

WARNING: This story is rated ADULT and contains material that is not suitable for younger readers.

Hitting The Spot By Scribblesinink

It was the sound of the shower running, the old pipes clanking in protest, that dragged Ellen from a deep sleep. Dim gray light filtering in through the curtains said it was far too early for a barkeep to be up. So who the fuck was creating all that racket?

She crawled from the bed, bare feet slapping against cold linoleum. Rubbing her arms against the morning chill, she padded over to the bathroom. The water shut down just as she reached it.

She yawned. "Bill?"

There was a muffled reply from inside, something she couldn't make out, and she tried the knob.

The door opened easily enough, and—Ellen froze in mid-step: the man in her bathroom wasn't her husband.

Underneath the glare of the bright lamp, a wide-eyed John Winchester was clutching one of her towels (an old, tattered one that she'd never offer to a guest for use) in front of him. His broad chest glistened with water droplets and little rivulets streamed from his hair, catching in the days' old stubble dark on his jaw.

The sight was enough to startle her fully awake the rest of the way, and reality crashed over her like a cold wave: Bill was dead; had been for close to two years, actually.

She blinked, heart pounding in her throat, and blood rose to her cheeks in a flush of embarrassment before righteous anger took over. "You have some nerve, John Winchester," she spat.

"Ellen... I'm... How did I get here?"

His stammer sounded genuinely puzzled, and some of Ellen's anger abated. "You don't remember?"

He shook his head, sending droplets flying. Some landed on Ellen's bare skin and she absently wiped them off.

"You showed up out of the blue on my porch last night," she told him. "Dead on your feet and barely coherent. Your car's in the lot, though, so I'm assuming you drove yourself."

The loud pounding on the door right after she'd finally drifted off had frightened the wits out of her. Jo was away, having a sleepover at a friend's, and as a hunter's wife she'd learned that nighttime visitors never brought good news. She'd been worried sick something had happened to Jo, to the point of nearly throwing caution into the wind and racing to open the door. Fortunately, she'd managed to retain some common sense and instead had snuck downstairs, shotgun at hand—only to find a blood-streaked John Winchester crumpled on her doorstep. He'd been too filthy to touch, and so far out of it that at first she thought he was stone cold drunk. Except he'd reeked of sweat and dirt and sulfur, not booze.

He frowned, still quizzical. "What day is it?"

Ellen lifted an eyebrow. "Sunday, of course. Why?"

"Oh." John's shoulders dropped a little. "Last thing I remember was cornering some nasty creature in an alley in Nashville." He heaved a breath. "That was Wednesday night."

"Huh," Ellen said. "It must've put the whammy on ya." She paused. "Did you at least kill it?"

John frowned. He looked inward, thinking back. "I think so."

"Good." For a moment, neither spoke. The bathroom was fogged up and warm from John's shower, the mirror misted over, and Ellen could feel a thin sheen of perspiration pop up on her brow. She shook a few wayward damp strands of hair from her eyes.

Despite the weird circumstances, she found her gaze roving over John's body, the glistening drops on his chest slowly drying to the air. Though his torso was crisscrossed with scars, he looked pretty damned fine: chiseled abs, wide shoulders, muscles well defined. How come she hadn't noticed that earlier, after she'd finally managed to get him to the stretcher in the back room, and stripped him of his stiff, blood-crusting clothes?

Well, she silently replied to her own question, maybe because she'd been too occupied with determining if any of the blood was John's, or the extent of his suspected injuries? From the way he'd looked, it hadn't been too far-fetched to imagine him dying in her arms right there and then.

Her eyes narrowed at the memory. "If you weren't so big, I'd put you over my knee for the way you scared the living crap outta me."

The moment she spoke, a sudden vision of a naked John Winchester in her lap, ass out, presented itself to her. She gasped. Where the hell did that come from? The image had popped into her head out of nowhere—although to be honest, she suspected that the way the scanty towel clung to John's hips had something to do with it. The frayed cloth hinted more at what was hidden than it did anything to protect John's dignity.

John caught her looking and his lips twitched. He returned her stare, gazing up and down along the length of her body, and Ellen grew uncomfortably aware of being next to naked herself: she'd gone to bed wearing an old T-shirt of Bill's and a pair of cotton panties. It was all she could do not to blush like a schoolgirl under his scrutiny, and she scrambled around for whatever scraps of fury she could find. Anger formed her only armor and she glared back.

John's response, when it came, wasn't what she expected.

"You would?" he drawled, eyes sparkling with amusement and perhaps a hint of a challenge.

"Yeah, I would." Without giving it a second thought, Ellen picked up the challenge. She stepped further into the bathroom and shut the door behind her. "In fact, I think it's high time someone smacked some sense into you, John Winchester."

She took another step, strangely thrilled to see John's eyes widen slightly.

"Ellen..."

She was close enough that he'd have to back up or allow her into his personal space if she took another step. He backed away, bumped a hip against the sink and nearly tripped over his own feet. Twisting to keep upright, he braced himself against the wall.

Ellen nodded. "That's right. Turn around."

"Ellen..." he tried again, and she crossed her arms in front of her chest, arching a brow. Much to her surprise, John obeyed without a further word, turning around completely and planting his hands flat against the wall, his back to her. She knew he could've easily ignored her; he was bigger and stronger than she was, and there simply was no way she could make a man like John Winchester do anything he didn't want to do.

Which could only mean one thing....

Mouth curving into a grin, she snatched the towel away from his hips in one smooth

motion before discarding it carelessly in the shower stall. She took a moment to admire John's ass. It was as fine as the rest of his nicely sculpted back. His buttocks were firm, well muscled, skin smooth and only slightly paler than the rest of him—sunbathing clearly not a favored Winchester pastime. A long, thin stripe ran from his left thigh all the way up across to his hip, and she wondered what had left it. On his right flank claw marks drew parallel white lines. Old scars, which bespoke the dangers of a hunter's life.

She didn't want to think of that.

Ellen moved off a bit to the side, suddenly anxious and unsure about her next move. What on God's green Earth had she gotten herself into it? She vaguely wondered if remnants of whatever spell the demon had put on John were still active and getting to her too—she sure as hell had never done anything like this before. But then she put the thought from her mind.

She actually didn't care.

Without further contemplation, she slapped an open palm against John's butt cheeks, a little tentative but decisive. He hissed, and her hand stung, and she was rewarded with a clearly defined, hand-shaped red splotch on pale flesh.

Hers.

She smacked him again, and again, hand print overlaying hand print. However, she quickly realized that if she kept this up, her palm would be as bruised and sore as John's ass— and that would invalidate the entire lesson.

She took a step back and glanced around the bathroom for ideas. Her lips twisted up in a smirk when her eye fell on her hairbrush.

"Ellen, you wouldn't—" John had followed her gaze over his shoulder.

"Yes, I would," she said, "and I will. Now, face to the wall." John swallowed, throat bobbing, yet like before he did as she told him. She repositioned him, so that he bent a little more at the waist, hands lower on the wall, ass sticking out. "Spread your legs some," she instructed, and without a word of protest, he did.

Ellen felt a rush of strength course through her, a sense of empowerment that was exhilarating. She'd never felt this in control. Sure, she'd ordered men around, mostly telling them to get the hell out of her bar—usually from the butt end of a shotgun. But this? This was different. It would take John no effort at all to walk away and put an end to it. And still he stayed, letting her do what she wanted.

In fact, she thought, observing how his entire body was quivering ever so slightly in anticipation, it probably took him greater effort to remain where he was.

Deciding not to examine his motivation any further, she raised the brush and smacked it down. Not too hard—the flat wooden surface of her makeshift paddle would get the message across much better than any real force she could put behind it—but hard enough. Upon contact, it made a very satisfying *spattt*, and the noise it wrenched from John caused something hot to slither in her lower belly. She brought the brush down again. And once again.

When her arm was growing tired and John's rear was glowing red all around, Ellen put the brush away. She was a little winded, and not from exertion. Her face felt flushed, her panties were soaking wet, and her nipples pressed sensitively against the soft cotton of her nightshirt.

She ran a hand across John's red ass, his skin hot against her cooler palm. He gasped and arched his back. She leaned over, draping herself over him, feeling the burn of his abused ass soak through the thin material of her shirt. She brought one hand around his hip and wasn't surprised in the slightest to find him fully erect and hard, pre-cum slicking her hand as she curled it around the head.

"Ngh." John made a noise that wasn't a word, and the blatant want in the sound made Ellen's breath catch.

"You can turn around now," she whispered in his ear. Her hand never left his cock, fingers curled around its length, as he twisted until his back was against the wall. Brown eyes, pupils fully dilated, met hers.

"Ellen..." He uttered her name, question and warning rolled into a single groan. She knew she could still tell him no, and he'd walk away to find another way to relieve himself. But how could she, when it had been so long, while her cunt clenched emptily, and she held a hard, quivering dick in her hand?

"Yes." A slight nod accompanying the whispered word gave him the permission he apparently needed, and she yelped in shock as John ripped her panties away with a quick gesture before dipping his fingers into her and smearing her fluids across her clit. It was her turn to moan helplessly, and she raised a leg, trying to get it over his hip and climb up. He wrapped his arms around her waist and whirled them around, and the next thing Ellen knew, their positions were reversed. Her back was flush against the tiled wall and John towered over her, blocking out the light.

He pumped his fingers into her, stroking with quick, urgent gestures, two, three fingers at a time, and it brought her close, so close, but it wasn't enough.

"Jo-ohn," she begged, and fumbled a hand between their bodies in an attempt to guide his cock where she wanted it.

He chuckled against her throat, murmuring, "That really turned you on, didn't it?"

Taking pity on her, he grabbed her hips, fingers digging in harshly so she knew she'd have the bruises to show for it later. He lifted her up, and—thankyougodthankyou—shoved himself into her as deeply as he could. Ellen mewled, a long, drawn out sound that she hadn't known she could make, and the next moment, he'd slipped a hand between them and was rubbing quick circles over her clit. It was enough to finally send her over the edge, and she cried out while sparks burst into splinters behind her eyes.

John wasn't far behind, either; another two hard strokes and he exploded into her hotly. Panting for air, they slid to the cold floor, neither able to move for long minutes, until Ellen finally dragged herself downstairs to start the coffee.

oOo

John left the Roadhouse after breakfast—eggs and toast and black, strong brew—and Ellen never saw him again, until that night in Wyoming, when Dean shot the Yellow Eyed Demon and John's ghost crawled out of hell through the Devil's Gate...

Disclaimer: this story is based on the Warner Bros. Television/Wonderland Sound and Vision/Eric Kripke/Robert Singer series *Supernatural*. It was written for entertainment only; the author does not profit from it nor was any infringement of copyright intended. Please do not redistribute elsewhere without the author's consent.