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The Spa Experience
By AmandaK

Splat! Dean slowly pushed himself up, the mud squelching as it reluctantly let him go. He spat out a handful of dirt and ineffectually tried to wipe more slop from his face. Cold water trickled under his collar and down his spine, and when he ran a hand through his hair, it came away covered in sticky, wet autumn leaves.

Goddammit!

What a fucking shitty way to end a fucking crappy night.

But at least it hadn't been a complete fucking screw up. The stench of blood and death hung heavy in the damp forest air: he'd managed to finally blast the damn black dog back to kingdom come. Rubbing his hand across his face again, he suspected that some of the goo sticking to him was blood, not mud.

It had been raining steadily for the past three days, leaving water dripping from the trees' heavy canopy and the ground drenched and slippery. He'd been chasing the beast since sundown: catching a few glimpses, even getting a shot off once, though it had moved too fast for a decent hit. He'd finally caught up with it just as it was about to chow down on some poor bastard who had no business being there in the first place.

There'd been no time for stealth: Dean had come crashing through the underbrush and fired off the shotgun before he'd come to a full stop. But he'd misjudged his speed and the lack of grip on the wet, leaf-covered dirt floor. He'd slid right after his bullet and straight into the dog, sending them both crashing through a wooden railing and rolling down a muddy slope. Rain water had pooled into a dirty puddle at the bottom, and now Dean was soaked to his skin, and covered in slime, dirt and God knows what else.

He cursed again—he *really* didn't want to think about what dog bits might be mixed in with the muck—and tried to wipe his hands on his pants. He only succeeded in smearing the grime further.

A nearby sound brought him back on full alert and he froze. The damned dog was dead, wasn't it? He knew he'd made a kill shot, dammit. And where the hell was his gun? He was fumbling around in the stagnant water, searching for it, when another soft groan reached him.

He froze again. The sound had been human. Female, to be exact.

He dug through his pockets for his lighter, praying it hadn't got as soaked as the rest of him. It took a couple of flicks of the flint before it caught and a hesitant flame cast a glow in a narrow circle. Turning around, Dean searched for the owner of the voice.

"Over here."

Pushing the lighter in the direction the voice came from, Dean finally worked it out: he'd not only taken the dog with him over the edge, but its intended meal as well. He raised the lighter a little higher over his head. He couldn't be sure, because she was caked with mud and congealing dog blood from top to toe, but he thought she was young, and pretty.

And pretty dazed.

She blinked owlishly at the flame and he shielded it with his hand. "You okay?"

She wiped slime from her eyes and flexed her arms and legs. "I think so," she said. "What... happened? What was that... thing?"

"Black dog," Dean said, refraining from further explanation. Hearing something as common as the word *dog* was usually enough for people to build their own ideas of what had happened and not ask any more awkward questions that he didn't want to answer.

"It came out of nowhere." She pushed her dripping hair back off her forehead. "I didn't...." She shuddered, wrapping her arms around herself, and Dean could tell that awareness of exactly how much danger she'd been in was sinking in slowly. He'd seen it happen often enough to recognize the signs. She'd start with the tears next, and, crap, he so didn't want to deal with a bawling woman. Not tonight. Not here and now, in a slimy puddle of foul-smelling water in the wee hours of the night.

Not ever, if he could help it.

His thumb was growing numb from holding the lighter, and he let the flame wink out. Slipping the lighter back in his pocket, he clambered to his feet and held out a hand to help her up. The afterglow of the flame was slow to fade from his vision and he felt his way around more than he saw.

"What were you doing out here anyway?" he asked in an attempt to distract her.

"What?" She stared at his hand for a moment as if confused, before accepting it. "Oh. Car broke down." She gave a vague wave over her shoulder. "I live nearby, thought I'd take a

shortcut." She uttered a wry laugh. "I guess I should consider myself lucky it was just a dog, and not a rapist, right?"

Dean wasn't sure what to say to that. "Um, yeah," he mumbled. He finally noticed his shotgun, stuck barrel-down in the mud, and pulled it free. He brought it close to his face to examine it; even in the dark he could tell it was as coated with grime as he was.

Damn. It was one of his favorites, and it'd take hours of careful cleaning and oiling to get all the mud and grit out.

She snuck a glance at the gun before looking back up at him. "You shot it," she stated. He nodded. "You saved my life."

Dean shrugged, never comfortable with post-hunt gratitude. "I guess so."

She cocked her head. "What were *you* doing out here?"

"Looking for that friggin' dog," he growled. "Can we do the twenty questions later? I'm freezing my ass off, here."

She gave a nod, shivering, as if reminding her made her feel the cold and wet more. She pointed at the slope, visible as a dark wall in world of black. "How do we get up there?"

Dean followed her finger and shrugged. "We climb." Even by the flame of the lighter, he hadn't seen any other way out of the hollow. And he'd be damned if he waited for morning at the side of a stinking black dog corpse. Not to mention pneumonia was a real possibility. "Come on."

It was a long and steep climb back to the trail. Dean was sweating by the time he hauled himself over the edge, itchy droplets trickling down his face. Much to her credit, the girl didn't complain once as she followed him up the incline, grabbing hold of roots and clumps of grass for support.

Up on the trail, it was a little less dark; the rain had stopped at last and the clouds were breaking up, and hesitant moonlight pierced the canopy, creating an eerie, silver world. Dean turned back, reached down over the edge and pulled the girl the last few feet up. She collapsed in a heap, panting.

"I'm Amy," she said once she'd regained her breath. He blinked.

"Dean."

"Thank you, Dean, for saving my life." She spoke solemnly, and he couldn't help wondering if she was for real.

But then she began to giggle, a slightly nervous laugh heavy with tension from the last hour. "You look..." she began, before another fit of giggles overtook her, "...like you crawled out of a tar pit. You know, like one of those mammoths they got in La Brea."

He grimaced and gestured at her. "Look who's talking."

She was right, though; they both looked downright nasty as hell. Glancing down at himself, he ached for what it'd do to his car: his poor girl gettin' all muddied up inside. But his motel room was in the next town and he wasn't about to walk ten miles looking like a mud monster just to spare the upholstery.

There should be an old blanket in the trunk somewhere; he could use that to cover the seat and keep the worst of the slop off of his baby's leathers.

Amy's giggles faded. "I don't live far from here." She jerked her head to one side. "You should come back with me, get cleaned up a little." He started to shake his head and opened his mouth to refuse, but she continued before he could say anything. "C'mon, a shower's the least I can offer you for your help."

The mere thought of having hot water wash away the filth that clung to him made his knees go weak, and Dean found himself nodding instead. "Alright. Lead the way."

oOo

A short while later she was opening the front door of a small but well-maintained gable-front house and waving him up the stairs. "Bathroom's second door on the left," she said. "Towels are under the sink. Coffee?"

"God, yes!" Dean climbed the stairs while Amy disappeared into the kitchen. To be offered a hot shower to clean up and freshly brewed coffee after a successful hunt? There was justice in the world after all.

The bathroom was huge—maybe it had once been two rooms—with a huge tub at one end of the room, and an oversized shower stall taking up a whole corner of the other. Only one toothbrush, in a glass on the sink. The large mirror above reflected a creature Dean barely recognized as himself. He made a face, and dried mud flaked off his skin.

Ugh.

He reached under the sink for a towel, and then poked around until he found a bar of plain soap and a bottle of herb shampoo that didn't smell too sickly sweet in an overhead closet. Peeling off clothes growing stiff with drying muck, he dropped them in a careless pile on the floor, and opened the door of the shower stall to turn on the water.

A powerful stream that quickly turned hot jetted out of the shower head. In a few minutes, the bathroom had filled with steam, fogging up the mirror and the glass door. With an ecstatic sigh, Dean stepped under the spray and shut his eyes, luxuriating in the feel of the hot water washing the grit and goo off of him.

He soaped up, needing several palm-fulls of shampoo before it foamed properly, and then tipped his head back, eyes squeezed tight to keep out the suds, and put his face in the spray, letting the water slosh away the soap and dirt.

A brief cold draft made goosebumps spring up on his skin. The next moment something warm and soft touched his back. "You missed a spot," Amy's voice said quietly near his ear.

"Guh!" Dean nearly choked as he gulped in a mouthful of water. He blinked the soap from his eyes, glowering down at her over his shoulder.

"What?" she asked, smiling innocently. "Shower's big enough for two, and I really couldn't stand this any longer." She gestured down at her naked body that, even covered in streaks of dirt, seemed curved and soft.

Dean let a smile curl up his lips. He knew an invitation when he heard one. But first he needed to clean her up a little.

"Right," he rasped, shifting them around until most of the spray hit her. Dirty brown rivulets streamed across her body and swirled down the drain and Amy sighed, closing her eyes and lifting her face into the stream just like Dean had moments ago.

"Let me," he offered, reaching around her for the shampoo, and she nodded, turning so her back was to him. Her hair hung to her shoulders, dark brown but a little lighter at the roots, so he knew she colored it. Squeezing a large blob of shampoo onto his hand, he began working it in to her hair. She leaned back into him, moaning softly, apparently enjoying the massage he was giving her scalp.

They were so close, there was no way she could fail to notice his dick twitch against her ass as he grew hard, but she gave no indication one way or another.

"Close your eyes," he ordered before he pushed her back under the spray. She let the

water sluice over her for a while until it ran clean. Then she stepped away, blinking and pushing strands of wet hair out of her eyes as she turned to face him.

Dean smirked down at her. "Much better."

She grinned in return. "Right back at ya."

There was a moment of silence, the clatter of water the only sound, as if neither knew what should come next. Dean's gaze traveled from her face further down. Her skin was shiny and pink from the hot water, and water trickled down over firm, round breasts. Dean's dick twitched again.

"Oh," he said slowly. "I think there's some mud left... right... here." He reached out with his right hand and drew the tips of his fingers down over the swell of her breast, across her nipple and along the crease beneath, brushing away some leftover grit. A tremor ran through her but she didn't pull away.

He dipped his head to kiss her and she raised her face to meet him. Her lips were wet and warm, and eagerly parted beneath the press of his tongue. She moaned into his mouth and reached out, her hand closing around his dick. He hissed at her touch and pulled away.

"Not yet," he growled. After all, patience was a virtue.

He groped for the bar of soap. Taking a small step back to make room, he ran the soap over her arms, down her sides, along her stomach and back up over her chest, soaping her up until she was covered in tiny suds. He put the bar away and followed the same path with his hands. She was smooth and slippery beneath his palms gliding easily over her body. She moaned again, and he palmed her breasts, thumbnails scratching lightly over her nipples. She pushed her chest out and into his hands, looking for more friction, and he chuckled. Kissing her again, he let one hand trail down her stomach and between her legs. He found her wet and ready, and she moved her feet apart a little to give him better access. He slipped a finger into her, followed by a second, and she whined into his mouth, grinding down against his hand.

He managed a third finger, and curved them up to find her sweet spot. She jerked as he touched it, whimpering. His thumb found her clit, and he stroked her inside and out. She came hard, clinging to him like a drowning woman, his strength and his hand all that kept her from sliding down on the shower stall floor.

She rode out her orgasm, rocking on his fingers, and he waited until she'd regathered herself enough to stand on her own feet before he withdrew.

"Wow...", she breathed, resting her forehead against his chest, and he figured it had been a while since she got laid.

They stood silently for a few minutes, letting the warm water wash over them, before she lifted her head and grinned at him. "Your turn." She snatched up the soap and slipped around behind him. In moments she had him coated in a heavy layer of sweet-smelling suds.

I'm going to smell like a girl, Dean thought as the scent of the soap reached his nose. But right now, with her small hands traveling across over his body, strong fingers kneading tired muscles or tracing along old scars, he couldn't care less.

By the time Amy nudged him to turn back around, he was rock hard and his balls were throbbing. She ran her hand down his chest and over his abs, until she reached his dick. She enfolded it in her palm, thumb brushing over the head, and he rocked into her grip instinctively. He groaned, cursing beneath his breath as he lifted her up, bracing her between his body and the shower wall. She crossed her ankles behind his back, laced her fingers around the back of his neck, and tilted her hips until the head of his dick found her opening.

Dimly, in the back of his mind, the voice of reason warned him, but *dammit*, going for the condom in his wallet required leaving the hot spray and the warm, pliant girl in his arms and digging through filthy clothes.

He couldn't... He didn't....

Before he could finish either thought, she pushed herself down on him. They stood quietly for a moment, relishing the feel of being connected in such a basic way, before she gently rocked her hips, urging him to move. He obliged, moving in and out, hips slamming into her ever faster, until stars exploded behind his eyes and he came with a cry.

Coming down from his high, he realized the water had turned tepid, and he shivered. Amy slipped off of him, and turned off the shower, before opening the door. Stepping out, she handed him a towel and snatched another for herself from under the sink.

A few minutes later they were downstairs, sitting side by side on a cushion-strewn couch, wrapped in large towels that were so much softer than the regular motel issue Dean was used to. He had his hands folded around a steaming mug of coffee, and he whistled appreciatively after he took a sip.

Girl knew how to brew his poison, too.

Amy was silent, but he could sense her studying him out of the corner of her eye. Okay, that was a little awkward. Usually, they'd fall asleep, and he could slip out unnoticed before they woke in the morning.

"I... I should go," he said, and a shadow of disappointment crossed her face. It was quickly replaced with a smirk.

"Can't," she said.

He quirked a brow, not understanding.

She giggled at the puzzled look on his face. "I put your clothes in the washer," she explained. "So, unless you wanna parade around town dressed like that," she nodded at the pale pink towel wrapped around his hips, "you're stuck here."

Dean gave her a crooked smile in return. "Nah. What would the neighbors say?"

She laughed. "Poor Mrs. Schulz would have a heart attack."

Well, not like he had anywhere to be any time soon. Dean let his lips curl up in predatory smirk and put his coffee down. "So," he said slowly, "I'm stuck here, eh?"

"Yep." She grinned triumphantly.

"In that case," he said, reaching around her to draw her closer. He tugged on the knot that held her towel closed between her breasts, "we better find something to pass the time...."

"Yeah, we should." Amy's voice hitched as his other hand slipped underneath the towel and danced up her thigh.

Dean smirked. Maybe those health nuts had a point, with their day spas and massages and mud baths. He could certainly get used to *this*.

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