"Dean’s head feels like it’s been cracked in two. That’s the one thing he knows for sure."

Fill for kinkmeme prompt: While on a hunt, Dean gets hurt - hit in the head & rendered unconscious - when he wakes, he doesn’t remember that Sam is his brother. He thinks Sam is his husband. Up to the author if Sam is fine with this or not.

Notes

Set vaguely around season 5

See the end of the work for more notes

Dean’s head feels like it’s been cracked in two. That’s the one thing he knows for sure.

He opens his eyes once, feels a wave of sickness wash over him, and lets them fall shut again with an unhappy groan. The harsh hospital lights and the shrieking beep beep beep of the heart monitor are making his throbbing headache worse by the second. He hears someone shuffling to his bedside, hears them say his name, hey, Dean, and he works up the courage to look around again, to match a face to that familiar voice.

The man is very tall, very tired, and very good looking. Dean digs into the depths of his psyche for a
name, a name that’s on the tip of his tongue, but… he draws a blank.

Massive mystery man sure knows him, though.

“Dean, you’ve been out for hours.” He says quietly, like he knows that Dean’s head is about to explode if the speaks any louder. “I know you hate hospitals, but I couldn’t risk it this time. Not with a head wound.”

“It’s alright.” Dean mutters. His voice sounds foreign, too rough, too raspy. He tries to sit up but doesn’t get far before a big hand comes to press gently at his shoulder.

“Take it easy.” The man soothes, rubbing his thumb across Dean’s collarbone. It’s warm and comforting, and Dean tries to look at this guy, really look.

He needs to remember who he is. He’s important.

Dean drinks him in. He noticed right away that the guy was big, tall and wide and fit. But the more he looks the more he feels a warmth within him. He knows that face, he can see an earnestness in the stranger’s eyes that’s more familiar than anything else, than even Dean’s own pounding heartbeat. He knows that smooth, tan skin. He knows that long, soft hair. He knows this man, perhaps better than he knows himself.

He just needs to figure out who he is.

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Mystery Man takes a few minutes to convince Dean to lay back down. He starts to explain how Dean had even ended up in the hospital in the first place; just a spirit, we thought. Turns out it was a demon. Don’t think he knew what he was getting into with us, Ruby’s knife did the job, but I was slow… he tossed you into the backend of a beaten down truck. I thought you were done for. You wouldn’t wake up. I got you here as quick as I could, I think some blood got on the upholstery in the car, I’m sorry…

Dean has a lot of questions. He keeps them to himself, though, because Mystery Man has worked himself to tears as he explains what happened. Instead, Dean reaches out, finding the Man’s big hand where it’s clutching the blankets at the edge of the bed. It feels like the right thing to do, to hold his hand.

“It’s okay.” Dean says, smiling softly at him. “I’m okay. The car will be fine.”

The man huffs out a watery laugh, and memories of that car wash over Dean. She’s sleek and black and Dean can’t think about her without also remembering Mystery Man’s lips, curling into soft smiles or hanging wide open as he sleeps in the passenger seat, or mouthing along to too-loud rock songs as they drive across every part of the country.

They’ve had a long lifetime together.

A nurse bustles through the door, as Dean tries to figure out exactly who this Mystery Man was to him. He pulls away when she comes into the room, letting Dean’s hand drop back onto the scratchy hospital blanket. He stands up and backs off, giving her space to work. Dean misses the warmth of his hand like a missing limb.

“Oh, good. You’re awake.” The nurse says curtly, checking his IV and his vitals on the heart monitor before turning her attention to mystery man. “Sam here…” She nods to Mystery Man, and Dean sucks in a breath because he has a name now. Sam. Sammy. “…He said you would want the discharge papers as soon as you were up. Against medical advice, of course.” She purses her lips
together in disapproval, looks like she maybe wants to tell them both that they’re being stupid. And she’s probably right. Dean’s head still feels like a broken piece of china, splintered apart and shattered all over the ground. He steals another glance at Sam and trusts that he’ll be able to piece him back together again. He doesn’t need a hospital, or doctors, or nurses, or morphine. He’s got Sam.

“Now, before I let you leave I just want to run through a couple of things.” The nurse checks the dressing over the wound in his head, smoothing down the medical tape that’s holding him together. “How are you feeling?”

“Alright…” Dean answers, looking to Sam to watch his reactions. “…I feel, sore. A little confused. But I’m okay.”

“Confused, what do you mean…?” Sam leans forward, his hands hovering uselessly by his side. He doesn’t seem to know what to do with them. Dean thinks he wants to reach out and touch Dean and never let him go, for fear of losing him all over again. Dean latches onto that intensity. He recognises the look of utter despair and desperation that had made a home in Sam’s features. He’s felt it all before.

With a rush, Dean remembers living and dying and sacrificing everything for Sam. He remembers Sammy.

“Well I- Maybe I forgot who you were, just for a couple minutes.” Dean mutters. Sam’s brow furrows, a hundred emotions flashing across his face. He gives into the urge to touch Dean, resting his hand on his forearm. His grip is a little painful, desperate in a way that confirms Dean’s suspicions as to who exactly Sam was to him. “Don’t freak Sammy. I remember now, you’re my husband.”

“I’m… what?” Sam’s eyes narrow, but he doesn’t remove his hand from Dean’s arm. Dean looks down, notices that Sam isn’t wearing a ring, and neither is Dean. Not married, then, but Dean knows he’s on the right track. He can feel it deep in his soul, the crushing heartache and burning passion, they’ve gotta be a thing, even if they haven’t popped the question, officially. There’s no other explanation for how hot Dean feels, every time he meets Sam’s soulful eyes.

“You two are married?” The nurse looks to Sam. “Why didn’t you say-“

“What? No-“

“Right, we’re not married yet.” Dean cuts Sam off. “I think my wires are all kinds of crossed right now, I’m forgetting the details. But I remember the important stuff. We’ve been together forever, I love the guy so much that it hurts. And I know I think he’s hot as hell.” Dean winks at the nurse, and she gives him a bemused smile. “Body like that…” Dean whistles lowly. “…I’m a lucky man.”

“Oh, God. Shut up Dean.” Sam stands up suddenly, shifting away from Dean and leaning against the wall. He looks to the heavens, taking a few deep breaths “I’m your freaking brother.”

“Huh.” Dean makes a non-committal noise in the back of his throat. The ache in his head is back now, full force. The painkillers must be wearing off. Dean feels his face heating up, and the ache spreads from his head to his hollow chest, because Sam’s refusing to make eye contact with Dean. Instead, he focuses on the nurse.

“Is this… Is he okay?” Sam asks quietly. She’s frozen in place for a long moment, looking between Sam and Dean incredulously.
“Confusion and memory loss is normal, and usually temporary. But to be sure, he really should stay for another night…” She says dubiously, clutching the file tighter in her hands. Dean shakes his head, looking in Sam’s direction briefly. He looks halfway to full-blown panic, and Dean needs to calm him down, reassure him that everything is alright.

“No, no. I’m okay.” Dean swallows down his own panic. There’s no need for it, the puzzle pieces of his brain are starting to fall back into place already. He’s mortified about the whole husband-brother mistaken identity situation, but at least his marbles aren’t lost for good. “I just gotta… sleep it off. I’m fine. I remember him properly now. He’s my little brother Sam. My name is Dean, I’m an Aquarius, Obama is president, It’s a Tuesday-”

“It’s Wednesday.” Sam says distractedly.

Dean shrugs. “So, I’m a day out. No big deal. I wouldn’t get it right even on my best day. I promise I’m okay, Alright? Where’s those AMA papers-”

“Fine, whatever. Here.” The nurse flips to the discharge page and points at a box down the bottom. Dean scrawls his name in the box, and it’s wobbly and uneven because Dean’s hands have started shaking ever since he started properly remembering again.

There’s an air of stale awkwardness that lingers in the room, and the nurse makes quick work of taking back the page Dean signed and turning tail right back through the door. Sam is a silent sentinel in the corner of the room. He keeps his arms folded and bitchface firmly in place while Dean forces himself to sit up. He resolutely does not move to help until Dean stands up and almost loses his footing as the floor seems to turn liquid beneath him. With a wince Dean realises he won’t be able to dress himself.

Sam’s steps forward before Dean even thinks to ask him to help. He grabs Dean by the elbow to steady him, helping him into his clothes. His old jeans slide on like a second skin, and the layers of old flannel and leather wrap around him, stitching the last broken pieces of his brain back together.

He remembers everything now: Being thrown across the junkyard by the Demon. Cracking his head on the tailgate of a rusty old Ford pickup. Sam, shouting his name, and then the sizzling sound of the Demon meeting the pointy end of Ruby’s knife.

He glances up at Sam, now that he’s dressed and feeling like himself again. His lips are pursed together in a thin line, which isn’t a good sign. It mean’s he’s thinking hard, and keeping it all to himself.

“Sam.”

“Not now, Dean.”

Dean sighs in defeat and tries to cross the room by himself, but his body refuses to cooperate. Sam is by his side in an instant, wrapping his arm around his waist to help him walk. Dean takes advantage of the proximity, regarding Sam with bleary eyes and still trying to make sense of the furrow in Sam’s brow and the pretty pink flush on his cheeks.

“In my defence, you were hovering like a worried housewife.”

“I said not now.” Sam hisses, and he manhandles him out of the hospital room, all the way through the parking lot in into the passenger seat of the car. Dean’s eyes catch on the bloodstained seats, and he sighs, leaning his head back. He listens to the softly playing radio and tries not to think too hard about all the stupid things he said tonight. Sam is steadfastly silent, all the way back to the hotel.
They stumble through the door to their room, Sam bearing most of Dean’s weight. The splitting headache is back with a vengeance, and Dean barely holds back the burning hot nausea that builds in his stomach. He collapses back onto the closest bed, the soft mattress welcoming him with open arms.

“Don’t sleep yet.” Sam mutters, the first words he’s said in nearly 30 minutes. He comes to Dean’s side, helping him sit up. He presses a glass of water into one hand and a few Tylenol into the other. Dean swallows them in one, gulping down the water and willing his stomach to stop twisting into knots. He gives Sam back the glass and falls onto his back again, his eyes slipping shut without a second thought.

He’s half conscious, can hear Sam moving about the room. He can feel that Sam has stepped close again, and then he’s working Dean’s boots off, and his Jeans follow, until he’s left in nothing but his undershirt and boxers.

Dean rouses long enough to help Sam get him under the covers, and then he’s out for good.

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Neither of them mention the husband incident for at least a week and a half. Dean can’t stop thinking about it, though. Like a scab he wants to pick at, he can’t just drop the issue. Sam had acted weird about the whole thing. He should laugh it off, make a few jokes at Dean’s expense, and Dean would be able to get defensive and call Sam a bitch and they would be able to move on. But Sam hasn’t said a god-damn thing. He’s gone off the deep end, diving into frayed leads and sending them on wild goose chases across the country for hunts that, admittedly, with everything else going on, are a little below their paygrade.

Dean gives into the itching feeling to talk to Sam in a rundown hotel in Iowa. It’s an ugly room, the yellowed wallpaper clashing with the deep, dark red bedsheets, and there’s not enough space for that garish colour scheme and Sam and Dean and the awkward silence between them.

“Alright, I’m giving in.” Dean announces, collapsing into one of the wicker chairs shoved in the corner of the kitchenette. He cracks open a beer, the sound of it echoing through the room, making Dean wince. The gash in his head is slowly healing, but sometimes he gets these lingering headaches. He wants to blame it on Sam’s screaming silence. “I can’t believe I’m the one saying this, but… do you want to talk about it?”

Sam regards him from the other end of the room, the two beds separating them. He drops his duffle to the floor and leans against the wall. His arms fold defensively across his chest. Dean thinks fleetingly that it’s almost like looking in a mirror.

“About what?”

“The hospital.” Dean takes the bottle cap between his fingers, fiddling with it, letting it draw his attention, so he doesn’t have to see Sam’s expression as he mentions that night. “You know, when my eggs were all scrambled, and maybe I mistook you for my husband for a couple of minutes-“

“No, I don’t want to talk about it.” Sam says, so firmly and so forcefully that Dean has to look up again. He is still pressed into the corner of the room, and even from a distance Dean can see the redness of his cheeks. He looks…sad, maybe. Guilty, definitely.

“Goddammit, Sammy-“ Dean starts, forcing himself to stand, dropping the bottle cap onto the table with a sharp, tinny clang. He crosses the room, stepping into Sam’s space. He folds his arms too, trying to meet Sam’s eyes, but he keeps looking away. “I don’t know why this is such a big deal for
you. It’s embarrassing for me, sure! And it’s weird that I called you hot... but I didn’t mean… I don’t even know what I was thinking.” Dean falters, deciding not to open that can of worms. “You’ve been acting weird ever since that night. I need to fix this because we can’t keep going on like this. So, can you please tell me what’s going on in that freaky brain of yours so I can say the right thing and we can move on from this!”

“Dean, I can’t.” Sam says desperately, his face melting into sadness. Dean’s heart leaps to his throat, an instinctual response to the sight of Sam in distress. He needs to make it better for Sam, but he has no idea where to start. That damned concussion. What does it say about the state of their relationship when it takes nothing but a head wound to have them spiralling out of control like this?

“Can’t what Sam?”

Sam presses himself deeper into the wall, hugging his arms around his body and trying to take up as little space as possible. “You said I was your husband. And it… And I wanted…”

“What…?”

“I just wanted it. So bad.”

“You… Oh, oh-” Realisation washes over Dean, and he wants to collapse with relief. He can fix this. He can make this all better for Sam. “-Sammy, this is a thing for you?”

Sam sighs and drops his chin to his chest, breaking their eye contact and resolutely fixing his gaze to the floor. “Dean, I- I’m sorry. I’m disgusting-” He’s saying, and Dean is already shaking his head. He steps closer, so Sam has no choice but to look at him.

“No, no no… Sam, you’re not disgusting. I’m not disgusted.” Dean croons, his hands finding their way to Sam’s face, cupping his jaw, feeling the flushed warmth of his skin. “It’s okay Sammy.” He whispers, pressing his lips against Sam’s sandpaper rough jawline. Sam breathes out Dean’s name, an impulse that he can’t resist.

“We shouldn’t.” He says weakly. Dean’s hands are in his hair now, threading through the soft strands at the nape of his neck. Dean’s close enough that he can practically see a shiver run down Sam’s spine at the gentle touch. He smiles into the baby soft skin of Sam’s throat.

“Why not?” Dean mutters, pressing soft kisses along the column of Sam’s throat. He pulls back, just for a second, just to say-

“You are my husband, after all.”

Sam groans, Dean feels the rumble of it under his lips. Any more protests falter and die on Sam’s lips.

“And good sex is key to a healthy marriage, don’t you think?” Dean pulls back, pressing a fleeting kiss to Sam’s slack mouth. He catches Dean’s eye, and nods wordlessly. Dean kisses him again, properly this time. Sam’s lips are pliant under his, and finally, finally, he gives in completely. Dean feels Sam’s big hands wrap around his waist, gripping him tight enough that it hurts a little. It’s good. It’s so good.

Sam puts everything he has into the kiss. He pulls Dean around and suddenly he’s the one pressed up against the ugly wallpaper, Sam big and desperate and taking up every inch of Dean’s personal space. There’s enough friction between them that Dean can feel Sam getting hard against his thigh. Sam’s hips rut against Dean as they kiss.
Dean presses back against Sam. They move away from the wall until they meet the bed. Dean pushes him to sit on the edge, and he steps between Sam’s spread thighs, around over his ass, to where they settle at the base of Dean’s spine. Sam hugs him close, his face pressed into Dean’s stomach. He sucks in a shaky breath, and Dean can feel him trembling.

“You’re okay, baby boy.” Dean mutters, letting his fingers comb through Sam’s hair absentmindedly.

“Are you sure you want this too?” Sam’s voice is muffled by Dean’s shirt, but Dean understands him, loud and clear.

“Wanted this forever.” Dean untangles a knot in Sam’s hair, deftly pulling through the matted strands with steady fingers “Never thought I deserved it.”

“You do. You deserve everything.”

Dean shakes his head and barks out a short laugh, the sound of it bubbling in his stomach. Sam looks up at him at that, his eyes bright and shiny with emotion. Dean leans down to kiss him again, tastes the earnestness on his tongue, swallows down the overwhelming wave of feeling that bubbles under the surface of his overheated skin.

“C’mon, Save it for the wedding vows, Sammy.”

Sam rolls his eyes, but Dean doesn’t miss the flush that spreads over Sam’s cheeks. The whole husband thing really does seem to spark something deep within Sam, and Dean will be damned if he doesn’t take advantage of that. He shakes his head bemusedly, reaching for the hem of Sam’s threadbare cotton shirt. He tugs it over Sam’s head and lets himself drink in the sight of Sam’s broad, muscled chest, his sweaty golden skin.

“God, Sam.” Dean drops to his knees, and it seems to startle Sam a little. “You’re so gorgeous. All mine, my beautiful husband…” His fingers fumble with Sam’s belt and the button on his jeans, ghosting over Sam’s boxer briefs where they’re stretched tight over his junk.

“Jesus…” Sam bites out, already sounding overwhelmed.

“Gotta take care of you.” Dean mutters, rubbing his thumb over the exposed, bony part of Sam’s hips. Sam shifts, letting Dean tug off his pants and underwear fully. Dean’s knees are already aching but it doesn’t matter because Sam makes a desperate sound above him at the feel of Dean’s hot wet mouth around the head of his cock “Cause, god, I know you’ll take care of me. Fuck me good and hard whenever I need it.”

Sam’s hand is big and warm and clutching Dean’s jaw like a lifeline. Dean takes him deeper, needs the weight of his cock in the back of his throat. He can hardly breathe; tears are springing to his eyes without warning. It’s blissful, every part of his senses is taken over by nothing by Sam. He jerks him languidly, using his
own saliva as lube and working Sam up.

He licks at the head of Sam’s cock again, his hand taking care of the rest of his considerable length. Dean tastes bitter saltiness, and he wants more, always wants more. He takes him into his mouth again, chokes on his cock and decides he wants this to be the way he dies. Screw destiny, screw Michael and Lucifer and the apocalypse. Dean wants to go out asphyxiated on his baby brother’s cock.

Dean looks up at Sam, then, takes in his heaving chest and the way he’s staring back, wide eyed and half out of his mind. He looks like he’s about to lose control, already, and Dean can’t have that. Sam wouldn’t be a very good husband if he finished up so soon.

Reluctantly, Dean pulls back, his mouth slipping off his cock and leaving it wet and shiny with saliva. Sam traces his lips with his thumb, looking awestruck and more turned on than he’d ever been. He draws Dean upwards, stealing another kiss, surely tasting himself on Dean’s tongue.

“You’re amazing.” He says into Dean’s mouth. He’s desperate now, pulling at Dean’s shirt and practically ripping it to shreds in his haste to pull it off. “You’re… Dean, god- I need-“

“I know.” Dean grabs at his frantic hands. “Just a second baby, let me get the stuff-“

Sam nods, collapsing back against the bed and swiping his hands over his eyes. He’s sweaty, flushed red and completely debauched. Dean digs through his duffle, finding the bottle of lube. His fingers brush up against the packet of condoms he keeps in his bag, but he doesn’t feel the need to use one. Not with Sam. He wants to feel him completely, skin to skin. Dean hands are shaking a little, and he isn’t sure if it’s because he’s out of his mind horny, or because he’s been waiting for this moment for so long. Either way, he’s desperate to touch Sam again, to have him inside him, to hold him so close that they forget how to live separately.

Sam is still laying back on the bed, watching Dean as he works on getting his own jeans off.

“Like what you see?” Dean teases, rubbing over his own hard cock through his underwear before hooking his thumbs in the waistband and stripping down completely.

“God, yes.” Sam moans sincerely. “Come here.”

Dean drops the lube on the bed, crawling over to Sam and straddling his waist. He can feel Sam’s hard cock against his ass, and he grinds down, just a little, just to feel the weight of it. Sam gasps and wraps his hands around Dean, his fingers digging into his ribs.

“Not gonna last long.” He mutters, biting into Dean’s neck a little. “You’re driving me crazy.”

“It’s okay.” Dean says, reaching for the lube, a moan sticking in his throat as Sam sucks at the delicate skin over his pulse point. Dean makes quick work of slicking up his own fingers, pulling away from Sam for just a second, to feel back and slip his fingers inside of himself. He drops his head into the crook of Sam’s neck, biting back a sharp moan as he opens himself up. It’s been a while.

“You done this before?” Sam asks quietly, his chest rumbling as he speaks. Dean just nods. Sam’s arms seem to grip a little tighter with the admission, and Dean senses he doesn’t want to hear any more detail about the guys he’s been with before. Dean feels something hot and heavy in the pit of his stomach, knowing that Sam is the jealous type. His own cock twitches, and fleetingly Dean thinks he might be harder than he’s ever been, with any man or woman.

One of Sam’s hands trails down Dean’s side, and then Dean feels another hand at his hole, feeling
around the rim but not penetrating. He shivers at the touch, stretching himself frantically, desperate for Sam’s cock.

“Slick yourself up.” Dean says through gritted teeth. A breath gets caught in Sam’s throat, and he uses his free hand to find the lube. Dean hears it open, hears the wet sounds of Sam jerking himself, getting himself nice and slippery and ready for Dean. He can feel the movement, feel it under his own hard cock and he decides he’s loose enough. Sam’s big, it’s gonna burn no matter how prepared he is. Dean’s okay with that, he wants it to hurt a little, he wants to feel every inch and keep feeling him long after they’re done.

“C’mon Sammy, Fuck me.” Dean says, and it’s like he’s flipped a switch in Sam. He grabs Dean by the hips and then manoeuvre’s them so that he’s on top now, and Dean is laid out against the ugly maroon bedsheets. Dean spreads his legs wide open, and Sam slots between them like a missing puzzle piece.

His cock brushes up against Dean’s, hot and slick and Dean needs it so desperately that he bucks up at that slight touch.

Sam pauses, takes the chance to kiss Dean deeply and forcefully. He keeps kissing him desperately, and Dean feels the broad head of his cock against his slackened hole, and it’s everything he ever dreamed of.

“Fucking... Jesus.” Dean gasps, hooking his chin over Sam’s shoulder and running his hands over Sam’s back, feeling over tanned skin and tight muscles and scar tissue. Sam’s teeth are pressing into Dean’s neck again as he bottoms out, his groin flush against Dean. It’s nearly too much, and Dean almost blacks out, because it feels so good and so right.

“You okay?” Sam asks, looking into Dean’s face, and now Dean can kiss him properly again. He kisses him so hard that their teeth knock together, a little painfully, but Sam doesn’t seem to mind. He starts to move his hips, grinding into Dean and making him see stars. Dean sobs into Sam’s mouth, his neglected cock twitching between them, leaking precome onto his belly.

“Touch me Sammy.”

“Yeah.” Sam mutters, glancing down at Dean’s angry red cock. He jerks him distractedly, but it’s good enough for Dean. Sam starts thrusting deeper, the longer strokes taking Dean’s breath away. Sam is kissing him, on the mouth, on the temple, on the jaw, on his neck, anywhere he can reach. Dean can barely form a coherent thought, and he knows he’s making some embarrassing sounds. It spurs Sam on, his thrusts getting more erratic as Dean twists and squirms beneath him.

“You close?” Sam asks, thumbing at the sensitive skin under the head of Dean’s cock. Dean nods, muffling a cry in Sam’s shoulder and shuddering. His orgasm comes so quickly he almost doesn’t expect it, but Sam’s really good with his hands and suddenly his balls tighten up against his body and he’s shooting come so hard that he goes blind for a few overwhelming moments. Sam gasps, jerking him through it, and kissing Dean, licking into his mouth and swallowing Dean’s strangled moan.

“Oh, god, fuck Dean...” Sam is whimpering, and Dean comes back to himself. He’s oversensitive now, every inch of his skin feels too tight and too hot and too cold all at the same time. Sam’s close, he can tell from the way he’s saying Dean’s name, over and over and over again. He thrusts once, twice more, and then he goes still, and Dean can feel the come shooting inside him.

Sam collapses on top of Dean. He’s heavy, but Dean doesn’t care. It’s too hot and sweaty and Sam’s still inside of him, but neither of them make any move to pull apart from each other. Their breathing is in sync, their chests rising and falling together. Dean would happily stay here forever, if he could.
He dozes, feels loose and pliant and exhausted, and barely registers when Sam gets off him five, ten minutes later. He whines at the loss of Sam’s body heat, and the feeling of him pulling out, but he’s too tired to move of his own volition. Sam returns with a warm wash cloth, and he wipes Dean down. Dean watches him through hooded eyes and smiles at him softly.

“That was awesome.” Dean slurs. Sam laughs quietly, balling up the washcloth and throwing it back through the open bathroom door. He collapses onto the bed next to Dean, pushing and pulling at the sheets, getting them underneath the covers. Dean settles against Sam’s chest, resting his hand over Sam’s steady heartbeat.

Sam brings his own hand up to rest over Dean’s, his fingers mapping out the ghost of a ring on his fourth finger.

“Really should put a ring on you.” He murmurs, almost like he’s embarrassed.

“I’d get you one to match.” Dean yawns, planting a chaste kiss onto Sam’s chest before letting his eyes slip shut. The last thing he hears is Sam’s soft laughter, before his bone deep exhaustion pulls him into the best sleep of his damned life.

End Notes

Disclaimer: I haven't written fanfiction in about two years, and certainly haven't written anything Supernatural related for about ten years, so i'm bound to be rusty. Hope you enjoyed regardless!

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