

narkypoon - FIC: Reflections of You; RPS/SPN crossover- NC-17

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[narkypoon*](#)



FIC: Reflections of You; RPS/SPN crossover- NC-17



Title: Reflections of You



Pairing: Jensen Ackles/Sam Winchester (RPS/SPN crossover)



Rating: So very, very, *very* NC-17

Summary: Sam wants his brother, Dean wants anything but. Jensen proves to be a more than acceptable substitute.

Disclaimer: If those boys were mine, would I really be sittin' here writing naughty things about them?

Notes/Warnings: Explicit boysexing, rimming, fisting, lots of dirty, nasty porn- as is to be expected from me.

Another clichéd bar, another clichéd beginning. It's not as if anyone *really* cares where the story begins anyway; it's all about the ending- Sam knows that too well. California has never meant anything good to him, even before Jessica; it's always meant the beginning of the end, one way or another - but LA isn't Palo Alto and it isn't San Francisco; it's faceless and shallow enough that the wheres and whyfores don't matter.

Dean's long gone, with some hot little redhead begging him back to her apartment for a night of debauchery; Dean had slapped a twenty on the bar for Sam's cab fare and leered '*don't wait up*', out of the door without a backward glance. Hell, maybe they both need ways to deal when they're on the West Coast.

Sam's at the bottom of his fourth whiskey and he knows he'll regret it in the morning- thank God there's no karaoke in this dive - just an endless sea of the young and the restless; pretty, talentless faces all glittering like fool's gold, chasing broken dreams and searching for something in Tinseltown that they'll never find. Sam can relate.

His eyes skirt the bar on either side of him, drawn up to the right at the sound of raucous laughter from some yahoo in a cowboy hat who's trying too hard to be country, and his clean cut, black clad companion who looks a little like...

"Dean..."

The guy ignores him, probably can't even hear over the redneck's chortling, both of them slamming down tequila shots like they're going out of fashion. Sam's eyes trace the ebb and flow of not-Dean's throat as he swallows; he's almost baby-faced without Dean's stubble, too pretty to be human, and Sam

watches the security monitor tucked in the corner behind the bar, waiting for it to scan past the man. No camera flare.

Could be a doppelganger, could be a coincidence; the differences are subtle, but there - like Dean's reflection in a mirror - reversed, something inexplicably *off*. Less muscle, less swagger, the way his shoulders hunch slightly when overzealous women press up against him too close. Paler skin, more freckles, lighter hair. But *Jesus*, those lips... *just* as plush and inviting, glistening with saliva and alcohol as he licks them to chase away the salt - Sam's getting hard just watching, it's effortlessly, *unconsciously* pornographic - whereas Dean knows *exactly* what his lips can do to the average human being when he pouts or licks or bites.

Redneck saunters off to the bathroom, slapping not-Dean on the back so he spills his next shot all over his hand and curses; sexy, southern twang in his growl. Sam knows it's now or freaking *never*, and really, how many chances is he gonna have to fuck his brother with *no* repercussions, no tension and discomfort and ruination the morning after?

He licks his lips nervously, dwarfing his whiskey tumbler with a shaking hand as he sidles further along the bar, takes Dean's ruse and crowds into the guy's space, pretends it's because of the hot press of bodies surrounding the bar. As the guy looks up, recognition sparks jade-gold eyes and Sam feels a sudden rush of warmth, the look imbued with the same guarded affection Dean favours him with, when he thinks Sam's not looking. He opens those pretty, cocksucker lips to speak but Sam cuts him off, nervous as hell and about to drop his whiskey from the sweat on his palm.

"I'm Sam," he offers quickly, head ducked a little to try and reduce the height difference between them, not wanting to look too imposing. Hell, maybe this guy's not even gay; though really, he's too pretty and well dressed for a straight dude; nothing ventured, nothing gained, Sam tells himself.

Not-Dean's eyes narrow for a moment, considering; searching Sam's face, his eyes, with the most piercing gaze Sam's ever seen. Sam feels naked, and not in the way he'd prefer right now- something loosening in his chest that he didn't even realise had tightened when the other man snorts and finally nods.

"*Right*," he drawls, almost disbelieving, and Sam's confused, but not *nearly* confused enough to back off. "Pleased to meet you, *Sam*. I'm Jensen." He grins, and despite his puzzlement Sam goes instantly, blindingly hard.

Maybe it's the whiskey thrumming through his veins that's making him hot enough to combust, or maybe it's just those crinkles at the corners of Jensen's eyes; Dean hasn't smiled wide enough to produce them for what seems like forever. Then Jensen's licking his lips, and it's all over - Sam swallows thickly,

briefly wetting his own lips in unconscious response; and when he sees Jensen's hazel eyes track the movement, he knows he's *in*.

"You wanna get outta here, Sam?" Jensen offers, sultry low, softer spoken than Dean, but the same mischief twinkling in his eyes.

Ordinarily, Sam would be inclined to think that it's too easy; but right now he's *far* more concerned with getting all of Jensen's clothes off and pounding him into next week.

"*Yeah*," he exhales roughly, broad hand settling on the curve of Jensen's denim clad ass and squeezing lightly. "Yeah, I do."

They stumble across the room towards the fire exit, wrapped tightly around each other like this is something they do every day; and Sam vaguely hears Jensen's cowboy buddy give a holler about something or other, but Sam's got his tongue down Jensen's throat so he's probably a little too preoccupied to shout back right now. Their teeth clash clumsily, it's messy and whiskey flavoured and Sam's pretty sure he's just split Jensen's pretty lower lip, but he's not stopping now, hell no.

The back alley is grimy but workable, and Jensen's got a hand fisted in Sam's hair to drag him down, the other splayed comfortably above his heart in a far too intimate gesture that only serves to make Sam harder; even if he knows Dean would *never* go in for that touchy-feely crap, doesn't stop Sam *wanting* him to. He squeezes Jensen's tight, toned ass and the other man groans huskily into Sam's mouth, riding his crotch against the thigh Sam's got shoved between those inviting bow-legs.

Sam pins the guy's hands to the alley wall then, eating at his neck like some sort of zombie-vampire hybrid - and he's not Dean, not even close, really; he's almost as fucking beautiful, but the noises are all wrong. Jensen's gasping now, head tipped back, breathy, whimpery little moans, where Dean would be all insistent, authoritarian, even on the bottom. Sam remembers watching Dean fuck a waitress in Kentucky, skulking in the shadows of an alley just like this while his big brother skimmed down her panties and barely had time for the rubber before he was shoving into her cunt, all these hot little grunts and growls, the whiskey-smooth *yeah, baby, like that, ride me, c'mon*... that still haunts his dreams.

He also remembers that night in his first year at Stanford when he got a call at four AM; he'd thought Dean was lying in a ditch somewhere bleeding out for the silence on the line. Then he'd heard the slap of flesh on flesh, cock in ass, some *guy* in Dean; the specific way Dean's breath hitched when he was getting close, the specific way Sam had heard a thousand times growing up, sharing rooms, sharing *beds* with his horny older brother when he jerked off - but never

for Sam. No, always for faceless strangers, people who mean fuck-all to Dean, but people he's always been willing to fuck or bend over for instead of his little brother.

Sam remembers Dean begging for it like some dime-store whore; *fuck, harder, like that, yeah, baby, fuck me, c'mon...* words that he still jerks his cock to; the low groans and sharp hisses, *nothing* soft or generous like Jensen makes now. Dean always was demanding - always wanted all of Sam apart from the *one* thing Sam's willing- *desperate* to give. He never did figure out why Dean made that call.

"You like it rough?" Sam spreads one large hand over Jensen's cheek, can practically span half his head, and Jensen nods, rapid and dizzy, grinding his cock so hard up against Sam's that Sam's eyes roll back in his head on a groan.

They get a cab back to Sam's motel; Jensen's in no state to drive and to Sam, there's no car that exists in the world apart from a black '67 Chevy Impala. They exchange meaningless small talk between hungry kisses and dirty-hot groping, '*m an actor,*' and '*I'm in sales,*' traded over '*hail from Texas,*' and '*Kansas, originally,*'. Jensen laughs at that, but Sam's too dizzy with kissing the other man to call him on it.

The Impala's still conspicuously absent from the motel lot, and that only makes Sam kiss more fiercely, bite harder. It takes him three tries to get the key into the lock, but Jensen's got his hand down the front of Sam's pants so, hey, it's a small price to pay.

They fall onto one of the beds - *Dean's*, in fact - in a tangle of limbs and Sam's growling, tearing at a sophisticated - probably pricey - black button-down that Dean wouldn't be caught dead in, rips 'til buttons go flying, and then Jensen's chest is bared, imperfect in its perfection, no scars, no *history*, no battles hard fought and won with blood, sweat and fire; toned and inviting and begging to be *marked*, but not the same.

Sam bends his neck, bites right above Jensen's nipple, hoping for a snarl and receiving a gasp; maybe he should gag him - but Joe Hollywood probably wouldn't dig that. Sam'll take what he can get. Seeing Jensen spread out under him like that on grimy motel sheets; flushed and freckled and freaking *debauched* with his bite-swollen lips and the dark smudges of his lashes under those luminous jade-cut eyes? It's close enough. When you're hopelessly, desperately, obsessively in love with your painfully pretty, painfully *incest-phobic* older brother, you learn to settle. You have to, just to keep breathing.

So Sam moves up, bites where neck meets shoulder and sucks hard on the sweat-damp skin, and *there's* the growl, and Sam's cock's giving a desperate twitch against Jensen's hip, humping up against designer distressed denim and

smooth, pale belly while the other man whines and clutches hard at Sam's shoulders, wrapping his legs round Sam's like a limpet and scrabbling at his shirt.

"'m gonna fuck you 'til you scream," Sam purrs, imagines Dean's cocksure, quicksilver grin in return, *You can try, Sammy*, goading, *inviting* on those sinful lips.

Jensen just growls again, low and hot in his throat. "*Now.*"

It's close enough. Sam all but rips Jensen's jeans and boxers down, sweaty palm encircling hot, thick flesh and Jensen arches up into the touch as if Sam's just electrocuted him. The reality of having *Dean* – or the nearest Sam's getting, anyway – wide open for him like this; large, curving cock fitting perfectly into the circle of Sam's fist as he pants and bucks up like he'll goddamn *die* if Sam doesn't get inside him - it's overwhelming, makes Sam feel powerful and desperate and *agonised* at even needing the substitute at all as he meets Jensen's hazy gaze.

"You gonna stare all night, or are we gonna do this thing, *Sammy?*" Jensen drawls like it's a private joke, and it kinda is, just not between *them*. It makes Sam's blood run hot as lava, the inflection *almost* right if it weren't for that hint of Texas, and hell, he looks enough like Sam's brother that Jensen can totally get away with it. The fact that he's spreading his legs and exposing that pretty puckered hole for Sam's appeasement might also have something to do with it, but who can say for sure?

Sam's growls at that, a primal, feral rumble from deep in his chest and then he's grabbing Jensen's thighs, pushing them wider and lifting his hips as Sam ducks his head down, latching on to the tight circle of Jensen's entrance with his lips and sucking at the edges of the skin like he's planning on just *devouring* Jensen from the ass up. Jensen yelps sharply as Sam's tongue presses briefly past the tense muscle of his hole, delving inward with sharp, demanding jabs of his tongue while he suckles at the soft flesh around it, fucking inward until Jensen's thrusting urgently back onto his tongue and against his mouth, all but grinding his ass against Sam's face.

"*Fuck, Jesus fucking Christ J-Sam,*" he keens roughly, and Sam would question the almost-slip, if he wasn't already substituting Jensen's name for *Dean* in his head. Jensen's thighs are trembling with the strain of being forced apart, feet planted on the bed and toes curling against the sheets as if afraid he might just take off with Sam's calculating thrusts of tongue and teasing nips of teeth stretching him open.

When Jensen's hole is pink and shiny with spit, *begging* for Sam's cock- Sam begins kissing further upward, broad hands splayed across Jensen's hips and the

small of his back as he angles him up higher to mouth at Jensen's balls, sucking at the thin stretch of skin before swirling his tongue around the thick base of Jensen's cock- burying his nose in the wiry hairs there and then licking sloppily along the underside of the shaft like an overeager puppy desperate for a *bone*, pardon the pun.

Jensen's moaning now, and it's closer - these husky little whines that get caught in his throat as he tosses his pretty head back against the pillows, the musk of his sweat mingling with Dean's own in the sheets as his hips roll up, wordlessly pleading with Sam to finish the job. But this will most likely be Sam's only opportunity for anything even *close*, and he's about to savour every last minute of this; make Jensen writhe and curse and *beg* like he knows Dean never will.

Sucking two fingers into his mouth until they're slick and slippery, Sam angles both digits against Jensen's hole, wiggling them both in slow and determined as Jensen comes up off the mattress with a throaty cry, hands fisting on the headboard to ground himself against the overwhelming sensation.

It's obvious this isn't the first time he's done this, and even the large span of Sam's hands - which usually intimidates his partners - seem to give Jensen no pause, no nervousness. Sam casually spreads his fingers wide inside the spasming muscles of Jensen's ass, watching his muscles flex and clutch at his fingers with rapt attention, wondering if Dean's body would react the same way, whether the way they look is tied in to the way they enjoy being fucked, the pleasure points that drive them wild.

Holding Jensen's hole open with the strong stretch of his fingers, Sam reaches over the side of the bed for his bag, fumbling one handed through the dirty laundry and ancient texts until he comes up with his bottle of lube. He ducks his head briefly back between Jensen's splayed legs; flicking his tongue in teasing swipes across the exposed flesh just inside the tight ring of muscle and smiling against Jensen's ass as he mewls brokenly, breaths hitching harshly as he squirms under Sam's hold.

"*God*, please, Sam- *please* just-" his words are lost in a strangled sob as Sam closes his mouth around the weeping head of Jensen's cock, sucking the beads of silvery precome from the engorged flesh and moaning in the back of his throat as Jensen's taste overwhelms his senses; it's easy enough to pretend it's Dean's, the urgent snap of hips under his hand a believable substitute for Dean's insatiable sexual appetite.

"Shh, not yet," Sam smiles slyly as he pulls off, and Jensen groans, low and frustrated in his throat, whole body all but vibrating with tension as Sam pulls his fingers out too and pops open the lube to liberally drench his hand in the slick substance. Jensen's eyes track his movements, glassy and dazed as he licks away the sweat that shines along his upper lip, strong chest heaving up

and down as he tries to drag enough air into his lungs to keep up with Sam and his nefarious scheming.

Settling more comfortably in between Jensen's legs - demonstrating that he's in it for the long haul - Sam nudges a knee under the other man's ass to lift and support it as he strokes his lube sticky thumb absently back and forth over the pouting pucker of Jensen's opening before pressing in, stroking back and forth into the sensitive channel as Jensen writhes beneath him on the sheets. It's enough to make Sam's cock twitch like it's about to mutiny and abandon ship, but Sam's not ready, not *yet*.

"Y-you're wearin' far too many clothes, Sammy," Jensen exhales roughly, and *something* in his voice hits just the right note then, the combination of gravel and honey enough to have Sam twisting his thumb and angling his index and middle fingers back in to seek out Jensen's prostate. Jensen all but yells the place down then, fisting one hand roughly in Sam's hair as the other digs in for dear life on the top of the headboard, and Sam feels like his fingers have just been crushed in a goddamn *vise*, and he'll probably have a bald patch to match.

He can't wait to get his dick inside that squeezing heat, but he's fucking *gonna*, because seeing Jensen strung out like this, relinquishing control in a way Dean would rather die than submit to; it's intoxicating in a way that scares Sam almost as much as it arouses him.

"Mmm, 's 'cause I'm calling the shots here, Jen. You'll see me when I'm good and ready to show you," he smirks roguishly, splaying those three fingers wide inside Jensen and flexing them wide and tight like a muscle spasm until Jensen's body is trembling constantly, a fine sheen of sweat gleaming on that flawless freckled skin as his hips rock in constant grinds against Sam's hand. Jensen's cock is so blood-thick now that the swollen head is brushing his belly with every twitch of his hips, and Sam belatedly realises that his partner is trying to build up enough friction to get himself some relief- he's failing, of course, but the attempt is admirable and flattering and *really* goddamn *hot*.

"Hey," he chides softly, wrapping his other hand around the base of Jensen's cock and squeezing warningly, eliciting the sexiest little whimper-moan Sam's *ever* heard from those velvety plump lips. "What part of *I'm calling the shots* wasn't clear, cowboy? C'mon now, stick with me here- I'll make it worth it, promise you."

Jensen's eyes are narrowed and dark, lust and heat melting jade into moss green, and he bites his lip as if preparing to argue - but another twist of those three fingers inside him serves to silence any protest Jensen might've made as his breath hitches on a silent gasp.

Sam chuckles in satisfaction, watching the play of muscles under that golden

skin as he pulls Jensen's leg a little wider and slowly, *slowly* squeezes a forth finger in against the hard ring, watching as Jensen tenses like a taut bow, sweat trickling down his temple to skitter off his chin at the strain of accepting four *long* digits into his body. His lip is going white where he's biting into it at the effort, and Sam takes pity on him, leaning up and licking across the abused flesh with soothing laves of his tongue, pushing the slick muscle in to tangle with Jensen's own, distracting him in a filthy-hot kiss as he slides his ring finger in to the second knuckle.

Jensen whimpers softly into Sam's mouth, squirming a little as his body adjusts to the intrusion, his muscles rippling around the majority of Sam's fist as he gently fucks his fingers in and out, watching as another thick spurt of precome drips from Jensen's cock and smears across his tensed abs. It looks like prime-rib to a starving man, and Sam can't resist hunching down and licking the globule away, sucking a brief lovebite to his partner's stomach where the sticky fluid had been.

"Think you can take one more?" He asks silky soft, pulling back to look Jensen in the eye. Jensen's lashes are at half mast, a dark flush covering his cheeks and spreading down over his chest, if anything only throwing Jensen's freckles into sharper relief as he shudders in a tremulous breath and shakes his head rapidly. His throat clicks as he swallows convulsively, and Sam just wants to take a bite out of his Adam's apple, mark up that slender throat and search for all the areas on it that'll make D- Jensen squirm if he sucks on them.

"S too much- I can't, S-Sam," he shudders bodily, but his eyes are *burning* for it, hips tilting unconsciously up into Sam's hand as he carefully begins inching his little finger in against the stretched muscle, eyes locked steadily with Jensen's in case he *really* can't take any more. Jensen grunts, eyes squeezing closed and grip tightening on the headboard and the strands of Sam's hair wrapped round his fingers, but he doesn't protest again, back slowly arching and cock twitching at Sam's gradual slide in to the last knuckle, pausing once all five fingers are enveloped in that tight, wet, *pulsing* heat.

"*Fuck*," Jensen moans huskily, and Sam wholeheartedly agrees, staring transfixed as he slowly begins to twist the digits in and out in shallow thrusts, the lube-slick muscle so *blindingly* tight around his hand that he's almost afraid it might break something. Jensen's stomach quivers, every muscle pulled to breaking point around the stretch-burn of Sam's large hand as he slowly closes his fingers into a fist inside his partner's body; his own cock *painfully* hard inside his jeans and pretty much soaking his boxers beyond redemption with precome.

With a shocked, bitten off cry that Sam feels all the way to his bones; Jensen's whole body jerks up from the bed as Sam's hand grinds up inside of him, convulsing as Sam's knuckles press against his prostate, and just like that- it's

over. Jensen's coming so hard that Sam thinks he'll break his spine with the way he's writhing and moaning like the world's best porn-star, lips parted around the most sexy sounds of ecstasy Sam's ever heard; and the way his ass is clamping down around Sam's fist has Sam fucking *aching* to get inside him and experience it properly.

When Jensen sags back to the mattress, shaking and spent, Sam vindictively grabs Dean's sheet to help clean up the sticky release coating his stomach, licking the remnants from his partner's flushed skin and biting marks of possession to make up for the lack of scars. When he withdraws his hand, Jensen's cock gives a halfhearted jerk and he whimpers softly, lashes fluttering as he tries to regain himself, breaths harsh and ragged in the stillness of the motel room.

Sam, on the other hand, is wasting no time now, jerking off his layers of shirts and fumbling with his belt with eager, lube sticky fingers; cock feeling like it's about to burst a hole right through his jeans, and god knows Sam's only got two pairs as it is; there's no room for wastage.

It's only when he's fully naked, cock in hand and fumbling for a condom from his discarded wallet that Sam notices the weight of Jensen's stare on him; that same piercing gaze that stripped him raw at the bar. "*Jesus-*" Jensen curses softly, voice still fucked-raw and graveled from being strung out and teased senseless, reaching out with a shaking hand to trace across roadmap of scars that define Sam's own body. "How did you- *fuck*, you're- you're really *not*..."

"Not what?" Sam frowns in confusion, feeling a little ashamed at Jensen's wide-eyed scrutiny, knowing he must look like he's been through a wood-chipper. Catching his wary gaze, Jensen's eyes soften, expression relaxing as he swallows and shakes his head. "Nothing. It doesn't matter. We gonna do this thing or not, Sam?"

He says Sam's name with a different quality now, gentler, and it's wrong for Dean and kinda wrong for what they've just done, but Jensen sinks back against the bed, pulling himself up higher against the headboard and reaching down to hold his ass open, inviting Sam to do what he's been itching to do all night - and that's *really* the only incentive Sam needs right now.

Sam rolls the rubber down, licking his lips as he brushes the hair out of his eyes with the back of his hand and watches Jensen steel himself; ass obviously still raw and fucked open from the concentrated assault of Sam's hand inside him. Green eyes glitter invitingly in the dark, still ready for the challenge - just like Dean would be - and Sam couldn't wait any longer now even if he wanted to, cock throbbing needfully against his palm in time with the rapid race of his heart.

He tugs Jensen's hips towards him, holding his ass as he thrusts in with one long, smooth motion, and the way Jensen locks down around him is instantaneous and reflexive, a low groan drawn from bite-swollen lips as Sam sinks down to the hilt. It's hot, *so hot*, and Jensen's body quivers as if he's on the verge of shattering, but his eyes are molten and inviting, fighting the discomfort that tightens the corners of his eyes as he flexes determinedly around Sam's cock. "*C'mon, Sammy, fuck me like you mean it,*" he growls like whiskey and molasses and it's *just. fucking. right.*

With an animalistic snarl, Sam wraps his arms around Jensen's back and *heaves*, pulling him up from the mattress like Jensen weighs nothing more than a rag doll as he settles him across his lap, sitting astride his legs where Sam kneels in the centre of his brother's bed. Jensen tips his head back and whines, chest buzzing against Sam's as the new angle pushes straight against his abused prostate and his muscles squeeze Sam's cock like they want to milk him dry right the hell *now*.

Sam bites hard at the sweat-damp join of neck and shoulder, burying his face in Jensen's throat and licking long stripes across the salty skin, sucking at his hammering pulse point until Jensen squirms with pleasure-pain in his grasp and claws his way desperately up the length of Sam's broad back.

"Sam, *Sam*, please- Jesus *fuck*," he whines needfully, as if he didn't just come less than ten minutes ago. His cock is trying valiantly to struggle back to hardness where it's trapped between their stomachs, and Sam wraps his arms more tightly across the strong span of Jensen's shoulders as he rolls his hips up, moving Jensen into his body-jarring thrusts, lifting and slamming him down until his eyes roll back and his lashes flutter like a hummingbird's wings in the blissful intensity of Sam's rough thrusts.

"*Yeah, c'mon, that's it- fuck yourself on my cock, you're goddamn gorgeous; c'mon, faster,*" if Sam doesn't use any names, he's less likely to accidentally call Jensen the wrong one. Jensen's fingers are tight on his shoulders as Sam's words serve their purpose and spur him on, pushing his fucked-out body to rock down harder on the thick flesh pounding into him; tipping back a little more and trusting himself to the support of Sam's arms as Sam dips his head to bite along Jensen's chest, sucking one peaked nipple into his mouth and biting down on it just to hear the raw yelp that escapes Jensen's throat because of it.

Sam's leaving teeth marks and lovebites across supple skin now, scraping with blunted nails and bruising with a possessive grip as he shuffles forward as best as he can, pushing Jensen back against the headboard of Dean's bed and pinning his wrists to the wall above it for leverage as he lets loose and desperately pounds into the actor's ass, reveling in the guttural, bitten off moans and gasps he receives as he drives inexorably closer to blissful release.

He captures Jensen's mouth in a heated, dominant kiss, biting lip and tongue and thrusting into the other man's mouth as forcibly as he's working Jensen's ass, muffling his longing growls and the bittersweet repetitions of his brother's name in the frantic exchange.

His balls tighten, liquid fire flooding his veins as Jensen breaks from the kiss to cry out brokenly, a second, weaker burst of warmth slicking unexpectedly against Sam's belly as he drives the actor to a second release and that is *all she goddamn wrote*.

Sam buries his face in Jensen's neck and sinks his teeth into that freckled shoulder, howling Dean's name against the foreign skin and clutching desperately to Jensen as he shakes so hard he's afraid he's falling apart; climax rushing thick and hot into the condom in time with the fluttering spasms of Jensen's ass around his cock. He thinks he hears Jensen panting someone else's name into his sweat-damp hair, which would explain the earlier slip, so Sam can't feel too guilty about wishing the gorgeous man were an even *more* perfect one instead.

They slide off each other slowly, flushed and still shaking from the combined orgasms; and Jensen looks like he's about to collapse at any moment; he's so fucked out and marked up. He looks *so* goddamn pretty with it that it makes Sam ache for the fact that Dean will never let him debauch him in the same way; but it's a case of *be careful what you wish for*, because now the fantasy has a reality to give it depth, give it *meaning*, and if anything it only makes Sam crave Dean's *true* touch all the more fervently.

Sam initiates a final kiss before Jensen draws away; a slow, lingering twist of tongues and gentler hands, if only for Sam's sense of chivalry, wanting to thank Jensen for providing him with the closest imitation he'll ever get to the thing he wants the most. Plus Jensen's a goddamn good lay, romanticism aside, and if Sam were as inclined towards casual fucking as his brother is, Sam is sure that this would definitely rate at the top of the list; he made the dude come *twice*, for god's sake.

Jensen calls a cab and they both slowly dress, Sam making no effort to tidy Dean's bed; he *wants* his brother to see it, wants Dean to *know* that he's not the only one who can fuck strangers with no remorse- even if his brother never knows the *real* reason behind it.

When the cab comes, no numbers are exchanged, no platitudes or excuses, simply the intimate smiles that speak of a shared understanding. Whoever Jensen mistook Sam for, Sam doesn't ask, and Jensen doesn't question the name that Sam buried with a sob into his skin- it's not as if they'll ever see each other again, and clearly they both have other people to be thinking about, so neither of them are likely to be losing sleep over each other; Sam has enough to

fill his dreams as it is.


“I hope you find what you’re looking for, Sam,” Jensen says softly as he opens the motel door, something akin to pity shining in that startlingly familiar gaze; and Sam wonders if he’s in the same position, somehow - or maybe in the past their roles were similar - he just hopes that whoever Jensen loves has come to their senses now; it’s not as if *anyone* should be insane enough to resist a man with Dean’s pretty face.

Sam stands at the door and watches the cab pull away; stands there staring sightlessly at the bright lights of the city for another half hour, until the rumble-purr of the Impala finally breaks the silence of the humid LA night.

Sam’s already found what he’s looking for; he’s just waiting to be discovered in return.

*

Sequel: [Man in the Mirror](#).

And now, if you are a fan of the RPS/SPN crossover thing may I also recommend my girl  [cherryscott](#)’s unparalleled [Damaged verse](#) for all your Jared/Dean needs.


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