The Stories We Keep

by zombieutopia

Summary

** This is an entirely new, rewritten version ....Because it was driving me crazy so I absolutely had to rewrite it.**

Sam and Dean have always been closer than normal siblings. Growing up hunters didn't exactly encourage healthy relationships - familial included. That doesn't change when Sam comes back from the cage without his soul. If anything, it only complicates matters.

This story is set in Season 6 between the episodes "Clap Your Hands if You Believe" and "Caged Heat".

Notes

Okay.
So a little while ago I posted another story on here under the same title (now living under the title 'Between Us').

It is important to note that this story is - in fact - the same story...BUT this version has been COMPLETELY rewritten and almost all of the details have changed. While it generally keeps to the same plot of the original first draft, this version is cleaner (I hope) and the details differ greatly.

If you've read and/or liked the previous version, just know that this version is a bit harsher and a bit darker. But only a bit.

This story will be the first in this series. I will be trying to post updates every Friday.
Distraction

Dean squinted at the coroner’s report. The white-blue glow of the laptop glared up at him, words blurring together into useless nonsense. With a tired sigh he leaned back in his chair and scrubbed a hand roughly over his face. Even with his eyes tightly closed the after image of the report still hovered in sight, chasing his attention.

“The minute he walked through that door, I knew. It was over.”

Dean shook his head and let his arm drop heavily onto the chipped table. With a steadying breath he reopened his eyes and looked at the laptop screen with renewed determination. They were still a couple day’s drive from their destination but Sam had insisted - really insisted - they get started on researching the case anyway. Dean grabbed the closest beer bottle and upended it against his lips, only realizing it was empty when nothing happened.

“Shit.”

He tossed the bottle towards the trashcan by the door and watched as it thunked hollowly against the thinly carpeted floor. With a shrug he turned his attention back to the small table littered with several more empty bottles, a crumpled bag of potato chips, the laptop, and a half full bottle of rotgut. Amazing how he could trash a motel room in such a short period of time. He snatched up the whisky and unscrewed the cap, glancing back at the glowing screen. Part of him knew Sam was right, if a little overzealous. It was a case just like any other, no matter how they had come across it, and he should be working it. He needed to work this case. His fixed his eyes on the bolded letters ‘COD’ as he took a long sip, savoring the familiar warmth sinking down into his stomach.

“You two have the most unhealthy, tangled up, crazy thing I’ve ever seen…”

Dean winced. Research wasn’t working. Decision made, he snapped the laptop shut. He slumped back in his chair, sipping at the whiskey, and let his eyes adjust to the dark. Little by little the cheap alcohol burned away with raw lump in his throat. It did absolutely nothing, however, to keep the intrusive thoughts and memories at bay. They bubbled up and circled his mind in an obsessive loop he had little control over. His mind, it seemed, was intent on torturing him.

The entire day had been spent actively avoiding time to think. He had cranked the stereo nearly as high as it would go and listened to everything from Metallica to Boston, at times even singing along as they sped down the highway. When Sam had bitched about the incessant noise a few hours in, he had even switched it off and listened to his brother drone on about the town they were heading to - a little industrial mid-western town that was about as interesting as sawdust. Normally Dean was an expert at self-distraction. He could bury away unwanted feelings and memories under a constant barrage of avoidance, hunting, sex, and booze until it wasn’t an issue anymore - one way or another.

But, today, it hadn't worked.

The moment they had dropped their bags on the motel floor, Sam had walked out the door with little more than a quick command that Dean start research while he went to grab them some food. In a blink, he was left standing in the middle of a silent room without distraction. So what had he done? Pulled out the beer and got to work, but even that hadn't helped.
Dean took another swig from the bottle.

He had followed through with his promise. He had lived a normal life. One year of family dinners, school activities with Ben, a nine-to-five job...intimacy - real, actual, honest to goodness, monogamous intimacy - with Lisa. Sure, it hadn’t been perfect. He’d been nothing less than a fucking mess for the majority of it; drinking, on edge, and grieving. He initially went there because he truly didn’t know where else to go. He went there for comfort, and told himself he stayed because he had promised Sam that he would. But, in the end, he had stayed because he had found some semblance of happiness in normal.

Then, suddenly, Sam was back. And monsters and the Campbells and Crowley and everything that had been his life before had come rushing back into his life in an instant without even the courtesy of a warning first. Intruding in on what he had just started to think of as his home and his family. When Lisa had said they could make it work, he had wanted to believe her but he knew better and it hadn’t taken long for that delusion to be shattered for the both of them.

And Sam...Sam wasn’t his Sam anymore. Not in the real sense. Not in any way that actually mattered beyond his memories and his physical body. There hadn’t even been enough time to really feel relieved or happy or even just a sliver of peace at his brother’s mysterious reappearance before it became obvious that something was seriously wrong. And thanks to a mostly-absentee Cas, they finally knew what it was. Now Dean had something to direct his energy towards - figuring out how to fix it. Again.

Not like that was really working out well at the moment...

A hand abruptly landed on his shoulder. A little less whiskey and he may have reacted different but, as it was, all he managed to do was to jump hard enough to slosh his drink.

“Hey...You okay?” He looked up to find the giant shadow of Sam looming over him.

“Jesus Sam! Little warning next time.” Dean growled, drying his hand on his jeans. “When did you get back?”

“Uh...just now, Dean. You didn’t hear me open the door?” Sam asked as he crossed the room and flipped the light switch as he went.

“Must’ve missed it.” Dean winced at the harsh yellow light, blinking around at the dingy room with its stained bedspreads and a crusty kitchenette. He watched Sam throw a new supply of beer and a grocery bag full of miscellaneous food bits into the mini-fridge.

“Okay. So. What did you find out?” Sam leaned against the counter casually, arms folded, and gave him an annoyingly expectant look. Maybe he wasn’t so different from old Sam afterall. Dean stared at his brother for a good long minute before lifting the bottle to his lips and swallowed down another mouthful.

“Nothin’” Dean said before downing the last mouthful of whisky left in the bottle. He stood up from the chair and hit the button on the front of his phone. It illuminated with a big 2:13am on the front. With a groan he peeled off his shirt and shuffled over to one of the two beds, collapsing haphazardly across it.

“Dude...how much have you had to drink?” Sam’s voice held just a hint of dry amusement. Dean cracked an eyelid to look up at his soulless brother.

“Not nearly enough.” He said into the pillow before closing his eye again.

“Right. Well. I’m going to go take a shower.” Sam said, heading into the bathroom.

“Light!” Dean yelled into his pillow and Sam didn't even respond, just reached out to flick off the switch.

The light from the cracked bathroom door fell directly onto Dean’s face but he couldn’t be bothered to move. He was exhausted but he wasn’t sure he could sleep. He laid there for a while with his head spinning, listening to Sam shuffle around the bathroom; water turning on, curtain rustling, the worn plastic of the tub groaning under Sam’s weight, water splashing. Eventually he
slowly dozed off.

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Dean woke slightly when Lisa’s weight dented the mattress next to him as she crawled into bed. He rolled onto his back, making room for her and giving her the space needed to wrap an arm around his waist. The warmth of her body pressed up against his as she slid a hand down his chest and stomach, coming to rest along the edge of his jeans. He gave an appreciative little moan, cuddling up against her, as he let himself sink back down into sleep. A slight tug around his hips brought his attention back as the button on his jeans was quickly flicked open and the zipper undone. Her fingers teased their way under the waistband of his underwear.

The movement sent lazy shocks of arousal through his core. She caressed his pubic bone, gently exploring the downy hair there, before running her fingertips around the base of his cock. A small pang of loss hit him. He missed this. Missed her warmth and caresses. Missed the oatmeal-lavender soap she loved to use. The sweet, earthy smell had clung to everything she came in contact with, which meant everything he owned smelled of her. Now all he could smell was the harsh astringent scent of motel soap.

His eyebrows furrowed in hazy confusion.

Motel soap.

Motel.

Dean’s eyes flew open to find himself lying on a saggy motel bed with a dude’s hand - his brother’s hand - down the front of his pants.
Memories

Dean’s first thought was simply: *get away*. He shoved at Sam’s arm and rolled to the side, throwing himself off the edge of the small double bed and landing on the floor in a heap. He closed his eyes and took a deep, steadying breath. His head was still spinning and fuzzy from a bit too much whisky and far too little sleep. The sudden spike of adrenaline hadn’t helped either.

“Damn it Sam! What the hell are you doing, man?” Dean yelled, bracing himself against the wall with one arm as he climbed to his feet. Sam didn’t answer, just sat up against the headboard and calmly watched him in silence. The room was still dark; the light streaming out from the half closed bathroom door did more to hinder visibility than help it. Half a dozen potential explanations rushed through Dean’s head, everything from demon to shifter to curse but all of them were instantly erased with a single look at his brother’s face.

Sam’s eyes had that cold, calculating glint to them that Dean had noted he wore whenever Sam didn’t realize he was looking. A small, knowing smirk quirked up the corner of his mouth. It was a look Dean had seen before and knew well. It was predatory and scheming and seeing that same expression here, now, made his stomach do a sickening flip.

“Well?!” Dean demanded again as he redid the button and zipper on his pants. Sam gave a slow shrug and pushed the towel draped across his lap onto the floor. He wrapped a hand around the base of his half-hard cock and Dean found himself watching as his brother slowly ran his hand up his length and back down again, eyes never leaving Dean’s. After a split second, Dean’s stomach gave another panicked lurch. Throwing up a hand, he turned his head to ensure Sam was safely blocked from view.

“Woah! Woah, hey…now, come on!” He heard Sam huff a chuckle under his breath.

“It’s not like this hasn’t happened before.”

“I’m sorry, what?” Dean shook his head in an attempt to clear it.

“Oh, whatever Dean. You’ve seen me like this before…”

“Naked? Well, yeah… I mean… we’re brothers and we’ve spent most of our lives in one room motels…” Dean took a sharp breath. “But… this? This… is entirely different, Sam.” Dean gestured vaguely towards his brother with his outstretched hand, keeping his head turned away.

“Really, Dean? Same brain, remember? Same memories…” His voice trailed off.

Dean froze, head instantly clear and sober, with his heart pounding in his ears.

They never spoke of it. Not to other people. Not to each other. From the moment Dean had come crashing into Sam’s life at Stanford there had been an unspoken agreement between them to leave it in the past.

There were years worth of memories of when their relationship had blurred past normal familial boundaries. As young kids, constantly on the road with their father and regularly left alone for days, they had simply taken comfort in each other's company and contact. Even as they got older and more independent - used to a life spent moving from place to place - it never stopped Sammy from crawling into bed with him in the middle of the night or snuggling up against him on the couch during a movie. They were brothers and Dean never hesitated in giving Sammy contact if he needed it.

It was when Sam had turned fourteen that things had...*shifted*. Their interactions hadn’t changed. He had spent most of his life waking up with his little brother sprawled across him on a too-small motel bed; so when Dean woke up one morning to his half-asleep brother’s erection pressed up against his hip, he had just rolled out from under him and chuckled at the little noise Sam made at the movement. From that point forward it became a normal part of life for Dean to wake up with
his pre-teen brother pushed up against him, morning wood and all. A few months later, accidentally walking in on one another masturbating wasn’t uncommon either. Locked doors just seemed to have mysteriously stopped being a thing.

Small little shifts in their daily interactions that gradually built up into something more than normal.

Dean was fairly certain that John had known. He had never said a word about it to either of them, much to Dean’s surprise. But their father had seemed content to focus his attention on more important matters and ignore whatever went on when he wasn’t around. Even still, a few pointed glances and well placed words made it fairly clear in Dean’s mind that he knew...and disapproved.

At some point over the years, the excuses Dean told himself - that they were just close or that living in small motels rooms just made privacy difficult - wore thin. They both knew exactly what was happening and, although they had never actually touched in any way beyond brotherly affection, Dean couldn’t help but blame himself. He was the older brother and Sam was just a kid, he was supposed to protect him. Every time Sam ran away or picked a fight or bitched about their life, a small part of him was sure that it was because of him and the fucked up home life their father and Dean himself provided.

Dean gritted his teeth and tried. He really tried to think of absolutely anything else. But, despite the years of practice blocking it out, shoving it down, and never allowing himself to acknowledge it - distraction - the memory finally fought its way to the forefront of his mind in perfect, gorgeous detail. His stomach churned in equal parts yearning and self-loathing.

Dean shifted uncomfortably on his bed, face buried deep in a lumpy pillow. The room was filled with the quiet sounds of rustling fabric and muffled sighs. He had tried to fall asleep, tried to ignore the increasing noise from the next bed over, tried to keep his face turned away and hands above his blankets. He managed, if barely. Every clipped moan and quiet sigh threatened his resolve but he was determined to be a good brother - or at least a decent fucking human being - and not creep on his younger brother. When the sounds came to a stop, Dean took a deep breath and considered getting up for a cold shower...or a walk...or a drink. But before he could decide to act on any - or all - available options, he felt something tug at his comforter. He turned in time to see Sam, wearing a worn thin grey t-shirt and boxers, lifting his blanket and climbing into bed with him. Dean rolled over onto his side, giving Sam room to settle in. The movements were muscle memory, habits ingrained after years of repetition. But instead of curling up against Dean to fall asleep, Sam stretched out. He watched, with a confusing mix of desire and apprehension, as his brother pushed the comforter away and slid his boxers down and off of his slim hips. Dean moved to sit up, to follow through with his plan to cool off, but Sam reached out and grabbed his arm.

“Dean, stay? Please?” Sam’s words were quiet, soft, and earnest. He looked down at Sam with a questioning look before giving a stiff nod and reclining back onto the bed.

Dean couldn’t stop himself from watching. Sam’s eyes fluttered shut as he ran his hand along the length of his erect cock, the moans and sighs resuming as the effort and pleasure increased. Dean tried to ignore his own growing arousal throbbing between his legs but at some point lying on his side became too uncomfortable. Slowly shifting onto his back caught Sam's attention, who nodded and pulled the blankets off Dean as well. Heart pounding against his ribs and painfully aware of his brother’s eyes on him, Dean slowly pulled his boxers down and took himself in hand. Sam let out a soft moan, increasing his own pace.

Dean nearly lost himself watching Sam, at times almost forgetting his own pleasure, caught up in the way his brother’s cock flushed a deep red as Sam stroked up and over the glistening head and paled on the way back down. Couldn’t help his eyes from traveling over Sam’s hips and abs.
Within a few minutes they were both catching their breath, lying next to each other covered in sweat and their own come. Slowly the silence between them began to creep towards deafening levels. Dean tucked his softening erection away and looked over at his brother, who still had his eyes blissfully closed.

“Sammy…” Dean started but Sam got up in one swift movement and trudged to the bathroom, closing the door behind him. A nervous pit formed in Dean’s stomach as he listened to the shower turn on. Dean quickly cleaned himself up using a few crumpled fast food napkins he found by the bed and rolled over, determined to fall asleep before Sam got out.

Ten minutes later he was more than a little surprised to find Sam climbing back into bed with him. His brother slung an arm over his waist, curled in close, and buried them under the blankets.

Sam had announced the very next day that he was leaving to attend Stanford and, other than an uneasy phone call a month after Sam’s departure, it was never spoken of again. So Dean was happy to avoid the subject. He slept with any waitress that looked his way, made the occasional gay joke, and denied loudly anything that came anywhere near close to the truth - even when alone. It was the way things needed to be and Sam had happily encouraged it since coming back from Stanford, seemingly content to let it stay in the past.

Until now.

Now. When Sam was wholly without conscience and doing things the real Sam - his real brother - would never do. It felt like a sucker punch to the gut.

Dean dropped his hand in defeat and slowly turned to face his brother, meeting his unflinching gaze.

“Yeah. Okay, fine. I remember. We were kids, Sam. Why are you doing this?” He asked quietly. The smirk on Sam’s face grew, morphing into a satisfied smile that didn’t put Dean any more at ease.

"Because why not, Dean? I have been stuck in the car and motel rooms with you nonstop since you found out that my soul is still stuck in the cage. If I’m out of your sight for more than a few minutes you’re calling to check in. So if I can’t go off on my own…” Sam let the statement trail off. Dean gritted his teeth. “Plus you obviously need something to help get your mind off things for a while…”

"This? So, you just decided…This…is so way beyond wrong, Sam, even for us.” Dean shook his head and choked out a strangled laugh, unable to maintain eye contact any longer with his smug - and still very naked - brother.

The sharp squeak of bedsprings was the only warning Dean got. By the time he had whipped his gaze back in Sam’s direction, his brother was already off the bed and striding towards him.

“Sam…” Dean warned, his brother was already off the bed and striding towards him. "Sam…” Dean warned, a little edge of panic bleeding into his voice. He raised a hand towards his brother, putting some form of barrier between them, as he quickly retreated backwards. It was short lived. He only made it a few shuffling steps before his back slammed into the cold wall, allowing Sam to rapidly close the distance between them. Sam stepped directly into his outstretched hand, pushing himself into Dean’s space until his elbow gave out and allowed Sam to press in close. Dean’s hand, still ineffectually pressed against his brother’s chest, crushed between them.

Sam leaned forward and nuzzled his nose along the back of Dean’s ear as he whispered:

“Is it?”
Decisions

Chapter Notes

Hey!

So I want to thank everyone who has read, commented, left kudos, and subscribed to this story, I am really, very grateful for all of you! You all help keep me motivated and striving to improve.

I also want to REALLY apologize - especially to the 17!! subscribers - for the looooong wait between updates. I got completely sidelined writing an SPN dark fic that demanded my attention. It's going to be titled 'Together Forever' and I'm hoping to get the first chapter posted up soon! When I realized that people were actually reading and waiting for this story, I put that project on pause to get this chapter together.

I'm hoping to update this story with more regularity from this point forward...but I can't make any promises.

Comments and kudos are always greatly appreciated! Hearing what works and what doesn't work from readers is always immensely helpful and motivating.

Again, thank you all so much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dean didn’t answer - didn’t know how to answer - and Sam didn’t seem to be expecting one. He found himself holding his breath, plastered up against the wall as if he could magically make the room bigger if he simply wished for it and pushed hard enough. Sam pulled away just enough to look him in the eye and Dean tried to find a hint - some sign - of warmth or reason in his little brother’s face but found nothing but blank determination and arousal. He swallowed thickly against the rising urge to shove and punch his way out of the increasingly confining situation. He needed to get some space to clear his head and breathe... and talk some fucking sense into his brother.

But before Dean could act - as if he was reading his friggin’ mind - Sam moved first, grabbing Dean’s wrists in an iron tight grip and wrenched them up above his head, pinning him up against the wall. In a blink, Sam’s mouth found its way to the tender spot just below his right ear, tongue tracing slow, lazy circles that made Dean’s stomach roil with electricity.

“Fuck. Sammy, get off me.” Dean said weakly, trying to suppress a shudder as Sam lightly dragged his teeth across his earlobe.

“No.” Sam said.

“N-uhhh…” His breathing gave an involuntary hitch as Sam rolled his hips against him while he nipped and sucked his way down to the hollow of Dean’s throat. Dean bit the inside of his cheek, hard, grounding himself against Sam’s attentions. “Dammit Sam...back the fuck off.”

When Sam just ignored him, he tried to twist himself away but Sam simply just adjusted his hold.
Shifting so that both of Dean’s wrists were secured to the wall with only one of his hands as he snaked the other hand down between them and roughly grabbed Dean’s half-erect cock through his jeans. Sam pulled back enough to look him in the eye, his expression wavering somewhere between amusement and harsh annoyance.

“No. You want this as much as I do right now, so you can stop pretending that you don’t.” Sam’s voice was deadpan as he stroked him over the rough cloth. Dean gritted his teeth and stifled the moan that crawled up his throat at the touch. “I’m not interested in hurting you. I could… but there wouldn’t be a point… I know you want this. Give in and we both get what we want.” Sam had flicked the button open on his jeans as he spoke and Dean closed his eyes, swallowing hard, as Sam slid the clothing off his hips and let them drop to the floor around his feet.

Dean tried to work up the willpower to come up with a witty comeback or at least a scathing reply. Fight back. Deny it. Argue against the accusation that he wanted to fuck his younger brother. Instead he did nothing but shudder, a deep blush creeping across his face and chest, as Sam ground up against him again without the protective barrier of clothing between them.

“Sam…” He started, and hated how his voice nearly broke on the word, but whatever would have followed was swallowed up as Sam’s lips brushed over his. The initial kiss was soft but Dean’s body resisted even if his mind had forgotten how. His muscles tensed, pulling him harder into the wall and away from the contact. Sam simply followed, nipping and sucking at his bottom lip as he kissed him with insistence.

When Sam flicked his tongue against his lips, Dean opened for him automatically and was immediately rewarded with the heady taste of Sam. His brother deepened the kiss, exploring and devouring his mouth in equal measure, and Dean found himself melting into it. Kissing him back. It was only when Sam’s hands groped at his hips, fingers biting into the flesh of his ass, that he realized he was no longer being restrained. The opportunity was not lost on his increasingly lust-addled brain.

Sam - the real Sam - wouldn’t want this. He couldn’t… he couldn’t let this happen. He couldn’t do this to him.

He placed his hands on Sam’s chest, with all the intention in the world of using the opening to shove him off, but heard himself moan into the kiss instead.

Dean swallowed and tried to work up the last remaining sliver of resolve he had. He gave a firm push against his brother’s chest and, to his surprise, Sam went willingly, breaking the kiss and pulling away without resistance or a fight. Dean took a deep shaky breath, thankful for the small victory, and opened his eyes to see Sam looking in no way cowed.

Dean choked as he watched, more than a little panicked, as Sam sunk to his knees, parted lips hovering no more than an inch from Dean’s rock hard cock.

“Ss… Sam?” Dean rasped out, mouth suddenly dry. Sam looked up at him, a dark chuckle rumbling low in his throat as he took in Dean’s wane expression. Dean shook his head and tried to slide sideways along the wall to get away. Sam’s fingers dug into Dean’s hips, hard enough to bruise, and held him in place. Dean heard a low whine and it took him several seconds to realize the noise had come from his own throat. He shuddered and knotted his hands into fists against the wall, trying to ignore the interested twitch his cock gave in response to the view.

He had never felt more exposed, more vulnerable, then he did now; standing naked before his kneeling brother.

Sam smiled before flicking his tongue against the head of Dean’s cock, lapping up the bead of
precome that had formed. Dean’s stuttering gasp was loud in the otherwise silent room, his whole body rigid against the wall as he stared down at his brother. Sam chuckled again at his reaction and opened his mouth.

“No nononononono- oh fuck!” Dean squeezed his eyes shut and gasped as Sam leaned forward and took Dean into his mouth.

Sam wasted no time with any further teasing, taking him all the way into his throat, tongue pressed up flat along the underside, before hallowing his cheeks as he pulled off for air. Sam barely took a moment to inhale before doing it all again, this time swallowing as Dean’s cock slid down his throat.

Dean was sure he was going to die as the muscles of his brother’s throat fluttered against him. Was positive of it. He dug his fingernails into the wallpaper as he fought against the need to buck his hips. To fuck his brother’s throat. To give in and participate because fuck if Sam wasn’t inexplicably amazing at this. Let alone the pure and simple fact that his brother was (finally) sucking him off.

He pried his eyes open and stole a glance down at Sam. The sight nearly pushed him right over the edge. Sam rolled and tugged on Dean’s balls with one hand, slick with spit and precum as it moved across his flesh as Sam’s nose briefly nuzzled into his pubic hair as he swallowed Dean down again and again. Dean’s cock throbbed in warning and Sam moaned in response. The sound was enough to break Dean’s self control. He was mid-thrust when he caught himself but not before he had pushed far enough to cause Sam to gag, throat clamping down hard around his cock at the unexpected intrusion before Dean got himself under control and forced himself back up against the wall. He wasn’t going to go any further than Sam initiated. Couldn’t…

Sam huffed out what almost seemed like an annoyed sigh through his nose while his tongue swirled around the nearly over-sensitize head of his cock. The hand that had been gripping Dean’s ass found his wrist and pulled it forward, placing it on the back of Sam’s head. Dean ran his fingers through Sam’s hair but resisted pulling him forward.

Sam pulled himself off, gasping a ragged breath and looked up at him, giving him a few firm strokes in the absence of his mouth. Sam seemed to consider something before licking a long stripe up Dean’s cock, base to tip. He dipped the tip of his tongue into the slit, eliciting a choked groan from Dean. Sam placed his hands on Dean’s hips, mouth swirling and sucking at the head of his cock, when he suddenly pulled Dean’s hips forcefully towards his face, ramming Dean’s cock deeper into his throat. Sam gagged again and Dean’s vision whited out.

“Oh fuck!” Dean hissed, eyes squeezing shut as he came, spurring white-hot ropes of come down his brother’s throat. Sam continued to suck him through the last pulses of his orgasm before slowly pulling himself off.

Dean kept his eyes closed, legs trembling and gasping ragged breaths as the pleasure was slowly replaced by langor.

He opened his eyes to see Sam wiping off the remnants of spit, come, and tears from his face as he got deftly to his feet. Dean trembled and listed to the side, sliding down the wall, mind still too numb to process much of anything, when his brother caught his arm.

“Oh, no. I’m not done with you yet.” Sam hauled him back to his feet again and pulled him over to the rumpled bed.
I'm also looking for one or two beta readers to help me with my dark fic. If anyone would happen to be interested, let me know! :)

23 subscribers!? Thats intense.

I hooooope you all enjoy this chapter. I think I lost a few brain cells and several sanity points writing it, so I hope its okay!

You also might notice my pseud changed from WithintheDark to zombieutopia. Although I liked my previous name, I changed it to match up my usernames with tumblr and twitter...because my life can always use more simplification.

Thank you all so much for reading, commenting, and leaving kudos. You are all totally epic!

When Sam released his arm, Dean collapsed bonelessly onto the bed with a satisfied groan. Everything but breathing was momentarily forgotten in the drowsy haze of post-orgasm existence. Sam’s words didn’t even reach his brain until the bed shifted under him as Sam crawled over his prone body. The contact was minimal, but it was enough to cut right through the high, letting the reality of what was happening - what had already happened - crash down on him. A flutter of anxiety made his stomach queasy and he once again found himself uncertain, wondering how far this was going to go and how far he was willing to let it.

“Uh...wha…” Dean started, but before he could choke out anything resembling higher brain function, Sam planted a fevered kiss between his shoulder blades that made his head swim. With a hand pressed firmly into his low back, pinning him to the bed, Sam trailed sharp nips and wet kisses down Dean’s spine, pausing only as he reached the swell of Dean’s ass.

Dean’s awareness hyper-focused in on each and every point of contact with Sam; every flick of his tongue, the fingers splayed across the curve of his back, the muscular legs pushed up snugly against his hips...each spot radiating heat, sending shock waves of anticipation and pleasure down every raw nerve.

When Sam planted an almost chaste kiss at the very edge of his tailbone, his hands slid over Dean’s ass and spread him wide. The image of what he must look like flashed through his mind and Dean felt himself flush red. There was just the slightest trickle of air against his ass in warning before something hot and wet swept over the sensitive skin. He jerked against the bed in embarrassed shock. Dean had seen it done in porn more times then he could count, and had even done it himself on the rare occasion he found a chick that was up for it, but it was another thing entirely to be on the receiving end.

He shoved his face into the blanket under him, gasping warm lungfuls of air, as his brother’s tongue played over the puckered flesh, slowly coaxing the muscles into relaxing. Dean jolted
again as Sam hardened his tongue into a point and pushed into him, sending shocks of pleasure straight to Dean’s throbbing dick. His back arched, hips raising, as Sam began thrusting his tongue.

Something in Dean’s chest relented, melting and unraveling, until the only thing he could focus on was Sam.

It didn’t take long before Dean became a needy puddle, cursing and moaning, against the bed. When Sam pulled away entirely, he groaned - damn near whined - at the absence. But his brother was back in less than a second, pressing his chest against Dean’s back, biting at his neck as he ground his hips into Dean’s ass. His body trembled, as if jittery, when he felt Sam’s searingly hot cock slide against his spit-slicked skin. He pushed up into him, rocking his hips in time with Sam’s movements and drawing out a shuddering groan from his brother.

Dean craned his head over his shoulder and Sam met him instantly, mashing their lips together in a crushing kiss, all tongues and teeth, tasting salty and cloyingly musky, as Sam shoved a hand down between them. When Sam’s fingers brushed against his hole, Dean gasped into his brother’s mouth, who hungrily ate up the sound. Dean pushed back and one of Sam’s long fingers slipped past the tight ring of muscle, sliding in to the last knuckle.

The passing thought that he was not only about to have sex with another man but that the guy he was writhing in pleasure under was his little brother, flickered through his mind briefly before Sam worked in a second finger and then a third, curling them slightly, and Dean damn near blacked out.

Sam gave him just a moment to adjust before he started to pumping his fingers in and out, working their way deeper and faster until he could feel the knuckles of Sam’s fist pounding against his sit bones in a steady rhythm. The initial painful burn of the stretch fading into a deep pleasure pooling in his core. He could feel his own heartbeat pulse around Sam’s fingers, feeling fuller than he would have ever thought possible. Any time Dean unconsciously tightened against the intrusion, Sam curled his fingers and hit that spot that made Dean keen and writhe into the bed. Dean - almost unconsciously - started rocking his hips back to meeting Sam’s hand as it thrust into him, and panting at the friction of the bed against his cock, now hard and eagerly ready for round two.

It was then that Sam pulled away completely, leaving Dean a quivering, sweaty mess and feeling strangely empty, on the bed as he stood up. When Dean didn't move to follow, Sam lightly smacked Dean’s ankle.

Dean rolled over onto his back, gulping down a steadying breath, as he sat up on the edge of the bed. Sam reached out and ran his fingers through Dean’s short hair before pulling his head forward. Dean only resisted for a split second before he opened his mouth, a little uncertain of what more to do. He lifted a hesitant hand to assist but Sam simply smacked it away, instead holding Dean’s head still as he pushed himself passed his lips and over his tongue, slowly fucking into Dean’s mouth. When the head of Sam’s cock bumped against the back of his throat, Dean gagged, tears pricking his eyes as he swallowed the salty, bitter taste of precome.

Sam groaned at that, muscles clenching and unclenching like he was struggling to keep himself
from ramming himself down Dean’s throat with abandon. His hips nudged forward, causing Dean
to gag one more time, before Sam pulled back and out of his mouth. Dean swallowed and wiped
his chin with the back of his hand, looking up at his brother towering above him. Warmth
unexpectedly flooded his chest as his eyes travelled over Sam’s familiar face.

Dean stood up from the bed, feeling a little wobbly, and pressed his body up against Sam’s.
Running his fingers through his brother’s ridiculously long hair, he pulled him into an ardent kiss,
relishing the taste and feel and smell of his brother. So close and there.

Sam’s hand gripped the back of his neck, hard, and pulled Dean along as Sam backed them into
the kitchenette. Before he really knew what was happening, Sam broke the kiss and pushed Dean
down onto the counter, bending him over its hard edge.

Dean let himself be manhandled, feeling his stomach do a little flip and braced himself against the
peeling vinyl as Sam nudged his legs apart with a knee.

The hand on his neck remained firm, holding him still as Sam pushed the head of his cock against
Dean’s entrance. Dean flinched reflexively before breathing slowly through his nose, trying to go
slack as Sam pushed passed the rim and sunk into his body in one slow push. Sam hissed, inhaling
sharply as he bottomed out.

“Oh god, Dean!” Sam growled, pushing into him, trying to close any remaining space between
them. Dean shook under him, legs threatening to give out at the foreign feeling of being filled. He
clenched and unclenched his hands against the counter, feeling the pressure and tension build low
in his stomach until Sam withdrew an inch before sinking back in, drawing out strangled moans
from them both.

Sam’s hand dug into his right hip, pain grounding him a little as Sam pull out almost to the tip and
rammed back into him again, nearly driving the air from his lungs and forcing his back into an
arch. Then the pressure on his neck was gone, leaving the skin there cold in the absence of Sam’s
hand.

Sam set a brutal pace, slamming into him again and again, leaving the room filled with the wet
sound of skin slapping against skin interrupted only by their gravely moans. Dean lifted himself
onto his elbows and threw his hips back, meeting his brother’s thrust and impaling himself harder.
Dean smirked at Sam’s sharp gasp that movement evoked.

In retaliation, Sam snapped his hips at an angle, hitting that spot just right, causing Dean to spasm
in pleasure, muscles tightening around Sam.

Nearly unable to take anymore without becoming a begging mess under his brother, Dean
wiggled an arm between himself and the counter and palmed his nearly over-sensitized cock. His
legs shook dangerously under him as Sam, hands digging mercilessly into Dean’s hip bones,
pushed into him harder. It took only a couple of firm strokes before he felt the heavy pool of heat
in his groin expand and pull tight. He came again with a sharp yelp, nails digging into the
countertop, come spurting weakly over his fist and onto the worn brown carpet below them, as his
brother continued to drive into him. It didn’t take long for Sammy to follow, rhythm faltering before going rigid with a gasp.

“Oh shit...fuck…” Sam shuddered against his back as Dean felt wet heat pour into him. Sam continued to grind into him, hips stuttering as he rode out the final pulses of his orgasm as the waves of pleasure faded, leaving them both pressed against each other, sweat slick and out of breath.

After a moment Sam pulled out and stumbled back onto the bed, lying on his back with his hands pillowing his head. Dean stood up gingerly, feeling wetness slide down his thighs, and followed suit, crumpling onto the bed next to his little brother in a heap.

Dean’s body was blessedly languid and wonderfully sore in various places. He found himself relaxing further as he caught his breath and the sweat drenching his skin began to cool. The warmth from Sam’s body - just inches from his back - was unbelievably soothing. He left himself drift, listening to the sound of Sam’s steady breathing beside him.

When the bed creaked under him, Dean jolted slightly and realized Sam was moving next to him. He twisted to look over his shoulder just as Sam pull a shirt - Dean’s shirt - up off the floor and began to clean himself off with it.

“Seriously?!” Dean growled but his voice held none of its usual rough edge. His question was met with a half amused look as Sam finished wiping himself down and tossed the shirt back onto the floor. “Bitch.” Dean said as he rolled over and luxuriously stretched. A smile pulling up the corner of his mouth.

“Whatever, Dean.” Sam said, deadpanned, followed by a short huff as he climbed off of the bed and began to pull on his jeans. “I’m gonna go grab us some breakfast. You should start back up on the case while I’m gone. See if we can find anything useful.”

Dean felt reality twist around him, a weight forming in the pit of his stomach that sunk like a stone. A crushing ache lanced through his chest as his mind whirled around the realization, a hollow loss that leached away the last of the endorphin high.

What did he just do?

“No, Sam. I’m getting some damn sleep. We’ll figure shit out in the morning.” Dean said in a restrained, tight voice as he sat up on the bed, wincing at the cold wetness pooled under him.

“Right. Okay. I’ll grab some food and get started on the research till your up.” Sam stated over his shoulder as he walked out. The door slammed shut behind him and left the stuffy motel room uncomfortably devoid of sound.

Dean sat staring at the closed door for several seconds before standing up and shuffling towards
the bathroom. He hit the button on his phone on his way through.

4:42am
Aaaaaand here is the end of part one. To be followed (nearly) immediately by the episode 'Caged Heat'.

Thank you so much for everyone reading this. Hope you enjoyed the crazy.

Dean slammed the bathroom door on the empty room, flipping the pathetic lock on the handle, for good measure, unsure of who exactly he thought he was locking out. He could feel the muscles in his jaw begin to tighten, clenching together until his teeth ached. He yanked the shower handle to on and cranked up the heat. Bracing himself against the sink, he closed his eyes and tried to reign in the torrent in his chest, waiting for the water to finally crawl above non-freezing temperatures.

He wasn’t sure why he was so fucking surprised. He knew Sam wasn’t himself. Of course he would act like nothing had happened. Like it was no big deal. Like their world hadn’t just become ten times more fucked because Dean couldn’t keep his shit together. And he wasn’t surprised...he was fucking pissed. Guilt and disgust twisting his guts because what the hell was he thinking? This wasn’t Sam. Sam wouldn’t want this - no matter what this soulless freak had tried to convince him of - and Dean had just used the excuse to take something he shouldn’t.

How was he ever supposed to face his brother after this, once they got his soul back? Remembering and yearning and knowing. How could he possibly fix...this?

When the room was clogged thick with steam, Dean stepped under the barely existent water pressure, letting the heat seep into his bones. He tried to consciously relax the tension seizing up his muscles but couldn’t manage it even a little bit. His stomach hardened into a painful lump and his head was starting to pound from his clenched jaw. He leaned against the wall and closed his eyes, breathing in the moisture. His attention hyper focused on the feel of the water hitting his chest, the initial splatter that almost felt like pin pricks followed by a gentle tickle as it flowed across his skin. As soon as his body grew deadened to the heat, he turned the knob again, sending a new rush of steam into the already sweltering room and flushing his skin a darker shade of red. He sniffed and squeezed his eyes closed tighter.

There was only one way to fix this and he knew it: Sam’s soul.

Taking a deep, halting breath he stood up straight again. Tilting his head back, he pushed his face up directly under the shower head letting hot water rush over his face and flow up his nose. After a few pounding heartbeats, he scrubbed both hands over his face and pulled away, shaking his head a little. With a pained, determined expression settling firmly over his features he picked up the small bar of soap and began scrubbing it over himself. Lathering up every inch of skin twice before stepping back under the water to wash it all away. He stood there until the water began to cool before turning it off and stepping out.

He half-heartedly towed himself dry and paused before the closed door. Gritting his teeth, he
pushed the lock in the opposite direction and turned the handle, opening the door just a couple of inches. Bracingly cold air smacked into him and he was met with silence. Sam hadn’t returned yet. Dean walked out of the steamy bathroom and went straight for his bag, pulling out a spare pair of boxers, the pajama pants Lisa had given him, and a gray cotton t-shirt. The clothes clung to his still damp skin as he threw them on. Looking around the room, he rapidly began to clean up. Piling his discarded clothing and Sam’s towel next to the bathroom, dumping the empty beer bottles in the trash, and flicking off the bathroom light. Grey-ish morning light weakly crept into the room from underneath the heavy curtains giving him just enough light to make his way towards the beds. He looked between the two beds for a moment and, trying to not give the decision too much thought but feeling decidedly pathetic anyway, he pulled the covers back on the rumpled bed and climbed in.

Dean swallowed against the lump in his throat as he drifted off to sleep. The comforting, familiar smell of Sam lingering all around him.

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Dean realized he was staring at Sam. He had passed out - hard - the moment his head hit the pillow but at some point the post-sex, alcohol-induced dreamless sleep had faded into replaying the events of the night before in an incessant, obsessive loop. Revisiting every word said, every brush of lips, every caress, every shared look, every sigh and moan and curse in vivid detail. Sometimes with the stark clarity of memory and other times with the fanciful malleability of dreams, exploring how - in both the blissfully positive to the traumatically negative - things might have been different if…

At some point he realized the dreaming had ended and his mind had just continued on with its ruminating right through into consciousness without really informing him of the shift. His eyes had fluttered open and he found himself simply watching his brother sit at the small table, drinking coffee and researching on the laptop.

*If things were not as they were, if things were different, he’d.*

Dean closed his eyes. He felt like shit. In more ways than he could even begin to count and becoming aware that he was conscious only served to make it worse. He realized the only resounding thought going through his head was that he had to fix this. They had to get Sam’s soul back. No matter what.

Sighing, he flipped back the covers and pulled himself up into a sitting position. Sam turned and spared him a glance.

“Morning. Food and coffee are on the on the counter.” He nodded his head in the food’s direction before turning back to the computer.

“Mhm.” Dean grumbled as he shuffled across the room, snatched up the to-go box and paper coffee cup, and made his way to the chair opposite to Sam at the table. Dean took a long sip at the bitter coffee as he flipped the lid of the styrofoam box. Cold eggs, pancakes, and bacon. His stomach gave an unhappy gurgle but he picked up a plastic fork anyway and started picking at the
food with feigned interest. He could see Sam staring at him over the edge of the laptop but tried to ignore him, ripping open a packet of black pepper and tossing it over the soggy eggs he had no intention of eating then added a packet of ketchup for good measure.

“Dean. Listen.” Sam started. Dean threw down his fork, sighing gruffly as he sat back in his chair. Soul or no soul, there was no way Sam would let him suffer his guilt in peace.

“What, Sam?” Dean leveled his gaze at his brother.

“Look, nothing's changed.” Sam said slowly.

“Then why are we still talking about this? You’re right. Nothing has changed. The plan stays the same. We do what we have to do to get your soul back. End of story.” Dean gritted his teeth.

“Right. Okay. Good.” Sam paused for a moment and, seemingly content with that answer, moved his attention back to the computer screen. Matter settled. Dean rubbed his eyes with his fingertips and exhaled sharply. He picked up a piece of bacon and took a bite despite his stomach’s vehement protests.

“So...finding anything? Crowley’s errand boy said possible rougarou, right?” Dean asked as he chewed, changing the subject.

“Looks like. Coroner’s report says there wasn't much left. Just bits and pieces and a lot of blood. Two bodies in a 24 hour span. Last one was found morning before last. Looks like the police are assuming the identities of the victims for the moment since...well...there's not much left to identify them by but where they were found.” Sam rattled off. Dean groaned and sipped at his coffee again.

“Yeesh. So who are we looking at?”

“Well...First victim - Stacey Parker - young woman, lived alone, found at her apartment by a maintenance guy. The second was Roger Williams - the manager of a local fast food joint. Only person they have in common is Todd Parker, Stacey’s uncle. Turns out, about a week ago he up and quit his job. At the fast food joint. No one’s seen him since.” Sam snapped the laptop shut. Dean marveled for a brief moment that somehow life was continuing on as it always had. The thought made his stomach feel painfully empty.

“Well...sounds like we need to have a little chat with Todd then.” Dean said, giving up on his breakfast all together.

“Uh, yeah.” Sam stood up and began pulling on his coat. “Let's go.” Dean just looked him blankly before shaking his head and standing up.

“Mind if I actually get dressed first, ya freakin’ robot?” Dean muttered as he picked up his clothes and made his way into the bathroom.
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