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Don't Panic

by [deans1911](#)

Summary

Dean is a Secret Service agent. Castiel is his ex-KGB handler.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1

“You’d think they would have more interesting things to discuss than same-sex marriage. Aren’t we approaching some sort of disastrous fiscal cliff?”

It’s hard to keep a straight face sometimes, especially when Cas is growling through Dean’s earpiece with that annoyed tone he gets around children and improperly behaved toy dog breeds.

Unfortunately, half of the Senate is nearby, and Dean can’t crack so much as a smile without attracting attention. Instead, he inclines his head down towards his right shoulder and mutters under his breath, “There is no fiscal cliff. That’s something the media invented to scare people.”

Cas huffs into the microphone from his end and falls quiet.

This meeting has been dragging out for over four hours now, and Dean wouldn’t even be here were it not for the Vice President deciding, last minute, that he needed to sit down with several Republican officials and try to talk some sense into these idiots. The Secret Service isn’t nearly as glamorous as it appears in the movies. It’s mostly boring, with a side of obnoxious, to follow the leaders of the country around and play fly on the wall—elephant in the room—to their negotiations. Dean decided at eighteen that he hated politics, but his background with the Seals made him perfect for this job. He’s protecting people—that’s just what Winchesters do. And he pissed Naomi off last week, so here he is.

So instead of bullshitting around the office with Cas and the rest of their division, his feet are going numb and he’s got an itch under the leather strap of his shoulder holster that he can’t get to without causing some kind of national incident. He’s contemplating the pros and cons of rubbing his shoulder against the expensive-looking wood paneling behind him when the senator from Wyoming stands up and announces a Security and Exchange Commission meeting in half an hour. The Vice President relents, and he looks as exhausted as Dean feels. “We’re moving, Cas,” Dean says quietly. He hears the quiet rustling of a book’s pages from across the line and forces back a smile. “Did Harry put his name in the goblet thing?”

“No, but I suspect that Snape may have done it,” Cas says, then, “Escort him back to the West Wing, and then our fearless leader is recalling you for the day.” Dean would whoop in victory, but the senator from Delaware is eyeing him like a steak and no. Just, no.

The drive back to the White House is uneventful, and Dean gets back to headquarters an hour later to find the office bustling with activity. There’s a big summit coming up in Washington in a few days—some foreign diplomats arguing over the shitstorm brewing in Syria, most likely—that’s got everyone flustered and snapping at each other with more force than usual. Dean finds it easiest to just focus on his assignments and avoid the clusterfuck that is headquarters during times like these.

Unfortunately, it’s impossible to avoid their director when she comes teetering out of her office in heels high enough to make Dean’s calves ache in sympathy and fixes him with a smile. Oh, that’s never fucking good. “Winchester,” she says calmly, and Dean’s never been terrified of anyone the way he is of Naomi Garrison. Hell, even Cas is scared of her, and he used to kill people in Mother Russia for a living. “It’s been brought to my attention that your home address has changed. You’ll need to file the necessary paperwork, of course, but in the future I’ll need to be informed of these things before they happen. We need to know where you are at all times.” And ain’t that just creepy as hell?

Dean swallows down the protest he can feel building behind his ribs and nods deferentially.

“Yes, ma’am.”

Naomi gives him a long look before turning and walking off, probably to torment more of her agents, because she runs a tight ship—best in the country—but she’s a slavedriver. Whatever. At least she’s not breathing down his neck anymore. Dean makes a beeline for the stairs and practically runs down two flights to reach the basement. There’s a keyswipe entry and some fumbling with his keys, and he can hear Cas in his ear still, tapping out the beat to what sounds like Rock of Ages while he types. “You catch all of that?” Dean asks quietly.

Cas snorts and the typing continues as he speaks. “It was a matter of time, really. She’s also bound to notice that we have the same home address, now. You can thank Bela for that.”

Fucking **Bela**. “Did you piss her off, again? You know she’s been after your ass for like six months now, right?”

“I’m well aware of her interest. I simply don’t return it. And I didn’t anger her—you did.”

Dean balks and mutters a curse as he pushes through yet another security door. “What the hell did **I** do?”

“Dean, when aren’t you pissing someone off?” It’s delivered in the flat, monotone voice that Dean’s come to associate with Cas, but it still stings.

“Whatever. Let me in.”

“You have a key.”

“Yeah, and I’m lazy. C’mon, Cas. Open the damned door.”

There’s a metallic click, and Dean shoves into Operations. The place reminds him of every cliché nerd basement fortress that he’s ever seen on TV, but it’s infinitely cooler. Dean’s not sure if that’s because the information generated here keeps him alive on a daily basis, or if it’s because this is generally where Cas lives. Speaking of, his handler has his boots propped up on the edge of his desk, a thick hardcover book in his lap, and he’s wearing one of Dean’s flannels. “What are you, my psychotic girlfriend?” Dean drawls as he crosses the mostly-empty room and drops into a chair beside Cas. They get the comfortable chairs down here, which makes sense considering how many hours a day the handlers spend sitting on their asses, staring at computer monitors and video feed. “That’s not even a clean shirt.”

Cas glances down at his own chest, picks at the front of the flannel idly, then shrugs and tosses his book onto the desk. He sits up straight in his chair and stretches lithely, and Dean winces at the audible cracks and pops he hears from Cas’s protesting joints. His shirt rides up, exposing dark inked Cyrillic over his hip and disappearing up his ribcage. Dean knows that it spells out the names of Cas’s wife and daughter because the first thing he’d done when he’d been confronted with bitter blue eyes and a week’s worth of stubble was pull up Cas’s file. The damned thing read like a Bond movie, complete with explosions, murder, espionage, and too much tragedy for one thirty seven year old guy. Recruited into the KGB directly out of college—computer programming, of all things—Cas had served his country for years before accidentally getting mixed up with the wrong sorts of people and coming home one night to find his family fucking murdered in their beds. Dean doesn’t know the particulars of what happened to get Cas out of the Russian KGB and into the US Secret Service—classified, and so far above his paygrade that it’s ridiculous—but his real name is Dmitri Krushnic and he’s one of the most dangerous people Dean’s ever met.

Sort of hard to believe that when Cas spent the better part of today waffling between complex security algorithms and reading him particularly notable excerpts from children’s literature over an untappable line, but Dean knows damned well what Cas is capable of. He’s probably got a

confirmed kill count to rival Seal Team Six. Sometimes it's just difficult to remember that when Cas makes the scrunched cat face he's pulling right now, sliding his headset off so that it hangs around his slim neck, and Dean's eyes are drawn automatically to the nasty scar ringing Cas's throat.

While Dean's initial aversion to having Cas assigned as his handler was due to the guy's piss-poor attitude—and in Dean's defense, Cas had come across as a drugged up serial killer with a vendetta when they'd first met—his biggest point of contention had arose when he'd asked Cas his name and the dude had raised one hand and spelled it out with his fingers. Turned out that the wicked scar around his throat wasn't just for picking up chicks, and Cas had lost more than his family and his life back in Russia. Whoever had slit his throat hadn't been fucking around; they'd definitely tried to kill him. Instead, the attempted murder had severed his vocal chords completely and rendered him mute. So when Naomi had informed Dean that he had a new handler—two weeks to the day after his last one had died in a car accident, the poor son of a bitch—she'd also ordered him to learn American Sign Language and work with Ash to develop a simple text-to-speech program so that they could communicate over the radios. The voice in his ear during missions and assignments wasn't really Cas but a computer-generated proxy that allowed him to guide Dean through his work as effectively as verbal communication.

The first month had been absolute hell. Cas was a snarky bastard, writing out stilted and angry messages on Post-Its and leaving them on Dean's desk in lieu of actual conversation, and he seemed hellbent on proving to Dean that he was just as capable as any of the other handlers.

Chuck and Garth took him under their collective wing, all of the female agents seemed acutely swayed by his big blue eyes, and Charlie inducted him into her nerdy little clique almost immediately. Even Gabriel had offered his elementary knowledge of signing to the other handlers in exchange for candy. It was as if the entire division had lost its damned mind. After four weeks of forced communication and their colleagues' treating him like a social pariah, Dean had finally marched down into Operations in a fit of fury and demanded that Cas quit ruining his life, signing the entire tirade with fumbling hands, because Dean wasn't an idiot. He was a quick learner, adaptive, and sign language was the same as field stripping a rifle or driving a car.

It seemed that his effort was really all that it had taken to win Cas over. Ten months later, they've developed their own language, a strange dichotomy of actual signing and rude hand gestures that convey thoughts as well as any voiced conversation. Dean depends on the voice proxy for missions and assignments, but once the headset comes off, Cas is all swiftly-moving hands and facial expressions. He's comfortable with Dean, and that just about tops Dean's list of shit that is awesome. The mutually-antagonistic coworkers stage had made way for tentative friendship, camaraderie, shared purpose, and eventually became... this. Dean's still not quite sure what to label it. He knows that Cas is his best friend, his partner, and just recently his roommate. That stems more from Dean's generally laziness than anything else—his own apartment is in Woodbridge, and that's too far to drive when he's just got to come back to DC proper at the asscrack of dawn. Cas, meanwhile, has a studio loft in Union Station. He also has an enormous bed and doesn't mind sharing.

Not that they're fucking. Because they aren't. There's no reason that two dude can't sleep in the same bed without it being weird. Hell, Dean spent thirteen years sharing space with Sammy and another seven in real close quarters with a team of his fellow Seals; it's almost par for the course.

And if it helps them both sleep better—Cas got accustomed to having a warm body beside him after getting married, and Dean can relax knowing that he's got an ex-KGB agent next to him—then neither of them are in a hurry to overanalyze the fact that they wake up sprawled over one another every morning. It's just a thing that happens, and Dean's not going to give himself an aneurysm trying to decipher some hidden meaning in Cas's crazy octopus limbs. Dude's a clingy sleeper, not his soulmate.

“Sam wants to meet up at the bar on Fifth in half an hour. Said something about it being a special occasion,” Dean says, apropos of nothing. “You’re driving.” He tosses Cas the keys to the Impala and doesn’t wait for a response, just pushes to his feet and reaches up to loosen his tie because it’s slowly strangling him. Cas reaches up and smacks his hands away, fixing the knot so that Dean can almost pass for a respectable agent, and Dean thinks that Cas’s hands are graceful no matter what they’re doing, which is something else that he ain’t going to waste brainpower mulling over.

The special occasion turns out to be a promotion. Sam’s the newly appointed assistant district attorney for DC, and Dean thinks that his enlistment bonus—and his re-enlistment bonus—are paying off in big ways for his little brother. He’s damned proud. He thinks that their dad would have been proud, too. The evening passes in a flurry of refilled beer pitchers and hearty congratulations from guys whom Dean’s never seen before. Around one in the morning, Cas gently extracts the glass from Dean’s hand and makes their goodbyes with as little translation as possible and gets Dean into the car. It’s twenty minutes to the apartment, because traffic in the District never really lets up, before Dean’s passed out half-dressed in the center of Cas’s ridiculously big bed.

There’s an obnoxiously persistent ringing sound that drags Dean out of sleep almost five hours later. It’s his phone, and he knows this on a rational level, but turning and burying his head in the crook of Cas’s bare shoulder seems a better alternative to actually answering the damned thing.

His handler huffs in irritation—Cas is in no semblance of the phrase a ‘morning person.’ Instead of letting it go to voicemail like a normal fucking person, Cas shifts around and clambers half over Dean to snatch the phone off of his nightstand. Dean gets an up close and personal view of Cas’s flat stomach and the cut of his hipbone, which is way more interesting than whomever is calling at this ungodly hour anyway, and his hands come up of their own volition to help steady his partner, firm around his sides, thumb digging into the wing of bone under smooth skin where it disappears into Cas’s underwear. Cas is also sporting an impressive erection. Nothing awkward about this at **all**.

Dean’s not awake enough to fully appreciate Cas half-naked and straddling his ribs when his cell phone is thrust unceremoniously into his face. The display is too damned bright in the artificial darkness of the room. Dean recoils from it, blinking rapidly, and checks the screen. ‘Naomi’ flashes in blocky letters. There’s only one reason that their boss would be calling at this time of the morning—something’s happened. He hits the call button automatically, and it rings as Dean looks up at Cas in the dim light and runs his thumb idly over the other man’s hip. Cas’s eyes are tired, half-lidded, and he’s listing a little to the side, held up almost entirely by Dean’s large hands spread over his waist. Dean has the insane fucking urge to drag Cas’s head down and kiss him until he stops looking so damned sleepy and pathetic.

“We have a situation,” Naomi’s voice cuts across the line with no preamble or greeting, and that’s enough motivation for Dean to sit straight up and nearly headbutt Cas in the process. “I need you two here in the next ten minutes. Speed.” Then the call disconnects and they’re both scrambling for pants and guns and badges.

The office is in absolute chaos when they get there. Dean doesn’t have time to even open his mouth to demand that someone tell him what the fuck is going down before Naomi is storming through the place like the wrath of angels, barking efficient orders at her agents. “Henrickson, Winchester, and Milton, get suited up for an extraction! I want Talbot, Novak, and Bradbury in the mobile unit, and someone get Gabriel on the damned phone!” Victor gives Dean a long-suffering look and they both race to their lockers. Changing into full tactical gear is a process borne of muscle memory, and the BDUs are like a second skin after wearing them for so long in the desert. Dean straps his vest into place and doublechecks that his boots are laced securely before booking it down into the parking garage.

The briefing is short and foreboding—two FBI agents in a warehouse down near the port district, a meeting with an informant that's gone way wrong. Naomi instructs them to expect combat. A muscle in Cas's jaw ticks at that, but he doesn't look away from the monitor in front of him. Dean braces himself against the inside of the van as Gabriel takes a turn way faster than a four and a half ton vehicle should ever travel. This is the first emergency mission that Dean's gotten since they assigned him to Cas. It's way more dangerous than their usual detail, and there's a real chance that he might not come out of this intact. But he's got a job to do, and two feds to recover, so he isn't going to worry about that.

Gabriel parks a block away from the warehouse, between two massive shipping containers.

"Henrickson, you and Milton take the side entrance." Naomi gives Dean a look that can only be interpreted as conflicted. "Winchester, you'll take the back." She steps closer and pats his cheek in a strangely maternal gesture. "Time to put all of your urban ops expertise to use. Don't let me down." And it's her tone and the way her eyes soften that really clinches it for Dean, that this isn't an ordinary extraction, that this is some serious shit. He nods and pushes his earpiece in.

Beside him, Charlie is giving Anna a thumbs up, all forced bravado, and Bela smiles tightly at Victor before turning back to her computer.

Cas is typing resolutely on his keyboard, refusing to meet Dean's eyes in favor of testing the connection with their radios. It's the sort of stubborn thing that he does when Dean is being particularly annoying or surly, and Dean squats down beside him and swivels the chair so that Cas has no choice but to look at him. "Hey," he says quietly, but no one's listening to them over the last-minute preparations and mic checks. "You wanna get pizza for dinner tonight?" It's trivial and stupid, but he doesn't know what else to say to Cas to convince him that Dean has no intention of not walking out of that warehouse. It's a little stupid that he's a former Seal and Cas is ex-KGB and they even need to have this not-conversation, but then again, their relationship isn't as strictly professional as they both like to kid themselves it is.

There's a moment where Cas does nothing but stare at Dean in this painful combination of real worry and utter exasperation, but in the end he just nods and tries to turn back to the computer.

Dean reaches up and takes Cas's chin in one hand and gives him a hard look. Then he signs, one-handed, *No chick flick moments*.

Cas chews his lower lip for a second before brooding and signing back. *Pineapple and bacon. I don't care if you hate it.* Dean grins and ruffles Cas's messy hair. Two minutes later he's out of the back of the van, covering Victor and Anna into the warehouse with half a stupid smile on his face.

It's lit like one of those horror movies, all dusty shadows and strange plays of light that offer too many hiding places and not enough control, but Cas is in his ear like a verbal building plan, left here, right there, watch out for the staircase up ahead. "Where are they?" Dean mutters quietly to himself, swinging out around yet another shipping pallet to scan a room gun-first. He wants to use the flashlight mounted to his Sig's rail, but he also doesn't want to get shot in the face, thanks. He can't hear any voices, hasn't seen any movement, and as he rounds a corridor Dean finds a trail of blood on the dirty linoleum that can't mean any kind of good. "I got blood, Cas. Looks like someone was dragged."

Cas grunts in acknowledgement. "Charlie just got control of the closed circuit security cameras. I can see you. Follow the blood." Victor and Anna have maintained complete silence so far, and there haven't been any gunshots since they entered the building, so there's a casualty or a victim somewhere in this warehouse. Dean's got to find those feds. He pads down the hall, avoiding the wet red streaks on the floor as best he can—no point in letting someone know that he was here—to an intersection of hallways. He's waiting for Cas to tell him where to go when Victor crackles across the radio. "I've got one of the Feds," he says calmly, and Dean feels some of the tension in

his gut relax. “We’re still searching for the other one.

“Take the left corridor,” Cas instructs once the line’s cleared. Dean turns and trains his gun that way, prepared to move, and then there’s a crashing noise from down the right side of the hallway. “What is that?” Cas asks.

“I don’t know.” Dean slides back into the relative shadows of the main hallway. The banging sounds have resolved into heavy footsteps, most likely male, and Dean knows damned well that it isn’t Victor.

“I’ve got company,” he mutters into his shoulder, then swings out into the hallway to confront whomever is traipsing through the damned warehouse like they’ve got a deathwish.

Dean’s not fast enough. He takes a hit to the side of the head—the mic side, **damn it!**—from a guy who could be a linebacker in his spare time, and there’s a brief scuffle before he manages to pistol whip the idiot into an unconscious sprawl on the ground. He takes the guy’s gun, field strips it, then pockets the slide just in case he comes to. He frisks the man quickly, and instead of another weapon, he finds a stylized Cyrillic tattoo on the inside of the dude’s wrist. Fucking Russians...

“Winchester, what’s your status?”

Dean rubs his temple gingerly, pulling his fingers away to find his glove wet with what he assumes is blood, and frowns. “I’m fine. Got one incapacitated in the main hallway. Might be a friend of yours.”

There’s a brief pause, and then Cas is typing again. “Winchester?”

The gorilla broke his damned radio. Awesome. Dean sighs. He can hear Cas, but Cas can’t hear him. That’s fucking helpful. Dean looks around and finds the closest surveillance camera, then signs, *One down. Broke my microphone. Russian mob.* There’s an annoyed grunt in his ear. “Do you copy?” He gives the camera a thumbs up. “You need to find the other agent. Head left.”

The next fifteen minutes are arduous. Dean’s vision is still fuzzy from that hit to the head, but he’s already covered half the damned building and there’s no sign of the other Fed. Dean’s starting to wonder if the woman made it out of there on her own before he showed up, but he doubts it; that blood trail was most likely hers. He skulks down a side corridor and is two seconds from doubling back when he spots a bloody footprint on the ground. And then he hears a low groan of pain, followed very shortly by a soft digital beeping noise. Well, **that** can’t be fucking good.

Dean knows what homemade explosives timers sound like. Hell, he’d found his fair share during his tours in the Sandbox. He risks giving away his position to turn his tactical streamlight on. At the end of the hallway, there’s a smear of red leading into an open room, and the beam falls on a woman propped against a crate, clutching a messy gunshot wound to her side. On top of the crate, a glowing red counter tells Dean that he has less than two minutes to get the fuck out of this building.

Dean steps back into sight of the nearest surveillance camera and brings a hand up. *Bomb. Found the woman. Getting her out.*

“No, you aren’t,” Comes the immediate response. “We’re calling in an explosives team.”

No time. I’ve got to get her out of here, now.

The voice in his ear doesn't change in volume or pitch, but Dean can hear Cas's hands flying over the keyboard, and the voice proxy is having difficulties keeping up with the speed of his typing.

"Agent Winchester, you need to leave the building. Now. The Director is ordering you to leave the building. Get out of there."

Dean looks up at the camera. His need to follow orders is conflicting with the ingrained need to save a life, and he knows that if he can just get to her then he can get them both out before the whole place goes up in flames. Probably. It's better than leaving her here for dead. Dean steels himself and signs something at the camera before ripping out his broken earpiece and ducking down the hallway towards the injured FBI agent and the countdown.

In the mobile response van, Cas is staring at his monitor in apparent shock. Naomi is snapping out orders to the other handlers, activating a bomb squad to get into the building even though they all know that there isn't enough time. Charlie and Bella confirm that Anna and Victor have evacuated the warehouse with the first FBI agent, and everyone is watching Cas like he might explode, too. "What did he say, Novak?" Naomi demands. "He signed something. What was it?"

Gabriel gives Cas a pitying look and replies, "He said, 'I love you.'"

Twenty seconds later, a percussive blast rocks the warehouse, and Cas pulls his headseat off, exits the van, and ignores the other agents' shouted protests as he runs across the lot towards the building. There's a fire slowly licking away from the inside of the warehouse's walls, twisted metal and broken beams littering the asphalt. It looks like something out of a Hollywood action movie, but it isn't. It's so real that it hurts, heat coming off of the structure in prickling waves and ash wafting through the air. Victor catches up to him, then Gabriel and Anna, and Cas is about to march right into the damned burning building when he hears a wracking cough from fifteen feet to his right.

"**Dean?**" Anna is shouting over the roar of the fire, but Cas spots him first. Dean's slumped against a non-damaged portion of the warehouse's outer wall and he's cradling an unknown woman against him to shield her from the fire raging several yards away. Gabriel and Victor rush forward, collecting the wounded Fed from Dean's reluctant grip in order to bring her to safety.

Cas gets to Dean and grabs him around the waist, drags him away from the building and dumps him in the street, and by then the paramedics are wailing down the street with the fire department close behind.

Dean is covered in grime and blood, although not much of it is his. His ears are still ringing from the explosion but his eyes work just fine, and it's pretty obvious that Cas is three seconds away from beating the living shit out of him. "I got her out," Dean coughs raggedly. "I'm fine."

Cas's hands move, sharp and angry. *You almost died.*

"But I didn't," Dean says, and offers Cas a weak grin.

His handler glares at him. *I hate you.*

Dean chuckles, which sends him into another fit of choking. "No, you don't," he wheezes.

Naomi forces Dean to allow the paramedics to clear him before she'll let him leave the scene, and she sends Gabriel to debrief him while an EMT cleans the gash on the side of his head that's been dripping blood sluggishly into his eye. There are butterfly stitches in his eyebrow and the sting of rubbing alcohol along his jaw, which Dean hisses over and generally makes a fuss about. He's got a split lip and a probable concussion, but he's not missing any limbs so that's a plus. Cas doesn't offer any encouragement or sympathy, but he hasn't let go of Dean's hand since Naomi ordered Dean to sit his ass down on the gurney in the back of the ambulance **or else**. "Oh, and

the boss lady wants you to take a few days off,” Gabriel snorts. “Try not to get yourself blown up. Again.” He ambles off to check in with the explosives and ordinance team.

“I’m not getting out of bed for the next three days,” Dean groans. The paramedic is talking to Naomi—probably convincing her to have a psych eval done on him—and Cas arches an eyebrow at him.

I should make you sleep on the couch, he signs. Or the balcony.

Dean rolls his eyes, and he’s opening his mouth to make some smartass comment about being an awesome bed warmer when Cas grabs him with his free hand fisted in the front of Dean’s SWAT uniform and kisses the fuck out of him. It makes Dean’s split lip throb in protest, and his ribs are starting to hurt too, but he doesn’t pull away. He reaches up and slides his hand into Cas’s hair and tries to calm his handler down, because Cas is licking into his mouth like Dean’s gonna disappear on him.

“Whoa, I’m not going anywhere,” he murmurs against Cas’s lips, kissing him back gently. “It’s okay, Cas.”

The other agent pulls back a little, enough to look at Dean. *I can’t lose you*, he signs. Dean feels his gut clench, because he can read the implied ‘like I lost them’ in the riot of emotions playing out on Cas’s handsome face. *You don’t get to finally man up and admit that you have feelings for me immediately before trying to get yourself killed. That isn’t okay.* He’s signing so quickly that Dean’s having trouble translating, and then he’s kissing Dean again, hard and desperate, and Dean doesn’t try to stop him this time. Dude’s a former Russian intelligence agent. Dean thinks he’d rather go another round with a pile of C4 than piss Cas off, again. Besides, it’s about fucking time they stop dancing around whatever this is and act like grownups about it.

“Novak, get your tongue out of Winchester and take his crazy ass home!” And that’s definitely the director shouting at them from ten yards away, voice so loud that Dean’s asshole clenches in instinctive fear. Christ.

Cas shoots her a mutinous look but stands and pulls Dean up after him, shoving him gently in the direction of the fleet of Secret Service vehicles ringing the crime scene. *That woman is the devil incarnate*, he signs. *And now I’m sure that we’ll have to discuss the nature of our relationship with her.*

Dean pauses on the passenger side of the black unmarked patrol car that Cas is apparently commandeering and arches his uninjured eyebrow at his handler. “What exactly is the ‘nature of our relationship’, Cas?”

Cas blinks at him for a moment, then smirks and raises his hands so that they’re visible over the roof of the police cruiser. *I’m your psychotic girlfriend. Now get the fuck in the car.*

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Takes place immediately after the main story.

I have no excuses for this. It's pointless porn. I'm not even sorry.

This was inspired entirely by an Aperture Labs shower curtain and a picture of Misha from that episode of The Ringer.

It isn't so much a slow, experimental joining of bodies as it is a head-on collision. Dean's seen more finesse in a ten car pileup, but Cas's agile hands have Dean's heavy duty belt undone and on the floor before he can get the front door closed behind them and they're ripping the velcro straps apart to get the Kevlar off and out of the way, so there's really not much time to rubberneck the proceedings. Nothing involving his handler has ever been a spectator sport, and it seems that sex won't be an exception. Now Dean's just gotta get his brain online and communicating effectively with his hands, and that's damned near impossible because Cas is on his knees now and jerking Dean's pants down his thighs like there's a prize involved, and how the fuck is Dean supposed to be coordinated?

"Cas—" Dean breathes his name like a question, but he's not really sure what the hell he's asking.

Are we doing this?

Are you okay?

Am I the little spoon?

His reply is a pair of heated blue eyes and an arched eyebrow that Dean sort of has to run his thumb over, palm fitted around the side of Cas's face, and then his handler is pushing himself to his feet and dragging Dean into the bathroom. *You need to shower*, he signs absently, back half-turned to Dean as he walks to the tub. *You're covered in blood, and if you think you're getting into my bed like that then you're sorely mistaken.*

Oh. Dean frowns down at his pants still twisted around his ankles, caught on his boots. Right, then. Not sex. The level of simultaneous disappointment and relief that floods through his adrenaline-saturated brain is confusing. Dean unlaces his boots, kicks them and his pants into a corner of Cas's pristine bathroom, and starts wrestling his sweat-soaked undershirt off. He smells. He's also battered and gross, and why the hell had he thought that Cas would want to come home and immediately complicate their already weird relationship by launching into a bout of frantic, 'I'm glad you're not dead' sex?

The water pressure is fucking awesome on any normal day, but right now it just hurts. It feels like Dean's body is one mosaic of cuts and bruises. To make matters worse, Cas is a bastard and starts the clothes washer in the other room—probably trying to salvage Dean's tactical uniform—and the water in the shower goes from blissfully hot to Antarctic. Dean can't open his eyes to adjust the tap because he's got shampoo in them, so he settles for letting out a loud, unmanly squawk and cursing while fumbling for the knob. He's got the temperature halfway back to subtropical when the shower door slides open, letting in a blast of cold air, and a very naked body is pressed along

his back. "Cas?"

There's a snort from behind him. Of course it's Cas. Who the hell else would it be? Dean's an idiot—he blames the pain killers.

Wet hands wipe the suds from Dean's eyes, carefully avoiding the stitches in his eyebrow, letting Dean blink past the water in his eyelashes and squint at Cas and drawl, "Yeah, of course I don't mind you joining me in the shower, you freak."

Cas gives him an unimpressed look. *Technically it's my shower, princess.*

Dean chuckles. "Holy hell, you're a **dick**." Cas just rolls his gorgeous eyes and kisses Dean, crowds him up against the wall of the shower with insistent hands on his hips and sharp teeth digging into Dean's lower lip.

There are a few minutes of really amateur groping. Cas is all smooth, flat planes and sharp angles, which Dean's not really that used to feeling under his hands in a blatantly sexual context, but it's not as strange as he thought it might be. Cas is six feet of undeniably masculine strength, not a single effeminate thing about the guy. Dean doesn't have to worry about pushing too hard or being too rough with him, and it's almost liberating. And Dean's fairly certain that he's developing an unhealthy obsession with the guy's hips, because **fuck**.

If Cas has any hangups with Dean's anatomy then he certainly isn't making any protests. He latched his mouth to the side of Dean's neck a few minutes ago and hasn't let up for air yet, hands wandering down Dean's back and sides and yeah, that's definitely Dean's ass. "Are we doing this right here in the shower?" Dean asks, voice way more hoarse than it should be, but that could be from the fire. Or the idea of Cas pinning him to the wall and going to town on him. Either, really.

This seems to be enough of an impetus for Cas to drag himself away from the impressive bruise he's been sucking into Dean's throat, eyes flicking over his handiwork possessively before looking up at Dean like Cas can't decide whether or not to hit him. *Would you prefer the bed? I could fuck you on the floor, if you'd like?*

Dean's eyes widen. That should not be hot. "Uh, why am I the catcher, here?"

Cas keeps staring at him. *Because you have no idea what the hell you're doing. I'm driving so that one of us doesn't end up injured.*

Dean's a little annoyed that he can't find a flaw in Cas's logic, but he still makes an unhappy face and crosses his arms over his chest defensively. "And you think I'm just gonna bend over and let you?"

Cas's expression morphs into something almost predatory. *Yes*, he signs slowly, pushing back into Dean's personal space. *I do*.

And the hell of it is, he's completely right and Dean knows it. Yeah, he's gonna let Cas do whatever the fuck he wants, because there's something incredible about the sheer overwhelming, protective fury in the way Cas leans back in and rubs his cheek into Dean's, mouths at his jaw and fits those hands to Dean's hips to pin him against the water-slick tile at his back. "Okay, then," Dean breathes into the demanding mouth against his. "I'm the little spoon."

Ten minutes later, Dean isn't saying much of anything because Cas has three fingers up Dean's ass, lube slicking the way—and why Cas keeps lube in the shower is a question for later, but Dean's thanking everyone from God to Colonel Sanders for it at the moment. Dean swears that

he can feel every single one of Cas's knuckles and it's **awesome**. It's beyond awesome. Sure, it burned a little at first, but that uncomfortable sensation made way for the arousal raging through Dean's veins, right now. He's pushing back into Cas's hand like a complete whore and shamelessly grinding his dick into the wall of the shower, and if Cas doesn't get the fuck in him in the next thirty seconds then they're going to have to start all over again. "Cas, c'mon..."

Cas sinks his teeth into Dean's shoulder by way of reply. Suddenly Dean's empty, painfully so, and he starts to turn and demand that Cas return those fingers right the fuck now when he feels the other man lining himself up behind Dean, sliding past the initial resistance of Dean's tight hole slow and steady, and holy hell—that's **so** much better. Dean feels so full that he could choke on it. Cas is either a gentleman or a complete tease, because he waits with tense arms curled around Dean's waist until his partner is pushing back impatiently against him before taking Dean's hips in his hands and pulling carefully out, until he's barely there at all anymore. Dean scrabbles at the wet tile in frustration. Cas huffs against the back of Dean's neck and fucks into him in one long thrust, pushing Dean up onto his toes and pulling a loud moan from his throat.

It isn't as much interactive sex as it is Cas breathing roughly into Dean's ear and nailing him against the shower wall, hands locked possessively onto his partner's waist. Panting breathlessly, Dean pushes back to meet every hard thrust and doesn't bother holding back the moans tearing from his throat because he is being well and truly screwed, and he wants the damned neighbors to know just how good this is.

"Cas, c'mon," Dean groans, eyes closed, head angled back onto Cas's shoulder. "Want you to lose it in me." The fingers digging into Dean's waist tighten, and Cas makes a concerted effort to fuck him through the damned tile. Every other thrust is grinding into Dean's prostate—he's not going to last much longer. "Cas, for the love of God..."

And just as suddenly as this feral side of Cas showed up, it's gone. The hands on Dean's hips are gone too, replaced instead with Cas's arms around him, and his handler is burying his face against Dean's shoulder. Cas's hips are still moving in sharp, desperate circles, but he's trying to get closer to Dean, not screw him senseless. It's an abrupt sidestep from being pinned to the wall and practically mounted, and Dean isn't sure what's happened, or if he's done something wrong, but he's sort of nervous about opening his mouth and asking because he doesn't think himself capable of constructing sentences that don't start in 'Cas' and end in 'fuck.'

The shower-warmed body behind Dean's locks up. Cas is breathing like a freight train, all harsh gasps and nails sinking into the soft skin under Dean's navel that he's a little self-conscious about, but right now? He couldn't give two fucks about it, not when Cas is so far up inside him that Dean can feel it the second his partner blows his load. The combination of physical sensation and the fact that this is **Cas** are enough to push Dean off that unsteady precipice himself, and he comes with a strangled shout against the shower wall.

And then Dean's knees sort of give out on him.

There's a brief moment of panic where Dean's damned sure that he's going to either break his neck or brain himself on the ceramic lip of the tub. He probably makes a really undignified noise, but his legs feel like cooked spaghetti and he has a concussion already. This is all Cas's fault. Luckily, Cas seems to be of more rational reflexes than Dean, and he manages to catch Dean awkwardly around the waist and keep him mostly upright, and when Dean finally gets his legs to cooperate he finds the other man giving him a smug look.

"What?" Dean demands. He's blushing, which is ridiculous, because he's not some virgin maiden, and Cas has no damned right looking that full of himself.

Cas's smirk only grows. Dean huffs and rolls his eyes and drags his partner in with a hand on the back of Cas's neck to kiss him, again. "You're the fucking worst, you know that?"

You're welcome. Dean watches Cas's hands form words and tries not to think about how those slim fingers had just been buried in him, because that's just going to make Cas more arrogant, and he's already pretty impossible to handle. Mostly.

"Why do I put up with you?" Dean grouches instead, and he rips the shower curtain back—one day he'll actually ask Cas what 'Aperture Labs' is—and fumbles around for a towel.

Because you love me, and no one else could tolerate your incessant bitching. Cas presses up beside him and drags a handful of fluffy terrycloth into the shower, throws it over Dean's head, and slaps him on the ass loudly as he gets out, Dean's indignant yelp echoing off the wet tiles.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Oops, more porn.

“So what, we’re still waiting on Kevin?”

“Yeah, he said something about his mom making him take out the trash. I’d say we go in without him, but he’s the only other DPS we’ve got.”

“You mean besides Cas?”

“Dude, he’s mute, not deaf. Don’t talk about him like he’s not there.”

Rolling his eyes, Cas takes another swig of lukewarm soda and types a quick ‘You’re all idiots’ into the group chat window before stretching back in his desk chair, arms over his head. The apartment is dark and quiet—considering that it’s a quarter until two in the morning, that isn’t all that surprising. Dean went to bed a few hours ago, dropping a gentle kiss onto Cas’s hair and a gruff, “Don’t stay up all night with those stupid kids,” before retreating upstairs. Cas taps his fingers idly against his soda can and briefly considers calling it a night, telling his guild to attempt the raid without him and sliding under the sheets to wrap himself around Dean, but then the idle chatter over his headset resumes with the announcement that their second tank has arrived, and his mother is not very pleased with him.

Sometimes, there’s a certain benefit to be found in being a thirty-seven year-old professional with modest disposable income and a background in computer programming. In the digital world of pixelated monsters and stats, Cas is their king.

“Okay, so we’re gonna head to the dungeon, get our gear in order, and then take this asshole out.”

Cas types out a vague acknowledgment and scratches absently at his bare stomach. The perks to owning your own apartment include being able to sit up in the glow of three flatscreen monitors and play video games in your underwear. Kevin is halfway through recounting an incredibly unlikely tale involving a webcam and twin models when there’s a soft burst of static through Cas’s headset, followed by a low moan.

The line goes silent but for the quiet panting and groaning, and then one of the guys sighs dramatically.

“Which one of you twats is watching porn with the fucking volume up?”

“It’s not me.”

“Not it.”

“Nope.”

“Seriously, guys, that’s just rude.”

Cas starts to type his own response when the voice picks up in volume and level of sheer arousal.

There's a keening, "Fuck," muttered across the line, and then the very distinct wet squelching sound that Cas has come to associate with an entire handful of lube.

Well, *damn*.

'That isn't me,' Cas types rapidly and fires off before anyone can make a crack about it. His guild is well-aware of his gender and relationship status—"He's fucking *mine*, and if any of you little shits so much as type at him the wrong way, I will hunt you down," Dean had growled into Cas's microphone one night, straddling Cas's lap and effectively blocking Cas's view of all of his computer screens, and the guys had made loud catcalls and stuttering promises not to piss off the scary Secret Service agent boyfriend. Cas had summarily dumped Dean off of his lap and ignored him for the rest of the night, but his partner had still made one hell of an impression.

The moaning, tinny and somewhat distorted, is only growing in intensity. Cas can feel his dick twitching in his briefs, and who could blame him? The voice is a rough rumble in surround-sound, gasping for shaky breaths and breaking every so often in time with the low grunts and groans that accompany the wet, rhythmic slide of skin on skin.

"Dude, turn that shit off!"

"It's not me, Justin!"

"No one said it was, dork. Guilty conscience?"

"Hell no, if I was gonna watch porn I wouldn't do it right before a rai—"

The moaning reaches a crescendo, and while Cas debates just hacking into the group server chat to trace the IP addresses of all the feeds, the voice lets out a breathless, "Cas, come upstairs and *fuck me*," and Cas's eyebrows shoot up. A quick glance at his desk reveals that his backup wireless headset is missing, and he palms himself through his underwear.

"God damn it, Cas."

"Is that your scary SWAT team boyfriend?!"

"He's a Secret Service agent, dumbass."

"Hey, shut up, fucktruck! I don't keep tabs on them, okay?"

"Agent Dean, Justin lives at 511 North Henry Stree—"

"Don't tell him where I live! He has *guns*!"

"Who cares? Cas, get him off our line! I'm gonna have nightmares..."

Cas is already out of his chair and mounting the stairs two at a time. He pushes into their bedroom and stops in the doorway to find Dean, sprawled out across their ridiculously large bed, three fingers working into his ass like he means business, Cas's spare headset snug around his ears. Dean gives him a lopsided grin and arches his back. That's really all Cas can take. KGB training didn't cover how to handle your terminally-horny partner riding his own hand like a pro.

It takes three strides to cross to the bed, and Cas is clambering over Dean, shoving his underwear down his bony hips and nearly faceplanting onto the mattress in his haste. The lube is half-opened and leaking onto the sheets, much like Dean, so Cas snatches it up and gets himself wet while pulling the headset off of his idiot boyfriend with his free hand. It lands at the foot of the bed. Dean grins up at him, still panting, and slides another finger into himself.

You're fucking ridiculous, Cas signs, and his friend just gives him a one-shoulder shrug and pulls his fingers free, wiggles down the mattress and spreads sweat-sheened thighs enticingly.

"You love it," Dean chuckles, but he stops laughing entirely when Cas grabs him by the backs of his knees and practically drags Dean into his lap. Cas lines himself up and pushes into Dean in one rough thrust, bottoming out and drawing a low groan from Dean. "C'mon, Cas." Dean's thighs flex as he wraps his legs around Cas's waist, and that's all the incentive that Cas needs.

They normally take things a little slower than this, but there's something about hearing Dean's voice over the headset that has Cas ready to fuck him straight through the mattress. Realistically, he should be angry with Dean, or at the very least annoyed, but he isn't. He's never really able to stay mad at Dean for long. Instead, Cas leans down over his partner on his elbows, kisses him sloppily, and rocks his hips into Dean in short, hard pushes that have them both gasping for air. Dean is all hands, fingers twisting into Cas's shaggy hair and nails dragging down Cas's back.

Cas licks into Dean's mouth and tells him *I love you* with the hand carefully cradling the back of Dean's neck, *You're obnoxious* with the bite to Dean's full lower lip, *You're the best thing that ever happened to me* with each stutter of Cas's hips. He can't say any of this aloud, and his hands are preoccupied with touching Dean anywhere that they can reach. He thinks that Dean gets it, though.

When Dean mutters, "Cas, 'm close," Cas makes a concerted effort to pound into Dean as hard as he can, rests their foreheads together and pants into Dean's mouth, and that seems to be enough to shove Dean over the edge. He tightens around Cas to an almost unbearable degree and comes between them, wraps himself around Cas in a stranglehold as he shivers and shakes his way through orgasm. Cas watches him fall apart with an air of accomplishment before sitting up on weak knees. He takes Dean's hips in his hands and lets his head tip back, fucks into Dean three, four more times before his stomach clenches and a shudder rolls down the muscles on either side of his spine. Cas's back bows as he slides his arms under and around his partner. He presses his face into Dean's ribs and opens his mouth in a silent cry, spilling into his friend with a violent jerk of his hips.

Cas lays there with his spine arched dangerously and the side of his face smashed into Dean's sternum, trying to catch his breath, for long enough that the sweat starts to cool on his skin and he notices how cool their bedroom is. Dean cards his fingers through the wreck of Cas's hair, humming contentedly, and it's times like these that Cas thinks that his partner might be half cat. There's a low, rumbling purr building just under the surface of Dean's chest; Cas wonders how to get it out of him.

"I'm sorry I interrupted your raid," Dean murmurs quietly.

Cas snorts and tugs one arm out from underneath him, signs sloppily, *No, you aren't*.

"No, I ain't," Dean agrees. Cas lifts his head and tries to glare, but he can't quite manage it when all of his braincells evacuated his head through his dick less than five minutes ago. He settles for biting Dean's stomach sharply and drawing an indignant huff from his partner.

From now on, if you want sex, tell me without traumatizing my teammates, Cas frowns.

Dean nods appeasingly and squirms a little. "Whatever you say, babe."

Don't 'babe' me, Winchester, or I'll steal your kidneys in your sleep.

Dean laughs and pets Cas's hair in a blatantly placating gesture. "It's sort of hard to take you seriously when you're still in my ass," he chuckles. Cas does manage a glare, this time, and he's

getting ready to pinch the hell out of one of Dean's nipples when an angry squawk from the foot of the bed interrupts him.

"Hey, can you fuckers mute your goddamned mic?"

"I can't unhear that. It's gonna haunt me in my dreams."

"Cas, you owe us so much fucking loot, holy *shit*."

Dean turns his head and buries his face in the pillow, shoulders shaking with muffled laughter. Cas kicks the headset off of the bed and digs his fingers into Dean's side, tickling him viciously and pulling a startled yelp from Dean's throat.

End Notes

This oneshot was inspired completely by seeing Misha Collins rocking a headset in Stonehenge Apocalypse. I regret nothing. Everything I know about the Secret Service I learned on Wikipedia--lots of creative license, here. I'm also not fluent in ASL, though I'm not completely useless with it. Title is from the Coldplay song. Thanks to Chrissy for betaing for me and being generally awesome.

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