

Snowbound By AmandaK

1. Dean

Something cold and wet smacked against his neck, trickling under his collar and down his spine. Dean whirled around. She was standing a few feet away, trying to look all innocuous, with dimpling cold-reddened cheeks and eyes sparkling with glee. But her innocent expression didn't fool him for one second.

"You're so dead," he growled, and lunged.

A minute later, he'd tackled her to the ground and was rubbing handfuls of thick, fluffy snow in her face.

"Dea-ean!" She futilely beat at his shoulders with her fists, squirming to get away, even as she squealed with laughter.

He grinned and leaned down to nuzzle her jaw, cold and wet with melt water, before he shifted his head and captured her mouth with his. She stilled beneath him as his tongue slid up against hers, and he took the chance to shove one snow-chilled hand down the front of her pants, knuckles brushing over her clit and along her pussy, furnace-hot against his cold fingers. She gasped and arched up against him.

"Dean...." It was a sigh in his mouth.

"I could make you come right here," he murmured against her lips, grinning evilly.
"Would you like that?"

"Please....," she whimpered, and he wasn't sure if she was begging him to make good on his threat, or asking him not to. They were out in the open, after all, in the small park behind the inn, where anyone could come across them at any moment. Not that that had ever stopped him before....

Melting snow seeping through his jeans was icy cold on his skin, and he realized she couldn't be any better off, lying flat on the ground underneath him.

With a resigned sigh, he pulled his hand free and helped her to her feet.

"Back to the room?" he suggested, raising an eyebrow.

She nodded and said breathlessly, "Yes...."

He grabbed her wrist and towed her after him, the pair of them leaving a deep trail in the snow. Fresh flakes were drifting down out of the sky, starting to cover their tracks almost as soon as they made them. If the weather kept up, it might be days before they could make it out of here.

Dean couldn't care one lick how long it took.

oOo

2. Sam

Sam dropped a fresh armload of firewood on the pile next to the fireplace. Heat from the flames melted the snowflakes stuck in his hair and when he shook his head, water droplets went flying.

"There's a storm coming," he said, shrugging out of his heavy jacket and hanging it on a peg on the back of the door.

"That's okay." Jess appeared in the doorway of the kitchenette, steaming mugs of hot chocolate in her hands. She offered one to Sam.

He blew on the chocolate to cool it. "We could be stuck here for the rest of the week," he warned. There was no way Jess's old Beetle could make it down the mountain through several feet of snow.

Jess grinned, and something about the way she did it made his stomach flutter. "And that would be bad, how?" she asked, arching an eyebrow. She leaned up and nipped his lower lip. "We have plenty of wood, chocolate and marshmallows. We could last until *spring*."

Without looking, he put his mug down on the mantelpiece and slipped his hands around her waist to draw her closer. "But what would we do with ourselves?" he mock-whined into her hair. It smelled of the herbal shampoo she loved and he inhaled deeply. She giggled and twined her fingers together in his neck.

"Oh, I can think of a thing or two."

He bent his head down and pressed his lips against hers. "Like this?" he murmured into her mouth as she opened it willingly.

"Uh huh," was all she said.

He urged her to sink to her knees with a gentle tug on her hips, maneuvering her around until she lay sprawled on the thick, wool carpet before the hearth. The glow from the fire sparkled in her eyes and her blond hair shimmered. He gazed down at her for a moment, running one hand through her soft, silky curls and brushing it along her jaw, while the other slipped beneath the hem of her T-shirt and started tracing slow circles over her stomach.

She arched up against his palm. "Sam...."

His hand wandered up until it found the swell of her breast. "Hush, baby, I got ya."

Outside, the wind picked up and howled around the cabin. Yeah, it was gonna be a whopper of a storm. But Sam wasn't worried about cabin fever. Even if it took days before they could venture out again....

oOo

3. John

John shuffled through the snowy forest, leaving a trail of red droplets that stood out sharply against the white. The black dog had gotten him good, taking a chunk out of his bicep and swiping a sharp claw across his back. Blood loss and cold sapped his energy until he could barely manage to put one foot in front of the other. He longed to sit down and rest for a bit, to gather his strength. But he knew if he did, he'd never get up again.

At least the beast was dead. And once he reached his car, he'd be able to patch himself up a bit and stop the bleeding before heading back to the motel where he'd left the boys. Dean could stitch up his arm properly and clean the claw marks on his back. Then a couple of painkillers and a good night's sleep, and he'd be good as new.

A hidden root nearly tripped him up and he cried out in pain as he slammed his injured arm against a tree. The truck shouldn't be this far, should it? He'd left it at the side of a narrow track, a mile or two from the black dog's den. But he felt as if he'd been walking for hours and hours.

He paused for a moment, clutching at the tree trunk to keep himself upright, and raised his head to take a good look around. He saw nothing he recognized: not a single landmark that was familiar. In fact, he barely could see anything. While he'd trudged on stubbornly, cursing himself for being careless enough to let the black dog get so close, angry dark clouds had moved in overhead. Snow was now falling in a thick, white curtain of fat flakes that made it impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction.

He couldn't even tell if he was still heading the right way.

Fuck.

What a goddamned stupid way to go: dying of exposure in a godforsaken forest in Montana because he'd fuckin' got lost.

No. John shoved off from the tree and tottered onwards. He wasn't gonna die. Not here. Not now. Not like this.

He didn't know how much longer he'd been stumbling and staggering his way over an ever-thickening carpet of fresh snow when a square dark shape loomed up in his white world. He was so startled he stopped dead in his tracks, his cold-addled brain refusing to process what he was seeing for several minutes.

Then it dawned on him: a hunter's cabin.

With renewed hope, he managed to close the last few feet and fall shivering against the door. It was secured by a heavy padlock and John swore beneath his breath as his cold, numb fingers tried to maneuver the tiny pick until the shackle sprang open.

Inside, it wasn't much warmer than outside, but at least he was out of the wind and the snow, and tinder and wood lay piled next to a cold, soot-blackened hearth. John let his pack fall from his shoulder, wincing in pain as the movement jarred his injured arm. He searched for and found matches, and a few minutes later he had a small fire going. He stretched out his hands towards the flames, hissing at the sting of thawing flesh.

Once he'd warmed up some, he rummaged among the contents of his pack until he located needle, thread and bandages. He melted some snow to wash out the wound on his arm best as he could, roughly stitched it, and slapped a bandage over it. It wasn't pretty, but it'd hold until he could find help.

Outside, the wind keened through the trees and slapped against the rough wooden walls of the hut. Through the tiny, dirt-covered window, John saw how the wind swirled the snow into thick flurries.

Resigned to waiting out the weather, he made himself comfortable near the fire and wrapped himself in a moldy old blanket he'd found in a corner. The heat made him drowsy and his eyes fluttered shut. The last thing he thought before he drifted off to sleep was that this goddamn snow storm couldn't be over too soon.

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