

## Apple Pie Heaven

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Summary: Heaven isn't what he expected it to be. It's so much sweeter. - *(another) 15x20 Fix-It*

Author's Note: Oh look, I did another one. Jack help me. I'm still not cursing 15x20 or anyone involved, but that doesn't mean I have to love the ending. Well, can't do manips or gifs, don't have the time to vid right now, but I can write it down... so I did ;o) This is me indulging in the fact that there are no limits to what we can do in fanfics. Enjoy.

A dark old barn. Dust floating in the faint light of a few beams coming through broken planks. And Sammy's grief-filled, tear-streamed face.

Those were the last things Dean saw before his eyes closed to the living world.

When he opened then again the scenery had changed. *Well, made it to Heaven after all*, his mind provided him, and he was inclined to agree. Trees and fields and mountains around him. A beautiful, peaceful scenery. And behind him a--

Gas-N-Sip???

"Hey idjit," a grumpy yet fond voice called out to him, breaking through his bewilderment, and Dean looked down to find their old friend sitting there, in a wooden armchair in the sun, a bottle of beer in his hand.

"Bobby? Uh..." Dean frowned, even more confused now. He didn't recall this moment. "What memory is this?"

"It ain't, you idjit."

"Yeah, it is. Because last I heard, you... you were in Heaven's lockup."

"Was... now I'm not. That kid of yours, when he took over... made some changes here. Busted my ass out. And then he...well, he sat some things right. Tore down all the walls up here. Heaven ain't just reliving your golden oldies anymore. It's what it always should have been. Everyone happy. Everyone together." With a thoughtful look Bobby turned to his adoptive son who had taken a seat in the other chair next to the old man. In a voice that had rarely ever been filled with so much emotion, he added, "It ain't just Heaven, Dean. It's the Heaven you deserve. It's the Heaven we all deserve."

"So Jack did all that?" Dean wanted to confirm, already feeling his chest fill with pride. He was indeed *their* boy. Lucifer's child, there to bring destruction and death to the world, had proven like no other that no matter your predefined destiny - in the end you always choose your own path. And wasn't that a lesson to be remembered.

"Well... Cas helped." There was a curious rise of eyebrows and the tiniest smirk on Bobby's face, while Dean himself felt the same bloom on his. Of course. How could he ever have thought that Jack would leave Cas in the Empty. Dean strongly believed Jack had meant it when he said that he wouldn't want to interfere anymore - but Cas wasn't just any random creature lost in the Empty. Cas was... special. In every way. "It's a big new world out there. You'll see."

"It's perfect, Bobby." But on second thought, sadness welled up in him. "Well, almost perfect."

"He'll be along," the old man promised with a smile, "Time up here, it's... it's different. You got everything you could ever want, or need, or... dream. Roadhouse's some five minutes in this direction, Ellen, Jo, Ash... they're all there," he pointed north-west, "and behind us it's the better part of two miles down the road to Rufus'," his hand winked to the south-east. "Your mom and dad," he nodded up ahead, "they got a place over yonder." Dean nodded in understanding, and accepted the beer Bobby offered him. They sat in silence for a while, as the Winchester digested everything, or at least tried to. There was so much to. And so many questions he would have to ask sooner or later. But right in that moment, the amount of thoughts was too vast to find a place to start.

"Well, I'm gonna go 'n harass Rufus for a bit." Bobby stood up and walked a couple of steps. "Give Aretha some timeout from him. That Heaven, apparently you can have everything you want; even bad taste like Aretha must've." Once more, he turned to look at Dean. "I guess the question is... whaddya gonna do now, Dean?"

The younger man shrugged his shoulders; he didn't know the answer to that. Visit his family and friends, of course, at some point he would do that, he wanted to. See them all again, happy and content and finally free of the never-ending duty of being a hunter, how could he not want to share this with them. Right in that moment, however, there was an emptiness inside him, a sense of loss, and celebrating just didn't sit right with him. He could go for a drive, his Impala stood close by and waiting for him, but--

In a tone heavy with meaning, Bobby suddenly said, "You should look inside," and his head nodded towards the entrance of the Gas-N-Sip, "you might find whatcha need."

For a dead man, his heart was still able to beat quite fast, Dean noticed. Could it really be...?

As Bobby vanished around the corner of the building, Dean took a deep breath and rose from his chair. He hadn't forgotten these faithful moments of watching a certain someone working at that gas stop, missing him, trying to convince him that he needed to come back to them. To *Dean*.

It was almost ironic that they should meet again in such a shop here in Heaven. Or maybe that was what Heaven was about. Setting things right.

With careful steps, Dean approached the glass door, already catching a glimpse of something tan-colored through the windows, and a lump formed in his throat. So it really was true.

He was greeted by the jingling of the bell above the door, by the smell of coffee, and by--

"Hello Dean."

Down the aisle to his right he stood, the angel in his suit and trenchcoat, the one who looked like Heaven's very own tax accountant, but who was the bravest and most loyal and overall best friend Dean had ever had.

"Cas," he said, voice thick with tears, eyes already filling with water. "Cas, you... you're..." Then he noticed it. The frown, the unhappiness displayed in the other man's face. It wasn't right. It scared Dean. "What's the matter, Cas?"

"They don't have any pie. *Again.*"

The frustration on the angel's face was so incredibly adorable. And the relief flooding through every fiber of Dean the best feeling in a long time. And so he laughed. He laughed with so much freedom in his belly, contentment in his mind and love in heart, that tears streamed down his face. Tears of happiness over Cas being back, over not having lost him, he who was the single most important person in his life - and afterlife - besides his brother.

"We'll make some. Together," he eventually promised when he had calmed down. "We can do everything we want now, don't we?" Cas smiled at that and nodded, walking towards Dean as he did.

"Yes, Dean, I believe we do."

"So... how come you are here? I thought angels weren't supposed to be in people's Heavens? Or is this part of the reshaping you and Jack have done?"

"Every angel has been assigned a section of Heaven. This is mine. We are to assure that everything is peaceful. Now that the walls are down and no one's mind is manipulated anymore, but everyone can be themselves, it is not without reason to assume that one or the other conflict could arise. Humans tend to be a bit... quarrelsome at times, even in Heaven."

"So you're basically our angelic sheriff?" Dean laughed good-naturedly at the thought, even more so as Cas frowned and raised a doubtful eyebrow.

"I... believe you could call me that."

"Well then, Sheriff," Dean muttered under his breath as he pulled Cas close, "how about you arrest me and we go," he nodded his head in the direction of the Impala standing outside, "for a drive somewhere...*safe*?" Cas blushing furiously was by far the most endearing thing Dean had ever witnessed.

"I would love that very much." Hearing those words, something *clicked* inside Dean's mind.

"And I--" He swallowed hard, his voice unexpectedly shaky despite being more than sure of the words, as he continued, "love you. I should have told you sooner, I'm sorry. But I do love you. So much." He felt Cas waver in his embrace then, so all he could think of was to lock his arms around his angel even tighter and claims his lips in a kiss.

He had no idea Cas was such a good kisser.

Granted, he had never given much thought to it either, what with them being just friends, even if best friends, and all. Fact of the matter was though, this was an Angel of the Lord, an originally intended non-sexual being of infinite power - his couple of random encounters with women notwithstanding - and he was giving one well-experienced Dean Winchester a serious case of weak knees.

Only when they parted minutes later, having shamelessly indulged in releasing years of pent-up longing - well, parts of it at least, Dean was sure there was still enough left to last them another few eons - Castiel, too, laughed. A pure, happy laugh.

Dean rested his forehead against Cas' and reluctantly pulled away his hand from where it had found a place at the back of the angel's neck to brush away a tear.

"Let's go for that drive, 'kay?"

Castiel nodded in agreement, the two of them walking out and to the Impala, standing there like it belonged, reflecting the sun beams. And as he slipped behind the wheel, Dean's heart skipped a beat. This was his freedom; this was his Heaven. Driving baby, Cas next to him, and knowing that Sam would be with them after he had lived a happy life with Eileen and their son.

*However he knew of that.*

The moment he started the engine, the familiar sounds of "Carry On My Wayward Son" by Kansas blasted through the speakers, and he looked over to Cas who was already nodding his head ever so softly in the rhythm of the song.

So he pulled onto the street, miles and miles ahead of them through the wilderness of this new world, the song lasting them along their way, an easiness to their destination-less trip as Dean lounged in his seat and Cas leaned his head back, watching the lush forest green go by through half-closed eyes, both of them breathing in the clean air coming through the open windows. When Dean's right hand found Cas' left on the seat, it was the most normal thing, and their fingers intertwined as they enjoyed the road in silence.

It was a bridge over a river amidst acres of forest that had Dean pull the car over to a stop.

Their hands parted only for short moments it took to get out of the car, but rejoined immediately after, and coming to stand at the handrail, fingers still knotted together and holding on, and shoulders touching in an comfortable exchange of warmth and presence, they relished in the light breeze around them, and the still-warm glow of the sunset.

"Hey, Sammy," Dean eventually said, quietly, a smile on his face, and turned around. There he stood, his brother, finally with them again, and Dean let a tear escape from one eye, and then second from the other, as he hugged his brother tight. He pulled back after a while, and held his arm out to Cas, who joined the hug with the man he loved and the brother he cared so much for.

In the distance a young man, dressed in a white jean jacket, stood at the riverside. He was barefoot and enjoyed the small waves of fresh water swapping over his toes every now and then. With a smile he looked up to the bridge and rose his hand in an unseen greeting to the three men standing up there, arms slung around each other. The men who had raised him; his fathers. They radiated happiness and joy and love, and everything the young man had wanted this new Heaven to symbolize.

A place of peace. A place to be reunited with the ones you loved, without any conditions or limitations.

Forever.

*The End*