

three months | the kiss addiction remix

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by [Mollyamory_\(Molly\)](#).

Summary

Sam chases Dean until they catch each other.

Notes

For RemixRedux08. Many thanks to musesfool for beta! Remix of [Unless Continents Collide](#), by luzdeestrellas.

I love doing remix, because it's always sort of challenging and threatening and nervous-making and I always end up doing something I'm kind of proud of. At, um. The very last minute. Literally! This was no exception. I got to remix **luzdeestrellas**, whose writing is always brilliant, always exactly my kind of thing, and always very, very tight. This story is no exception, but there was this *one line* that was just the perfect doorway from the story she wrote, which I loved, to the story I might have written if she'd said to me, *Merry, write me the story where...*

Sam kisses Dean against the wall in a diner outside of Evanston, Illinois, and Dean lets him at first, because Sam always feels right. It isn't a boundary they've ever tested before, so it's no wonder Dean never knew it wasn't there. He keeps on kissing Sam for about a minute, tongue and lips and teeth, before it occurs to him that he probably isn't supposed to know what the inside of his brother's mouth tastes like. Even then, it takes him a minute to stop, because Sam's doing it *right*. He's making those low, sweet sounds in his throat that Dean only hears when Sam thinks he's sleeping, and he has Dean's hips in his hands, using them to slide their dicks together through their jeans.

Yeah. Dean probably isn't supposed to know what that's like, either.

He yanks himself back, glaring at Sam and running a shaky hand through his hair. "What the *hell?*"

"You had some butter on your mouth."

Dean raises his eyebrows. "So you *licked it off?*"

"I don't really like the look of this place, to be honest." Sam grins, and shoves his hands in his pockets. "Who knows where these napkins have been?"

"You're an idiot," Dean says, punching a finger in the center of Sam's chest. Then he slams the door of the diner so hard it rattles, and stalks off into the night.

So for, like, three weeks, they don't talk. Dean doesn't talk because he can't think of anything to say that he didn't cover pretty thoroughly back in the diner, and Sam doesn't talk because he's too busy either glaring at Dean or grinning like an idiot out the window.

Bobby throws a couple hunts their way, because he's a cruel man with no respect for the practically dead, and they manage to knock them out with nothing more than a few disgusted grunts and rolled eyes shared between them. Dean doesn't get what *Sam* has to be disgusted about; *Sam's* not the one who got fucking molested in a greasy spoon in front of two hot waitresses and a sweet suburban family of four. But he's got that look on his face every time Dean looks at him, like he just bit into a lemon, so Dean keeps his mouth shut and tries not to sigh too loud or too often.

They're in Tennessee when Sam breaks the silence. The road winds through fog-covered hills colored with bright fall leaves, and Dean's got his window down, music on low. Sam's head is twisted down at a weird angle and Dean's pretty sure he's sleeping. He nearly runs them off the road when Sam goes from dead silent to yelling just as the car heads into a tight, blind curve.

"I don't fucking believe you!" Sam says, though to be perfectly accurate he's *saying* it loud enough for people three states over to hear him. Dean flinches, and the wheel twitches, and his baby's so well-tuned and high strung, that's just about enough to send them off into the ditch.

Jaw clenched, Dean keeps his eyes on the road and steers them through the turn. He pulls off onto the shoulder coming out the other side, and lets the car roll to a gentle gliding halt. He takes her out of gear, sets the brake, and says, very carefully, "Sam. Get out of this car right now so I can beat you to death without getting blood on the seats."

"Oh, it *speaks*."

"What? I talk all the time."

"You haven't said three words at the same time since we left that diner in Illinois."

"Maybe it's taken this long for my tongue to recover."

Sam glares, gets out of the car, and slams the door. Dean gets out and closes his very, very gently. He walks around the back of the car, already making a fist. He doesn't realize until he's in swinging range of Sam that Sam's also in swinging range of him, and in the most bizarre turn of events in the long record of Dean's bizzarro life, Sam drops him like a sack of rocks.

For a few seconds, all Dean sees is stars. When the ringing fades and the world comes back, Sam's standing over him, looking just as annoyed as he had *before* he knocked Dean on his ass.

Carefully, Dean opens his mouth and rocks his jaw from right to left. Nothing broken. "Dude," Dean says, and okay, fine, *that* hurts a little, "you hit like a girl."

"You'd marry any girl who hit like me," Sam snaps, and offers Dean a hand up.

Grudgingly, Dean takes it. When he's back on his feet, he wipes at the warm trickle tracing down his cheek, and his hand comes away smeared with blood. He glances up at Sam, and sees Sam looking pointedly away.

"If you've scarred up my pretty face..."

Sam rolls his eyes. "Sorry."

"What the hell is *wrong* with you, man? I don't provide you with enough demons to beat up on? Because I can drive faster, Sam."

Sam spreads his arms wide and grins. "You're the one who gave me the rain check."

"Yeah, well, consider it cashed."

"Worth every penny, if it gets you talking again. Dean, you've been ignoring me for the past six states. I know you're pissed off, but--"

"I'm not pissed off!"

"The hell you're not, man, you're so mad you don't even look at me half the time--"

"That's not mad, Sammy. I think the technical term is *freaked out*."

"What, because I kissed you? Or because you liked it?"

Dean flinches again; at least this time, he's not behind the wheel. "Because I didn't see it coming! And if I didn't see it coming the first time, maybe I won't see it coming next time, and--"

Sam shakes his head. "Dude, the way you're acting lately? The last thing in the world you need to worry about is *next time*."

While Dean's still gaping, Sam stomps back to the car, throws himself in, and slams the door. Dean's not sure he can move until he's moving, and not sure he can get in the car until he's sitting behind the wheel. He takes a long minute to stare out the windshield, trying his best to be as pissed as Sam thinks he is. Thing is, he's just not. And yeah, he's been kind of an ass the past few weeks, and maybe he's had that punch coming for a while now, but Jesus.

A minute later, Dean breaks. "Did you just put me on the couch for being crap at a gay incestuous relationship we're not even having?"

Sam snorts. "Oh, I think we're having it. Thanks to you being an ass, we're just not enjoying it."

Dean tilts his head, raises his eyebrows, and gives Sam a little nod.

Fair enough.

So Dean starts talking to Sam after that. He talks pretty much constantly, which he finds just as useful in its way as the silence was. It keeps him from thinking about Sam's teeth biting into his lower lip, about the hitch of Sam's breath when he pushed closer. It keeps him from noticing the look in Sam's eyes, that patience that could outlast mountains, and the love that put it there. It's easier to talk than to remember how right it all felt, how his edges had slotted so neatly against Sam's. How much he'd taken, and how much he'd wanted to give.

It takes two weeks to tell Sam about every movie he's ever seen and every girl he's ever seen a movie with. It takes another two weeks to cover music. With anybody else he could have done it in maybe half the time, but Sam confesses an affection for techno on the first day and

Dean despairs of ever setting that shit right. No wonder Sam didn't bring any tapes with him from California; he was clearly smart enough to be ashamed.

Dean loses most of his voice toward the end of the second month, trails off to a deep rasp in the middle of a story about one of the many hunts he'd gone on while Sam was at Stanford. That night, while he's cleaning his gun, Sam leans across the rickety cheap-ass no-tell motel table and sets his mouth against the pulse of Dean's throat. His tongue pushes out, wet slick heat against Dean's skin, and Dean's eyes slip closed. Sam comes out of his chair, comes around the table and drops to his knees between Dean's, pulling Dean down to get at his throat again. Dean fists his hands in Sam's shirt and hauls him closer, gasping for breath against his mouth.

It's nothing like the diner; it's silence broken by nothing but their breathing, the shift and rustle of their clothes, the rush of Dean's pulse in his own ears. It's sweet, deep and true, and it builds a fire in Dean he's never felt before, makes him want things he's never even thought of.

At the end of it, it's Sam pulling back, trailing off with short, biting kisses that leave Dean's mouth feeling ravaged and flushed. It's Sam pulling back when Dean tries to reach for him again. Sam smiles, and wipes gently at Dean's mouth with his thumb, and eases himself slowly back and away. Dean watches him go, spinning inside his own head, want and fear tangling up together until he doesn't know if he should storm out or beg Sam to come back and do it again.

He doesn't do either of those things. Across the room, Sam gives him a lopsided grin and flips open the lid of his laptop. Dean shakes his head, and goes back to his guns.

"That better not be porn," he says.

"We're brothers," Dean tells Sam in Indiana, pressing him up against the wall on the outside of a biker bar with the snow swirling down around them. He opens Sam's mouth with his tongue, feels Sam's dick hard and welcome against his, slides himself in closer just to see what Sam does. Sam groans, dropping his head back against the cold bricks and rubbing himself against Dean's body, a long, slow burn.

"I know that," Sam says, and Dean's mouth is on his throat; he can feel the words coming up under his tongue. "I know."

Dean says, "We can't," but then he does; he edges his hand down until he can feel the thick, hard length of Sam under his jeans. Sam shudders, cries out, and his hips jerk forward again, and again, until he's boneless against that wall and Dean has to push in closer just to hold him up. He's on the edge himself, but he can't, it's Sam; it's *Sam*, and he hasn't crossed that line yet. "We can't."

Sam's head drops forward, his face nuzzling into Dean's shoulder. He laughs weakly, breath warm against Dean's skin, and says, "We are."

Later, in Arizona, Sam takes Dean apart. By then, Dean thinks it's about damn time. He sinks into it, lets Sam right all the things he thought would be wrong. When they're done, when he can breathe again, Dean laughs against Sam's shoulder, shaken a little more than he'll ever admit, inside and out.

"What?" Sam says, shifting his arm so Dean's face shifts along with it.

"Nothing. Just." Dean laughs again. "You and me?"

"Don't act so surprised. I *told* you so, months ago."

"Yeah, but I thought you were a fucking lunatic at the time."

"Your fucking lunatic," Sam says smugly, and that's kind of annoying and hot, so Dean kisses it out of him and proves him right all at once.

"You and me," Dean says again later, before he drifts off to sleep, before he chickens out and pulls it all back in.

"You and me," Sam says, his mouth a warm, sweet curve against Dean's skin.

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