

Better Late Than Never

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Better Late Than Never

by [saawinchester](#)

Summary

Jensen wasn't alone. He had his son, Lucas.

As Lucas enters his second last year of highschool, the depressing thoughts accompanied with loneliness begins to plague Jensens mind.

Lucas begins to take notice of his soft hearted dads troubles. He knows it has to do with him having a year left before leaving for college. He knows his dad will miss him so much. His dad needed someone to fill the emptiness when he is not around.

He decides Sheriff Dean Winchester is the answer.

The only question is how will he get his recluse of a dad to start dating again and will Dean Winchester, popular ladies man even bat an eye in his dad's direction?

Let's say their first meet didn't go so well....

Notes

A/N: Disclaimer: I do not own anyone in this fic. Just borrowing names and faces for fan fic purposes only.

Please forgive me if any errors as English is my second language and I have no beta. Forgive me in advance.

I feed off constructive feedback and kudos...it's my inspiration.

In this fic Jensen is younger than Dean. He probably looks like his s5 clean shaven self while Dean looks like his s9 scruffy sexy self. It's just to give them a slight change in look because yes I know they are the same person. Use your imagination.

Chapter 1

“Lucas! You’re going to be late for school,” Jensen called up the stairs. He chuckled when he heard a squawk, thump and a groan come from his sons room.

Yup Lucas probably fell off the bed again.

His son was still a late riser. Always had been from the age of 5. And has manifested for the last 12 years after. He chuckled and shook his head, making his way to their little humble lime colored kitchen. He proceeded to make pancakes while the coffee brewed.

Jensen was used to this domesticity. Just he and his 17 year old son.

But recently his gut always hollowed when thinking of his boy. His nerves always felt unsettled. That voice in the back of his mind constantly reminding him that *'soon everything will be different, soon he won't be around'*.

And that scared Jensen to the very core.

He couldn't imagine being without his baby. His screaming pink baby that he cradled in his 15 year old arms to watch him grow into a fine young man. His baby that he had wished stayed little, innocent and dependent on his dad.

Unfortunately, life wasn't such. Children grew, gained independence and moved on.

Jensen was lost in deep thought that he didn't notice his son stumble into the kitchen.

Lucas tried to spike his sandy blonde hair up, fixing his strap on his shoulder. *Christ he can't believe he'll be slightly late for his first day as a Junior.* He glanced at the island seeing no plate filled with breakfast in sight. He spared a glance at his dad and frowned at the faraway stoic face his father had in place while staring out the window, spatula in hand. He moved closer to the island, muttering, “Dad you ok?”

An indistinct voice entered his ears until it grew louder and clearer. A firm, “Dad!” broke Jensen out of his heart jostling thoughts. He startled, finally smelling the burnt pancakes. He immediately turned off the stove and turned to meet the concerned green eyes of his 17 year old. He feigned a smile, “Good morning baby”. He thanked the heavens there was still a few unburnt pancakes already placed on a plate beside the stove. He quickly placed that in front of his baby, pouring two cups of coffee.

Lucas could tell that his father was trying to act all fine; covering up for his mishap. He had seen his dad in a almost sad state for the last two months or so. It was not pleasant to see his 32 year old dad be so clumsy and vulnerable. When his dad placed his coffee before him, he asked, “Are you ok dad?”

Jensen swallowed, laughing lightly before taking a huge gulp of his coffee. He added, “Sure baby I’m fine. Eat up....I’ll drop you off to school so you won’t be late”.

Lucas wanted to push further but his dad was right. He needed to get to school on time. He dropped the subject for now and shoveled the pancakes into his mouth before washing it down with coffee. Within a few minutes they were climbing into his fathers black 2008 Ford Escape.

“Garth! Kevin! My office pronto!”

Garth and Kevin stared wide eyed at one another. *Oh crap! That was the Sheriffs pissed off voice.*

“Kevin! Garth! If you’re not in my office in 5 seconds...”.

Kevin and Garth scrambled over to the Sheriffs office. Kevin shut the door quietly behind them as if that would clear any tension. Garth already trembling lightly, but standing ramrod straight trying to look at the white board behind the fuming sheriff’s back. Kevin came to stand beside Garth, squeaking, “Yes Sheriff Winchester”.

“What the hell is this?!” Dean threw an open file containing pictures of what looked like a small rally outside an animal clinic that...looked familiar. Oh crap!

Kevin mumbled lightly, “It was all under control”.

Dean growled in a low dangerous tone, “Does this look like it’s under control Tran?”

Garth jumped in, “But we arrested the main instigator for these rallies”.

Dean blew hot air through his nose, gritting out, “Does this look like the main instigator was arrested. Did you even do a background check on the guy you currently have locked up in the cell?!”

Garth scratched the back of his head, “Um we went on a tip”.

Kevin added, “Yeah some guy named Kiki”.

The sheriff removed the picture above revealing the next, showing a blonde haired, brown eyed dude with a cigarette in his mouth. He pointed, “You mean this guy?”

“Uh-oh”, Was all Kevin and Garth could mutter.

“Yeah uh-oh because apparently this man here....that you so willingly trusted is the leader of this group that had been causing nothing but havoc to business owners and centers such as these. The man you supposedly locked up without any thorough check happens to be an animal rights activist. He’s one of the good guys....FOR HEAVEN’S SAKE WHAT IS IT GARTH?!” The sheriff barked at the taller officer who was putting his hand up to wanting to speak.

“But his names Donny sir...Don for short....sounds like someone who would sell weed”.

Sheriff Winchester pinched the bridge of his nose, “Get out both of you and fix this damn mess!”

“Yes sir”, Kevin and Garth left their office just happy that their badges were still attached.

Dean was finishing up some last minute paper work when the door to his office opened. Without lifting his head Dean uttered, “What is it Donna?”

“Boss that kid Lucas is here to see you”.

Dean sighed. Lucas has been coming over quite a lot, saying that he was doing an assignment on the Sheriffs department. He really didn’t have the energy to be answering the questions of a teenager at 7pm. He frowned as he glanced at his watch. *What was a teen doing out at 7pm?* He should be home with his parents. He nodded, “Let him in Hanscum”.

“Okie Dokie Boss”.

A few seconds later, Lucas walked in with book in hand. He smiled, “Hiya sheriff Winchester”.

Dean scrutinized the teen, “What are you doing still roaming around at 7pm Lucas? Aren't your parents going to get worried?”

Lucas had this twinkle in his eyes, shrugging, “Sorry Sheriff, lost track of time. Is it ok if you drop me back home? Plus I only have a dad and he's SINGLE”.

Dean shook his head at the bluntness of the teen. *Clearly Lucas was up to something.* Anyway, Dean had a duty to uphold. He added, “Ok since I’m knocking off, I’ll drop you off to your home. Come on”.

“Thanks Sheriff!”

Dean parked his 2018 Ford Ranger outside the small two story home. He added, “You’ll be ok from here?” He saw the white door to the humble home swing open and out stepped a six foot tall, Sandy blonde, gorgeous man who had his arms folded across his chest with a disapproving scowl in place. Dean found himself asking, “That your dad?”

Lucas gulped, “Yup...Crap”. He turned to find Dean staring at his dad with hooded eyes. Despite the scolding he would probably get from his pops; it’ll probably be worth it. He asked, “Do you want to say hi?”

“I don’t think I need to be doing that. He’s coming over”.

Crap! Lucas was frozen as he watched his dad stomp towards them. *Shit he was so screwed.*

“Lucas Lee Ackles! You get out of that car and away from that cradle snatcher right this instant!”

Oh Crapity Crap! Lucas watched as Sheriff Winchesters jaw dropped open.

TBC

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Uh oh what happens?

More meddling Lucas :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dean didn't know what to say. He was too stunned to even utter a word. His current disbelief was how someone could call him a cradle snatcher?

Ok maybe a 38 year old guy dropping off a 17 year old at night was kinda suspicious. *Christ he needed to clear this mess up.*

Dean decided to get out of the car the same time Lucas did, jogging around the trunk of the car to the pair who were both watching him. One with a glaring expression and one with a bug-eyed look. Up close Dean could see that Mr. Ackles had delicate features but must not be mistaken for a softy. The man was already standing slightly ahead of his son protectively, arms folded along his chest and ready for whatever. Dean found the action quite alluring from the hunk of a man. Despite those tingly feelings, Dean plastered on a half smile, "Mr. Ackles. Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Dean Winchester". He stuck his hand out, "I'm the sheriff here in Sioux falls".

Jensen eyes shot down to Deans hand, studying it as if was something nasty before he glowered, "So this is how you spend your time Sheriff! Preying on young vulnerable teenage boys!"

Deans expression once again shifted to one of disbelief, dropping his hand to his side, stuttering, "N-no Mr. Ackles. I-".

"Then why in the hell are you hanging around with my son, hm?!"

God Dean swore the man's emerald eyes became a more deeper shade of green when he was pissed. *It could hypnotize a man.* He cleared his throat, "Listen Mr. Ackles, I was just dropping him back home. He came into my office, the Sheriffs department, due to his assignment he is currently working on about us. I told him it was late, told him that his parents would be worried about him and told him that I was going to drop him home. I was just ensuring he got home safe is all. No harm meant".

Jensen scrutinized the man before him as if looking for any hint of bullshit for about 30 seconds. Seemingly satisfied, Jensens shoulders relaxed and he stepped back to stand by his

son, pinching the bridge of his nose, “Sorry I was just so worried about my son, tried calling him but he wouldn’t answer”. He shot Lucas a pointed look, “Care to explain young man why that is?”

Lucas felt guilt bubble within him. He knew the rules; always call dad if you’re going to be arriving home late after school. He aimed his dad a doleful look, “I’m sorry dad. I didn’t mean to worry you”.

Jensen pulled his son to his side, landing a peck on his sandy blonde hair, “Its ok baby...Just please try to not give your old man an almost heart attack or stroke again”.

Lucas beamed, “K pops!” He turned to the Sheriff who was just looking back and forth between father and son, seemingly intrigued and more relaxed. He uttered, “Thanks Sheriff for dropping me back home. I’m sorry if I got you in a little trouble with my dad”.

Dean shrugged, “Tis ok kid. Just do what your dad says from now on. He was only being a concerned parent and if the roles were reversed, I would have probably reacted the same as he. So don’t sweat it”.

Lucas smiled toothily before he yammered, “Ok I’ll go inside now. I’ll just leave you guys to talk. Chow!” He walked his way towards his home, mentally crossing his fingers. *Please, please, please universe, work your magic.*

Jensen studied his son as he walked away with a bounce in his step as if extremely happy about something. *Quite weird after the commotion they had just been through.* He was startled out of his thoughts when Dean spoke.

“You see it too huh?”

Jensen aimed Dean a quizzical look, “Huh?”

Dean gestured towards Lucas' direction with his head, “Even though I may not know him well, I still think his over eager behavior is quite suspicious”.

Jensen chuckled, “Yeah guess so”. He cleared his throat, “I would like to apologize Sheriff for my rudeness earlier”. He extended his hand out.

A smile curved the side of Deans lip, placing his hand in Jensens and giving it a handshake, “No worries Mr. Ackles. And please call me Dean. Sheriff is when I’m at work, Mr. Winchester is my dad, so call me Dean. Everyone does”.

Jensen couldn’t explain the warm feeling blossoming in his tummy at the man’s touch and gaze. The palm of his hand tingling lightly even after they separated. He was able to get a good look at the man before him now that his anger and irritation ebbed away; his only analysis was the man before him was hella attractive. They almost stood at the same height whereby he was slightly shorter by maybe 2 inches. *He always found that height was an attractive feature in someone and they needed to be close to his; whether shorter or taller.* And don’t get him started on that gruff look and the permanent crows feet on the corners of the man’s eyes. He gulped, *shit he was probably staring.* He gestured to the house, “I should

probably get going. Thank you Dean for bringing my son back home safely. You have a wonderful evening”.

Deans heart palpitated as the gorgeous man’s eyes studied him intently. He supposed the man liked what he saw judging by the somewhat dreamy expression etched on the beautiful face. He replied, “Goodnight Mr. Ackles-“.

“Jensen. Call me Jensen”, Jensen interrupted. He added a lopsided grin, “Mr. Ackles is my dad”.

Dean chuckled at Jensens repetition of his earlier analogy regarding *Mr. Winchester being his dad*. He corrected, “Goodnight Jensen”. He then made his way once again around the trunk, voicing out, “See you around”.

Jensen didn’t want to name the long awakened feeling he could sense brewing inside of him. He shoved it back down, giving a half wave, “See ya around Dean”. With that he strolled back up his footpath not sparing a moment’s glance back.

Shit his dad was coming back! Lucas drew the curtain by the front door back and scurried to the kitchen where his food sat untouched. He began taking a bite of his asparagus when his dad walked in looking light, smiling.....and flushed. *Oh flushed is good.*

He asked, “Everything ok with the sheriff dad?”

“Yes baby. Everything is fine, “ Jensen pulled out a chair and sat by his son's side.

Lucas watched his dad giving off this inscrutable look as he gazed at the wall for a few seconds. He muttered, “Dad what’re you thinking of?”

That seemed to startle Jensen bringing him back to earth. He threaded his fingers together atop the table, shrugging, “Nothing. Just....it was real kind of the sheriff to drop you off”.

Lucas wanted to add that ***any sheriff would probably drop any child seen wondering around; he was nothing special*** but didn’t want to ruin any moment. Instead he was going to use this opportunity to maybe add a few flattering things into the mix. He pressed on, “Mhmm. Dean is a real gentlemen isn’t he? Too bad he’s single. Would have made that lucky someone a perfect pair”.

Jensens eyes seemed to shine brighter, “He’s single?” He realized what he just asked, rubbing the back of his neck, “I-I mean that’s too bad I guess. Maybe he’ll meet someone someday. He is fairly good looking, I’m sure it won’t take that long”.

Lucas studied his dad with a smirk, “Aha. You know who else is good looking dad?”

Jensen cocked his head at his son, “Who?”

“You are dad. You’re also single”. He winked, “You two are like two peas in a pod”.

“Aha and what does that mean?” Jensen raised an amused brow at his son.

Lucas sighed, getting up and gathering his plates, “It means dad....that maybe paths cross for a reason and when presented with the opportunity, you take it. After all everyone needs a companion....well some sort of a companion”. He walks over to the kitchen without another word.

Jensen swallowed. *Was his son hinting at something?* Whatever it was, it was working because now his thoughts centered around how *Dean is single, handsome and....uh no, no, no! He is perfectly happy with his life.* Besides Dean may not bet for the same team as he.

Lucas hovered near his dad, clearly seeing his dad in deep thought. Well he was just happy the seed of thought was planted. *Time to let fate, time and a little....meddling from him to take its toll.*

One way or the other, he was going to see his dad happy and content before he left for college the year after next.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

A/N: And hit me with your feedback my lovelies?

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Ok so basically I was unhappy with the first chapter 3 I posted up and felt that it was a little unrealistic for Dean and Jensen to jump straight into dates....So I created another chapter 3 that seems more realistic...I hope you enjoy :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hey Sheriff there’s been a report that there are three teenage kids vandalizing Mr. Delmar’s property”, Garth popped his head into Deans office.

“You mean the pet store owner?” Dean asked.

“Yes exactly. You want us to check it out?”

Dean was already headed for the door. If it was teenagers then he wanted to handle everything in a smooth manner whereby no one got shot in the process. And knowing some of his cops, they were kinda trigger happy and that just wouldn’t do. He firmly stated, “I’ll handle it Garth. You hold down the fort while I’m away”.

“Yes sir”.

When Dean got to Mr. Delmar’s property, there was yelling and shouting going on. This was between Mr. Delmar and the three teen boys while the neighbors watched on surprisingly saying or doing nothing.

As Dean strode over with big determined steps, Mr. Delmar spotted him instantly clambering over, shouting, “These kids have vandalized my property sheriff! I expect something to be done! Look, look at what they have done to my home door and walls!” He gestured wildly at the graffiti.

The writings read, ‘**Animal Abuser, Pet Store Cruelty, Save Our Pets and Animals, Asshole, End Cruelty To Animals and Pets**’.

It was no secret that Mr. Delmar was loathed by many due to animal cruelty speculations raised against him. So far, no evidence has been provided to support those allegations hence he has been allowed to carry on his pet store business. Personally, Dean does not support pet stores and rather people adopted from animal shelters. In the back of his mind there was always something dodgy about pet stores and it always hurt to see animals displayed through glass while in a tiny unclean cubicle as they lay unhappy and motionless.

He wished he could have given these teens a medal, however, the law is above anything else. *Vandalism was a crime still.*

He turned to face the teens and was about to question them when the familiar looking teen in the middle captured his interest. He was actually downright shocked, blurting out, “Lucas?!”

Lucas’ eyes instantly shot to the ground, he murmured under his breath, “Hey Dean”.

Dean looked back and forth between the three boys, before he directed his gaze back to the sandy blonde freckled teen, “Lucas you and your friends better have a damn good explanation for why all three of you are not in school but vandalizing people’s property!”

Lucas glanced up at Dean, but not with fear. The teen raised his head proudly, “Are you going to arrest us Sheriff?”

“Of course he is going to arrest you stupid spoilt brat!” Mr. Delmar cursed. “Arrest him sheriff! Do your job!”

Dean turned and fixed the stout old man with a glare. He barked, “Hold your tongue Mr. Delmar. Don’t you tell me how to do my job!” He grit out, “Now get out of my sight and let me handle this!”

Mr. Delmar took a step back, “Yes Sheriff”. He scrambled back into his house.

Dean turned to face everyone else, “What are you all looking at?! Go back into your homes!”

Once Dean had everyone cleared out, he turned to the three teens while pointing to his sheriffs car, “Get in the car. I’m taking you all to the precinct”.

Lucas sighed, downcast look in place as he did what he was told.

Dean studied the teen that sat directly opposite his desk. He threaded his fingers together atop his desk, leaning in, saying in a much softer tone, “Your father is on his way Lucas. Same as your friends parents”.

Lucas swallowed, dread filling him up as he glanced shyly at Dean, “Is he mad?”

“He sounds mad and disappointed”, Dean honestly revealed. He was actually starting to feel sorry for the scared teen before him. He shook his head, sighing as he thumbed at the bridge of his nose, “Lucas what happened?”

Lucas felt his heart palpitate harder, he busily toyed with his fingers before admitting, “Mr. Delmar owns a pet shop in town. We have reason to believe the animals are not being fed well, emotionally disturbed and at times manhandled abruptly. There have also been a high number of deaths from his pet store. We do not like the cruelty being displayed and since he got away with investigations, we friends decided to take matters into our own hands. We wanted to paint him as a horrible person, display it to the public”.

Dean let out a breath, “And you thought vandalism was the best way to go about things? Lucas you’re smarter than that. You know that he can sue and you can be tried as a juvenile. That’s a mighty big risk and can alter your good future”.

“I know...I just....I wanted to expose him for the vile, cruel man that he is...I know it was wrong, I’m sorry....I should have thought things clearly....I was just so mad”, Lucas slumped.

Dean had the urge to walk over to the other side and engulf the boy in a warm comforting hug. *Well that was new.* After a few quiet moments of thought, Dean uttered, “Look kiddo, I will look into what I can do but in the meantime, I want you to promise me you will never attempt to do such an act again”. He leaned in, a small grin in place, “Even if I know it was for a good cause and even if I may have probably joined you and your friends. I myself loathe animal or pet abusers. Let’s keep that between us yeah?”

Lucas smiled lightly, “Yeah ok”.

“LUCAS LEE ACKLES!”

Lucas shot Dean a bug eyed look while Dean returned sympathetic ones.

Oh crap! He was in big doodoo.

“Lucas why?” Was the first thing Jensens uttered after taking a seat beside his son in Deans office.

“Dad the guy was evil. He abuses animals. So many have died in his care and nothing was being done”.

Jensen fixed his son with a stern look, “That doesn’t mean that you take matters into your own hands Lucas. There are proper or more appropriate channels to follow son”.

“Your dad’s right Lucas. Maybe you could have collected your own evidence and come to me for assistance. With sufficient proof I could have reopened the investigations”. Dean added, “Was there any way you could have gotten proof?”

“Yeah we took loads of pictures and we have a friend who is working there part time”. Lucas sniffled when he realized something, his eyes becoming watery, “Maybe I could have submitted the evidence to you and maybe you could have interviewed my friend”. He frantically added with tears dripping down his face, “I was just so angry that I couldn’t help but do something. I wasn’t thinking straight....I’m so so sorry dad”. He buried his face into his palms sobbing quietly.

Seeing his son cry always tugged at Jensens heartstrings. He instantly got out of his chair, walking over to his son and pulling him into a hug. He repeatedly kissed his sons head, whispering, “Its ok baby. We’ll figure this out ok? Dad’s here. I won’t let anything happen to you, I promise”.

Dean felt his heart drop, seeing the tender loving moment between father and son. His own tears threatening to overflow. He didn't know what was happening, but one thing was certain; he wasn't going to let Lucas go to jail for something he was passionate about.

The kid just made an error judgement and needed guidance.

He picked up his phone, dialing a number, "Hey Garth. Yes...Do you still have that animal rights activist contact details....yes the one you wrongly arrested". Dean added with an eye roll. "Great send me his details". Dean jotted down what he needed and ended the call, looking up to meet two curious identical eyes. He smiled at a blotchy faced Lucas, "Do you still have the evidence with you Lucas?"

"Y-yes. Dean why?"

"Because I'm going to reopen the investigations on Mr. Delmar". His heart warmed when Lucas smiled brightly, eyes lighting up.

"Really?!"

"Yes really". He then gazed directly into Lucas eyes, "But Lucas, before I do that, I need you to look me in the eye and tell me that you're absolutely sure that Mr. Delmar has been abusing animals at the pet store and that you have sufficient evidence to meet those claims".

Lucas didn't blink when he met Deans gaze head on, "I swear that Mr. Delmar has been abusing animals or pets and that I do have more than enough sufficient evidence Sheriff. I even have hacked security footage catching him in the act".

Dean was stunned before his smile grew, "Very well. I will get our IT specialist Ash to have a look at that security footage".

"Dean?" Jensen muttered worriedly.

Deans eyes met stressed green ones that he has grown fond of in a short period of time. He answered, "Yes Jensen?"

"What will happen to my son? Will you keep him hold up in here?"

Dean fixed Jensen a determined look, "Leave that to me ok. I have a few connections that owe me favors. I will sort things out for Lucas and his friends". He added with softness, "Don't worry ok".

Jensen smiled at Dean for the first time since he entered the sheriff's office. His eyes holding admiration and calmness, "Ok Dean. I'll leave it to you then. Can my baby come home with me today?"

"He and his friends are free to go Jensen". He let his gaze linger on Jensens for a while, heart doing a somersault before he tore his attention and focused it on Lucas, "In the meantime young man...you and your buddies....no more v-".

"Vandalizing", Lucas interrupted with a huff. "Got it sheriff".

Dean nodded, “You better both go home and get some rest. It’s been a long day for everyone”.

Before tall, sandy blonde and gorgeous walked out the door, he turned and uttered with a twinkling smile, “Thank you Dean. We appreciate this a lot. My son and I owe you. Bye for now”.

Deans heart was playing some sort of a drum beat. He returned Jensens smile, “You’re welcome Jensen. Bye for now”. With that Dean watched father and son walk out of his office.

He was ready to defend; giving all he had. *What does that mean?*

TBC

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Please give me your feedback on what you think of this chapter 3?

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Ok some feels in this chapter....and some moments ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Hey bub what’re you doing?” Jensen was leaning against his son’s doorway watching Lucas going through some documents very intently.

Without thinking, Lucas answered, “Just checking out potential colleges or universities I want to apply for next year pops. I hear that UC Davies has one of the best Veterinary programs to offer”.

Jensens heart thrummed hard and painful, he tried to school his features, “Um...that’s in California right?”

Lucas glanced up at his father. His heart ached to see the pain his father was trying to conceal by putting up a façade. But he could see right through the fear and vulnerability in his dad’s eyes. He swallowed, “Yeah dad. It’s in Cali”.

“Oh. Didn’t know you were going to move so far”.

Lucas shrugged, “It is quite far pops”. He sighed and shoved the papers into a file, putting on a smile and facing his father, “Let’s not worry about that now pops. I’ll think about my options when I reach senior year. How about we go watch a movie and eat some popcorn dipped in chocolate hmm?” He said getting up.

Jensen was actually grateful for his son’s change of subject. He really didn't know how he was going to handle anymore of college or university talk nor the part where his son was going to be moving somewhere far away from him. He shoved all those worries deep down and beamed, “Ok son. Let’s do that”.

Lucas pressed on the remote to turn the tv off, blurting, “I really don’t know why Jack couldn’t be saved. I mean there was enough space on that damn plank floating around”.

Jensen had heard this complaint everytime they watched ‘*Titanic*’. *His son’s favorite movie*. He really didn't understand why Lucas was so fascinated by the movie seeing as he always grumbles about it later. *Oh well*. He chuckled, “Sweetheart it’s just a movie”.

“I know pops, but you must agree that it’s ridiculous that Jack couldn’t be saved too. I mean come on, they should have made the plank smaller if they were aiming at Jack to die of hypothermia”.

Jensen shook his head, laughing, “Hmm good point baby”.

“Yup”. Lucas tapped his lip, thinking hard, “I wonder what Dean would say about that?”.

“Sheriff Dean?”

“Mhmm”. Lucas noticed his fathers faint blush. He grinned, “I think Dean would totally agree with me. Maybe we should invite him to watch Titanic with us one day and see what he has to say? What do ya think dad?”

Jensens head was now swimming with thoughts of Dean sitting beside him, with his arms around his shoulder, his warm body plastered against his side, his lips and warm breath gracing his ear as he whispered sweet nothings....ok enough! He cleared his throat, “Um....I doubt Dean is a Titanic kinda guy baby. Maybe a die hard one”.

“Meh! It’s mostly the guys with the toughest exterior that has a knack for romance and sweet things. I’m sure Deans a big scary alpha male but is very tender and soft hearted”. He sighed, “I imagine him as a family guy”.

Jensen analyzed his son's words but the last sentence was the one that caught his attention. It felt like renewed hope and excitement was trying to bubble out of him, he uttered, “You think he’s family guy material?”

Lucas decided to redirect the question to his dad, “How about you dad? Do you think he is a family guy?”

Jensen swallowed and glanced at the black tv screen before him. He relished in the quietness around while his mind played on and on. He thought of Dean and the aura the man projected. The man truly had the qualities any person looking for a better half would require particularly when looking for a family man too. He was protective, headstrong but at the same time displayed dedication and gentleness.

To Jensen he was perfect. But that’s just him. No one needed to know how he felt about Dean Winchester. It was a growing feeling of attraction however, he just doesn’t know if this is what he needs.

“Dad? What’s the verdict?”

Jensen licked his lips, “I think Dean is a great guy and would someday make a great family man to whomever the lucky person is. He deserves it”.

“What about you dad?”

Jensen furrowed his brow in confusion, “What’d you mean son?”

“Don’t you think that you deserve to have good things too?”

Jensen glanced at his son, "I have you. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me. That's all I need Lucas".

Lucas heart pained to say what he had to next but it needed to be said, "Dad you won't always have me around. I'll be leaving for college or university in another years time. That's inevitable. Who will you have then?" He almost wished he hadn't spoken when he witnessed his fathers crestfallen look. He uttered almost carefully and quietly, "Dad....I will visit time to time. I will always love you but it'll never be the same. Maybe you need someone to be happy with, to fill the void when I'm not around".

Jensen could feel the tears prickling his eyes, his heart was once again jackhammering against his ribcage. His son's words felt like it had entered his veins trying to get a hold of his entire being. He suddenly felt cold, shaky and nauseous. He couldn't fathom life without his son. Lucas was his life and he couldn't just see anything beyond that.

Lucas heartrate began to climb when he saw his fathers breathing begin to speed up with a look of fear radiating off his expression as well as the emptiness in his watery eyes shone through more prominently. He placed a careful hand onto his fathers bicep, "Dad? Dad are you ok?"

Oh did Jensen hear his son. He needed to retreat to his bedroom and get a hold of himself. He couldn't let his son see this week side of him. He didn't want to worry his sweet baby. He feigned a shaky smile, voice thick as he said, "I need to go lie down baby. You tidy up yeah? I'll see you in the morning". He got up, and kissed his worried looking son on the head, "Good night love".

Lucas watched his fathers slightly trembling figure walk away without another word. A tear slipped down his cheek and the feeling of guilt and sadness overwhelmed him. He knew his dad chose to stay mum and go weep in his room. His dad never liked showing weakness in front of him and he respected that but it only hurt when his dad chose to avoid instead of address. His fathers' heart was broken and lonely. He needed to give his dad his space for tonight. He muttered quietly, "Goodnight dad. I love you".

His dad needed to feel loved by someone other than him. His father needed to learn once more that happiness is all around him, he just needs to know where to look and where to find it.

He buried his face between the palm of his hands and decided to try something he had given up a long time back. He prayed.

Please help him. Please help my dad.

The next day....

Dean was on patrol that day and had to stop a slightly over the speed limit driver. He parked his sheriff's four wheeler behind the now stationary 2008 Ford Escape. He headed towards the driver sides, he didn't need to rap his knuckles on the drivers window as it was already

rolled down. Without glancing properly at the driver he used his authoritative tone, “Over speeding there buddy. License and registration?”

Jensen sighed. He didn’t mean to be going over the speed limit. He just had a lot going on in his mind. He had just dropped his son off to school and watching his baby boy head towards the school entrance all grown up brought back thoughts that in another years time, his baby won’t be with him anymore. He swiped at his teary cheek and reached for the dash pulling out the necessary documents and his license. He held the document by the window, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to go over the speed limit”. Still he hadn’t looked at the officer, deciding to stare at his steering wheel.

Dean on the other hand immediately recognized Jensens voice. His eyes shot over to the beautiful man staring blankly at his steering wheel. His eyes slowly caught the tear tracks, redness of the man’s eyes and the flushed look. His worry spiked, “Jensen? What happened?”

Jensen was able to register who the voice belonged to since his numb mind was back to functioning. His eyes instantly met Deans worried gaze. Shit. He shakily uttered, “Dean? Um...hi”. He tried to look for something to say, he registered that he was still holding his documents that Dean hasn’t yet taken off him, “Um do you need my registration and license?”

Dean could tell something was troubling Jensen and his protectiveness instantly surged when Jensens eyes fully met his. The man was a wreck. His eyes caught a picture of a very young probably 10 year old Lucas perched near the dash before Jensen. His worry shifted, “Is Lucas ok?!”

Jensens brows furrowed, “Um Lucas is fine Dean. He’s in school now. Why do you ask?”

“Then why do you look upset? What’s wrong?” Dean couldn’t stop himself saying.

Jensen felt self conscious now that Dean had picked up on his current state, as a result of his embarrassment his defensiveness kicked in, irritation climbing within him as he grit out, “With all due respect sheriff, that’s none of your business thanks. And I’m fine!” He shook his papers, “Now are you going to take the damn documents so that I can be on my way or you just going to stand there poking your nose into my business?!”

Jensens outburst smacked him in the face without warning, stunning him for a few seconds. Christ Dean shouldn’t be turned on right now but his downstairs brain was having a slight malfunction. He tried to distract his mind and focus on his job, putting his hands up in a placating gesture, “Woah Jensen. Sorry if I seem like I’m prying. I don’t mean to. It’s just that I can’t help being worried. Just a concerned person here. And put your documents away. I’ll let you go this time, just drive safe yeah?” Dean decided to head back to his car.

Jensen sighed. He knew he was over reacting and over dramatic. Dean was just caring for his well-being and he was the asshole here. He placed his papers back into the dash board and called out, “Dean wait!” He got out of the car and headed to the rear of his car where Dean had stopped. He really didn’t want to think about how hot the sheriff looked in his uniform that hugged the man’s body well. *Too late.* He could already feel his cheeks heating up. *Centre yourself Jensen, damn it.* He inhaled a deep breath through his nostrils , before

rubbing the back of his neck, "I'm sorry for being an ass. I just, I haven't been having such a great morning is all".

Dean found Jensens flush and mannerisms adorable. He stepped a little towards Jensen maybe leaving them at least 3 feet apart, "Hey no need for apologies. I understand". He cleared his throat, "Look Jensen, if you want to talk about anything then I'm here. Even though you might not know me that well, I guarantee that I'm a great listener and I can be a great friend too. So you know where to find me".

Jensen smiled lightly, his heart warming, "Thank you Dean. That means a lot to me".

"You're welcome". Dean reached for his pocket, grabbing a pen and notebook, scribbling on the pad, tearing the paper and offering it to Jensen, "Here. It's my personal number. Call me anytime, if you want to talk yeah?"

Jensens heart fluttered and his blush deepened. He slowly received the folded paper from Deans hand. He resisted the urge to gasp when sparks crept through his fingers as it lightly brushed against Deans. He placed it into the back pocket of his jeans, deciding to crack a joke, "Anytime huh? Even when you're asleep?"

"For you, anytime. Even if I'm on the other side of the planet", Dean grinned lightly.

Jensen bit his lip, shyly whispering, "Thank you Dean. Means a lot to me".

Dean returns Jensen burning gaze. He needed to get control or he would get lost in those green depths. He took a step back, "I'll see you around Jensen. Drive safe please".

"Ok Dean", Jensen nodded before he headed back to his car. All the way he couldn't help but feel the handsome sheriff's gaze on him. He couldn't help the feeling of excitement seeping in.

Something was definitely brewing within him; but what to call it he had no idea.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Tell me your thoughts my lovelies? :D

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Apologies for the late chapter ♥

I have decided to write in character POV. ...It's much easier to. Hope you enjoy this chapter!

Chapter Notes

Note the phone number is made up...

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

Jensen

He traced each digit scribbled onto the piece of paper Dean had handed him three days ago. Everyday that passed, the urge to text or call the handsome caring officer grew stronger.

He sighs, gnawing at his bottom lip while trying to make sense of this very new feelings and thoughts he was beginning to encounter when coming to Dean Winchester.

The last time he had truly felt this way was when he was dating Lucas mom in high school. And that was eons ago.

The butterflies, the blushing, the giggling like an excited child, the giddiness and the constant thought of Dean in everything he does.

Christ he might be losing it. He may have to admit himself into the Looney Bin.

“Hey dad, what’s for dinner?” Lucas asked as he walked into the kitchen. He opened the pot on the stove, humming, “Mm I’m famished”.

“Your stomach is a bottomless pit son”, he chuckled, folding and tucking the piece of paper into the pocket of his jeans.

Of course, not before his son spotted the paper and aimed him a questioning look, “What’s that dad?”

He never lied to his son so he wasn’t about to start today. He shrugged with nonchalance, “It’s nothing. Just the sheriff’s number”.

He could see the sly grin slowly making its way onto his son's face. Lucas eyes lit up with curiosity, "Uh-huh. Sherriff Deans work number or personal number?"

He chuckled and shook his head, "Does it matter?"

Lucas jaw dropped before he dramatically said, "Yes dad! It matters! So which one?"

He swears he could feel his damn cheeks heating up once more. Christ he felt like a damn schoolgirl talking about her latest crush. He rubbed the back of his neck, "Um his personal number".

"Ha! I knew it! He is smitten with my dad!" Lucas accused a little too much towards the excited end. His son wiggled his brows at him, "Well daddy-o, did ya give him a call?"

Once again Jensen found himself shaking his head at his son antics, "He gave it to me with the intent for me to give him a call if I feel like talking. He was just being sincere, concerned and nice".

Lucas huffed out, "Dad people don't just randomly give their personal numbers out to someone they just met recently. If they do then that means they genuinely are interested and are expecting you to hit the call button. It's a classic *'I like you too and I want to get to know you'* move". The teen added, "You have to call him dad".

Ok that was too much information to process. Yes he was a little rusty in the game of romance and he didn't really delve into the way things worked nowadays but hearing his son say what he had been thinking was kind of overwhelming. He really needed time to process as a little inkling of fear began to fill him up. He hated feeling this way. He decided to change the subject, "I thought you were hungry?"

As of on cue, Lucas stomach let out a huge groan of complaint. His son sighed, "Fine Lucifer is hungry". Lucas tipped an index finger at him, "But this conversation ain't over yet dad. Until next time".

His thoughts however strayed to his son's prior words, "You named your stomach Lucifer?"

Lucas got two plates out of the cupboard, setting them on the kitchen counter, "Yup". He popped the P out. "He is a liar, betrays me all the time and is a drama queen".

He could only laugh at his son's analogy of his so called stomach, "You know naming your stomach is kinda weird right".

"Well yeah. But I guarantee naming my stomach Lucifer was better than naming it 'The Kraken'".

This time he couldn't help but throw his head back as a belly gripping laugh was torn out of him. He could hear his son joining in which had them almost cramping up their tummy's as it escalated. Once Jensen calmed, he asked a little out of breath, "I honestly think 'The Kraken' would have been a fitting name".

Lucas could only chuckle further before placing his dad's plate of food before him. Before he could dig in, he felt a hand on his wrist. Lucas was fixing him with a soft smile, "Call him dad. It's going to be ok".

He didn't know what that meant but it made him feel good hearing it from his son. He watched as his son proceeded to shovel food into his mouth like someone who hadn't eaten throughout the whole week. He smiled before digging in with the thought 'I'll call him' in mind.

Dean

"Expecting someone to call you?" Sam asked.

He clicked his tongue, "Why do you ask?" He placed his phone back down on the island, taking a sip of his coffee.

Sam raised an amused brow, "Well because you have been constantly checking your phone above normal these past 3 days".

He wasn't surprised that his brother picked up on his recent behaviors. Sam was always the observant one. And what made it more obvious was the sulking he had subjected himself to whenever the caller wasn't Jensen.

Christ he was utterly gone for the man.

He sighed, "I've been hoping that I'd receive someone's call".

Sam's smirk widened, "Someone special huh?"

"Yes Sammy someone special", He rolled his eyes at his brothers teasing tone.

"So this special someone have a name?" Sam probed.

He smiled to himself as he thought of the beautiful man that had most probably claimed his heart, "Jensen Ackles".

"Wait Mr. Ackles. As in Lucas's dad?"

He gave his brother a quizzical look, "Um yeah. You know him?"

Sam beamed, "Yup. Well I know him through Gabe. They're good friends". He added, "He's a great guy and at times he and his son volunteer at the puppy shelter. He was actually the one that introduced me to my pup Harley that I instantly fell in love with. You got yourself a great catch Dean".

He smiled, "Yeah you think?"

“Of course. It’s a small town and from what I know Jensen hasn’t dated since Lucas was born. It might take him some time to get back into the groove of dating. Give him time bro”.

“Wow. That’s a really long time for someone to be alone Sam”, he couldn’t help but utter. Dismay clouded his mind, “What if he just isn’t interested Sammy? What if he is so comfortable in his single life?”

Sam sat down opposite him, fixing him a slightly dampened look, “Dean who knows what Jensen wants. I mean you are right. He may be comfortable in his current life but that doesn’t mean we should dis him so easily. Remember this is new territory for him too and just maybe throughout these past 17 years, he hasn’t found anyone that appealed to him”. Sam blew out a breath, “Being a single dad is not easy Dean. So much sacrifices had to be made. That’s what Jensen did. I can’t promise you what the endgame will be but that doesn’t mean you should give up that easily”. Sam added, “Let me ask you two questions. Do you feel that you both have connected in some way? Has he given you any indication?”

“Well I guess so. He flushes around me, he is sometimes a hard head but he apologizes when he realizes, he smiles shyly at times and I feel like he is slowly opening up to me. Not forgetting the connection I have with his son seems to be growing. It feels like I want to protect them both”.

“You’re smitten Dean. And as for Jensen, well looks like he is possibly attracted. Like I said, who knows”.

He shrugged, “Yeah I guess so”.

Just then the beep of his message tone sounded. He sighed, fishing out his phone. Maybe someone from work. He peered at the screen only to find an unfamiliar number had sent the message. He opened the message and his heart rate instantly pulsed as giddiness and excitement filled him up. The message was from Jensen.

004573459876 sent: *Hey Dean. Jensen here. I was wondering if you wanted to meet me for coffee tomorrow whenever you’re free? I need someone to talk to. I hope that it’s ok with you?*

He beamed at his brother, sounding a little over eager, “Jensen texted. Wants me to meet him tomorrow for coffee”.

“Well great!” Sam smiled widely before gesturing, “Well go on then. Reply”.

He quickly typed back, *'Hey Jensen. It’s good to hear from you. Yes I’d like to meet you tomorrow for coffee. I don’t have work tomorrow so anytime is fine, just text me the location and details'*. His finger hovered over the send button before pressing it.

Message sent to 004573459876.

He quickly added the contact under the name *Jensen* before glancing up at his equally happy brother. “Well it’s a start Sammy”.

“Yes it is Dean”, Sam replied. “Take care of him Dean. You both deserve this”.

He nodded. Let’s hope tomorrow would work out fine because he had a feeling that whatever happened would be an indication of what’s to come.

Fingers crossed.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos feed me ♡

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Date or not a date?....hehehe!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Cosmos Coffee House

Dean

He had arrived early. 15 minutes before 10 to be exact.

His mind set on the saying '*first impressions matter*'.

Yeah so maybe he was trying to impress Jensen Ackles. *Only he would know right?*

A fruity feminine voice complemented, "Well don't you look handsome. Trying to impress a special someone huh?"

So much for subtle Dean.

He aimed the middle aged waitress whose name tag read 'Macy' a smirk, "Am I really that obvious?"

"Mhmm". Her eyes raked his casual v-neck black t-shirt, dark blue jeans and brown leather ankle high boots. "All nice and tight in all the right places".

He winked, "I'm flattered sweetheart".

Macy chuckled, "Sorry sugar you're not my cup of tea". She smiled, "So anything I can get for you sweetheart?"

He returned her smile, "Thanks Macy but I'll wait until Jensen arrives thanks".

The waitress sing-songed, "Jensen huh? What a pretty name".

He blushed lightly. That name does make him giddy all over. A bell drove he and Macy's attention to the door.

He had to try and calm his erratic beating heart as he took in the gorgeous sight of the 6 foot dirty blonde in casual light blue Jeans and dark blue elbow length flannel that came walking through the door like an angel that fell out of heaven.

His eyes couldn't divert from the beauty before him even when Macy commented, "From your drooling, I'd say you're smitten". She whistled, "And dayum that's one fine specimen of a man".

"Yeah", he said as if dazed.

When their eyes met, he felt the world stop and all else around him became mute and insignificant. Without taking his eyes off Jensen who was now headed his way with a smile, he stood up, and drawled, "Hey Jensen".

He could hear Macy snigger beside him but again his attention was all Jensen.

Jensen's red flush and shy smile made him want to do things to the man that was not exactly within the friend zone.

Damnit Dean! Get a hold of yourself or you'll scare the guy away!

Then Jensen had to speak in his drawled out honey voice, "Hey Dean. It's good to see you".

He would have fallen at Jensen's feet had it not been for Macy who cleared her throat, "Well!" She mumbled beneath her breath, "That's quite the meet".

His eyes shot to her which read 'get it together boy'. Great not so subtle. His eyes shot back to Jensen's curious ones, rubbing the back of his neck. Shit. He gestured to the opposite side of the booth, "Please have a seat Jensen". He quickly asked, "I hope this booth is ok for you?"

Jensen smiled oh so shyly from where he sat, "This is fine Dean. Thank you".

"Great!" Dean full on smiled showing his pearly whites to mark whatever underlying nervousness twirled with giddiness he had within him. He asked, "Should we order?"

Jensen nodded, "Yes sure".

He looked at Macy, seeing the waitress shoot him an amused teasing look before she put on her best inner waitress customer service tone, "So what can I get you boys?"

Without hesitation Jensen replied confidently, "Can I have a Frappuccino please?"

A Frappuccino?

"What'll you have sugar?" Macy interrupted his thoughts briefly.

He smiled at the kind waitress, "I'll have an Americano. Thanks sweetheart".

Apparently he hadn't dropped the thought of Jensen's coffee choice because the moment Macy walked away, his gaze shot to Jensen. He studied the man intently, trying to make sense of things.

Again not so subtly as Jensen chuckled shyly, "What?"

He tilted his head in curiosity, “I never took you for a Frappuccino kinda guy”. He quickly added as Jensen raised a brow at him, “Not that there’s anything wrong with that! Just intriguing is all!”

The edge of Jensens lip curved into a half smile as he shrugged, “My son got me loving Frappuccino’s”. The dirty blonde added, “It’s his favorite coffee drink and he always makes sure I get myself one when we go out for coffees together”.

“Lucas always finds a way” He smiled fondly.

He watched as Jensens eyes dropped down to the table top. The man fiddling with his fingers as his smile slowly disappeared. *He wondered what Jensen was thinking of?* His eyes couldn’t help but take in Jensens appearance. Now that he was closer, he could see there was a small hint of a stubble, barely there bags under the eyes not to mention a light tinge of dark circles under both lower lids. This looked like the same Jensen he encountered when he pulled the man over for speeding. He asked softly, “Everything ok Jensen?”

Jensen

He thought of the amazing coffee dates he had with his son Lucas. Soon there would be no more twin Frappuccino orders. Soon there would an empty house with his son’s room unoccupied. He just couldn’t get it out of his head. Lucas was going to leave him soon. Every night the same thought plagued his mind and as a result he had been losing sleep over it.

He forgot Dean was there, seated before him. And probably picked up on his sullen behavior when the sheriff asked, “Everything ok Jensen?”

He glanced up at the concerned looking man. Instant guilt filled him up for allowing the sheriff to have a glimpse into his internal conflicted self. He quickly apologized, putting up a feigned smile, “Sorry kind of drifted off. Um I’m ok”. He said in voice he hoped was convincing.

For he or for Dean, he didn’t really know.

Dean licked his bottom lip, “Jensen I swear that I’m not trying to pry but I think something's bothering you”. Dean added, “You know I’m here for you. Please don’t feel afraid to share your thoughts and feelings with me”.

His heart literally skipped a beat when Dean gently laid his hand atop his. His eyes shot into Deans deep kind greens. The mans soft smile and trusting eyes compelled him to quietly confess, “I don’t know if I can live a life without my son”. He eyes shot to Deans hand in his, feeling tears pooling in his eyes, as his heart squeezed, “I know it’s selfish but it’s always been me and him from the moment I held his screaming pink fragile body in my arms. And now he’s 17 and has a year left with me then he’s...gone”. A tear finally rolled down his cheek.

Christ he was a mess.

He gasped lightly when he felt Deans thumb wipe the tear that rolled down his cheek. His head was then gently tilted up by Deans hand under his chin. His eyes met sympathetic sad ones, "Hey I completely understand how you feel Jensen. And it's ok to feel upset about Lucas leaving. You've always been there for him. And it will certainly take time to get used to".

He was quite disheartened when Dean removed his hand from his chin but the sheriff's hand in his was welcoming. He huffed, "I ruined our date".

"Date?" Dean asked with undeniable curiosity.

His mind finally registered what he had said, bugged eyes meeting Deans surprisingly calm but questioning look. He stuttered, "I-I'm sorry! I di-didn't um mean to um-". Then Dean finally shut him up by saying with a small smile.

"I wouldn't mind calling this a date just so you know", Dean drawled out with a lopsided grin that made him turn a deeper shade of red.

He could feel literal butterflies fluttering around in his belly as his depressive thoughts slowly dissipated to only include heart skipping ones of Dean. He wanted to be clear that his numb ears weren't deceiving him, so he asked almost as quiet as a mouse, "You want this to be a date". It wasn't really a question. More like a statement.

Dean smiled now warming both of Jensens hands in his. He uttered, "I hope that this is a date Jensen".

His heart was literally trying to thump it's way out of his chest. He felt like a teen whose crush had finally asked her out. He allowed his fingers to thread into Deans, feeling the welcoming warmth flow up his arms. He took a deep breath deciding to follow what his heart was currently telling him, he smiled shyly at Dean, "I want this to be a date too Dean".

Dean brought his hands up to his lips kissing it softly, making him giddy as he let of a soft embarrassing giggle at the tickling soft lips on his skin. His date chuckling, "You're adorable".

He smiled at Dean.

Just then Macy came wandering back with their orders on a tray. The waitress smiling widely at them, just like she knew a secret, "Here's your orders boys". Her eyes drifted to their enjoined fingers that they separated with slight sadness. She surprised him by winking at him, "You got a good man there sugar. Let him sweep you off your feet". She beamed, "Enjoy your coffees". And like that she was off to the next table.

His eyes met Deans happy gaze.

Right now this felt like the start of something new and he was going to make it work.

Nice and slow.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Please comments and kudos as it truely inspires me :)

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Lucas is ever so inquisitive :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lucas

“Why are we spying on your dad and the sheriff?” His good friend Julian grumped out.

He kept looking through his binoculars , eyes widened when he saw Dean place a hand on his father’s, he frantically tapped his friends arm without taking his eyes off the scene before him, “Oh look Juls, they’re holding hands!” Completely ignoring his friends question.

“Yay”, Julian replied almost boredly, topping it off with a yawn.

He sighed, lowering his binoculars onto his lap, rolling his eyes at his friends mood killing behavior, “You’re a party pooper!” He folded his arms across his chest, “If I had known you’d be such a pooh bear this morning then I would have asked Mason to come along!”

Julian raised a brow, “Pooh Bear?”

“Have you watched ‘Christopher Robin’?! ” He huffed.

“Yeah”, Julian answered him with a confused look in place. “I don’t still see what you’re getting at?”

He clicked his tongue, a sarcastic reply following, “You sound just like pooh when he hasn’t had enough honey!” He squinted his eyes suspiciously, “Have you had your normal dosage of caffeine yet?”

Julian focused his gaze on the steering wheel, stammering, “Y-Yeah”.

“Bootstrap Bill you are a liar and you will be spending an eternity on this ship!” He put on his best Davey Jones voice.

Julian looked at him as if he had grown another head, incredulously saying, “Why are you quoting a line from pirates of the Caribbean?!”

“Because I’m classy like that!” He smirked, wiggling his brows.

“You’re a weirdo”, Julian shook his head, chuckling.

Lucas beamed, “At least I made you laugh”.

“Yeah, yeah”. Then Julian was sitting up blurting, “Dean’s a touchy person!”

His eyes widened, shooting over to the scene before him. Oh. He placed his binoculars to his eyes, seeing Dean thumb at his dad’s cheek *oh so tenderly*. “Oh my dad is so blushing”, he squeaked excitedly. “Oh this is good!”

“Do you think this is turning out to be a date?” Julian asked curiously.

“OF COURSE IT IS A DATE!” Lucas bounced excitedly on his tush while continuing to spy on his dad.

Julian shook his head, “You know sometimes you’re worse than a child whose taken in way too much candy”.

“Hey this is a candy moment!” He poked his tongue out at Julian.

Julian threw his head back in laughter.

He smirked before his eyes fell on a figure that always triggered his hateful side who seemed to be heading towards the coffee shop. He grit his teeth already opening up the door, biting out, “Oh hell no! She ain’t ruining my dad’s date!” He was already stomping over to the figure who stopped by the glass window, seeing something she liked inside before heading for the entrance.

He could hear Julian’s hurried feet trying to catch up to him, “Lucas what’re you doing?! Who the hell is that?!”

“Lisa Freaken Braeden! That’s who that is!” He spat out with venom. “That’s Deans highschool sweetheart!” He gave off a gagging sound, “Apparently they were so in love once!” He almost clenched his jaw when he felt his arm being tugged and he was spun around to meet a weary Julian.

“Exactly how much research have you done on the sheriff Lucas?!”

He scoffed, “Does it really matter?!”

“Yes it does! That’s like stalking him!”, Julian added with frantic wide eyes.

He sighed, rolling his eyes, “Don’t be so overly dramatic Juls. I was just-“. He shrugged, “merely digging up background information so I don’t set my dad up with a serial killer or a husband beater”.

“Oh my God Lucas! You can’t just do stuff like that!”

“Yes I can!” He huffed out in annoyance, “Now can we get back to stopping that skank from ruining the first real romance my dad has experienced for nearly 17 years now?!” He added an afterthought, “Or you want to brood out here while I head on in there”. He thumbed into the coffee house.

Julian rolled his eyes, “Fine go. I’m right behind you.” His friend adding, “And don’t try anything too hasty Lucas!”

He huffed, making his way over to the door, saying behind his back, “I am absolutely appalled and utterly disgusted with your lack of trust in me Juls!” He ignored the grumbling behind him as he opened the door heading in.

The first thing his eyes spotted was Lisa in a very cute white and purple sundress. He scrutinized the way she eyes Dean like a predator that has spotted its prey. He felt Julian near him, whispering, “Wow she’s real pretty up close”.

“She ain’t going to be pretty much longer”, He grit out.

“Lucas don’t do anything stupid man”, Juls pleaded.

He watched as Lisa aimed a brief stink eye at his dad before she started to settle her hair, pushing her busty chest out, making her way with her cup of coffee in hand over to his dad and Deans booth. *The nerve of that girl!*

He seethed more when she pretended to notice the sheriff, squealing, “Dean! Is that you?!”

Deans eyes widened and he put on a big toothy smile, “Lisa!” He got up and hugged her briefly before settling back down and grabbing a hold of his dad’s hand. His dad just staring back and forth between the pair as Dean introduced them.

He could see the uncertainty in his father’s eyes which his dad was trying to mask so well. *He knew his father too well.* She was babbling on and blushing in front of Dean, acting all coy and shy as if his dad wasn’t in front of them. At least the sheriff had the decency to focus on his dad.

He decided it was time to intervene because he could see from here Deans knee bouncing in impatience while his dad’s gaze began to shoot down to the surface of the table. *Oh so not happening.* He cracked his knuckles, uttering, “Watch and learn how a master does things Juls”.

He ignored the whispered frantic calls of his good friend as he proceeded to casually walk towards Lisa and when he got close enough, he deliberately tripped over his own feet. He fell like a collapsing tower with flailing hands that smacked her cup of coffee, spilling the contents all over the front of her dress before he crashed to the floor below.

Like a pro!

Lisa’s screech and shriek he heard was music to his ears. He controlled the smirk that was threatening to make its way onto his face. He schooled his features and put on a faux frantic apologetic face, getting himself up and saying, “OH MY GOD I’M SO SORRY! I TRIPPED OVER! I’M SO CLUMSY!”

His eyes shot over to see Dean and his dad staring at him. He blushed when he realized Dean actually looked at him like he was hiding a secret while his dad....uh oh....looked at him

with a genuinely shocked look, blurting out with confusion, “Lucas?”

He gasped, “Oh hey dad”. His eyes shot to the sheriffs piercing ones, “Hey Dean!” He rubbed the back of his neck, “What’re you guys doing here?!”

Jensen folded his arms along his chest, “I told you I was going to be meeting Dean here son. I told you this morning”.

He pretended to look around, satisfied Lisa had already left for the bathroom. *Ok he could pull this off.* He cleared his throat, chuckling, “Oh I didn’t realize this was the coffee shop. Just stopped by to get a Frappuchino”.

“Uh-huh?” Jensen raised a brow at him. His dad cocked his head, “I thought you disliked this coffee shop? Said their Frappuccino gave you diarrhea once?”

He spluttered, ears turning red, “No I think you have it mixed up with Cosmit’s Coffee House dad”. He joked, “You know Cosmos and Cosmit’s....almost sounds the same”.

Jensen tilted his head to the side, eyes scrutinizing, “uh-huh”.

Oh crap! His dad wasn’t buying it. *What do I do? What do I do?* Then the most gorgeous voice he had ever heard at this moment sounded behind him.

“There you are Lucas! I thought I told you to find us a booth? Gotta shout you for acing your history test man!” Julian *‘his lifesaver’* wrapped an arm around his shoulder.

“Hey. Yeah. I’m sorry I was clumsy and tripped”. He sputtered, “And guess who I ran into? My dad and the sheriff!”

He could see Julian trying to keep up, greeting Jensen and Dean. His friend turned to him, “Maybe we should go now? I was just thinking we go to a burger joint. I’m hella hungry now”.

He smiled, quickly agreeing, “That’s good by me!” Before he grabbed onto Julian’s elbow, giving his dad and Dean a half wave, “See ya around!”

His dad still didn’t look convinced.

As he was a few steps away from the booth, he heard his dad call out, “Hey Lucas?”

He turned to meet his dad’s still piercing gaze, squeaking, “Yes pops!”

His dad tilted his head, “We’re talking about this when you get home”. His dad fixed his face into a stoic one, “Particularly about why you’re not in school right now”.

He saw Dean aim a sympathetic look at him, trying to ease the situation some, “Ok boys. Enjoy your burgers aye”.

“Yeah”, he chuckled bashfully before stirring Julian out the door.

Oh mother crap!

Julian finally had the chance to add his star wars line, “Oh Lucas. You’re in big doo doo”.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Ok you gotta seriously hit me with your comments and kudos for the chapter as it helps inspire me to keep writing....so pretty pretty please ♡

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Jensen and his son have a chat....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jensen

It was eerily quiet when he entered their home. Too quiet.

It was 5pm now and his son should be home making dinner. It was Lucas day to cook.

He made his way to their kitchen, not hearing a single sound nor smelling anything in the air, nevertheless, he popped his head in, "Lucas?" He saw the kitchen was just the way he had left it in the morning before his *interesting* date with Dean; spotless and neat.

Which only could mean that his son hadn't come home yet, otherwise the kitchen would be equal to a warzone.

He gnawed at his bottom lip. Maybe he should check his sons room *just in case* his son was hauled up in there either working on an assignment or having a nap.

Or hiding after what happened today?

He sighed, running a hand down his face. He hoped that wasn't the case.

He walked up the stairs and as he neared his sons room, he could hear *Hey Jude* playing on his son's laptop. Oh boy, his son only played *The Beatles* song whenever he needed to get himself together. It was a song he would sing to Lucas from the very tender age of a few weeks old and throughout his life whenever his baby cried, was upset or anxious.

He centered himself and rapped his knuckles on his son's door, "Baby. Can I come in?"

For a moment, he thought Lucas wouldn't answer, but then he heard a mumbled, "Come in".

He opened the door. His eyes immediately landed on Lucas who was huddled on the bed with a fort built out of blankets and pillows around him. His son turned off the music playing on his laptop before glancing timidly at him, small hesitant smile in place, "Hey dad".

He returned his sons smile albeit a bigger more empowering one, "Hey baby". He pointed, "Nice fortress. Are you expecting some kind of intrusion or battle?"

His son's eyes reverted down to the covers, a light flush staining his cheeks as he gnawed at his bottom lip, shrugging, "maybe?"

His heart squeezed at the hint of trepidation and nervousness in his son's tone. He sighed and went to sit by Lucas side, but not before shuffling away a few pillows first. He placed a careful hand on his sons fiddling fingers, "You know the last thing I ever want is for you to be hesitant or fidgety in front of your own father, right? I raised you to express your opinions freely. I am here to listen and to understand".

Lucas green eyes bore into his, "Are you mad at me for interrupting you and sheriff Deans date?" The teen rubbed the back of his neck, "Or are mad at me for missing school? Or both?"

He tried to find the best way to answer, "I wouldn't call it being mad son. Maybe disappointed". He squeezed his sons hand lightly, "And although I was kind of surprised to see you at the coffee shop earlier today; that wasn't why I asked to have this talk". He could see understanding flicker through his son's face.

Lucas nodded, "I'm sorry dad for missing school today". His son unable to meet his eyes which is something he didn't like.

He placed a hand under his son's chin, lifting to make eye contact, "Son, you know how important your education is to me. Even if I know that education will lead you somewhere far from me someday". His heart squeezed at that thought, but he cleared his throat, "It still will be something that will give you a better life and future. And that's the only reason I was disappointed". He then raised a questioning brow, "And now I am trying to wonder what compelled you to miss school today?"

His son aimed him a bashful look, "Um I wanted to spy on you and the sheriff. I wanted to make sure that everything ran smoothly and that he is a genuine guy for you".

His heart swelled for his caring baby. However, he knew that it wouldn't be right to encourage his son to continue such acts in future. He added, "That's real sweet of you baby and I really appreciate your love and concern".

"But?" Lucas probed.

"But, I am more than capable of deciding for myself how I feel about Dean and I's relationship baby".

Lucas huffed, "I know dad. It's just... it's just you haven't been in the dating game for 17 years and it's just been us, so I don't want to see you get hurt by someone I tried to shove you towards". The teen squinted his eyes in deep thought, tapping his lips with his index finger repeatedly, "Or was it the other way around". Meaning Dean being shoved towards him.

He was slightly stunned by his son's confession before he clicked his fingers, "Aha! I knew that you were trying to play matchmaker!"

Lucas beamed innocently, “guilty as charged. I’m surprised it took you this long to realize dad? You were always the observant one”.

Jensen raised a brow at his son, “Excuse me young man. I would have you know that Dean and I were close to discovering your plans”.

“But you never did figure it out?” Lucas let out a teasing smirk.

He scoffed, “I may have had the thought cross my mind once or twice. I just didn’t want to feed your over enthusiastic self with such influential thoughts”.

“You’re getting rusty old man”, Lucas chuckled.

“Excuuuuseee Me! Who you calling old man..... you..... young man”, he tried to counter but failed miserably. He huffed and rolled his eyes when his son burst out into a boisterous fit of laughter which soon got him laughing too. His sons laugh was always contagious.

When they finally calmed, Lucas asked, “So dad, um...how did your date with Dean go?”

He felt giddiness erupt within him, a warm feeling growing in his chest. This tingling excitement growing within him as his face heated up, a smile growing on his face that his cheeks were almost hurting.

“That good huh?” Lucas commented with a big smile of his own.

He smirked, “Yup. It went really well”. He gnawed at his bottom lip, “He wants to see me again”. He cleared his throat, rubbing the back of his neck, “You know.... for a second date and all”.

His ears rang when his son let out a victorious fist pump in the air, “Yes!” Before the teen asked frantically with an excited smile that made his heart flutter, “Well what did you reply dad?!”

“I said yes”.

This time Lucas began jumping on his bed like an over exhilarated child on a trampoline, squealing’ “YES! YES! YES!”

He couldn’t contain his laugh as he stood by his son’s bed, shaking his head, “I wonder where you get all that energy son?”

He was happy that his son was happy though.

Lucas finally halted and jumped onto the floor, immediately hugging him tight. His heart thrummed and he hugged his son back just as tight. His son breathlessly murmuring into his shoulder, “I’m just so happy for you dad. I love you”.

He pulled away from the hug just so he could lay a kiss on his son’s mid forehead, “I love you too baby”. He smiled, “So shall we go work on dinner now?”

Lucas smiled toothily, “Yup let’s do that!” The teen moved around the room, reorganizing things. “I’ll meet you downstairs dad”.

“OK sonny”, he replied already making his way to the door. He knew his son was sort of a neat freak when it came to his room, so the teen was bound to tidy up before he did anything else. When he reached the door, he remembered something, turning to his busy son, “Hey Lucas?”

Lucas stopped setting the bed to glance at him, “Yeah dad?”

“You’re grounded for a week for skipping classes today”.

He chuckled when he walked out his son’s bedroom, hearing the groan from his baby boy.

Hey! Parental responsibilities and all right?

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Please feed me with your comments and kudos as it helps inspire me to keep writing :)

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Sorry for that late one...hope you enjoy this chapter :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dean

“Hey boss”, came a voice by his office door.

He looked up to see their sheriff departments I.T. specialist waving a little device in the air, “I have gone through the security footage that Lucas handed over and I gotta say this shit is legit!”

“Really!” He said sounding flabbergasted.

Ash nodded and walked over to his desk, laying the USB looking device onto his table, “Yup boss. And I am thankful that it is real because this scumbag needs to be put away for the cruelty he has inflicted upon these beautiful animals”. The man with the mullet haircut added, “Now I understand why the kid and his friends vandalized the assholes property. I would have done the same thing or even something more worse if I saw the footage”.

He narrowed his eyes, “Show me the footage. I need to see”.

Ash nodded, “Yatsi!” And set to work putting up the footage for Dean.

**

To say he was pissed was an understatement. He wanted the pleasure to arrest the creep inside his own pet store while he already alerted the town council and animal rights specialist, Don, who was willing to help put this scumbag behind bars.

Hence, he and Donna drove over to the pet store, ready to make arrests. They had entered the store and he went straight for Mr. Delmar who was feeding some customer some sales man crap about how getting a Guinea Pig was a popular thing now.

He cleared his throat to get the attention of Mr. Delmar and the customer.

The pet store owner looked a little stunned then a little flustered, "Sheriff! What can I do for you today?" The scumbag had the nerve to ask, "Did you take care of that little creep and his friends? I'm planning to sue them for damages to my property".

"I think you have bigger things to worry about right now Mr. Delmar", He grit out, not liking the fact that this man spoke of Lucas in such an ill way. The drop in the mans smile made him feel so much better.

The man stuttered, "W-what are you going on about sheriff?"

"It means that we have enough evidence to arrest you for animal cruelty and abuse", his eyes unwavering as he stared the man down. He saw the mans face drain white.

Mr. Delmar gulped, "That's not true!"

"Oh but it is". Dean barked, "turn around and put your hands behind your back!". The man did as he was told, Dean slapping the cuffs around his wrists a little tightly while reading the man his Miranda rights.

All the way to the cop car, Mr. Delmar cursed, "This is not over!"

Before he slammed the back door shut, he snarked out, "Yeah. Yeah. Keep dreaming".

**

He couldn't wait to relay the good news to Lucas, hence the reason he had called Jensen up asking if he could come over.

He was thankful that the gorgeous Jensen had agreed.

He knocked on the door, digging his hands into the pocket of his Jean's while bouncing on the balls of his feet. Christ he was feeling slightly nervous and excited to see Jensen once more. Or was it anticipation because of the fact that he hadn't seen the man in a week now.

The door opened before him to reveal the man who made his heart race. The green eyed

beauty looking amazing in his blue checkered flannel and light blue Jean's. "Hey Dean".

He was sure that he was red right now, rubbing the back of his neck, "Hey Jensen".

The man returned his smile, stepping aside, "Come in please".

"Thanks", he entered, catching a whiff of the man's apple scented cologne as he went past and by God did that do things to his body.

Shit get yourself together Dean.

He waited for Jensen to shut the door before coming up to him, the man also had a tinge of pink staining his cheeks, "Um it's good to see you again".

He unconsciously took a step forward towards the man, murmuring, "Its good to see you too Jen".

He watched as Jensen swallowed, rubbing at his ear, before green eyes met his, "So um you wanted to meet-".

"I can't get over how beautiful you are", He interrupted without thought as he took in the mans freckles dusting the bridge of his nose and cheeks. He reached up, cupping Jensen's cheek and thumbing at the freckles on the mans cheekbones, muttering softly, " I can spot it whenever you're close to me".

Jensen's voice was slightly strangled as he replied, "Yeah?"

He watched as Jensen's eyes closed, leaning into his hand. His eyes dropped to the mans soft pink lips and found himself drifting closer until a clearing of throat broke them from their hypnosis.

"Really guys!"

He immediately dropped his hand while Jensen took a step back, both crimson. Jensen licked his lips before saying, "Let's go take a seat in the living room".

“You know you guys can kiss before we head over to the living room right?” Lucas wiggled his eyebrows at them both.

He chuckled.

Jensen just blushed even further and headed towards his son, wrapping an arm around his shoulder, “Come on, Dean has something to tell you”.

Before they could go a step further, Lucas turned, “Oh by the way, hello Dean!” The teen said in greeting.

He smiled and shook his head at the kid who he realizes is slowly worming his way into his heart just like Jensen is. He replied, “Hey Lucas”.

Jensen sighed, “Ok buddy. Let’s go. Chat later”.

**

“ARE YOU FOR REAL?!” Lucas was eyes were bugged out.

“Yes he is arrested”, he reassured. “All the evidence that you and your friends have submitted is now being processed by the crimes unit and will be presented in court to prove Mr. Delmar guilty”. He smiled toothily, patting Lucas on the back, “Congrats kiddo”.

Jensen laid a kiss on his sons cheek, “Congratulations baby. I’m proud of you”. Jensen spared a twinkling glance at him, “Thank you Dean”.

He shrugged, “Just doing my job Jensen. If anyone deserves credit then its Lucas”.

Lucas then jumped in, laying his head on his dad's shoulder, slyly asking, “so daddy-o what’s my present?”

He snorted the same time Jensen rolled his eyes before laying an affectionate kiss on his sons head, murmuring into the hair, “How about I make your favorite dish for dinner?”

“Blue berry pancakes!” Lucas head shot up, looking like a child that was introduced his favorite candy.

“No! Real dinner son!” Jensen scolded but then smiled.

Lucas pouted, “Fine!”. The teens eyes then shot to meet his, looking mischievous, “And the sheriff gets to stay for dinner too?”

Jensen swallowed and aimed him questioning eyes, “That’s um...that’s up to Dean son”. The gorgeous man asked, “Do you want to join us for dinner tonight Dean?”

He had to hold in his laughter as Lucas was nodding his head furiously behind his dad. *Say yes! Say yes!* His heart swelling two sizes more as he took in Jensen’s genuine look. He knew this was another important step in showing Jensen he was serious. His eyes bore into Jensen’s, “I would love to join you both for dinner. Thank you”.

Lucas practically jumped out of his seat, dramatically squealing, “Yes today is my birthday!”

Jensen and he could only shake their heads and laugh at the boisterous teen before them.

Deep down he was feeling the best he'd ever felt since their date.

Because this time it was not only Jensen, it included Lucas.

A boy who was becoming a son to him in his eyes.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos please

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Thank you for bearing with the short hiatus. Hope you enjoy this chapter :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lucas

Things were finally falling into place!

Now here he sat by the kitchen island (because he absolutely refused to cook!) watching Dean take the reins on cooking tonight's steak dinner while his dad concentrated on peeling the potatoes but once in a while would spare a glance at the sheriff with *those* eyes.

Flirty Eyes? Doe eyes? Lovey Dovey Eyes?

Bingo!

Lovey Dovey Eyes it is!

He found that he couldn't tear his eyes away from his dad. And it had all to do with that small smile, bright eyed and hopeful look etched on his dad's face. In all honesty, his father looked many years younger and much more handsome.

He didn't realize he was smiling goofily at his dad, mind lost in deep thought until his dad threw a peeled potato skin at him which landed on his cheek. He shivered at the coldness of the potato skin, immediately wiping it off his cheek, whining, "Daaaaadddd!"

"That's what you get for not paying attention bubs".

He ignored Dean's chuckle in favor of a pout. He poked his tongue out, "I was paying attention!"

"Really?" His dad raised a brow, "Then what did I just ask you?"

He poked his tongue out, eyebrows furrowed in concentration as he dug through his memory. After a while of failed contemplation, he let out a defeated sigh, "I didn't hear". He asked, "What did you say dad?"

"I asked if you could chop up some spring onions please."

“But I don’t wanna do it!” he gave out the world’s largest pout. “Plus chopping onions always get me teary eyed”.

“Spring onions won’t give you tears son”, his dad rolled his eyes.

“I don’t care! I don’t want to cook! Besides dinner is supposed to be for me so I get special treatment”, He grinned like a Cheshire cat as he said the last line.

His dad aimed him an unamused '*don't give me that excuse*' kind of look which had him gulping. He immediately got up and got to working on the spring onions. Yup no one messed with dad when he gave you that look. He continued to aim a pout at his dad though while he worked through the spring onions.

His dad only beamed at him in victory before turning to Dean who was caught staring. He could see his father turn red, same as Dean. His dad then gestured towards the cooking steak, “You sure that you’re ok to cook. I mean I can take over while you go have a beer and watch some Netflix?”

Dean chuckled, “Um no Jensen! That’s fine, I got this!” The man then winked at his dad, “Besides, you gotta try my steak”.

That did not just sound dirty?! Christ he had a dirty teen brain! Stop it Lucas!

But apparently he wasn’t the only one thinking the same thing because his father and Dean were flushed red and acting all girly shy. He watched Dean rub the back of his neck, “Um you know...I actually make the meanest steaks”. The man was all trying to explain himself, “My brother was a vegetarian and I got him to try out a piece of steak. Now the only meat he eats is the ones I cook”.

His dad just chuckled, “Wow! Now I’m worried I may have to keep you coming over to cook for us”.

Smooth dad.

Dean smirked, crinkles of his eyes becoming deeper, drawling, “Well I’ll be happy to be at your service anytime Jensen. You call, I’m here”.

SMOOTH DEAN.

Ugh! He wanted to just go over there, push their heads together and force them to kiss and let out all that pent up feelings of.....LOVE.

The over excessive eye sex was going to give him a damn whiplash.

He let out a loud obnoxious yawn breaking the supposed '*I want you so badly*' eyes of the sheriff and his dad. Now both pairs were looking at him curiously and a little unamused. Well at least Dean was smiling.

“Son are you tired?”

Yeah tired of seeing you two just have a charged stare off only to NOT do anything about it dad!

Well interrupting his dad and Dean in the hallway earlier was totally his wrong timing and fault. But not now!

“Son are you ok? You look constipated”.

He watched as Dean flipped the steak (concentration back on cooking) while his dad walked over to him, going all papa bear mode and feeling his forehead with the back of his hand. He sighed, murmuring, “Dad I’m fine really”.

His dad replied, “Then is something the matter? You spaced out earlier”.

He spared a quick glance at Dean, seeing the man all in his element, whistling away while brushing some kind of seasoning sauce on the steak. He looked back at his dad who was still trying to figure him out. He muttered just enough for he and his dad to hear, “Dad when are you going to make your move on Dean?”

His dad just huffed, “Son, It’s too early to do anything. I don’t want to scare him off”. Then his dad aimed him a confused look, “And what are you going on about making your move? I thought I was doing that?”

Oh so his dad was interested.

He smiled, “Then why don’t you ..you know”. He twirled his hand in a propeller like movement, “Grab his head and kiss the crap out of him!”

His dad looked flabbergasted, “That’s not how it goes Lucas!”

“Oh come on pops! You two have already been on one date! Kissing is mandatory!” He pointed to a still oblivious Dean who had his back to them, “Go there and kiss the cook!”

His dad rolled his eyes, tapping his pointing finger, “Put your finger away!” His dad then folded his arms along his chest, “And don’t tell me when I should kiss him! I’ll kiss him whenever I want!”

He purposely mocked, “Ohhhh so I get it! You’re a scary cat”.

“I am not!” His dad replied in offense.

He folded his arms along his chest, “Prove it!”

“Fine!” His dad turned around, chin held high and stomped towards Dean looking like a lion moving towards a gazelle.

Inside he was chanting. Yes, Yes, Do it!

Dean never knew what was coming, confused when his dad spun him around and planted a kiss straight onto the man’s lips. After a while, Dean responded dropping his spatula and

grabbed his dad by the waist, pulling him in. Both distracted and melting into the kiss. And when it started to get heated.....well that's his queue.

Argh How does he wipe out the image from his brain of his dad and the sheriff making out?

He headed towards his room leaving the lovebirds to it in the kitchen.

His fingers crossed that the steak doesn't get burnt and dinner would be soon because man he was famished.

Oh well: sacrifices....sacrifices.

His stomach could wait.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Comments and kudos are much appreciated :)

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

A little Jensen and son time

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jensen

Last night's dinner was perfect.

His son had wolfed his meal down within minute then demanding more. And Dean and he couldn't keep their eyes off one another. He smiled down at his plateful of bacon and eggs (his son had made) while thinking about how Dean whispered 'wow' into his ear after their first kiss. A first kiss that had them both turning crimson.

And then how Dean had joined he and his son for Netflix movie night. They had ended up watching 'BirdBox' which ended up being fun enough to critique. Then they had watched 'Hotel Transylvania 3' and had a good laugh. But to be honest, he was more focused on the feel of Dean's arm around his shoulder and the warmth of the man's side as he leaned into him. His heart fluttered whenever he thought back to how Dean kissed him on the temple and then when the night was through (sadly), the sheriff gave him a goodnights kiss by the door with promises of 'I'll call you'.

Everything that's happening between he and Dean should be overwhelming, given his long history without a partner or lover but truth is it wasn't. Dean felt like a missing piece of the puzzle and that made him feel giddy with happiness.

"You're blushing dad", Lucas interrupted in a teasing tone. "Are you thinking of Dean?"

He found his son's amused look and found himself flushing more, shrugging, "maybe". He smiled at his baby, "We had fun last night huh?"

Lucas replied exasperatedly, "Uh Yeah!" But then his 17 year old pouted, arms folded across his chest as he grumbled, "But you guys were so warm and cozy all snuggled up and I was feeling cold".

He couldn't help the small chuckle that tore out of him at his son's grouchy face. He added, "You had the blanket son. That should have kept you warm".

"But it didn't!" Lucas retorted with an even deeper pout.

He raised a brow, “uh-huh!” A thought then came to mind immediately making him blurt out, “Maybe get your boyfriend to come over during movie nights”.

Lucas mouth dropped open for a few seconds before he closed it and stuttered, “I don’t have a boyfriend dad!”

He could have sworn the teen Lucas was with that day in the restaurant (Dean and he’s first date) was quite smitten with his son. Plus, Julian had been coming over often and he’d had the opportunity to observe their friendly banter and body language. It’s like they were drifting close without even knowing. Unless, he read things wrongly. Christ he was getting rusty. He stated carefully, “Um Julian?”

He swore his son squeaked and blushed lightly, “OH MY GOD DAD! JULIAN’S ONLY MY BEST FRIEND!”

He thought of how Julian had an arm around his son (in the restaurant) and the exact moment his son blushed. It wasn’t from the embarrassment of being caught- he knew that much. He didn’t want to make his son feel like he was trying to put pressure on him to date so he just shrugged, “Ok sorry for the assumptions baby. I think my people reading skills are rusty”.

His son nodded before they both went back to eating their breakfast. It was a just five minutes into their eating when Lucas broke the silence, “Dad, what made you think that Julian was my boyfriend?”

He saw the curiosity in his son’s eyes. He placed his fork down on the plate, taking a sip of his coffee before clearing his throat and saying, “Well baby, I caught him a couple of times looking at you with doe eyes and he seemed to jump to your rescue whenever something is wrong. I mean it could be just a friendship thing, though...”.

“Though what dad?” Lucas quirked his head.

“Well he has been calling quite often and you two seem to have quite the bond it sounds and seems. I mean, he laughs at your jokes.....like it’s not even funny at all son”.

“I am absolutely offended dad. I would have you know that I am the school Jokester!” His son exclaimed. “I’m hilarious!”

He clicked his tongue, nodding slowly, “Aha”. He still wasn’t convinced however raised his palms in a placating gesture, “Sorry baby. Got it! Julian is just a friend”.

He watched his son once again flush lightly, releasing a smile before he got up and headed towards the sink. His son uttered over his shoulder while washing his dish, “So anyway, can we go see Dean again?”

He smiled at the change of subject. He liked talking about Dean. He collected all his dishes and made his way over to his son, replying, “I was thinking that we make lunch and take it over to Dean’s office today”.

Lucas eyes lit up, giving quick nods, “Yeah that’s a great idea dad! Maybe Dean can tell me more about the animal cruelty case!” His son then added, “Plus I want to make a few suggestions about the animals in the pet store and what we can do to help them”.

He wanted to hug his son for the sweet care he had for the animals. His son would make a remarkable man and human being- he already was. He enquired, “So what do we make for lunch baby?”

Lucas eyes widened, finger lifted in the air, “I’ll make him my special ham and cheese sandwich with a little special Lucas seasoning”.

He wrapped an arm around his son’s shoulder, “I think that’s a great idea baby”.

Lucas smiled at him and then stared off out the window before them. He studied the way his son drifted into deep thought- a thought that seemed to be quite appealing judging by the lightened look on his features. It was as if his son was finally enlightened about something.

He asked, “What are you thinking about that’s got you all happy”.

His son looked at him with a fond expression, “Well dad, I’m just so happy you got Dean”.

Oh how his heart stirred and he couldn’t help the butterflies that fluttered in his belly. He uttered quietly, “I’m happy to have him too son”.

Lucas laid his head on his shoulder, uttering words that had his heart thrumming in delight while happy tears clouded his eyes. “He makes a great pops. I want to call him that someday dad”.

He inhaled a deep breath through his nostrils, feeling fuller than he has ever been. He pulled his son closer to his side, watching the leaves of the tree sway to the breeze, the feeling of content filling him up as he murmured, “I think I would want you having a pops like Dean too son”.

Lucas just hummed, “Mhmm”.

For the first time ever he hoped all would go well. And deep within, he somehow knew it would.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Please comment or kudos. Tell me how you fill about this filler chapter :)

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Thank you for bearing with the short hiatus.

I hope you enjoy the next chapter :)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Lucas

Dean had been over to the Ackles more frequently over the next couple of weeks. The man was all charm and had eyes only for his dad. It was real sweet to see his father constantly laughing, giggling, blushing, kissing, cuddling, snuggling or hugging Dean.

He was thrilled to be able to witness a special bond flourish before his eyes.

Speaking of special bonds- his bond with Dean was shifting into a father-son one. He was drawn to Dean the exact way he was drawn to his dad. He found himself seeking Dean out for many things- homework, ideas and advice.

Which brings him to another special bond he felt was developing- one with Julian.

Ever since his dad had pointed out how he thought that Julian was his boyfriend; the thought had been a constant image in his head. He had also started to notice certain things about Julian- how beautiful the teens smile was, those perfect white teeth, that sexy brunette hair, that physic, laughing at his not-so-funny jokes, tummy and heart fluttering and constantly blushing.

What the heck?

He was developing the feels for the teen.

And now, he wanted to give things a try, be the bigger man and ask his best friend out on a

date.

It was no secret that Julian liked guys- he had come out as bisexual a few years back and was not ashamed to live the life he wanted. He always admired how bold Julian was but never really paid any attention on how he felt about the teen, let alone anyone else. He was mostly invested in spending as much time with his dad.

And now that he finds an attraction to the teen; he was blank and didn't know what to do. And that's why he found himself texting Dean and asking if they could meet up for an ice-cream. He felt that Dean was someone he wanted to talk to about this sensitive issue.

Not that he didn't want to share with his dad. Maybe sometime down the road but this just felt like a Dean- Lucas topic.

He was fully immersed in his phone when Dean's gruff voice said, "Hey bud".

Dean sat on the opposite booth, in his police uniform, smiling at him. He replied, "Hey Dean".

Dean flagged the waitress, "What do you want to order?"

"I'm ok, really".

"Nope. I know that look. You're nervous. So let's get something to calm those nerves down".

He fiddled with his fingers, "Ok. Thanks".

Within a few minutes after ordering, Lucas was sipping on his strawberry milkshake while Dean had a cup of unsweetened black coffee in front of him.

He could feel Dean's eyes burn into him as the man waited patiently for him to say something.

"Lucas. What's going on?"

He couldn't hold it in any longer so he blurted,
"I like someone and I don't know how to ask them out without them freaking out so I need your advice".

Dean raised an amused brow at him, “Mind repeating that slowly now, bud”.

He blew out a deep breath before saying, “I like someone and I don’t know how to ask them out without them freaking out so I need your advice”.

There comes the teasing smirk, “Mm hm. And does this special someone have a name?”

He meets curious green eyes. He gnawed at his bottom lip, “Y-yeah. Um- his names Julian”. He whispered the name.

“Lucas you need to speak up bud. My hearing is starting to get rusty”.

“It’s Julian”. He repeated clearly.

He watched as Dean's brows drew together for a few seconds before his eyes went slightly wide in realization, “You mean Julian- as in your friend, Julian?”

“Yeah”.

Dean hummed before replying, “Wow. Yeah I don’t think you’ll have a problem with the asking out part or the freaking out kid”.

He squinted his eyes at the man who sipped on his coffee. “What does that mean?”

Dean studied him for a few seconds, before admitting, “Well, from what I’ve observed, it seems that Julian returns your affections. The way he stares at you when you aren’t looking, how he forces himself to watch Titanic with you- and he has personally told me that he loves sci-fi movies, the way he laughs at your every joke- even the ones that are not funny, how he mostly spends his weekends in your house or occupies his time doing things with you, the way he is always at your beck and call when you need something- like that time you shared how you were craving for a burger at 2am and when you asked Julian, he didn’t hesitate and picked you up a burger, or the way he covers up for you whenever anything goes haywire- yes I’m talking about the first date incident....should I go on?”

“Oh my God! Julian has a crush on me!”

“Lightbulb!” Dean chuckled.

Now that he comes to think of it- Julian has been the only one who would go to great lengths to do anything and everything for him. The teen has been there every step of the way- through his meddlesome times, hard and good times, through the boring or weird times.

How could he not see it!?

“What should I do Dean? I don’t even know the first thing about asking someone out or dating?” He shot frantic eyes at Dean.

Dean smiled, “We’ve all been there kid. But that’s ok. The best thing to do is take him somewhere special or quiet, share how you feel and ask him”.

“Do you think he’ll say yes?” He could feel his heart thumping.

Dean laid a hand atop his, “I can’t answer that son. But the only way you’ll find out is if you tell him how you feel”.

He understood where Dean was coming from and knew that the man was right. He needed to buck up and tell Julian how he truly feels. *He could do this! He was a confident person!* When he started to feel good was the moment he picked up on something Dean had said. He smirked and repeated, “So son huh?”

Dean's eyes widened, the man wrapped both palms around his cup of coffee, turning a little red and gulping, “Um-sorry kid. I apolo-”.

“No don’t apologize please!” He interrupted. “I um- I like that you call me son”.

Deans eyes held some sort of emotion as they met his. The man then asked, “So you gonna ask him out?”

“Yeah I’ll give it a try. Julian is worth it”.

Dean eyed him fondly, “Now, yes or no, we- your dad and I, will always be here for you”.

“Thanks Dean”, he smiled shakily.

He really felt the father- son bond grow and he loved it.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Please leave comments and/or kudos as it helps inspire me to keep writing :)

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Warning: Homophobic remarks, emotional distraught Lucas, pissed off Jensen. Please don't read if triggered easily.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jensen's voice always did things to him. The man had a sort of smoky- honeyed voice when he was all calm and collected. Though it becomes a different story altogether when Jensen was pissed- the man's voice would rattle bones and have fear bubbling within.

But he'd be damned if he didn't say both tones were a turn on.

He had had both tones directed at him- now it was always smoky- honeyed. But the other guy, Mr. Zachariah DeAngelo, Lucas principal, wasn't so fortunate. And if Dean had anything to comment, he'd say that the almost bald middle aged man totally deserved it.

So the story goes like this....

Dean and Jensen were having a nice lunch when Jensen's phone started to buzz. It was Lucas. Jensen being the concerned parent answered, "Baby what's wrong?". Dean found it odd that Lucas was calling during school hours.

He watched as Jensen's face morphed from worried to pissed within seconds. The man had his jaw clenched hard, hand white knuckling his phone as he spat out, "He what!?". He remained quiet but rested a palm atop Jensen's one that was clenching atop the table.

Now his boyfriend had tears in his eyes. Ok that just pissed Dean off. Nevertheless, he chose to stay quiet. Jensen said in a shaky angry voice, "No baby. Wait there! I'm on my way to see your principal!"

Now Dean was worried about Lucas.

Jensen disconnected the call, dropped his phone on the table top and pinched the bridge of his nose, mumbling, "I can't fucken believe this".

Dean squeezed the mans hand, "Baby what's wrong? Is Lucas ok?" He knows that he should just mind his own but **damn it** he couldn't. Not when his boyfriend looked wrecked and not if something was currently going on with Lucas.

Jensen's red wet eyes had him clenching his jaw tight. *Who the fuck hurt his baby?* The man shook his head, "I need to go to school Dean. Apparently, my son's principal is a homophobe". Jensen said the last sentence with disgust and anger in his eyes. His boyfriend didn't say anything else, just stood up and pulled out his wallet.

"Woah I got this!" Dean stood up too, placing a hand on Jensen's to halt him.

Jensen shot grateful eyes at Dean, "Thank you Dean. And I'm sorry to cut our lunch short".

"Hey don't apologize babe. Your son needs you right now".

Dean wasn't in uniform but he still held authority. He added with a determined look, "And I'm coming with you".

Jensen shot unreadable eyes at Dean. The man stuttered, "A-Are you sure?"

"Hell yeah! If someone is being discriminatory towards anyone- I have the authority to intervene and put them in their place".

Jensen aimed him this secretive look that carried awe and.....heat. *Christ almighty!* That smoky- honeyed voice sounded quite sultry as Jensen replied, "Thank you Dean".

Yup! Dean's heart just did a somersault.

Which brings them to now....

Zachariah threaded his fingers atop his mahogany desk, face remaining neutral as he addressed Jensen, "I will not tolerate such....behaviors in this school! If your son wants to

kiss another guy then he should do it anywhere else except for in school hallways and premises!”

Dean wanted to object but Lucas grabbed at his arm, leaning into his side and murmuring, “Stay by my side pops. Dad can handle this. I just...I need someone to hold me”.

Pops? Pops, pops, pops.

Dean decided that he would have a word with the principal after. In the meantime, a hesitant Lucas did need him right now. He wrapped an arm around the kids shoulder, resting his chin atop the kids head- his eyes though focused on a fuming Jensen before them. *Yeah Jensen could handle this.* He rubbed at the kids bicep, “Its ok son. Everything will be alright”.

Jensen glared at the heartless prude, “Excuse me! I bet you wouldn’t be saying that if my son was kissing a girl huh!?”

“Kissing a girl is different!” Zachariah argued. The man shot disgusted eyes at Lucas, “It’s a sin for a boy to kiss another boy. Its says in the holy scriptures!”

Great! A bible thumper!

Jensen growled, “Don’t you look at my son like that Mr. DeAngelo! LOOK AT ME!” Jensen slammed his fist down on the mahogany table top. “You think that you can just bring in your ‘so called’ religious views into all this and rub them on my kid? Well you must be out of your damn mind! You have no right to segregate him or others like him! This is discrimination and I’m not freaken sorry to say that you are an unfit principal!”

Zachariah felt a little rattled at Jensen’s spiteful look however, refused to let his anxiety get the best of him, “I w-would caution you to tread carefully Mr. Ackles!”

“Or what?” Jensen challenged.

“Or I’ll have your son expelled instead of suspended!” Zachariah grit out.

Dean had had enough of the man's threats. He kept his voice calm as he said, “Jensen, come sit with Lucas”. Maybe there was a little directness to his tone.

Jensen glanced at his boyfriend. Somehow, Dean gave off the face that he wasn't asking but telling. He could read the man's wrath and anger under that faux calm exterior. His heart ached when his eyes landed on his son looking at him with insecure eyes. He forced himself not to do anything brash and stalked over to his kid. He immediately took a seat and pulled Lucas into his arms, murmuring, "I got you baby".

Dean laid a kiss on both Jensen and Lucas heads before he turned to face Zachariah who was eyeing all of them with disgust. The man was clearly mumbling something under his breath- which kinda amused Dean.

Dean tilted his head, tapping his own ear with his index finger, "Might want to speak up there, Mr. DeAngelo. Can't hear what you're trying to say".

Zachariah glanced at him with disapproval, "Well it's no wonder the kid is confused. Because he has two men throwing their romance around before him!"

Though he wanted to hurl the man up by the collar, he knew he had to stay calm. This was about Lucas. He folded his arms along his chest, "Who traumatized you? Hmm?" *Yeah he was going to approach this from another direction- a more daunting one- well daunting for the asshole.*

"Excuse me!?"

"Who traumatized you as a kid, Zachariah?" He shrugged, "Was it your dad? Was it your priest? Or are you just an insecure little girl banging on the closet door wanting to get out?"

Apparently he had riled the middle aged man enough. The man stood up, barking, "You don't know anything about me! Mind your own damn business Mr. Winchester".

"Nuh uh! Its sheriff Winchester to you".

Zachariah grit out, "Doesn't matter sheriff! I make the rules in this school!"

Dean narrowed his eyes at the man, "That so? Well guess what Mr. Principal?"

"What?"

Dean snarled at the man, “I make sure the rights of every single individual in this town is not violated by anyone. In this case, I’m making sure Lucas has the right to freedom of choice as well as the right to be free from discrimination”. He held up a hand as Zachariah wanted to intervene looking very much flushed and scared. “I’m not done talking. You are in clear violation of these rights and because of that I will be taking it up with the school board”.

Zachariah looked horrified. The mans eyes were completely bugged out, his frame shaking if you looked a little closer. The man seemed to grasp the enormity of his fuckup, pleading, “You don't have to do that sheriff! I won’t suspend Julian and Lucas and I’ll certainly ask for forgiveness”.

Dean shrugged, “Sounds good Mr. DeAngelo. Though I’ll still be making a report so nothing like this ever happens again in the future”. The pale look on Zachariah's face was worth it.

He turned to find Jensen staring at him with watery eyes while Lucas still had his head resting on his dads shoulder looking distraught. Dean knew damage control had to happen now- and he wouldn’t mind being there to comfort Lucas when Jensen does. He walks over to them, “Come on hon. Let’s take our boy home”.

Jensen felt his heart flutter. There was a spark of something brewing within him- something that made him crave the man, something he had longed for. He placed his hand in Dean's, “Let’s take our boy home Dean”.

Meanwhile, Lucas couldn’t help but smile lightly despite the ache in his heart caused by the events of today.

Lucas always believed that everything happens for a reason and maybe today had to happen so his dad could fall head over heels for Dean.

It certainly seemed so.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Please if you are going through any forms of abuse or are being discriminated upon, find or seek help. I do not condone such discriminatory acts or abuse of any kind.

I sure as hell don't like people who like to force their views or lifestyle choices unto others.

Please tell me what you think? Feel free to leave kudos too.

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jensen couldn't keep himself from studying the way Lucas and Dean interacted. It seemed different- like more of a father- son relationship. Then his ears caught it- the word 'Pops'. Lucas had so easily referred to Dean as 'Pops' or in other words 'Papa'. He didn't see any signs of fear or hesitation on his sons features which meant only one thing- Lucas chose to make this decision because he was ready.

Was I wrong to kiss Julian in school, pops?

If Jensen knew one thing about his son- the kid never gave away his affections so easily.

Jensen chose to keep quiet by his son's bedroom door, holding his breath to see Dean's response. *Would he tell his son not to call him papa? Would he look offended? Would he just up and run?* All of those thoughts made his heart ache. He didn't want Dean to go anywhere.

Jensen's heart was won the very instant he heard the next words out of Dean's mouth.

"It isn't wrong to kiss someone you like, son. Provided it's consensual, then I don't deem it a problem much less unheard of for a high school teen to be kissing in school hallways", Dean replied, a hand around the kids shoulder, resting his cheek to the side of Lucas head. His son was drawing circles on the inside of Dean's arm, cheek rested on Dean's shoulder as he stared into the wall ahead.

"I guess it was wrong timing then?" Lucas replied sadly.

Jensen wanted to pull his son into his arms, hold him tight and protect his baby from all the hurt in the world. It made him even more pissed at the homophobic principal and boy oh boy was he going to run that man to the ground. Children don't need such narrow minded people in their lives.

However, again he chose to root himself to the spot.

Dean's brow furrowed, he rubbed at the kid's bicep, "There's no such thing as wrong timing son. Everything happens exactly when it's meant to".

Jensen was clearly impressed by Dean's answer. And he felt drawn to the handsome, understanding man that held his son close as if to keep him safe. If there was one thing that could jolt his heart and win him over, it would definitely be a man or woman able to treat his son with the love and care he deserved.

His son was his everything.

You don't get him without accepting the whole package he came with.

Damn was Dean ticking all his boxes.

Jensen had enough standing there. He made his way over to them, giving in his two cents, “Frankly, I think that that homophobic principal of yours has his head so far up his own ass that he’s stuck and can’t get his personal shit sorted. Instead, he picks and chooses what he wants and believes he needs to enforce it on every single teen on school premises”. He sat down next to his son’s unoccupied side, adding, “I think he needs to go fook himself”. *Ok yeah, he was still a little pissed! Sue him!*

Jensen was startled when Lucas threw his head back in laughter, “Dad, why don’t you just go the extra step and say ‘fuck himself’ instead of ‘fook himself’. You already were on a roll so let’s not sugar coat it, yeah?”

Even Dean had begun to chuckle.

Jensen tried to hold in his laughter. He cleared his throat and shot Dean and Lucas an unimpressed look, “I had to keep it G rated ok”.

That’s when Dean and Lucas glanced at each other before they burst out laughing- they were both laughing so hard that Dean almost fell off the bed and Lucas was holding onto his stomach, cackling away like a maniac. He couldn’t help fold his arms along his chest, asking in a shaky voice, “What’s so funny!?”

Yeah it took them a good five minutes before Lucas and Dean had calmed. Dean was just leaning his head back against the headboard while Lucas was wiping his tears away- both trying to take deep breaths. Lucas sidled up to his pouting dad, hugging into his side, “Dad, the phrase ‘head up his own ass’ and the word ‘shit’ ain’t really in the G section”. Lucas chuckled, “You sounded like you were ready to murder”.

Jensen stuck out his jaw, murmuring, “I probably would have kicked him in the balls so hard, he would have vomited it out”.

Lucas gagged, “UH DAD! GROSS!”

That’s when Jensen teased, “Oh I’m sorry, I thought I shouldn’t sugar coat anything since I was on a murderous roll”. Jensen smirked at his speechless stunned son while Dean chose that moment to laugh once more.

Lucas raised a brow at his father, “You’re good dad. I give you that!”

“Where do you think you got your sarcasm and wit from, sonny?”

Lucas rolled his eyes, before sat himself against the headboard, wrapping his arms around both Dean and Jensen’s shoulder, pulling them in, “I love you guys. Thank you for standing up for me today”.

“We love you too son”. Jensen met Dean’s eyes, “Your pops and I do, very much”.

Lucas looked back and forth between his dad and pops who were immersed in a completely *lovey dovey* stare off.

Oh hell yes!

**

Dean stayed over for dinner and a movie. Lucas had seen the way his dad and pops seem to be drawn to each other the entire evening- they never missed a chance to touch and even squeeze in a few kisses that sometimes got a little heated.

Out of the corner of his eyes, he would catch Dean whispering something into his dad's ear, making his dad blush and giggle. His dad wasn't so innocent too, running his hand up Dean's thigh, sneaking in a few hot kisses during their movie time- ok yup time for him to skedaddle or he'll just end up witnessing something that would scar him for life!

"Hey dad, pops! I'm off to bed".

Jensen sat up, "You sure baby. The movie hasn't even finished yet?"

Lucas pretended to let out a yawn, rubbing his sleepy eyes, "I'm tired. Today has taken its toll on me so I need some sleep".

Jensen got up and pulled his son into a hug, kissing his forehead, "Goodnight baby. I love you".

Lucas breathed in his dad's scent, just sinking in to the hug for a while, "I love you too dad".

Lucas then walked over to the back of the couch, surprising Dean with a hug from behind, "I love you pops".

Dean's heart turned to mush, emotions swirled within him as he replied, "Love you too, son. Goodnight".

Jensen now knew the name of this feeling brewing within him.

Love.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

Please feel free to leave comments and/or kudos as it helps inspire me to keep writing :)

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Epilogue

This chapter is basically long ass smut ;) Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Epilogue

It was a long time since Jensen felt like this.

His body was craving for touch, his lips were starving for a kiss. For the first time in a long time, he felt sure and ready to pursue this brewing feelings within him.

And at the same time, he was scared.

Scared because the last person he loved was 17 years ago, Lucas mom, and even though he expressed his love, she decided to birth their son and leave the baby with him- to raise all on his own.

But he never regretted raising Lucas. His love for his son was beyond comparison.

Now, Dean is here.

The man has been nothing but supportive and amazing; both to he and Lucas. It's only been two months since he's known the man but, *my oh my*, was he swept off his feet. And over the weeks he had taken everything slow; but tonight, he decided he didn't want to anymore.

He had fallen in love with Sheriff Dean Winchester.

He moaned lightly when Dean nibbled lightly on the thin skin, just under his ear. Oh God his lips felt so good. He bit at his bottom lip, hand running up the man's chest as he puffed out, "Um-Dean. Do you want to stay the night?"

His anxiety kicked in when Dean stopped what he was doing and leaned back to look at him proper. His heart stuttered and his pants tightened above his crotch when he saw the complete hunger in Dean's green eyes. He stifled another moan at the man's gravelly low voice, as Dean replied, "On the couch or on your bed, Ackles? Either way I'm staying".

Jensen's eyes drifted down to the man's crotch- very impressive. He wonders '*What lies beneath?*' He gnawed at his bottom lip, catching Dean's hooded eyes. He ran the tips of his

fingers up Dean's neck, feeling the skin heat up further under his touch, he leaned in and sucked Dean's bottom lip into his mouth. He felt pride consume him as an instant chesty moan was torn out of Dean, whose hands were now gripping onto his waist-squeezing on and off. He tongued and ran his teeth along the man's plush flesh before releasing Dean's bottom lip with a filthy wet pop. He leaned his forehead against Dean's, replying in a breathless tone, "On my bed, Winchester".

Jensen yelled when Dean's response was to grip his ass and heave him onto the man's lap. Their lips met in a hot deep embrace- tongues tangled and teeth clinked as they devoured. He was even more turned on by the man's strength as Dean managed to get up, allowing him to wrap his legs around that waist and walking them towards his bedroom without breaking their kiss. And the part he enjoyed was when Dean pressed him up against the wall or furniture, kissing and pressing his bulge into his- it turned them crazy and even hungrier.

Dean was a powerful man- physically, but then again he would surprise Jensen with how tender he was when it came to lovemaking.

Clothes were chucked aside without a moment's thought the minute they were in the room. By the time Dean laid Jensen on the bed- they were just in their unzipped Jeans. Dean went to work on Jensen the moment he was comfortably laid back, lips leaving his to kiss, tongue and nip a wet path down his jaw, neck, chest, nipples, torso, down his treasure trail before he felt his jeans and boxers being pulled down.

His body was on fire.

He blushed when Dean got him finally naked. The man stood by the foot of the bed, eyes burning a path on Jensen's now naked body. Somehow, Jensen felt delighted that he was a fitness buff and that his gym days paid off as he could successfully know that he was trimmed and cut in all the right places. Still it made him quite shy to have a man's eyes on him, after all, it has been a long time. His attention, however, became focused on how Dean unzipped his jeans and slowly pushed the material down while the man uttered a strained, "Fuck you're perfect Jen".

He never thought he'd like hearing the name 'Jen' before. Coming from Dean, it was flattering and a major turn on.

His eyes drew a trail down Dean's chest to that perfect packed torso, all the way down that treasure trail, finally taking in that very proud 10 inch veiny cock encased between those thick muscular thighs. He gasped a moan as he felt his own member jerk and release a small amount of precum which dropped on his tummy- just below his belly button.

Jensen saw the way Dean's eyes didn't miss that little moment- the man's eyes drawn to slits as a growl tore out of his chest. Before Jensen knew it, Dean was on the bed, sucking that wet spot off his belly. He threw his head back as Dean's lips travelled down to the juncture between his groin and thigh, bypassing his hard cock, kissing and tonguing up the inside of his thighs. His eyes found the white ceiling above as his hazy lust filled brain tried to soak in Dean's heated touches. He let out a shivering moan as Dean began to suck hard just at the back of his knee, feeling the stinging-pleasure of blood being drawn to the surface. He sighed, "Oh Dean".

Dean seemed to have a fascination for his inner thighs, the man began to suck and pull blood onto the surface on nearly every part of sensitive skin he could find. He swore he could pick up Dean murmuring, "Perfect, mine, gonna mark you all over Jen".

Jensen managed to grab the bottle of lube from under his pillow while he enjoyed the pleasure Dean's mouth pampered his thighs with. He found a loud shaky moan being torn out of him when Dean's warm mouth sucked in his leaking cock, his mid back reflexively bowing, gripping onto the sheets tight, "Uhn Dean!"

But just like that- after a few good hard sucks, Dean's mouth was gone and kissing and sucking a wet trail on hickeys up his torso, dipping his tongue into Jensen's belly button- sending tingles up and sparks straight down to his groin. His lover then kissed up to lavish hotly on his nipples- getting them perky and aching before that talented mouth sucked another hickey into his shoulder, tonguing along his clavicle before nipping lightly on Jensen's neck- without leaving any hickeys there. Jensen's heart warmed as he thought of how Dean was careful not to leave any bites out in the open for all to see and then he realized what Dean was doing- the man was taking his time with him; the man was worshipping his body.

No one had ever worshipped his body like this before.

And when Dean finally claimed his mouth, he melted. He felt his body sink into the mattress as Dean's weight deliciously pressed down on him. Every inch of their skin meeting felt heavenly and addictive. Hand roamed and mouths ravished, pouring out the love they both held for one another. He felt his legs drawing up until his thighs were wrapped around Dean's waist, rutting his cock alongside Dean's hard leaking one, cold electrifying air brushing his now exposed hole.

He didn't know when, in the middle of their hot moment when Dean managed to crack open the lube. All he felt was how Dean's lubed finger began to prod at his furred entrance. He felt his fear settle in as he thought of how the last and only time he had had a guy open him up was before Lucas mom. His fear must have radiated through and shown as Dean pulled out of the kiss, panting down at him as he halted his prodding, voice almost worn thin as the man asked, "Babe? You ok?"

Jensen swallowed, answering, "Dean. I haven't had a man touch me there for a very long time now".

Understanding dawned on Dean's features, "Do you want to stop baby? We could take it slow, no worries. Maybe just stick to a good ole jerk off or frottage".

Jensen found himself getting all riled up, blurting, "NO!" He shook his head, running his hand down Dean's chest, "No baby. I'm ready, I just....please go slow".

"Of course baby". Dean leaned down and laid a gentle feather light peck on his lips, murmuring hotly against his lips, "I'll take it so slow, you'll get high".

Jensen snorted, "Cheesy fucker!" He giggled when Dean hummed and playfully nipped on his lips.

Soon, things were back on track. Dean was such an expert that he had managed to get Jensen to forget all that was going on down there with the press of his body and the burn of his hot lips on his skin.

Well it's safe to say that Jensen just landed himself a *Sex God*.

And when Dean's three fingers brushed that g-spot, he squeezed into the man's shoulder blades, throwing his head back, "Oh Dean! Fuck- right there!"

Dean chuckled darkly into his neck, pressing his fingers into that hotspot, "Mmm, you got a filthy mouth when ya all outta control, huh baby?"

"It's your fucking fault!" He managed to bite back through his euphoria before his lips where invaded by Dean's hungry hot ones. Dean's prostate massage and draining kiss lasted for another minute while they hungrily grinded circles into each other.

He tore his mouth away from Dean's, "Fuck Dean. I swear if you keep this up, I'll be -uhn-coming before you're in me. And I want to feel you in me so bad. I want to feel your hot cum fill me up".

"Fuck Jen!" Dean pulled his fingers out to clamp his hand around the base of his cock, starving off his orgasm.

He watched his lover close his eyes, almost losing his control above him. *Well looks like he's still got it in him*. He wanted to tease so he dropped his hand to thumb at Dean's leaking cockhead, his lover gasped, eyes meeting his with his mouth sucking in air. He panted out, "You going to put this monster in me, baby?"

Dean went all feral. His lover lubed his cock and before Jensen knew it, his hole was being invaded by a massive rock hard member. Dean slipped in nice and easy, like a knife cutting through soft butter. Both cried out in ecstasy as they finally became one.

The rest of the 10 minutes (surprisingly) was filled with sounds of their lovemaking. The creaks of the mattress, the slap of skin against skin, the stirring wet noises of kisses being delivered, the loud chesty pants, the shaky words and praises coming out of their mouths and the moans of pleasure filled the sexually charged air.

Soon, both were scrambling for purchase on each other's sweaty slippery bodies as they released their orgasms. This was the most powerful of orgasms he has ever had, his whole body seizing up as he painted he and Dean's torso with cum while he felt his lover satisfy him with that warm release inside.

Both couldn't stop planting deep, breathless kisses onto each other's lips while riding out their waves of extreme pleasure. Little moans, grunts, words and groans were all they heard for at least another minute being whispered into their lips or surface of skin.

Jensen felt a tear finally slip down his cheek as they lay there in their afterglow. Dean, *whose softening cock was still buried deep within him*, pulled his head up to catch the tear that rolled

down the corner of his temple. Dean's worry spiked, "Jen, baby, did I hurt you?" The man above him was carefully pulling out his soft cock in his panic.

No!

He wrapped his thighs tighter around Dean, shaking his head and blurting, "Don't Dean! You didn't hurt me!"

Dean stopped and thumbed at his tear, "Then what is it baby?"

"I just- I never thought I'd feel this way about someone else before. I never thought I'd fall in love again. And I have with you".

Dean felt his heart swell. He leaned down and captured Jensen's beautiful lips in a warm short kiss, before thumbing down that beautiful sharp cheek bones, eyes meeting those beautiful emeralds, "I can't imagine my life without you Jen. I love you too".

Jensen smiled and fondly tickled the back of Dean's head, "Thank you Dean".

"No, thank you baby. You made me a believer".

Jensen smiled shyly, heart finally finding its long lost soulmate.

That night they lay cuddled and warm in each other's embrace; dreaming of an amazing future filled with love ahead.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I have decided to end the fic here. I would like to thank my readers for giving this fic a chance :)

Please feel free to leave final comments and/or kudos :)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!