

(What It Feels Like) For A Girl

By AmandaK

"Dean? Can you get me my black shawl?" Stacy called from the bathroom. "It's in the second drawer down."

She was spiffing herself up for their hot date on their last night together (not that she needed any adornment; in Dean's opinion, she looked damned fine even in coveralls and engine grease), and he was happy to do as she asked. He and Sam were heading up to New Hampshire to check out missing joggers in a state park, and God only knew when a job might bring them to these parts again.

He'd promised himself, last time he left, that he wasn't gonna come back. He couldn't afford to let himself care for someone like this: didn't dare tell them the truth; couldn't risk them ending up in harm's way. But then Sam had gotten hurt during a hunt in Oklahoma. Nothing life-threatening, but he really needed a few days of puttin' his feet up. They'd been a mere four hours' drive from the small Texan town where Stacy lived, and Dean had decided a little R&R was in order for the both of them. Her stunned expression when he showed up at the garage without warning was quickly replaced with a happy smile that lit up her entire face, and it had banished any lingering doubts. He knew coming here was stupid and dangerous, but he hadn't regretted it for a single minute since.

He'd regret leaving, though, he mused, rummaging through the contents of the drawer. Stacy was—his hand unexpectedly came upon something that didn't belong. It was smooth and hard, and he pulled the object out. It was a thin rod, about as long as his hand and maybe an inch in diameter, made of bright pink plastic with an oddly-shaped curved hook at one end.

He held it out at arm's length, turning it this way and that, trying to figure out what it could be. He had a niggling suspicion he already knew.

"Dean, did you... Oh God." The last came out as a gasp.

He turned away from the dresser to see Stacy framed in the bedroom doorway. Her eyes were round and her gaze fixed on the object in his hand. The look on her face... Well, if he'd suddenly transformed into a werewolf she couldn't have been more freaked.

Color rose in her face until she'd turned nearly as pink as the thing he'd found.

"What's this?" he asked, biting the inside of his cheek to stop himself from smiling. He

wasn't beyond yanking her chain a little.

"It's... it's..." She cleared her throat, the desperate look in her eyes telling him she was scrambling for an innocuous explanation and coming up empty.

"It's for my iPod," she blurted.

Dean blinked. "iPod?" Okay, that was about the last thing he'd expected to come out.

"Yeah," she said hopefully. "You plug it in here, see?" She pointed at the bottom of the rod where there was indeed a input jack available. "And then it... um..." Her voice trailed off again as she realized babbling was just getting her in deeper trouble.

Dean took pity on her. "It's a vibrator, isn't it?"

She sighed and her shoulders slumped. "Yeah."

"And it vibrates to rhythm?"

Stacy nodded, not looking at him.

"Huh." So that ugly little gadget of Sam's could be used for more than playing crappy emo songs? He twirled the vibrator between his fingers. "Sooo," he drawled, "this is what you use when I'm not around to scratch your itch?"

She made a sound somewhere between a giggle and a gulp, but nodded, sneaking a peek at him under her lashes, her color still high. "Sorry," she mumbled.

Dean frowned, abruptly feeling as if he'd missed a beat. "What for?" He gave her a puzzled look. He couldn't begin to count how often he'd jacked off in the shower of moldy bathrooms, imagining it was her hand on his dick instead of his own.

"You're not... mad?" she asked.

"What?" He was about to laugh, thinking she must be making fun of him, when he remembered that growing up in hick country had put some very weird ideas about men and sex in her head. He'd taken it as a personal challenge to rid her of those idiotic beliefs and thought he'd been making quite a bit of headway. Seemed like there was still some work to do.

"No, of course not," he said earnestly. He offered her the vibrator and after a moment's hesitation, she took it.

He gave her a grin. "I wanna see it in action..." He wiggled his eyebrows at her. She smiled, relieved, and smacked his arm .

"You got a dirty mind on you, Dean Winchester."

"And you love me for it," he retorted.

She laughed, shaking her head in mock exasperation, and put the vibrator away. With a small sigh of regret, Dean watched her close the drawer.

oOo

A muted curse followed by some indistinct grumbling woke Sam up. Moving imperceptibly slowly so as not to alert the intruder that he was awake, he felt for the knife hidden under his pillow. Once he had his hand wrapped around the handle, he shifted his head and snuck a peek through slitted eyes. A soft bluish glow that he identified as the glare of a computer screen bathed the room in an eerie light. He twisted around a bit further, and recognized the silhouette in front of the screen.

Surprised, he sat up. "Dean, if you're oglin' Asian porn again on *my* computer, I swear I'll —"

Dean swiveled around, startled. "No, I was...." He shrugged.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" Sam asked, switching on the bedside lamp. "I thought you were gonna stay at Stacy's."

"Had something I needed to do." Dean waved his hand. "How you make these things work?"

Sam rolled from the bed and padded over. Much to his amazement, Dean was holding a sky blue iPod Nano, and the screen behind him showed he'd opened the My Music folder.

"You wanna load an iPod?" Sam said, non-plussed. "Since when—?"

"It's Stacy's," Dean interrupted him.

"Aww." Sam grinned. "You're making her a mix tape? Dude, that's so sweet."

Dean made a face. "Bite me. You gonna show me how to do this? Or you plan on lettin' me figure it out by myself?"

Sam shook his head and leaned over Dean's shoulder. Doing research was one thing, but he'd be damned if he let Dean mess around with his laptop any more than he had to. "For starters, you need to use iTunes. What songs do you want on there?"

"Stuff she likes. But with a good beat." Dean shrugged. "You know, classic CCR, and Bon Jovi, maybe. Couple other things."

"All right," Sam said, firing up some programs. "This is how it works...."

oOo

A few hours later, they headed out of town before the sun was even up. They swung by Stacy's house to drop off the iPod, wrapped in a motel stationery envelope with a little note attached. Sam had caught a glimpse of the message, written in Dean's sloppy scrawl —*For when I'm not there...*—and as far he could tell, there was nothing out of the ordinary about it.

So why was it, Sam wondered, shooting curious glances at Dean as they left Texas behind, that his brother was wearing such a sly, rakish grin?

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