No place like home.

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Summary

Kate finds herself at home in the most unusual places. And people.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

They don’t do this to each other often, but Kate always knows when they do. She wondered how many times they’d done this, whether they’d started after the Titty Twister, or whether it had taken root much, much earlier. The first time she had realised what was going on, it was about a month after they’d burnt down that godless strip joint and made off to nowhere in particular, along the hot and dusty Mexican roads.

They always got connecting rooms in the motels; one bed for her, and the adjoining room with two twins for them. Cheaper than separate suites, and closer in case any of the culebras tracked them down and caused trouble.

Kate had been sleeping, lightly, as she always had, even before all this. Muffled thumps had jolted her awake, strong enough that she could see the tacky prints on the wall rattling to a standstill. She slid out of bed fluidly, grasping for the knife beneath her pillow. She wasn’t good enough at shooting yet, not good enough for Seth to be comfortable giving her a gun, but they let her keep a wickedly serrated blade close to her at all times. Kate grasped the bone handle, thumbing it as she padded across the room. Barely breathing, she nudged the door to the other room open, holding the knife at the perfect angle to hack and slash anything that came at her.

Peering inside Kate nearly dropped the knife. Which would have been disastrous; the sound of the metal clattering on the bare floorboards would have been as loud as a klaxon, and she really, really didn’t want to alert Seth or Richie to her presence. Seth and Richie who were tangled up in each other, pressed against the wall. Seth was backed up to the wall, one of Richie’s hands on his
throat, the other making obscene movements inside the front of his trousers. Seth was making low, breathy sounds in the back of his throat as Richie stroked faster and faster, until Seth jerked, slamming his fist against his hip, then grasping Richie’s face to his for a desperate kiss. Richie kissed him back, jerking him steadily until Seth collapsed against the wall with a faint whimper. They were still for a while, before Seth grinned, bringing both hands up to Richie’s face. “Lets take care of you then, little brother.” He began to peel himself away from the wall, walking Richie back to the bed.

Kate closed the door as softly as she had opened it; from the bed they would be able to see if it was cracked open. Wide eyed she walked back to her bed, mechanically sliding the knife back under the pillow, and arranging herself under the covers. It took her hours to fall back asleep, ears pricked for even the smallest noise coming from the next room. The noises continued through the night.

They don’t do it every night, or even every week. But if they have a bad hunt, or somebody got hurt or even if she’s been particularly harsh to either of them, then Kate can be sure that she will be hearing them through the night. When she can’t resist, she watches them. even living in the Bible Belt, Kate had known about the mechanics of sex. Momma had taught her, given her books, made sure she knew everything she had needed to know. But Momma had never told her about this; sneaking around with a belly full of lust and a head full of sin to watch two brothers fuck each other over and over. Sometimes Kate bit her fist and crooked her fingers against herself, trying to keep rhythm with Seth's thrusts or Richie’s motions. She always crept back to bed after those nights, a little bit frightened of the feeling in her chest, like something bad was taking root. But she never resisted. Maybe she had used up all her strength of will in Mexico.

The downside was, the brothers seemed to be getting sloppy. They got louder, pushed each other harder, fucked more often. Kate figured they thought she was the worlds deepest sleeper; if she wasn’t sneaking around to watch them she might have been annoyed at being kept up in the night. Every morning they were bright eyed and ready to move on, but she was bleary and sluggish with only two or three hours rest, some nights.

One night they left the door cracked. Kate wasn’t even woken by the noise, though there was noise. They’d left the light on and the shadows played over the bed and her face. She’d planned on sleeping through the night, distractions or not, but this was too much to resist. Kate peered through the door, but couldn’t see either of them. She inched the door open a little wider, frowning.

“There we go,” was all she heard before the door was yanked the rest of the way open, and someone grabbed her wrist, pulling her into the room and pinning her against the wall. She looked up into Seth’s face, then glanced to the side - Richie was lounging behind the door, hand on the handle. They were both grinning at her.

Kate opened her mouth to start saying something, but Seth cut her off as he leaned towards her “What were you waiting for princess? An engraved invitation?” He kissed her hard enough that she could feel the edges of his smug smile against her mouth. Richie prowled up behind him, kissed the back of his neck, and slid a hand past Seth’s body, running it up and down Kate’s waist.

“It might have been a little more timely if we had made one.” Seth laughed into Kate, reaching a hand back to gently punch at his brother.

Kate looked at them both and something warm bloomed in her chest. After all, she was from Kansas, and if there was ever anything she learnt there, it was there’s no place like home.
End Notes

Omg why do all my FDTD fics revolve around voyeurism? Exchange for santanicum on tumblr.

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