

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

One More Time By Scribblesinink

Jess stretched lazily, feeling hot and sticky with a pleasantly aching burn between her legs. Sweat was rapidly cooling on her skin, but she didn't feel chilled. How could she, with a hard, warm body on either side to hold her captive, skin against skin? Her eyes fluttered shut; feeling protected and sated, she dozed, floating in that place between sleep and wakefulness.

The body at her left rolling away brought her awake; Dean left a cool gust of air in lieu of his body heat, and Jess grumbled in discontent. In response, Sam shifted at her other side, pulling her up tight against his broad chest and wrapping her in his arms. He slid one hand up over her flank to cup a breast. There was no urgency in the gesture, not anymore, and Jess simply enjoyed the sensation of calloused fingers absently rolling the hard nipple. His breath was hot in her neck, tickling the small hairs at the nape. She heaved a happy sigh and nestled closer to him, too lazy to want to find out what Dean was up to. Unlike Sam, Dean never really was one for cuddling.

Suddenly, something soft and wet touched her cunt, the contact so unexpected that her eyes flew open and she squeaked in surprise. Sam chuckled softly; she could feel the vibration against her back.

She looked down. Dean was wriggling himself into the narrow space between her legs, shoulders forcing her thighs wider to make room. His green eyes met hers, dancing with amusement.

"You smell nice," he commented, taking a deep breath to underline his words.

"One more time, Jess, baby," Sam whispered in her ear, his voice deep "You can do it."

She groaned and let her head fall back against Sam's collar bone. They were insatiable! Between them, they'd made her come more often than she'd believed possible; she'd lost count several orgasms ago, and she didn't think her body was up for any more. She vaguely wondered if pleasure could turn into torture.

Dean lowered his head again, tongue sliding along the full length of her slit, and all thought fled from her mind. Blunt teeth nipped at her clit. Heat pooled in her lower belly

and Sam's strong hands on her hips were all that kept her from bucking up against Dean's face. She mewled in the back of her throat, not caring how wanton it made her sound.

Sam nibbled on her ear lobe. "Shh. We got ya." A shiver ran along her spine.

Dean splayed her open further with his thumbs, fingers curling into the flesh of her legs for purchase. Without thinking, Jess bent her knees, giving him better access. A smug grin dimpled his cheeks as she did so, and he blew a teasing breath over her. She shuddered. "Get to it, then," she ground out, growing frustrated with the way he kept tormenting her.

Sam chortled again. "Yes, Dean, get to it," he mimicked.

Jess wanted to curse him out for making fun of her, but then Dean dove back in, tongue delving into her, the stubble on his jaw catching at delicate skin. The noises he made should be disgusting, Jess thought dimly, yet instead of turning her off, they brought a surge of wetness, and her stomach muscles started to clench. Another whimper escaped her. It seemed as if each new orgasm was teased even more quickly out of her than the last and she probably should be embarrassed at how easily they could get her off.

She keened while Dean raised his head, chin slick with her juices, fingers replacing his tongue, sliding in deep and curving up to find her sweet spot unerringly. His lips closed over her clit, tongue worrying the little nub until her world narrowed to a single point of pleasure that exploded in a thousand sparks.

Once she came to, Sam was holding her, stroking her hair. Dean planted a kiss on her pussy and rested his cheek on her hipbone. "That good?" he asked, as if he didn't know the answer.

"Yeah," she sighed, still twitching with aftershocks.

Sam twisted around until he could kiss her deeply. "Told you you had one more in you," he murmured against her lips before drawing back and spooning up behind her once more. "Now, sleep. You earned it."

Jess thought that perhaps she should protest, but it would take too much effort. She closed her eyes, and drifted off. For real, this time.

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