A Place In the Sun

by leonidaslion

Summary

Dean made a mistake, and it's not happening again. No matter how crazy Sam's making him.

‘Okay, you don’t want to do this. Fine. We won’t. I’ll never bring it up again, okay?’

That was what Sam had said, but Sam was a fucking liar.

Not that he ever actually mentioned anything out loud, of course—knew Dean would be out the door like a bullet if he took it that far—but the asshole kept looking. Dean could feel Sam’s eyes on his skin: felt Sam peering through layers of clothing to the flesh underneath. Worse, sometimes he’d actually catch Sam’s eyes on his ass, or his crotch, or his neck, and Sam’s mouth would be parted. Those slanting hazel eyes would be heavy, his skin flushed, and Dean would have to list weapon statistics in his head to keep from just saying fuck it, and jumping straight into the mouth of Hell. Or Sam’s lap. Same difference, really.

And the fact that Dean could feel Sam for an entire week after—could feel a deep-seated ache every time he stood up, or sat down, or just shifted his weight for christssakes—really wasn’t helping. Neither were the bruises Sam had left on his skin, and Dean lost count of the amount of times (twenty five) he jerked off those first few weeks, leaning against the bathroom counter and staring at the marks. Watching them fade from smudged indigo to a sickly greenish-yellow color. Watching them sink into his skin until there was nothing left.

No trace. Never happened.

Except for Sam’s eyes, and the sounds that sometimes came from the bathroom in the middle of the night. Soft slap of skin, and the harsh panting of Sam’s breath. Sam’s voice, low and urgent: ‘Dean, oh God, Dean.’
Dean imagined he could smell it on his brother when he came out on shaky legs. He wanted to reach over and yank Sam down into his bed as he went by. Wanted to shove Sam’s boxers down and see how long it took to mouth him back to hardness. Wanted to know how Sam tasted. Hell, he just plain wanted, and it wasn’t going away. It wasn’t getting easier like he told himself it would, and he must have been sending Sam subconscious signals of encouragement because Sam wasn’t moving on either.

Not healthy.

Dean felt like he was going to crawl out of his skin, but Sam was oblivious to his discomfort, or ignoring it. He was sitting on one of the beds—on Dean’s bed—surfing the web, and that look of concentration on his face was the same one he’d been wearing when he was getting Dean’s pants off, right down to that tantalizing hint of tongue protruding from his mouth. Sam’s shirt was about two sizes too big—where the hell did he find those tents?—so Dean could see down the front of it a little and holy shit if he didn’t get out of here soon he was going to explode. Come in his pants. Jump his brother. Something.

Dean moved suddenly, snagging his coat off the table and then heading to the door. “Don’t wait up,” he said.

“Where are you going?”

“Out.” Please, for once in your life, man, let it go. If that psychic shit of Sam’s had been useful at all, he’d have heard that.

“Out where?”

“Just out.” Jesus Christ, Winchester, keep walking. Don’t turn around.

“Going to a bar?”

Dean turned around. And hell, Sam looked like Dean was murdering his favorite puppy. What the fuck do you want from me? he wanted to yell, but he already knew the answer to that question, and it was Not Happening. He’d fucked Sam up enough for one lifetime already, thanks very much. Keeping his mouth shut, he shrugged noncommittally.

And Sam was sitting there, pouting at him like this was Dean’s fault—it was—like he was being a stupid asshole—again, good point—like Sam was going to start crying when Dean walked out the door—distinct possibility.

Bitter despair washed over Dean and he wished, not for the first time, that Sam would get off his ass and do something that he could call him on. That Sam would break his promise so that Dean could get out of here before he did something they’d both regret. Again.

For a moment, Dean thought he was going to do it. Sam’s expression had gone from pathetic to pissed off in about point two seconds. Sam looked as ready to snap as Dean felt, and Sam had never been good at keeping his trap shut. Sam was finally going to give him the out he needed—the out they both needed, if Sam would just get his head out of his ass long enough to see it.

Then Sam dropped his eyes back to the laptop. “We’re in the middle of a job. You really think now is the best time to be getting wasted?”

Fuck the job, and fuck you too. Fuck you for doing this to me. Fuck you for not letting me go.
But of course he couldn’t say any of that any more than he could go out and blow off some steam. Sam was right, after all. Sam was right and Dean was probably going to have to listen to the asshole jack off in the bathroom again tonight. Was going to hear his brother panting behind a closed door and feel the ghosts of huge hands fumbling drunkenly at his cock.

Fucking A.

Dean wrenched his coat off and then flopped down onto the empty bed. “There better be something good on the TV.”

A week later, Sam was watching the Discovery Channel while Dean stared morosely at the door. Fat chance, Dean brooded, hunching lower against the headboard. Jerk watches me like a goddamned hawk. Can’t get near the fucking door without him all over me about it.

Sam climbed to his feet and started to make his way toward the bathroom, moving in an awkward shuffle-lurch and dragging his injured leg—told him to get out of the way, but he never fucking listens—behind him. Dean actually found himself scooting forward to the edge of the bed, ready to get up and help his brother, when he remembered that they weren’t doing the touching thing anymore. He aborted the movement into a reach for the remote and was fairly certain that Sam didn’t notice. Kid was too hopped up on painkillers to notice much of anything.

Sam had been in the bathroom for all of two minutes when Dean realized that this was the chance he’d been waiting for. Grabbing his coat, he sprinted for the door and was climbing into the Impala before gimpy could have even made it past the beds. He drove with the gas pedal shoved against the floor the whole way and was surprised that nobody pulled him over.

Her name was Heather. She was petite and blonde and everything that Sam wasn’t. Dean hadn’t meant to do more than flirt with her, but one too many drinks and he somehow wound up in a bathroom stall with Heather on her knees in front of him.

When he came, she caught it all in her mouth and then spat it out into the toilet bowl. Snaked up his body and tucked him back in and then whispered in his ear, “My place or yours, cowboy?” And that was corny as hell, but she’d just given him a pretty decent blowjob so Dean figured he owed her. They went back to her place: a studio apartment where Dean fucked her first on the couch and then up against one of the peeling walls.

Later, when she was sleeping and he snuck out the front door, an uncomfortable, sick feeling was pooled in his stomach.

Dean made sure to go out every night after that, like he could fuck Sam out of his system. Sam let him. He sat there and watched him go out and then watched him come back in. After that first night, he never commented on it, but he stayed up waiting for Dean every time. Dean undressed to the steady pulse of Sam’s anger and hurt flooding the room and it wasn’t enough.
One afternoon while they were having lunch at Lucy’s Pie Shack, Sam looked up from his burger and said, “I know what you’re trying to do.”

Meeting Sam’s serious gaze, Dean felt that uncomfortable feeling in his stomach lower and tighten. His thumb scraped across the fresh hicky on the inside of his right wrist—Sam had been staring at it all morning, and Dean was tempted to put a Band-Aid on it.

*What am I doing, Sammy? Please, for the love of God, tell me so I can stop.*

But what came out of his mouth, toneless and flat, was, “Is it working?”

“No.” For once, Sam’s eyes were empty instead of bleeding his usual emo crap all over the place.

Dean looked away before he could see himself there and shoved a French fry in his mouth. It was tasteless and for a moment he couldn’t remember how to swallow. After a few abortive attempts, he figured it out and then said, “Guess I’ll just have to try harder, then.”

They didn’t speak for the rest of the day.

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He was shorter than Dean, as skinny as a fucking rail. Red hair, too-pale skin and freckles. Blue eyes and a timid, small smile.

Dean bought him a drink, and then four more, and then blew the guy in the back seat of the Impala. As they sat on the hood waiting for their second winds, the redhead turned to Dean and said, “You’re real quiet, you know that? I didn’t figure you’d be quiet.”

Dean tossed the cigarette he’d bummed off the guy to the side of the road and said, “You gonna fuck me or what?”

That small smile was back, as wide as it was going to get and nowhere near wide enough. “Sure. I mean, can I?”

Dean shrugged, fished some lube out of his pocket, and tossed it to the redhead. “Use a condom.”

Afterward, Dean dropped him back off at the bar, tore up the number that the redhead had handed him and threw it out the window. He pulled over halfway back to the motel and puked in the bushes.

The redhead’s name had been Sam, and Dean hadn’t been able to make himself say it once.

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In the morning, Dean was too distracted by his own black thoughts to make much more than a token protest when Sam cleared his throat and said, “Dude, turn off here. I need some new clothes.”

Dean pulled off the highway and into the Wal-Mart parking lot and then forked over one of the credit cards. “Don’t take all day,” he grumbled before curling up in his seat with his head resting against the window.

He woke up an indeterminate amount of time later when Sam opened the back door. Twisting his head, he watched as his brother dumped four oversized bags into the car. “I didn’t realize we were outfitting an entire orphanage here.”
“I’m tired of just having three shirts and a pair of jeans, okay?” Sam muttered. He slammed the back door and then slid into the passenger seat.

Dean smirked. “I’m surprised they even carry anything in yeti.”

Slouching, Sam shot him a dark look and didn’t say anything. Dean hummed as he pulled out of the parking lot. The day was looking up already.

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The next morning, Dean wandered out of the bathroom and almost choked on his own spit. “Those don’t fit,” he said when he could talk again. His voice sounded strange in his own ears: hoarse and strangled.

Sam glanced up from the chair where he was sitting. Correction: from the chair where he was sprawled like a goddamned porn star.

“Don’t be an idiot, Dean. They fit fine.”

Sam stretched and of course Dean had to look. Had to trace the lines of Sam’s muscles through the thin white t-shirt that looked like it was going to burst apart at the seams at the slightest provocation. Had to stare at the tan swath of stomach that particular motion revealed. Thin line of dark hair leading down underneath the jeans Sam was wearing, and were those new too? Dean guessed they probably were because Sam’s old jeans never fit like that, hanging off his hips like they’d come away with one good tug. He forced his gaze up again, and up, and it took a while because Sam was still stretching, and he might as well be naked for all that rag he was calling a shirt was hiding, but finally—God, his throat—he made it up to his brother’s face.

Dean studied Sam’s face—safest place to look really—and tried to figure out if his little brother was fucking with him. But Sam’s normally open face had become sphinx-like and inscrutable. The half-smile on his lips could have meant anything from ‘you’re such a freak’ to ‘get over here and fuck me right now.’

“I mean it.” Dean was striving for ‘stern older brother’, but probably sounded more like ‘fifteen year old kid getting his first blowjob’. He cleared his throat and tried again. “Go put on something else.”

Sam gave him an unreadable look and stood up. Went over to the duffle lying on his bed and pulled out a fistful of fabric. “This better?” he asked, holding it up. “Or am I still offending your impeccable fashion sense?”

Black t-shirt. V-neck. Damned thing didn’t look like it would fit one of Sam’s arms, let alone his whole torso.

“Are they all like that?” Dean demanded, his voice strangled.

Sam smirked. “Closest they had to ‘yeti’.”

“We’re taking them back.” There you go, Winchester! Great idea.

Sam was looking at him like he’d grown an extra head or something. “Dean, that store’s almost three hundred miles behind us.” He turned around and shoved the shirt back into his bag.

“It’s a chain outfit,” Dean pointed out, and then congratulated his brain for continuing to work while Sam’s muscles were moving underneath his t-shirt like that.
Sam just stared at him for a few seconds, and then snorted. He swung his duffle on his back and started for the door.

“I mean it, Sam!” Dean shouted. “We’re stopping at the first Wal-Mart we find and—” And then he was talking to a closed door.

Dean stood in the motel room for a few minutes, nonplussed. It was obvious that Sam wasn’t going to return the clothes, and now Dean was remembering that there had been four bags of the stuff, and Jesus, what other nasty surprises were in there? But he couldn’t hide in the motel room all day, and so he finally packed and followed Sam out to the car.

“Sam …” Dean tried one last time as he lowered himself behind the wheel.

“Screw you, Dean,” Sam said pleasantly.

Yesplease, Dean thought, and then resisted the urge to smash his head down on the steering wheel.

Sam poked him in the shoulder. “So, uh, are we moving anytime today, or were you just planning on sitting here in the parking lot?”

Scowling, Dean wrenched the key in the ignition and then peeled out onto the street. After a moment, he reached over and snapped the air conditioner on full blast. Sam immediately started complaining that it was too cold, but Dean ignored him.

Maybe the bastard would be forced to actually put some clothes on.

Sam was still wearing—or not wearing—the clothes when they stopped for lunch. The two girls at the table next to them spent the entire time making cow eyes at him and giggling behind their hands whenever he smiled at them. Brain-dead idiots.

Over milkshakes, Sam asked, “Hey, do we have anywhere we really need to be right now?”

With difficulty, Dean tore his eyes away from Sam’s hand, which was sliding up and down his milkshake glass in a gesture that should have been outlawed in all fifty states. “Why?”

Sam glanced over at the girls and slid his hand back up his glass. “Thought maybe we could hang around here for a little while.”

Dean’s first instinct was to laugh and ask Sam who he was trying to fool. He knew Sam, after all, and Sam didn’t do casual hookups in the middle of the day. Sam didn’t do casual hookups period.

But he didn’t wear clothes like he’d just stepped out of an Abercrombie and Fitch ad, either.

This is what you wanted, right? For Sam to stop moping after you and get on with his heterosexual, non-brother-fucking life?

But Dean’s stomach churned as he tossed a wad of cash down on the table and slid out of the booth. “Gotta be in Tulsa by tonight,” he lied brusquely, and then strode out of the diner without glancing back to see if Sam was following.

As if the clothes weren’t bad enough, Sam started … touching him. Nothing outright, nothing Dean could call him on, just little brushes that Dean could pass off as accidental if he wanted to.
Which, of course, he did.

It was easier that way: easier than getting into a fight with his little brother about Sam brushing his fingers against Dean’s when he passed the salt at dinner. He was probably just being too sensitive about it anyway.

Sam wasn’t staring at him like a lovesick adolescent anymore, after all, and as far as Dean knew those nightly jerk off sessions had stopped.

So what if Sam’s arm brushed Dean’s when he leaned over to change the station on the radio? So what if Sam’s shoulder shoved against Dean’s back when Sam staggered into the bathroom for his toothbrush after a particularly exhausting hunt? So what if Sam’s foot bumped Dean’s underneath the table at lunch?

It wasn’t like the kid was shoving his hand down Dean’s pants or anything.

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“Shitfuck!” Dean spat as Sam dragged him into the motel room.

“You’re such a baby,” Sam told him.

Dean scowled and pushed Sam away. He could stand on his own, thanks. “Wait until some freak of nature tries to turn you into a pincushion and see how you like it.”

“Yeah, that porcupine was a real menace all right.”

“Porcupine my ass. Did you see the size of that thing? Mean bastard. It was probably possessed. We should go back and kill it.” He limped into the bathroom, twisting to see the mess the damned thing had made of his back, and winced.

“It was just defending itself, Dean,” Sam said, following him into the bathroom. “Are you gonna let me take care of this or what?”

“What.” Dean shoved Sam away with one hand and then reached around, taking hold of one of the quills sticking out of his right shoulder. Clenching his jaw, he tugged the quill free and instantly hunched over, biting back on a shout. Felt like he’d just yanked a chunk of his skin off or something. Glancing at the quill in his hand, he realized that he had. Ew, and also: ow.

When he straightened up again, Sam was standing behind him with his arms folded across his chest, watching with a slight smile on his face. Sadistic bastard.

Dean tossed the quill at him. “Get lost.”

“You’re being ridiculous about this, you know that right?”

“Sammy, I swear to God I will stick these in your ass if you don’t get out of here now.”

Sam raised his hands in surrender and headed back out into the bedroom, closing the door behind him. Dean steeled himself and then twisted to grab another quill. He managed to pull two more out before finally sinking to his knees and resting his forehead against the edge of the sink.

“Sam?” he called.

The door opening immediately, which meant that Sam had been waiting just outside. Dean rolled one eye up at his brother.
“Not one word,” he threatened.

“I didn’t say anything,” Sam said, his voice neutral.

“Yeah, well … don’t.”

It took Sam a little over half an hour to get all the quills out, and by then Dean was sprawled out on the floor and covered in sweat. When Sam pulled him to his feet, Dean saw that the sink was filled with bloody needles. He jerked his gaze up before he could decide to be sick and was graced with the oh-so-pleasant image of his blanched, shaken face in the mirror. His shirt was completely ruined and, worse, they’d wasted a night they could have spent clearing out that nest of basilisks.

Oh, yeah, and his back and right shoulder felt like they were on fire. Fanfuckingtastic.

“Well,” he said finally. “That was fun.”

Sam shifted his weight a little and said, “Um …”

Dean let his head fall forward and closed his eyes. “What?”

“Well, there’s—there’s still some of that antiseptic cream left in the first aid kit. It’s got lidocaine in it. I can help you put it on and then bandage you up.”

Even with pain thrumming through him, Dean knew that was a bad idea. He’d gotten used to the little, almost-certainly accidental touches over the past few weeks, but having Sam’s hands all over his bare skin was a whole other ball game. On the other hand, if Dean had to do all that himself, he’d probably end up doing a half-assed job. Then the damned holes would get infected, and knowing his luck, he’d probably end up with gangrene.

Besides, Sam seemed to have gotten over his infatuation, so the only one this would be messing with was Dean. No biggie.

“Sure,” he muttered, ignoring that panicked voice shouting inside his head that it was a biggie. It was a really big fucking biggie.

But somehow Dean found himself lying down on his bed, his shirt tossed into the trash. Sam was sitting on the bed next to him, and at the first brush of his brother’s hand across his enflamed skin, Dean hissed and jumped a little.

“Sorry,” Sam murmured, but he didn’t pull back. His fingertips traced little circles across Dean’s shoulder, leaving a refreshing, cool tingle in their wake, and Dean forced himself to relax.

“S’okay. Just cold.”

Sam didn’t respond to that, just kept dancing his fingers over Dean’s shoulder and down his back. After a few minutes, Sam shifted his weight and changed hands. His other hand came down on Dean’s uninjured shoulder, his thumb resting against the nape of his neck—for balance, he’s just balancing himself. Still, this was getting a little awkward, as the lidocaine started to take effect and Dean’s lower stomach started to warm uncomfortably.

“Hold still,” Sam whispered. His voice was about eight octaves too deep, and Dean was liking this a little too much now. His erection pressed into the bed as Sam’s hands kept working across his shoulder blades. Sam was tracing across Dean’s skin with his thumbs, dragging shivers out of him. He ran one finger down Dean’s spine, sending tiny thrills of heat straight down into his cock, and Dean couldn’t keep his hips from stuttering forward into the bed.
Oh God, stop. No, don’t stop. Don’t you fucking dare. Dean pressed his lips together: no way in hell was he actually going be tricked into actually saying anything, no matter what Sam’s hands were doing. Sam was just trying to help him, Sam had just managed to straighten himself out—ha ha, no pun intended—and no fucking way was Dean going to screw everything up.

Except that finger on his spine just kept moving lower, and Dean didn’t remember getting hit down there, and oh Jesus Christ how far south was Sam going? Another inch of that slow, heavy drag, and Sam’s finger was resting against the waistband of Dean’s jeans. He went utterly still, not sure whether he wanted to shove Sam off or just lie there and let him—anything; Jesus, Sam, anything you want—and then Sam hooked his finger underneath the jeans, his nail dragging against Dean’s skin, and tugged up. Denim pressed against Dean’s erection and he had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from moaning.

“You got blood on your jeans,” Sam said, and then his hand slipped away, and he was standing up. “Let that sit for a few minutes and then I’ll bandage you up.”

Dean’s breath was still stuttering into the pillow. After a moment of struggle he managed to swallow his heart instead of letting it slip out of his mouth. Sam was silent behind him. Sam was watching him, was standing so close Dean could sense him, and he had to know.

He did that deliberately, sneaky son of a bitch.

Then Sam brayed out a laugh. “Dude, I can’t believe you got taken out by a rodent!” he exclaimed, moving away.

Dean shifted his head to the side and tried to smother himself in the pillow. I’m going insane, he thought, and very carefully didn’t move his hips while he waited for his blood to stop pounding —Sam Sammy Sam—in his ears.

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Dean came back to himself with a snap, jerking his head up and pulling his knife out from underneath his pillow and muttering, “Whafu?” all at once.

The room was quiet: no sign of what had just woken him up. Frowning, Dean wiped the drool off the side of his mouth with the back of his hand. It was dark out, and he was freaking disoriented. He’d been pretty doped up last night when he and Sam finally made it back out to the woods to take care of the basilisk nest—not a porcupine in sight, thank God—and had spent most of the day sleeping it off in a half-doze.

“What time is it?” he moaned, dropping face first back into his pillow. He let his right hand, which was holding the knife, dangle off the side of the bed. Waited for Sam to poke his head out of the bathroom and tell him that he was a lazy bum. Nothing.

Dean raised his head again, grip tightening on the knife, and looked toward the bathroom. “Sammy?” But he could already see that it was dark in there, and now that he was coming back to himself, the room felt empty.

He went out to get dinner is all, Dean told himself, but for some reason he was uneasy. Keeping a hold on the knife, he climbed off the bed and stood there, blinking at the dim room and trying to figure out what was wrong. It slowly came to him that he could smell something: cologne.
Why the hell would Sam have put cologne on to go pick up a couple of Big Macs?

After a few minutes of frantic searching, he found the note on the table next to a greasy bag that Dean supposed was meant to be dinner.

_Hey, Rip Van Winkle,_
_Went out. Back late. Don’t wait up._

Dean stared down at the note, working his jaw and trying to piece everything together. Sam, and cologne, and “don’t wait up” didn’t compute. And then again, with a sinking stomach, he had to admit that it did.

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It wasn’t like it was difficult to find Sam. Ashton, Town of the Killer Porcupines, only had two bars, and just a glance in the first one was enough to tell Dean that Sam wasn’t there. He ducked out quickly, ignoring the suspicious, sullen glances cast his way as well as the sullen burn the rapid motion caused in his back and shoulder. Goddamned porcupine. Goddamned little brother making him come out here when he felt like lukewarm crap.

He spotted Sam right away when he edged into the Timbermille. Sam wearing another of those stupid shirts that didn’t fit him, the muscles in his shoulders working as sat at the bar with his tongue down this kid’s—if she’s a day over sixteen, I’ll sell the Impala for spare parts—throat and those big paws of his cradling her face.

Dean was halfway over to them before he realized he was moving, and he still hadn’t figured out how to stop himself when he grabbed hold of Sam’s shoulder and yanked him back, almost tossing him off of the bar stool.

Since Sam was holding the girl, she came with him and Sam ended up with one foot on the floor and the girl in his lap, cheeks flushed and glaring at Dean. “What the hell, man?” he demanded.

What was Dean supposed to say to that? _You’re not allowed to kiss anyone but me? Get your ass back to the motel room so I can screw some sense into you?_

“What, Dean?” Sam pressed, his expression shifting from anger into something more dangerous. His eyes darkening with expectation—_of what? what does he want?_—and his tongue darting out to wet his lips.

“Sorry,” Dean croaked, tearing his eyes away from his brother before he did something really stupid. He found himself looking at the girl, her mouth slightly swollen from Sam’s kisses and her eyes wide and a little afraid.

“Thought you were someone else,” he mumbled to her, and then retreated as quickly as his dignity would allow.

He was shaking when he ordered a drink at the far end of the bar. His hands traced across the worn wood restlessly as he waited, definitely not stealing glances over at Sam and the bitch who was giggling and curling up in his lap. Great, looked like his … whatever that had been … had done the girl a favor. She certainly didn’t seem like she was in that big a hurry to get back to her own stool.

Sam wasn’t kissing her anymore, but those huge hands of his were curled around her ass, and he was nuzzling into her hair, and all of a sudden Dean was having trouble breathing. He chugged the beer the bartender brought him and then ordered another, telling himself that he had to get out of
here: that he had to go back to the motel and get some actual, non-drugged rest now that he knew where Sam was.

But he couldn’t take his eyes off of that familiar, broad back. Couldn’t stop watching the girl twine her fingers in that ridiculous hair as she reattached herself to Sam’s face. Sam’s fingers were working, massaging her ass while they kissed, and a sudden image of Sam leaning over Dean two nights ago, of Sam with his hands all over Dean’s bare back, blindsided him.

He grunted into his beer and shifted his weight, trying to relieve some of the pressure against the crotch of his jeans and failing miserably. I’m fucked up—this is fucked up—I should go. But he didn’t move until, two hours later, Sam detached himself from the girl and came over to collect him.

Dean did his best to stagger back to the car on his own and absolutely didn’t smirk at the disheartened longing on the girl’s face as she watched Sam go.

I’m fucked up—this is fucked up—I should go.

Dean kept expecting Sam to ask about it the next day—had an excuse all lined up and ready to go, involving a succubus, and tequila shooters, and Dad in a sombrero—but Sam didn’t say anything. Sam seemed to have completely forgotten about last night, sitting across from Dean in a dark blue fitted shirt and yammering on about a possible haunting in Georgia while they ate breakfast. Dean knew that he should be thankful, but gratitude was in short supply when he had Sam’s leg wedged up in between his underneath the table. It wasn’t deliberate, of course: Sam was an oversized giant and the booth hadn’t been made to hold someone that big. Not comfortably, anyway.

Sam babbled on about suspicious deaths in some old mansion and shifted his leg a little, his knee scraping along the inside of Dean’s thigh. Dean’s grip tightened convulsively on the bacon he was holding. It crumbled and fell back on the plate. The flow of words coming out of Sam’s mouth stopped and he cocked his head a little.

“You okay? You look … flushed. Like you’re coming down with something.”

Dean was going to answer, he really was, but then Sam shifted again and he bit his tongue instead. Sam’s knee was dangerously close to Dean’s crotch, was just brushing against it as he bounced his foot up and down energetically, and there was no way he wasn’t doing this on purpose. No fucking way.

Dean opened his mouth to call him on it and then paused. Sam was blinking at him, all innocence. Sam had spent last night with his tongue down some girl’s throat. Sam was ginormous and this booth had apparently been meant for midgets and none of this was deliberate at all.

“Dean?”

“Shut up.”

Oh right. Sam asked him a question. “Hangover,” he grunted.

Sam grinned unrepentantly, his knee still whisper-brushing across Dean’s slowly growing erection, and dug back into his pancakes. Kid was wrapping his lips around the fork like it was something else entirely, mouth wide enough so that Dean could see his tongue snaking out and pulling the
syrup-covered bite off the prongs and into his mouth. And then … then licking the fork clean, eyes half-lidded and smirking like a damned cat, sinking down in contentment and slipping his knee forward just a little more …

Dean shot out of the booth, light headed and thankful that he was wearing his oldest, loosest pair of jeans. Hid the party he was having in his pants. Sam was looking a question at him, slouched back in the seat like he had all the room in the world and running his tongue across his lips. Probably hunting for any stray drops of syrup.

“Be right back,” Dean managed, and then sauntered as casually as he could to the bathroom, where he locked the door before leaning against the wall and jerking off to thoughts of Sam’s mouth, and syrup, and miles of smooth, tan skin.

He was sweating when he went back to the table, and when Sam asked him again if he was getting sick, Dean shoveled eggs into his mouth and grunted that he might have a little cold. Nothing serious.

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After that night out in Ashton, Dean couldn’t seem to get away from Sam, the cockblocking bastard. Okay, so maybe Dean was the one who’d started inviting Sam out to the bars with him, and maybe he was also the one with the hang-ups that wouldn’t allow him to hook up in front of his brother, but it was totally Sam’s fault anyway. Honestly, if Sam hadn’t pulled that stupid disappearing stunt, then Dean wouldn’t have had to invite his little brother along just to keep an eye on him. Dean wouldn’t have had to spend half the night deflecting the women (and not a few men) who’d noticed Sam sitting there all splayed legs and blinding grin and hard body and started hunting after what wasn’t (mine, he’s mine) theirs.

Sam seemed oblivious. Sam, with his touching and his clingy shirts and his sudden lack of any modesty whatsoever in the motel room.

Hell, just the other night Dean had been sitting on the bed watching The Tonight Show and Sam had strolled out of the bathroom butt naked. Water glistening across his skin and snaking trails down that firm belly and his cock hanging full and heavy between his legs as he hunted around in his bags for something to wear. He took so long about it that Dean was tempted to get up and shove some of his own boxers into Sam’s hands just to get him out of the room.

But that was a Very Bad Idea because it involved moving toward an extremely naked Sam, and Dean was pretty sure that if he shifted even one inch he was going to end up wrapped around his brother. Would end up pushing Sam against the wall and begging for Sam to touch him. Or, hell, he’d end up on his knees in front of Sam, slipping his mouth over Sam’s cock and sucking those last drops of water clean.

Which was a worse idea now than it had been before because Sam was cured. Sam was fixed and over Dean and thank God for that, right? This was what he wanted?

By the time Sam had wandered obliviously back into the bathroom, Dean’s knuckles were white, his hands fisted tightly in the sheets to keep him anchored.

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Dean had just managed to deflect another of Sam’s admirers—freckled brunette who probably could have bench-pressed Sam one-handed—and was turning around with a self-satisfied smirk on his face when he realized that Sam wasn’t at their table anymore. Shit.
His throat clenching in dismay, Dean scanned the bar for his brother. Trying to find the tall, slippery bastard through the crowds that had gathered for the local band that was performing tonight. Damned bar was obviously over fire code, and Dean was seriously considering reporting them if he didn’t find Sam in—His train of thought skidded off the tracks and crashed to a halt as he spotted a familiar dark head out on the cleared-off area that was serving as a dance floor.

The crowd of people between them shifted apart, and Dean could see that Sam was pressed up against someone. He could see Sam’s hips undulating as he practically dry-fucked her right out there in the open. Could see Sam’s hands splayed across the girl’s jean-covered waist and back the fuck up because one: Sam wasn’t supposed to be able to dance. And two: that wasn’t a chick with his brother, it was a dude.

The corridor of people closed up again before Dean could finish processing and he was left standing there with his nails digging bloody crescents into his palms. His heart was racing, pulsing mine mine mine with every breath, and his vision was filmed over with red. He was gonna kill that asshole for touching Sam. He was gonna take him outside and beat the shit out of him. He was gonna …

A hand slid down Dean’s side and came to rest firmly on his ass. Hot, warm breath in his ear. “Hey there, gorgeous. You with anyone?”

Dean turned his head and there was a man there. Tall like Sam, but blond. Whip-cord thin. “What is this,” Dean muttered, “A gay bar?” Because really, three guys hitting on other men in a town this size in one night did not compute.

The man took his hand back instantly, eyes widening. “Um, yeah actually. Sorry, I thought you knew.” Guy looked like he thought Dean was going to punch him.

“No,” Dean said shortly, and felt more than a little guilty. He’d been too busy staring at the way Sam’s shoulders filled out that shirt of his to notice much of anything else about this place. This damned thing with his brother was distracting him more than was safe in their line of work.

The tall blond had started to move away and Dean shot his hand out to catch the guy’s sleeve. “Doesn’t mean I mind,” he pointed out. He had to get his head back in the game: had to regain his calm and his focus. If fucking this guy would help, then Dean would do it in a heartbeat. Besides, he hadn’t gotten laid in months and the string bean wasn’t bad looking, for not being Sam.

The string bean’s name turned out to be Rocky, and Dean couldn’t help adding ‘the raccoon’ in his head every time he said it. Rocky bought Dean a few shots while Sam made his own friend out on the dance floor, and then Dean bought a few rounds himself, and then they both ended up staggering out the door toward Rocky’s truck.

Dean’s head spun as he leaned against the side of it, waiting for Rocky to figure out how to unlock the door. Finally, Rocky got tired of fumbling with the keys and just dropped them in the dirt. “Fuck it,” he growled, and then grabbed Dean’s shirt and dragged him closer.

“That’s what I’m talking about,” Dean mumbled, and the world was running circles around him as Rocky started kissing him, all tongue and no finesse whatsoever. Dean tilted his head back, and felt Rocky’s attention drop to his neck. Felt hands scrambling at his belt.

(Rain on his face, Sam’s hand groping for his belt, Sam’s mouth pressed against his as Sam keeps asking Dean to let him, please Dean please)

Those hands on his jeans finally figured out what they were doing and Dean shut his eyes. His
breath was harsh in his own ears as his pants were shoved down, and he was actually doing this. He was actually going to let some stranger with a dorky name fuck him in the parking lot of Ohio’s only gay bar while Sam was inside humping some loser and calling it dancing.

And then the warm body in front of him was ripped away and Dean opened his eyes to find Sam there. Sam with his face flushed and his eyes dark as he slammed his fist into Rocky’s jaw and dropped him like a stone. Sam looking furious and wild and really fucking big as he turned his attention back to Dean, and shit, what was going on here?

“Chri—” Dean slurred. “Christ—”

“I’m not fucking possessed,” Sam snapped, and while Dean was trying to figure out how to say, ‘like hell you aren’t’, he reached out and pulled Dean’s pants up roughly. Dean made a strangled noise when Sam zipped him in—Sam’s hands pressing his cock back away from the teeth—and then Sam was grabbing hold of Dean’s wrist and pulling him away from the truck.

“Oh!” Dean complained.

“Can’t leave you alone for a goddamned minute, can I?” Sam demanded, hauling him along toward the Impala.

Dean glanced back over his shoulder at Rocky, starting to come to on the pavement. He frowned and protested, “You hit Rocky the raccoon!” Oh, goodie: his voice was working again.

“Gonna hit you if you don’t shut up.” Sam shoved Dean against the car, dug into Dean’s pockets for the keys (and yeah, Dean may have squirmed a bit—what, Sam couldn’t expect him to just hold still while he did shit like that, could he?) and then yanked the door open. “Get in.”

“No.” Mainly because he was started to get a little (scared) nervous here.

Sam grabbed his arm and forced him into the car anyway, and then snapped the seatbelt around him while Dean was trying to climb back out. It took Dean a few minutes to realize what had happened, and by then they were already halfway back to the motel, Sam driving like a maniac and glowering over the wheel.

When they got to the parking lot, Sam hustled Dean out of the car and into the room without a word, ignoring all of Dean’s feeble protests. The sound of Sam shutting and locking the door finally sparked enough panic in Dean for him to get it together long enough to shout, “What the fuck is your problem?” while simultaneously falling over onto the bed. Great. Stupid moving floor.

“What’s my problem?” Sam shot back wildly, running his hands through his hair. “You, Dean! You’re my fucking problem! I was gonna do this slow, I really was. I had a plan worked out and everything and then you have to go and fuck it up by—by—right in front of me, and I just can’t—goddamn it, Dean, you can’t expect me to just stand there and watch while you fuck some—some stranger, and—and—”

Dean blinked up at Sam, who didn’t look angry at all anymore. In fact, he looked a little terrified and close to tears. Struggling into a sitting position, Dean said, “Sammy, hey. Hey, it’s okay.”

“No, it’s not okay, you asshole!” Sam stepped forward between Dean’s legs and leaned over him, one hand on either side of Dean on the bed. “Did you ever stop to think about what it was doing to me, or were you too busy trying to fuck everyone who would drop their pants for you to worry abo —”

Sam never got to finish that because Dean reached up and grabbed his brother’s shirt and yanked
him down the few necessary inches. He hadn’t meant to do it, he really hadn’t, and so he was a little too unsure for it to be a real kiss—for it to count.

If anything, Sam looked more wild when he pulled back. *He’s leaving,* Dean thought desperately, and tightened his hold on Sam’s shirt to haul him back down again.

This time Sam kissed him back. Kissed him hard and almost angry, like he was trying to bruise Dean’s lips or draw blood. Dean just pulled Sam closer and fought for control, running on instinct and not letting himself think about all the reasons he shouldn’t be doing this. He managed to get Sam’s lower lip between his teeth and bit down, and Sam made a choked noise.

A moment later, he was climbing on the bed, maneuvering Dean back and down and settling his weight on top of him. Dean was suddenly reminded of how huge his brother was and went a little slack-jawed at the drunken wave of want that swept through him. Sam took the opportunity to break the kiss and start on Dean’s throat. Dean brought his hands up and threaded them through his brother’s hair, and it took him a few moments to realize that he was babbling.

“—need you, Sammy—so goddamned much—so fucking hot—couldn’t stop thinking—want this—want you—God, Sammy, I l-lo—” He swallowed that just in time, but Sam seemed to have heard it anyway. Sam had raised his head and was *looking* at him, and the pause gave Dean enough control over his brain to realize just what he’d just said. What they’d just been doing.

*Oh, shit,* he thought, and shoved at Sam—at his brother, damn it—trying to scramble away.

Sam had fucking octopus tentacles instead of arms, though, and had apparently decided that he wasn’t quite through with this kissing thing. His breath was warm and moist on Dean’s skin as he mouthed across Dean’s throat. “Want you too—love you so much—please, Dean, please—”

“No,” Dean breathed, like he hadn’t been begging for it a minute ago, and why the hell had he drunk so much at the bar? He couldn’t *think,* he couldn’t … “No, it’s wrong. You don’t want—” His words cut off in a moan as Sam grabbed one flailing hand and shoved it against the hard line of his cock. His little brother’s cock, hard and twitching underneath his fingers.

“You feel that? Do you? I’m not drunk now, Dean. I’m not drunk, and I want you, and this isn’t a goddamned crush, okay?”

“Wrong,” Dean repeated, clinging to that. Clinging to the thought of what Dad would say if he were here. Of what he’d do to Dean if he found out Dean was hurting Sam like this. Sam’s grip tightened around his wrist as he struggled to pull his hand back.

“You’re not hurting me, you idiot!” Sam yelled, and had Dean said that out loud? Apparently so. “I want this. You want this. We’re both adults and I don’t give a rat’s ass what Dad would say about it.”

“You’re my brother, Sammy,” Dean protested.

Sam gave a wild laugh. “Yeah? So?”

“It’s not right.”

“Neither is credit card fraud, or breaking and entering, or—”

“That’s different.”

“How? How the hell is that different?”
“Because it’s not goddamned incest, you fucking moron!” Dean shouted, and that did it. That shocked Sam into letting Dean’s hand go and leaning back enough so that Dean could scramble out from underneath him. So that Dean could shoot across the room and get his back to the wall, which held him up as the world spun around him.

He was so fucking turned on, and completely hammered, and it wasn’t fair for Sam to kiss him when he was like this. It wasn’t fair for Sam to be so damned huge, and hot, and … and oh shit, Sam was following him. Sam was stalking toward him and smiling like a fox that’s just realized the door to the henhouse was left unlocked. Dean made a weak little moan in the back of his throat and couldn’t move.

“You tell me you don’t want this,” Sam said as he came. “Go ahead and try it, Dean. I dare you.” Then he was right there in front of Dean, shoving knee in between Dean’s thighs and splaying his hands out on either side of Dean’s head.

“You fucker,” Dean panted, dropping his head back against the wall and pressing his eyes shut. Sam licked across Dean’s throat, nipping gently at his Adam’s apple. “What’s your problem? We both know you don’t give a damn about what other people think, so what is it?”

There was no way Dean couldn’t answer that question. Not when Sam’s voice was so cracked and desperate. “I’m supposed to protect you, Sammy,” he whispered. “Not fuck you.”

“You can’t do both?” Sam asked, and Dean went still.

“I don’t—” And where were his excuses?

He wanted to argue that this was hurting Sam, but Sam wasn’t acting hurt. In fact, it was Dean’s resistance to this thing, whatever it was, that seemed to have hurt his brother.

He wanted to argue that Sam didn’t want this, but Sam apparently did want this. In fact, if Dean correctly understood what Sam had said before, then his little brother had been scheming to get this for months now.

He wanted to argue that Dad would hate it, that Dad would disown them both. But Dad was dead, and he was never going to find out.

“I love you,” Sam breathed against his skin, and Dean felt the resistance flow out of him.

“Yeah. Yeah, okay.”

Sam lifted his head, and his face was so bright with hope that it hurt to look at him. “Say it again.”

“Sam …” Dean shifted uncomfortably.

“Say it again, Dean.” Sam edged in closer and somehow managed to tuck himself up against Dean’s chest. His hands slid between Dean’s back and the wall and Jesus, Dean hadn’t signed up for cuddling. Except he wasn’t pushing Sam away. Was, in fact, twisting one hand in Sam’s hair while he slung his other arm around his brother’s broad back.

“Okay, Sammy. Okay.”

Somehow, they wound up in Sam’s bed, clothes strewn all over the floor. Sam was wrapped around Dean and hugging him close. Dean was resting his head on Sam’s shoulder, a low thrum of arousal running through him.
“You want to?” he asked, his hand drawing absent circles across his brother’s chest.

But even though Dean could see Sam’s erection tenting the sheets, Sam shook his head. “Later—tomorrow. You’re drunk, and I don’t—” Dean glanced up at the embarrassment in Sam’s voice. There was a blush painting his brother’s cheeks, making him look years younger. Dean thought that he should probably be freaking out about that and couldn’t seem to make himself care.

“What?” he prodded.

“Not like this, okay? Tomorrow, if you still want to, we can … you know.”

“If you can’t say it, you shouldn’t be doing it,” Dean mumbled into his brother’s skin.

“What are you, twelve?”

“You’re the one who can’t say it, Sammy.”

“Okay, okay. Tomorrow, I’ll fuck you so hard you’ll have to spend the next week on your stomach in the backseat. That what you wanted to hear?”

“Promise?” Sam’s familiar snort of exasperation ruffled Dean’s hair and he smiled.

Three minutes later, when Sam asked, “You just wanted to hear me talk dirty, didn’t you?” Dean pretended to be asleep.

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Sam is holding forth about tax evasion and how Tom Cruise should be sent somewhere far, far away. Sam suggests Detroit. They’re in a room that’s a cross between a court and a bar, and Elvis is serving drinks wearing nothing but a pink tutu. Not young Elvis, either. A fish floats by and offers Dean a piece of pie, and … and he’s lying suspended in white light. He’s completely naked and there’s something warm and wet around his cock. A vise-like heat and a milking sensation that make Dean arch his back up and mewl like some kind of hurt animal, and it was that sound that woke him up. The heat didn’t go away, and when Dean moaned the suction actually increased, and something soft stroked along the underside of his cock.

Dean opened his eyes and looked down the length of his body and Sam was … Sam had … and Sam’s cheeks were … Sam’s lips, and his tongue, and that goddamned suckling and …

He wasn’t even fully awake yet and he was coming with a strangled cry and Sam was holding his hips down on the bed. Sam’s mouth was still latched onto Dean and now Sam’s throat was working as he swallowed. Dean let his head fall back against the pillow and stared up at the ceiling and panted, stunned.

Finally, that enveloping warmth slid back off of him and Sam crawled up his body, grinning shyly. “Wanted to do that last time,” he said, and then Sam was kissing him, Sam’s ridiculous hands cradling Dean’s face and tilting him up into it. Dean dropped his mouth open and let Sam in.

He could taste himself on Sam’s tongue, and it shouldn’t have been as hot as it was. Aftershocks were still running through him, making his limbs heavy and languid, and Sam’s cock was a hard, burning line against his thigh, and no way was Dean getting hard again. He wasn’t some sixteen-year-old ball of hormones anymore, and while he knew he was no slouch in bed, he hadn’t been able to get it up this fast in succession since … well, since the last time he and Sam had done this.

Sam pulled back a little, breaking the kiss, and a soft noise of protest chased him from Dean’s lips,
which was totally embarrassing. Dean expected Sam to call him on it, but Sam’s only response was his eyes lighting up like Dean was his own personal holy grail, or the complete set of the Encyclopedia Britannica or something.

Sam shifted his weight and there was something hot and heavy nudging against Dean’s ass. Only took Dean a second or so to realize what that was—he was a bright boy—and then it took all of his self-control not to shiver. He felt too exposed; Sam’s eyes on him were too hot and full of things Dean wasn’t sure he was ready for. Or maybe he’d been ready for them his whole life and just couldn’t believe—couldn’t trust—that now he could actually have them.

“Can I?” Sam whispered. All of a sudden he looked uncertain, eyes going wide and anxious like a goddamned puppy’s.

Dean kept his mouth shut against all the stupid shit that wanted to come out and just nodded, then moved to roll over. Sam’s hand on his chest stopped him, and he glanced up in confusion. Sam wanted this, didn’t he? He’d just asked for it, after all, and …

“Like this,” Sam said, trailing his hand down Dean’s stomach. He lowered his head and licked and bit along Dean’s collarbone, making Dean tilt his head back to offer his brother more access. “Want to see you,” Sam murmured. “Want to see your face.”

Dean pressed his eyes shut. “No. I’m not a fucking girl, Sam,” he protested. “I’m not gonna—” Sam’s hand slid lower to wrap around Dean’s dick, surprising a low curse from him.

“Please?” Sam’s voice was so soft that Dean could barely hear it over the beating of his own heart. “Later, okay? Later I’ll bend you over the table, the sink, the goddamned Impala if you want, I’ll—” His voice splintered and his hips stuttered forward, driving his cock along the crease of Dean’s ass and making him moan. “Dirty as you want, we can—anything—but right now I—I need—damn it, Dean, I’ll beg if I have to, just—”

“Already begging,” Dean pointed out, and then barked a laugh as Sam bit down, sudden and hard, on the side of his neck.

“Jerk,” Sam muttered, licking at the bite.

“Bi—nghh!”

“I didn’t quite catch that,” Sam smirked, pumping his finger—with no lube or spit—slowly in and out of Dean’s ass. Dean’s legs fell open anyway because the burn was sweet and hot and just this side of painful.

“Just shut up and fuck me already.”

He expected Sam to argue with him some more—Sam had never taken orders well—but Sam wordlessly slid his finger clear. Dean shifted his hips up after it before he could stop himself, but luckily his brother didn’t notice. Sam was too busy leaning off the side of the bed to grab a tube of lube he’d left on the nightstand—Dean wasn’t sure if that made him a boy scout or a sly dog—and then he was slicking up his fingers and sliding them back in. Sliding all three lubed fingers in together with no preamble and just—Jesus—expecting Dean to take it.

Dean twisted his head to one side and panted into the pillow. Sam’s fingers were opening him fast and hard, sending explosive shudders of pleasure through him, and what the fuck had happened to slow? What had happened to Sam’s ‘I want a chick-flick screw’ plan?

He must have said that out loud—really had to get a hold on his mouth—because Sam chuckled,
low and heated, and then said, “Such a wiseass,” while pressing his unoccupied thumb up against the underside of Dean’s balls.

“Jesus Christ,” Dean said faintly, and reached up to grab a fistful of Sam’s hair. He tugged Sam’s head down and kissed him. Tried to show Sam how he felt with his mouth and the way he was opening up his body because damned if he was ever actually going to be able to bring himself to say it.

“I’ve got you, Dean,” Sam murmured, and Dean ignored the way those words took him apart almost as shatteringly as the press of Sam’s fingers. Sam must have gotten a manual to Dean’s body somewhere because he was hitting all the right spots, and this time he didn’t even bother asking if Dean was ready before pulling his fingers out, lining up and shoving in.

He leaned his weight on his arms as he pushed forward, driving that heavy burn deeper. His face was flushed when he finally came to rest, biceps twitching with the strain of taking it slow: of not thrusting the way he obviously wanted to. Dean shifted underneath his brother’s weight, making Sam zone out for a second and forcing a gasp from his own mouth that he only partially managed to smother. From the dazed, hazy expression in Sam’s eyes, Dean guessed that his brother probably wouldn’t have heard anyway. Then Sam focused on him again—so goddamned intense—and Dean expected his brother to say something typically sappy and soul baring.

Instead, Sam tipped forward and kissed him: dirty and fast and rough like he was fucking Dean’s mouth with his tongue. When he finally let Dean’s lips go, Dean blinked up at him and demanded, “Where the hell did you learn that?”

“College.” Sam grinned so wide his dimples started to get dimples and then, just when Dean was going to make a crack about it, that grin slid into something lower. Something hungry. “I’m going to fuck you now.”

Dean was about to point out that there was some pretty solid evidence that said Sam was already doing that when Sam tucked his head down against Dean’s shoulder and moved. And yeah, Sam hadn’t been fucking him before after all.

He tilted his hips up to help Sam with the angle and hooked his legs around his brother’s lower back while sliding one hand between their bodies to jerk himself off. Sam slammed into him twice more before he realized what Dean was doing, and then he batted Dean’s hand away.

“Damn it, Sam,” Dean panted. “I need—need—”

“Just me.” Sam drove in again, hitting Dean’s prostate hard enough that Dean whited out for a few seconds. “Want you to come—just me—just this.”

Dean wanted to argue that he’d never come just from being fucked (liar: Sam wasn’t even in you last time when you shot) but he couldn’t find the words and anyway, Sam was still thrusting inside of him, hitting that spot each time, and that was it. He was coming and swearing while Sam kept going, his strokes speeding as Dean shattered around him.

“Yeah, that’s it,” Sam growled. “So fucking beautiful, Dean, I can’t—” But Dean never got to find out what Sam couldn’t because then he was, and Sam looked like he was in pain: looked like he was dying.

Dean tightened his muscles and Sam made a really gratifying shocked sound and collapsed, his hips snapping forward one last time before they stilled. Dean let Sam lay there for a few minutes, feeling his brother’s heartbeat slowing against his chest and putting up with the tiny hickeys Sam
kept sucking into his neck while he whispered “mine” in this low, determined tone of voice.

Finally, when he could make his own voice work again, Dean grumbled, “Possessive bastard,” and felt Sam smile against his skin.

“You like it.”

That was so not the point. “You better not fall asleep inside me this time,” he warned.

Sam chuckled softly and snuggled closer, wrapping his arms around Dean. “Like it here. ‘S warm.”

Dean rolled his eyes and then, struck by inspiration, reached down and pinched Sam’s ass. Sam yelped and jumped backwards, pulling free and almost falling off the bed. Score.

“You really know how to break the mood, don’t you?” Sam demanded, scowling and rubbing at his ass.

“There was a mood?” Dean asked, and then dodged as Sam dove at him, rolling out of the bed and landing in a crouch on the floor. He tried not to feel too satisfied with himself as he tossed back the covers on the unused bed and climbed in.

“I’m going back to sleep. Feel free to wake me up with a blowjob again.”

Sam’s response, of course, was to climb in the bed with him and drape himself over Dean’s back, looping one arm around to hug him close.

“Dude, can we quit this cuddling shit?” Dean complained, but he didn’t try to shove Sam off. Not because he liked it or anything. He was just too fucked out to move.

“No,” Sam said, and wiggled a little to get comfortable, draping one leg over Dean’s as he did so. Sam’s head was tucked down between Dean’s shoulders, and Dean could feel Sam’s breath warm and moist on his skin. Felt good. Felt like home.

Dean breathed out a long-suffering sigh and was glad that Sam couldn’t see the grin on his face. After all, he had an appearance to maintain.

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