“Someone’s Getting Fired! …Or Not.”

**Date:** November 21, 2013  
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**Series:**  Supernatural and The Cabin in the Woods  
**Pairing(s):**  Dean/Castiel  
**Spoilers:**  SPN - You just need to know who Cas is and you’re good. Cabin In The Woods – I tried not to spoil the major plot twists but it is definitely an SPN AU of a good chunk of the movie.  
**Length:**  2,075 words  
  
**Rating:***R* (sexual situations and some gore)  
  
**Summary:**  “Team Free Will goes on a job only to find that it’s like a B Movie Horror Title. In short, it’s a piece of cake. This upsets the engineers of this case. That is, until they realize they’ve unintentionally set in motion a completely different film genre.”

Dean stood alongside his ‘baby’, with his brother on his left and Castiel almost brushing arms with him on his right. The three of them stared at their destination, at which they had just arrived, with stunned expressions, though Castiel’s was extremely subtle, of course.  
  
They were deep in an isolated wood blanketed by the night. A cold breeze rustled the plush leaves, the only sound to be heard. No birds, no bugs, no… nothing. Before them was a decrepit log cabin that would have seemed vacant if the lights weren’t on.  
  
Dean let out a long whistle before remarking, “Are we on the set of Hell Hazers 2- Ouch!”  
  
Sam had just elbowed him.  
  
“What?” Dean chuckled as he rubbed his sore ribs, “They plagiarized that dude’s conjuration research and our sweet cell phone technique then made them suck so why not a location?”  
  
“Dean! This is no time to joke!” snapped Sam, double checking that his gun had a full magazine. “I mean, we don’t even know what we’re dealing with yet… Cas, you sure this is the place?”  
  
Castiel nodded, never looking away from the cabin, “Yes, I’m sure. Though I admit I didn’t expect this place to be so…” he tilted his head to the side. “…cliché.”  
  
“Well, I don’t know about you guys but I don’t think Jefferson’s nephew survived… whatever this is.” said Dean as he cocked his gun.  
  
“Dean, I don’t think that was appropriate.” remarked Castiel.  
  
“Sammy…” Dean glared at his brother. “What have you been stuffing the angel’s head with?”  
  
“Manners, empathy, morals… You know, the basics that you never learned.”  
  
“Bitch.”  
  
“Jerk.”  
  
“Assbutt?”  
  
“You’ll get it someday, Cas.” chuckled Dean causing the angel to frown.  
  
“Ignore him, Cas.” said Sam, shooting his brother a bitch face. “So, did you get any more information or just the location?”  
  
“Just the location, barely…”

“Barely?!” yelped Dean.  
  
“Yes.” nodded Castiel. “I had to estimate the last known location of your friend’s nephew from where he was last detectable.”  
  
“I don’t follow.” confessed Sam.  
  
“Me neither.” Dean chimed in.  
  
“That tunnel we went through to get here is the only way in or out of these woods without supernatural means. There have been no reports of supernatural activity around here, at least not on a scale large enough to… Well… The boy and his friends became undetectable after passing through that tunnel. In fact, these woods are undetectable.”  
  
“Why the Hell didn’t you tell us that before- ARGH!! “ Dean crumpled to the ground, screaming, when a bear trap suddenly sunk its teeth into his thigh. “What the freaking fuck?!!”  
  
“DEAN!” Castiel was at Dean’s side in the blink of an eye, prying off the rusty contraption and healing the wound, while Sam sought out the source.  
  
“Looks like a zombie redneck.” He said as he fired his gun and blew the brains out of the corpse slowly heading their way. “I’m starting to think your that Hell Hazer crack was accurate, Dean.”  
  
“A bear trap?!” exclaimed Dean holding the thing that bit him. “I’ll give them this, using a bear trap as a projectile weapon is definitely not cliché.”  
  
“Dean.” admonished Castiel as he hefted the hunter to his feet. “Not the time.” The angel pointed toward where the zombie dropped to show Dean that it had friends. Lots of friends.  
  
Dean picked up his gun from where it fell then swaggered to the trunk of the impala and popped open. He tossed his hand gun in and pulled out a couple rifles.  
  
“Catch!” he called out after quickly loading the guns, tossing one to Sam. Pulling out two packs of ammunition, he slammed the trunk shut. “Let’s gank these bitches.”

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“What. The. FUCK?!” a middle aged man with red hair spun round his computer chair to turn away from the large screen displaying these events to scold his crew. “Who’s the asshole who did the background checks?! They are obviously professionals in the supernatural arena. I mean, for Christ’s sake how in the Hell can you miss- What are you all gawking at?“  
  
“Uh… Hadley?” said Sitterson, the bespectacled balding co-worker sitting next to him. He poked his raging coworkers’ arm to get his attention.  
  
“What?!” snapped the furious man, Hadley, before being spun round to face the screen once more. “Oh.”

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“Now you are absolutely sure that was all of them, Cas?” asked Dean as he stepped inside the cabin, absolutely filthy with dirt and blood.  
  
“Yes, I scoured the area twice to be certain.” The angel confirmed who, absolutely pristine, followed the hunter inside, closing and locking the door shut behind him.  
  
“So…” drawled Dean as, without missing a step, he stripped off his sticky and dusty jacket and whipped it into a corner. He then stopped suddenly and spun on his heel to have Castiel find himself nose to nose with the smirking hunter.  
  
“Am I right in thinking…” Dean slowly trailed his index finger up Castiel’s tie before taking hold of it and gently, yet firmly, tugging on it to bring their faces impossibly closer. “…that you sent Sammy to investigate the woods leaving us to investigate the cabin so that you might investigate something in particular-Oomph!”  
  
Castiel seized Dean by the collar of his plaid shirt and smashed their mouths together. He took advantage of the hunter’s surprise to plunge his tongue into Dean’s mouth. After a short wet, sloppy make out session Dean pulled back for air.  
  
“Wow. I’ll take that as a yes! Though you really need to learn to use your words- Oomph!”  
  
Castiel silence him with another deep kiss before replying, “Why? You talk enough for the both of us.”  
  
“Holy Hell, Cas!”  
  
“Dean…” Castiel sighed, and not in the sexy way but in a disgruntled one. “How many times to I have to tell you I’m not comfortable with that expression?”  
  
“Sorry to tell you this, Cas, but when you kiss me like that I have no control over the expletives I use.”  
  
Castiel smiled, “I can’t believe you know such a word, much less how to pronounce it.”  
  
Laughing, Dean shoved Cas playfully, “I looked it up especially to use the next time you scold me over my choice in expletives you big- Oomph”  
  
Castiel kissed him again and laughing into that kiss they fell back on the conveniently located couch.

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“I smell popcorn! Someone pass me that popcorn! I outrank all of you- Oh, thank you!” Hadley dove right into the bowl of popcorn Sitterson had just passed him.  
  
The room was much more crowded as affiliated divisions, and some completely unrelated ones, slowly became aware of what was screening in the project’s control room.  
  
“Mr. Hadley! Mr. Sitterson!” an oblivious intern rushed in, squeezing his way through the enraptured crowd to get to the project leaders. “Both Japan and Germany have failed! The guys upstairs want to know how… we are… doing…. What are you guys watching?”  
  
“Relax kid!” said Hadley, eyes never leaving the screen as he gestured to the vacant chair next to him. “Have a seat and enjoy the show.”  
  
“But what about-“  
  
“Our project failed right off the hop, son, so sit your butt down.” Sitterson quickly got to his feet and pushed the intern into the aforementioned available chair before, even more quickly, returning to his own seat and the bowl of m& Hadley held out for him. “If the world ends tonight we should at least enjoy the view.”  
  
Hadley suddenly stopping snacking on his popcorn when a light bulb went off, “Speaking of enjoying…” he leaped to his feet and shouted, “Hey! Someone get the wager board! I’m giving 4 to 5 odds that the one in the Trench Coat is a bottom!”  
  
“You’re on!” exclaimed Sitterson, getting to his feet as well. “That guy is so going to top!”  
  
“Boys…” Wendy from the Chem department joined the project leaders and the intern. “They totally take turns.”  
The room erupted as everyone placed their bets.

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“I’m surprised this place looks so much better on the inside. This couch is actually pretty…“  
  
Castiel pulled back with a pout, sitting astride the supine hunter, “Dean. Would you like to be alone with the couch?”  
  
“Would you let me finish? Anyway, what I was trying to say- I can’t believe the quality of the burn you gave me!” Dean’s laugh was cut short by a glare from the angel. “Cas… I was just trying to say that we might not have to move our activities elsewhere.”  
  
Castiel visibly relaxed so Dean took advantage and gently pulled the angel down into a kiss by his trademark tie. It was brief and heartfelt, but not exactly chaste.  
  
“So… Do you agree?”  
  
“Yes.” Said Castiel simply, pulling back again.  
  
For a split second Dean feared that the angel was contradicting himself but it was quickly quelled when he realized that Cas was removing his trench coat. He leaned back to enjoy the show. Well, a show by Castiel standards: no extraneous motions, quick and meticulous. It was so Cas that to Dean it was a show.  
  
“May I?” Dean asked, running his fingers up Castiels button up.  
  
An interactive show.  
  
“Only if can reciprocate.” Castiel replied, running his hands sensually over the hunter’s chest.  
  
“Like you even have to ask, Cas.” Dean tried to roll his eyes but Castiel’s fingers were sending pleasant shivers up and down his spine.  
  
“You told me to use my words.” The angel arched a brow.  
  
“Holy H- When did you get so good at flirting, Cas?” Dean asked as he furiously unbutton Castiel’s shirt.

“I L-learned it from you, Dean.” Castiel breathed, eagerly waiting for his turn to strip Dean.  
  
“Oh? Are you ‘Hot for Teacher’, Cas?” Dean waggled his brows as he finished with the buttons and pushed the shirt over the angel’s shoulders.  
  
“You always forget the sleeves, Dean.” teased Castiel -well, Dean could tell he was teasing- as he unbuttoned his cuffs. “I don’t understand the reference, by the way.”  
  
“Oh, Cas…” Dean roughly finished removing Castiel’s shirt. “Keep talking dirty to me.”  
  
“Okay, Dean.” said Castiel as he eagerly began removing Dean’s shirt by hand which suddenly vanished.  
  
“Stop that, Cas!” Dean shivered from the chill of his skin suddenly meeting the air.  
  
“I’ll stop it when you don’t like it anymore, Dean.” Castiel smiled and Dean melted. “Who’s turn is it, Dean?”

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The groans of the people who lost the bet filled the room yet somehow the ‘Pay up, bitches!’ from the tiny Chem Department head, Wendy, drowned them out.  
  
“And I thought the fact that she whips up behaviour altering chemicals and air born toxins in a lab was all that made her scary.” squeaked Hadley.  
  
“Amen.” said Sitterson.

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“It was your genius plan that brought us here.” smiled Dean shyly, to his everlasting shame. “How about we forget whose turn it is today and have you decide.”  
  
“Very well.” without missing a beat the angel captured the hunter’s lips for a long, deep kiss.  
  
“So...” gasped Dean when they parted, “What’s the verdict.”  
  
“I’m going to show you, Dean.” Castiel’s response elicited a frustrated groan from the hunter.  
“How have you become such a tease- Don’t you dare say you learned it from me!”  
  
Castiel ignored the half-hearted complaints and slowly undid Dean’s jeans effectively shutting him up. Just as Castiel slipped his hand down the hunter’s pants the sound of a door opening caused the pair to freeze. Both heads whipped around to the front door but it was still securely locked.  
  
“Hey guys! You in here? You won’t believe what I found out there- ARGH!!!”  
  
Apparently Sam had thought that using the back door of the cabin was a good idea.

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The room burst into a chorus of ‘boo’s and various snack foods rained down on the screen.  
  
The intern leaped to his feet with a gleeful ‘Woo!’ and all heads turned to glare at him. He wilted under the overwhelming hate being sent his way so, weakly, he explained.  
  
“Italy was successful?”  
  
Hadley rose and clapped an encouraging hand on the poor kid’s shoulder, “You hear that, guys? We live to see another year!” when the room remained quiet at the perfectly reasonable explanation he added, “Does anyone know if we have a spare facility? We could ‘invite’ these guys back as entertainment.”  
  
That resulted in deafening cheers.  
  
  
  
**THE END**