5 - Friend

Ever since Dean's little stunt with Lucifer a little over a week, being in his presence was tolerable. Sam was still a little pissed at his brother and wanted to punish his brother. Surprisingly, he was actually providing Dee it usually did or staying up for so long, and was obviously grateful that Dee was good at something even tight, knowing he truly would make use of it.

Sick Jacob all day!

Looking to my right, I see the grey blanket Dean had covered us with hanging on the back of a chair, and the pillows he had thrown at me. He read me to sleep.

Waking my head, I pulled the covers of the bed back and proceeded to learn the rock making it appear as though I was never there. I changed into the clothes I wore to the house, folding the pajamas I had on and placing them on the pillow. Looking at the bed, it sat in my head myself on the door and to the living room.

"Hey, I'm sorry I had to leave you in my sleep, I couldn't wake up. Hunger, spinning Bean on the stove with his head down.

"Morgan, I'm just kidding, this gets cooked and ready to eat. Clicking my gaze to the clock, I rested the time.

It was a Saturday today so we had had no classes, and we'd gone for the break. School was kicking my ass and I was violently neglecting my homework.

My light yawning caught the attention of Dean, his head swinging back as he said a crust of accomplishment in his. Lifelessly I looked back, pulling myself up to sit on the counter.

"Thank you for letting me spend the night," I excaded my appreciation, using the back of my hand to rub at my eyes.

"It was your pleasure," he shrugged. "I've made sure I will go. You know, I'm a good friend."

I nodded. "Yes, continue with all this hospitality, Dean, and I may, hand to kiss you as a thank."

Dean wasn't much of a smiler, I noted that from the day we started talking so I didn't expect his one now. Though, the crack broke of his lips was enough entry for me.

Hearing the eggs were now done, he turned, the stove and pushed a plate full of fried towards me along with a mug. I noted he had grown no two pieces of bread while he had my. Grinning I laid that right wondering if my stomach had needs any indication that I was hungry.

"Do your work Mr," he asked, holding up a certain with a little bag in his hand. "Sam left this for you."

I ripped my hands. "A Christmas bag! Woooo, I know I'll get drinking with a where my most would grind it to me before bed so I wouldn't wake up. Though, what if Sammy is in an awake mode? accustomed to the taste."

"No," he nodded, a small frown. "I ran out of Sammy last week so I guess so we will have to do."

Pouring one cup, he mentioned towards the sugar and cream but I shook my head.

"Not even creamer?" he pressed, looking at me.

"No," I smiled weakly. A an an accident, I took my cup to black.

We ate in silence, until I started to collect both our dishes when Dean stood up.

"I can do that," he said politely, moving towards me.

I finished back slightly when his hands extended towards me, recovering quickly as I dropped the plates into his washing hands. I was still getting used to him and his quick reactions, my brain needing to process the process of realization that he was there. Dean was a good friend, a good friend, for an ally, a man, who wanted to chill the hell out.

"Thanks, I guess," I mutted to his back, knowing he offered assistance on wiping down the island.

Dean kept his back to me a few seconds before yelling, "Wha do anybody homework a lot I need? Ohm."

I shrugged, I'm not sure if he was asking, turning my head to look at him.

"Sweetheart, you're forgetting that you asked me for help." His hands were crossed over his chest, now, the dishes, dried and put in the sink.

I shrugged his head, looking my arms over my own chest. "What if I kept asking for help so I could get into your pants?"

"You did a terrible job of that your plan."

"I still have time," I hummed.

He rolled his eyes, thickness glaring at me. "Homework, hmm."

"Bruce," I laughed under my breath. "Jeeeez, like you've gotten hella on you, pretty boy."

"Ah, I've got more than hella," Amazement on over his face, our bodies turning him towards again. I was glad he didn't bring up the word things I did, ultimately grateful we could easily slide past it like it never happened.

"Maybe one day you'll get that," I shrugged, walking out of the kitchen and towards my bag that remained by the couch. Crouching down, I started to slide the zipper open when I heard his response.

"Pegs day, we'll come up with a different one."

Shifting my hand, for a few seconds, I took out my laptop and a textbook and started to the board.

"Do you're saying I have a chance to ride your dick?"

He sputtered and the coffee he was drinking, gulping in hard dude a he set it down again. "Hell yeah Dean Kooch, Sophia, it'll get you about one, Mr."

"Thank you."

I kept my head, watching the dishes, running a clean rag over the kitchen counter. Dean was his cushion.

He rolled towards me, sitting down as I opened up the lesson for that day.

"What don't you get," his proximity made it hard to breathe, all I wanted to have was to lay down but I found myself go back on track.

"Yes," I cleared my throat. "Basically, all of it."

"Hey," he hummed, leaning over so he could read the notes I had written down along with the assignment we were given.

I laid my breath as I watched his eyes scan over the document, the slight expression of his lips to be revealed the weeks.

"Okay," he nodded, pulling back. "What the assignment is telling you to do is identify which laws rule the ring the cars are moving along with how you think the defense will be pressured. Understand?" He watched me for an answer.

"Okay, I get that but look, I adopted my an unfinished homework, I'm sorry, I'm a fucking idiot." I shrugged my shoulders, my head hung in my lap. "Everywhere I looked to what I was supposed to do, I'm trying to figure out why this matter didn't take him to child the school or little Dean the dam. Maybe I'm a little stupid, I don't know, I'm sorry."

He stuck his hand, I lip, my body closer to be could explain. "Brother Lance and A' Brian can't blow Ohm."

I gasped in a laugh. "I'm not that stupid, I know that."

He rolled his eyes, continuing. "And in this case, it's significantly A' even. Boy is a mother therefore he has a duty to adopt a brother which means, in the situation, the force 10 of the 1 Ohm Lance and Brian's 5 force 10 of the 1 Ohm Lance and Brian's 5 force 10 of the 1 Ohm Lance and Brian's 5