I can't drown my demons, they know how to swim

by Hela_Dreamer

Summary

" When Dean showed up as an Alpha, at 12, John really hoped that his other son, Sam, would show as an Alpha too. [...] The fact is, he always knew that if Sam showed up as an Omega, he and Dean would have been mates. [...] When Sam turned out to be an Omega, at 14, John wasn’t impressed. He already knew it. What he didn’t knew, though, was how their lives would have changed from now on. "

Notes

I’m sorry for my terrible english. This is my first story ever in this language, and my first work in this fandom. I hope you will enjoy it!

When Dean showed up as an Alpha, at 12, John really hoped that his other son, Sam, would show as an Alpha too. He always knew that it wasn’t really a thing, though. Little Sam always had the traits of an omega. Much more sensible than is older brother, he always wanted a family of his own, and never wanted to fight against the supernatural and see them come back home badly wounded. The fact is, he always knew that if Sam showed up as an Omega, he and Dean would have been mates.
There was no point in denying it. They grew up together, they always were there for each other, and every time he and Dean went on a Hunt, he could see Dean low, as if the distance between him and his brother was physically hurting him. He could see that, every time they came back, Sammy was not waiting for him, he was waiting solely for Dean. He always took good care of his older brother, even if he had just one little cut in his arm.

When Sam turned out to be an Omega, at 14, John wasn’t impressed.
He already knew it.
What he didn’t knew, though, was how their lives would have changed from now on.

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Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Sam was feeling dizzy, and Dean knew he had to stay behind, let his dad hunt alone, and take care of his Sammy. Even though both his father and Sam tried to convince him that it was ok, that Sam could take care of himself, thank you very much, Dean was not letting them persuading him.

At the end, John had to go out by himself, letting the boys stay at the motel. He tried to pull Dean out of the motel, and his boy nearly cut off his head, his eyes dark with rage.
Sam was curled up in bed, and Dean was sitting on the sofa, drinking a beer while scrolling through the list of shitty tv programmes, when it happened.
“D-Dean? Dean!”
Sammy kept calling him, but he was frozen in front of the television. He could smell his brother’s scent, could feel his heat, and it was too much for him to take. He always knew he would have been Sam’s mate, he decided it back when Sam was only two or three days old, and dad put him on his lap, letting him hold his little brother for the first time. Siblings mating wasn’t unheard of, but with their lifestyle? They just couldn’t mate. Plus, Sam was only fourteen, and Dean didn’t want to hurt him.
Lost in his thoughts, and trying really hard not to go there and take his little brother’s virginity, he didn’t noticed Sammy standing next to him, dressed only in his boxers, soaked of his own natural lube and oh, God one of Dean’s shirts, playing with the hem of it with his little hands, until he called again, desperation filling his voice.
“Dean, please—please, help me!”
Groaning, but unable to resist his brother’s, his mate’s scent, he curled one hand on Sam’s wrist, pulling him on his lap and crushing a hard kiss on his lips.
“What do you want me to do, Sammy? How can I help you?”
“Just—I don’t know, Dean! Please! Just do something!”
And so it happened, with Sam sitting on his big brother’s lap, while Dean fucked him with his fingers, kissing him all the time, helping him going through his first heat.
Thinking about it today, Dean doesn’t really know how he was able to stop himself of fucking his brother right then and there, but he is happy he did it.

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it wasn’t before Sam turned 16, that Dean actually started fucking him.
He never wanted to do it before, and Sam was going insane because of it. The only thing he wanted was for his big brother fucking him through the mattress during his heats, but Dean wouldn’t do it.
So, when his first heat at the age of sixteen started, during his birthday, he couldn’t wait for it.
But Dean, oh, the fucker was waiting for Dad to go away. He didn’t wanted him to know what they were doing, even though eventually he would discover it anyway.
And finally, finally, when his dad went to Bobby, with the excuse of researching something for a case they were currently working on, Dean came in his bedroom, hard as a damn rock, finding Sam completely naked, ass in the air, fucking himself with his fingers, panting “Dean, Dean, Dean” .
He couldn’t wait no more. It was madness. And that was their actual first heat together, with Dean taking good care of his Sammy, fucking him slow and gently, murmuring words of love in his ear.

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Their routine was going on pretty easily, in John’s point of view. He still faked he knew nothing, letting the boys be alone during Sam’s heats, and it worked, in some fucked up way. The boys were not asking questions, and he wasn’t pushing them to. That is, until Sam’s eighteenth birthday.

John knew it would happen, but he was still hoping that, in some way, his boys wouldn’t do it. Being mated while hunting was the worst thing they could do, being already this dependent on each other. It would just screw everything up. They would spend their life worrying more about each other that about doing their job properly.

But, obviously, love is just love, and you can’t say no to it. He couldn’t say no to Mary, and she couldn’t say no to him, even though she was a hunter.

And so, they mated.

John was on a hunt with Bobby, as always, and when he came back after a week, Sam was lying on his bed, covered in hickeys and with a mating bite on the side of his neck that was screaming “Dean’s!”.

He said nothing. What could he say? It wasn’t like he ever tried to stop them.

He only told Dean that there was a Job to be done, and that they needed to leave as soon as they could.

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Sam’s second heat as a mated Omega happened while they were hunting a shapeshifter in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Dean knew he couldn’t just stop the hunt to take care of his brother, that they had to keep hunting for the sake of the whole city, and so Sam was staying at home, naked, covered only in a blanket that smelled like Dean, giving them direction via his mobile, researching everything he could on his laptop, trying to make them hurry, because he needed Dean, and Dean needed him. John can swear, when they caught the shapeshifter, that he never saw his son this angry in his whole life. He tore the thing apart, piece by piece, destroying him and hurrying home, jumping on top of Sam, without even waiting for John to go away. And John saw them. He saw everything. He saw as Dean undressed himself in 0.1 second, turned Sam on the sofa and fucked him senseless, growling disconnected phrases about how sexy and hot he was, how he was drooling lube, how he was opened only for him and oh, I am going to knot you really well Omega, I’m going to fucking breed you, knock you up with my litter, while Sam was looking at him through his long eyelashes, mouth open, as if to call him, to tell him “look, daddy, look at me, I’m such a good Omega, taking it like this, am I not?”

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John never thought his sons would do something like that, but apparently, they could. A lot. From that first time in Arizona, when he watched them having sex on the sofa, they started doing it more often, not only during Sam’s heats. Fuck, they started doing it every time. As soon as they came back from a hunt, they were having sex on the first free surface, was it the table, the sofa, the wall or the fucking door.

Youngstown, Ohio.

They were in a motel room, Dean was still sleeping, and he and Sam were talking about a case, sitting on the sofa, Sam researching on his laptop as he always does, being the best one at it.
They were having a normal conversation – if you can define talking about demons and how to kill them “normal” – when Dean woke up, made himself a cup of coffee and went straight to Sammy, kissing him slowly and making him stand up, undressing both him and himself, and sitting on Sam’s spot, making him sit on his lap, fucking him slow and steady like that, while Sam was still talking about the demon they had to kill.

John could see perfectly where they were connected, could see Dean’s dick buried in Sam’s ass, he could see how Sam was hungry for hit, begging Dean for release, begging him to touch him, to let him come.

Independence, Missouri.

John had to go out and buy something for dinner, if they didn’t want to starve to death, particularly because of Dean’s constant hunger. But, apparently, this wasn’t his sons’ ideas, as they were fucking against the damn motel door.

Dean was holding Sam, fucking him stupid, moving him on his dick, knotting him in front of his father, again, while Sam was looking at him, smiling like a filthy little slut would do, moaning even louder.

John couldn’t explain their behaviour, really. He knew that privacy was relative when you live between crappy motel rooms and your Impala, but Christ, they could at least ask him to go for a walk if they wanted to fuck so badly!

During their “sessions”, John couldn’t help but notice that Dean was a talker. He always talked Sam through their orgasms, and there was one word, one single word that was common in every one of his “speeches”, that John couldn’t get rid of: breed.

He knew that, during the heats, it was normal for the Alpha to feel the need to breed his Omega, but he kept repeating it, even when Sam wasn’t in heat and they both had total control on their mental faculties.

And it’s in that moment that he realises, that what their sons are doing is not mere “fucking like bunnies”.

They want a litter. John can still remember when he and Mary mated. The urge of breeding her was so strong that they were copulating in every single damned room of their house for the first months, until they had Dean, but things were different back then. Mary wasn’t hunting anymore, they had a house, he had a job, and they were living happily.

Now, the three of them are hunting, living on a constant rush inside of a damned car, too small for the three of them, let alone for a baby.

That’s why, when he comes back home from the shopping centre, he starts shouting at them, fighting with them, trying t make them understand what the hell they are doing.

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Edmond, Oklahoma.

It’s been three years now, since that night in Missouri, when Dean kicked him out, because he made Sam cry, shouting to him that if he didn’t liked what they were doing, he could go to hell.

And he, stupid as he was, went.

He stole a car, letting the boys have the Impala, and went away, hunting alone, for three whole years.

He knows where his sons are, Bobby told him. Oakland, California. Dean found a job as a mechanic, while Sam is living at home with their three children: John, Bobby and Mary.

Even being mad at him, they called their first son after him.

He always knew where they were, since they stopped hunting together. Bobby never stopped giving him news, calling him an idjit for not going in fucking California, apologise and meet his grandchildren.

He thought about stopping hunting more than once, but he knew he couldn’t do it. It’s been so long since he started, that he doesn’t know how to function properly as a common human being.

And it’s now, with a bullet in his stomach, bleeding to death, that he realises he’s been living
vicariously through hunting, since his sons had left him.
It’s in this moment that he realises how stupid he was, not meeting his grandchildren, not even once.
They will never know who his grandfather was, how he looked like. They will never know that he
loved them more than anything, even without meeting them. While an ambulance is taking him to the
first hospital, Bobby yelling at him even though he can’t hear him through the fog in his mind, he
doesn’t know if he is going to live long enough to meet them, if the medical team will be able to save
his life.
The only thing he knows for sure, and the only thing he can hear through all the voices and the
numbness, is his son’s voice, Dean’s, while he closed the door of the last motel room they lived him
together, saying the most harsh words he ever heard: “goodbye, John”.

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