

Not As Intended

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Not As Intended

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Summary

Fake dating but instead of falling in love...they find out they kinda can't stand each other.

or

The one where Sam brings Gabriel home from Stanford hoping to piss off his super conservative/homophobic family but they all actually LOVE him instead. Dean maybe loves him a little too much...

Chapter 1: The Flyer

Sam has absolutely had it with his dad.

They've just never seen eye-to-eye on anything, but it's worse now that he's at Stanford. Well, maybe it's not worse; but it definitely stands out more now that Sam gets to be around people who don't all think the same way. Being at a university, he's now surrounded by students who came there from all over the country. Sure, a lot of his classmates come from somewhere in California, but he'd say over half of them were from out-of-state somewhere. And (having grown up in the Mid-Western city of Lawrence, KS), he was in a pretty ethnically diverse community for the first time in his life.

All of this added together to mean that John's crap just stood out to him a lot more than it used to. Sam wasn't even gay; but even so, every time his dad made some homophobic comment, Sam was ready to deck him. Every time his dad made a racist joke, he readied himself for the fight, knowing he wouldn't be able to laugh it off. Every time his dad said something sexist, Sam didn't even try to grit his teeth, no matter how pleading Dean's eyes looked, begging Sam not to fight with their dad.

And Sam had *words* for the things that bothered him now. There were so many things that had always gotten under his skin, things that had sounded off; but until he'd moved out of the house, he'd never heard anyone *else* speak up against them. Now he had, and he knew he wasn't alone in his thoughts. Now he had the words to fight back with other than *it sounds bad and makes me angry when you say things like that*.

He wasn't sure where Dean stood on most things, but Dean pretty much always just stood with Dad, so...

Anyway.

It was almost fall break. Sam was planning on going home for the break - of course he was. He missed Dean. He missed Bobby and Ellen and Jody and his friends from home and of course he was going home...but he would be lying if he said he wasn't dreading it a little. It wasn't that he didn't miss his dad too, but being there for a whole week, well, suffice it to say that Sam had grown accustomed to his freedom (among other things) and he wasn't looking forward to his dad thinking that Sam still belonged under this thumb.

So, Sam was walking back to his dorm from his last midterm exam when he saw it - a flyer on the wall of the cafeteria entry reading:

Need to piss off your family?

Hi, my name's Gabriel. I have long hair, fourteen tattoos, and just the right amount of attitude and nerve to tick off your super traditional family this holiday. So, if you'd like me to pretend to be your boyfriend to freak them out, I'm all in. We can pull up to your parents' on my motorcycle, and I can be as inappropriately affectionate or disturbingly aloof as you like. Every situation is different, so options include:

- *Debate religion and/or politics with your racist uncle (or whoever)*
- *Be all over you in front of whomever it would scandalize the most*
- *Openly flirt with other family members if you like*
- *Pretend to be addicted to/high on various illegal substances (I'm not, but I do have a hell of a past and know how to be convincing)*
- *Propose to you in front of everyone*

Point is, I can be as awful, embarrassing, obnoxious, or disgustingly cute as you'd like me to be.

Offer is open to guys, gal, and non-binary pals. I'm an open opportunity fake lover ;)

No payment necessary. I'm just bored.

Sam stared at the flyer. Gabriel...

Sam had never really thought about bringing home a guy - or dating one in general for that matter - but he wasn't really *opposed* to the idea (especially if it was just pretend for them to piss his dad off anyway). Sam huffed. As if he *needed* a reason to fight with John Winchester. However, if he was gonna be fighting with his dad this week anyway...

Sam snatched one of the tabs Gabriel's number on it that hung from the bottom of the flyer. If he was destined to spend the week fighting, Sam might as well have fun with it.

Chapter 2: The Boyfriend

“Sammy!”

Sam looked up from his table at the guy walking into CoHo, seemingly looking around for anyone to react to the name.

Ah, so that's Gabriel. Sam actually recognized him now. He hadn't known the name before, but now he realized that he'd seen Gabriel around campus some. Sam smiled and waved him over whenever Gabriel's eyes made it to him.

Gabriel grinned widely as he made his way across the coffee house and slid into the seat across from Sam. “So, you're the guy who's so eager to piss off his family he'd deal with me for the week, huh?”

Sam chuckled and reached a hand across the table. “Sam. Nice to meet you.”

“Gabriel. Friends call me Gabe. So,” he leaned back and stretched his arm across the chair next to him, “what can I do for you? You weren't real specific on the phone exactly what you're trying to accomplish here.” He grinned mischievously. “What brand of asshole do you need me to be?”

Sam snorted. “Honestly?” He looked Gabe over. His hair was about the length of Sam's, not all that long but just enough longer than his own that he wouldn't be the one getting picked on about a haircut. His left arm had a full sleeve of ink, not to mention the edges of more tattoos peeking out of the collar of his *I'll be your Dr. Sexy* t-shirt. “My dad's got a lot of prejudices and real uptight, so it's probably enough that you're you.” He winced, realizing how that probably sounded. “No offence. I didn't mean-”

Gabe held up a hand and cut him off. “None taken. Me being naturally offensive to some parents was kind of the point of the ad.”

Sam looked down at the table. “And, well...also that you're a guy.”

Gabe nodded. “Ah, I see. So, does the prescription call for overly affectionate and disgustingly adorable then?”

Sam laughed nervously. “Yeah, that'd probably do it.”

He leaned forward. “Out of curiosity - and you don't have to answer this if you don't want to - are you gay? And like, does your family already know? It doesn't matter. I'm just trying to gauge what I'm getting into here.”

Sam shook his head. “I don't... *think* so. The idea isn't exactly gross to me or anything, so maybe for the right guy, I'd consider it; but I've never really found myself attracted to a guy before, so...” Sam shrugged.

“That’s cool. Like I said, doesn’t really matter. I was just curious.”

“So, are you...?”

“I’m pan. People are people, and I don’t care what you’re working with as long as you know how to use it.” He grinned and winked.

Sam laughed. He’d been kind of regretting calling Gabriel and falling into this insane plan, but maybe this would be fun after all. The guy seemed alright, full of life (if a little mischievous). Sam was looking at him now, having the thought that if he *were* to actually date a guy, this one just might be his type.

Gabriel was *not* Sam’s type.

They had been in Lawrence for all of one and a half hours and Sam was already tired of it. What was worse, this made Sam feel bad, because Gabe was obviously trying. He was doting, affectionate, sweet...too sweet, too affectionate, too doting.

Also, holy crap this dude was obnoxious. He was loud. He was crude. Every other word out of his mouth was either a joke or something suggestive. And to top the whole thing off, he didn’t seem to be having any more fun with Sam than Sam was with him. Sam could see it in his eyes, Gabe thought Sam was boring, a killjoy. Every time he made a joke or tried something and Sam didn’t play along, Gabe looked like he died little inside. Everyone else seemed to be fooled and buying the in-love boyfriend act, but Sam was a hundred percent sure that Gabe wouldn’t be on this date week with him if he hadn’t agreed to it to piss people off.

But oh well. At least they were getting one over on Sam’s family, right? Right?

Wrong.

Everyone LOVED him.

Chapter 3: The Brother

Dean blinked as a black Yamaha Road Star pulled into the driveway. He whistled in appreciation. It was a 1700 and had a nice sound, quieter than a Harley, but this one had obviously been modified to be a little louder than stock, giving it a nice deep purr that was loud enough to be heard but not obnoxiously so. To Dean, Road Stars had all the sleek and style and power of a nice cruiser without the hefty price tag.

Whoever this was had taste he could appreciate.

There were two people on the bike. Dean's mouth dropped open as the guy on the back unwrapped his arms from the driver's waist, stepped off, and removed his helmet.

Dean's brother grinned and waved at him as the driver removed his own helmet and wrapped an arm around Sam's waist. "Hey, Dean! How's it been?"

Dean picked up his jaw from the pavement and strode forward to pull Sam into a hug. "Heya, Sammy." Dammit, he'd missed him. "The whole crew's here. They decided they wanted a pre-Thanksgiving cookout with everyone." He patted him on the back and pulled back, looking down...way down, actually...at Sam's curious companion. He felt a small surge of sympathy for the guy. Driving a bike with a passenger that much taller than you was mildly complicated. It made stuff all top heavy. "Who's this?" he asked.

Sam smiled and wrapped an arm around the guy's shoulders. "Uh, this is Gabriel, my boyfriend."

Dean fought to keep his eyebrows from raising into his hairline. "Boyfriend?"

Sam had on what looked to be his *wow this is awkward and I'm nervous but i'm trying to show it face*. "Yep."

Gabriel looked up at Dean, a dangerous glint in his eye. "Is that a problem?"

Dean glared right back. "Only if you're an asshole."

The guy looked taken aback and Dean hated it. He hated so many things right now...but none of them were that Sam was dating a guy. He hated the *ready to fight* look in Gabriel's eyes. He hated the scared look in Sammy's. He wished he could go back in time and let Sam know that he could have come to Dean. He wished he wished he could go back and speak up every time someone had said something homophobic in front of Sam. He hadn't really bothered.

Dean hadn't realized they were talking about anyone present other than himself.

The guy's serious face broke into a grin. He held out a hand. "Call me Gabe. And I solemnly swear that I am indeed an asshole but it's the fun kind."

Dean took the hand and ignored the possibly unintentional innuendo. "Dean."

He looked Sam seriously in the eyes. "If Dad or anyone else gives you trouble, you let me know. They'll answer to me."

Sam's brows furrowed. "Dean-"

"Nope! You let me know. I'm not saying you're not a big boy that can handle himself, but you let me stick up for you. It's my job, and I've apparently been even worse at it than I thought." With that, Dean turned and headed towards the door. He was stopped momentarily by long arms wrapping around him in a tight hug.

"Thanks, Dean."

"Yeah, yeah. Alright, no chick flick moments." Dean shook him off and opened the door, ready to fight anyone that so much as looked at Sam and his new boyfriend sideways.

*

Luckily, it didn't seem to be a problem.

Bobby and Ellen eyed the guy warily but soon warmed up to anyone who knew as much about engines and hard work as Gabe seemed to. Dean could relate.

Dad wasn't happy, but so far seemed to not be in the mood for a fight. Dean hoped that would remain the case when everyone left and it was just down him, Dean, and the happy couple.

Jody just thought the guy was adorable...and she was right. For all that the guy seemed to want to give off a bad boy vibe, his face lit up like a little kid when he got excited, which was a lot.

And Dean- Dean just loved anyone who loved Sammy as much as Gabe obviously did.

The guy was insane over Sam - the heart eyes, the constant touches, the little kisses: all of it just spilled over with adoration for Dean's brother. Dean couldn't be happier that it seemed like Sam had found someone out there who treated him right.

Plus, the guy was hilarious. He could tell stories for days, and Dean would have listened to all of them. Dean couldn't remember the last time he had laughed so much or so hard as he did over the course of this night.

Sam had really hit the jackpot. Gabe was attractive, funny, kind, had awesome taste in (so far as Dean could tell) pretty much everything. The hours and the night wore on and the week passed and while Dean - being the protective big brother that he was - honestly tried to find some fault in Gabe, he just couldn't. The guy was perfect. He was- he was perfect.

Chapter 4: The Wrong Made Right

Gabriel groaned and rolled out of bed. He stretched and pulled on his favorite Dr. Sexy t-shirt with a sigh.

He should probably apologize to Sam.

Even though it wasn't like he was getting paid for this, he and Sam did have an arrangement: Gabe got to come hang out with a family and eat home-cooked food for a week if he helped Sam piss them off. And Gabe had tried. He'd *tried*. He had been as disgustingly sweet as he possibly could be. He'd been over-the-top affectionate and as much all over Sam as he could be without feeling like *Sam* was the one he was actually making uncomfortable here. He was pretty sure they'd at least gotten under his Dad's skin a little.

The one thing Gabe hadn't counted on in this whole arrangement was how awesome most of Sam's family actually was.

He wandered out of the room and into the kitchen to find Dean already there.

Dean looked over his shoulder and grabbed a second coffee mug from the cabinet. He poured a cup of what ended up being half coffee, half milk, and the perfect (ungodly) amount of sugar before mixing it up and setting it in front of Gabe before taking his own seat at the table to drink his black. Gabe tried to ignore how Dean had remembered from yesterday morning how he liked it.

"You're an angel," Gabriel mumbled as he sipped the ambrosia.

"Want some chocolate syrup in it?"

Gabriel looked up at him. "Marry me?"

Dean snorted and retrieved the chocolate from the fridge. "Sorry. "Sammy and I may share a lot of things but partners ain't one of them."

Gabriel huffed as he squeezed the syrup into his cup. "Your loss," he said, aiming for joking. He *was* joking in a way. He didn't want them to share him.

He wanted *Dean*.

Look, Sam was great. He was. He was nice and brilliant and kind and so perfect in so many ways and- and...boring. No matter how hard he tried and how hard he acted for the sake of their ruse, he and Sam just couldn't jive at all. It was an awful fit. Sure, he liked him, but it was just...all wrong.

Gabriel stirred his coffee and looked up at Dean as he took a sip, fighting down all the thoughts of how Sam *would*, however, make an absolutely perfect brother-in-law. Gabriel had almost fallen off his bike the first time he'd seen Dean standing outside as they pulled up, looking for anything like he'd just jumped out of some sort of magazine cover. It didn't make it any better that the guy was awesome. For every joke Sam rolled his eyes at, Dean rolled laughing. For every time Sam looked at him and said, *oh my god you watch that?*, there was a Dean going, *Dude, me too!* They had spent two hours last night standing outside going over every curve and restoration of Dean's '67 Impala and every inch and modification of Gabriel's bike. And while everyone here seemed to be okay with Gabriel to various degrees, Dean seemed to be the only one who never looked at him weird or judged him to start with.

Sam had looked at Gabriel and gone, "You look like the right kind of messed up to tick my family off."

The rest of their family had looked at Gabriel and gone, "You look a wild and maybe suspicious person, but we trust Sam and want him to be happy."

Dean had simply looked at Gabriel and gone, "You look like a person." Dean hadn't blinked, even when Gabriel tried to make him. Gabriel had found himself telling Dean more and more about himself, wondering where the breaking point was, wondering what thing would make Dean look at him like he was broken; none of it did.

Gabe drained the last of his cupu and set the empty mug in the sink. "Thanks for the coffee," he said as he left to go outside. He seriously needed some air. He sat on the front porch and hung his legs off the edge, watching the wind blow through the trees in the front yard. He heard the door open and close behind him.

Footsteps slowly approached, and then Dean was sitting next to him, staring out over the grass. "Hey, uh, I know we've only known each other a week, but...are you okay? You don't really seem yourself this morning."

Gabriel hung his head and let out a quiet laugh. "This is all wrong."

"Huh?"

Gabriel looked up at Dean. So many things were flashing through his brain, but none of them made sense to come out of his mouth. None of the things seemed related, but among them were things like...

People didn't check on Gabriel. He was the oldest, the one who was expected to be okay (and he suspected that Dean knew something about that).

Gabriel was really glad that Sam had invited him out here and he hoped that Sam hadn't hated every minute of it like he suspected; 'cause at least maybe Sam had gotten to see that maybe his family could surprise him in good ways, and Gabriel had gotten to meet them.

Dean's nose and cheeks were dusted with freckles.

The Impala was gorgeous and awesome and he wanted to find out just how comfortable those bench seats were.

Dean had really green eyes.

There was no one when they got back to campus to make Gabriel coffee in the mornings.

Gabriel really wished he had someone to geek out over engines and music and Dr. Sexy with.

Oh...maybe all of the things flashing through Gabriel's mind were connected after all.

Maybe Gabriel shouldn't have, but like every other stupid, beautiful, perfect thing about him, Dean's lips were too perfect; and Gabriel really suddenly needed to know what they felt like, so he leaned forward and studied them with his own.

And for one blissful moment, Dean kissed him back.

Then Dean was reeling. He jolted back and practically fell off of the porch. "I- you- wha- dude, what the hell!"

A door slammed, and Gabriel looked up to see a wide-eyed Sam and a fuming John Winchester standing behind him. He starts to explain, but is cut off by Sam's laughter.

Two hours and a lot of shock and screaming and laughing later, Sam and Gabe have come clean to the family about their ruse, Dean is out to his family as bi, and Gabriel has a new boyfriend that he swears must have fallen out of one of his dreams somewhere.

Next time they all get to see each other, Gabriel invites his little brother to join them and can't help but notice the way Sam goes weak in the knees the moment they meet. Gabriel laughs. Sam and Cas would probably be perfect for each other.

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