

# A Touchy Touchy Angel

**Gift:** Dean/Castiel

**Konu:** Castiel is amiss and Dean is worried.

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He was going crazy. No, he was going *mad*. It was mad to worry about someone-and angel for starters- but Dean was mad with worry.

What made him madder was that he got this worried only for Sammy in his whole life. And *that* was worrying.

He declined, more than *refused* to go inside the motel. The walls were haunting, Sam wouldn't understand that. No one could understand that. Who in his life would have a chance to worry about a fucking *angel* anyway?

Dean did. Fuck, he really did.

"Dean?"

Turning with a gasp, Dean saw him. There he was: bloody, tired, a wind or a fight messed his hair but he was there, he was as whole as an angel could be, and he was looking at him. Trying to understand what was going on.

"Why aren't you inside? I thought you'd be asleep-"

"So you'd see me and then go away like you do everytime? No, son of a bitch, I am not sleeping-"

"Why are you angry?"

"I am not angry, I'm just hungry-" passing him, Dean couldn't look at him anymore but all of a sudden Castiel was on his side, speaking soft, asking for a permission.

"Dean?"

And this was all it took. Dammit this was *all* it took.

Dean turned and walked to him, maybe actually he *ran* to him but whatever, Dean hugged him before reaching a conclusion. Castiel was as hard as a wall, he was always like this but Dean couldn't hold it any longer, he just had to squeeze him, hold him, to feel-

"I am here Dean. You know that I'm here. I'd give anything to be here-" Growling, Dean pulled him forward and hugged him again.

Castiel was silent then. Maybe he thought that this was a custom, who knew, but when Dean understood that he wasn't refusing him, he murmured.

"You could at least hug *back*, you know? So I wouldn't look like a romcom bastard who is mooning over some guy-"

"Mooning is not-"

"Just do it already, okay?"

Castiel nodded to that and slowly, tentatively, he put his arms around his waist.

Watching the Angel's face, Dean searched for something not wanted in there, but there wasn't any, so he smirked.

"Who knew? A touchy touchy angel-" When Castiel tried to pull back upon this, Dean held him closer and that was that, Castiel learned his lesson.

So he hugged him back, he squeezed him tight, and more than anything, he closed his eyes.

**THE END**

**04.06.2009**

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