“Our Song”

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**Series:**  Supernatural
**Pairing(s):**  Dean/Castiel
**Spoilers:**  You just need to know who Castiel is and you’re good. :D
**Length:**  1,449 words

**Rating:***G*

**Summary:** ”Castiel immediately goes to Dean when the hunter prayed urgently for his help only to find him in no danger.”

They were on the job.

Well, according to Dean they were on the job.

Castiel stood in the doorway of a small town market. The large room was jam packed with bustling townsfolk and local merchants. Temperatures ran high, metaphorically as a result of the literal, due to that very overpopulation and some help from the incandescent lighting. It was very loud but you couldn't tell until you tried to speak.

"Dean?" the hunter just stood there, searching the crowd with his eyes, so Castiel tapped his shoulder and tried again only louder. "Dean!"

"Wha?" Dean flinched in surprise but relaxed when he realized it was just the angel trying to get his attention. "Yeah, Cas?" he shouted back.

"Why are we here—"

Dean grabbed the angel by the hand, "Hold that thought, Cas!", and roughly directed him through the crowd.

Castiel's cheeks warmed at the sudden and completely unexpected tactile contact, though it couldn't be said that the touch was unwelcome. As he was steered through the mass of bodies, running into and bumping against stragglers, he couldn’t stop staring at his hand which was being held firmly by Dean's. His unwavering gaze was broken only when the hunter stopped suddenly and Castiel nearly ran into him.

"What is it, Dean?" the angel peered around Dean for the answer before the hunter could reply. "Pie?!"

"Hello, Miss! One apple pie, please!" Dean asked the middle aged merchant flirtatiously, either not noticing or ignoring the anger in Castiel's voice. "Thank you!" he shouted as he paid the woman.

"Dean. Was pie your emergency?" Castiel ground out.

Dean definitely ignored the angel that time, grabbing napkins to wrap two pairs of cutlery then picking up the pie without replying. The goods under arm, he grabbed Castiel's hand again before he could be scolded and once again dragged the angel through the crowd. Castiel stumbled behind him until finally they reached the hunter's mysterious destination: a food court table.

It was surprising how quickly Dean had found an available table considering how busy the market was, especially as it was located right next to the unfortunate live entertainment—unfortunate because the singer couldn't be heard over all of the noise. As Dean pulled out a chair he was stuffing something into his pocket but before Castiel could inquire about it the angel was pushed into the aforementioned chair.

"Be right back, Cas!" Dean yelled, setting the pie and cutlery down on the table before rushing off.

"But Dean! What..." Castiel shouted at the hunter's retreating back.

Flustered, the angel did as he was told. Sitting stiffly in the fold out chair he did what he did best: watched Dean. The hunter walked up to the singer, who was quite lovely by human standards. Castiel suddenly felt anger building when he saw this, though for the life of him he didn’t know why. He also noticed that her soul was fairly pure for reasons that eluded him he couldn't help but begrudge Dean. He didn't have time to ruminate on these strange feelings because Dean suddenly did something very strange: He slipped the singer some cash.

Dean never paid for sex.

Castiel was so confused he almost didn't notice the hunter's return. Dean pulled out a chair and made himself comfortable across from the angel apparently oblivious to Castiel's turmoil. Humming a familiar tune to himself he set about serving the pie.

"Dean..."

"Here you go, Cas!" grinning, the hunter held out a large piece of piece of the apple pie for the angel to take.

Too large...

Castiel eyed the offered dessert warily before hesitantly accepting it, "Thank you, Dean."

"No problem, Cas!" Dean ran a hand through his hair almost bashfully. "Dig in!" humming and smiling he dug into his own slice, which was suspiciously smaller.

While Dean was distracted with his favorite dish, Castiel tried to puzzle out what the Hunter was up to.

First, Dean calls me to help with urgent hunt. Second, when I arrive there are no signs of a hunt and Dean doesn't mention a hunt. Third, Dean gets us a table close to the entertainment. Fourth, Dean not only shares his pie but gives me the bigger piece. Fifth...

"This song is familiar..." Castiel recognized it, not because Dean was just humming it, but because the angel was certain to have heard it before today, though he couldn't place it.

Dean rolled his eyes fondly, "Of course it is, Cas. It's CCR—" he chuckled at the angel's confused tilt of the head. "The song is called 'Bad Moon Rising' by the band Creedance Clearwater Revival."

"Oh, C-C-R..."

Dean laughed, "Yup! I play it in my baby a lot so of course you've heard it before!"

That's when it clicked.

Invitation... Food... Relatively romantic music...Is Dean courting me?

"Dean... Is this our song?"

The hunter choked on his last bite of pie and sputtered incredulously, "W-What?!"

"Is this our song?"

"I don't get it...." Dean deflected nervously. "Umm... I think they have bar service so I'm just... Going... Beer... Yeah..."

Castiel cocked his head owlishly. He thought he was supposed to be the one confused in this situation and, to his chagrin, in all other situations.

Dean didn't return until the song had ended, beer in hand. Castiel estimated that he had chugged at least two before that one, which was half empty. This only raised more questions as Dean liked to take his time and enjoy his alcohol. He only drank so much so fast when he was angry or stressed.  Which didn't make sense if Dean was intentionally courting Cas...

Though I've heard cherubs complain about their targets lacking self-confidence and Dean can sometimes have low self-esteem, though he'd rather die than admit to it—

"I brought you one too, ya know, in case you were thirsty..." Dean deftly pulled an unopened bottle from his pocket and slid it over to Cas all the while turning away to ineffectively hide his heated cheeks.

The angel froze, taking in all this new information with great difficulty, before accepting the beverage. Castiel only accepted the drink because he didn't want the hunter to down this one too had he said no. The angel re-evaluated the situation: Dean being nervous, Dean bringing him a beverage, the singer now singing "Burning for You"...

"Is this our song?"

Dean almost spit his drink in Castiel's face, "What the Hell, Cas?!"

"What?" asked Castiel, tilting his head in his usual confused fashion.

"Why do you— You know what? Never mind..." before Castiel could pry, Dean asked a question of his own. "So, how's your beer?"

"I haven't had any yet..."

"Oh right..." Dean went to take a sip of his own beer only to find his bottle empty. "Well it seems that I'm out. Be right back—"

"Don't!" the hunter blinked to find the angel right beside him, gripping his arm hard. "Please don't..."

The song ended and the songstress began another, "Company, always on the run..."

Castiel piercing gaze locked onto Dean's surprised one, "Isthis our song?"

"W-why..." The hunter licked his lips nervously but not breaking eye contact. "Why do you keep asking that, Cas?”

"I could ask you why you avoid answering my question..." Dean immediately went on the defensive but Castiel didn't let him get a word in."...but to answer yours, I was very confused when you asked me here. You said there was an urgent hunt but I get here and you buy us pie, have us eat it at this table by the entertainment, bring me beer... So I thought maybe... But you paid the singer in cash for I don't know what and that didn't add up with everything else...Then I remembered that some couples ‘have a song’ and..."

A silence fell over them—well, if you didn't count the ruckus of the market. The last song had ended halfway through Castiel's answer and, after a short break, the singer sang...

"Carry on my wayward son... There'll be peace when we are done..."

Dean fiddled with something in his pocket, thoughtful for a moment while searching the angel's eyes. He seemed to find whatever it was he was looking for because he chuckled.

"You figured me out that quickly, huh?" Castiel didn't realize the question was rhetorical until Dean quickly added, "This, Cas, is our song."

He pulled a crumpled piece of paper out of his pocket and handed to the angel. Castiel blinked in surprise, smoothing out the paper so it would be legible.

It read 'Reserved'.

Cas broke out into a brilliant smile when he realized his suspicions were confirmed, "The song is very appropriate, Dean."

**THE END**

Inspired by one of my weekly art tables at the local market and the following conversation that ensued:

**mistina60:** there’s a live singer tonight with a kick ass playlist but it’s too loud in here to hear her. >.<

**mistina60:** dude, dean winchester would love her choice in songs! XD

**Shipper:** maybe he and cas snuck up there for a date away from the cock block moose?

**mistina60:** omg and dean paid off the singer! head canon accepted!!!

**Shipper:** lol

**Shipper:** We can make almost anything fit our ships!

**mistina60:** Then cas keeps asking ‘is this our song?’ for every song that plays until Dean snaps and asks ‘why do you keep asking that?!’

**mistina60**: Cas: it was my understanding that every couple ‘has a song’ and since you paid the singer to sing these songs in particular I thought...