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## Wanna Make A Memory By AmandaK

Stacy's hands were tugging at his shirt, and Dean knew he should push her away. They didn't have time for this. But then her nimble fingers popped open the buttons on his jeans and slipped inside his boxers and the world disappeared.

He inhaled sharply, trying to keep his head clear and his wits about him. If she kept this up, he wouldn't last another five minutes. And he might be pressed for time, but if they were going to do this, he didn't want it to be quick. At least not *that* quick. And he wanted to make it an experience she'd not lightly forget. Because it was going to be goodbye.

Once he drove off with Sam, there was no way he was coming back; he wasn't about to make the same mistake twice and tell her the truth—Cassie had driven that particular lesson home hard—but he didn't want to lie to her either. She deserved better.

Better than someone who'd drop by once every couple of months, when the job permitted or brought him to the area. Better than someone who couldn't always be there for her, who might end up dead each time he left.

Because there would always be another hunt; another ghost killing innocent folks; another poor bastard gettin' possessed. Why it had to be him who fixed things, Dean didn't understand. But he did know that he couldn't give up hunting. To know what was out there, and not fight it? That felt wrong, somehow.

Her hand on his dick felt anything but wrong, though, and Dean's eyes briefly fluttered closed as he relished the sensation, before his upstairs brain took control again. He wrapped his hand around hers and, with much regret and a little whimper that he couldn't keep in, pulled it away.

Stacy looked up at him uncertainly, a question in her eyes. "Am I doin' it wrong?"

"Oh, God, no," he managed between two deep breaths. "You're doing everything right. Just... too right."

"Oh."

He could tell from the tone of her voice that she didn't fully understand. Instead of trying

to explain he simply dipped his head and captured her mouth with his. She opened up for him willingly, and his tongue darted in to explore for a moment before he sucked in her lower lip and nipped it gently. She made a small sound of surprise.

His mouth never leaving hers, he slowly directed her backwards until they reached the bed. With gentle pressure on her shoulders, he encouraged her to sit. She gazed up at him, her eyes dark and trusting.

A surge of unfamiliar emotion rushed through him: she was so beautiful, so innocent and unaware of the things he knew. He wished he could stay. He wished—

He forced his mind back from futile daydreams. There wasn't much time; Jo could be in real trouble and every minute might count.

But surely it wasn't too much to ask for this. Surely it wasn't wrong to steal a few minutes to make a memory that would keep him company through long nights on the road and crappy motel rooms?

Reaching down, he caught the hem of her shirt. She raised her arms, making it easy for him pull the shirt up and over her head. He flung it over his shoulder, not caring where it landed, and knelt before her. Slipping his hands around her waist, he bent forward and closed his mouth over an eager nipple, suckling through the black lace of her bra. Her hands knitted themselves in his hair, holding his head tight to her chest. He moved his mouth to her other nipple and smiled when a lustful whimper rose in her throat. Palms sliding over soft skin, he ran his hands up her back until he found the clasp of her bra. A moment later, he could tease her nipples with his tongue without any annoying cloth in the way.

Suckling on one breast, he cupped the other in his palm and lightly pinched the nipple between thumb and forefinger, having discovered earlier how much she liked that. She sighed, murmuring his name, her fingers tugging clumsily at his T-shirt.

He pulled away from her for an instant to pull his own shirt over his head and chuck it to one side, before leaning back in to lick a trail of wet tongue along her collar bone. Her hands fluttered over the naked skin of his back, her nails digging in when he pushed her backwards until she was lying down. Crawling up between her knees, he bent over her and placed small kisses on her stomach. She squirmed beneath him, making a sound that was somewhere between a whimper and giggle.

Her fingers found the waistband of his jeans and slipped under it, her small, strong hands cupping his ass and trying to pull him closer. She canted her hips, attempting to grind into him and find friction.

He chuckled, resisting. "Not so fast, baby."

She moaned a protest. "Dean.... "

"Shh...." He swallowed her protest with his mouth, squirming one hand between them and giving her a quick rub through her jeans as a promise of things to come. She bucked up and growled in frustration when he took his hand away.

He dragged himself off of her and crawled from the bed. Stacy pushed herself up on her elbows and stared at him, her gaze a little glassy. "Dean...?"

"Too many clothes," he grunted by way of explanation. He fumbled with her jeans, cursing below his breath when the zipper got stuck. Finally he could tell her to raise her hips a little so he could pull her pants down.

Her panties were also black lace, matching the bra. Though he'd never seen her in her underwear before, he knew she'd put the lacy number on for him. She was too practical a girl to wear such skimpy underthings beneath her coveralls at the garage. She'd planned tonight to be special, and the thought made hot blood rush to his dick, hardening it further until it strained against the cotton of his boxers.

He admired the lace for only a second before impatiently dragging her panties down her legs as well. The dark curls where her legs met glistened with moisture, and the smell that came from her was pure girl: sweet and musky. He inhaled deeply. It was a scent he'd loved ever since he first encountered it at the age of fourteen, but having patiently bided his time for over a week made the scent seem all the more rich and powerful.

Suddenly, he found his own jeans and boxers far too confining, and he shoved both down in a single, smooth move. His cock popped free, slapping up against his belly as he clambered back on the bed between her legs.

She reached down for him, her warm hand encasing him and, despite himself, he bucked into her grip. She shifted a little until her other hand could reach around and cup his balls, fondling them with curious fingers. He moaned and his eyes crossed. He wanted nothing more than to sink into her moist heat, fuck her mercilessly and forget for a while about the job, about Jo gone missing, or about Sam waiting outside by the car.

No. He sucked air into his lungs. This wasn't how he wanted it. Wasn't how he'd been planning it for days, even though he never got around to putting those plans into action.

"You first," he ground out through gritted teeth, barely holding it together.

"What?"

"Move up the bed a little," he said, pointing to the pillows. "Make yourself comfortable."

"What?" she repeated, looking at him with confusion. But she obeyed and scooted up the bed until she rested against the pillows.

Dean wriggled a little further between her legs, his hands nudging her thighs farther apart until she lay splayed open before him, all pink and wet. He bent over and took a deep breath of her scent before he licked a long stroke along her slit.

The effect was more powerful than he had expected.

"Dean!" The sound she made was nothing short of a shriek, and she attempted to clench her legs together, swatting at him as his body between her knees made that impossible. "What're...? You can't...! That's..." She gulped for air.

Dean glanced up, startled to see her eyes were wide and there was real shock on her face. He creased his brow in puzzlement; he'd yet to meet a girl who refused an offer to go down on her. Then again, not every woman was wired the same. And Stacy wasn't just any girl; he'd known that from the day they met.

"You don't want me to?"

She was shaking her head and nodding at the same time, the expression in her eyes a little panicked. "I don't... I never... Nobody's ever..." she stammered.

Suddenly it clicked.

"You never had anyone go down on you before?" He couldn't keep the surprise from his voice.

"No. They said...." Her voice trailed off and her cheeks colored. She looked away.

Dean sighed, remembering she'd grown up in the boonies. "Damned ignorant rednecks," he muttered beneath his breath. He'd never understand guys who refused to eat a girl out, saying it wasn't a manly thing to do. He *loved* to make them squirm and twitch and whimper with nothing but his lips and mouth and tongue working their pussy.

"Stacy...." He waited until she looked back and met his eyes. "Do you want me to? It's okay if you don't."

She hesitated, and he held his breath. Then she offered a quick, timid nod. Amazing, he thought, how a girl who had no compunction of grabbing strangers by the balls if they looked at her wrong could be shy about something so natural as this.

A grin crept up on his face, widening into a lascivious smirk. "Good choice."

Yes, he'd make her remember him.

He urged her to move her legs apart again, and after another moment's hesitation, she obeyed. He started nipping at the skin of her thighs, placing small, suckling kisses in the crease where her legs met her groin, giving her some time to get used to the idea. Gradually, he felt her relax.

Time to raise the stakes a little.

He moved his mouth across and began to lick and suckle her outer folds, wiry hairs tickling his nose. She started whimpering again, small mewling noises, and wetness slicked his chin. He used his tongue to quickly dart in and out and got rewarded with more of her juices. Her legs were trembling, and he rested a hand on her hip to hold her down—wouldn't want her to suddenly buck up and break his nose or anything—while he risked another lick along her slit. She squirmed beneath him, letting out a long moan. She was close; very, very close.

Which was a good thing, he thought gratefully. His dick was throbbing painfully, and he didn't think he could last much longer himself. He shifted a little so he could insert a finger, quickly pushing in and out. She shivered, and he added a second, curling them upward. He moved his head until he found her clit and sucked it in. She did try to buck against him then, and he was glad he'd taken the precaution of holding her. Warmth surged from her, dripping along his hand, and she twitched and whined, panting for air under the force of her orgasm.

"That's it, baby," he muttered into the patch of dark curls, nuzzling and stroking her for another moment, making sure she was through. Then it was time to act fast. He sat up and snatched his jeans from the floor, pulled a condom out of his wallet and quickly unrolled it over his dick. Stacy's breathing was starting to even out a little, a sure sign she was gradually coming back to Earth, as he positioned himself at her opening and pushed in.

She let out a long, happy sigh and her eyes opened to slowly focus on him as he bottomed out. She was hot and tight around him, and it felt so good, but he paused, wanting to give her time to get used to him.

Then he began to move, pulling out and pushing back in slowly at first but quickly picking up the pace until he was slamming into her and the bed was shaking. Her hands dug into his buttocks almost painfully—the part of his upper brain still capable of thinking reckoned he'd probably have the bruises to show for it tomorrow—and she crossed her ankles behind his back as she tilted her hips to give him better access. A moment after, she spasmed around him as a second orgasm rocked through her. No longer able to hold back, he cried out and tumbled right over the edge after her, spilling hot seed.

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It was later—but not much later, thank god—that he came to again and rolled his weight off of her. She took a deep breath. "Sorry 'bout that," he muttered as he pulled out of her with a small popping sound. She gave him a little sad smile in return and shook her head.

"That was... " She searched for the right word.

"Memorable?" Dean suggested with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

She laughed. "Yeah. It was memorable."

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