“Of Mutant Cheetos and Fluffy Unicorns”

**Date:** October 18, 2013  
**Author:** *Mistina* of the Cranky Ol’ Fangirls  
  
**Series:**  Supernatural and Despicable Me  
**Pairing(s):**  Dean/Castiel  
**Spoilers:**   You just need to know who Cas is and the characters from Despicable Me and you’re good.  
**Length:**  644 words  
  
**Rating:***PG-13*  
  
**Summary:**  “Moose has a mutant cheeto army. Dean is pouting.”

Dean was pouting.  
  
He would never admit it but Castiel could tell regardless.  
  
The hunter had isolated himself from everyone, family and new acquaintances alike. He had found the one safe bit of wall space in the room*—*this *Gru* had a strangely dangerous taste in interior décor for being the caretaker of three young children*—*and leaned up against it with his arms crossed and deep scowl across his face.  
  
Dean was pouting and that just wouldn’t do.  
  
“Holy shit!” Dean jumped when Castiel suddenly appeared behind him. “Oh. Hey, Cas.”  
  
Castiel cocked his head, perplexed. He wasn’t certain but it seemed like Dean’s pout softened at his arrival. The angel silently fumed at his inexperience in reading ‘body language’*—in reading Dean—*but pushed it aside to focus on the matter at hand.  
  
He held out a roughed up bag of Cheetos for Dean to take.  
  
Dean stared silently in confusion before asking for clarification, “Uh… Cas?”  
  
“You seemed sullen that“*—*heair quotes*—*“’*my moose of a brother had a mutant cheeto army’*and*—*“  
  
“Hey! I am not *sullen*! I just don’t get why he’s the only one who can communicate with those *things* and why they seem to love him so much…”  
  
“*—*and seeing as I could not translate for you or instill their language into your mind I thought…” Castiel’s words faltered and Dean’s eyes widened in disbelief as the meaning of the gesture dawned on him.  
  
“I thought that… This”*—*the angel gestured to the bag of cheese puffs*—*“would be appropriate as they are ironic to your situation and you seem to have a fondness for them so I concluded that maybe they would lift your spirits*—*“  
  
Dean suddenly snagged the bag from Castiel’s grasp, catching the angel off guard. It crinkled loudly as he popped it open. He then plucked a single cheeto from the pilfered bag and stuffed it into his mouth, munching on it happily.  
  
For a moment, Dean chewed loudly his snack with Castiel just… watching.  
  
Munch. Munch. Munch.  
  
Stare. Stare. Stare.  
  
Once Dean has had his fill, he slowly rolled up the top of the bag, to seal it temporarily. He kept his gaze averted from Castiel’s, his fists clenched around the plastic which crackled under the abuse.  
  
Licking his lips clean of powdered cheddar flavor, he mumbled. “Thanks, Cas.”  
  
Castiel, suddenly flustered though for the life of him he couldn’t explain why, replied in a stammer, “Y-You are most welcome, Dean.”  
  
Dean looks up at the stutter and their gazes locked. Castiel’s eyes sparkle with joy while Dean’s mouth curled up into a slight but very sincere smile.  
  
They stood like that, staring at each other and unmoving, for who knows how long.  
  
That is, until…  
  
“Whoooa.”  
  
They jumped, wrenching their gazes from one another to look down at the intruder that made the awed sound. One the, as Dean had dubbed, ‘mutant cheetos’ was at their feet, staring up at them with wide eyes.  
  
“What the Hell…”  
  
The creature suddenly sparked to life, chattering nonsensically while waving a pointed finger between the pair. Then, just as suddenly, it sprinted away.  
  
“What the Hell was that all about?” grumbled Dean.  
  
“I think he’s reporting back to Sam…” mused Castiel aloud.  
  
“What the Hell would it report— Oh. Hell. NO!” Dean blanched when realization dawned on him and he immediately hurried after the tattling bastard. ”Get back here you mutated cheeto!!!”  
  
The critter turned a corner and disappeared down a hall. Just as Dean reached that corner he heard a young voice squeal in excitement.  
  
“The angel man and Moose’s brother are in *LOVE*?!!”  
  
Dean stumbled around that corner, losing his footing at those words, only to be deafened by a high pitched shriek of joy and blinded by a fluffy unicorn plush toy that hit in square in the face.

**THE END**—-This is literally how we come up with these things  
  
**Mistina:** No! I’m telling you, anti-possession stickers for all tech. Hopefully it will keep evil tech monkies out. >.<  
  
**Shipper:** I wonder if it will work for satellite.  
  
**Mistina:** … We hire Gru to paint it one the moon- er, satellite? **Shipper:** Hehe, works for me. But not too large or the Winchester will be confused or pissed the first time they see it.  
  
**Mistina:** Lol **Mistina:** Next on SPN: Winchesters go into Space.  
  
**Shipper:** And have to deal with three hyper active kids and countless weird yellow things. Which Sam can somehow talk to. **Mistina:** Moose and his army of Cheetos!  
 **Shipper:** Hehe, poor Dean, but Cas will assure Dean. **Shipper:** Well try to, knowing Cas it will be an epic fail.