“Friendship As Taught By Feliciano Vargas”

**Date:** November 22, 2013
**Author:** *Mistina* of the Cranky Ol’ Fangirls

**Series:**  Supernatural and Axis Powers Hetalia
**Pairing(s):**  Dean/Castiel, GerIta
**Spoilers:**  SPN – You just need to know who Castiel is and you’re good. Hetalia – Can you even spoil this show? XD
**Length:**  471 words

**Rating:***PG*

**Summary:**  “Angels of the Lord really shouldn’t take social cues from Feliciano Vargas.”

“I like you, Mister!”

Castiel raised a brow at this sudden proclamation from the living embodiment of the country, Italy. He was very strange as well as melodramatic and loud.

“Not as much as Germany, of course! Though you are less scary I still like Germany best but I do like you very much!” Italy finished his hyperactive spiel to leap forward and hug the angel.

Castiel was caught off guard by the unexpected gesture and was also quite surprised at the strength behind the embrace considering Italy’s small stature.  When he realized that the affectionate man wasn’t going to let go any time soon he awkwardly pat the guy on the back.  The angel was very uncomfortable but with a sigh he focused on the positive: At least he isn’t naked like the cherubs.

Little did Cas know…

“Why do you sleep naked while Germany remains clothed?” asked Castiel after urgently bursting into Italy’s room one night. Needless to say whatever the urgent matter was, it was quickly forgotten.

“Because I think it’s comfortable but Germany doesn’t?” Italy answered unsurely. He was very much certain about his answer but he was surprised that that was the first question that came to the angel’s mind after barging in.

Germany, meanwhile, had buried his face, burning with embarrassment, into his hands and tried to will the situation to be a disturbing figment of his imagination.

No such luck, of course.

“And you sleep nude **next** to Germany who is clothed?” Castiel was now clearly asking about their sleeping attire andtheir sleeping arrangements: two countries, one bed.

Germany groaned loudly before storming off to the washroom and locking himself in.

“Ya!” confirmed Italy very enthusiastically, grinning from ear to ear. “He’s my friend!”

Little did Dean know…

Dean was roused from his slumber when the mattress suddenly dipped behind him. Though the hunter usually slept like the dead he was a light sleep when it came to any changes in very close proximity.

“What the Hell…?” Dean groaned into the pillow before groggily rolling over to investigate the disturbance.

He felt around what was supposed to be the cramped vacant part of the bed only to come into contact with flesh. He jerked back in shock, the surprise waking him up really fast. He reeled for a split second before regaining his senses. He sat upright and yanked away the covers to find…

“Cas?! What the fuck!”

“Hello, Dean.” Castiel said as if his presence in Dean’s bed was a frequent and welcome occurrence.

“Why are you in my bed—” Dean did a double take when he noticed that the angel’s presence wasn’t the only thing amiss. “WHY ARE YOU NAKED?!!”

Castiel tilted his head to the left with eyes wide in innocent confusion, “I thought all friends slept like this, Dean.”

**THE END**