had a ton of a experience already! From a BDSM House of Pleasure, yet! ha ha ha! I know this is perhaps just a wee bit unlikely, but I just loved this idea of a virgin who already knows every possible sex toy and sex position and is practically expert at blow jobs. (But still doesn't know how to cuddle.)

INVERSION #5: LOSS OF VIRGINITY NOT A BIG DEAL: This was subtle but if you didn't catch it, Cas's first ever orgasm is in the feathers chapter, second is on the beanbag (which you count those as loss of "virginity" is debatable, and again that's on purpose - it's a fuzzy continuum sometimes, not one single moment. Using the Savage Love definition of sex he loses his virginity in the feathers chapter). But Cas makes absolutely no mention of this. I generally think we humans make way too big a deal about losing virginity, and I also thought it would be in character for Cas to not even point it out - and for Dean to not even think of it! (Dean actually never fully puts together that that was Cas's first time.) Cas loves the orgasms, of course, but the loss of virginity, in and of itself, is trivial to him compared to the resolution of his guilt about Dean.

Okay, on to random other stuff:

WHERE THE PLOT CAME FROM: Long long long ago (=about eight months ago) I had the idea that it would be hilarious if Cas flew in accidentally on Dean jerking off. And, that Cas would probably be completely unfazed by it. 'Cause he's not human, right? He just wouldn't have that automatic reaction of embarrassment that a human would have. And further, I've had this bug in my head for all of season 9 that Cas really ought to still be bothered by the events of S6-S8. I kept thinking, Cas always hides his feelings, but maybe deep down inside, he is really still kind of worried that he'd let Dean down. Those thoughts came together and I thought of Cas flying in on Dean, and then Cas thinking, with his warped Castiel-logic, "oh, maybe I could give him orgasms to try to make up for the past!" Then that combined with the whole "sex first" idea, I wrote chapter 1 and off it went.

WINGS, FEATHERS AND BIRDY THINGS: I mentioned some of this before, but it's always been a critical point to me that Castiel is NOT HUMAN. Not a superpowered human at all; he is another species entirely. As a biologist who has worked with a lot of different species, this seems a critical point to me. I really wanted to drill this home by giving him some nonhuman body language and behavior, so I took a lot of things from birds. The anatomy, color and dimensions of his wings are scaled up from a beautiful gyrfalcon I worked with once. I flipped around a lot about color (I also love the idea of Cas having black wings) but that white gyrfalcon was just so damn beautiful, so I went with classic white, adding some silver crescents (gyrfalcons actually have black crescents), plus the golden feather shafts (that's borrowed from yellow-shafted flickers, one of my favorite birds). Cas's habit of fluffing feathers when he's happy is based on something birds of prey do called "rousing" where they shake all their feathers and puff up briefly when they are happy and comfortable, and also on a few other species where a bird will puff up his feathers and flare his wings out when he's feeling confident. :) The neck preening is seen in quite a lot of species that pair-bond - and as you saw, that's critical to the chapter, that angels have a body-language way to show comfort and love. The neck-preening was actually sort of a test for Dean to have to think through: is he willing to meet Cas halfway, to figure out what Cas really needs, and learn some of Cas's body language? Finally: Alulas are real, like I mentioned earlier. So, the wing sex: while thinking about alulas I suddenly realized that it

would really make sense if Cas could feel things more vividly through his wings than through his vessel's hands. Then that idea suddenly opened up a whole different angle on wing sex: the reason to involve wings in sex suddenly becomes that Cas can simply FEEL Dean better, not that the wings themselves turn Cas on. Anyway, sorry for going on and on about this, but, all those zillion little details really boil down to: Cas is not human. And Dean has to be willing to adjust to what Cas needs.

CONSENT: A really tricky thing in this fic was to find a way for Cas to "push" a semi-reluctant/in-denial Dean into sex but without getting into non-con/rapey territory. I felt these two would naturally want to treat each other with consideration and respect, so I didn't want to go into any sort of non-con stuff. So, several scenes tread a delicate line where there's a wavery dubious-consent at first, but it almost instantly resolves into true-consent. If you re-read you will see that the messages they're giving to the other person, both the verbal messages and the unconscious body-language messages, are always of consent, even if there is reluctance going on secretly in their own minds. And there's also a few places where the "initiator" suddenly gets worried that the other person is uncertain, and pulls back and waits for a very clear yes before proceeding. (Cas tries to stop in the middle of the blowjob that he's giving to Dean; later, Dean backs off from Cas's wing.) This was tricky and I had to rewrite several scenes many times to try to get the right balance, especially the Setting Boundaries chapter (the first blowjob), and Feathers (the wings chapter).

CUDDLING: Cas's difficulties with cuddling, and especially the problem of where to put the "underneath arm," are pretty much an exact transcription of my first time cuddling, ha. (I was all "wtf do I do with this arm? why did nobody warn me about this arm issue?") Also, as one of you already guessed, the way Dean slid accidentally from cuddling into sex is also based on approximately 90% of cuddling episodes with my bf. ("hey, do you mind if I... just do this a little?... you can just relax...") :D

NOISY SEX: I got 1 negative vote from one of you about the amount of noisiness but several strongly positive comments as well. Whether it worked or didn't, what I was trying to do was actually just be realistic. Back to the science again: I used to do vocalization analysis on bird and monkey calls, also some elephant work, and after years of transcribing animal calls I tend to pay attention to ALL the noises humans make, in all their variety, and what order they happen in; and I wanted to just write it all out in the way it often seems to happen. (ahem, tmi again I suppose! :D) Anyway the elements were: Complete grammatical sentences right to the end (contrary to a lot of fics, people don't lose the ability to put a sentence together! They get breathless and it gets interlaced with other noises, but they're still able to get a sentence out); trying to give really fast feedback to the other person ("yes THERE" sort of thing); and occasionally just blurting out exactly what they're thinking in a string of complete sentences, which Dean does several times. (The stuff like "you're such a fucking sexy hot angel, Cas" - Dean's not acting a role or "trying" to talk dirty; he's just saying exactly what he is actually thinking). Just my picture of the human experience, YMMV of course. :)

SYMMETRY: I got really taken with this totally hamhanded idea that the first and last chapters should echo each other like bookends. The first chapter has Cas saying "Are you going to ejaculate soon?" and Dean falling off the bed, in that order; the last chapter has Dean falling off the bed again, and then Cas asking "Are you going to ejaculate soon?", in the other order. Mirror images, wooo! And both times he falls because of Castiel. With these critical

differences: the first time, Dean falls away from Cas, and falls all alone, and his answer is basically "No"; the second time he falls toward Cas, and WITH CAS, which has just all kinds of great metaphorical meaning, and his answer is a very definite "Yes."

MORE SYMMETRY! - Nested inside of the falling-off-the-bed bookends is another way-too-obvious little bookend pair of: "What did you just do?" "I helped you to ejaculate / I kissed you. I thought it was obvious." The first is when they jump into sex, and the second when they jump to real emotion. They trade places on this one: first Dean is stunned when Cas jumps into sex; later, Cas is stunned when Dean jumps to, well, love, though he doesn't call it that right away. So, they take turns pulling each other forward. Yes I know it's super obvious, but I just love that kind of stuff!

THE TITLE: Just want to be sure you all know that the title of this fic comes from Virginia Woolf's 1929 essay about how women writers need a room of their own to work in, both literally and figuratively. (*"Give her a room of her own... let her speak her mind... and she will write a better book one of these days" [than the books written by men]*) Our very own Archive Of Our Own echoes this phrasing (deliberately, I'm sure). I wrote this whole fic in a room of my own, in a house of my own, that I bought with money that I earned all by myself. :)

SCHMIDT-NIELSEN: just btw, dear ol' Knut was a real physiologist who wrote a bunch of awesome books, including one called "The Camel's Nose." He spent his life going all over the world studying the weirdest animals he could find, so I thought, if anybody were ever to write a really good book about angel biology, it would be him. One of you guys actually recognized his name; I was amazed.

THANKS: Huge thanks to the fine talented people at Reddit's /r/fandomnatural, and I know some of you are reading this! I would not have stumbled into the world of fanfics in general, and Destiel in particular, if it hadn't been for you guys. If not for you, I never would have thought, "I wonder if I could write a fic?" and definitely never would have fallen down that relentless slippery slope into "I wonder if I could write a smutty fic?"

And more huge thanks to all of you beautiful lovely wonderful talented people who have been dropping me these precious comments, like manna from Heaven! OMG how did I never know about the existence of this fanfic community before??? Where have you all been hiding all my life? You all are so supportive and amazing and helpful. I love writing for you, and I can't wait to read what you all have written too. The talent in this community is beyond belief.

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