

Quickies

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/26411521) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/26411521>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	M/M , Gen
Fandom:	Supernatural
Relationships:	Castiel & Dean Winchester & Sam Winchester , Castiel/Dean Winchester , Dean Winchester & Sam Winchester , past Crowley/Dean Winchester - Relationship , Eileen Leahy/Sam Winchester
Characters:	Dean Winchester , Sam Winchester , Baby (Supernatural) , Gabriel (Supernatural) , Castiel (Supernatural) , Lucifer (Supernatural) , Michael (Supernatural) , Crowley (Supernatural) , Eileen Leahy
Additional Tags:	Dean Winchester Has a Fear of Flying , Graduate Student Castiel (Supernatural) , Mechanic Dean Winchester , Alternate Universe , Season/Series 05 , One Shot Collection , Nightmares , Hurt/Comfort , Castiel and Dean Winchester Have a Profound Bond , Shitty Motel Pools , the boys are goofballs , Shrinking Spells , Accidental Cuddling , Sam ships Destiel , Dean and Crowley had a thing , and Dean REALLY doesn't want Sam to know , Crowley is a delightful Scottish asshole , Dreams , Inspired by Music , Smug Castiel (Supernatural) , Smooth Castiel (Supernatural) , Dean is about as smooth as sandpaper , Flustered Dean Winchester , Adorable , Dandelions , Planning an engagement , Freudian Slips , Botany , Established Relationship , AU Dadstiel , Baby Jack Kline , Toddler Jack Kline , Parenthood , Episode: s13e01 Lost and Found , Character Study , Canonical Character Death , Suicidal Thoughts , Grief/Mourning , Depression , Halloween , Halloween Costumes , Dean Winchester Being an Idiot , Idiots in Love , Eileen is delightful
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-09-11 Completed: 2021-12-03 Words: 10,055 Chapters: 10/10

Quickies

by [Nepenthene](#)

Summary

Oneshot dumping ground!

1. We're on a plane and you hate flying (G)
2. Nightmare hurt/comfort (G)
3. Shitty motel pool time (G)
4. Tiny Cas (T)
5. Crowley comes to visit (T)
6. "Cherry Pie" gives Dean ~*ideas*~ (M)
7. Dandelions :) (T)
8. Fathers & Son (G)
9. 13x01 character study (M)
10. Halloween Hijinks (G)

Closed!

Fear of Flying (G)

Chapter Notes

"This is a five hour long plane ride, we're sitting together and you're deathly afraid of flying" AU

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

11:46 AM, Sioux Falls International Airport

Castiel trudges down the aisle of the airplane, his carry-on catching on every few seats and threatening to clothesline him with the cross-body strap. He's hot and flustered from his sprint across the airport, and each jolt of resistance feels like a personally engineered torment to obliterate his already frayed nerves.

But despite everything that happened this morning, he made his flight on time. And, he thinks with a relieved sigh as he shoves his bag into the overhead and collapses into his seat, from here on out there's not much that can go wrong. For the next week, he's free: from his thesis, from being a good TA, from everything. Gabriel is no doubt planning for a week of debauchery and hedonism, but Castiel has every intention of going to bed at a reasonable hour every night, taking the time for a nice, long run every morning, and spending the rest of the days doing whatever the hell he wants.

He takes off his trench coat and folds it up neatly, wedging it behind his head and pulling the safety brochure out of the mesh pocket on the seat in front of him. At least it seems like this will be a calm flight. He didn't see any young children when he came aboard, and it's a sunny, clear day. And even better, there doesn't seem to be anyone sitting beside him.

"You're in my seat."

Castiel blinks up at the man standing in the aisle, startled, and frowns. "Are you sure?" He fishes his ticket out of his pocket and stifles a sigh when he sees that yes, he is in the wrong seat. His cursory glance on the way in must not have been long enough. "Yes, it appears I am."

He moves to get up, still awkwardly holding the safety booklet, but the man stops him with a wave of his hand. "Nah, it's fine, I don't like the window seat anyways. I'll just take the aisle."

Castiel shoves his ticket back into his pocket and stops, slightly stunned, as he gets his first real look at the man.

Because, fuck. He's *extremely* attractive. He looks to be around Castiel's age, with a face straight out of classical sculpture and an endearing smattering of freckles across the tanned

planes of his cheeks. His green eyes have smile crinkles at the corners, and his mouth is a near-perfect cupid's bow tipped into a crooked half-smile.

He's also holding a hand out in Castiel's direction. Castiel's brain kicks back into gear and he hastily shakes it, though he's definitely already come off as strange if the man's bemused expression is anything to go by.

"I'm Dean."

"Castiel. Again, my apologies about the mistake."

Dean raises an amused eyebrow. "No problem. Like I said, I'm not attached to the window seat. Have at it, man."

Castiel chances a small smile and pulls his phone out of his pocket, pulling up the book he'd started yesterday while he curses his social ineptitude. Normally he likes to think he's not quite *this* bad, but today is simply awful.

The man, Dean, doesn't try to continue the conversation, though, so Castiel doesn't have to suffer any more than he already is. A few announcements come over the intercom as the plane prepares to taxi, and Castiel finally starts to relax. It's a five-hour flight, yes, but he's always enjoyed flying. He feels almost at home whenever he's up above the clouds.

At some point, Dean starts humming. Castiel doesn't recognize the tune, but he picks up on an urgent undercurrent in Dean's voice that he doubts is part of the song. He glances down at the armrests, and his suspicions are confirmed: Dean's holding onto the sticky plastic for dear life. As the plane gives a lurch and starts to taxi down the runway, the humming hitches and Dean's hands squeeze the armrests even tighter, his knuckles showing white through his skin.

"Would you like a piece of gum?"

Dean looks at Castiel, eyes wide. "Uh. What?"

Castiel shrugs. "To help you adjust to the pressure. It keeps your ears from popping."

Dean takes a piece from the pack with jittery fingers, grumbling, "Wouldn't have to worry about my goddamn ears popping if I was passed out, but I forgot my Xanax at home." He pops the piece of gum into his mouth, then stops mid-chew and shoots Castiel an awkward glance. "Uh, I mean..."

Castiel attempts to keep a straight face, but a smile slips out. "Unfortunately, I don't have any of that in my pockets."

Dean seems relieved that Castiel doesn't think he's some sort of addict, and lets out a brief huff of laughter. "Well shit, that's my backup plan out the window." The airplane starts picking up speed, and Dean plasters himself to the seat, his eyes squeezed shut and his hands back to strangling the armrests. "Fuck," he wheezes. "So what are you doin' in California, Castiel?"

"I'm visiting my brother for a week."

Dean's so surprised, he looks like he almost forgets he's having a minor crisis. "Shit, really? Me too. Older or younger?"

Castiel tries not to make a face. "Older. Technically."

Dean laughs a little. "Oh yeah, you get it. My little brother just passed his bar exam out there, so we're celebrating."

"Congratulations. I'm sure you're very proud."

"Thanks, dude. I really am, *oh shit-*"

Dean spends the ascent swearing a blue streak under his breath, beginning with an incoherent litany of random curses and graduating to personal insults directed at the pilot, the taxi driver that brought him to the airport, someone named Sam, and God, just to name a few. Castiel listens in a kind of awe, and thinks even Gabriel would be impressed with Dean's creativity.

Finally, the seatbelt light clicks off with a soft *ding* and a steward announces they've reached cruising altitude over the intercom. Dean lets out a shaky breath and looks over at Castiel.

"Your, uh. Your brother sounds like a real character, huh?"

Castiel recognizes the silent plea for further distraction for what it is, and obliges with an exasperated grin. "You have no idea. He insisted on organizing my twenty-first birthday party, and he ended up incurring four thousand dollars in property damages..."

12:27 PM

"See? *This* is Baby. 1967 Chevy Impala, still runs as smooth as she did when she rolled off the line. Maybe even a little better."

"Ah, yes. It's very nice."

Dean's hand flies to his chest in mock affront. "Excuse you, Cas, *she* is a *lady*. And fuck yeah, she's nice." Then he pauses, eyeing Castiel shrewdly. "You don't know the first thing about cars, do you?"

"I admit that I am lacking in that area of expertise. But you obviously love your vehicle very much, and she looks extremely well taken care of."

"You bet your ass she is. I wish I could take you for a spin, you'd love it."

2:38 PM

"... seriously? Nothing? How do you not know Star Wars?"

“My parents were very strictly religious. They didn’t approve of most popular culture, so unfortunately, Star Wars fell by the wayside.”

“Shit, dude, you’ve gotta watch it. It is a *classic*. Just make sure you start with *A New Hope* and not *Phantom Menace*. ”

“Why? What’s wrong with *Phantom Menace* ?”

“Oh man, don’t even get me *started* ...”

3:59 PM

“... Michael and Lucifer have been fighting since we were children, and even though I’ve told them in no uncertain terms I will not be getting in the middle of their corporate pissing match, they’re still both trying to recruit me.”

“Wait... your brother’s name is Lucifer? Like, Satan? Are you fucking with me, or...?”

“Unfortunately, I am not ‘fucking’ with you. His *legal* name is Nick, but he’s been calling himself Lucifer ever since our father kicked him out. It’s just easier to go along with it.”

“Uh... wow.”

“Yes. You could say he has a few issues.”

“Hey, I get it. Really. Sammy an’ I are both fucked six ways to Sunday after how we grew up. The only difference is that he deals with it a helluva lot better than I do...”

5:21 PM, LAX

“Welcome to Los Angeles International Airport. We hope you enjoy your stay here in lovely California!”

Dean lets out a huge sigh of relief. “Yeah, yeah. Eat me, lady.”

Castiel huffs a laugh, and Dean grins back. They’re both still pleasantly buzzed from the two in-flight whiskies they had, but Castiel can tell that Dean really is anxious to get off the plane. He tries not to let his growing disappointment show on his face as they get up and start shuffling down the aisle; as silly as it is, he thinks he’ll miss Dean. Although honestly, he says to himself, who wouldn’t?

Dean keeps chatting as they make their way off the plane, and laughs out loud when Castiel glowers at a woman who pushes past them with her husband. (“You looked like you were gonna smite her or something, dude,” he’d laughed. “Like you were gonna get Biblical on her ass.”)

They pick up their bags at the carousel, and suddenly they've reached the moment Castiel knew was coming. He puts on a pleasant expression and nods solemnly at the other man. "I believe this is where we part ways. It was very nice to meet you, Dean. Congratulations again to your brother."

Dean shakes his outstretched hand, an odd expression on his face. "Yeah, Cas. You're a good guy. Thanks for putting up with my bullshit that whole time, you didn't have to do that."

Castiel shakes his head. "It was no trouble, I assure you. You are... easy to talk to."

Dean smiles softly. "Thanks." Both of them pause, neither willing to be the first to leave. Castiel's heart gives a treacherous thump. Maybe...

No. Gabriel's probably waiting for him, anyways. He steps back, waving awkwardly. "Well, enjoy your trip. Goodbye, Dean," he says, and turns determinedly towards the Arrivals gate.

"Wait." A hand closes over Castiel's shoulder, and he stops. He turns back to Dean, head tilted in confusion.

"Yes?"

Dean flushes slightly and pulls his hand back, running it through his hair. "Uh, could I actually... could I get your number? I'd like to see you again if I make it back to Sioux Falls alive."

Castiel tries not to gape. "Uh. See me again?"

"Yeah, like, uh. On a date. If you'd be into that."

Castiel feels a smile growing on his face. "Yes, Dean. I would be into that. Very much."

Dean beams, his chest puffing out a little. "Awesome." He hands over his phone, and Castiel scrolls thoughtfully through the emoji keyboard before sending a little plane emoji to his number. Dean snorts when he sees it, shaking his head. "I guess I'll see you 'round, Cas."

Castiel grins. "Oh, yes. I'm certain of it."

Chapter End Notes

This is from a list of "meet-ugly" prompts put together by tokiosunset on tumblr. Unfortunately I can't find their tumblr anywhere, but it's a fun list of prompts nonetheless.

And hey, let's play some trivia: what's the song that Dean likes to hum to keep himself calm? Put your guess in the comments. :)

(P.S. Constructive criticism welcome.)

My Brother's Keeper (G)

Chapter Summary

"Sam has never told Dean this, but during some of his nightmares Sam will wake up and Cas will be sitting at the foot of Dean's bed whispering things in Enochian until Dean stops shaking in his sleep."

Chapter Notes

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

It's the fuzzy grey of *very* early morning in the motel room, and Sam can't figure out why he's in any state to be aware of that. He squints at the blurry red numbers on the old alarm clock and rubs a hand over his face, blearily trying to figure out what the hell woke him up.

Barely a second later, he gets it. A soft whimper and an agitated rustle of sheets reach his ears from across the room, and Sam sighs quietly. Dean must be having another nightmare. He grimaces in sympathy but stays where he is: he's awake enough now not to do something stupid, like try and help. Last time he did *that* he got a black eye for his trouble, which of course made Dean feel even worse than he already did when he actually woke up. So Sam just lies there in the dark, listening to Dean's choked-off sobs, and tries not to feel like the worst brother ever.

But then suddenly Dean is shouting something incomprehensible, his voice ragged and broken. Sam doesn't catch most of it as he bolts upright and struggles to untangle his legs from the sheets, but the final cry is distinct and achingly desperate:

"CAS!"

Whoosh.

Sam freezes, halfway out of bed, and stares across the room with his mouth hanging open.

A shadowy figure with familiar messy hair and a long coat is standing next to Dean's bed, leaning over him protectively and placing its hand firmly on Dean's shoulder. The same one the handprint was on, Sam remembers absently as he swallows back the shout of warning that's stuck in his throat.

Cas starts speaking gently to Dean in that strange, melodic language of his, a low, indistinct murmur filling the room. And to Sam's shock, Dean starts to relax.

What the fuck. How is this happening? Sam was *lucky* all he got was a punch in the face.

Despite the dimness of the room, Sam can actually *see* the tension bleeding from Dean's limbs, his hands gradually releasing their *rigor mortis* grip on the rumpled sheets. His big brother curls towards Cas, his breathing becoming natural and even again, and Cas slowly lets the comforting rumble of his voice fade back to silence.

Dean settles further into his pillow, a contented sigh whispering through the air. Cas pauses for a minute, watching Dean intently. Whatever he sees must satisfy him, because he silently removes his hand and gently tugs the covers a little further up over Dean's chest.

Sam blinks a couple times and closes his mouth, suddenly uncomfortable. He wasn't meant to see this. Maybe if he just...

The bed creaks loudly as he shifts, and he goes still as Cas' head snaps up. Sam grits his teeth, cursing the shitty bedsprings as he and Cas stare at each other, saying nothing. Dean starts snoring softly.

Cas nods once, almost apprehensively. Sam manages a small wave in return.

Then he's gone, just as abruptly as he'd appeared.

It's a long time before Sam manages to fall back asleep.

...

When he's woken up the next morning by a passionate rendition of "Thunderstruck" emanating from the shower, Sam's first instinct is to tell Dean what happened.

But for some reason, he doesn't.

He only makes a face and swats Dean's hand away when Dean ruffles his hair and calls him "Sleeping Beauty", ignoring the words crowding up behind his lips. And then over breakfast at a nearby Denny's, when Dean asks if he slept all right, because, "Dude. You look like shit," he just rolls his eyes, calls him a jerk, and goes back to eating his pancakes.

Because really, Sam reasons as they're driving out of town, it's not any of his business. And if he starts to notice now how much better Dean's been sleeping lately, or how Dean will occasionally complain exasperatedly about waking up with a certain angel watching over him, well. What does Sam know about that?

(He knows that Cas'll be there when Dean needs him. And that's enough for him.)

This was from a screenshot of a tumblr post I came across on Instagram, no username included. It just gave me so many feels, and I had to write it because Cas has t o t a l l y done this. You can't tell me otherwise. ;D

Don't be afraid to drop a comment and say hi!

Shitty Motel Pools Aren't That Bad (G)

Chapter Notes

“it’s been brought to my attention that we’ve never seen the boys hanging out in a shitty motel pool”

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

Sam looks up from his phone, confused, as Dean pulls into a parking spot and kills the engine. “What’s up?”

Dean doesn’t say anything, just looks past Sam out of the passenger window with his thinking face on. Sam looks too, but the only thing that’s out there is one of those general stores that every small town seems to have, the ones that sell everything from toy bucket and shovel sets to gardening tools to bird feeders.

Dean just grins. “C’mon.”

Sam groans, but he gets out of the car anyways. “Dude, can we just go back to the motel? I want to take a shower. And you’ve been complaining about how hot you are *all day*.”

A little bell rings as they walk through the door, and Dean makes a beeline for a rack of cheap swim trunks, rifling through eye-aching Hawaiian prints, stripes, and... is that Homer Simpson? He finds a really awful pair with boats and azalea flowers, and holds them up. “Whaddya think? Do they match my eyes?”

Sam... Sam is so confused. “What?”

Dean rolls his eyes, snagging the Simpsons ones too before making for the cash. “You just said it. It’s hot as balls, these monkey suits’ve been driving me crazy all day, and I just remembered that the motel’s got a pool. Plus, I doubt the management’d be too pleased if we went skinny-dipping, so swim trunks it is.”

Sam snorts a little in disbelief. “You... you want to go swimming?”

Dean grins, tossing the trunks onto the counter and digging out his wallet. “Yep. And you’re gonna come with me.”

Sam tosses the mini bottle of sunscreen at Dean, and it bounces off his shoulder with a plasticky *thwack*. Dean narrows his eyes. “Hey. Knock it off.”

Sam laughs. “Just covering my bases. You can’t tell me I didn’t warn you when you’ve got third degree sunburns tomorrow morning.”

Dean sighs long-sufferingly and picks up the bottle, haphazardly smearing some sunscreen over his arms, his shoulders, and his face. Sam suppresses a grin and wonders if he’ll be able to sneak a picture of the blob on Dean’s nose before he notices.

Even though he got stuck with the Simpsons trunks, Sam has a good time. The water’s actually fairly clean, and it’s a *huge* relief after being stuck in their cheap polyester agent suits all day. He does a few laps, until Dean splashes him and tells him not to be lame. Which is an act of war, obviously, so Sam splashes him back and they get into a huge water fight that only ends when they’re both laughing too hard to keep going. Sam just knows he’s gonna be spitting the taste of chlorine out of his mouth for days.

He’s floating on his back, staring up at the sky, and it occurs to him that he doesn’t remember the last time they had this much fun. Maybe that day they canvassed the haunted arcade, and they were trying to destroy each other at pinball? That was... hm. That was too long ago. They should try and do this more often.

He looks over at Dean and grins. “Hey. This was a good idea.”

Dean looks proud of himself as he climbs up the ladder and walks toward the chair where he left his towel. “Of course it was. I’m awesome, remember?”

Sam laughs. “At losing water fights, maybe.”

Dean stops, turning back towards the pool with an evil glint in his eye. “Oh, really?”

Sam’s eyes go wide. “Wait, I was just kidding—”

He’s still yelling when Dean’s cannonball sends a wave crashing into him. And just like that, round two of the Great Winchester Water War is officially *on*.

Chapter End Notes

The original blog this came from seems to be deactivated, but [here](#) is a good quality repost. I've seen this on insta a few times, and it's just such a cute idea.

Drop requests in the comments, I'd love some inspo!

Shrunk in Love (G)

Chapter Summary

Cas gets shrunken down to eight inches tall.

Chapter Notes

This chapter was based on [this](#) post on Instagram by reshipkmn. Their stuff is great, I love their style, and this was just so cute. You can check them out on here under the same name as well!

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

“Stop laughing, Dean. This isn’t funny,” Cas grumbles, crossing his arms and *glowering*.

“C’mon, man,” Dean snickers. “It’s kinda funny.”

Cas’ expression turns downright murderous, and Dean struggles not to laugh out loud. Because the angel’s normally intimidating death glare is missing the mark *just* a little, seeing as he’s currently eight inches tall.

It’s okay, he’s fine; they’d called Rowena in to take a look at him as soon as she could, and according to her diagnosis he’s just gonna have to wait this one out. They’d been on a hunt, and the leprechaun they’d been after had set a swarm of pixies on them. When Cas had gotten a bunch of them to the face he’d stumbled back in surprise, right into a magical booby trap he’d just made his way around. The spell went off with a bang and a billowing cloud of blue smoke, and when it cleared Cas had been shrunken down to the size of a Ken doll. Sam and Dean had gotten the ugly Irish bastard, at least, and banished him back to the faerie realm with *extreme* prejudice, but that still left them with one very small, *very* pissed off angel of the Lord.

They’re having a bit of a hard time taking it seriously.

The leprechaun had been hiding out in a second-floor apartment, so Cas’d had to suck it up and ride downstairs to the car in Dean’s breast pocket. That’d been weird, feeling the tiny, warm weight against his chest and knowing it was *Cas*. And it was even weirder when he poked his head out once they were in the car, his hair looking even more like someone had just been running their hands through it than usual, so he could demand to sit on the seat.

That'd been short-lived: they'd stopped at the light at the end of the street, and Cas had gone flying straight into the footwell. He'd gotten into Sam's pocket after that, though, because Dean was too busy laughing so hard he could barely breathe.

But that was before Rowena didn't have a fix; now Cas has been the size of a kid's toy for roughly forty-eight hours, and he's completely fed up with the state of things. He can't drink coffee, it takes him forever to get anywhere, and reading or watching TV on his own have turned into nigh impossible tasks. He has to get help with *everything*, and it's really grating on him.

(For example: Sam had been poking at him with some kind of incense earlier, trying to test something or other, and Cas had threatened to stab him with his angel blade if he didn't back off. Which, yeah, it's roughly the size of a toothpick right now, but still. His fuse is pretty short.)

So it's odd when he suddenly drops the death glare he's leveling at Dean, letting out a dejected kind of sigh. His shoulders slump a little and he turns away, his hands clenched at his sides. Dean immediately sobers up, because he might be an asshole, but he's not a *complete* dickwad.

He leans forward, resting his arms on the table. "Hey. You okay?"

Cas doesn't look at him. "Yes. Thank you for asking, Dean."

Dean raises an eyebrow. "Oh yeah, that was *real* convincing." Cas shoots him a disgusted look, and Dean shrugs. "Seriously, what's eating you? Are you just weirded out by this whole thing?"

Cas' eyes slide away again. "I suppose. I just... I can't be useful to you like this. I'm a burden."

Dean shakes his head, frowning. "Hey, c'mon. You don't have to be *useful*, dude. You're family, it's enough that you're here and that you're gonna be okay. This isn't any different from that time Sam got hit with that gibberish curse or when I pulled my hamstring. How useful were either of us then, huh?"

Cas smirks grudgingly. "Not at all. You in particular. I had no idea that one person could possibly complain that much." He tilts his head, remembering. "And you were very demanding."

"Well *I'm* sorry, I guess I coulda just let that vamp go to town on you. That what you woulda preferred?"

Cas huffs a weak laugh and Dean grins, taking in the way the furrow has more or less smoothed itself out of Cas' miniature forehead. He feels his cheeks heat a little and he picks at a sliver of wood that's working its way loose from the table. "Don't... don't ever think that the only reason we want you around is 'cause you're stupid powerful and handy in a tight spot. We like you, Cas, and that's not gonna change whether you're a human, an angel, or a limited edition action figure. Okay?"

Cas walks over the tabletop towards Dean and rests a hand on his arm. “Alright. I will try to remember that.”

Dean clears his throat. “So hey, you, uh... you wanna go watch something on TV?”

Cas smiles up at him. “There was a documentary that recently came out on Netflix that I’ve been meaning to watch.”

Dean groans. “Please tell me it’s not the bee one.”

Cas just smiles even wider. With a long-suffering sigh, Dean helps his weirdo nerd of a best friend onto his shoulder and gets up. “Fine. But afterwards we’re watching Tombstone.”

One of Cas’ tiny hands closes over Dean’s collar. “Only if you promise to wait at least a month after this before making me watch it again.”

“Oh, shut up.”

— - —

Leaning back for a wide angle, Sam snaps another picture, grinning hugely. Oh man. This is gonna be a *great* addition to his blackmail stash.

On the practical side, the spell wore off earlier than they’d expected, which is good. Sam’ll have to log it and call Rowena to ask why, but they might be able to get some useful information on faerie magic out of it. That’s always a plus, because faeries are slippery bastards who hate revealing their secrets.

On the impractical side, though... Sam is going to get a *lot* of enjoyment out of torturing Dean for the next few weeks. After all, it’s not every morning that you get to find your aggressively masculine older brother being tenderly spooned by an angel of the Lord on a couch that would struggle to comfortably fit one normal sized person, let alone two broad, muscular, six-foot-tall dudes. Even if those two dudes are pressed as closely together as Dean and Cas are.

Just wait ‘til Charlie hears about this, Sam thinks gleefully. She’s gonna *freak*.

Then he hits play on “Can’t Fight This Feeling”, and watches Dean blearily go through all five stages of grief in roughly ten seconds.

Then Cas’ head pops up from behind Dean’s shoulder. “Good morning, Sam.” He yawns, his arm still curled over Dean’s waist, and blinks owlishly at the phone pointed towards them. “Can you send me those pictures?”

“That’s it—” Dean growls as he launches himself off the couch, and Sam’s delighted cackling echoes through the Bunker as he runs for his life.

Chapter End Notes

This was so much fun to write. I love Sam so much, and maintain that he is a massive Destiel shipper, along with Charlie and basically everyone else who spends any amount of time with Cas and Dean. Honestly, the amount of UST is *criminal*.

Blackmail (T)

Chapter Notes

One evening, a portal from hell opens up at the foot of your bed. A demon strides through, rips off your covers, and begins to drag you through the portal by your ankles. "You're going to help me settle a debt."

(Requested by wanzamaximoff)

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

Dean's awake almost before the blankets have finished being ripped off him, pointing the gun he keeps under his pillow towards the shadowy figure at the bottom of the bed.

"What the— *Crowley?*"

The demon drops Dean's blankets on the floor. "The one and only. Get up, Squirrel, we have places to be."

Sam's awake by now, his gun joining Dean's. "He's not going anywhere," he growls, standing up to move to Dean's side.

Crowley raises his hands placatingly. "Stand down, Moose, I'm not here to kill you. No, I'm here on business." He nods at Dean. "*You*, my trigger-happy friend, are going to help me settle a debt."

"No I'm not. I'm gonna give you five seconds to get outta here, and if you can't manage that, I'm gonna shoot you. And then I'm gonna go back to sleep."

Crowley turns his eyes to the heavens, sighing loudly. "Satan help me. Do I have to spell everything out for you dolts?" He grits his teeth. "When I say settle a debt, I mean kill the snot-nosed bastard trying to collect. Normally I wouldn't stoop to asking for your assistance, but the little twit's pulled out some nasty tricks that I can't overcome alone."

"Aw, poor you. Now fuck off," Dean says, jerking his gun towards the door.

Crowley looks offended. "After everything I've done for you two idiots, you can't even help me kill another demon? That's what you *do*! I'm practically handing him over on a silver platter!"

"Yeah, well," Sam says. "We're not interested. You're barely an ally, Crowley, and you're definitely not a friend."

Crowley's shoulders slump slightly as he looks between Sam and Dean. But then his gaze lands on Dean, and slowly, a smirk grows on his face. "You know... I'd hoped it wouldn't come to this. Really, I did. But if you refuse to assist me, then I'm afraid I'll be forced to tell sweet, innocent little Samuel here *exactly* what we got up to at the Black Spur before he showed up and crashed the party. You certainly... let *loose*, didn't you, Dean? Really explored all your options. I'm sure you remember."

Dean goes pale, and then bright red. He doesn't say anything. Sam looks at him warily, utterly confused. "Uh... Dean? What's he talking about?"

Dean presses his lips together, grudgingly lowering his gun. He's still flushed bright red. "Nothing." He gets up, shoving his gun into the waistband of his jeans. "Fine. I'll help you." Crowley grins smugly, but Dean cuts him off. "Sam's coming with, though. You get both of us, or neither."

Sam makes a face, but follows Dean's example and reluctantly puts his gun away. Crowley scowls. "Oh, fine, you bloody codependent children. I suppose two hulking flannel grunts is better than one."

He stalks out of the motel room, and Sam looks over at Dean again. "Was he talking about when you were a demon? You told me you just bummed around that bar for, like, three weeks."

Dean shrugs on a jacket. "Yeah. I did." And without another word he follows Crowley outside.

Sam puzzles over it as he changes into some jeans and a shirt, wondering what Crowley could've been talking about.

Then a truly horrible thought strikes him halfway through doing up his boots. What if... no. No way. Dean and *Crowley*?

He shudders.

Nevermind. There are some things he just... *really* doesn't need to know.

Well. Off to kill a demon it is.

Chapter End Notes

I read this prompt, and immediately thought of this in relation to Dean's time as a demon: "We did *extraordinary* things to triplets."

Interesting, Crowley. Verrrry interesting. ☹️😁

He's My Cherry Pie (M)

Chapter Summary

Castiel sans trench coat, plus “Cherry Pie” by Warrant, makes for one hell of a weird night.

Chapter Notes

Y’know the fandom joke that Cas without his trench coat is basically naked? Yeah. This comes from that, because that shit is *hilarious*.

(Fear not, though, sweet readers: I do solemnly swear on my car that Cas does not actually show up naked, or covered in bees. T rating still stands.)

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

Dean lounges in a chair at the map table, the book he’d been skimming for some last-minute research pushed aside as he finishes his whisky. It’s late; he’s gonna hit the sack after this, get some shut-eye. But for now it’s just him, his drink, and the classic rock mix he’s got playing softly on the fancy little Bluetooth speaker Sam got him for his birthday.

“Since I’ve Been Loving You” peters off into silence, and Dean smiles as the chanting and the riff at the beginning of “Cherry Pie” comes on. Good song. It’s been stuck in his head all day, actually.

He’s halfway through a drink when he sees movement out of the corner of his eye: it’s Cas, walking towards him through the library. He’s lost his trench coat, leaving him just in his black accountant suit. He looks strangely naked without it.

Good, though. He looks good.

Cas stops in the archway between the map room and the library, smiling faintly. With the library lights behind him turned down low for nighttime, it looks almost like he’s on stage or somethin’. He tilts his head. “Hello, Dean.”

Dean raises an eyebrow as he smiles back. “Evenin’, Cas. What’s up?”

Cas shakes his head, taking the last few steps down the stairs. “Nothing in particular. I just heard the music and realized you were still up.” Then Cas shrugs off his suit jacket and tosses it over the back of the chair at the head of the map table. Like it’s no biggie. Dean chokes on his reply, trying not to stare. He’s pretty sure he fails.

But Cas isn't done. He loosens his tie and pops the top few buttons of his shirt, then efficiently rolls up his sleeves before sitting down and angling himself towards Dean, that same soft, secretive smile still on his stupid, gorgeous fucking face.

Dean's still reeling from the rush of *holy fucking collarbones, Batman and forearms, shit, forearms* when Cas starts talking again. "What song is this?"

Dean clears his throat and takes a fortifying gulp of whisky. "Uh, Cherry Pie. By Warrant." (Stop looking at his *hands*, you *idiot*, that's not making this any better—)

"Ah, yes. That's the one with all the sexual innuendos, isn't it?" Cas says mildly as he plucks Dean's glass from his limp hand, downing the last swallow of whisky in one go. And Dean can't even bring himself to be mad about it, not when he gets to watch the graceful line of Cas' throat while he drinks.

"Uh... yeah. That's, um. Most rock, though."

Cas puts the glass back down, meeting Dean's eyes again. Dean shifts uncomfortably. "Are you... alright? You're acting a little weird, man."

Cas just smiles. "I'm fine, Dean. I'm wonderful."

"Oh," Dean says (squeaks) as Cas gets to his feet and stalks towards him. "Good."

Cas stops in front of him, smiling rakishly. "Aren't you going to ask me why?"

"Cool drink of water, such a sweet surprise," Jani Lane crows in the background.

Dean swallows. "Um. Sure. What's, uh, what's got you so happy, Cas?"

Cas leans forward, planting his hands on the arms of Dean's chair. Fuck, Dean's going to *combust*. "I realized something. Do you know what I realized?"

Dean manages a single shake of his head, his eyes sliding helplessly to Cas' lips. His hands come up to rest on Cas' hips, and the angel answers his own question. "I realized that you want me just as much as I want you, Dean."

He lets out a sharp breath. "Fuck, Cas, I..."

Cas smiles. "I know."

"Sweet, cherry pie..."

And then Cas is closing the distance between them, fucking *finally*, his legs bumping against the insides of Dean's thighs as he sidles forward. There's barely a breath left between them, Dean swears he's about to either ascend or pass out, and—

He bolts upright in bed, heart racing, gasping for breath. His face is on *fire*.

Which is kind of impressive, actually, because he's also maintaining a raging hard-on at the same time.

Dean flops back onto his pillows, throwing one arm over his eyes and studiously attempting to ignore the situation in his boxers. Whatever happened to *normal* stripper dreams? Because fucking *christ*, that was *totally* a stripper dream. He used to get a nice, uncomplicated chick based off of whoever his last lay was. But no more. No, *now* he gets Cas. Who is somehow leaps and bounds hotter than any of those dream girls ever were.

"Fuck," he says aloud, to no one in particular.

He has *got* to stop listening to Warrant before bed.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, "Cherry Pie" by Warrant is a banger and you should all go listen. And on that topic, so is "Night Moves" by our man Bob Seger. I just watched 11x04 for the first time yesterday, so that's been running through my head ALL DAY.

Hope y'all liked this one! Drop prompts you'd like to see in the comments, I'm always open to inspiration. :)

Dandelions (T)

Chapter Summary

Dean and Cas discuss the pastimes of human children and enjoy the outdoors.

Chapter Notes

Just a little exchange I did with my buddy [InkOfEmrys](#) because we were bored one day. Anyway, it was so gd cute that I just had to post it here.

Just a reminder, I am insane SO: I am completely willing to take requests. You got something you wanna see from these cute idiots? Let me know! Even though I'm dying from school, short fiction is a good little distraction in between essay writing, so inspo is much appreciated, dudes. ;)

Cas stops, crouching down beside the entrance to the Bunker. He smiles softly.

“What’s so interesting?”

Dean’s leg brushes Cas’ hip, and Cas looks up at him. “Dandelions. They’ve reached apomixis, they’ll be gone soon.”

Dean raises an eyebrow. “‘Apomixis’? You mind speaking English?”

Cas elbows his calf. “Apomixis is the process of asexual reproduction characteristic of this genus, which results in the fluffy white seed head.” He shoots Dean a look. “Not that you couldn’t infer that from the context clues.”

Dean crouches down next to him, grinning smugly, and drops his bag to the ground. The displaced air makes the dandelions nod gently. “You can’t prove anything. Besides, sounds boring. No bees gettin’ up in there or anything?”

“Thankfully,” Cas says dryly, their knees pressed together, “dandelions do not share your preoccupation with sex. I’m sure they’re perfectly happy with the state of affairs.”

Dean laughs, leaning into Cas’ side slightly. “Poor bastards. They don’t know what they’re missing.”

They crouch there for a minute, leaning against each other as they observe the cluster of flowers nestled close to the brick wall. The sun shines down, warming the back of Cas’ neck.

“Y’know you can blow these?”

Cas gives Dean an odd look, and he coughs. “Blow *on* these,” he corrects himself, his ears going red. “Kids do it. Make a wish and then blow the seeds away.” Cas’ lips twitch, and Dean gives him a withering look. “Who’s preoccupied with sex now?” he mutters, but Cas doesn’t do anything more than lay a hand on Dean’s knee.

“Shall we?” he asks, nodding to the flowers. “Normally I wouldn’t pick them, but they are particularly prolific, and these ones are reaching the ends of their lives.” There’s a wealth of ‘blow’ related humour that jumps to mind, encouraged by Dean’s accidental slip, but he forgoes it. It’s unnecessary at the moment. “You can show me.”

Dean smiles slowly. “Sure.”

They each pick a dandelion, getting to their feet and turning away from the Bunker.

There’s a slight breeze, so wherever they blow the seeds, they should propagate well. Cas looks expectantly at Dean, waiting for instruction.

Dean looks at him and shrugs. “There’s not much to it. Make a wish — and keep it to yourself, y’hear? It won’t stick if you tell me — and then you blow the seeds away.”

Cas looks into Dean’s eyes for a moment, then smiles. “I’ve made my wish.”

A small, shy smile creeps onto Dean’s face. “Yeah, me too.”

They blow the seeds away together, watching the frothy white fluff float away into the trees. Dean tosses his bare stem into the grass. “Some people think they’re weeds. Try to rip ‘em all out of their lawns. I never saw the point.”

Cas tucks his own stem behind Dean’s ear, then takes his hand. “Those people are ignorant of the important part dandelions play in the ecosystem. It’s not their fault, though; a bad reputation can be difficult to overcome, especially when the dandelions can’t defend themselves.”

Dean looks over at him, silent for a moment.

“You’re getting dandelion milk on my neck,” he says finally. He doesn’t remove the slim green stem from its perch. “That shit’s sticky.”

“Oh no. I suppose a shower is in order, then?”

“You’re hilarious,” Dean says with a grin, tugging Cas in close for a kiss. “Real subtle. Don’t tell me that was your wish, man, you know I’m a sure thing.”

“I know,” Cas says with a smile. And again, he thinks of the little velvet ring box hidden in the back of his gardening shed. Something warm spreads through him, like liquid sunlight. “But no, that wasn’t my wish. I’ll tell you if it comes true or not.”

Dean picks up his duffel again, still holding onto Cas' hand. "Well, while you're waiting for that to happen, how's about we get to that shower? Congrats, you've convinced me."

"An impressive feat," Cas says teasingly as they start down the stairs. "Seeing as you're usually so averse."

"Yeah, yeah, you're a real miracle-worker," Dean snorts as he spares a look over his shoulder, green eyes sparkling.

Cas smiles. "No. Just a man in love."

Outside, the dandelion fluff settles on the grass amongst the trees, waiting to take root.

There'll be a whole field of them come next year.

Fathers & Son (G)

Chapter Summary

Two vignettes.

(Is anyone ever really ready to be a parent?)

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! This Quickie is a very special one: I hereby dedicate it to my lovely friend CBlue on this special day. I was thinking about what I could write for you, buddy, and I knew I wanted Baby!Jack to factor in. So here's the result: feels, AU Dadstiel, and Jack being utterly adorable. Have a good one, my friend. You deserve it. ♥

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

“What if I’m not good enough?”

Cas looks up from the diaper bag, eyes wide. He seems more than a little thrown off, which... okay, fair. Dean supposes that if their positions were reversed — if Cas was the one standing in the doorway of their house, holding their *kid*, and blurting that out — he’d be pretty damn confused, too. Doubly so because up until now, Dean hasn’t, um. Hasn’t indicated that he’s got any worries beyond the financial and bureaucratic ones associated with raising a human being and navigating adoption bullshit respectively. So, yeah. Cas is probably entitled to his surprise.

Scratch that, he’s *definitely* entitled to it. Dean’s a piece of shit and Cas doesn’t deserve to have this dumped on him right now, he’s— one of his best friends just died, he’s got enough on his plate without Dean’s pathetic little issues, too. “Shit,” Dean says, guilt and anxiety bubbling up in a sick, jittery mixture. “I— nevermind. I’m fine. Let’s just get the squirt to bed, okay?”

He tries to hustle past Cas at that point. It doesn’t work.

“Dean,” Cas says as he puts himself bodily in Dean’s way, “Dean, stop.” His hands are on Dean’s hips, holding tight.

Dean doesn’t meet his eyes. “Seriously, forget it. I’m just tired, I’ll—”

“I wondered when this would come up.”

Jack shifts against Dean's chest, one tiny hand curling into his shirt. Dean automatically adjusts his hold and rubs the little guy's back a bit. "You..." he starts, his voice quiet and tight. "You expected this?"

Cas hears all things he doesn't say (*You think I'm right? You've been waiting for me to pull my head out of the sand and see I'm not ready?*) and huffs in exasperation. "No, I— if you weren't holding our child right now, I would *smack* you. What I *mean*," he says, slow and clear, "is that I suspected you were struggling with this more than you were letting on, and that it would likely come out all at once. Not that you are unfit for parenthood in any way. In fact, in many respects, you're more qualified than I am."

Dean stares at him. Cas stares back, somewhere between affectionate and sympathetic and frustrated as hell.

"Oh," Dean says weakly.

"Yes, 'oh'," Cas gripes, his voice low so he won't wake Jack. "Now will you stay here and talk to me if I let go of you?"

Dean nods, feeling very stupid. Cas lets go of Dean's hips and propels him into the living room with a hand on the small of his back, depositing him next to the couch with a whispered "Sit," and then padding off towards the kitchen.

Dean sits. He looks at Jack.

Cas comes back eventually, two mugs of tea in hand. "Before you ask," he says as he sets them down on the coffee table and then settles down beside Dean, "yours has milk and honey in it."

"Cool," Dean croaks. That's the only way he'll drink tea. Cas bullies him into a mug every so often, claims it'll do him good. Dean hasn't admitted it yet, but he's pretty sure Cas is right.

He's right about a lot of things. He's a smart guy.

"Now tell me what this is about," he says. And Dean is reminded that he's also a stubborn asshole who loves Dean, for some reason.

"It's nothing."

"No, it's not."

"Kelly just died, man, I don't wanna dump this on you."

"I know, I was there. Tell me anyways."

Dean's shoulders tense. "Fine," he hisses. "It's the same old song and dance. My dad fucking sucked, I'm afraid I'm too much like him, and I don't want this kid to turn out like I did. How's that for ya?"

"Don't swear in front of him," Cas says mildly.

“See? Bad influence. I’m already fucking up.”

Cas just looks at him, and Jack snuffles softly against Dean’s collar. Dean wants to apologize to the kid, honestly: *Sorry, buddy. You’ve got me instead of your mom. I’ll try not to mess you up too much, but I can’t make any promises. You’ve got Cas, though, so hopefully he’ll kick me to the curb if I start traumatizing you.*

Then Cas says, “I’m afraid that I won’t be able to connect with him.”

Dean frowns. “What?”

Cas’ face is open and vulnerable, full of grief and love and naked fear. “I’m afraid I’ll hold him to too high a standard. I’m afraid he’ll resent the fact that he has me, not his mother. I’m afraid I’ll stifle him.”

“No, that’s...” Dean trails off, absolutely floored. “You’re great with him. You’re so careful. You—you care about him so damn much, Cas. You *love* him so much. No way. He’s—he’s *lucky* to have you.”

Cas’ smile is wan, his face pale and drawn. “I could say the very same about you, Dean.”

They look at each other for a moment. A few arguments try to rise up in Dean’s mind: that he’s only gonna screw this kid over. That he doesn’t have any right to him. That he’s about as good an example there is of what bad parenting can do to a person. Each one deflates and disappears before it gets as far as his mouth.

“Bastard,” he mutters instead, nudging Cas’ foot with his. Cas’ smile gets a little more genuine, and he nudges Dean back.

“Dean, I’m afraid too,” he says finally, reaching out to run a gentle hand over Jack’s fine blond hair. “I have no experience with this. You had Sam, at least. I was the youngest, and I spent most of my childhood alone. I’m so afraid I’ll betray the trust Kelly put in me, that I’ll fail her and Jack. But...” He brings his hand up to Dean’s jaw, thumbing over his cheekbone and pressing their foreheads together. “As long as I have you with me,” he whispers, “I think... I think I can do it.”

Dean swallows past the lump in his throat and leans into Cas’ hand, his eyes squeezed shut. “Just... you’ll tell me, right?” he whispers back. “You’ll tell me if I’m being too hard on him?”

“Of course.”

Dean lets out a shaky breath. “Okay, then. Okay. We’ll be fine.”

“Yes,” Cas replies, shifting closer to press a kiss to Dean’s mouth. “We will.”

And maybe it’s Jack’s small, trusting weight in Dean’s arms. Maybe it’s that miraculous something about Cas that makes Dean think he could actually do the things he’s always thought are off limits or just flat-out impossible for someone like him. But there’s a feeling

that unfurls somewhere in his chest like a flower opening to the sun as he sits there, Cas pressed close and their son sleeping peacefully between them.

Dean thinks it might be hope.

— - —

4 years later

“...see? Yes, just like that. Very good, Jack.”

Dean closes the back door gently behind him, taking extra care not to make any noise. Jack’s hair glows golden in the sun, even though it’s recently started to darken from the bleach-blond it was when they first got him to more of a light brown. It looks like it might eventually come out close to Dean’s colour, actually, which is mildly hilarious. Not an ounce of shared genetics between them and Dean’s kid might still end up looking sorta like him.

He acts like Cas, though. Dean sees it more and more every day.

Cas rests a hand on Jack’s back as Jack pats the dirt down around the base of a recently planted marigold, his chubby little hands moving with incredible care for an almost-five-year-old. Dean leans against the porch railing, smiling, and mentally goes through the schedule for this weekend: swing by the garage tomorrow for that parts shipment Bobby scheduled, dinner with Sam and Jess tomorrow night, and then Jack’s birthday party on Sunday afternoon. Easy-peasy. And hey, he and Cas might even be able to flake out afterwards and watch a movie or something as long as the squirt tires himself out.

“Now pour a little water over it,” Cas instructs patiently. “Plants need to drink too.”

Jack lifts his little plastic watering can and dutifully pours water all around the orange and yellow flower. “Here you go,” he says happily.

And it doesn’t make a lick of sense, Dean knows that. But somehow, standing here watching Cas teach Jack how to make things grow steals Dean’s breath and sends ice racing through his veins.

Shit, he’s... he remembers the day they got Jack. He was so fucking scared. Scared he’d pull the same crap his dad did, scared Cas would see how unprepared he was for this and tell him they weren’t gonna work out, scared of the task looming in front of them.

But here they are. Jack is *good*, right down to his bones, and Dean can tell he’s going to be better than Dean ever was— ever *will* be, he thinks sometimes— even when he and Cas are knee-deep in one of Jack’s spawn-of-Satan meltdowns or having to explain why Sarah’s mom doesn’t want to let her come over to play. (Dean feels awful for that little girl. She looked so heartbreakingly confused when her mom hissed something Dean isn’t gonna fucking repeat at him and Cas.)

Jack's doing so well. He's so wide-eyed and curious. So innocent. He's on a dinosaur kick right now, but he's got a couple of Claire's old, mostly unused Barbies in his toy box next to his T-Rex and his Hot Wheels. He loves brushing their hair. And he declared the other day that he wants to be Elsa for Halloween because he likes her dress.

Dean would die for him.

"Dad! DadDadDad!"

Dean blinks, breaking into a grin as Jack comes hurtling across the yard. "Hey, bud," he says as he meets Jack at the top of the steps, laughing as the kiddo throws his arms around Dean's legs. "Were you helping your daddy?"

"Yeah! We planted flowers," Jack says proudly, his cheek squashed against Dean's thigh as he cranes his neck to look up at him. "An' I saw a bee an', an' a flutterfly, an' I used my *shovel*."

"Sounds like you had a good time," Dean says as he picks Jack up, directing his statement to both Jack and Cas, the latter of whom is brushing his hands off as he comes to stand at the bottom of the stairs.

"We did," Cas confirms, eyes crinkling in a smile. "Hello."

"Hey."

Jack starts humming and grabs Dean's pendant, running his grubby fingers over the brass. Cas is still smiling as he climbs the stairs, but he's watching Dean carefully, too. He rests a light hand on Dean's hip. "Are you alright?"

He saw. Of course he did. And now that Dean thinks about it, Jack noticing him standing back here probably wasn't an accident.

As Dean looks at Cas, Jack singing soft, tuneless nonsense in his ear, the last of that paralyzing moment slips away. It's hard to have anything else in him when the love is as big and bright and warm as it is right now.

"Yeah," he says, and he means it. "I'm good."

"I'm hungry."

Dean snorts a laugh at Jack's abruptness, earning himself matching gummy grins from both the kid and Cas as he turns back towards the house. "Alright then, let's get you some grub. Any ideas?"

"Burgers," Cas volunteers helpfully. Jack cheers. Dean rolls his eyes, but it's fond. Yeah, he can probably do that.

So together, the three of them walk inside.

And it's true.

They're good.

Chapter End Notes

I highly recommend y'all go check out CBlue's other writing, their stuff is AMAZING.
So much good SPN and Good Omens stuff. :)

The End of the World (M)

Chapter Summary

“We wrapped him in yellow silk, his favourite colour. He was still smiling— you remember that smile? I had to place his body on the pyre. How my hand shook as I struck the flint. When the flames rose, many of his wives threw themselves into the fire. No, I didn’t stop them. If I weren’t honour-bound to bring you this news, I would have done the same. All my life, he’d been next to me, guiding me, putting up with my ignorance. How can I tell you how it feels to remain in the world when he’s no longer here?”

- *The Palace of Illusions, Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni*

13x01 character study.

Chapter Notes

MAJOR TRIGGER WARNINGS: Suicidal ideation, grief, referenced depression, canonical main character death. Hard M rating for these themes.

Dean is not in a good place during this character study, and I am absolutely not intending it to be seen in a good light. If you or someone you know is struggling with mental health issues or suicidal thoughts, call a mental health hotline or reach out to a medical professional as soon as possible.

You are loved more than you know.

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

Dean flicks open his lighter. He stands for a moment, still, the tiny flame flickering in his hand.

This can’t be it, whispers the small, crumpled part of him still clinging to the last shreds of false hope. *This can’t be the end. He always comes back.*

A rush of heat pricks at his eyes, crowding up under his cheekbones, and his mouth twists bitterly.

Sure, he always comes back. Except when he doesn’t.

Except when he can’t.

He tosses the lighter onto the base of the pyre and watches the flames catch, orange tongues of fire licking greedily up the stacked wood.

And he is numb.

It's not long before the pyre is a roaring bonfire, the ghostly white shape atop it starting to smoke and singe. The heat presses against Dean's face like a wall, and it's hard to breathe between that and the smoke; that, the smoke, and the way he's about to watch Cas crumble to ash in front of him.

He doesn't—

This.

He hasn't felt like this before. When— when Sam's been gone, he's just been— fucking destroyed, yeah, but angry and determined, too, and he— he *lived*, with Lisa. He moved on as much as he could. Because he *knew* it's what Sam would've wanted. It's what Sam *asked* for.

Cas would've wanted that too, would've asked Dean to do that for him in a heartbeat if he'd had the chance— it's not that he wouldn't've. But where Dean had actually been able to see, barely, the sketchy outline of *something* past the devastation of Sam being gone, he—

He can't see anything past this.

There... there *isn't* anything past this. No deal. No scraped-together sham of a life. No *moving on*. This— this nuclear fucking wasteland inside him is all he's got left. Grief and despair howling across the scorched earth, acid rain pounding down onto the dusty, poisonous ground, made completely hostile to all life because Cas is so far beyond his reach that there's not a hope in hell of getting him back.

The flames leave blurry, oil-slick afterimages in Dean's vision as he stares past them, his gaze still locked on Cas' shrouded head. A swell of— of— shit, he doesn't even *know* what washes over him, and he—

He wants... god, he just wants to—

A small movement in his peripheral catches his eye, and the corresponding tug of guilt low in his gut cuts him short. Sam— Sam still needs him. He— goddamnit.

He closes his eyes for a second, dizzy, and forces himself to relax.

He can't throw himself on Cas' fucking pyre.

They've got this— this *kid* to deal with. They've got Mom to find, if she's even still alive. They've— fuck. The point is, Dean can't. He just— he doesn't have that luxury.

He never does.

Because he's been here before. He's not proud of it, but whatever. It is what it is. (Twenty-three and drifting aimlessly between cases, parked at a scenic pull-off near a cliff, leaning just

a little too far over the railing for no reason in particular.) (Sitting in Baby next to his passed-out brother with his phone pressed to his ear, choking back grief and panic, threatening Bobby over voicemail as he stares out into the lake ahead of him.) (Standing in the wreckage of a motel room, the Mark throbbing hot on his arm and Cas' ruined face fresh in his memory, just wanting it all to *stop*.)

But every time, *every* time, he's knuckled down and done what he had to. He's put aside his pathetic little feelings and pushed through. Because he's not *weak*. He's not one of those hunters that takes the bad cases too personally, or loses one too many people, and ends up drinking themselves to death or shooting themselves in a motel bathroom. That's not *him*.

But it could be, a little voice whispers. *You know it could. You want it to.*

He shoves that far away where it can't touch him, deep down into the black hole that's opened up in the pit of his stomach. It's useful for something, at least; he's numbing up pretty nicely, between that and the fucking frigid night air.

(But— fuck. He didn't deny it, what the little devil on his shoulder insinuated.)

(He doesn't have the energy to lie right now.)

(And the angel that's... that's *supposed* to be on his other one, that's *been* on his other one for longer than anyone but Sam, is—)

(Fuck.)

"Hey," comes Sam's voice, false and too-loud and grating. Dean doesn't flinch; he just blinks, sluggishly. "I'm, uh. I'm gonna take Jack inside. Do you want me to come back? I don't mind."

Dean thinks about opening his mouth. Thinks about rasping a no, thinks about meeting Sam's eyes and seeing how much he doesn't *get it*.

He swallows and manages a single shake of his head instead.

Sam is quiet, staring at him. Dean is quieter, staring at the way the flames have finally caught at the top of the pyre, *really* caught. Sparks shoot up into the night sky, mingling with the stars.

Cas' shroud is all black, now.

"Okay," Sam says softly. "Stay as long as you need. I'll... I'll be inside."

Then he slips away, and he's gone from the dirty, leaf-choked reflecting pool of Dean's thoughts as soon as he's out of sight.

It's just Dean, the pyre, and the cold, distant stars, now.

Standing vigil.

(For who?)

(For the both of us.)

— - —

Why does my heart go on beating?

Why do these eyes of mine cry?

Don't they know it's the end of the world?

It ended when you said, "Good-bye"...

Chapter End Notes

God, I have no idea why I decided to post this on today of all days, but the concept hit me like a truck and I had to get it out. Something soft and fluffy is coming up very soon, though— I promise.

And for those of you following “right where you left me”... next chapter is coming together nicely. Idk how long it'll be until I post, but it's definitely going to be sooner rather than later ;)

Anyways. Apologies, love, and very big hugs.
Nep

(Btw, the song quoted at the end is “The End of the World” by Skeeter Davis. I heard it in the Eternals trailer and... lost it. Lmao.)

Halloween Hijinks (G)

Chapter Summary

Inspired by [this](#) wonderful piece of art by @aceriee.art on Instagram!! Their stuff is so good, definitely go check them out!

Chapter Notes

Listen... I know Halloween was a month ago. Sue me. School has been kicking my gd ass.

But! I couldn't leave this languishing in my writing doc, and it only needed a quick something to finish it off. So behold! A quick n dirty little fluff piece that's only purpose is to make me feel good. Enjoy!!!

"God *damn*," Dean says appreciatively.

He swallows. Then he rubs the back of one hand over his mouth. *Then* he sets his hands on his hips and grins, his eyes trailing down over Cas from head to toe. "I think this might actually be the best idea I've ever had."

Cas quirks an eyebrow, and there's no point in lying. That plus the hat *does* make Dean's knees go a little weak. "Given the amount of exceedingly bad ones you come up with, I'd say that's not difficult."

"*Hey* now," Dean says with narrowed eyes. "Rude. Just get over here already."

Cas obliges and walks across the room like— well, like himself. Not like Indiana Jones, who he's currently dressed as. There's no swagger to his step. But hey, Dean's gonna count the fact that he agreed to dress up at all as a win.

Cas plucks at his shirt, coming to a stop in front of Dean. "Does it have to be unbuttoned this much?" He asks, peering down at it with a mildly disgruntled look on his face. "I feel... exposed."

"That," Dean says, his eyes glued to Cas' chest, "is the whole point, babe." And then, just for good measure, he reaches out and pops a couple more buttons. Y'know, for accuracy's sake.

Cas sighs. "Are you done?"

Dean knocks a finger against the brim of Cas' hat, smiling. "Aw, sweetheart. I haven't even *started*."

Cas is *fast*, though, and before Dean knows what's happening the bastard's whipped his bullwhip off his belt and looped it 'round the back of Dean's neck to tug him in close. Dean's eyes feel like they're about to pop out of his head, either from surprise or from the way his heartbeat just broke the sound barrier. "Holy— *shit*, Cas, *warn* a guy."

"I like your holster," Cas says, about an eighth of an inch from Dean's face, and that's— he— He shouldn't be allowed to just *say* shit like that, just— *outta the blue*. What the *fuck*. That's — *illegal*.

"Uh," Dean manages, his nose brushing Cas'. "Thanks. I— ha. Han wears one."

"Yes," Cas agrees, and Dean would be *so* pissed off at the amused tone of his voice if he could put two coherent thoughts together right now. "It completes your costume." He takes a thoughtful pause, then, tilting his head just a little, and Dean is *fucked*.

Cas hums. "I think you should wear it more often."

"Yeah," Dean agrees, embarrassingly fast, and Cas fuckin' *grins* a little. "Yeah, it's, uh. Practical. Real practical."

Cas finally takes mercy on him then and lets him go, the bullwhip slithering off Dean's shoulders. He blinks and breathes a little, scowling at an incredibly smug, placid Cas once his head's stopped spinning. "You're an *asshole*," he says, pointing a finger at him.

Cas just shrugs pleasantly. "I have no idea what you mean," he says, hooking the re-coiled whip back onto his belt.

Dean opens his mouth to argue, but he's interrupted by Sam before he can get going. "Yeah, Cas, you tell him," his big stupid brother says gleefully as he strolls into the war room, his arm slung around Eileen's shoulders. He's got a cardigan and some dumb cat-eye glasses on, and Eileen's decked out in a very convincing Ghostbusters get-up with "Venkman" emblazoned on the breast pocket.

Dean narrows his eyes. "Hey. Shut it. I'll send you on a fucking coffee run, Melnitz."

"I take mine black," Eileen says with a smile, peering up at Sam. "Just so you know."

Sam ignores her and shakes his head incredulously at Dean. "How can you call me a nerd and then come out with crap like that? *Melnitz*. Dean, nobody knows the name of the *secretary* from Ghostbusters. *Nobody*."

"Sexist of you," Dean says with a pointed raise of his eyebrows before slinging an arm around Cas' shoulders, talking over Sam's subsequent blustering. "Now c'mon, let's quit jawing and get on the road. Jack's already in the car, we've got a three-hour drive ahead of us, and Donna'll kill me if we miss the party."

“Agreed,” Eileen says, tugging Sam along. “C’mon, Sam. I wanna do shots.”

“Amen,” Dean crows, falling into step behind them with Cas still pressed to his side. Sparing him a glance, Dean grins. “Cas? You ready to party?”

“Of course,” Cas says, smiling. “As long as there aren’t any snakes.”

Dean laughs, and Cas’ hand curls around his hip. “Shit, man. I love you.”

Cas’ answering smile is wide and gummy.

“I know.”

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