

## Touch & Glow

Author: CK

Rating: P12

Summary: Cas' healing abilities are not always welcome...

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Author's Note: The things you find when you clean up... A good while back there was this post on Tumblr saying, >>all I want is for Dean to get kicked in the crotch and for Cas to insist on healing him and Dean is like "Cas stop I'm *fine*" but he can't even walk and Cas doesn't understand why he's being such a baby so they start bickering and Cas just keeps trying to grab Dean's dick "to heal him" and it's literally the weirdest thing Sam has ever witnessed in his life<<

... and this is what my muse made of it.

I have no excuses for the title. So I won't even try.

Dean Winchester had endured many injuries in his life since he became a hunter. He had been beaten, cut, stabbed, burned, scratched, flung against walls and trees and cars, hell, he had been *killed*. Countless times.

But nothing compared to the pain he was feeling right now. Bloody ghost and its definitely-not-textbook ability to manifest in corporeal form. Lucky for them, at least textbook killing worked, even if some other things didn't. Not so lucky for *him*, that thing had put up a fight and had been disturbingly good at it. Up to the point where its ghostly foot landed in Dean's very real and definitely not dead private parts.

Though he was seriously reconsidering the 'not dead' part right then.

Walking was a funny affair, afterwards. Funny at least for Dean's brother Sam, who, despite the other Winchester's misery, couldn't help the snorts that escaped him as he watched Dean take step after careful step back to the Impala after the job was done. Try walking without bothering your body's most precious possession if you are a man and have just been kicked into said possession.

Eventually, they arrived at their motel room, with the younger Winchester having long since given up commenting on Dean's protest every time they drove over a bump in the road. Which of course and just for the record, had nothing to do with a certain injury, but instead *hurt Baby, be a bit more careful, Sam, will ya?!*

Unbeknownst to him, despite their one and a half star haven in sight Sam was in for a lot more Grumpy Dean. Grumpy I'm-very-manly-and-don't-feel-pain-even-if-I'm-winding-in-it Dean who didn't want any help.

"I heard your prayer, Sam. What has happened?"

And certainly not from angels he did his best to claim not to share a very complicated relationship and even more profound bond with. Much less had a - totally manly, not that it mattered - crush on, thank you very much.

"Wait, you *prayed* to him?!" Dean asked incredulously, sitting with his legs spread wide on a chair that was standing right next to the door and he had decided to unceremoniously fall into.

"I was hoping he could help."

"With *what*, exactly?" Sam heaved a sigh, one he reserved for 'how do I deserve such a dense brother' kind of situations - as such this moment doubtlessly qualified.

"Healing you," he said, slowly, his voice monotone, apparently so it would be easier to keep focus on the words.

"I got kicked in the balls, Sammy, not knifed in the kidney."

"Which doesn't make it any less of an injury Cas could heal!"

When Dean groaned then, it wasn't because of the pain. That he could almost forget over the fact that his kid brother had called angelic help for a sore nut. Or two. As if this wasn't embarrassing enough already.

"I really don't need---"

"Dean." Yup. There it was. This unnervingly calm voice of Castiel's. It was definitely the last thing he needed at the moment. "Why are you being so stubborn?"

"I'm not stubborn. I can deal with it. Wouldn't be the first time," Dean hissed in reply, awkwardly getting up from his seat and stalking towards the bed to lie down and carefully put the ice pack - the one Sam had found him God-knows-where - in the juncture of his thighs, placed strategically so it wouldn't press on his sore parts.

"Though you may not have had the advantage of my healing powers those other times."

"He's right, Dean," his brother chimed in, unhelpfully as always, "there's no reason why you should be in pain," and here at least Sam winced in sympathy before continuing, "when Cas can help you."

"I'm *fine*, okay? At least fine enough to survive without angelic intervention."

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Sam, for his part, wasn't too convinced regarding that 'fine' part. Especially not when half an hour later his and Cas' - who had stayed, just in case, despite Dean's protests - research was interrupted by a groan as the older Winchester tried to get up.

"Dean..."

"Nope, just leave it Sammy, 'kay?"

"But what if... something is seriously hurt. You really wanna risk that?!" He was so not having this conversation. No one should have such a conversation with their brother. Especially not their big brother whose sex life one had to deal with way too much already, alas involuntarily. But then, probably not everyone had a brother that was so stupidly stubborn. Or, at times, stubbornly stupid.

At least his words seemed to have an effect, eventually. He was still not giving it any closer consideration, but of course the last thing the older Winchester wanted was a limitation to his performance skills. The ones outside hunting.

So when Dean gave back, "I'm sure it'll be fine," his words sounded much less convinced than before. Sam could even have sworn to hear his voice waver as he thought about the possible consequences. And when his brother climbed carefully back onto the bed he had managed to sit on the edge of, his face was frozen in concentration.

Sam could have counted down the seconds just by watching Dean's expression shift, and then said together with his brother what he knew was coming. With the difference that, no surprise there, Dean rolled his eyes and growled in disapproval first - just for good measure - before exclaiming with way more drama than necessary, "Alright, alright, do it." Not, however, without turning a nice shade of red, as the younger Winchester noticed. Apparently the thought of Cas using his healing powers that way, even without touching him, was enough to make Dean all flustered. And he didn't want to think about why this sounded all wrong.

Happy that his brother's complaining would finally - hopefully - be silenced and he could return to his research, Sam only spared another short glance to the other two men in the room. But what he witnessed wasn't the usual two-fingers-to-the-forehead action. Instead, their angel friend, without hesitation, full-on grabbed Dean's crotch. And Sam was sure that he was looking in a mirror, because he must have worn the exact same expression his brother's face showed in that moment - eyes wide enough to come close to bulge from their sockets, and mouth falling open in shock.

Lucky for Sam, he at least didn't let out the indignant squeak Dean did then.

He may have been mortified at the display - your own brother's private parts in the focus of attention of any situation was nothing the younger Winchester was happy to think about, but here they were - but at the same time it was also the most hilarious scene he had ever witnessed. Turning the deepest shade of red any person must ever have sported, Dean scrambled away from Cas' touch and, consequently, off the bed so fast that he actually ended up in a heap of his own tangled limbs on the floor.

"Dean?" a confused angel enquired, complete with tilting head motion, and Sam could have sworn he *heard* his brother roll his eyes.

He wasn't all that wrong either. Even though Dean decided to save the epic eyeroll for later and concentrate on getting back to his feet - literally - first.

"Dammit Cas! You can't do things like this!"

"I don't understand." Dean opened his mouth, but snapped it closed right away. *Of course* Cas wouldn't understand. Bloody angels and their beginner's level knowledge about basic human behavior. He sighed and pinched the bridge between thumb and forefinger.

"You can't... grab another man's... well, a man's," because who knew what Castiel was, if he was any gender at all, "private parts just like that."

"I was trying to help."

"I know, but... this is the same thing as with the personal space, you know?"

"I see. I apologize should I have insulted you."

"What? No, Cas, listen, it's just--" But before Dean was able to finish, the angel vanished in an audio-only flurry of wings.

"Weird," was the only comment the his brother made then, and to which Dean snapped, "You're not saying, Sammy," in way of answer.

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The following evening and night were uneventful and - much to Dean's relief, not that he would have openly admitted it - painless. At least what Cas had done had helped, even if the older Winchester preferred not to think too much about it.

Morning came and with it well-trained ignorance that was applied to all things two people living together in permanent close quarters couldn't afford to get too agitated over. The choice for having breakfast at a nearby diner was made wordlessly between the brothers, as was the decision to get back on the road immediately after their morning meal.

Dean was halfway through his dish of toast, scrambled eggs and sausages when another fluttering sound made him freeze mid-chewing motion.

"Good morning, Dean. Sam," their personal angel said, unfazed by the dark stare the older Winchester directed at him. And really, Dean was not in the mood. Not before he was done with breakfast, and not before at least another cup of coffee.

So while Sam returned Cas' greeting cheerfully, Dean merely let out a sound that came, interestingly enough, he noticed, close to being a growl.

"I assume you are still angry at me." It was a simple statement, like there was nothing to it, and yet it bothered Dean like nothing else. Was he angry? Not quite. Was he confused? All the more so. It happened when your best friend touched your privates, even if it was with the best intention.

*...that sounded even more wrong than the fact itself.*

So he answered like he always did when it came to things he rather not dealt with - he dismissed it.

"It's fine, just got a lot on my mind."

"I just came to ask whether my healing was effective, seeing as it was interrupted. Are your penis and testicles well again?"

A fork clattering loudly on the plate beneath it when it slipped from Dean's fingers startled the passing waitress. "Jesus, Cas, would you mind?!" He complained in a hiss when people turned to them at the noise and, as Dean was sure, also Cas' question that hadn't exactly been whispered.

"I don't understand your problem, Dean," Cas said, ignoring his friend's complaint. "Is this because you are uncomfortable with physical closeness to another male? I assure you my healing of your genitals didn't have any sexual purpose."

Dean opened his mouth to reply, but snapped it shut when he heard someone snicker. Someone was laughing at them. Someone... was Sam. Little brother Sammy, who was sitting in his corner of the booth, looking down at his breakfast and - *nerd* - the book lying next to it as if he wasn't listening to anything around him at all, but now turned into a vibrating giant shaking with laughter he worked hard - and failed - on suppressing the sounds of.

Glaring at the curtain of hair obscuring his view on his brother's face, Dean took a moment to contemplate his answer while wondering if fratricide was a possibility, considering their family history. Ultimately he decided that it wasn't worth the effort. And that meant the effort of doing all research in the future on his own. In any case wasn't Sam his primary concern.

"Listen, Cas, I'm thankful for what you've done, but I'd really like to stop talking about it now, okay?"

"Of course, Dean. I merely wanted to assure that you are all right. And you needn't worry, the residual grace left during the healing process also won't affect the functionality of your urinary or reproductive system."

Dean never got the chance to let the words sink in and ask Cas what *exactly* he meant by them.

He did, however, learn it a short while later during a private moment in a nameless motel's bathroom: from now on, physical exertion on the pleasurable side was going to make artificial light unnecessary.

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When paramedics rushed in, John fell back, unable to fight for his place beside his friend.

It was all indistinct noise of *critical condition* and *not sure he'll make it*, of *defi to 300* and *we're losing him again*, but John barely noticed. Deep inside him something clung to hope that seemed so useless, but for the most part he was just numb. Giving up. Lacking strength to go through it again.

"You owe me a dance."

And Sherlock smiled.

So far I've only read Destiel baby!fics where Dean and Cas have a baby boy, but I think they'd rather have a cute baby girl, a little sunshine they can spoil rotten, but at the same time raise to be a charming, lovely, clever lady and at the same time total badass fighter.

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Small Changes

Dean finds something in the bunker that makes him shrink to about the size of a hand. Cas takes great care of Dean so nothing may happen to him until they've found a way to reverse it, because he's always taken care of Dean. Although now it's maybe a bit too much...

"No problem, Sammy. Cas can just mojo me back."

"I'm afraid it won't be that easy, Dean. I can't detect any irregularities, so I have no way of knowing how to reverse this effect."

"You--" Dean blinked in confusion, then annoyance. "Cas, I'm a freaking smurf!"

"I... don't understand..."

Dean groaned, and Sam had to snicker despite himself and the severity of the situation - his brother sounding like an angry little bee buzzing around would do that to you.

"Never mind," Dean dismissed meanwhile, ignoring the younger man, and sat down on the edge of a manila folder lying on the table.

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