

First Time After
A Supernatural fan fiction story by AmandaK
ADULT!

It's really happening—first time after Jess.

The thought skittered across his brain, flaring coherently for a moment but disappearing as quickly as it had come, scattered among the myriad of sensations assaulting various synapses. The wet slap of flesh against flesh filled his ears, beating a rhythm to the warm, slick friction of his dick sliding in and out of the girl beneath him. Her breasts swelled soft yet firm beneath his hands, the nipples hard nubs he could pinch and roll between his fingers until she added tiny mewls to his own grunts. The scent of girl and sweat and soap hung in his nose, and her mouth tasted like mint gum and beer. All his senses operated on high alert. All but one, because he kept his eyes scrunched closed tightly, telling himself not seeing her helped him concentrate on what he was doing but knowing deep down that it was fear that brought him to it.

Because she was the first since—

He cried out as he lost control and came, spurting his seed into the tip of the condom that suddenly felt too tight. A moment later he collapsed on top of her, panting, catching his breath, realizing he was too heavy for her but beyond the ability to do something about it. It lasted a few seconds, then he rolled off and out of her. She let out a small, disappointed whimper. He didn't look at her, sat on the edge of the bed instead, his back turned to her, removing the condom from his now flaccid cock and dropping it in the waste basket. He was still breathing hard, chest heaving, heart pounding in his throat, blood rushing in his ears.

Oh, Jess.

Strangely, he didn't feel as guilty as he thought he should, had expected he would. To the contrary, he felt... relieved. Freed. Lighter, somehow, like a burden he hadn't known he carried had been lifted.

For months after Jessica died, murdered so gruesomely by the yellow-eyed demon, he couldn't even think of sex without his stomach turning and bile rising in his throat. When need built up and his body craved release, he would take care of himself in the bathroom, in the thick of night while Dean slept, just him and his hand. And for months, it had been enough.

But then he met Sarah Blake. And for the first time in a long time, Sam felt that perhaps Jess's death hadn't been the end of the line for him too, that there might be a life beyond the need for revenge, beyond his need for *her*. And Sarah... different time, different place, different job, and perhaps he'd have...

"Is that all you got?"

The girl's voice, hoarse with unsated lust and sharp with disappointment, broke through his reminiscence. He glanced over his shoulder.

"Sorry. No." He realized he didn't even know her name. "Just... gimme a minute."

After Sarah, his body'd started to remind him that fucking a woman was far more satisfying than beating off, even though his brain refused to entertain what it believed were traitorous thoughts. But he'd began noticing the signals again, his body responding as it was supposed to do to all those little things that told him he was alive, a healthy young man in his prime. Meaningful smiles of pretty waitresses would speed up his heart rate. The not-so-accidental brush of a breast against his arm in crowded bars would make his blood race hotly to his dick. And jacking off over the sink in the middle of the night was no longer enough.

So, one night, in Lafayette, after Dean fell asleep, he slipped out of their room. He'd walked to the ugliest part of town, picked himself up a cheap whore with bad skin and too much kohl around her eyes, thinking that if he kept the act strictly physical, it wouldn't seem so much like he was cheating on Jess, sullyng her memory.

He had never been more wrong in his life.

She'd tried every trick she knew, and then some, using hands and mouth, smearing blood-red lipstick all over his dick, yet he'd remained as limp as a noodle while behind his closed eyelids he kept seeing Jess burn. At last, she'd given up, informed him he wasn't gettin' his money back, and skedaddled out of the alley he'd taken her before he could even put himself away. He'd let her go. She'd earned every cent of that money.

He never told his brother, knowing that if he ever found out Sam spent some of their hard-come-by cash on something Dean would tell him he could get for free easily—*and then couldn't even get it up*—he'd not hear the end of it.

"Hey big boy. Still with me?"

Sam shifted on the bed, gazed down at the girl. She leaned against the pillow, nakedness outlined in the dim light falling in through a crack in the curtain, one arm behind her head. Her firm breasts sagged only a little with gravity as she lay on her back, nipples dark pebbles against pale skin. And lookit there! She was a true redhead after all. His mouth twitched with amusement. He certainly hadn't noticed *that* before, too caught up in getting her out of her clothes and crawling on top of her, inside her.

"Yeah."

For weeks after that disastrous encounter with the hooker, he'd embraced celibacy, too scared to try with a woman again, too frustrated to help himself. Until tonight. She'd been with a few friends, pretty, innocent freshmen from the local college with no idea of the horrors that lurked in the dark. He'd taken to her instantly. Red hair that curled to her shoulders—never blond, because that'd remind him too much of Jess—petite, slim, with a bright smile and more freckles dappling her nose than Dean's. It wasn't long after he first laid eyes on her—or she on him, he wasn't sure—that they snuck out of the bar and across the street to tumble into the motel bed, shedding a trail of clothes all over the threadbare carpet along the way from door to bed.

She raised herself on her elbows to look at his face, shifting her eyes as she took in his features before her gaze met his. "Who was she?" she asked, softly, with no hint of the earlier disappointed frustration. Sam smiled. He knew he liked her for a reason.

"That obvious, huh?" She nodded, once. "It's a long story." He crawled back, towered over her on hands and knees, inhaled the musky scent of unsatisfied arousal. His cock stirred. "No matter now."

oOo

Later, after they both sated and exhausted themselves, they fell asleep, Sam's arm slung over her protectively, legs entwined, her back pressing against his chest. That was how Dean found them after closing time chased him out of the bar and back to their motel room. "Whoa."

The girl stirred, and Sam opened one bleary eye to squint at his brother.

"I, eh, I'll go... somewhere," Dean said, keeping his voice low after that first, surprised outburst. "You... Yeah." He shut the door behind him, lips quirking in a grin as he walked over to the darkened manager's office.

Go, Sammy!

He could care less if he'd have to wake anyone up to get another room, or even that he might've to sleep in the backseat of the Impala if they hadn't one available. Sam was doing all right. That was all that mattered. Sammy was all right.

Disclaimer: This story is based on the Warner Bros. Television/Wonderland Sound and Vision/Eric Kripke/Robert Singer series *Supernatural*. All characters belong to their original creators. The story is meant for entertainment purposes only and no copyright infringement was intended.