

## 15x02 CODA

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# 15x02 CODA

by [Taybay14](#)

## Summary

Cas comes to visit Dean in the impala, determined to show him just how REAL they are.

\*\* I fixed it

## Notes

Not beta read, so if there are mistakes, I apologize

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

Dean stares up at the roof of the impala, unable to sleep. His next shift to watch the border isn't until dawn, but he can't get his mind to turn off. Half of his brain is devoted to figuring out a solution to this goddamn mess. The other half is replaying the constant taunt that nothing matters. None of it was real.

Hell, *Dean* doesn't even feel real. He lies in the back seat of the impala and tries desperately to convince himself that he exists. That he is his own person, not just a character in a book.

*We are.* Castiel's words have been echoing inside his chest all night. He sounded so sure. Certain that they are real. That they are people. That their love is genuine. *We are.*

Are they real? Or was Dean falling in love with Castiel just another one of Chuck's plot lines? A game? Look at the two perfect little soldiers who rebelled for each other. Who sacrificed everything for each other. Who love each other. Dean will admit, it makes a great story.

But it makes their love feel fake. Forced. Or, maybe, that's Dean's anger speaking, latching onto this excuse so Dean doesn't have to think about forgiving the man he loves.

A soft knock on the window of the door by his feet pulls Dean out of his swirling thoughts. He flicks his eyes away from the roof and finds Castiel squatting down, peering at him through the glass.

He should turn him away. Tell him to fuck off. They aren't real, and he's tired of Castiel pretending otherwise.

But... Dean just *can't* .

So, he sits up and lifts the lock, then grabs the handle and pushes the door open just enough for Castiel to take over. The angel slips through the crack and into the impala before closing the door behind himself and locking it again. When he turns back to Dean, they both realize how close they are all of a sudden. Since Dean hadn't sat up, Castiel is now kneeling between

his two legs that are spread out along the backseat. Their faces are close enough for Dean to feel Castiel's shaky breaths on his skin.

There's so much to say, but Dean's too terrified of it all, so he settles for, "Thought you were on watch tonight?"

"Traded with Ketch." Castiel shrugs out of his trenchcoat, letting the fabric pool over Dean's shins and knees. "Rowena is on now. I'm sure you can imagine his thought process behind the swap."

Dean forces a laugh. "Those two are determined to bang."

"I think they already have. Didn't you notice they disappeared when Ketch got back from the hospital?"

He had noticed, but Dean doesn't want to admit that. He doesn't want to talk about people getting together or falling in love. None of it is real anyway.

Deciding to just remain silent, Dean lays back with one arm crooked beneath his head and the other hanging off the seat, knuckles grazing the floor of the impala. He watches with hooded eyes as Castiel takes off his tie and kicks off his shoes.

Dean will stop him. He will. Just... in a minute.

Castiel takes Dean's boots off next, tossing them in the same direction as his own shoes. Then he digs his fingers into Dean's sides and pulls, smiling softly when Dean doesn't argue, just sitting up and leaning forward so Castiel can slip his FBI jacket off his shoulders. Since they're already there, Castiel removes Dean's flannel too.

The brush of Dean's lips against Castiel's throat doesn't go unnoticed by either of them. Castiel prays it was intentional. Dean tells himself it was an accident.

Throat constricting, Dean slowly lays himself back down, returning to his arm-pillow as he tries to avoid looking at Castiel. He stares at his belt, thinking that's a safe place to look, but he's proven wrong when Castiel's long, elegant fingers start to work at the small strip of leather.

"Cas," Dean whispers.

"What?"

"You shouldn't - we shouldn't."

Blue eyes look at him, and Dean's caught by surprise because they aren't full of lust or anxiety, like how Dean's feeling right now. They're angry. "Why, Dean? It's not like it's *real*."

Dean's chest grows heavy, but he says nothing. What's there to say? Castiel got him there.

When Castiel has Dean down to his boxer-briefs and t-shirt, he lays his body over Dean's so he can remove his own pants. They discovered a long time ago that it's easier to do it that way, because sitting up always ends in knees and feet bumping into things as they try to maneuver in the cramped space.

Castiel's mouth rests against the shell of Dean's ear as he takes his sweet ass time removing his pants. Every time the angel exhales against him, Dean shivers involuntarily. He knows Castiel is aware of this, because every time Dean does so, Castiel's lips pull into a smile he can feel against his skin.

*Not real, Dean's mind taunts. Not real.*

"Cas-" Dean's argument is cut off before it can even start, Castiel's crotch pressing down against his the only thing Dean can focus on. He moans when he feels the angel's erection against him, coaxing his own cock into action.

"That feel real, Dean?" Castiel asks in a teasing voice.

Dean tries to stay calm, proud of himself for how steady his voice is as he says, "I don't wanna play this game, Cas."

"Why? Afraid I'll win?"

Before Dean can respond, Castiel is grabbing a fistful of Dean's hair and pulling his head to the side. He latches onto Dean's neck and bites before quickly licking at the marks he just made. Dean just squeezes his eyes shut and tries to keep himself under control.

*Not real. It's not real.*

Castiel grabs the bicep of the arm Dean has beneath his head and pins it, then reaches down to Dean's other arm and pulls it up to put it in the same place. With one of his big hands that have always been so skilled at taking Dean apart, Castiel holds his two wrists against the window above Dean's head. His other hand grabs Dean's chin and jaw, using the authoritative grip to force Dean's eyes to lock with Castiel's.

Those green eyes widen when Castiel lifts his hips and gently begins to grind against Dean's front. "Feel good?"

"Yeah," Dean pants, canting his hips. "Feels good, Cas."

"But not real?"

Dean closes his eyes in frustration, which is a mistake. With his eyes closed, he can't see what Castiel is doing until he's feeling it, and then it's too late. Dean's underwear is yanked down, and then Castiel's bare cock is brushing against his.

"Real yet?"

"Cas, stop," he grumbles, just wanting to focus on how good this feels. Wanting to put all the bullshit to the side for now. To pretend like the last week hasn't happened.

Still grinding against Dean, Castiel brings his free hand to Dean's lips and slips two fingers into his mouth. Dean groans, knowing exactly what that means. He spreads his legs as wide as he can in the space they're in, sucking and licking Castiel's fingers to make sure they'll be dripping for his hole.

Castiel pulls his fingers out and Dean shivers in anticipation. When he feels Castiel between his cheeks, the pad of his pointer finger gently circling his opening, Dean opens his eyes to look at him. He gasps when he's met with Castiel's blue eyes just an inch or two away, staring at him like Dean holds every answer to the universe.

Gazes remaining locked, Castiel slides both fingers into Dean at once, his lips twitching into a smirk when Dean whines. He wastes no time, either, not giving Dean the chance to adjust. The angel just preps him fast and sloppy before moving away to rip Dean's underwear straight off his legs, allowing them to spread wider.

In one fluid motion, Castiel has Dean flat on his back, pretty bow legs hooked over Castiel's shoulders, arms still pinned above Dean's head, no doubt developing fingerprint bruises.

Castiel already got his cock wet at some point. Dean can feel the slick head as it nudges against his hole.

His only warning is Castiel's eyes softening for half a second, then Castiel is slamming into him, free hand gripping the top of Dean's right thigh so he can't squirm away. Dean arches his back and wails, the sudden burning fullness overwhelmingly *good*.

Castiel pulls out before sinking into him again, this time very slowly, the angel making sure to grind right against Dean's sensitive prostate. As Dean cries out, he hears Castiel growl, "Real yet?"

Dean ignores him, focusing on the relieving pleasure instead. He needed this. Damn, he needed this.

A choked groan escapes his lips when Castiel picks up the pace to repeatedly nail his prostate. The angel presses down to kiss Dean, nearly bending him in half. The added discomfort from the forced stretch only heightens Dean's arousal. He feels his orgasm swiftly building.

After a harsh bite to Dean's bottom lip, Castiel pulls back just enough to lock eyes with Dean.

"This feel real, baby?" Castiel rasps. "Hmm?"

"F - Feels- oh, shit!" Dean's body tenses the second Castiel's free hand wraps around his cock. He barely has enough time to take a breath before his orgasm crashes into him hard enough to make his vision blur.

When Dean comes down from his high, he realizes his body is moving. It takes a second for him to gain his bearings. Then he realizes he's now straddling Castiel, who is sitting beneath him, barely even pausing his movements. He just continues to violently pound into Dean as he chases his own release, making Dean squirm and whine at the sensory overload.

Dean ends up just allowing his body to slump forward, resting his head on Castiel's shoulder as Castiel's movements begin to stutter. He feels Castiel's fingers digging into his back, holding Dean tight as he fills him. Then the two of them are relaxing into each other, panting as they return to reality.



Remaining buried deep inside Dean, Castiel peppers gentle kisses on every available inch of him. His hair, his temple, his cheek, his neck, even his shoulder through the shirt that never got removed.

“What about this, Dean?” Castiel whispers before gently cradling Dean’s face to kiss him nice and slow. He separates their lips to take a breath and presses his forehead against Dean’s. “Doesn’t this feel real?”

“Yeah, Cas,” Dean admits, feeling exhausted but relieved. “It feels real.”

“That’s because we *are* , Dean. *We’re real* .”

As those words sink in, Dean finds himself drifting to sleep, the past week’s worth of stress and sleep-deprivation catching up with him. He presses his cheek against Castiel’s shoulder like earlier, nuzzling the side of his throat.

“Go ahead, Dean,” Castiel whispers, knowing exactly what Dean needs. He moves them easily, laying back against a door and shifting Dean so he’s in a more comfortable position in Castiel’s lap. “Sleep now. I’ll watch over you.”

A second later, Dean feels the soft fabric of the trench coat as it’s wrapped around him, encasing him in a nice warm bubble of nothing but Castiel.

Just before slipping into his dreams, Castiel hears Dean breathe out a happy, “ *Real* .”

## End Notes

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