

I Think I'm In Love

Pairing: Dean/Castiel ~ **Rating:** PG-13 ~ **Word Count:** 2,137

Notes/Prompt(s): Thanks to [redacted] for the beta. Prompt: Sam getting Dean and Cas together. There is not enough of this. Sam explaining patiently to a confused Cas why Dean is being a dick ("It's because he likes you. No, really.") Lots of gay panic! Dean in this one would be awesome. ("But I'm STRAIGHT!" *mangst*)

Summary: Sam's always been better at expressing Dean's feelings for him.

There was no way to know, no exact measure of time, no cosmic alignment, no signs at all that could pinpoint the exact moment in time when Dean Winchester realized he was falling for Castiel. At first they had a common goal, then they became friends, now the hunter couldn't stand being without the angel. But Dean was Dean, he didn't love guys, sure he loved Sammy but that's a totally different kind of love, Sam was family.

Now that they were coming closer to the Apocalypse Castiel was spending more time with the two brothers which meant Dean's feelings grew day by day no matter how much he tried to repress them. Dean realized he was fighting a losing battle when even flirting with a hot waitress or a bartender was losing its appeal.

Lying in bed, these thoughts and more raced through Dean's mind as he looked across at the alarm clock which read 6:58am. He hadn't slept more than three hours that night, unable to shut off his brain.

Slowly he rose from the crappy motel bed looking around till he caught sight of a familiar figure standing at the foot of his bed. "For fuck's sake Cas," Dean managed to keep his voice relatively manly as he spoke. "How long have you been there?"

"A couple of hours," replied Cas, not thinking anything of it.

"We've talked about this," Dean bit back, acting pissed off to cover his surprise. "Make yourself useful and go get some food from the diner across the street."

Opening his mouth to reply, Castiel couldn't seem to force the words out, so instead he just hung his head and disappeared.

"Dude that was a bit harsh don't you think?" said Sam who had been woken up by their conversation.

"So what?" Dean spat back, his heart still racing a million miles an hour at the thought of Castiel standing there for hours on end watching him.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Sam shot back. "The past few weeks all you've done is bark orders at Cas. It's a wonder he even comes back with the way you've been treating him." Sam noticed the somewhat panicked look Dean was still sporting while waiting for his brother's reply "Dean are you okay?"

"Fine," Dean turned his attention to the wall on his right, rather than towards Sam on his left.

"Bullshit," replied Sam. "There's obviously something wrong with you and you seem to feel the need to blame Cas for it. Stop being such a baby and tell me."

Closing his eyes, Dean tucked his chin against his head, wanting to just crawl up into a ball and disappear. A few deep breaths later and he let the words slip out. "I think I'm in love."

Sam laughed. "With who the waitress from Iowa, or the maid from Virginia, or..."

"With Cas," cut in Dean.

Sam's laughter stopped instantly. "What did you say?"

Clearing his throat, Dean turned to face his baby brother. "I said I think I'm in love with..." he began until the familiar flutter of wings filled the air, and Castiel stood once more in the middle of the motel room, a bag full of food in hand.

"I'm sorry but this particular diner did not have breakfast burritos," explained Castiel, re-examining the contents of the bag.

By the time Sam looked back at Dean, the older Winchester was already halfway across the room escaping towards the shower, mumbling something under his breath.

Realization hit Sam like a two-by-four as he connected the dots. Dean really was in love with Castiel and by the disappointed look on the angel's face, maybe Cas loved him back.

With Dean having retreated into the bathroom, Castiel took his leave telling Sam that he had some leads to check up on. Without leaving room for debate the angel left. Confused as all hell Sam just remained seated on the bed, unsure about a lot of things.

Ten or so minutes later Dean emerged from the bathroom, freshly showered. "He gone?" asked Dean scanning the room.

"Yeah he left a while ago," answered Sam, watching as his brother began to dig through the take out Castiel had left behind.

Dean just sat at the table silent, or as silent as Dean could be while he was eating. Sam on the other hand remained where he was just staring at his brother.

"What?" Dean finally snapped when Sam's glare finally began to annoy him.

"You seriously have to ask?" retorted Sam. "Are we not going to talk about this?"

"About what?" Dean's voice was muffled behind a mouthful of egg and bacon.

"I don't know," Sam shrugged, running his hands down the sides of his jeans. "The weather, last night's Celtics game or maybe the fact that you're in love with Castiel."

"No I'm not," replied Dean. "And the Celtics totally didn't deserve to win."

Frowning now, Sam got out of bed and took a few steps towards his brother. "Dean you just told me you were in love with him not twenty minutes ago."

"No I didn't," Dean had never been a master of denial.

"What are we ten years old and in the playground?" asked Sam, noticing his brother's body language. "This is really freaking you out isn't it?"

"Just drop it Sammy," Dean's tone shifted from normal to angry in a heartbeat and Sam knew he wouldn't be getting anywhere if he tried to continue the conversation.

Raising his hands in mock defeat Sam left the room, intent on having his own shower.

Throughout the rest of the week Sam didn't say anything, keeping what he'd learnt to himself. It didn't seem to bug Dean who was pretending that none of it even happened. Sam knew though, that this was something they'd have to eventually talk about.

It didn't happen until the following Saturday while the brothers were driving to their next case. Sam noticed they were still forty miles from the town they were headed for and chose now to finally try to speak to his brother.

"So," Sam began, "Will Cas be joining us on this one?"

"How should I know?" replied Dean, seconds before he began tapping his thumbs on the steering wheel, a telltale sign that he was nervous.

"It's just back at the last gas station you were talking to him on your cell so I thought he might be showing up." Sam didn't forget the way that Dean's face light up while he was talking to the angel.

"We got no leads on Lucifer or his merry band of freaks so I don't see why he'd stop by," answered Dean, eyes straight forward completely focused on the road.

"Maybe he'd just want to stop by to see you," Sam was really testing the waters now.

"Sammy if you don't drop it this instant I'm going to pull this car over and you can walk the last thirty-six miles to town," threatened Dean before reaching over and cranking up Led Zeppelin to drown out all other sounds.

Silence once again took over as the pair headed into town.

They found a motel relatively hidden off the main road down a backstreet. Sam went in to book a room as Dean went to park. The place was standard; two stories, no cable, and a pool that looked like it hadn't been cleaned in years.

Sam gave Dean the keys and let his brother enter the room first where Castiel happened to be waiting for them. "Geez," Dean practically gasped. "Cas man what are you doing here?"

"Sam said," Castiel started to explain before Dean cut him off.

"Sam said," repeated Dean before turning around to face his younger brother. "What part of drop it didn't you understand?" he whispered though his voice was so raspy that he couldn't keep it down.

"Perhaps I should go," suggested Castiel noticing the tension between the two hunters.

Dean turned around once more. "No you can stay," Dean smiled, dropping his duffle bag beside one of the beds, "Cause I'm leaving." Without another word the eldest Winchester slammed the door behind him and took off towards the Impala.

Embarrassed Sam really didn't know what to do or say to Cas who remained standing in the corner, a look of defeat across his face. Part of him wished he'd never texted the angel from the reception telling him to stop by.

A few more awkward moments went by before Castiel finally straightened his stance. "I should go."

"You know he only treats you like that because he likes you," blurted Sam.

The angel paused mid step, eyeing the young hunter.

"Ah," Sam instantly regretted what he'd said but knew he couldn't turn back now. "It's just Dean's coping mechanism; he doesn't know how to deal with the situation so he's just acting like a dick because that's easier than..." Sam paused.

"Easier than what?" Castiel looked unsure as he spoke.

"Easier than admitting that he has feelings for you," Sam really hated the fact that he was trapped in between the schoolboy crush that Dean and Castiel had for one another.

Slumping down onto the bed Castiel took his time processing what Sam had told him. "So that is why he acts so hostile? I do not see the point."

Oh boy, Sam had no idea how to explain the complex nature of human relationships to Castiel. "This is new to him. Dean's never exactly been the 'in love' type especially for another guy let alone an angel. So he doesn't know how to act and I guess this is kind of like a defence for him as well, especially if you don't reciprocate those feelings."

Furrowing his brow Castiel looked up at Sam. "Your brother is complicated."

"Tell me about it," laughed Sam. "So I take it," Sam really didn't want to ask but he knew he had to, "You like Dean as well?"

"Yes," replied Castiel with a nod of the head. "It is a strange sensation."

"Okay good," finally Sam was getting somewhere. "Now what are we going to do about it?"

Castiel gave him a quizzical look as Sam pulled up a chair in front of him and began planning.

The roar of the Impala signalled Dean's return a few hours later.

Castiel stood strong; remembering everything Sam had told him. Sam had left a few minutes earlier, heading down the road to find a cafe to waste an hour or so at.

It didn't shock Dean this time to open the door only to find the angel staring at him. "Shouldn't you be off on a cloud somewhere?"

"We need to talk," retorted Castiel, ignoring the question.

"What happened?" Dean's tone change completely as he scanned the room. "Where's Sam?"

“Safe,” assured Castiel. “He was kind enough to leave for the evening so we could...”

“Talk,” cut in Dean. “Heard you the first time.” The hunter pulled off his coat and sat at the table. “Shoot.”

“Sam was kind enough to tell me a few things,” Castiel started slowly pacing the room as he spoke.

“Whatever he said he doesn’t know what he’s talking about,” retorted Dean.

“He said you’d say that,” Castiel paused looking at the hunter noticing as Dean began to squirm just a little bit.

Dean looked at the door, and noticed how Cas had positioned himself in front of it. Damn Sam must have told him that too. “So what? Are you here to tell me I’m wrong, sick, disgusting, misguided, confused?”

“No,” the one little word stilled Dean instantly. “I understand what you feel Dean, and why this is so hard for you but I do not look down on you for it. I feel the same way.”

“Come on Cas I don’t need you to....wait what?” Dean stopped mid rant.

“You are one of the purest human beings on the planet,” Castiel said while moving closer to the hunter.

Dean laughed off the compliment. “You don’t want a train wreck like me,” Dean sighed, lowering his head.

A hand cupped Dean’s chin a few seconds later, lifting the hunter’s face back up. Cas didn’t speak as he leaned in and kissed the other man. At first Dean did nothing, too shocked to move, but eventually he began to kiss the angel back, something he’d pictured in his head several hundred times before.

They continued the embrace, kissing softly until they finally separated. “I’ve never been with a man before,” Dean was out of breath as he spoke, voice croaky and no louder than a whisper.

“Neither have I,” replied Castiel, which caused Dean to burst into laughter. “What?” the angel spoke completely confused.

“Nothing,” answered Dean. “Just thinking of how Sam’s going to gloat about this forever.”