

## Warming Up

Author: CK

Rating: P6

Summary:

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Author's Note: I read about this whole Domestic!Destiel day on March 22nd - tagged DestiAww - and couldn't resist. Now, I've written a slightly similar story before, for another fandom, but somehow that plot device can't be used often enough ;)

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There were some things in his life he didn't enjoy. Dying, for one, though that was a given. No one enjoyed dying, after all. Injuries also weren't his favorite, though at times they got his adrenaline running during a hunt, a fight, a battle, and made him feel invincible for a short time. He didn't like losing, that was for sure, or not knowing what was to come next. Oh, and he very much did not like doing research.

All that, however, he had become used to. It was his life - not always great, but it could have been worse. Hell, it *had* been worse. And, at least, amongst all the bad, there had been good. Still was.

There was just one thing - one tiny, little thing - that had taken residence in his life recently he really had a problem getting used to.

That particular occurrence, more like a habit now, he couldn't claim he didn't like. In all honesty, he refused to even think of the possibility of having to let go of it again. No, it was good, it was comfortable, it added so much to his life. But, as things went, even the best ones had a catch. There always was one, that much he had learned in his thirty-odd years, and this - well, it was no exception.

Thing was - it couldn't have been too much to ask to have a good night's sleep, could it? Not that he had all that much of mentioned luxury to begin with, even if lately it had improved. Ironically was the reason for the improvement also what his problem was courtesy of.

Some months ago - the exact timespan he couldn't actually recall as time went by differently in his, in *their* life - he had made a decision. He had thrown cautions and hesitations and old rules and ways of thinking overboard and done what he should have a long time ago. Life was too short to waste it, to be alone when he didn't have to, to not act on something he had long since become tired of hiding anyways.

The result had been surprisingly few changes. Once the truth was out in the open... not much changed. Except for an arrangement or two. Nothing quite noticeable. At least as long as doors were properly closed, but that... well, that was another story and really not of importance right now.

Now was important to take care of a problem one of the arrangements - the main one to be precise - came along with.

The problem of being cold. *Freaking* cold.

Living in the bunker was spoiling them, no doubt. A proper home, a real kitchen, an archive and a library, and of course beds with memory foam mattresses. Memory foam! It could have been so perfect.

But cold - cold wasn't a part of perfect. It was killing the perfect. And it was ridiculous because it shouldn't even have been there. That was the whole reason for the arrangement. Okay, part of the reason, but still, an essential one. Being warm thanks to the arrangement. Not cold. Shivering and curling in on oneself and waking up at all times when he could have been sleeping peacefully.

Because when Dean Winchester fell in love it was, of course, with a blanket stealing angel.

He had lost count of how many times he involuntarily had been risen by his body's need for some warmth - and how often he had to fight to get at least a corner of the blanket. He was tired of it. No amount of cuddling and skin pressed to skin and all the other imaginable niceties - most of them before they fell asleep - of a shared bed made up for the cold anymore.

So this ended tonight.

Rolling out of the bed, his feet found his slippers, and he breathed out a sigh of relief when his frozen toes were engulfed in the little felt cave.

He was only halfway to the door when from somewhere beneath the dome of angel and blanket he heard his name, rasped with a sleep-thick voice.

"Dean? Where're you goin'?"

"You're hogging," Dean accused, and at the former angel's confused squint - which wasn't cute, not right now, shut up - elaborated with an exasperated sigh, "the blanket, Cas. You use it all up for yourself. That thing's too small for two grown men, I get another one."

"No," came the immediate protest from the blanket mountain which began to move right after, spitting out a rumpled and disgruntled Castiel.

"Cas, not that I love or *prefer* us sharing a blanket, but this doesn't work---"

"Stay, I'll be right back."

And Dean knew better than to argue with his lover when he was tired because he had been woken in the middle of the night. Some mistakes he just didn't make twice.

It took the former angel a few minutes to return to their room; minutes Dean unashamedly used to cocoon himself in the remaining warmth of the heap of cover Cas had left behind.

Groggily he slumped down on the mattress again, in his arms a mess of soft cloth he shook out halfheartedly over them before falling back into the pillows, already crowding Dean's space by slinging his arm around the older Winchester's middle and curling into his side, one of his legs slung over Dean's, his head landing on the other man's shoulder.

"What's that?" Dean asked, dumbly, even though the answer was obvious.

"Been makin' that for the last few weeks. 's big enough for the two of us. Not yet done, but'll have to do," came the mumbled reply, which was followed only seconds later by a grumped out and not-quite-awake-anymore, "Now shut up and go back to sleep."

And so Dean did. Or tried at least. First he had to allow himself a moment more to think of his wonderful angel, the one he loved so much, and who had apparently knit or sewn or whatever-that-was-called together several spare blankets to make one that could have easily been used as parachute.

And then he needed yet another moment to think of a certain part of his anatomy.

His neck.

"Cas?"

"Mhh."

"Any chance you gonna make a bigger pillow, too?"