

A Very Imaginative Dean

Gift: Dean/Castiel

Konu: Dean has a wild imagination on the ways of shutting Castiel up.

"I'll just buy a beer okay, it's so hot already."

And without an answer Dean walked into the store, looking for the beer section. When he noticed that his hands were wet, he cursed until an old woman looked at him strangely, asking what was wrong with him.

"I'm fine, it's just hot, you know-"

"He want to have me on the back of his Impala Miss, nothing of importance."

Both old lady's and Dean's eyes got widened to that and Dean turned around him.

"What the fuck?"

Castiel, looking as innocent as he always does looked at him back.

"You want to have me at the back-"

"I got that shut the-*what*-why are you even here!? Why aren't you waiting in the car!?"

"I noticed that your hunger to devour me has increased and-"

"Will you *shut up*!?"

Castiel frowned at that. Seeing that he had *no idea*, Dean grabbed two bottles and walked away from him.

After some hours in the car, Sam asked to his brother why was he that silent that night.

"Because he is thinking-"

"Hey, stop! Stop doing that you son of a bitch!"

Sam frowned and seeing that something was upon, he asked tentatively

"What is he thinking Cas-"

"None of your business Sammy, just look in front of you and listen to your music okay?"

"Listen to my-*Hey, I want to know!*"

Laughing, Dean said nothing, but after a while Castiel spoke.

"You are very imaginative Dean."

Looking murderous over the rearview, Sam whined

"*What is it? Why are you pushing me out of it?*"

Dean rolled his eyes but Castiel got the better of him and answered.

"Your brother is making a mental list to make me 'shut up' in various ways. Most of them requires us to be naked. Not both at the same time, but mostly he is naked and I'm busy with my mouth-

"Oh- okay waow okay. Too much information."

Dean snorted as an 'I told you so' but said nothing.

When they arrived at the motel, Sam smirked.

"Would you want seperate rooms?"

Dean shot a glance at him but said nothing. Taking this as an approval young Winchester walked into the motel to make the arrangements, leaving both of them behind.

After Sam's disappearance, Castiel turned to him, and looked at him, hard. When Dean didn't look at him, Castiel spoke.

"Are you ashamed of your thoughts, Dean?" He asked, and when he got a furious glance, he went on. "You shan't be. You have no control over your deep desires."

"Is that so?"

"Very much. You want to have me, you want to dominate me in every way possible. Me begging for more or me what is the word? Bottom? Me being a *bottom* for you is arousing you. But even more so, you think yourself over the possiblity of being the submissive one and let go-

"You don't know what you are talking about, believe me Cas. You don't want to talk about this."

"But you always talk about this, Dean. Inside your head."

Green eyes looked at him, saying nothing. Seeing that, Castiel spoke.

"You always wish for something, anything. A dream world for you maybe. But you always want something, this is in your bones. Want, ask, have. Own. You want to own me, as much as you want me to own *you*."

Then a silence fell, no one talked.

Dean entered his room, he didn't even the look his brother gave him, he was that out of it. But Castiel saw it, and he tried to smile, like Dean did everytime. To soothe the little one. Who meant everything for Dean.

When Castiel closed the door, Dean was watching him in the middle of the room.

"Let's say that I really think those things-

"You really think those-

"Just play along Cas, would you?"

Castiel nodded and solemnly answered

"Let's."

Dean nodded, and asked.

"Let's say that I really think those things. What would you do?"

"What would I do? To your *thoughts*? Nothing."

Rolling his eyes, Dean walked towards him, and standing in front of him, he asked again

"Would you own me? Or would you even let me own you?"

That made Castiel 'shut up', and for a moment no one talked. Dean continued to look into his eyes, like one of those staring matches usually Castiel starts, but Castiel was thinking.

After a second moment, Dean sighed.

"That gives me the answer."

"Does it?"

"Doesn't it?"

Castiel frowned and looking at him, he asked.

"What do you think my answer is, Dean?"

"Is? We were pretending-"

"Just play along, Dean, would you?"

To this, Dean smiled a little, and then replied.

"Your answer is a one mother fucking refusal you son of a bitch-"

"Is that so? Did I say that?"

Frowning, Dean stepped back but Castiel spoke.

"I simply waited for you to take action. A few seconds ago you were thinking of pining me against *that* wall and kissing me hard-"

Dean growled and a lot of things happened.

It was like a prophet spoke.

THE END

04.06.2009

Merhaba,

Okuduđunuz Őeyden memnun kaldıysanız bir yorum bırakmanız beni oldukça memnun eder.

.pdf'lerin arkadaşlar arası dolaşacağını ve o süre içerisinde sitenin iç adreslerinin deđişebileceđini hesaba katarak yorum için size iki yol vereceđim;

a. Mail.

Bana her zaman awakencordy@merkez-masa.com yoluyla ulaşabilirsiniz.

b. Site.

Bu hikaye Verankton'a bađlı, mutlaka orada bir yorum formu vardır, oraya gidebilirsiniz:

<http://verankton.merkez-masa.com>

Fazla zahmetli, farkındayım, ancak çalışmayan bir servis sunmaktan iyidir diye düşünüyorum.

Yorum gönderseniz de, göndermeseniz de, umarım okuduđunuzdan hoşnut kalmıđsınızdır ve umarım ben Őu anda daha güzellerini yazıyorumdur.

Teşekkürler,

Awakencordy

Site: <http://merkez-masa.com>

Bu hikayenin geldiđi alt site: <http://verankton.merkez-masa.com>

Her hakkı saklıdır.