

"HE FOUND ME (BEFORE I FOUND HIM)"

Date: December 3, 2013

Author: *Mistina* of the Cranky Ol' Fangirls

Series: Supernatural

Pairing(s): Dean/Castiel

Spoilers: All the way to season 8 finale so... All of it.

Length: 1,392 words

Rating: *PG-13*

Summary: *"In the aftermath of the angels falling Dean has been tirelessly searching for Castiel. However, Castiel is the one to find him."*

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Written before I watched season 8. ^^;;

Dedication: "Written for Bookkbaby"

It was late at night, or early morning if you're a 'glass half full' type of person, and the bunker was bathed in darkness. Dean groggily meandered down the stairs, scratching at and adjusting his robe sleepily. Having quickly taken to having a home to call his own, he blindly made it down the stairs with minimal incidents. In fact, he had become *so* accustomed to his new domestic environment that he had nearly missed the slight change in his surroundings as he trudged by the couch, rubbing his eye lazily.

The glow of the television having finally caught his eye, Dean froze misstep. He then noticed the white noise of the TV, which was strangely on a channel they didn't get. He leaned over the back of the couch clumsily to get a better look at the TV that should have been off but wasn't. He stumbled, catching himself on a cushion which elicited a groan from his right.

Wait.

A groan?

Hunched awkwardly over the back of the couch, face deep in a pillow, Dean struggled to turn his head for a visual of the mysterious groan. Once he'd finally clambered himself upright and out of the cushions, he found that his sight was still a little blurry. He rubbed his eyes and his vision finally cleared to reveal a figure sitting on the couch—

It was *Cas*.

Arms wrapped around his midriff protectively, he was curled into the stack of cushions nestled in the crook of the armrest. He clutched at his many rumpled layers—t-shirt, button up, hoody and jacket—which almost seemed like a blanket draped over him for warmth. His hair was wild and his stubble was nearly a beard. He was snoring softly—

He was *sleeping*.

"Cas?" The sudden appearance of his friend instantly dispelled every last vestige of sleep that lingered about and clouding Dean's mind. He frantically scrambled over to the other side of the couch and shook the angel by his shoulders, a little too vigorously because he was overwhelmed by shock and relief. "Cas?!"

The angel startled awake, jumping upright and snorting a couple times. He blinked rapidly, clearing away the sleepy haze, and soon bright blue eyes were boring into Dean's.

"...Dean?" his voice was deeper when languid.

The hunter couldn't help the bright smile that broke across his face, "Cas."

"Dean... What... What happened? Where am I?"

"Wha? *Where?!*"—completely dumbfounded, Dean struggled for words—"Those are my lines, Cas!"

Cas looked around lethargically until his gaze finally landed on the strong hands gripping his shoulders, "I... Found my way to the bunker... and I let myself in... I-I remembered how you and Sam did before and... I'm sorry I just let myself in! But I really wasn't feeling... right and..."

"Relax, Cas. I'm not angry, just confused." Dean pulled back to settle next to Castiel properly before prompting, "Go on."

"I finally got in and... It was dark and everyone was sleeping... I didn't want to be a bother so... I sat down and... I wanted to watch the 'Bugs Bunny' cartoon but I couldn't locate it... Then... Then..." Castiel slumped back into the couch, curling up in defeat. "I don't remember..."

Dean smile softened into a fond one, "You fell asleep."

"I what..?" Castiel quickly processed the words. "Oh. Yes. That makes sense."

"How are you, Cas?"

"...I'm hungry, Dean." The hunter laughed heartily at this but was cut short when the angel continued with, "You can let go now, Dean. I am lucid."

Dean's hands jerked back, as if burned. He had forgotten that, or didn't even realize that, his right hand still had a vicelike grip on the other man's left arm. "Ah... Right. Sorry, Cas."

"Why are you apologizing?" Castiel asked, earnestly gazing at the hunter with wide eyes.

"Honestly, I don't know." He patted the angel's arm a couple of times fondly before staring Cas down with a fierce intensity. "I'll be just a sec, Cas. Don't. Move."

"Yes, Dean. I will remain on the couch until your return."

Dean took a moment to search Castiel's face, irrationally searching for any sign of deceit. Once satisfied that there were none the hunter got to his feet and swiftly left for the kitchen, unconsciously rushing for fear that his friend would disappear once more or—worse yet—turn out to have been a figment of his despairing imagination.

He made a beeline for a fridge and yanked open the door only to blind himself with the sudden intense light (the house was still minimally lit). Blinking rapidly until his eyes adjusted, he soon resumed his mission. He grabbed a large glass Tupperware container, whirling around to kick the door shut behind him, and set it onto the counter. He removed the lid to reveal three quarters of an apple pie which he quickly prepared: He portioned two slices, heated them up to the right temperature as he grabbed utensils, and then returned to the fridge for the milk of which he poured two glasses of. Once satisfied he picked up the first slice and glass with great care and returned to the angel on his couch. As he approached the hunter heard 'sniffing'.

"Dean?"

"I'm back, Cas. Here..." Dean handed the pie and milk to the angel. "Eat up."

Castiel's eyes widened at the offered food then looked up with a heartbreaking grateful look as he accepted it, "Thank you, Dean."

"You're welcome, Cas." Dean couldn't get that dopey smile off his face. "It was no trouble, I mean..."

Silence.

"Dean? Are you—"

"Sorry! Tired! I zoned out!" He got to his feet quickly to hide his blush, forgetting that Cas couldn't see in the dark anymore. "Anyway... I was saying that pie was the reason I came down here just now... One more trip, Cas. Need to get my share of the pie."

He would never admit that he was down here looking for Cas like he did every night.

That he searched for him everywhere during the day and at night he searched the bunker in the impossible hope that the angel would suddenly appear.

Dean was quick this time, clumsily snatching his dessert off the counter and rushing back. Without thinking he took a seat right next to the angel, even though there was more than enough room for a cushion seat between them. Taking a bite out of his large slice he looked over to Cas, who was just taking his first bite.

"Cas! I said 'eat up' which means you could start without me." chided Dean gently with a hint of amusement.

Castiel chewed his bite of pie, slowly at first but suddenly rushed, and after swallowing he

replied, "I didn't want to eat without you."

Dean's chest tightened at the reply but he didn't have long to mull over those words. He jerked back when Castiel suddenly started devouring his pie ravenously.

"Thanks, Cas... But next time, only wait if you're not starving, okay?"

"Mkah..." agreed Castiel with a mouth full of food, crumbs flying every which way, and Dean laughed at the completely unprecedented sight.

"What?" Castiel had polished off his pie, and his milk, and was now licking his lips clean.

Dean wasn't laughing anymore. His face went slack and his eyes followed the angel's tongue as it cleaned up the pie. He couldn't look away.

"Dean?"

"Wha— Oh. Sorry. All finished?" Dean reached for the angel's licked clean plate which Cas handed over along with the glass. "Was that enough or did you need some more food?"

"I feel much better now. Thank you, Deaa..." Castiel trailed off into a deep yawn.

"Cas..." Dean set the dishes on the cushion next to him. "I think you need some more sleep."

"But I just... slept..." the angel was nodding off, contradicting his own words.

"Guess there's no time to get you to a bed." Dean chuckled gently, moving to stand. "Just sleep, Cas. Tomorrow we'll get you properly fed and cleaned up then you can catch us up—"

"Dean..." the hunter was startled when a hand suddenly but firmly gripped his arm, holding him back. "Don't... Don't... Please staaa..." Castiel yawned.

"Cas, I—"

"Finally... Found you..." mumbled the sleepy angel into the sleeve of Dean's robe and the hunter caved instantly.

"Alright, Cas."

Dean leaned back into the couch and re-arranged them so that the angel was tucked under his arm. Once settled, Cas took a deep breath, his nose in the robe's chest pocket, and fell into a

restful sleep. Unconsciously, Dean ran soothing fingers through the angel's wild and filthy hair. It was extremely dirty, but Dean wasn't bothered.

A tiny tear escaped Dean's eye. He allowed it as there was no one to see it.

"Welcome home, Cas. Welcome home."

THE END