

## Listen

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# Listen

by [orphan\\_account](#)

## Summary

This is my first attempt at a Supernatural Fanfic. Im currently only on S3 so i'm unaware of any future developments, therefore these characters are based on Dean and Sam from S1-3.

No incest, just Dean talking to Sam.

Please comment and let me know what you think. Im British so spelling and the way i write may be dodgy. Let me know!

"Seriously Sammy, you need to get laid" Dean hissed through his teeth as he steadied the Impala from drifting across the road,

"Shuttup" Sam grimaced, looking out of the window angrily,

"Well then you need to jerk off because this attitude you have? It sucks, and it's bugging the shit outta me" Dean replied looking over at his baby brother.

"Can we not talk about this?" Sam asked with a blush,

"Tell ya what, I'll get us checked into the motel and leave you alone for a few hours. You can run a nice hot bubble bath, put on some sweet jazz music and seduce yourself with candles and chocolate" Dean joked with a chuckle "then maybe you won't be such a pain in my ass"

"Not everything is about sex" Sam shouted over the noise of Metallica blaring from the stereo "well, maybe in your world it is, but not mine"

"It certainly helps" Dean grinned before nudging Sam softly and winking.

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Dean stuck to his word; he got them a room (*no we're not a couple, he's my little brother. God it's always the same!*) and left Sam to bring in the bags whilst he scoped out the place. It was a little ragged around the edges but it would suffice for their stay. Dean pocketed his cellphone and grabbed his coat before shouting a goodbye to Sam who was researching online,

"Hey! Don't forget what I said" Dean chuckled dryly,

Sam rolled his eyes and ignored his brother as Dean left with a slammed door and a roar of the engine.

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Sam sulked angrily on his bed; it was impossible to argue with Dean's logic, he had been tense and uptight recently. The constant hunts and very little sleep had caused him to become irritated at the littlest annoyance however jerking off wouldn't solve the issue. It would only make things more frustrating due to his inability to finish.

Sure he could enjoy a masturbation session, he would get hard and lay back, remembering Jessica's perfect body and her extraordinary talented tongue but he could never get over the edge. His arousal spiking until it reached the precipice and stuck fast, refusing to give relief.

That was normally when Sam got angry and frustrated; training and running to work off the excess energy. This time however he hadn't had chance with a massive hunt going on for a coven of witches and Dean's constant harassment.

Sam threw his arm over his eyes and tried to sleep. Hoping that maybe he would just have a wet dream and feel better in the morning.

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"Good morning sunshine" Dean slapped Sam awake and handed him something fried and offensive smelling "Bacon hamburger?"

"Jeez Dean" Sam grimaced looking at his watch "It's 7am, where did you find a bacon hamburger?"

"I have my sources" Dean chuckled "Come on! We got work to do"

Sam grumbled under his breath and pulled on his clothes, following Dean to the car and belting up. The pair sat in silence as Dean drove down a deserted farm road.

"So, did ya?" Dean asked awkwardly,

"What?" Sam replied confused,

"Y'know" Dean gestured crudely with his hand,

"Oh god! Please, let's not have this discussion" Sam winced

"Hey, I'm only looking out for ya" Dean insisted, his eyes back on the road.

"Yeh thanks but I think I'll live" Sam hissed "just shut up about it"

"whas th'matter Sammy? You can't get it up?" Dean joked, looking over at Sam before his eyes became wide and he stammered "Oh- shit"

"It's not that" Sam panicked and spat, "It's not that at all"

"Then what is it?" the older brother asked nervously,

Sam blushed crimson as he desperately prayed for the apocalypse or the gates to hell to open directly beneath the Impala to stop them having this cringe worthy discussion.

"Sam!" Dean snapped Sam's attention back to the conversation in hand,

"It- well – goes up just fine" Sam mumbled, refusing to look at his brother "It's just the bit afterwards I struggle with"

"Keeping it?" Dean asked, watching Sam shake his head no, "So... finishing then?"

"Yeah" Sam blushed again, "I just can't"

"Ever?" Dean asked "not even with Jess?"

"A few times" Sam admitted "She was patient and kind. Sort of worked out for the better really, she could be a bit sketchy with her birth control"

Dean chuckled dryly more from nerves than humour "Well... Not even alone then?"

"Never" Sam insisted, the embarrassment fading from the initial shock "I've tried but don't get anywhere"

"Wow" Dean gasped "that sucks"

"It really does" Sam agreed "So can we shut up now?"

Dean looked at his brother for a long, silent moment before nodding "Okay, tell me what you found on the coven."

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The two hunters had finished for the night; the coven had been disbanded (*truth be told, they were amateurs who hadn't realised the trouble they had caused*) and order had been restored once more as Dean and Sam ordered pizza takeout and waited in the Motel with a 6 pack of beer.

"You never told me about your – problem" Dean said cautiously "How come?"

"It's not something you really tell your big brother" Sam laughed, feeling the effect of limited sleep and plentiful beer.

"I coulda helped" Dean shrugged,

"How could you have done that?" Sam laughed, his voice choking as he looked at Dean peering at him.

"I got ways" Dean shrugged, moving to his own backpack and grabbing a long, black tube from it and a small bottle of liquid.

"Dean?" Sam whispered, his heartbeat pounding in his ears.

"Here" Dean tossed the object to Sam who caught it awkwardly and looked at it before bursting into fits of laughter "Pocket pussy Dean? Come on"

"Shutup!" Dean protested, blushing softly "I take what I can get when I have my screwy brother hanging around, ruining my chances by being all cute and looking like he's escaped a boy band"

Sam snorted in laughter and opened the lid of the toy, the moulded fleshy lips were detailed yet completely the wrong colour and texture. Sam found himself stroking the silicone gently with the pad of his finger before realising that Dean had probably used it recently.

"It's clean" Dean insisted with a roll of his eyes "I'm not a monster"

Sam poked his fingers into the hole, enjoying the gripping sensation which matched that of an actual vagina. He scissored his fingers and grinned inanely as he realised how stupid he must look with his digits buried into a plastic pussy.

"How about you and Sally there, go into the bathroom and see what happens?" Dean suggested,

"Sally?" Sam snorted a laugh "Seriously?"

"Sammy seriously, I'm gonna kill you if you don't stop laughing" Dean warned,

"Fine, fine. I'll try" Sam shrugged, the buzz from the beer slowly breaking down his usual boundaries "but don't expect anything"

"I'm expecting nothin" Dean insisted with a roll of his eyes "just make sure you clean her afterwards. Soap and water"

Sam waved a hand towards his brother as he stood, grabbed the toy and lube before walking to the small grimy bathroom and closed and locked the door. His heart was pounding with nerves as he realised that not only did Dean know what he was doing, but Dean had suggested it.

He quickly stripped down his clothing and ran the shower, climbing under the tepid warm water he scrubbed himself first, teasing his body with soap and ridding the days hunt from his skin. He slicked up his nipples and down his flat stomach until he reached the nest of curls between his thighs, scratching his fingers through the bush he groaned slightly at the sensation, realising his cock was beginning to harden in anticipation. He squirted shampoo into his hand and stroked his hardening length slowly in a steady rhythm, *up, down, up, down* occasionally twisting at the tip until precum began to drip.

Sam reached for the fleshy tunnel and the lube, squirting a small amount into the lips of the vagina he pushed his fingers in and out a few times, reminiscing over the noises Jessica made when he fingered her roughly, her breathy moans which echoed in his mind as he searched for the sensitive spot which wasn't there.

Deciding he had teased himself enough, Sam slipped the toy over his length and stilled as a moan was ripped from his lips. The feeling was surreal, better than masturbation but not as good as sex. He stroked himself with the tube slowly, adjusting the tightness at the base before trying again and groaning with delight as the ridges inside stroked his glans perfectly. He experimented with different strokes from different angles, even holding it low and thrusting in deep and hard as though he was pummelling a real pussy. His groans and curses escaping his lips as the water dripped over his hair and into his eyes.

He could feel the tell-tale sensation of arousal and climax building in his spine. His body shuddered and he realised that he was close, his body screamed with tension and his mind became hazy as he reached the edge, his back arching and his eyes closing... and then –

*Nothing*

The sensation quickly passed leaving only a frustrated tingling throughout Sam's body. Leaning forward he placed an arm on the scummy tiled wall and rested his forehead against his soaked arm; panting heavily and feeling more dejected than ever.

Removing his cock from the toy he swiftly cleaned the device of lube and precum before throwing it into the sink whilst he finished rinsing himself off. When he felt sufficiently clean and his cock had softened slightly he climbed from the tub and wrapped a towel around his middle, steeling himself for the discussion with Dean.

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Dean watched as Sam walked towards the bathroom, toy in hand and skip in step. He realised he probably shouldn't have offered his brother the use of his own intimate device but Sam was more than a brother, he was Dean's best friend (*and a pain in the ass*) and if helping him achieve orgasm would lessen the tension between them then Dean was happy to help. He stretched to the side table where he had kept his car mag and absently flipped through the pages, reading the articles and looking at the pictures of hot girls in bikini's straddling muscle cars.

A groan made his ears prick up. It wasn't that Dean was actively trying to listen to his brother jerk off, he was just attuned to hearing any signal of distress coming from Sam which had developed over the many, many years that Dean had been his protector. Dean chastised himself and looked back down at the magazine, concentrating so hard that he was sure he would dissolve the paper with his gaze.

Another groan had him immediately aware of his half hardening cock; he growled at his privates, angrily abusing them for being so perverted and getting excited over his baby brother.

*It has been a dry patch* Dean admitted to himself *especially since I last heard a man moan like that*

Dean shook the thought from his head and clicked on the TV; flicking through the channels until he found a horror movie. He shuffled further down the bed and turned up the volume until Sam's shower was completely drowned out.

He sat for another few minutes watching the action on the TV; it was a recent horror, something dreadfully dull about girls with big tits running away from a murderer in a forest. He had just settled in a comfortable position when a rattling noise startled him into sitting up and looking towards the bathroom.

*Sammy must be finished* he mused with a grin, expecting to find a flushed and sated Sam exit the bathroom. What he saw instead was a 6 foot something ball of angry energy emerge from the steamy shower room in a towel. Dean turned his eyes away from his brother's impressive physique and focused on the TV until he was sure Sam was now dressed in underwear or pyjama bottoms.

"Y'alright?" Dean asked casually, still staring at the TV

"No" Sam said angrily, throwing the still damp toy onto Dean's bed with a huff and climbing into his own bed "g'night"

"Sammy" Dean started "You didn't..."

"No Dean" Sam shouted "No I didn't and now I feel even worse so if you don't mind, I just want to go to sleep before we have to be up at dawn to go on another monster chase across the country"

"Hey, hey okay" Dean hushed his brother softly "Jus' relax Mrs PMS"

"Just... get some sleep" Sam spat from across the room, pulling the covers up and forcing himself to attempt to sleep.

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Dean left Sam in bed and paid for another night in the Motel, his fraudulent credit card swiping through with no problems. He bought himself coffee and returned to their shared room at 11am, impressed to find Sam still sleeping peacefully.

It was almost noon when Sam eventually awoke, his eyes bleary and his mouth drool covered 'hnngg Dean?'

"Morning Sleepin' ugly" Dean grinned "Sleep well?"

"Hmmm" Sam grimaced at his watch "Shit, we overslept. We're supposed to check out"

"Sorted it baby brother" Dean laughed "Couldn't bring myself to wake ya when you looked so damn peaceful"

Sam blinked repeatedly before lazily stretching his arms and legs; a strange rawr escaped his lips as he stretched

"You sound like a baby dinosaur" Dean chuckled from the opposite end of the room, munching on a granola bar.

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The brothers spent the afternoon relaxing in the motel; chatting and laughing, calling Bobby to check in and see if he had any leads, finding none, the two boys settled to watch a film.

"Sammy?" Dean asked quietly after 10 minutes of comfortable silence,

"Hmm?" Sam replied, not taking his eyes from the screen

"I could help with ya problem..." Dean suggested nervously, clearing his throat and blushing,

"Dean? What the hell!" Sam shouted exasperatedly "Why won't you drop it?"



"Coz' it's not normal" Dean replied with a huff "and I don't want you to be frustrated anymore"

Sam sat silently for a minute before asking in a small voice 'what do you suggest?'

"I aint gonna touch ya" Dean smiled "ya just need to get outta that big head o'yours so I thought you could listen to me talk, see if it helps"

Sam blushed and looked away before nodding "Do... Do I have to get naked?"

"Whatever works for you" Dean shrugged

"Can I use Sally?" Sam smirked, hiding his nervousness behind a façade of cheekiness.

Dean reached for his backpack and handed over the tube to his brother; watching Sam lie down on the bed they were currently sharing and climbing under the sheets. Dean chuckled as he watched Sam wiggle further down the bed and shed his jeans, and begin to stroke himself under the bedding.

"Okay, what do you want me to talk about?" Dean asked cautiously "I didn't know Jess so I wouldn't like to bring her in, but I could think of a random blonde with big tits if you like?"

Sam shrugged and nodded his face red and hot.

"Anything in particular you like? Blow jobs? Hand jobs? Sex? Love making to Luther Vandross?" Dean joked, giggling at his own joke.

"Christ Dean. I don't care" Sam grimaced, his hand desperately trying to coax his cock to harden.

"Okay, okay. Jeez" Dean rolled his eyes "Okay, so we're in some bar down South somewhere. Full of rednecks and country girls; the girl behind the bar is making eyes at you. She's sexy, blonde hair, big delicious plump lips coated with pink gloss, her shirt tied under her tits and wearing tiny Daisy Duke shorts"

Sam felt the first stirrings of an erection and continued slowly stroking himself in a familiar rhythm.

"I have to go somewhere, leave the keys with you and tell you I'll be back tomorrow" Dean grins "You decide to stay for a drink and the bar grows empty until there are just you two left. She walks from behind the bar and puts some money into the Jukebox, selecting something familiar and sexy as she sways her hips and pulls the tie from her hair, letting it flow over her shoulders"

Sam bites his bottom lip, refusing to allow his thoughts to wonder how Dean became so good at fantasising out loud.

"So this chick, she walks up to you and wraps her arms around your shoulders, grinding down in time with the music and kissing you softly, you can taste her lip gloss and the taste of mint of her tongue as she slips it in your mouth. You move your hands down to her ass and

grasp them tightly as she rolls her head back for you to kiss her neck and down to her perfect titties. She strips her clothes quickly and unzips you, pushing you against the pool table as she squats down and takes you in her mouth, her tongue lapping at your tip and tasting the precum"

Sam gasped and reached for the toy, squeezing a dollop of lube into the fleshy lips as he stroked himself idly before pushing his cock into the tightness and sighing happily at the now familiar friction against his glans. The ridges of the plastic vagina massaging him perfectly,

"She's sighing now Sammy. You can see she's enjoying it. Her tongue flicking into your slit and her hand stroking up and down your shaft, she moans around you and you can feel it vibrating around your skin and down to your balls. Touch them Sam"

Sam stilled his hand but followed his brother's instruction more from habit than want; his hand cradled his balls as he rolled them delicately in time with his harsh thrusts on the toy.

"Yeh Sammy" Dean gasped watching enraptured as his brothers eyes closed and his hips began to jerk. His own hard cock pressed painfully against the unforgiving fabric of his jeans.

"She's getting faster and harder now, her tongue flicking perfectly the way you like it. Do you want to cum in her mouth Sammy?" Dean asked, realising he was becoming breathless.

"Her face" Sam whispered, too into the fantasy to care about what he was disclosing to his brother "I want to cum on her face"

"Filthy" Dean grinned "Okay, she pulls away and strokes you quickly, her lip gloss has been ruined, and pink smears around her lips, chin and cheeks as she licks at your tip while her hand jerks you off. Her breathing panting out over your tip as she whispers filth to you, begging you to cum on her face"

"D-Dean" Sam gasped "Dean something... oh god"

"Relax Sammy" Dean soothed "Just relax and imagine her beneath you, her eyes wide open and staring at you as she strokes you fast and hard. Her lips open wide and her tongue extended to catch your cum"

"Fuck, oh fuck Dean... I'm gunna... oh god I'm gonna cum" Sam wailed, his hand moving to grab Dean's shirt for purchase as his hips became jerky and the pleasure build to an almost fever.

The tingles of pleasure radiated from his spine; rushing through his entire body and sparking in his brain as he pulled Dean closer, close enough to feel his brother's breath on his face. Dean remained calm and spoke softly, repeating his description of her plump lips and her face. How her top was open for any remaining drops of cum to land on.

Sam felt something break and he was coming with a scream; his eyes rolling back and his toes clenching so hard he was momentarily worried that he'd break them. Shot after glorious shot of hot cum flooded the fake pussy as Sam shuddered and whimpered; his orgasm more intense than any he had ever experienced.

"Shhhh, that's it" Dean soothed "Thatta' boy"

"Dean" Sam whispered, chanting his brother's name as though it was the only word he knew  
*Dean, Dean, Dean*

"I know Sammy, it's okay, you're okay, I got you" Dean smiled, stroking Sam's hair until the younger boy's muscles stopped clenching and he collapsed back onto the pillow with a goofy sated smile.

"Better?" Dean asked with a grin as Sam simply chuckled and smiled "You better clean up. I aint doing it and you'll need to get up before you fall asleep"

"Hmm" Sam agreed pulling himself from the toy and tucking himself away with a grimace at the wetness still coating his shaft.

Sam left for the bathroom with the toy in hand; Dean lay on his back inhaling and exhaling deeply, attempting to will away his erection and forget the look of absolute bliss on Sam's face as he finally reached orgasm for the first time. Dean's heart swelled as Sam re-entered the bedroom with a flushed face.

"Thanks for that" Sam whispered coyly

"Notta problem" Dean replied

"But dude, your fantasies are so cliché" Sam laughed "you need to stop watching crappy porno"

"Worked for you didn't it?" Dean chuckled "You deviant with your facial kink"

Sam blushed again and shoved his brother playfully until they were wrestling on the bed like old times.

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