“The Life and Times of Sam Winchester’s Laptop”

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**Author:** *Mistina* of the Cranky Ol’ Fangirls  
**Beta:** Books-Movies-Anime-Shows-Life and Stormlyht  
  
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**Rating:***R* (lots of mentions of mature content)  
  
**Summary:***“Sam Winchester’s laptop is caught in the whirlwind of two idiots dancing around their love.”*  
  
**Dedication:** “As always, to my muse, Sailor Shipper. To Books-Movies-Anime-Shows-Life and Stormlyht for the wonderful beta. To Book Baby who inspired me to write a different ending for this story, one that I think is more creative and better suited for our boys. Thanks, guys!

"Alright, Dean. I just got to the motel," said Sam as he unlocked the door to room 17 of the Lazy B motel. "I'll call if I find anything. Later!"  
  
With a tired sigh he hung up and entered the room. He closed the door behind him and locked it with the deadbolt, the latter being a conditioned response. After throwing his cell onto the nearest bed, dropping his rucksack next to the door and stripping off his jacket, Sam then went about setting up his laptop. While it booted up, he stretched in the stiff motel chair next to it.  
  
Once he entered his password—dEangetthef\*ckoffmylaptopJERK—he did what he always did when he first logged onto his computer: checked the browser history.  
  
These last few months his brother had been pretty good at keeping away from his laptop and Sam's grateful he hasn't had to reformat the drive in so long, but Dean was an addict so just because he's been clean doesn't mean he won't relapse. Sam was used to seeing filthy url names in his history, pop up ads featuring naked women, e-mail spam suggesting porn site subscriptions based on 'his' pre-existing subscription to bustyasianladies.com. Hell, one time he turned on his laptop to find that it had a virus that played a looped audio file of a woman moaning in the throes of pleasure.  
  
Volume maxed out.  
  
Mute option disabled.  
  
That one got them kicked out of the motel where they were staying at the time, which is saying a lot considering how seedy that motel was.  
  
None of this prepared him for what he was seeing now.  
  
***twinksluvdinks.com***, trousersnakeorgy.co.uk,***cumsinbums-boysclub.com***, xxxsausagefest.com,***cockfights-butnotthekinduthink.com***, dickondick.com,***bearfucks.com***...  
  
There wasn't enough brain bleach in existence.  
  
There really wasn't.  
  
Sam was completely and utterly dumbfounded. He was very much aware that the angel and his brother were gaga for each other—well, except for the two in question everyone knew—but he hadn't realized that the feelings were... sexual.

He shuddered at the sudden graphic visual that last thought evoked. At this point Sam desperately wished brain bleach was a real thing.  
  
He reformatted his drive, sanitized the laptop's case and then took a long shower in an attempt to scrub away the trauma.  
  
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Sam emerged from the shower feeling a little better. Only a little. Though the memories were still there, they were now—thankfully—a little hazy. He froze at the sound of his phone ringing.  
  
Blue Oyster Cult.  
  
It was Dean.  
  
Just like that the blessed haze was gone and Sam went braindead for a moment when those traumatic memories very suddenly became clear again. A violent shudder racked his body and cleared his mind enough to go answer the phone.  
  
"Hey... Uh... Dean...." He really couldn't handle talking to his brother at the moment, but to ignore him would mean having to face him in person and that... In the end, answering the phone was the lesser of two evils.  
  
"Sam! Are you okay, man? I've been trying to reach your for an hour!"  
  
"Am I okay?" Sam didn't know whether he should laugh or cry, so he compromised and lied through his teeth. "Yeah, I'm... Fine. Just took a break from my research to take a shower."  
  
"Oh." Dean didn't sound very convinced but didn't press the matter further. "How is that going?"  
  
"How is what going?"  
  
"The research, Sammy. D'uh!"  
  
"The wha— oh right! The research! It's going very slow, yeah..."  
  
"...dude, we're hunting vampires. All we need is to dig up some of the local lore to narrow down the location of their nest."  
  
"...I'm really close. I guess this town doesn't like the internet much." Sam laughed awkwardly before ending the conversation. "I'll call you when I have a location. Bye!"  
  
"But Sam—"  
  
After abruptly hanging up the phone he tossed it back onto the bed. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. Then another one. And another one. One last deep breath and Sam was calm enough to turn his computer back on and get dressed while it loaded.  
  
Like Dean had said, it only took about ten minutes for Sam to find the information they needed. He sent a quick text to his brother, not wanting to risk what little piece of mind he had left by calling him and then fell back onto his bed with a deep sigh. He contemplated what to do next, careful not to dwell on recent revelations any longer than absolutely necessary.  
  
It'd been a while since he had had to confront Dean about abusing his laptop. His brother's insensitivity was probably back at full strength by now. On top of that he would be especially defensive considering his... shift in interests. His unnaturally strong denial would be completely ironclad when his sexuality was in question. The only way to even make a dent into that impenetrable wall of denial would be for Sam to catch his brotherin the act.  
  
He groaned in disgust. Try as he might he couldn't think of any other way to protect his computer from porn. He would get Dean a laptop of his own, or a tablet of some sort, if that would stop him. But the lazy jerk would just use Sam's laptop if it was the most convenient source of filth at the time. No, Sam had to deal with this problem at the source.  
  
He groaned again.  
  
Why couldn't Dean keep Sam's laptop out of his sex life?  
  
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Once Dean confirmed the location of the nest, Sam joined him and together they ganked the son of a bitch. Easy jobs like this were usually considered a reprieve from their normally arduous lives, a blessed chance to relax and try to enjoy themselves. That in itself said a lot about their lives and none of it good. Unfortunately Sam would have to wait for the next 'break' seeing as he had another "job" to do tonight.  
  
Boy did he want to throw up.

The Impala had just parked in front of their motel room door when, before he could chicken out, Sam blurted, "I'm going out for a bit, Dean. There's, uh... There's this wiccan shop nearby I wanted to check out."  
  
Dean, having just turned off his baby's ignition, gave his brother a suspicious look. "It's open this late?"  
  
"It's a new place that caters to hunters. Supposedly open 24/7." Dean wasn't buying it so Sam distracted him. "Do you mind if I borrow the Impala? I should be back in a few hours."  
  
Dean was silent for a moment, searching Sam's eyes for the slightest sign of a hidden agenda. He didn't find anything so he relented, though he was no less suspicious, "Fine. But if I find so much as a scratch on her I'll—"  
  
"Shoot me with your sawed off?" Sam raised a sarcastic brow then snatched the keys from Dean. "I will protect the car with my life and if anything happens I will call you, okay?"  
  
Sam's teasing seemed to alleviate some of Dean's concerns so he got out of the Impala chuckling, "Nerd!"  
  
"Yeah, yeah..." Sam waved off his brother's teasing as casually as possible, seeing as on the inside he was freaking the fuck out.  
  
He settled into the driver’s seat and waited until his brother had locked the motel door behind him. He then turned the ignition back on to park the Impala only a few blocks away.  
  
Sam's plan was simple but no less disturbing.  
  
He’d left his laptop on the table back in the motel room, plugged in so Dean would think he just left it out to recharge. Sam 'conveniently' forgot to log off. The webcam was now hooked up to his smartphone so Sam just waited for his brother's ugly mug to show up on his phone's screen. It was a very nerve wracking thirty minutes but, as expected, Dean eventually hopped onto Sam's laptop.  
  
Jerk.  
  
The second Dean was on the laptop, Sam revved up the Impala and gunned it back to the motel. After all, he didn't want to give his brother enough time to... Settle on a website.  
  
Trying to banish that horrific thought from his mind he burst into their motel room. "Good God, Dean! Not again— what the Hell are you watching?!"  
  
Sam thought that discovering that his brother watched gay porn on his laptop was as traumatizing as it could get.  
  
Sam really,really hated being wrong.  
  
"Sam?!" Dean jumped up to hide the monitor though it was already too late. "I was... Uhh... Doing research?"  
  
Though now obscured by Dean's torso, the images were forever burned into Sam's memory. At first he thought Dean was watching his usual Japanese cartoon porn. That was until he realized that, though one of the characters had a very beautiful effeminate face, both characters had male torsos. No jumbo sized cartoon breasts to be seen. However they both had—  
  
"Now you're watchingGAY Japanese cartoon***porn*** on my computer?!" he roared, pushing his way past Dean to snatch his laptop and hug it protectively against his chest. "Wasn't plain gay porn enough for you?!"  
  
"What? No! Of course not—" Dean started to deny so very badly until the full extent of Sam's word sunk in. "Wait... What do you mean by that?"  
  
"By what?!"  
  
"By that! What do you mean ‘plain’?"  
  
Quickly putting away his poor abused laptop into his bag and out of harm’s way, he ground out, "I checked my browser history today..." Sam shuddered in disgust before standing tall and staring down his brother. "I know you've been watching gay porn on my laptop and now you're watching gay Japa—"  
  
"I'm not watching gay porn, Sam!"  
  
"How can you say that when I just saw—"  
  
Dean was suddenly tomato red. "Look. I've never seen... Plain gay porn and—let me talk, okay?—I've never watched that stuff until today. There was a link, it looked hot, how was I to know that—"  
  
"Bullshit! You knew exactly what it was!"  
  
"No I didn't! You saw the face! Don't tell me you didn't think he was a girl too!"  
  
"I did, but that doesn't meanyou didn't know—"  
  
"Guys..." Suddenly said a deep nervous voice.  
  
Not having noticed Castiel popping into the room the Winchesters nearly jumped out of their skins when he spoke up.  
  
"Holy shit, Cas!" Dean gasped. "What did we tell you about knocking?!"  
  
"That I should do that?" said Castiel, not completely confident that he had the right answer.  
  
"Dammit, Cas!"  
  
"Dean,” Castiel said sternly to stop the reprimand which was impeding his explanation. “I came here to clear Sam’s misunderstanding."  
  
"Misunderstanding?" Dean asked, not with outrage but with genuine confusion. After all, how could an angel of the***Lord*** possibly know anything about the Winchesters current spat? Hell, Dean Winchester didn’t even know what was happening!  
  
Realization dawned on Sam and you could see it in his eyes. "No..." Sam's suspicions were confirmed when Castiel broke eye contact guiltily, though the hunter himself still vehemently denied them. "B-But it can't be you! You're an angel!"  
  
"Ha! I told you I didn't—" Dean's expression went blank when he clued into who the true culprit was. "Holy shit, Cas was looking up the gay porn?!"  
  
For Castiel, breaking eye contact in general was a sign of guilt, but refusing to initiate eye contact with **Dean** freaking **Winchester**... He might as well be heralding the start of another apocalypse.

"No... No way..." Dean may be oblivious, the king of denial even, but even he knew all of the above to be true.  
  
"Well... In a"—Sam shuddered—"strange way it makes sense..."  
  
"What?!" Dean exclaimed, his voice an octave higher than normal.  
  
Castiel merely raised an intrigued brow.  
  
"Well..." Sam couldn't believe he was about to rationalize this situation, that he actually understood this ludicrous situation, but here he was. "You say you didn't—"  
  
"I didn't, Sam!" Interrupted Dean, as hyper defensive as Sam had anticipated. "I'm telling you, I didn't do it! Dammit, I learned to delete the history long ago so if I had done it, which Ididn't, you wouldn't even know—"  
  
"Wait! Stop right there!" Sam shot his brother a suspicious glare and Dean froze, realizing his slip. "What did you just say?!"  
  
"Uh... Nothing.” Dean wasn’t sure which was worse: Sam thinking he was gay or Sam finding out that he had been using the laptop behind his brother’s back. “Nothing! Except that I'm innocent!"  
  
"What did you mean by 'history', Dean?"  
  
"Shut up, Cas," growled Dean.  
  
"I think he's referring the browser history which stores all the urls—" Sam shook off the bitch face he was directing at his brother when he realized he was distracted. "Dammit! That's not the issue right now"—Sam shot Dean a glare that said 'we'll discuss this later'—"If Dean didn't do it and I definitely didn't do it so that only leaves..."  
  
"No way..." said Dean finding it harder than Sam did to accept the math, as logical as it was. "No freaking way! Maybe some gay ghost borrowed your—"  
  
"Dammit Dean!" Sam exclaimed. He was so done with his brother's stubbornness.

"Sam's right, Dean." The older Winchester paled at Castiel's confession. "I did in fact look up gay pornography on Sam's computer. I'm sorry for any inconvenience—"  
  
"I-inconvenience?!" Sam sputtered incredulously.  
  
"Why the fuck would you do that, Cas?!"  
  
"Well... I was curious about, as you put it,fuck—"  
  
"Oh my fucking God! Everyone stop!" Roared Sam, forcibly putting himself between his brother and the angel to act as a physical barrier between the two. His breaths, heavy with frustration and anxiety, were quite audible in the strained silence that ensued.  
  
"**You.**" Sam turned to Castiel, pointing an accusatory finger. "You looked up gay porn on my laptop?"  
  
Castiel nodded affirmatively.  
  
"And **you.**" Sam whirled about to jab an accusatory finger at Dean's chest repeatedly. "You freaking jerk! You looked up gay anime porn on mylaptop?"  
  
"No!" growled Dean, smacking his brother's prodding finger away. "No, I...Well... Technically I— It doesn't count if they look like girls!!!"  
  
Sam ignored his brother's useless rambling to collect his belongings—bag, jacket and keys—and stormed over to the door.  
  
Clutching the bag protectively, Sam opened said door and shouted over his shoulder, "I'm leaving. I'm getting another room and staying theretonight. You two are staying here and—so help me—you **will** talk this out! Then you will leave me AND my laptop out of your personal lives!!" With that he left, slamming the door behind him.  
  
"Great plan, college boy!" Dean shouted childishly through the closed door. "There's no way you can keep us in here!" Frustrated he pounded his fist next to the peep hole and rested his forehead against the door. He took a moment to make a futile attempt to collect himself.  
  
"...Dean?" asked the angel uncertainly.

"Ignore him, Cas." With an obviously false air of nonchalance, Dean turned to face Castiel. "You can go back to whatever angel business you were working on and—"  
  
"I wasn't on any 'angel business' so I have nowhere to be right now, and because I agree with Sam, I'd like to stay here," said Castiel, his voice laced with nearly inaudible undertones of dread and doubt.  
  
"No angel business? Then what were you doing—" Dean did a double take so sudden and violent that he nearly gave himself whiplash. "You agree with Sam?! About***what?!***"  
  
"That we need to talk." Castiel deadpanned.  
  
Dean was nearly catatonic he was so overwhelmed by this situation. When minutes passed and Castiel realized that the hunter wasn’t about to say something, he carefully started, "...Dean?"  
  
"Just... Just give me a minute." Dean leaned back heavily against the door, head tipped back and eyes shut tight. "Please, Cas. Just a minute."  
  
"Of course, Dean," Castiel agreed without hesitation, though his face fell when he noticed the hunter's hand twitching next to the doorknob. "We don't have to talk, you know. I won't make you do anything you don't want to."  
  
Dean's hand suddenly stilled. With a groan he banged his head back against the door a couple times. Never in his life had the hunter felt like more of a selfish jerk than he did right now. Seeing as this was Dean Winchester that was saying a lot.  
  
"I'm an ass."  
  
"Dean? What are you—"  
  
The hunter groaned again, running a trembling hand through his hair. Resolved, he pushed off the door and stumbled over to the nearby chair. Dropping into the seat heavily, he sighed.  
  
"So... Let's talk."  
  
Dean stared at Castiel expectantly, his sudden conviction barely masking his fear and shame. The angel wasn't faring much better, though most wouldn't be able to tell, he stood stiffly, a small frown on his lips as he struggled for words.  
  
"It wasn't what I thought it would be..."  
  
Of all the things Castiel could have to say about this screwed up situation, Dean would have never eventhought of that. Not in a million years! Dean was so startled that he jerked back, as if he’d just received a small electric shock, and nearly fell out of the chair.  
  
"’It wasn't what you thought?'" He parroted back weakly, then his eyes went impossibly wide when the meaning of those words finally sunk in and he sputtered, "You can’t mean... I mean, you’re not saying... That you've 'thought' about... That?"  
  
"Uh... Well..." Castiel took a deep breath before trying again to explain and, "It was a possible outcome of a scenario I was contemplating," was what he blurted.  
  
"Scenario?!” Dean couldn't process what the poor angel was trying to tell him, but whatever it was raised a lot of red flags. "What the Hell kind of plan were you hatching—"  
  
"Dean! Calm down!" Exclaimed a frantic Castiel. "I'm trying to explain!" The angel had a hard enough time communicating simple ideas to the hunter, much lessfeelings, which were complicated enough without Dean’s ridiculous intolerance to expressing one’s emotions. Sorting out this mess seemed utterly futile—  
  
"I'm not sure I want to hear the explanation for a scenario with gay sex as a possible outcome!" Dean's face scrunched up in disgust.  
  
—but he had to try. He owed that much to Dean and to himself.  
  
"I understand that, Dean, but it involves you so you should probably—" Castiel cut himself off when he realized just how much he had unwittingly said—too much, too soon—and Dean was stunned into stillness and silence at the implications of Castiel's words.  
  
"...what?" Dean eventually asked, dazed.  
  
"I love you, Dean." Castiel winced just after blurting out the dreaded 'L' word and backpedaled desperately.  "I know that you don't like the word 'love' and that my vessel isn't to your preferences but... I can't help it."  
  
"Your loyalty to your friends and family is ironclad. Not just ironclad, but also armed with steel. When your loved ones are concerned you possess a strength of will so strong that you can overcome even the most foul of obstacles. You're a sword and shield not for personal gain but for love. You're selfless. You not only stand by your loved ones but you would also shoulder their burdens without a thought."  
  
As Castiel showered him with praise and adoration, Dean squirmed miserably in his seat. The hunter felt that it was not only undeserved but, for it to be coming from an angel, it was wrong on so many levels.  
  
Castiel pressed on, fully aware that Dean didn't believe a word he said but **he** did, “Not only have you endured a hunter's life since childhood but to survive forty years in Hell and to come out with your soul still shining—"  
  
Dean suddenly stopped fidgeting at the mention of his soul and his expression darkened. "Not this again..."  
  
"You can't see your soul but I***can***," said Castiel firmly, leaving no room for any argument the hunter obviously had.  
  
Once he was satisfied that Dean would mind his tongue, the angel continued, "Look... I concede that you're damaged, Dean, but you're still beautiful—" Castiel winced again, having stepped on yet another vocabulary land mine. "Okay, poor word choice. You're damaged but you're... Awesome. You're awesome, Dean."  
  
There was no word, and there never will be, for just how overwhelmed Dean was by that point. His day had been going just fine until Sam stormed in and…Then Cas showed up and… Then Sam said… And Cas… Then Sam left telling them to… And Cas…  
  
Just when he thought he couldn`t be more overwhelmed the bar was raised higher and then some.  
  
"I want to help you shoulder your burdens and the burdens you shoulder for your loved ones." Castiel took a step forward, so engrossed in expressing his passion that he was unconsciously behaving in a human manner. "I want to help you on hunts, or any obstacle you face, so you don't have to be so resilient. I want you to be happy. I want to be the one to make you happy..."  
  
Dean desperately wanted to bolt. No, that`s not quite right. He wanted all this to simply not be happening. This wasn't happening. This couldn't be happening. He wanted to suddenly wake up and find that all this was just a terrible nightmare.  
  
He couldn't deny, to himself anyway, that some of the notions he was currently being assaulted with had crossed his mind recently. That would explain why he would be having this disturbing nightmare. Passing notions, that meant nothing, being blown out of proportion by his fucked up head.  
  
"The scenario I was considering was... Well, it was telling you all of this.” The angel gestured vaguely, words failing him and so were human hand motions.  
  
Dean’s had passing notions like ‘That dude’s cool for an angel’ or ‘He’s handy in a fight’. Sometimes Dean wondered ‘Hard to believe he’s an angel sometimes, since angels are dicks. He’s definitely not human but he’s not a dick with wings.’ or ‘He’s weird but he’s not bad company. He’s kinda funny actually and sometimes he’s funny when he’s trying to be. Bet when he gets a hang of slang he’ll be a riot.’ These thoughts were perfectly ordinary and implied nothing.  
  
“I was contemplating the possible outcomes, especially the one where you... Reciprocate my feelings." Castiel unconsciously started shifting his feet, struggling for words but determined to have Dean understand. “I really hoped for that outcome, of course, but... It’s also the outcome that I'm most unprepared for...”  
  
So what if Dean got worried when Castiel goes off on a mission or when he doesn’t answer his prayers? The angel’s his friend so it was only natural. It’s supposed to hurt inside when a friend comes back wounded, bleeding, a breath away from passing out… A friend’s safe return is supposed to be a relief, like an overbearing weight is suddenly gone. All friends are like that, right?  
  
Castiel had broken Dean’s trust on more than one occasion but the hunter still trusted him more than he would any other friend who betrayed him. A lot more, actually. That was a little weird because he didn’t give second chances to friends… So maybe the angel was more like family to Dean? Yeah, Castiel was family. Nothing wrong with that. It can happen. After all,  family don’t end with blood.  
  
“I'm well aware that I lack expertise with 'human social conventions', I know even less about 'human pop culture', and that this frustrates you to no end. “ Castiel sighed in frustration.  
  
And it’s not weird that he and Cas have been confused for a couple. Not that Dean has anything against being gay, he’s just not gay himself. Besides, people assuming two guys aretogether together happens more and more in today’s world, since being gay is more widely accepted. Hell, Dean and his brother have been confused for a couple. That’s proof that it happens to everyone. Besides, Dean couldn’t fault people for the mistake. If those friggin’ books have taught him anything, it’s that girls like to pair up attractive men.  
  
And they werevery attractive. Cas has that perfect five o’clock shadow that doesn’t grow, unless he’s low on mojo. Well, his vessel has a perfect five o—… Jimmy did? Though Jimmy wasn’t in there anymore— This is all besides the point! Cas has the scruff frozen as is. The skin isn’t baby smooth, but it's not wrinkled either. Lines are in all the right places to compliment the facial hair. His eyes were a nice blue, though it’s hard to see them since he squints a lot. Sometimes, when Castiel stares at him, Dean feels like he can see the angel’s grace, all power and smity and—  
  
Shit.  
  
“But most of all, I have no experience in... Tactile interaction. From personal space to pats on the back to hugs to..." Castiel slowed to a stop and shrugged helplessly.  
  
"...sex." Dean breathed out, his mind having slowly caught up on the angel’s words.  
  
"Yes." Affirmed Castiel, his cheeks flushing in a very human manner. "If you did reciprocate, I knew that that detail would be a... 'Deal breaker’”—the angel did air quotes—”so I did some research..."  
  
"...Wow." gasped Dean, being otherwise at a loss for words.  
  
"Sorry, Dean. I didn't mean to overwhelm you but since your brother is getting caught in the crossfire—"  
  
"Quiet, Cas!" eyes pleading, Dean finally met the angel’s gaze. "Give me a moment to process. 'Kay?"  
  
"Okay, Dean."  
  
The hunter looked down at the floor beneath his feet, doing his damnedest to process the onslaught of information from the last half hour. His nerves were shot to Hell. He tapped his toe and threaded his fingers together, doing the latter in the hope that it would keep the digits in place but it didn’t.  
  
This guy gave up everything—his faith, his family, his home, his grace—for***me.***  
  
Without looking up, he asked, "So... What did you think?"  
  
"Of what?" Castiel cocked his head inquisitively.  
  
Blood rushing to his cheeks, Dean shifted his gaze to the wall behind Castiel. "Of your research, Cas."  
  
"Oh." Castiel’s eyes widened in understanding. "Oh. Well... It really wasn't what I expected. I mean, the websites explained the mechanics well enough, but the videos seemed so... Detached. Like the participants were strangers trying to hurt each other. It didn't seem very appealing..."  
"If your research is anything like the stuff I watch—"  
  
"You mean the videos on bustyasianbabes.com?"  
  
"Yeah, those ones—" Dean blinked then grumbled, cheeks burning with shame. "That's beside the point... The point being that the sex in porn is staged. It's not real! Well, the sex is, but the situations aren't! Pornos are  just visuals to... Uh..."  
  
"I think I understand. Porn is visual stimuli to help one masturbate?"  
  
"Well... Yeah..." Dean wanted to know how this—discussing sex with an angel of the Lord whom he might like more than he should—was now his life.  
  
"So emotional detachment and violence arouses you?"  
  
"Umm... Well..." Dean floundered.  
  
"Oh..."  
  
"No wait! Uh… It's complicated. There's porn, there's sex and there's..." Dean growled in frustration, rallying his thoughts. "Look, my point is that porn and sex are different. Like in that vid I was looking up, you know, the one before Sam brought this Hell on me? I didn't like what I saw because it was colorful and sparkly and flowers censored all the important bits. It was girly as shit even though there were no girls in it! It wasn’t my thing. But it’s someone’s thing, but that someone wouldn’t want to actually live that! Porn is an unrealistic fantasy! Anything can happen and no one gets hurt… Well, not for real. But even after seeing that, I kinda think I would— why are you smiling?"  
  
"So you were looking up those videos intentionally." Castiel chuckled when Dean turned flaming red, then asked softly, "Can I ask, why?"  
  
"Please don't make me say it," said Dean with a desperate groan.  
  
Cas smiled fondly, "I won't but maybe you could... Show me?" he slowly walked over to Dean, like he was approaching a skittish kitten, to kneel down before him. Smiling, Castiel gently nudged at the hunter's chin so he would look up and their eyes could meet.  
If it was humanly possible, Dean would have spontaneously combusted. He licked his lips nervously. Castiel smile softened before he moved again, carefully cupping Dean's face with a hand. The hunter flinched, but didn't pull away. Encouraged, Castiel stroked the stubbled cheek with his thumb.  
  
"I don't want gay porn!" Dean suddenly blurted out loudly.  
  
Castiel jerked back as if burned but Dean quickly grabbed his arm before his hand got too far and put it right back on his cheek.  
  
"No, wait! Dammit! I mean... I don't want porn sex or just sex or..." He locked his gaze with the angel’s. "I want you, Cas."  
  
Castiel melted and smiled broadly, radiating pure joy. In turn, Dean relaxed and grinned. He pulled Castiel's hand off his cheek and leaned forward to gently kiss the angel. It wasn’t really a kiss, actually, more like they were smiling way into each other’s personal space. With a happy sigh Dean tilted his head forward so their foreheads touched.  
  
“This is… nice,” said Dean, surprised but happily so.  
  
“Yeah.”  
  
“I can’t believe I thought this would be bad,” said Dean, a little sadly, as he wrapped his arms around Castiel’s waist.  
  
“You had your reasons to think that,” said Castiel as he imitated Dean, wrapping his own arms around the hunter. “But you're happy that you were wrong, right?”  
  
“Yeah,” Dean said, calm and sure.  
  
He couldn’t say this out loud but despite thinking that ‘this’ would be wrong, he wanted ‘this’ desperately. In fact, his wanting freaked him out even more. He figured it wasn’t fair to not tell Cas at this point, but Dean had more than exceeded his quota of ‘sharing feelings’ for a couple years, at thevery least. Besides, he figured Cas sort of had an inkling.  
  
“I’m happy too,” Castiel said, pulling Dean into a hug, he rested his chin on the hunter’s shoulder and squeezed tight.  
  
Dean responded by gripping Castiel tighter, almost as if making up for the time wasted and maybe for his life before Cas as well. With the eye contact broken, he took a deep breath and found the courage to at least say, “The sex thing is an issue we can't ignore but…” he buried his face into the angel’s shoulder as his confidence wavered, cheeks hot, but he managed to finish. “...but it's not a deal breaker, Cas. Not for you.”  
  
Castiel suddenly stilled but then let out a relieved sigh, “Thank you, Dean. That isvery good to hear.”  
  
Before Dean exceeded his ‘girly feels’ quota for the next decade, the rumble of his baby’s engine broke the sappy silence. Strangely, the hunter wasn’t sure if he was annoyed or relieved by the interruption. More strangely he wasn’t bothered that he could be upset that a sappy moment was disrupted.  
  
Dean laughed into Castiel’s trench coat. “Is it just me, or does Sammy have really bad timing?”  
  
“It’s not just you,” Castiel grumbled.  
  
“Aw, don’t worry Cas.” Dean patted Castiel on the back before pulling away.“Now that my head is out of my ass, ‘this’”—he gestured between the two of them, trying to communicate visually that he meant their ‘relationship’—”is happening.”  
  
Castiel was still stuck on the disturbing idiom, however, head tilted owlishly in confusion. “Your head... Out of your ass?”  
  
“This new thing between us is solid, Cas.” Dean clarified hurriedly, to which Cas smiled with relief, so he could get to the genius idea he just had. “But I’m sure we can get back at Sam for interrupting.”  
  
“How?” asked Castiel.  
  
“Easy!” Dean quickly shucked his jacket and shirt then unbuckled his pants.  
  
Castiel watched, fascinated but confused. “Dean, what are you doing?”  
“Making Sam think that he has really bad timing,” explained Dean with a smirk, ruffling the angel’s hair to make it messier than usual.  
  
“I don’t understand.”  
  
Dean gently but swiftly pulled on Castiel’s tie to bring them nose to nose, “Trust me?”  
  
“Of course.”  
  
“Good.” Dean loosened the tie and unbuttoned the top two buttons of Castiel’s dress shirt. “Perfect.”  
  
The engine suddenly stopped rumbling and then there was the sound of a car door opening and closing.  
  
“Sex is off the table right now…” Dean whispered into Castiel’s conveniently nearby ear. “...but he doesn’t have to know that.”  
  
“Oh!” Castiel smiled mischievously, though Dean couldn’t see as he was nuzzling the angel. “Alright.”  
  
The door burst open and a grumpy Sam Winchester lumbered in. “I’m just here to get my phone so I’ll only be a— FOR FUCK’S SAKE! I SAID **TALK** IT OUT!!!”  
  
“Dammit, Sam!” Dean exclaimed, barely keeping a straight face. “I get Cas not knowing how to knock, but you?!” He snatched the aforementioned phone and tossed it at his traumatized brother, who only caught it because of years of hunting conditioning his reflexes. Sam clutched the phone to his chest like he did his laptop earlier, only less protective and more for something to ground him.  
  
“We did talk it out Sam,” said Castiel before the traumatized Winchester could respond, “then we decided to copulate to celebrate our new relationship.”  
  
Sam threw up in his mouth a little and Dean couldn’t blame him. Even he couldn’t believe that Castiel had just said that. Dean gawked at Castiel incredulously. The angel winked and Dean burst out into fits of laughter. Castiel was teasing Sam. Not just teasing him, but doing so on purpose! Damn, Dean knew Cas would be hilarious once he got the hang of human communication.  
  
“Well…” Dean said once he caught his breath. “At least we won't need your computer anymore, Sammy.”  
  
  
**THE END**