“The Dr. Allure To Your Dr. Sexy”

**Date:** October 18, 2014  
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**Series:**  Supernatural  
**Pairing(s):**  Dean/Castiel  
**Spoilers:**  A bit of Season 6. Otherwise, if you know Cas then you’re good. :D  
**Length:**  3, 265 words  
  
**Rating:***G*  
  
**Summary:**  “Dean decides that he and Castiel would celebrate their first Halloweens together. Nothing goes quite as planned but what else is new?”  
  
**Dedication:**  Dedicated to Cinensis, a friend who unwittingly started this whole thing, Bookk Baby, a friend who needed some Castiel fluff, and Sailor Shipper, my partner in crime who-without which-I wouldn’t be writing at all.

"Hello Dean."  
  
"Jesus Christ!" Dean exclaimed, jerking back violently in surprise.  
  
He really should be used to this by now, the whole ‘Castiel popping in and out via Angel Airlines’ thing. After four years he really shouldn't be caught off guard. All the same, Dean was fifteen minutes into a rerun of "Doctor Sexy" and, as everyone knew though he will deny it vehemently to his death and then some, he gets completely absorbed in the show. Completely.  
  
Dr. Sexy was his kryptonite  
  
Angry and humiliated at being caught so totally enthralled by a chick show—yet again—Dean turned slightly to shoot the angel a glare over the back of the couch.  
  
"Dean..." Cas said reproachfully at the human's choice in expletive.  
  
"Dammit, Cas..." The hunter grumbled as he turned back to the television. "I'll stop saying that when you start knocking!" Taking a swig of his beer, he scooched over to make room for Castiel under the pretense of getting comfortable again.  
  
Castiel looked back towards the door, "I forgot again."  
  
"Yes, you did.” Dean muttered. “Scared the crap out of me. No fair sneaking up on me with angel teleporting powers..." he trailed off grumpily  into his beer bottle as he took another swig.  
  
Castiel made his way around the couch and took the newly vacated seat next to the hunter. His posture was stiff and awkward as he stared intensely at the side of the hunter's head. "I'm sorry, Dean."  
  
The hunter couldn't maintain a facade of anger in the face of such a sincere angel—only Cas, really—so he didn't bother.   
  
Dean chuckled fondly. "I know you are Cas..." Taking a small dose of liquid courage he continued, "didn't mean to snap at you, buddy."  
  
Castiel smiled, relieved that Dean wasn't angry and pleased by his apology. Though vague to the point of not resembling an apology at all, that was, in fact, an apology. Relatively speaking, it was an incredibly sincere apology coming from Dean 'No Chick Flick Moments' Winchester.  
  
"I forgive you, Dean."  
  
"Yeah, yeah, yeah." Dean full on laughed, amused for reasons unknown to the angel. "I know, Cas. I know. I'll be surprised when you don't." He teased.  
  
Castiel was about to say 'I don't understand...' but his train of thought was derailed when the tv suddenly blared.  
  
"OoooOoOOoohh!" Wailed the man on the screen, from under a sheet.  
  
Castiel never understood how that ridiculous onomatopoeia had become associated, nearly synonymous, with ghosts in the first place. But he was fairly certain if spirits were sentient they would be offended.  
  
“How do you Boo, boys and girls? Still looking for a Halloween costume?” the bedspread ghost wailed again. “Come on down to ‘Shindig Town’”  
  
“Where we’re exorcising prices!” Another man, dressed in black, leapt onto the scene holding a book titled ‘Nancy Drew and the Ghost of Blackwood Hall’ and a cross made of twigs.  
  
The so called ‘specter’ wailed then said, "What ghost up must come down!” Another wail and the he finished, “And prices will go down until we find a happy medium!”  
  
A gaudy carny psychic, sequined from head to toe in hot pink and yellow, walked on screen. He looked confused while the other two wore huge forced grins. The jingle started to play when Dean suddenly turned the TV off.  
  
Now Castiel was definitely certain that they would be offended.  
  
“Was that man in costume too? The one in black.” he asked, starting with the part he understood least of the advertisement he had just witnessed.  
  
“I think he was supposed to be a priest…” Dean guessed.  
  
"Oh."  
  
"Yeah... That was pretty bad. Super low budget. Must be a local place.”  
  
“It’s... interesting how the festival of Samhain has slowly evolved into this ‘Halloween’ you celebrate.” Castiel mused.  
  
“How much do you know about ‘my’ Halloween?” Dean asked with genuine interest, though it might not have sounded like it to anyone else considering how he worded it. "Have you celebrated?"  
  
Castiel understood no offense was meant, as per usual. “I don't know much. I haven't been to earth until after I resurrected you and I've been busy since then.”  
  
Though Dean knew he wasn't at fault, and that Cas wouldn't blame him even if he was, he couldn't help but be overwhelmed by guilt at the angel's words. Ever since Castiel raised him from perdition nothing seemed to go right for the poor guy: He lost his faith, rebelled against his family, was banished from his home, lost his grace—his wings—many times... He tries and tries to do the right thing yet so much innocent blood still wound up on the angel's hands, weighing down his grace.  
  
It was hard not to feel guilty when all of this started with Dean.  
  
Castiel, who could read him as easily as a neon sign, smiled softly. "It's okay, Dean. I have time to learn now."  
  
"Yeah... Yeah!" Dean suddenly perked up, now awash with ideas. "We can get tons of candy for you to try! Though we'd have to buy it because we can't trick or treat 'cause people would get the wrong idea. Maybe we could crash a party—"  
  
"Wrong idea?"  
  
"Uhh... You don't want to know." Before the angel could pry further Dean prattled on. "We could dress up too! Save the whales? Or a western flick? Maybe horror movie baddies— Oh man! We need to watch the holiday movie basics! Let's see... Halloween—d'uh!— , Friday the Thirteenth, Nightmare on Elm street, the original Dracula—"  
  
"Dean?"  
"Yeah, Cas?"  
  
"I don't understand most of what you're saying..."  
  
"Oops. Sorry, man." Dean chuckled sheepishly. "I guess I've never really celebrated Halloween myself what with... You know..."  
  
"That I understand." The angel knew well how Dean was raised: childhood not included.  
  
Dean took a deep gulp a beer hoping to—but not expecting to—distract the angel from his flushed cheeks. He took a moment to compose himself then became pensive. Castiel waited patiently for the hunter to speak up again.  
  
"I think you should pick your own costume." Dean eventually said.  
  
Castiel tilted his head in confusion. "What?"  
  
Dean rolled his eyes fondly. "You heard me, Cas."  
  
"But... I don't... I have no idea where to begin, Dean. I need your help—""Naw, Cas. Candy I will provide so you can figure out what you like. Same with TV and movies. But the costume thing... It's a personal choice, man! You have to dress up as someone or something you like! Someone or something that inspires you, makes you smile. Not me, Cas, you!"  
  
"Inspires me..?" Repeated Castiel in a thoughtful manner. Without any hesitation the first thing that came to mind was...  
  
Dean."Not God."  
  
Castiel flinched at Dean's sudden stipulation. Not because he was caught thinking of God but because he wasn't thinking of Him.  
  
"Ya hear me, Cas?"  
  
"Yes, Dean. I should choose a costume of someone who inspires me but not God." Said Castiel, a little distracted trying to puzzle out why God wasn't his first choice. Perhaps the angel didn't think of God first because He never made him smile...  
  
"Perfect! That's your homework." Satisfied, Dean picked up the remote from his lap and turned the television back on. "You pick yourself a costume and I'll handle the rest!" He leaned back into the couch, settling down to continue watching his program.  
  
As Dean hadn't explicitly dismissed him nor seemed to object to his continued presence, Castiel decided to stay a while longer. Imitating the hunter, he leaned back as well. Dean watched out of the corner of his eye as the angel sank back into the cushions. Castiel froze, eyes widening like he just had an epiphany, then squirmed around purposefully before settling.  
  
"I now see why you sit like this." Said Castiel, experimentally putting his arm on the armrest. "This posture is much more pleasant."  
  
Dean nearly choked on his beer at Castiel's words. After forcing down that last gulp of beer he burst out laughing so hard he couldn't speak.  
  
"Don't let it go to your head."  
  
"Stop it!" Dean rasped between peals of laughter. "You're killing me, Cas!"  
  
The angel smiled.  
  
Then frowned when the answer to what he was contemplating earlier dawned on him.  
  
"Oh..."  
  
"Shh!" Shushed Dean, trying to catch his breath. "The... The next episode is starting!"  
  
  
Dean needn't have bothered hushing the angel as he was far too distracted with his recent revelation. After the initial shock wore off, Castiel turned to stare at the hunter's profile like he usually did, only much more self aware. Dean didn't notice any of this as he was already deeply engrossed in the program.   
"This will be the surgeon performing the appendectomy on your patient tomorrow." Said the chief of medicine. "Dr. Sexy, meet Dr. Allure."  
  
"Oh man! I love this episode!" Dean exclaimed suddenly.  
  
"Love?" Castiel blinked rapidly in confusion as he refocused on his surroundings.  
  
"Yeah, Cas! This is the one where they introduce Dr. Allure."  
  
"Nice to meet you, Doctor. I've heard good things." The surgeon held out his hand, his face completely devoid of emotion. He was a handsome man with dark hair, squinty blue eyes and a five o'clock  shadow.  
  
Dr. Sexy eyed his new coworker warily, "Nice to meet you too..." He took the proffered hand and they both shook firmly.  
  
"If there's anything you'd like to ask or discuss with me prior to the surgery tomorrow, you can page me anytime." Said Dr. Allure, scribbling down the number onto a loose leaf on his clipboard, tearing it out and handing it to his new colleague. "I will be filling out paperwork until then, as it will be my first procedure at this hospital." The surgeon was nearly monotone, no one could tell if he was being matter of fact or hostile.   
  
"Thank you, Doctor." Said Dr. Sexy, accepting the number.  
  
"Good day, Doctor." Dr. Allure nodded to him, then to their superior. "Chief." As he walked off, the nurses swooned in his wake.  
  
"Damn..." Breathed Dr. Sexy in what could be interpreted as a besotted manner. "I've only heard of surgeons who are adrenaline seeking jocks but this guy..." He ran a nervous hand through his long, dark, shampoo advert worthy hair.  
  
"Take it from me, son..." The chief patted him on the shoulder. "...never play poker with the guy."  
  
Dean was completely enthralled, almost like the nurses on screen, which confused Castiel. "I thought Dr. Sexy was your favorite character?"  
  
"Well..." Dean took a moment to mull over his answer. "Dr. Sexy is a guy I want to be like. My role model, I guess. I can relate to him."  
  
Castiel nodded. He could see the similarities between Dean and the fictional doctor. A good deal of their shared traits are the ones Dean valued most. Also, the doctor's life, though full of drama and being fictional, was relatively calm and 'normal' to Dean's. Though disillusioned after living with Lisa and Ben for that brief stint, Castiel knew that the 'apple pie life' was still very much appealing to Dean.  
  
"But that Dr. Allure guy... I don't really get him but he's a good guy and very awesome— Just watch!"  
  
"No..." Dr. Sexy gazed upon the scene before him in horror. The piercing wail of the patient flatlining rang in his ears while on the other side of the glass Dr. Allure was fighting tooth and nail to save his patient. "How could I have missed..."  
  
"He's stable, doctor." a nurse told Dr. Allure.  
  
Dr. Sexy let out a huge sigh of relief.  
  
"The fruit of all our hard work." Said Dr. Allure, his flat voice somehow conveying his sincere gratitude toward his colleagues. "Thank you, Beth, Alan, Dani... Let's close him up."After a chorus of 'yes, doctor's the surgical team regrouped to finish the procedure. Dr. Sexy watched them do this, his expression one of inner turmoil. He stormed out the viewing room just as they were wheeling the patient out of the O.R.  
  
The scene cuts to Dr. Sexy stewing in his office. He is startled out of his brooding by a knock at his door.  
  
Instead of a greeting and an introduction he heard a muffled "It's not your fault." through the door. The camera switches to the other side of the door momentarily to reveal Dr. Allure in his scrubs and cap, pulling off his mask with freshly washed hands. It was as if he had forgotten he was still wearing the thing.  
  
"I'm busy." Lied Dr. Sexy, the camera back on him, who obviously was not desiring any company at the moment.  
  
"Sorry to disturb you." The door was on the screen now, through which came Dr. Allure's slightly less muffled words. "I know words don't sway guilt, but for what it's worth, I don't blame you."  
  
The camera zooms out as Dr. Allure's footsteps fade away and to show Dr. Sexy lounging in his chair, a smirk forming on the corner of his mouth.  
  
"See! He's a weird dude, but still cool!"  
  
"I see..." Said Castiel softly.  
  
"Oh sweet! The season 4 Halloween episode is next! It's my favorite because by then they are total bros and Dr. Allure..."  
  
Castiel wasn't paying much attention anymore.  
  
He had chosen his costume.  
  
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"Trick or Treat." Said Castiel after knocking on the motel room door three times. He did this on the proper side of the door no less. The angel was getting the hang of this 'making your presence known' business.  
  
"Wow, Cas!" Dean exclaimed, swinging open the door wearing a Batman costume. "I can't believe you knocked and got the greeting right—" he stopped short at the sight of Castiel in his usual outfit with the meager additions of latex gloves and a medical mask.  
  
"Who are you dressed as Dean?" Asked Castiel, as clueless about Dean's costume as the hunter was of the angel's.  
  
"We'll marathon that guy's show another day—" Dean brushed off Castiel's inquiry quickly so he could get to his own question. But he tripped over the words, feeling bad for not being able to figure it out himself. The angel didn't really look dressed up but, knowing Cas, he had some kind of logic behind the minimalist costume. Dean didn't want to make Cas feel bad on his first try but couldn't find the tactful words he wanted.  
  
"Wow, Cas. Who are you supposed... To be..."  
Castiel tilted his head in confusion. "Is my costume inaccurate?"  
  
Yup. Dean felt like a dick.  
  
The angel looked himself over to find where he went wrong, unintentionally making Dean feel worse. "I was trying to look like that surgeon you think would suit Dr. Sexy…"  
  
Now Dean was stunned.  
  
"Cas... Umm..." The hunter really wished he had tact right now. "You were supposed to dress up like someone you admire, not me—"  
  
"I know." Castiel's response only confused Dean more, he could tell, so he elaborated. "I admire you." Well, he thought he was elaborating.  
  
"What?! Uh… Thanks but what does that have to do with... I don't under—" Dean was confused, yet strangely pleased which sparked panic. "Dammit! Get in here!" He grabbed Castiel by the lapels and yanked him into the motel room, closing the door behind him.  
  
After the angel stumbled in, Dean stormed across the room to put some distance between them. "Explain!"  
  
"You said to dress up as someone I admire. There are many I admire for having certain qualities I value but I gathered that you meant a role model: Someone, or something, that motivates me and drives me to action. In that sense, there was only you."  
  
"Uh..." Dean's face was burning from ear to ear. He thinks that he has never been so red in his life, and he's been strung up by his feet more times than he'd care to admit. "Okay... But why Dr. Allure?" He winced, the sexual connotations of that name having not really hit home until Dean said them aloud just now.  
  
"There's a saying... 'Imitation is the highest form of flattery'. I think that's what this holiday is about nowadays. But I know you wouldn't appreciate my flattering you in such a way."  
  
Dean tried to picture Castiel dressed like him and, yeah, that would have been weird. Then the ridiculous image of the angel costumed as 'Dean Winchester' morphed into a 'strangely not so ridiculous' image of the angel borrowing the hunter's clothes. Now Dean felt weird in a different way that only fuelled his growing panic.  
  
"There was no one else who fit the criteria so I thought maybe a costume related to you in some way would be appropriate. I knew you liked the fictional character, Dr. Sexy, but you wished to be him. So I opted to be the fictional character you liked but didn't relate to." He held out his hands indicating the clothes he was wearing.  
  
That was probably the nicest thing anyone’s ever done for Dean. Not that the bar was set high, in fact Dean’s standards were quite low, but even by a ‘normal’ North American’s standards this was so incredibly thoughtful…  
  
The hunter struggled with Castiel’s actions: what they meant and what they could mean; what he wanted them to mean but he could never believe them to mean. His yearning warred with his inflexible mindset. He wanted so many things to be true but personal experience had proven that they couldn’t be.  
  
No one could possibly care about another so selflessly. It’s a dog eat dog world. It’s everyone for themselves—“Dean?”  
  
“What?!” The hunter snapped, causing the angel to flinch and consequently making him feel worse.  
  
“Um…” Castiel held out two items that the hunter could have sworn he wasn’t holding before. “I brought a clip board and a medical coat for you. So we can… So we can celebrate our first Halloweens together.”  
  
Dean tensed when Castiel set the bar impossibly higher but then, surprisingly enough, he relaxed a fraction.  
  
Castiel isn’t human. Isn’t a monster. Not a demon. Not an angel. Not anything that disappointed Dean in his screwed up past.  
  
He was just… Cas.  
  
“Thanks Cas.” Dean accepted the costume from Castiel. “That’s a fantastic idea.”  
Castiel beamed, shattering any last vestige of doubt the hunter had. Just like that, the angel’s stark honesty and selflessness wasn’t quite so overwhelming anymore. He quickly shed the mask and the cape to replace them with the coat and clipboard.  
  
“I thought we’d start by you trying some candy and chocolate,” Dean gestured toward the one bed that was littered with a wide assortment of candies and chocolates that Cas hadn’t noticed until now, “then, once you’ve found a couple varieties you like, we could start our horror film fest with Friday the Thirteenth.” He pointed to the tv where a stack of vhs tapes were stacked next to the screen then the second bed where all the pillows were stacked for use during the movie viewing.  
  
“Sounds perfect.” said Castiel, smiling brightly.  
  
“Well then…” Dean pretended to consult his clip board. “I’m going to prescribe 20ccs of mars bars. If that doesn’t work we’ll try 40mg of M&Ms with 10mg of Baby Ruth.”  
  
Castiel tilted his head owlishly.  
  
Dean laughed, picking up a mars bar from the bed and handing it to the angel, “Sound good, Dr. Allure?”  
  
“Ah…” Castiel opened the packaging and took a big bite. After he chewed carefully and swallowed, he said. “Sounds good, Dr. Sexy.”  
  
**THE END**