Glowing Embers
by eternalsojourn

Summary

Out in the woods on a camping trip, Sam and Dean can't keep off each other despite their Dad being a mere two thin layers of nylon and a very short distance away.

Their ages aren't specified in the fic, but in my head Sam's about 15 here, and Dean about 19.

There are some firsts here but their first real foray into incest occurred one week before this fic takes place.

It’s late by the time they all decide to abandon the warmth of the fire. The dark closed in hours ago and they’ve been shifting positions periodically for awhile now, putting different parts of themselves closer to the flames. At one point Sam had nearly burnt the bottoms of his runners and Dean and Dad had laughed as he stomped around trying to cool it off in a hurry. But now Dad’s lids are heavy and Dean is gentle and non-judgmental as he lifts the beer bottle out of his hand to put it with the others. Dad just resignedly sighs and creaks himself out of his chair.

Sam does his bit and scatters the remains of the wood in the fire, reducing it to a circle of glowing embers inside the fire pit ring. It makes everything that little bit darker, but the glow is hypnotizing, shifting red and black ensnaring Sam’s attention. Sam stares at it until Dean shakes his arm, having tidied away the rest of the bits of garbage they’ve produced in the last few hours. Dad’s already gone into his own tent. Dean’s hand lingers on Sam’s bicep before they both turn towards their own tent opposite Dad’s on the other side of the campsite.

Away from the embers, the air is biting and Sam curls in on himself while Dean unzips the tent. Inside, Dean hangs his little flashlight from the hook in the centre, and they both hurriedly change into pyjamas, Sam cursing and muttering about how he could’ve just slept in his clothes.
“Quitcher whining,” Dean grumbles, but he grabs Sam’s sleeping bag and puts it with his own, and Sam knows he’ll be warm tonight. Nervous anticipation flutters in Sam’s belly. Dean unzips both bags but doesn’t zip them together, just opens them up and puts one beneath them and lays the other on top like a blanket. Sam figures that’s probably best, easier to hurriedly separate them and put them in their proper places, in the unlikely event of Dad coming in. He slips in as Dean turns out the flashlight.

The sleeping bags are cold but Sam’s not suffering because Dean’s got his lips on Sam’s ear from the moment they cocoon themselves.

“Shouldn’t we wait,” Sam breathes as quietly as he can. “Give him time to fall asleep?” It’s little more than a shaping of his mouth around a breath, but Dean hears.

“Don’t move and don’t make a noise,” Dean says back just as quietly, and Sam knows that’s all the warning he’s going to get and if he does make a noise Dean’ll stop. In all likelihood Dean would just wait till Dad falls asleep to start up again because he’s not spiteful. But he wouldn’t risk being heard, and this is just a playful test to see how crazy he can make Sam.

The answer is: really fucking crazy. Because Dean insinuates his tongue around the inner curves of Sam’s ear which Sam’s never experienced before, and it turns out that move liquefies Sam’s insides. And Dean knows it, too, because Sam can feel the smug smile against his ear. It becomes very slightly more bearable when Dean begins to suckle on Sam’s earlobe, but not by much.

This is more than they’ve done. Last week finally saw their slowly escalating plausibly-deniable nocturnal rutting tip over into full-blown handjobs: an incident that was repeated several days later. But those two occasions now feel like a mere intro to what Dean’s tongue feels like it’s promising. And they had that one kiss, barely started before being interrupted by the familiar crunch of tires on gravel. But this time, out here in the eerie quiet and unfathomable darkness under a forest canopy, Sam’s gonna get to kiss Dean and who knows what else. He just has to be quiet.

It’s really difficult. Out here in the woods it’s so quiet Sam can hear the tiny wet noises Dean’s making, and a faint rustle of fabric from the other tent. Sam freezes. Of course Dean doesn’t stop and Sam can’t think of a way to stop him without making more noise. His heart leaps up into his throat because if they can hear Dad shifting, what can he hear?

He taps Dean frantically on the shoulder instead, and Dean lifts from where he’s tonguing at the soft dip at the back of Sam’s jaw and listens intently.

There’s nothing but the forest snaps, the soft rustle of wind in the branches for a minute, but then the unmistakable sound of a snore. Despite the dark Sam can faintly see the white of Dean’s slow grin. It makes Sam’s stomach flip again and he bites his lip on a smile.

Dean teases him some more by brushing their noses together, and every time Sam tries to catch the kiss, Dean denies him. It’s easy enough to make his “jerk” heard without voicing it at all, and it just makes Dean huff a soft laugh and flick his tongue fleetingly over Sam’s top lip but he fails to follow it up with the kiss. A kind of frantic yearning makes Sam want to whine but equally strong is his desire not to seem like a little kid, lest that make Dean come to his senses. So he forces himself back to control and finds the bottom hem of Dean’s shirt, sliding his fingers over the skin there, ghosting up and under.

It has precisely the effect Sam needs to take the edge off his own torment because the touch makes Dean pull in a hitched breath. It’s a relief to know he’s not the only one so easily unglued. So he keeps doing it till Dean utters a growly breath and sinks into the awaited kiss, a molten, delving thing that fries Sam’s brain enough to make him moan, entirely forgetting the need for stealth. He
catches himself quickly enough that Dean just carries on, lips impossibly soft but tongue strong and focused, stroking at Sam’s tongue like he’s shaping it to his pleasing. Sam’s hopelessly behind, can only soften and let Dean explore. It could stoke that too-young feeling but it doesn’t; it makes him feel intensely desired, and Sam’s so turned on he could probably jizz at the first touch of his dick.

Thankfully Dean backs it off a little, tugging at Sam’s lower lip with his teeth and just hovering above for long breaths. He’s just a shadow so Sam doesn’t have a clue what’s making Dean stop but he’s glad for the seconds to centre himself a little. It also gives him a chance to remember that his fingers are still on Dean’s skin, so he shifts focus to that spot, grazing over surprisingly soft skin and mapping out minute bumps and freckles. He does it slowly and works his way upwards, and by the time he gets to the bottom of Dean’s shoulder blades, Dean does a whole-body shiver and lets loose a breath that sounds like it’d be a groan if he voiced it properly.

Sam’s not sure what he expects next, but it isn’t for Dean to ruck up his shirt and move himself upwards to guide Sam by the jaw to his nipple. Sam takes the direction with alacrity, flicking his tongue out, mouthing and sucking and biting, anything to coax it to constrict and harden. His own nipples aren’t particularly sensitive until he’s really far gone, at which point he likes to pinch them hard as he comes, but Dean’s seem to be way more responsive, pebbling and perking and drawing heavy pants from Dean.

Even better than that is Dean’s erection which he’s pulsing into Sam’s stomach, occasionally dragging it laterally but mostly just digging in, rutting like Sam’s whole body is fair game to get Dean off. Which is such a shameless, filthy thought that Sam surprises himself by finding it utterly compelling. It’s almost embarrassingly how easily he could be convinced to just let Dean use him, put him however Dean pleases. If he’s not careful, Dean will catch on too soon and Sam will never live it down. So worrying a final gentle gnaw on Dean’s chest, he pulls off.

Dean shifts back down easily enough, and this time when he kisses Sam, Sam kisses back, pressing into Dean’s mouth. It feels dirty, wet. For some reason handjobs felt utilitarian in a way, but this: this is naughty, french kissing his brother. With resigned clarity, Sam realizes he’ll want to do this always, every chance he gets. His thirst for Dean’s mouth will bleed outside of this tent, outside of the nighttime.

And when Dean lines up their hips, pressing the lines of their cocks together, Sam realizes he’s done for. He could have stopped all this after a bit of jerking off, but having Dean press him down, Sam gets something clawing in his gut that’s more vicious than the simple need to get off. He works his shirt up under his armpits, then reaches down and works his pyjama bottoms down to expose his dick. That makes Dean grunt softly, nipping at Sam’s chin with sharp teeth, not hard enough to leave a mark. Suddenly Sam wants marks, wants to be a scribbled-on piece of paper with Dean’s name all over it.

When Dean gets his own pyjama bottoms down it’s shocking, the press of hard flesh against hard flesh. Dean’s muscular body highlights the leanness of Sam’s own, and the erection pressed against his is bigger, fatter. He wants it. In his mouth, on his skin, nestled between his ass cheeks, anything. He wants it. He nearly says so when a cough makes them both freeze.

Dropping his jaw wider to shallow his panting, Sam listens intently, and any hope of Dad going back to sleep dissipates as he hears a rustle, a zip, a grumble, another zip. Dad’s got up to pee.

Dean’s breathing is every bit as light and rapid, but he’s a bastard and resumes his earlier nose-nudging. Sam shakes his head but Dean nestles his lips between Sam’s. There’s no sucking, no real attempt to kiss, just a soft press of lips which Sam isn’t willing to deny. He’s desperately turned on
and wants to come, and while he listens to Dad shuffling to the edge of the campsite he reaches his tongue out to meet Dean’s. It’s awful and scintillating. Every move is audible and they should have way more self-preservation than they’re exercising but still their tongues tangle in a playful dance.

Sam wonders how long it can possibly take someone to pee and get back to bed, but he’s fully aware his sense of time is pretty skewed at the moment. So he waits, tense, stealing the touch of tongues, shifting his hips to get a tiny bit of friction on their dicks, barely more than a tensing of his ass muscles. And he keeps doing it till Dad climbs back into his own tent, the first zip followed eventually by the next zip of a sleeping bag. The entire time Dean undulates gently against him. Sam can’t even wish for Dad to be asleep because if he’s honest, the fear keeps him hovering in weird space where he wants to come while Dad can hear him, while at the same time being terrified to do so.

Dean tips it. His hand, broad and possessive, slides down Sam’s ribs and beneath his hip and grips the flesh there. The action pulls them tighter together and with a roll of Sam’s hips he’s spasming and biting his lip hard to keep his silence, spurting hard and making their belly skin slipslide against one another. Dean holds him through it, grinding his stomach onto Sam’s cock when he realizes what’s happening, until the last of Sam’s load shoots weakly out. Sam’s whole body twitches hard, twice.

Dean’s lips brush Sam’s ear to murmur, “Oh my god,” and Sam can’t disagree. He’s shocked at himself, and oversensitive, and still pretty sure he’s only a minute two of rest away from being able to go again. He arches his head up and kisses Dean as quietly as he can, a hug of lips. It’s warm and soft and Dean goes with it, gentle presses alternating embracing top lip and bottom lip. It makes the smallest of noises but they can already hear Dad’s deepened breathing, almost a snore but not quite.

When the telltale shuddered breath followed by a gentle snort indicates Dad’s descent into unconsciousness, Dean starts rolling his hips properly again. His dick slides on Sam’s skin because of the come, which is sort of embarrassing but more arousing and Sam’s slightly-softened cock gives a tiny twitch towards fullness again.

“Wanna try something,” Dean says, his breath tickly on Sam’s ear but warm and shivery.

“Yeah okay,” Sam breathes, then closes his eyes in disappointment in himself because he hadn’t even bothered to check what it was.

Dean lifts off to help Sam out of one leg of his pyjamas. When he gets back between Sam’s legs, he reaches down between them and aims his dick below Sam’s balls, pressing in to slide his down over his hole, and upwards between his cheeks.

“This all right?” Dean says, careful to keep his S’s light, even though Dad’s probably out cold now. “Not gonna stick it in.”

Sam takes a moment to consider, because his cascade of thoughts gives him pause. He wants to just acquiesce because this is the two of them and Sam’s spent his whole life having Dean look after him. Sam’s always trusted this one thing. But he also knows that Dean wouldn’t want him to do that blindly. So starting at the end to work backwards, Sam considers the ‘sticking it in’. Without needing to think about it at all, he knows he wants that. Not like this maybe, so sudden, so early, but Sam has this object in his head now: Dean’s penis, hard and fat, and something in Sam wants to lift his ankles up above his head and expose himself so Dean can dick in. But the reality of that will be harder than the fantasy, he knows. So yeah. Dean rubbing near there. That’s more than okay.

“Yeah,” he says. “’s fine.”
Dean actually lifts out then, to Sam’s dismay, but he just gathers the come off both their bellies and slicks his dick with it, then guides himself back to where he was.

“Wrap your legs around, wouldya,” he says, so Sam does, squeezing Dean’s torso with his knees in the process.

It’s incredible having Dean here, hot and close and sweaty under the down of the sleeping bag. Dean’s dick feels weird there, sliding over and past Sam’s hole, occasionally catching just a little. After a bit Sam even tilts his hips so it catches more, better. He’s almost daring Dean to do it, even though he knows neither of them will really ante up. But it’s enough for Dean who starts panting and losing control, rutting urgently and scraping his teeth on Sam’s ear, his neck, his jaw. And surprising Sam entirely, Dean moves back to a real kiss to bring himself home, apparently needing to slide their tongues together as he stutters and shoots all over Sam’s ass, the warm bleachy smell amplifying Sam’s in this small space.

Sam feels surrounded by sex, infused by it, and Dean is a satisfyingly heavy weight on Sam’s body. Now that Sam isn’t so focused on what they’re doing, he’s more aware of how it feels to have Dean’s face so close. Breath gusts across his lips as Dean winds down from his orgasm and Sam realizes he has both hands on Dean’s ass, which strikes him as funny and surreal. He starts to shake on a hysterical giggle.

“Shit,” Dean says. “You okay?”

Sam tries to settle down but can’t quite. “Yeah,” he manages to whisper. “It’s just, we had sex. That’s… what this was.” He’s smiling up into Dean’s face, even though Dean can probably only vaguely make out his expression in the dark.

Dean lifts up a bit and shoves lightly at Sam’s shoulder. “We’ve had it before, genius.”

Sam’s laughter slows, but he’s too blissed out and still a bit horny to be needled by Dean’s words. “Yeah, but not like this,” he says easily. His smile can be heard in his whisper, and it earns him a quick, lightly sucking kiss. He tries to hold onto it but Dean’s gone, reaching up above them for some toilet paper he had stashed up there.

A handful is pushed onto Sam’s chest, which he grabs reflexively.

“Here, for the, uh, mess I made on you,” Dean says. Sam finds it amusing, this hint of shyness he senses in Dean. He doesn’t usually skirt around crudeness, so this is unexpected. It rolls pleasantly in Sam’s chest and he knows it’ll be one of the things he’ll return to later, replaying this moment for himself. He shifts and cleans the mess from between his legs while Dean wipes at his own stomach. But before Sam can get to his own belly, Dean’s wiping him down.

Dean slides under Sam’s dick for a final swipe with the tissue, and the brush of Dean’s knuckles is enough for Sam’s erection to give a tiny pulse thicker. Dean feels it; Sam can tell by the way Dean pulls in a breath like he’s gearing up to say something. He doesn’t. He just puts the tissue off to the side and brings his fingertips to Sam’s hip.

“Sammy,” Dean breathes as his fingers trace a pattern on Sam’s skin. “Why you gotta be so…”

“So what?” Sam asks when Dean doesn’t finish.

“I dunno,” Dean says. He spreads his hand and palms his way up Sam’s ribs, thumb feeling along the edge where Sam’s stomach dips. Dean glides his hand over Sam’s torso and it reminds Sam of that time he saw Dean do this to that brand new pool table in a bar-restaurant in Milwaukee. It’s
almost reverent. Sam arches up into it, rolling his shoulders back and writhing a little because Dean’s touch feels so big and warm and Sam wants Dean to keep moving it around.

“That, why you gotta be like that.”

“Just feels good, De,” Sam says.

Dean produces a growl low in his throat and his touch gets heavy, sliding down Sam’s hip and inwards. He bypasses Sam’s dick but it doesn’t feel so much like a tease as a delay, because he lightly squeezes Sam’s inner thigh and traces his fingers up the crease beside Sam’s sac before letting his palm cup it gently.

“Keep quiet,” Dean whispers in Sam’s ear before lowering his head. Knowing what’s coming, Sam bites down on his lips fairly hard. It’s none too soon because Dean’s tongue is the first to make contact, licking rudely up Sam’s frenulum before flicking around the head, then Dean’s lips envelop the crown fully, soft and hot. The whimper is only in Sam’s head but it’s no less clear to himself for all that. Because while it’s only his dick getting sucked, it’s his whole body that feels administered to, like this is just another manifestation of how Dean has always treated him. Sam gives himself into it wholly.

It’s his first blowjob and he had expected to be taken all the way in and sucked on like in the pornos, but it’s not like that. Dean keeps pulling off to lick and mouth at him like he’s french kissing the shaft, then taking him back in and squirming the flat of his tongue around. The texture and friction is unreal and he barely has enough presence of mind to tap Dean in warning, but all that does is make Dean suckle and prod with his tongue at Sam’s slit, and then Sam comes again, thighs pulsing open. It feels like Dean’s actually deflating his whole being like some soul-sucking monster, and he’s shooting less but shuddering more, taking delectably long moments to shake the last of it out.

When Dean comes up, Sam just lays there with his brain like pudding and it feels so incredible because he hasn’t been able to quiet his mind like this in, well, ever. Dean lays down beside him and Sam doesn’t make any effort at all to accommodate him, but there’s room enough anyway.

“We should get some sleep,” Dean says, voice roughened and warm. “Dad’s got us climbing up that rock face tomorrow.” He adjusts the blankets around them.

“Mm,” Sam knows he’s right but doesn’t want to think about that yet. He doesn’t want to think about Dad or camping or how far away they are from civilization or anything. He just wants to ride this feeling of warmth, of dark, of Dean.

He curls over onto his side and forces Dean to extend his arm so Sam can nestle his head into Dean’s shoulder. He places his hand on Dean’s chest over his pyjamas and can feel Dean’s heartbeat, strong and steady.

Dean makes a derisive noise. “Shoulda known you were a snuggler,” he says, but he doesn’t move to change how they’re laying. He even trails a single finger lightly over Sam’s arm where he’s wrapped around him, that one gesture exposing the Dean Sam knows: the one he doesn’t show anyone else. Sam smiles, unseen, and feels lit from within.

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