Heart Murmur

by noobieninja

Summary

Sammy's got a thing for his big, alpha brother and heats can kiss his sweet, perky little ass.

Notes

wow uh i'm sorry?? i don't know, this is... something, sorry in advance for shitty plot and sloppy smut
Dean was always a source of comfort for Sam. Ever since Sam could remember – and by the way Dean talked, before that, too – Dean had always been the one protecting Sam. Not Dad, not Bobby. Dean. If he ever had a nightmare, he’d hear Dean’s voice soothing him, Dean’s warmth and smell surrounding him. If he was ever in danger, if he was frozen in fear because his worst nightmare was staring him in the fact and god he’s only ten while Dad screamed at him to pull the trigger, it was Dean who finally shot the bastard and even kept a strong grip on Sammy the entire ride home because he couldn’t stop shaking but no, no no no, he was definitely not crying.

And Sam didn’t even mind when Dean started to smell a bit different. He still smelled like Dean, just muskier and older. But Sam didn’t like the smell of alcohol on him when he came home late when Dad was out, but Sam always pretended to be asleep on those nights.

When they got a little older, Sam would see Dean hanging out with different girls, beta and omega alike. It was weird, and he always felt this odd, gripping feeling in his chest like it wasn’t okay for Dean to flirt with and date girls his own age. But that was stupid, Sam knew it was, so he kept quiet and studied on.

But Dean would come home, smelling like those girls and maybe a bit of alcohol. Sam could never tell, couldn’t get past the smell of foreign omega and it made him sick every time. Dean would slip into their shared bed, drift off to sleep next to Sam, leaving him to drown in the choking smell of omega and beta to deal with by himself.

When Sam was fourteen, his nightmares got worse. They weren’t about the monster or the hunts this time around, though. They were about Dean. Dean leaving him, Dean hating him, Dean running off to go start a family with some pretty omega girl. They made Sam thrash and whimper in his sleep, and the first time Dean was there for it was the worst. He came into the dark bedroom, and Sam was only half awake, but he was hyperventilating because his dream had started like this, and Dean had gone right p to him and started hitting him, beating him up, calling him the bitch brother he’d never wanted, and now Sam couldn’t tell the difference between nightmare and reality. Dean must have smelled his fear on the air, though, because he immediately turned on the lights, hurrying over to Sam’s side, pulling the blankets aside to check him for wounds. Asked him if he was sick, hurt, if he’d been attacked. But Sam just broke down crying and held his brother close all that night, trying to find Dean’s smell under that of the omega he’d fucked. Dean started to come home earlier after that, but some nights, Sam woke up, terrified and alone, before Dean had a chance to get home and calm him down.

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Sam had always assumed he was a beta. There were no flashing signs of the usual submissive attitude omegas had towards the alphas they were closest to – sure, he listened to Dean most of the time, but he always seemed to disobey their father, and both Dad and Dean were very distinctly alphas. But, reading up on the subject, he found that it was often hard to tell young male betas from young male omegas, until first heat. Beta heats were usually low-key, only lasted a few days, whereas omega heats were intense and took up the space of a week and a half on average. Sam really didn’t like the sound of that, and desperately wished he could just be a beta and not have any extra trouble in his life.
Of course, life always had a funny way of kicking Sam in the ass.

It hit him when he was fifteen. He’d just started hitting his growth spurt, but was still an inch or two shorter than Dean. He was lanky and his hands and feet were too big for his thin frame. His hair felt over his eyes constantly, but he denied Dean every time he offered to cut it – mumbled something about Dean being a jerk and making him look awful on purpose, to which Dean shot back that he didn’t need his help with that.

Sam woke up feeling weird, but when he padded into the kitchen before either Dean nor Dad could wake up, he didn’t notice anything too out of place. He started making some coffee, and grabbed the newspaper, enjoying his moment of peace. He heard Dad walked down the stairs – clomping down, really, and Sam affectionately wondered how he’d survived this long – and re-folded the paper, setting it on the table. He grabbed his cup of coffee, black and unsweetened, just like he liked it.

Dad ruffled his hair as he walked in, and sat down to read the paper. He suddenly paused, then looked over at Sam.

“You feelin’ okay?”

Sam quirked an eyebrow, then shrugged. “Yeah, fine. Why?”

Dad grunted, dropping the subject and going back to his paper. Sam rolled his eyes, sipping at his coffee as he started to unpack his bag. Sunday morning, the best time to read for AP English, he found.

He was halfway through the tenth chapter when Dean cautiously stepped into the kitchen. Sam looked up and smiled at him lightly. Dean frowned, walking over.

Sam’s smile faded as Dean pressed the back of his head against Sam’s forehead.

“You feelin’ okay?” His voice mirrored Dad’s almost perfectly, and Sam would’ve found it hilarious if he wasn’t mildly offended.

“I’m fine,” he said sternly.

Dean’s lips pursed in disapproval and he looked up at Dad. “You smellin’ this?”

Dad sighed, turning the page. “Yeah.”

“Are we just not gonna do anything about it?”

“He seems fine for now.”

“First of all, stop talking about me like I’m not in the room,” Sam broke in, leaning back in his seat and trying to ignore how his stomach churned and his skin was starting to crawl. “Second, what the hell are you guys talking about?”

Dad looked at Dean over the top of the paper with some message Sam couldn’t decipher.

Dean huffed, but sat down. “Nothing, Sammy, never mind. Just go back to your homework.”
Sam rolled his eyes, laughing slightly. “Alright then, jerk,” he said, standing up and gathering his things. He could continue in the small bedroom he was sharing with Dean.

“Bitch,” Dean mumbled weakly in response.

Sam started off to the stairs, but a sudden jolt in his system made him stop dead in his tracks. He suddenly felt hot, too hot, and sweaty, and oh god. There was… wetness.

He could feel his family’s stares on his back as he sprinted up the rest of the stairs.

He locked the door behind him, dropping his school stuff unceremoniously on the ground. He tore off his shirt, but he was still too hot, hot, hot, god he was wet too and his boxers were clinging to his ass. He whined softly as he shucked them off, sprawling out on the bed, writhing in discomfort. He didn’t want to look down at his cock, harder than it’d ever been and drooling precum onto his stomach, didn’t want to admit that this was his first heat.

Was this mild or intense? He couldn’t tell, prayed that it was mild, even if that meant that poor omegas went through this awful a treatment twice a year, but worse. But he knew it, he knew it now and he just hated it, his body was betraying him. He was an omega.

Not that that was necessarily a bad thing. These days, the only real difference between alphas, betas, and omegas were biological. Decades and decades ago, omegas were seen as second class citizens, pets made for popping out babies, and even some betas were sold and bought, too. But after several political and social battles, they were granted equality.

Sam sat up, scratching at his thighs to distract himself with pain. He grabbed the bottle of water on the nightstand, glugging some down, but it didn’t help, he was still hard and wet, dripping onto the sheets.

He needed it, heat was pouring off him in waves, and the air felt thick and it was hard to breathe. He looked down at himself, facing the facts.

Omega. Horny.

Could be worse, right?

Unmated.

Fuck.

There was a familiar smell outside the door, musky and woody, stable and perfect and unmasked. Sam smelled him before he heard him.

“Sammy?”

He ignored the kid name for now.

“You okay in there?”

He dug his nails into his thighs, trying to force out an answer. “F-fine!” he called in response, his voice three pitches too high.
He heard Dean sigh. “Look, first heats suck, but you’re perfectly normal.”

“I don’t need the health class, Dean, I know heats are normal,” he shot back, harsher than he meant it to be.

Dean paused. “Do you want us to leave you alone for a little while? We’ll be just outside, or even in town if you want.”

Sam wasn’t sure what he wanted. One the one hand, the privacy would be nice so he could try to get the edge off this stupid heat, but on the other hand, he’d feel safer knowing his dad and brother were nearby. He had to think about it for a minute, but his thoughts were clouded and hazy.

“Sammy? You still there, kid?”

“Yeah,” Sam said, trying to keep the whine out of his voice. “Can you guys, uh, stay close? But like. Out.”

Wow. That made sense, Sam. Way to fucking go.

Dean chuckled. “Okay. We’ll be in the backyard,” there was another pause. “Congrats, Sammy.”

“Thanks.”

He listened to Dean’s footsteps fading away, waited until he heard the door shutting behind the heavy footsteps of his dad.

He looked down at himself again. He had touched himself a few times before, but those had been hormone-stabilizing orgasms, he hadn’t ever needed it like this until now. He lightly touched the tip with a finger, gasping.

He wrapped his fingers around the length, pumping it hard and fast. He twisted his hand at the tip, god it felt good.

He tried to think of something to keep his thoughts on track. A nice, pretty, female alpha that could take care of him. But his thoughts kept turning back to Dean, Dean Dean.

Dean fingering him, licking him, marking him visibly and his scent so even when Sam was out by himself everyone knew he couldn’t be touched. The thoughts made him shiver and moan as he thrust his hips into his hand.

His other hand started moving down without his realizing. He didn’t notice it until his fingers rubbed against his drenched hole, making him whimper. God, that shouldn’t have felt so good, but it felt amazing and he couldn’t help but think of Dean rubbing him, getting his fingers covered in Sam’s slick.

His finger slipped in, and he suddenly came, hard, Dean’s name on his lips.

It took the sharp edge off, but the need was still there, just under the surface, ready to boil up again at any point. He looked down, grimacing at the sorry state of the sheets – soggy and covered in cum and slick.

He stood up, trembling slightly, stripping the sheets off the bed. He felt weird just going around
naked, so he grabbed a sweatshirt to put on – he really hadn’t meant for it to be one of Dean’s, but his smell hit him as soon as he put it on, and it was too comforting for him to want it off.

He carried the sheets to the laundry room, throwing them in the washer and turning it on. He sat on top of it, focusing on his slightly-cleared thoughts.

Okay, so, omega. That was fine. Sure, the heats would be a problem, but he could probably get a few suppressants. Of course, Dean would tell him that those would eventually get unhealthy and he should let his body do its thing, staving off the heats could only go on for so long before his body grew a tolerance—

Dean. Fuck.

Sam had known he loved Dean too much, had known for a while. He never said anything about it to anyone, not even to himself. Denying it would be bad for his emotional health, so he accepted it and just vaguely despised himself for it. But, to be honest, who else could he fall in love with? They didn’t stay in one place long enough for him to get to know anyone else, and Dean had always been there for him. Had always been Sam’s everything.

He didn’t realize his hips were thrusting against the vibrating washer until his cock brushed against the worn material of the sweatshirt. He gasped, grabbing the hem of the sweatshirt and pulling it up around his waist. He couldn’t get it covered in cum and slick, Dean would smell it and get mad at him.

He bit his lip as he rutted against the machine, trying to keep quiet. The laundry room was just a few feet away from the backyard, and if he listened close, he could hear the friendly conversation between Dean and Dad.

His climax hit him more gently than the last one, but it was by no means soft. He bit down on his lip hard enough to break the skin, gripping the sweatshirt tightly. He let out a soft whine as he came down from the climactic high.

He got off the machine, his stomach churning as he could smell himself. Fuck, this was going to be a problem. He probably wouldn’t be able to go to school for at least a week, and that was if it was less than average. He sighed, trudging over to the kitchen to grab something to clean up with.

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Dean came into the bedroom around eleven, and he hesitated at the door.

Sam sighed, sitting up on his elbows to look at him. “I’m not contagious, you can still get in.”

“I know, I know,” Dean said, sounding distracted. He closed the door behind him, starting to change out of his clothes. He smelled like motor oil; he’d probably been working on the car all day.

Dean got into bed, keeping a few inches away. Sam felt a bit… something. Like Dean didn’t want to be near him, thought he was some kind of pariah to be avoided. He sighed, but in doing so, smelled something weird on Dean. He couldn’t figure out what it was, but he actually kind of liked it.

“How’re you feelin’, Sammy?”
Sam shrugged, then turned over to look at Dean. His face was covered in darkness, but his eyes shone with worry and Sam couldn’t help the jolt in his heart and crotch. “I’m okay.”

“Now, uh, your heat is probably gonna get worse tomorrow.”

Sam’s sudden panic must have shown on his face, because Dean grabbed him and pulled him close, stroking his hair soothingly.

“Hey, hey, no, it’ll be okay. First heats suck. Mine sucked, too. But they don’t last too long, just a few days. You’ll be back to studying like a massive dork in no time, okay?”

Sam tried not to love and want Dean’s touches and comforting words as much as he did. He tried really, really fucking hard. But Dean was warm and smelled great and was nuzzling his nose into Sam’s hair. He looped an arm around Dean’s waist loosely, enjoying the contact.

“Can’t we just get some suppressants?”

“No,” Dean said firmly. “Let your body work its shit out itself.”

Sam sighed, but snuggled closer to his brother. He was warm and close and perfect, and he felt safe and comfortable curled up to Dean’s side, like he was made to just cuddle up to the older boy, and he was already drifting off within minutes.

He definitely didn’t wake up in the middle of the night, having to run to the bathroom and finger himself furiously. Of course not. That would ruin the moment.

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Dean was right. The second day was worse. Sam had to cum twice before he was even ready to get downstairs for breakfast, and the looks Dean and Dad gave him were enough to make him retreat after eating. Dad looked concerned – after all, he knew how much this was going to suck for Sam. But Dean had a dark look in his eyes, could barely look at Sam. That hurt him a lot more than he wanted to admit, but he actually got a bit of homework done before the next wave hit him.

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Sam learned that day that going five times in a row can really tucker a guy out. He crashed and actually got a bit of sleep, but was woken up by a knock at the door. He sat up, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, and went over to the door.

Dean was standing there, hands shoved in his jacket pockets, looking tense and overworked. He looked up from his feet as Sam opened the door, but he seemed to rethink that idea and put his head back down.

“Uh, Dean-”

“Lunch. Out. In town. Think you can handle being out for that long?” His voice was tighter than his muscles, but Sam didn’t ask why. The thought of being outside, away from the smell and feel of his own slick, even for a few minutes, made him grin.

“Yeah! Let me just, uh, get dressed,” he said, starting to slip back into his room.
“Sammy,” Dean said suddenly, planting his hand on the door to stop Sam from closing the door.

“Y… yeah, Dean?”

“Here,” he ground out, handing over a thin, blue box. Sam took it, and his face turned red in embarrassment and indignation as he read the cover. Dean held up a hand, clearly not wanting to hear his protests. “Just in case. I don’t want to have to drag you away from hordes of alphas trying to have at you.”

Sam grumbled, but closed the door and took the protective pads with him.

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It was a small diner, on the outskirts of the center of town. It was pretty full of people, but it was mostly families and kids around Sam’s age. Sam even saw one of his sorta-friends, who was in his history class, and, once he explained his situation quietly, his friend – a proud beta- laughed, clapped him on the shoulder, and promised to email him the notes and the homework, along with some tips on how to get through the rest of the week. That cheered Sam up, and he was able to eat his chicken caesar salad with a smile on his face.

Dean didn’t seem to like his friend, though. Which was weird. Sam had brought him over to study together before a big test a few weeks ago and Dean had actually liked him then.

Whatever, Dean was weird.

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The next wave hit Sam while they were in the car. It wasn’t as bad as it was that morning, but it was still substantial enough to make him squirm and press his hands to his knees, trying to resist the urge to touch himself.

“Hey, you okay?” Dean’s voice was soft, close, and his hand touched Sam’s leg.

Sam wanted to moan and whimper and crawl up into Dean’s lap, letting his brother fuck him and knot him, right in the fucking car that Dean so loved and adored, but he just looked over, biting his bottom lip. So close and yet so far.

Dean sighed, gripping Sam’s thigh and squeezing it. Trying to comfort Sam.

Sam almost whined.

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The pads ended up being too thin for Sam. He’d soak through them too quickly, and his heat smell would leak out. They’d had a problem with it when Sam had tagged along with Dean to the supermarket, and he’d been hit by a wave of heat while he was by himself in the book section, slick eating away at the pad, then his clothes; a nearby alpha had smelled him, started to talk to Sam. Hitting on him, his hand on Sam’s shoulder. Sam had been confused, in a horny daze that he couldn’t seem to snap himself out of, and the alpha smelled good – not like Dean, though, too bitter and dark to be Dean’s smell – and had a nice voice and big hands. But Dean had burst in right then,
wrapping his arm around Sam, snarling at the alpha, who backed off reluctantly.

Sam had to stay home for the rest of his heat. They decided this on the fourth day, when Sam was too overheated and sensitive to come down for breakfast, was embarrassed by how thick the air was with his scent and how the sheets were so wet.

He was in a weird haze during the midday – he was horny, desperately so, but it cleared up enough so his thoughts flooded in and overwhelmed him just as much as the physical sensations. Thoughts of Dean mating with him, but not just the needy gotta-get-off-now heat knottings, but slow, loving knottings, too. Dean whispering sweet nothings in his ear, marking Sam as his own, slow and lazy and easy and just as good as the hard and dirty.

Sam supposed that was normal. Fantasizing about his crush during his heat. Emotional connection was required for mates to stick, so of course his body would force him to think about the one alpha he wanted more than anyone. He just hated how it was his own brother. Why, why, why? Why couldn’t it just be some guy in his algebra class? That’d be so much easier.

But Sam’s life had never been easy, and he never expected it to be.

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Dean slept on the couch that night.

Sam tried to be less hurt and more excited about the freedom to finger the edge off without having to run to the bathroom.

He was unsuccessful.

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Sam felt worn out and hot and incoherent all day on the sixth day. Too much heat, not enough mating. He was about ready to go out and find some guy to fuck quickly, but he could barely get out of bed, and when Dean knocked on the door to check in on him, he’d just let out a few wordless whimpers to his questions, hoping that his tone answered whatever Dean needed to know.

He didn’t think he could get through another day like this, not with it getting worse and worse every day. He tangled himself in the sheets, shame forgotten, too buried under arousal to worry about it as he humped one of the pillows, sucking in the scent of one of Dean’s jackets.

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Sam’s fever broke on the seventh day. He woke up feeling perfectly normal – no heat, no boners, no slick. He sat up in bed, grinning. The heat was gone!

Maybe Dean would stop looking at him weird now.

He took the ruined sheets down to the laundry room, throwing them in for a super-wash as he went to the kitchen to make some breakfast. He was starving.

He made his coffee, looked over the newspaper until Dad came down, as usual.

Dad smiled in relief as he saw Sam at the table. “Glad to see you’re feelin’ better.”
“A lot better, actually,” Sam said, grinning. He sipped at his coffee, standing up to make some toast. “But I’ll still need you guys to shut up all day. I’ve got a week’s worth of homework to do.”

“Whatever you need, Sam.”

Dean came in a few minutes later, stretching and yawning. His hair was messed up, there were dark circles under his eyes. Christ, maybe Dean should take the couch next heat.

“Sammy,” Dean finally noticed his brother, how okay he was, how he was already going over the algebra notes from during the week. Sam looked up and smiled. Dean scrambled over and sat down next to Sam, felt his forehead and cheeks, fussed over him for a few minutes while Sam sat there and let him before he finally settled down, sitting back in his chair. “You’re good?”

“I’m good,” Sam replied, laughing a bit.

Dean grinned back. “Let’s go out for lunch, then. To celebrate. To Sammy, our little omega,” he punctuated the ‘toast’ by ruffling Sam’s hair.

Sam swatted Dean’s hand away, pulling a look he knew Dean would think of as a “bitch face.” Jerk. “Shut up.”

“Ain’t nothin’ wrong with bein’ an omega, Sam,” Dad said, looking over the top of his paper at his boys.

“I know,” Sam said, shrugging. He’d come to terms with it. “I was talking about the ‘little’ part.”

“You’re still shorter than me.”

“I’m still growing.”

“You’ll stop soon.”

“Yeah, once I’m a foot taller than you.”

“Bitch.”

"Jerk."
Breaking Points

Chapter Summary

Sam's a frustrated kid, and no one really gets what's going on in his head. Not even him.

Chapter Notes

Prepare for angst.

Dad didn’t let Sam hunt during the school year. Which, honestly, he didn’t mind. Taking six AP classes took up a lot of his time and he didn’t need all that extra stuff on his plate. Dean often stayed home with him, just to make sure he was always safe, even though they both knew that Sam was more than capable of defending himself. Just in case. And Dean always got so confused when he saw Sam burying himself in stress and books and knowledge, didn’t know why he was killing himself like that.

Sam didn’t have the heart to tell him his plans.

He’d been planning it for years – escaping from the hunter life, going to Stanford and becoming a layer with a normal life. Find a nice alpha, have some kids. It’d be a nice life, and if he had to protect his family, then he would. He knew Dad and Dean would be mad, maybe wouldn’t want to see him again. It would hurt, but he knew he had to leave. He hated this life, didn’t want to be a hunter and die before he hit thirty. It wasn’t fair.

He always just told Dean that classes lower than AP were boring, he was too smart for them. Dean would smile at that, muss Sam’s hair, claiming how proud of his little Sammy he was.

Sam loved those moments, because having Dean openly show his affection was amazing and great, gave him a warm imprint on his chest that he couldn’t explain. And he knew it wouldn’t last forever, so he cherished those moments and glowy feeling they left behind.

But, during the summer, Sam was dragged around the country to hunt and kill monsters. Being pulled from state to state, coast to coast, stuck in their small car for most of the day, it was no wonder that Sam would get frustrated. He glowered and glared and grumbled, but he never yelled. Dean was always there when Dad made Sam frustrated, and Sam could never get mad enough to yell around Dean.

But sometimes, Dean and Dad would fight. Nothing personal, really – alphas in close quarters fought to keep dominance over the territory. Merely hormonal conflict, and they always made up after. But during those fights, Sam always got scared, like Dad was going to lash out at Dean and hurt him. And when Dean stormed off, Sam skittered after him, trying to calm him down or talk to him or something. Not that it was his problem, technically. He wasn’t Dean’s mate, just his brother – and, if he was going to be honest, he probably should have been more involved in the fights.
himself. But no, he was an omega, and thus fights made him nervous.

Dean would appreciate Sam’s efforts to make him feel better, but he’d just get to work on the Impala, even if it was already functionally and visibly perfect.

Sam tried not to feel like shit at those moments.

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“So what is it this time?”

“Shifter in California. Shouldn’t be too long. Hardest part’ll be findin’ the damn thing,” Dean replied, grabbing a few bags of unhealthy snacks for the trip. It would be a few days, from Buttfuck, Oklahoma to California.

“Fantastic,” Sam mumbled to himself, sighing.

Dean looked back at him with furrowed eyebrows, moving down the aisle of the convenience store. “You okay, Sammy? You been actin’ weird these past few days.”

“I’m fine,” he said firmly, stuffing his hands in his pockets.

Sam was going to be eighteen in just a few short months, and had graduated high school with a crisp, pretty little diploma that he kept in his bag, away from prying eyes. It was his last summer with his family, and he was feeling pretty bitter about having to spend it frustrated and angry half the time, the other half being either exhausted and covered in blood and guts or on an adrenaline high while on a hunt. He just wanted a normal summer with his dad and his brother, forget about his incestuous fucking crush, and just live like a regular kid about to go to college.

He wished he could tell his family about going to college. He had to hide the acceptance letter in his bag with his diploma, to make sure that they wouldn’t see it and ask questions. If Dad found out Sam was going to try to leave, he’d probably lock Sam up and make him stay in quarantine until he stops actin’ like a man possessed, tryin’ to leave, what’s the fuck’s he thinkin’?

Dean looked worried, but didn’t push him any further, his phone ringing. He picked it up, starting a small conversation with Dad about where they were and how long they were going to take. Sam walked into the next aisle and grabbed a bottle of Gatorade for the car ride.

“Sammy.”

Sam looked up at the sound of Dean’s voice, quickly walking back. “Yeah?”

“We gotta go, c’mon,” Dean turned around and started off towards the cashier. Sam followed behind him, putting his drink up on the counter with the rest of the “groceries”.

The car ride back to the motel was tense, and even the Aerosmith blasting between the two of them seemed muffled by the tension. But Sam didn’t worry about having a serious talk with Dean; his brother had always been more of an action-driven person, words were more Sam’s thing. Dean was more likely to just punch Sam in the shoulder than say “what the hell is wrong with you,” and Sam could take a punch a lot better than a long talk about his feelings.

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Dean and Dad were out interviewing a few people to get more information about the case. Sam still looked young, so he wasn’t allowed to come along. Instead, he was locked up in the motel room, doors and windows salted, bottle of holy water by the door.

Sam was lying down on the couch, staring up at the ceiling. This was the worst part about hunts. Being stuck, unable to do anything for the fear that any suspicious noise might be something coming to kill him. Paranoia eating away at him, because he could never be sure if Dean and Dad were okay until they walked through the door and went through the usual holy water and salt routine. And god forbid, the moment he splashed them with holy water, they hissed and steamed and spit, their eyes turning pitch black as they snarled and growled at Sam. What would he do then? Shoot them in the head and run to Bobby? He knew, that was what Dad had drilled into his head since he was a kid – if anything ever happened to him, go to Bobby or Pastor Jim.

Sam shook his head to push those thoughts away. No, no. He had to focus on more important things. In a few weeks, he wouldn’t have to deal with Dad and Dean anymore. He’d be his own person, with his own life. He’d be happy and safe and normal.

Yeah.

Everything would be perfect.

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They went to some little diner for dinner that night. Dad had gone to the bathroom to take a piss before they left, and Dean was off flirting with the pretty girl a few tables over. Sam was content to just look out the window and sip at his chocolate shake for a while until Dad got back and pulled Dean out of the restaurant, but he felt the booth shift as someone sat down next to him.

He looked over and raised an eyebrow at the sight of Dean.

“What, did she not give you her number or something? Damn, I didn’t think it was possible for you to strike out.”

“It’s not,” Dean said, smacking Sam in the forehead with a sticky note. He took it off his face and looked at it, humming quietly before letting it drop to the table. He went back to his window-watching and chocolate shake. There was a pause, where Sam could practically feel how frustrated Dean was becoming.

“Sam, what the hell is wrong with you?”

Sam looked over at his big brother, still keeping a calm exterior. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You’ve been acting weird all summer, Sam.”

“How so?”

Dean looked like he could have shot Sam right then, if he wasn’t his little brother. “You’re distant all the time, you’re getting mad like every week, and I swear to god it’s like you can’t even stand being near me and Dad-“
“Dad and I,” Sam corrected, setting the milkshake down, the plastic cup making a clunky noise as it hit the table.

“What the fuck ever,” Dean huffed. “Look, I know you wanted to go to that fancy college, but you have a life with us. You’re a hunter, Sam, you can’t just run away from that.”

_Just fucking watch me, Dean._

“I know,” he said, in stark contrast to his thoughts. “I’m fine, Dean, I don’t know what you’re getting all worked up for.”

Dean’s expression twitched into something dark and annoyed, something that made Sam’s heart clench in his chest, and he immediately regretted his sharp tongue, but he returned to his regular expression of irritation before Sam could respond. He grabbed him by the wrist, pulling him up and out of the booth. “C’mon, we’re going back to the motel.”

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Dean was out late again. Sam was in bed, curled up against Dean’s pillow, trying to smell him on it, but it was so faint. He felt lonely and cold and stupid and childish.

It wasn’t fair.

It just wasn’t fucking fair.

Why were Dean and Dad so happy in this life? Why did they fit with it so well? Why were they happy being strangers to the world, always moving and never taking a breather? Why couldn’t Sam get used to it? Why, every time he shifted himself in this life and tried to get comfortable, it only felt worse? Why did every day feel heavier and darker on him? Why was he the odd one out?

An omega next to two alphas. A lawyer next to two hunters. A kid next to two men.

Why couldn’t he be happy in this life? Why couldn’t he just be happy with his only remaining family? Why, why, why.

He turned over, stuffing his face in his own pillow, his thoughts taking over his mind and screaming at him.

_You’re not good enough to be with them. You never were. You were always too weak, and now you’re taking the coward’s way out. Who the fuck has a crush on their own big brother? A dirty little omega, that’s who._

He flinched as the door suddenly opened, light flooding in from the hallway. Glancing over, he saw the silhouette of Dean in the doorway, so he huffed and pulled the blankets up to his chin.

Dean closed the door, and slowly changed out of his dirty clothes. He pulled on an old T shirt, and slid into bed next to Sam.

Sam realized that the only smell radiating off Dean was his own. Not alcohol, not omega or beta. Just… Dean. He was sober, and he hadn’t slept with anyone, and he had come home. Maybe he just wanted some sleep.

Sam nearly turned over to cuddle into Dean’s side, but he knew that that wasn’t appropriate
anymore. He wasn’t a little kid, he was taller than Dean now, he was leaving in a few weeks. He had to cut the ties between him and his family now before they hurt him too much.

Dean’s soft sigh against his shoulder made him wince and hide under the blankets again.

---

The shifter was in the form of a tall, lanky blonde boy around Sam’s age. They had it cornered in a big, old house with moldy wood and peeling wallpaper. The entire thing creeped Sam out, but he had to get over his irrational fears for now.

He held the gun close to his chest, the metal slowly warming under his fingers. He snuck around a corner, holding his breath. He could hear soft rustling noises, and he knew it had something to do with the damn shifter.

When he turned the corner, he found himself face to face with Dean. They stood, frozen, for a moment, before Sam acted first, pressing his gun to his chest with a glare.

“How do I know you’re not the shifter,” he ground the words out, and he found they were hard to say. He wanted desperately to believe it really was just Dean and he was okay and alive and he’d already taken care of the bastard, but he couldn’t afford to be optimistic.

Dean put his hands up, putting his gun to the side. “Sammy, it’s me,” he said slowly.

Sam paused, biting his lip. He took a silver knife out of his pocket, keeping a firm hand on the gun pointed at Dean. He handed it out to Dean.

“Prove it.”

He sounded so much like Dad, it scared him.

Even Dean looked shocked at how hard his voice was, how tense Sam was. He took the knife, slowly.

There was a sudden boom, and Sam panicked, jumping and turning towards the steps behind him.

There was suddenly a body pressed up against his back, a blade pressed to his throat. His breath hitched, and he suddenly understood his predicament.

His dad had shot at Dean. He’d dropped the ball, and now the shifter was behind him, about to kill him.

He hadn’t wanted to leave his family this way.

“You know, big De here has some major problems with you, Sammy,” the voice so familiar to Sam was now dark and twisted, coiling around his gut and squeezing with cold, harsh irony. “Loves you so much, just wants to take care of you. But you don’t love him, now do you, Sammy boy? Tsk tsk, such a shame. You’re such a pretty little omega, too,” the fingers of the shifter’s other hand closed around his chin, forcing his head back to an extreme angle. Sam grit his teeth, feeling something in his neck stretch the wrong way. The shifter cooed, laughing a bit. “He just
wants you to be safe and happy, Sam. Is that so wrong of a big brother? Why do you push him away so much?"

“Shut up,” Sam hissed, trying to squirm his way out of the shifter’s grip. But Dean was always stronger than him, no matter the size difference.

The shifter smirked, letting the knife cut into Sam’s neck just enough to bleed, making him hiss. “You’re so cute, Sammy. I could kiss you.”

Sam froze.

The shifter grinned. “Oh, I hit a nerve. Is that what you always wanted, baby? Big brother to kiss you and make all your problems go away?” His voice was soft, right in his ear, teasing him and taunting every fiber of his being.

He tried to shake his head, kicking one of his legs back to hit Dean. No - shifter. But the knife cut into his throat, making him gasp and shrink away.

“Sam!”

Dad?

There was the sound of a gunshot, and suddenly Sam was standing there, free. He took a few deep breaths, watching dumbly as Dad sank a silver knife into the shifter’s chest. Dad straightened, making sure the thing was dead before turning on Sam with dark eyes.

“What the hell just happened?” he asked, soft and almost tired sounding.

Sam shook his head, looking between him and the carcass. “I don’t… I…”


His head was starting to feel heavy, spinning, and he felt dizzy and nauseous.

“Sam!”

Sam gritted his teeth, looking Dad right in the eye. “I gave the knife to him to prove he wasn’t the shifter, and I heard a gunshot and turned around to make sure there wasn’t a body at the bottom of the fucking stairs, because god forbid either you or Dean got shot, and he got the jump on me.”

Dad snarled, getting frustrated. “You could have died, Sam.”

“Well, I didn’t.”

“Goddammit, Sam, what the fuck is going on with you?” Dad suddenly yelled, and suddenly Sam snapped.

He shoved the man off him, making him stumble back a few steps. “Since when did you fucking care? Shit’s been going on for years, and your dumb ass is only seeing it now? That’s not parenting, that’s simple observation,” he couldn’t stop the words jumping out of his throat, forcing themselves into shouts of anger and resent and every pent up frustration of Sam’s over the years.
Dean stepped out from behind Dad from the stairs, his expression stony. Sam froze as soon as he saw him.

Shit.

Dean saw him angry.

He wasn’t sure why he didn’t want him to see that.

He shook his head, pushing past Dean to stomp down the stairs.

It was a tense drive back to the motel.

---

Dean kept as far away from Sam as possible while still being in the same bed as him. Sam didn’t mind. It would make this easier.

It was four in the morning, mid-August. Stanford didn’t open its doors to students for another week or so, but Sam needed to leave now. He had to get out of there before John shot him or Dean pushed him out of his life forcibly.

He listened to Dean snoring for another ten seconds, breathed in his wonderful, comforting, earthy smell for just another ten seconds, before he started to move.

He slid out of bed, careful not to disturb Dean’s side of the small mattress, standing up and watching him for a few seconds to make sure he wouldn’t wake up. Once Dean settled back down, snuffling and snoring gently in his sleep, Sam turned away. He grabbed his bag, taking all but one, small gun out and setting them on the floor. He took all his clothes, dirty and clean, and stuffed them all in.

“Sammy?” The sleepy voice sounded too loud, too clunky to be Dean’s, but Sam knew it was, and he looked up, nervous. Dean was half-sitting up, rubbing one of his eyes.

“Hey, Dean,” he responded, soft and gentle, taking Dean’s obvious disorientation as an invitation to be coddling to him in their last moments together. The last time they would see each other. He walked over to Dean’s side of the bed, smiling at him.

Dean gave him a lazy grin. “What’re y’doin’?”

“Just going to the bathroom, Dean,” Sam said, still quiet and soft, as though if he talked any louder it would shatter Dean. But in actuality, it would break Sam, it would hurt him because if he talked too loud, this happy, filmy glaze over a bad night would be destroyed, and he didn’t want that to happen. Didn’t want to face reality just yet.

Dean grabbed Sam’s hand, squeezing it as he laid back down, blinking a few times. He was already falling back asleep. “You’re comin’ back, though, right?”

Sam’s smile almost faltered. “Yeah, Dean, I’m coming back,” he said, nodding. “In a few minutes.”
Dean smiled again, beckoning Sam to come closer with his other hand. Sam leaned in, curious. “I love you, Sammy.”

He couldn’t help the pause. “I love you, too, Dean.”

Dean was asleep within seconds.

Sam slipped his hand away, biting his lip to draw the tears back. No, no, he couldn’t get overly emotional about this. If he didn’t leave now, he never would. Just because Dean finally expressed his affections in word form didn’t mean everything would be easy and dandy between them. Besides, Sam had always known that Dean loved him, and vice versa.

Right?

He pulled on an old pair of jeans and a coat, grabbing his back, and quietly left the bedroom, then the motel room. He walked to the nearest train station, and was on the six-thirty train to San Francisco.
Dean woke up to a breeze of wind hitting the back of his neck. Shivering, he pulled the sheets up to his chin. That was weird. Usually Sam’s body covered him from the window.

“He’s missing.”

Dean’s chest tightened. Oh. Oh god. The fight hadn’t been that bad, had it? Sam couldn’t have been that mad. Why would he just leave?

“Maybe he’s out getting groceries. Or researching at the library or something.”

“He’s not answering his phone, Dean,” Dad shot back, his voice taut and overstressed.

“Blowing off steam?”
Dad didn’t respond, just started dialing a new number on his phone.

“Look, we shouldn’t jump to conclusions just yet. For all we know, he could come back by tonight,” Dean said, stepping into the kitchen. He felt like they both needed that reassurance – that Sam was okay and he’d come home in a few hours mumbling an apology for being gone so long, and Dean would punch him and kick him and kiss him and make sure he knew how loved and missed he was.

Dad shook his head, pressing the phone to his ear. “Bobby? Yeah, it’s John. Sam’s missing. … I know, I know. Just keep a couple of eyes out for him, okay? Yeah, thanks.”

Dean sat down at the table, finding it hard to breathe. What if Sam really had run away forever? What if he was hurt or dead or worse? What if something caught him and turned him or something? What if he was nothing but a flesh-devouring monster that would one day come after Dean and Dad for revenge for not letting him go to college?

He needed to stop watching horror movies before bed.

He took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down. Sam had been so angry yesterday. And he’d been acting weird all summer.

What if he’d been planning this for months?

The thought made Dean panic more than he wanted to admit.

He didn’t like thinking about how much he cared about Sam. Sure, he was his little brother, but it was more than that. He’d pulled Sam out of a fucking fire, practically raised him. Helped him through his first heat and any other heats during which Sam would allow himself outside his room. Sam was the only omega that Dean allowed himself to get emotionally close to, which was dangerous, but he’d paid no mind. He loved Sam, and that love grew from brotherly to romantically in a manner too subtle for him to recognize. He never told anyone, though, especially not Sam. The kid deserved to find a nice mate one day who wasn’t his fucking brother.

---

It was midnight and Sam still wasn’t home. He wouldn’t answer Dean’s phone calls or texts. He was just… gone. And Bobby hadn’t called back with any news yet.

Dean thought he was going to have a panic attack.

He should have talked to Sam more, should have told him to stay. Should have done something.

Like what? Collar and cuff him? Mate him without his permission? No, Dean, you couldn’t have done anything.

He could have listened. He could have tried.

He was an awful brother. He didn’t deserve Sam. As a brother or anything more he wanted.

He clung to Sam’s pillow that night, trying to suck in the fresh, cool smell of Sam. He’d never smell it again, knowing Sam. He’d change his name and move around and he’d settle down eventually with a family, working at some law firm. And Dean would be left behind, groping at
the air for some kind of relationship that he didn’t deserve, coughing on Sam’s dust. And he’d
never see him or smell him again.

And that hurt a lot more than he could say.
Scapegoating

Chapter Summary

Sam had a perfect life.

Chapter Notes

Wow, sorry this took so long. I had some major writer's block on this one, which you'll probably be able to tell. I also wrote a lot of this while sick, so that's why it's short and crappy. I also don't think I got the pacing right on the motel scene, but oh well. I don't want to work on this chapter anymore, oh my god, just take it.

For the first few months at college, Sam was a bit nervous, almost reclusive. He hadn’t had to deal with a lot of people besides his family for this long a time, and waking up in the same bed every day for more than a few weeks felt weird. But he had a nice roommate, a guy named Geoff, and he was patient while Sam’s personality slowly poked its head out of its shell.

College life clicked in for Sam. He felt at home at Stanford, surrounded by friends who thought he was normal, teachers who liked him, and classes he really enjoyed. He loved his life, it was easy and smooth and light and he could breathe. He felt free.

It was perfect.

He didn’t shake at night, terrified of being attacked without any way of protecting himself. He didn’t have nightmares of previous hunts. He didn’t feel like he was suffocating at night, wasn’t restless, didn’t want to jump out the window and run into the nearest woods screaming an exorcism chant just to feel like he was helping someone. None of that was happening. Of course not.

That would mean he missed his old life.

And he definitely did not miss his old life.

Geoff never asked why Sam would jolt awake at two in the morning at the slightest sound of him coming back from a party, never wondered why Sam sometimes cried in his sleep. Because Sam never seemed to want to talk about that, and Geoff was a nice guy and Sam was a quiet guy who’d obviously been through some shit in his life.

Sam eventually made a few friends in his law classes, and even made really good friends with a beta girl in his mythology class – he told himself it was just for the English credit, not out of nostalgia – a girl named Jess. They hit it off, and Sam eventually asked her out.

It was pretty abnormal to see relationships between betas and omegas, but it was slowly becoming more commonplace among the younger crowd. Neither betas nor omegas could really knot, thus not really form a lasting mateship, but that didn’t mean they couldn’t be emotionally close.
It was a nice relationship. Jess loved Sam, and Sam loved Jess. It was a normal, acceptable relationship that he could share with his friends and talk to them about. And that, for some reason he didn’t want to think about, was a miracle all in itself. And when Jess found out about Sam’s constant nightmares, she didn’t pull away or think he was weird, she just comforted him, told him that she was there for him. He finally broke, told her the most he’d told anyone at school about his old life – but omitted a lot, too much for her to really understand, but enough. John had been strict, and Dean had been a daddy’s boy since the day he was born.

Scapegoating was hard, but someone had to do it.

---

During his second year at college, he found signs of a ghost haunting the library. He’d been hoping to stay away from hunting as much as possible, but after the first person was killed, he knew he had to do something.

It was a simple salt and burn. An old librarian that had died in her office, was buried in a nearby cemetery. Was apparently too attached to the copious amounts of dust and cat fur in her office to leave this life behind.

Dean would have been proud.

Not that he thought about Dean much these days.

---

Dean left a voicemail on Sam’s phone.

Sam deleted it before he listened to it, and he regretted that decision almost immediately.

---

When Sam heard the front door open, he went into hunter mode. He slid out of bed, hoping to let Jess sleep a bit more, though he heard the sheets rustle behind him as she sat up.

“Sam?”

“Stay here.”

In the moonlight filtering in through the translucent curtains, he could have sworn he knew that figure.

The poor bastard didn’t see the jump coming, but was quick on his feet, used Sam’s weight against him, pinned him to the floor, and muted realization hit Sam a millisecond before relief flooded over him.

“Dean?”

“You’re getting rusty, little brother.”

---
“You and a beta girl,” Dean’s voice was riddled with laughter and amusement, and Sam was disappointed in himself for relaxing into the silence that was filled only by some AC/DC playing through the car.

“Yeah, what about it?” He shot back, anticipating Dean to get rude and to tell him that he needed to find someone who could actually make him physically happy for a long time.

Dean shot him a look, then shrugged, still smiling a bit. “Nothin’. Just didn’t expect it.”

“What did you expect?”

Dean stopped outside a gas station. “I don’t know,” he said after a moment’s pause, then got out of the car to fill up the gas. Sam rolled his eyes.

He really wasn’t happy about having to go on this stupid hunt. John took a lot of time with his hunts sometimes, like those occasional times when they were kids and John was out for a month or more instead of just a couple of weeks. But Dean seemed genuinely concerned, and Sam could never say no to his big brother.

When Dean got back in the car, he threw Sam a Gatorade. Sam grinned a bit – lemon lime, his favorite flavor. He cracked it open and took a sip, relaxing back in his seat as he was hit with a wave of nostalgia.

“You two mated yet?”

Sam choked on the Gatorade, and Dean chuckled.

Sam coughed a few times to clear his throat, smacking Dean’s hand away when he tried to pat his back. “You’re an asshole,” he grumbled. “And no, we haven’t really mated yet.”

Dean just started up the car again.

“Why do you even care?”

He looked over at Sam and shrugged. “Just wanna know what’s been going on with my little brother. It’s not like you ever called.”

Sam didn’t want to admit that he always thought Dean wouldn’t want to talk to him after he ran away, that Dean would think of him as some failure, that he would always be his stupid little brother who ran away to be some cowardly little lawyer because he couldn’t handle being a hunter. So he just shrugged. “Neither did you.”

“Except I did,” Dean’s voice was suddenly sharp, and Sam was all too familiar with that tone. He only heard it when he messed up, when he did something wrong and Dean had to fix it or fix Sam. It wasn’t like John’s scolding voice, which was dark and growling and had some underlining threat. No, Dean’s voice almost sounded like he wanted to guide Sam in the right direction.

He sank down in his seat a bit. “Okay, so, one call. One call over a few years doesn’t exactly make me think you want to talk. Makes me think, hey, Dean’s drunk, he probably just wanted to call and make sure you stay gone.”
Dean jerked the car as he made a turn, making Sam grip the handle on the inside of the door. “Make sure you stay gone?” he repeated, sounding almost angry. Sam felt a cold finger sink into his heart, and he was suddenly six years old again, when he found one of John’s guns and Dean ripped it out of his hands, telling him to stay out of John’s business.

“Sam, the morning you left,” Dean started, but he trailed off, letting out a huffing breath.

There was a long moment of silence, and the radio wasn’t even on, and Sam felt like his eardrums were going to pop from the pressure closing in around him.

“’M sorry,” he mumbled, his voice soft and guilty.

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The hunt went well. But still no John.

Sam was almost relieved.

---

Sam walked into the house, sighing heavily. He felt dragged down and heavy, and he just wanted to sleep.

He trudged up the stairs, running a hand through his hair. He forgot how much hunts tired him out. He dropped his bag at the door, stepping past it to the bed. He collapsed on the familiar mattress in his clothes, figuring he could change and shower in the morning.

Something wet hit his forehead.

Shit, was there another leak in the roof?

He opened his eyes.

Screamed.

Barely remembered running out of the house with his bag, tears running down his face, but Dean could tell anyone the story, Sam’s shaking words over the phone one to fucking one.

“Dean, D-Dean, need your help, she’s… she’s, oh fucking god, Jess…”

“Sam? Sam, what’s wrong?”

“She was… the fire, Dean, god, the fire…”

“Shit, Sam, are you okay?”

“Dean, please, she needs help, the fire, she was hurt, she’s still in there, I couldn’t reach her…”

When Dean drove back to the small house, stumbling out of the car, Sam was on the concrete of the sidewalk, tears streaming down his face, the house behind the fence bursting in flames. He looked up at his big brother, and as Dean kneeled down to wrap his arms around him, he let a sob out into his shoulder.
So that was what heartbreak felt like.

---

Dean helped Sam into the motel room, keeping his arms around him. Sam appreciated the support, but kept mumbling how he didn’t need the help, he could walk on his own, he wasn’t hurt, really he was fine, but Dean wouldn’t listen to him.

He threw their stuff on one of the beds, herded Sam over to the other one.

“Dean, please, I can do this myself,” he mumbled, even as Dean wiped the tears from his face and gently pushed him down onto the bed. He stayed silent, and Sam vaguely wondered what was going through his head, but he couldn’t put those thoughts together, he was too busy trying to tell Dean that he was fine, he could handle himself.

“Dean,” he protested softly, watching Dean’s hands work his jacket off, then started on the buttons to his shirt. “I’m not a little kid, Dean.”

Dean didn’t say anything, just kept helping Sam out of his clothes, because Sam’s limbs felt too heavy for him to lift them himself. He felt like something big and heavy was sitting on his chest, and breathing was hard, and he felt dizzy and nauseous, but he didn’t want Dean to know that.

He was handed a pair of sweatpants and an old T shirt to change into, but he just stared at them for a minute, his eyebrows furrowed. What… What were these for again? How did he…?

He heard Dean give a small sigh, and he let the silence stretch on as Dean pulled the clothes onto his body. He pulled away after that, quickly changing out of his own clothes and into some sweatpants, and was right next to the bed the whole time.

Sam watched Dean as he changed. He had so many scars. Sam had seen some of those scars happen, remembered most of them, except for one on Dean’s upper thigh, and one on his shoulder, and he felt bad for not being around to help him get those healed properly. Dean always was a bit sloppy with how he treated wounds, unlike Sam, who was always so meticulous when wrapping up John or Dean because he wanted to make sure they stayed healthy enough to do their jobs.

Dean pressed a hand against Sam’s back, pushing him up the bed. Sam made a small noise, but he complied, shifting as Dean wordlessly told him to. Dean pulled the covers back, helped Sam under them, and slid into bed with him, wrapping his arms around Sam.

Sam’s mouth started running again, a whispered, endless ramble.

“No, Dean, you don’t need to do this, I’m fine, really, you can sleep in the other bed and get a good night’s sleep, I’ll be fine, I am fine, Dean.”

“Get some sleep, Sammy,” Dean finally responded, kissing his little brother’s forehead.

Sam let out a sob, curling up into Dean’s side, breathing in the scent he thought he’d never smell again, letting himself cry because this was Dean and Dean meant safe and alive and Jess was dead, Jess was fucking dead and he couldn’t do anything about it.

Dean held him close all that night, even when he thrashed about in his nightmares, crying and
whimpering.

---

“Wake up, Sammy.”

The voice was familiar, an audible safe haven of sorts, but the gentle tone of it was foreign and it confused Sam. Why was it…?

When the pain hit Sam, it made his eyes water before they even opened.

“Sammy, c’mon.”

Sam opened his eyes, and Dean was standing there with a coffee and a muffin in his hands. He sat up, rubbing his eyes.

“Mornin’,” he grumbled.

“How you feelin’?” Dean asked, setting the makeshift breakfast down on the nightstand.

“Shitty.”

“That’s to be expected.”

Sam grabbed the coffee, letting it warm his hands as he looked down into the dark brown depths. Black, just like he liked it. Dean remembered.

“Sammy?”

“We have to find that thing, Dean.”

Dean sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I know, Sam. But we have to find Dad first.”

*John can fucking wait, Jess is dead and you want me to wait around for a drunken bastard to show up and give us fucking permission to hunt for the thing that killed her?*

Sam didn’t voice his thoughts, just stared down into the coffee. He felt tired, cold, and like there was a molten ball of lead in his gut, slowly burning through his body, killing him from the inside, cooking his stomach from the inside out.

Dean gave another sigh, and leaned forward, pressing his lips to Sam’s temple. It was a remarkably affectionate gesture from his stone statue of a brother, but he couldn’t bring himself to show his surprise, or to fight against it. His brother’s warm fingers combed through his hair, but then he pulled away.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be.”

“You wanna watch TV?”

“No,” Sam answered, putting the coffee back down. He looked up at Dean, and his brother seemed
frozen by the intensity in his eyes. “I want to hunt.”

Dean paused. “Okay, Sammy.”
Happy

Chapter Summary

Sam goes into heat, and that sucks.

Chapter Notes

Wow this took a long time. I'm really sorry guys!! Last week I was so busy with school and everything, and this week I've been kinda blocked. But over the past few nights I've been working hard on my mom's computer, and now I'm posting it! Please don't hate me. Also I had to change the tags and I feel bad now, oh my god.

The first few months after Jess' death found the Winchester boys trying to rekindle their once very close bond. Sometimes, it was seamless, like the separation had never happened - like when they sat on the same bed, drinking beer and watching shitty movies and making fun of them the whole time. But when Sam eventually dozed off on Dean's shoulder, he didn't wake up curled up to his brother like he used to when he was a kid. Dean had gently laid him down and had gone off to his own bed. Other times, however, their motions near each other would be stuttered, muscle memory putting them close together, but their minds were pushing each other away. There was a mental wall between them, but they were slipping back into a too-familiar dance of getting too close and pushing themselves away.

Sam was exhausted.

This dance was getting tiring, but he knew that getting back into the swing of things with Dean would take a while.

Leaving him and John had been a huge transgression against their "family above everything" unspoken rule, and ever having to see them again probably would have broken a much more fragile version of Sam, the pressure to apologize profusely overwhelming because he'd been a bad brother, a horrible son, a disobedient omega, but now he just found himself aching in his chest every time his looked at Dean for too long.

He wasn't sure what he was going to do with school. He wanted to tell himself that he'd get back in a year or two, and he'd get on with his life. But he knew all too well that Dean wasn't going to let him go this time, he'd knot Sam before letting him leave again - and he knew for a fact that that was never going to happen.

Thoughts like that still hurt Sam, though, so he tried to avoid putting 'Dean' and 'knot' into the same sentence as much as possible. He didn't want to think about the fact that he still pined after his brother as though he hadn't left at all. Besides, those two things didn't mix well without adding some kind of sexual context to it.

Even when Sam was in heat at college, and thoughts like that ran through his head, rampant and
hard to control, he took suppressants, almost too much just to make sure he didn't have any embarrassing moments, and besides, he needed to go to all his classes no matter what. He hated his heats, he hated being vulnerable like that, and he was dreading the first one he had with Dean around. Even if he took suppressants, Dean would wonder why it was taking so long for him to get his heat, and once Sam explained, he would take the handy little pills away.

It was a conundrum that Sam really wasn't looking forward to.

Especially not since he knew that with Dean there and after all these years of forcing it to the side, it would be unbearably difficult to bear, and it wasn't like Dean would let him go out and get mauled by any alphas that happened to catch a whiff of him.

Sam wasn't excited.

---

He woke up in the backseat of the Impala. As he sat up, rubbing his eyes, he noticed three things.

One - it was a really bright morning, and the sun nearly blinded him.

Two - Dean wasn't in the car.

Three - he was in heat, judging by the tent in his jeans and the way he felt restless and hot.

He sighed, grabbing his bag. He took out his phone, speed dialing Dean and holding the phone against his ear with his shoulder as he searched around his bag for the suppressants he always kept there.

"Hey, Sammy," Dean sounded cheery and bright, not unlike the morning weather that day. Probably because of the successful hunt they'd just spent eight hours putting in their rearview mirror. "How ya feelin'? You conked out pretty hard last night."

"Apparently," he said, hearing how rough and sleepy his voice was. "Where are you?"

"Gettin' some breakfast. You want some Doritos?"

"I think I'll pass," Sam said dryly. He frowned into his bag, rummaging around more. But he couldn't find the little bottle of pills. "What the hell," he grumbled under his breath.

"Something wrong, Sammy boy?" Dean almost sounded amused.

Sam paused, sitting up straighter. "Dean, this isn't funny. I need those."

"No, you don't. I'm gonna take us to a nice motel, and you're going to let your body regulate itself, no matter how long it takes."

"Dean," he huffed, but his instincts were telling him to stand down, to be submissive to an alpha. But they weren't too bad - not yet, at least. "I'm serious, Dean, we have to get back on the trail for Dad, and we can't do that if I'm caught up in bed for a week and a half."

"Dad will understand."
The driver door opened and Dean slid in, throwing a bag back at Sam. "Was kidding about the Doritos, by the way. But I stopped by Dunkin' Donuts and got you one."

"Oh. Thanks," Sam muttered, taking the donut out of the bag and biting into it, looking into the rearview mirror at Dean, who glanced up at him then back at the road, adjusting the mirror away slightly.

"You already reek, kiddo."

"I wouldn't if you'd let me take some fucking suppressants," Sam grumbled around the admittedly delicious treat.

"Just put a towel down, will you? Don't want you to stain the leather."

Sam felt his fact get warm, but he grabbed one of Dean's jackets - just to spite him - and set it under his ass.

---

Dean had actually gotten the best room in the motel, since he knew that Sam would be uncomfortable until his heat ended. It was a little more expensive than anything else they'd had, but the credit card companies scrambling over their many scams could deal with that.

Sam flopped down on his bed, snuggling into the relatively soft pillows and sheets. He rolled over onto his back, arching his back and stretching out his sore muscles.

"Why don't you spoil me more often? This should definitely become a regular thing," Sam said, a little quiet, because he wasn't entirely sure he wanted Dean to hear that.

"Because if I spoiled you like this all the time, who knows how bratty you'd be at this point," Dean said from the other room, going through his bag. "Now, I'm going to be in the other room all night, but until then I'm staying in here with you. I don't want you to be alone during this, okay?"

Sam groaned, rolling back onto his stomach and stuffing his face in the pillows. He was already itching to get off, his cock twitching and pressing against the sheets beneath him, and he could feel a bit of wetness between his legs. "You're determined to make this difficult for me, aren't you?"

"There's a bathroom."

"I don't want you to hear!"

Dean just raised his eyebrows at him, pursing his lips. Sam huffed, curling up a bit. Okay, so his instincts were definitely in action now. But that didn't mean he couldn't fight them. He opened his mouth to argue more, but Dean made a low grunting noise, and that shut Sam up.

Fuck.

He kicked his shoes off, throwing his jacket onto the ground, and curled up under the sheets.

Maybe he could sleep this off.

---
He couldn't sleep this off.

It was four in the morning, and Sam couldn't sleep. He'd woken up a few hours ago, and he hadn't been able to get back to sleep. He was so hard and wet that it hurt, but he could hear the TV still babbling in Dean's room.

He broke down with a whine, curling up on himself as he started stroke himself through his boxers. He groaned, pushing them down his legs. They stunk with hormones and were soaked with slick, uncomfortable and dirty. He turned reached behind himself, plunging a single finger inside at first, but it quickly became notenoughnotenoughneedmorepleasegodmore and he forced another finger inside, gritting his teeth against the stretch.

NotenoughpleaseDeanpleaseIneedyoupleasefuckme.

He pushed in another finger, thrusting them in hard and fast, and his orgasm hit him full speed, making him bite into the pillow lest he wanted Dean to hear him moan. He kept going, momentum unscathed, still itching for it, desperate and needy.

DeanDeanDeanDeanDeanDeanDeanDean.

The second one didn't hit him too long after, weaker and shaky, but still strong, and that one made him stagger. But he was still so needy for it, and it didn't help that an alpha was just a few feet away, an alpha who could knot him and fuck him and make him whole and could get rid of this damn need.

The third one was the one that exhausted him, and he let his hand, fingers covered in slick, burrow under the pillow. He slipped off to sleep then, hopefully for a while.

---

Dean was uneasy the next morning.

Sam wasn't sure if it was because he'd heard him the following night - he kept getting angry whenever he thought about that, because seriously, what had Dean been fucking expecting when Sam was in heat? - or if it was his hormones spiking at ridiculously high levels. Brothers or not, alpha and omega hormones were made to entice each other, attract each other, amplify each other.

"Sam, c'mon, you have to eat and drink something."

Sam groaned, waving Dean away. "I'll do it when I'm hungry, then."

Dean huffed. "You're not going to be hungry. Do it now."

Sam felt a whine rip from his throat as he looked over his shoulder. He could feel that his body was hot and uncomfortable, and his face was red and his pupils probably blown wide. Dean looked on edge, fidgety, and he wouldn't look Sam in the eye. He just shoved the water bottle at Sam, who sat up and took a shaky sip.

"More. You're going to dehydrate by the end of the day if you drink like that."

Sam frowned, but took another swig. He curled his legs up to his chest, looking over at Dean.
"Fine, I'll drink the water, but I'm not hungry."

"Sammy," Dean growled, obviously frustrated.

His instincts kicked in, and he held his hand out. Dean gave him the warm bag, and he grumbled a quick 'thanks' before digging through the napkins inside to get to the actual food. Dean gave him a quick smile before turning on the TV.

---

This was the worst fucking heat ever. Sam just wanted his fucking suppressants back, but Dean kept refusing.

"It's only a few more days, Sammy, you'll be fine."

Sam was going to punch him with his dick. In the mouth. Down his throat- no, stop, Sam, you fucking idiot.

---

Dean came home with a dildo.

He just handed Sam the box, and while Sam was spluttering and trying to refuse and tell him to bring it back, he just held up his hand.

"It'll be more helpful than your hands. Just don't make a bunch of noise, okay? I try to sleep at night."

Sam fell quiet, his face and neck red with humiliation. He nodded, keeping his head down.

---

The dildo was a good decision.

It was Sam's first time using something that wasn't his hand, and he was a little shaky at first. He'd made sure that Dean was asleep before even attempting to open the box.

It was a long, thin model, red and made of silicon. It even came with a little bottle of lube. How helpful.

The initial stretch was weird and difficult, because Sam had never had anything that big up there before. But his heat definitely helped with that, and he was soon pushing it in and out as fast as he could go at the weird angle.

He came four times with it.

---

Worst.

Heat.
Sam couldn't even think coherently on the fifth day, just worked off physical instincts and wordless
noises.

---

It was the seventh day, and Sam thought that he was going to die. Well, not in as many words as
that, he just felt awful and sore and wet and strained and all that added up to the wordless question
of is this the end?

Of course it wasn't.

Dean made sure Sam was as comfortable as he could possibly be, but Sam could see that he was
going tired of holding back. If he could get up out of bed he would have tried to lock the door
between their rooms so Dean wouldn't have to deal with his smell everywhere on him and around
him, but he was too weak.

Sam officially hated being an omega. He hated having to go through this, he hated having to be
this fucking vulnerable and dependent on Dean, who was having physical difficulties taking care of
him. He hated not being able to take care of himself. He hated how it hung them up for so long.

Dad will understand his ass, he didn't like it. It wasn't fair to him or Dean or anyone involved.

He didn't like feeling like this much of a burden.

---

Sam didn't want to cum anymore. He didn't want to finger himself, didn't want to fuck himself with
the dildo, didn't want to jack off. He just wanted his heat to end.

He was lying in bed, sprawled out, eyes closed, trying to force himself to sleep for the next two
days. Then his heat would be over, and he'd be fine and happy and on the trail for a hunt. At least
with a hunt, he'd be able to get his frustration out. That was the difference between omega heats
and alpha heats - Dean could still go on hunts when he was in heat, and was actually sort of helped
by his increased aggression.

He looked over at the clock. Two in the morning.

He let out a soft groan, scrubbing a hand over his face, the other digging its nails into the mattress.

He didn't hear the slow, quiet footsteps, but he felt the weight of someone sitting on the bed next to
him, and he could smell the all too familiar musky scent of his brother.

"Dean," he breathed, his voice rough and scratchy.

Dean hushed him, his hand landing on Sam's naked crotch, covered only by the too-big shirt he
was wearing. Sam let out a whimper, bucking his hips into the touch. He buried his face into
Dean's shoulder, and Dean curled his arm to run his fingers through Sam's hair.

"It's okay, little brother," he whispered, his fingers curling around Sam's length, pumping it slowly.
Sam let out a moan, unable to control his noises. He just hoped that if he burrowed far enough into Dean's shoulder they'd be muffled.

Dean kept murmuring soft encouragement and praise to Sam as he kept up his ministrations - "Atta boy, c'mon, it's okay, let it all out, just like that, that's my Sammy." Sam's head was spinning, but it only took a few minutes for him to cum, clutching a fist in Dean's shirt, burying in further and breathing in the wonderful smell that was his aroused big brother.

Dean tried to pull away, to put some space between them, but Sam held onto Dean harder.

He didn't want to be alone, not after that.

*He didn't want to be a burden.*

Dean eventually settled in, wrapping his arms around Sam and holding him close. Sam curled up to Dean, somehow folding himself up to be small against him like he used to be. He fell asleep easier than he had his entire heat.

---

The last two nights of the heat, Dean slipped into bed with Sam again, only using his hand, and whispering those sweet, soft words that Sam never knew could sound so good.

They didn't talk about it in the mornings, though. Sam was usually too spaced out to really have a discussion, but even his most coherent moments were spent thinking about other things. He could only imagine that Dean was trying to focus on more important matters, too - like the next hunt they'd go on, who next to save, where could Dad be. Things more important than him jacking his little brother off late at night.

Even when Sam woke up feeling coherent, damp, and slightly more comfortable than usual, he didn't think about how Dean's hand had felt on him. He didn't think about how fucking amazing those words sounded pouring from his big brother's mouth. He didn't think about how good he smelled with arousal due to Sam's heat.

He'd gotten good at pushing certain thoughts away over the years.

Dean seemed really relieved when he walked into Sam's room and saw him standing at the counter, making coffee. He just started rambling on about some case they had to go off to later that day.

Sam supposed it was better not to talk about it. If they talked about it, then they'd have to talk about the fact that it was wrong and bad and they were awful people for doing it. But Sam had wanted it for so long, had wanted Dean to touch him for years. So sue him for not wanting to disturb their little bubble of suspended disbelief - he just wanted to keep Dean in his arms, letting their relationship turn into what it may, even if it continued on this path or veered off into a more healthy one.

He was happy, and he hated himself for it.

But when he looked over at Dean, who was whistling Metallica as he packed up his stuff, he couldn't help but smile to himself.

They were close again. Not in the same way as they used to be, but they were close.
And that was something.
The boys get closer over a night of drinking.

Ahhhh it felt nice to write this. Stress relief and all that. And who doesn't love some nice smut? I know I do. Man, I got mad paranoid last week when no one left a comment but I knew I couldn't abandon this. I like it too much, hehe. Also, wow, guys, drunk Sam should happen more often, y/n?

Sam was confused. He didn't know what was going on, and he wasn't sure what to do about it because he'd always based his genius plans off what was going on.

He remembered Dean's hands on him while he'd been in heat - but that had been days ago, he was fine now, but Dean was suddenly in his bed again, those familiar, calloused hands roaming over his side. He kept his breathing light, easy, steady, to keep up the illusion of sleep, even though he'd woken up as soon as Dean had sat on his bed.

Dean's hand blanketed over his hip, feeling the bone jutting out of Sam. He let out a soft sigh, rubbing his fingers in lazy little circles. Sam was glad he was facing away, eyes shut, so he couldn't see the look on his brother's face - he wasn't sure what it was, or why he felt like seeing it would break him, but he just knew it wasn't safe for him to look.

"I'm sorry, Sammy."

Sam barely contained the flinch at the guilt in Dean's voice. He shifted, still pretending to be asleep - though he was probably really obviously not, but they were both too paranoid about the consequences of Dean pointing that out - and in doing so, pressed his hand to Dean's. He snuffled something incoherent out just to be safe, too.

Dean stayed silent for a bit, and Sam was worried he'd crossed a line. Like their physical moments were only supposed to be in a sexual context, and hands on hands were too - dare he say it - romantic to be sexual. But eventually, Dean moved. He leaned down, and brushed his lips - soft and chapped - against Sam's.

And then he left, and Sam was left wondering what the fuck just happened.

---

It was easier to just assume he'd been dreaming, like it was some heat dream left over from the hormones. It was easier to just assume that Dean would never want to touch him in any sensual kind of way ever again, and what had happened during his heat was a one-time-only kind of thing,
and the previous night was a dream.

That made it easier to fold himself up to fit in the car and talk hunting with Dean in the morning.

The morning was easy and casual, even though Sam felt kind of awkward. And around noon, Dean pulled over to a cute little diner, and didn't even complain when Dean scoffed at his choice of chicken salad. Dean even flirted with the waitress, but Sam didn't let that little burn of jealousy in his chest get to him.

No, everything was fine until Dean suddenly spoke up around his burger.

"You wanna go get some drinks tonight?"

Sam raised an eyebrow, shrugging with one shoulder. "Dean, you wouldn't let me even touch your beer when we were younger."

"Because you were a kid then. But you're not now."

Sam smiled a bit. "I guess," he said. "But I've seen you drunk, and you're probably just going to ditch me for some girl in a miniskirt and a push-up bra, so I think I'd rather not," he tried really hard not to let the bitterness seep into his voice.

"Aw, c'mon Sammy, don't sound so disappointed," Dean said, kicking Sam in the shin under the table. "I promise it won't be like that tonight. You and me, drinkin' like brothers do. I'll even pay."

"You mean regular tax-payers will pay for it," Sam broke in.

Dean grinned a bit. "Now you're getting it, baby boy."

Sam almost choked on his water, the pet name being a violent throwback to the secret nights they'd spent together, a train of thought he'd tried to avoid during the day, and let consume him at night. He glanced up at Dean, who was looking around and smiling at a pretty girl with short, red hair. Sam shoved a piece of chicken in his mouth to push down the envy boiling up inside of him.

"Drinks."

Dean looked back at him. "Yeah. Drinks."

Sam nodded. "Sure, alright."

---

Sam had never really been into heavy drinking. He didn't see the point in it - except for, like, birthdays and stuff, but even then he always stayed at least partially sober so he could drive home hammered friends. But he enjoyed a beer every now and then, and he was planning on just having a couple out with Dean, so he could drive or walk home once Dean found a nice omega to sleep with.

But then Dean ordered four shots of tequila.

"Dean, this isn't how brothers drink," Sam pointed out as the bartender set down the tiny little glasses. "This is how college girls drink. And trust me, out of the two of us, I'm pretty sure I know
college girls better."

"That was a low blow, Sammy," Dean said, grabbing one shot glass and handing it over to Sam. "Now shut up and drink, princess."

Sam looked down into the glass, furrowing his eyebrows. He'd only had one experience with tequila before, and that was on his twenty-first birthday. He'd almost let a big, muscled alpha take him, but right when he was about to say a slurred yes, he'd gotten a text from Dean - that shut the whole thing down.

He never told Dean about that, but it wasn't really something to tell. What could he say? He didn't want to fuck a random guy for the fear that he might get accidentally mated to *him* instead of Dean? No, that wouldn't really go down very well.

But he wasn't alone here. Dean was here, and it wasn't as if Sam had no fighting experience. But if the guy was twice his size - at least muscle-wise, since it was hard to beat Sam in the height department - then it would be nice to have some backup.

He sighed, and took the glass. "Fine," he grumbled, holding it up to his lips.

Dean smiled, and took his own shot glass, tapping it against Sam's with a small *clink*.

---

He wasn't sure when or where the sixth drink had gone, but he could feel it in his floaty head and tingly fingers.

Dean was in the bathroom or something, somewhere that wasn't right next to him and Sam felt some kind of odd, bad feeling well up in his gut. Maybe that was the tequila biting him in the ass, though. He couldn't tell.

Whatever it was, it got worse whenever that alpha girl on the other end of the bar gave him that smoldering grin. The first few times he noticed it, he gave her a polite smile and then looked away, but now it was starting to get really awkward because he could have sworn she was sitting five seats away, not four.

He glanced around the bar. Where was Dean? What if this wasn't just any alpha girl, what if it was a witch or something and she slipped something into his drink and put him under some curse--

"Hey, big boy."

Sam panicked. "I'm mated," he blurted out.

The look on her face was more amused than shocked, and he felt his stomach flip. "You don't smell mated."

He gripped his empty glass tight enough to make his knuckles go white. "S'probably your perfume," he mumbled, trying to piss her off and make her go away.

She snorted, her fingers suddenly on his wrist, ghosting over the tanned skin there. "You're funny."

He shifted his wrist away, keeping his eyes down.
"Sammy. C'mon, we're going."

There was suddenly a hand gripping his own, and he didn't have to look up to know it was Dean, but he looked up anyway and nearly flinched at the possessive anger in his brother's eyes.

"Dean, I-"

"I said, we're leaving," he hissed, and pulled Sam to his feet. He glanced over at the woman, who looked thoroughly shocked. He smiled to himself, then turned back to Dean as they left the bar.

"What the hell were you thinking? What if she was a witch, or hell, even a demon? What if she was just a regular psychopath hellbent on getting laid?" Dean sounded mad, and he was gripping Sam's hand really tightly, but Sam was far too gone to be anything but happy.

Dean didn't like it when other alphas touched him.

Dean was touching him. In public.

A small, vague, wispy voice in his head told him not to push his luck, but he disregarded it, pressing himself closer to Dean. "You sure you didn't just hate the sight of me being hit on?"

Dean gave him a sharp look, but he just grinned back. His brother sighed. "Remind me to never let you get drunk ever again, okay, Sammy?" He slid his hand out of Sam's to get into the Impala, and Sam plopped down in the passenger's seat.

"So, it's okay for you to go out and hit on endless amounts of betas and omegas, but when I get hit on once, suddenly the entire alpha population sans you is made up of psychopaths, witches, and demons?" Sam slurred out, raising an eyebrow and grinning. "That sounds unfair."

"When did you get so snarky?" Dean shot back.

"Somewhere around the fourth shot, I think."

"Great, now you're blaming me for this attitude."

"No, no," Sam giggled. "I've always been snarky, I just don't like being snarky to you."

Dean shot him a glance. "What makes me so special?"

He could have sworn some sober part of his brain was screaming at him and fighting for silence. "Because instincts."

"Instincts."

"Instincts."

"Care to explain, dorkatron?"

"When an omega gets especially close to an alpha, their body starts getting real curious as to relationships and knotting and whatnot, but alphas are especially attracted to submissive omegas, which is also instincts, and so, like, I've gotten into the habit of listening to you a lot nowadays."
Because my body wants your knot."

Dean was gripping the wheel too tight, and his shoulders were hiked up to cover his neck. Sam suddenly felt like he'd said too much.

"You're a real piece of work when you're drunk, you know that, Sammy."

Sam smiled a bit, though it was mostly out of nervousness. Dean still sounded angry. "You're the one who suggested drinks."

Dean paused for a bit, refusing to look over at Sam. When he finally did talk, the anger was gone from his voice, but it was still sharp. "What, so now I should expect you drooling over my dick all the time?"

Sam snorted. "Dean, if I wanted sex, I could just get out of the car. Just because my body is telling me to get laid dun't mean it has to be you," he paused for half a second, then spoke in a matter-of-fact kinda tone that used to piss John off when he was younger. "Actually, it does. Because to get mated there has to be that emotional connection, like hey, I may be fucking you with my dick, but I'm also fucking you with my heart."

Dean's eyebrows were furrowed and he looked halfway between confused and concerned. After a minute, he sighed, shaking his head. "I'm never getting you drunk ever again."

Sam giggled again.

"So, what you're saying is," Dean started slowly. "You're either a knotslut or you got a thing for me."

"Sober me would kill me if I said yes to either of those," Sam said, leaning against the window. "Way to give me a straight answer, bitch."

"Jerk."

Dean sighed, and he seemed to sag a bit. "So what are you saying?"

"I'm explaining instinctual dynamics between alphas and omegas, which you would've learned if you ever paid attention to a health class in your life instead of making out with a cute beta girl in the back of the class."

He stayed quiet for the rest of the ride, and Sam turned on the radio, humming along to Guns'n'Roses.

---

Sam found himself tangled in his motel bed, listening to the sound of the TV blaring obnoxiously and Dean getting ready for bed. Dean had forced him down on the mattress an hour and a half ago, but he hadn't been able to sleep. Dean probably knew, but didn't - wouldn't - say anything.

He listened, eyes closed, breathing even, as Dean left the bathroom and sat on his own bed.

He listened as Dean tossed and turned for another fifteen minutes.
He listened as Dean huffed and seemed to give up on trying to sleep.

He listened as Dean sat up, and could practically sense the frown on his face.

"I'm not a knotslut," he finally broke the dam of tension in the air, letting an awkward silence flood the motel room.

"What?"

Sam opened his eyes, looking over at Dean almost casually. "Earlier, you said I was either a knotslut or I had a thing for you. I'm not a knotslut."

Dean sighed, deflating a bit. "Never thought you were."

"But I'm drunk, so I should shut up."

"Yeah."

Sam did shut up, at least for a little. But he knew that Dean was still up, and he knew that Dean knew he knew he was up, and for some reason he always got restless when he was drunk. He stood up, and walked over to Dean's bed.

Dean's eyes flew wide open. "Sammy," there was a hesitant warning in there somewhere, but Sam ignored it.

"Blame it on the booze. Tomorrow you can kick me out, okay?"

He sat on the bed between Dean's legs, putting on his best puppy dog eyes - Dean could never say no to him, not when he pouted, and it was a power he tried not to use for evil so much these days. When they were really young, when Sam found out his slight hold over Dean, he'd pout whenever he wanted something that he knew wasn't exactly in the game plan John and Dean had set out. Like when Sam had wanted coffee for the first time, or when he wanted a toy or candy or something and the only way he'd get it was to pout at Dean.

This wasn't an exception.

Dean's resolve crumbled, and he lifted a hand, brushing a stray chunk of hair behind Sam's ear. He smiled, leaning into the touch as he sank down slowly.

He kissed the slight bulge in Dean's boxers, then dragged his tongue up the underside. Dean grunted, and Sam couldn't help his sly grin at the twitch under his tongue. He latched onto the tip of the bulge, sucking and licking at it through the thin, flimsy fabric of the boxers.

Dean made a noise that was definitely encouragement.

Sam pulled the boxers down, sliding them off Dean's legs and throwing them onto the floor as he dove in, trailing kisses down the underside of the thick cock in front of him. He'd never measured his own, but he could tell that Dean's was much thicker, though an inch or two shorter. He tasted good, too - salty and sort-of-bitter and just as musky as he smelled and god Sam could get used to this.
He sucked a kiss into the base just above Dean's balls, then flicked his tongue over them. He sucked one into his mouth, sucking on it lightly as he listened to Dean moan above him. He licked back up, clamping his lips around the head, and a single, hard suck was enough to make Dean startrambling like he did when he'd had his hands on Sam.

"Fuck, Sammy, that's it, baby boy, oh god," Dean whispered, his fingers curling into Sam's hair, not pushing or pulling, just making sure Sam stayed close.

Sam flicked his tongue over the ridge of the head a few times, then started bobbing his head. Dean's moans got a bit louder, urging Sam on.

Sam had never really done this before, and he was surprised that Dean was actually enjoying this. The only thing he was basing this off was stuff he liked to do to himself and shit he'd seen in cheap porn. The only reason he knew about his near lack of a gag reflex was because of a dumb dare he'd done at a party where he'd had to deepthroat a banana and got most of it down.

He looked up at Dean with big, wide eyes, and Dean smiled down at him.

"That's my pretty baby, huh, Sammy? So good for me. Feel so good."

He pulled off for a moment, lapping at the precum beading at the tip, keeping eye contact. He then wrapped his lips around the shaft again, watching Dean as he suddenly took him down to the base.

Dean's look of shock mixed with sheer bliss was the hottest thing Sam had ever seen.

He just had to swallow around him a few times before Dean was letting out a shaky groan, clenching his fist in Sam's hair, blowing his load down his throat, which Sam swallowed down eagerly.

When he pulled away, Dean looked at him with hazy, half-lidded eyes, but even a dazed, drunk Sam could see the bad feelings brewing in Dean's eyes.

"Like I said," he rasped, his voice a bit ragged. "You can kick me out in the morning."

He slid out of the bed, ignoring his own erection as he slipped into his own bed.

He listened as Dean sighed.

As Dean laid down.

And he listened as Dean fell asleep.

He could still taste him on his tongue, and he wasn't sure if he was happy about that or not.

---

Sam didn't want to leave his bed.

It would mean he'd have to face his hangover head on.

It would mean he'd have to face Dean.
It would mean he'd have to face what he'd done.

Dean was in the little kitchenette, quiet. He hadn't left it since he woke up, and Sam was sure at some point he'd just leave, right? And Sam could just rot away in this stupid, shitty mattress.

He eventually turned over onto his back, though, scrubbing his hands over his face.

The silence stretched on, but he could feel Dean's eyes on him.

He sighed, sitting up. He kept his eyes down, feeling shame burn in his gut like a molten ball of lead, scalding and heavy.

"I'm sorry."

He didn't even register the words coming out of his mouth until Dean replied.

"Don't be."

He looked up, seeing Dean looking especially interested in local obituaries. "Are we going to talk about it?"

"Sammy." That's a stupid question.

"Okay."

He didn't know why he suddenly felt so deflated. He got up, stretching out his arms and legs as he walked into the bathroom. He took a quick shower to get the grime off him, though he still felt dirty as he stepped out. He quickly brushed his teeth, and when he walked out of the bathroom, he was suddenly confronted with his brother in front of him.

The kiss was hard, deep, and something like a dream-come-true for Sam, so he clung to it desperately, kissing back and wrapping his arms around Dean's shoulders.

Dean broke away before Sam could let himself get too excited by it.

"We should get to that next case, huh," he almost sounded disappointed, and Sam desperately wanted to push him down on the bed and ride him until they both passed out.

"Yeah," he said, disregarding his thoughts and fantasies, his fingers carding through Dean's hair and marveling at how soft it felt.

Dean's hands were on his sides, his thumbs rubbing into the too-tight muscles there. He looked down at Sam for a moment, then nodded, pulling himself away.

Sam felt small and cold, but there was something there. Between them.

Right?
Chapter Summary

The next step.

Chapter Notes

I have not left this story behind! It's just been a long couple of weeks, filled with work and a lack of determination and a buttload of writer's block. This is a short chapter, yeah, because it just wouldn't work with me. I promise smut next chapter.

Sam couldn't be sure of anything these days, it seemed. He thought he'd been free of his old life, moving onto another, happier life - that had burned along with Jess. He thought he'd finally gotten over his big brother - the flutter in his chest every time Dean smiled at him killed that idea. He thought he could trust himself not to push any boundaries, in case they were weaker than they looked and his life crumbled to pieces around him yet again - but even that was ruined by his own drunken stupidity.

He didn't even know if Dean wanted him back the same way or not. It was too easy to just say that Dean touched him, kissed him, was protective of him, and that made it obvious that he wanted Sam. But Dean wasn't that easy. He was bad at words, would jump in front of a bullet before saying the words 'I love you'. For all Sam knew, this new, touchy attitude was just Dean's attempt at giving Sam pity-love. The thought of it made Sam's chest clench and his eyes water, but he knew it was closer to the truth than Dean actually feeling the same.

He was so tempted to just slip out of the motel before Dean woke up, leave a note saying 'Don't look for me,' and leave everything he knew and loved behind again. It would hurt, just as much as last time if not more, but maybe it would be better for Dean. He could get back to hunting, could fuck all the betas and omegas he wanted, and he wouldn't have his dumbass little brother hung up on him.

But when he stared at the door for too long, Dean pulled him back with a hand on his chin, tilting his face around and asking him if he got a fever, Sammy? You look kinda shitty.

He looked up at Dean, gingerly brushing his fingers over Dean's hand before gently pushing it away.

"Just restless. We need to get back to finding Dad."

"You make it sound easy."

Sam stood up, grabbing his jacket and pulling it on. He didn't know what he was doing, but there was a hot energy building up in his legs and he needed to get rid of it, get it out of him, he had to take a minute to move and breathe and get out of Dean's space, he deserved the moment of peace.
from his damned little brother.

"Whoa, whoa, where are you going?" Dean asked, suddenly on his feet too, his hand reaching out for Sam's shoulder.

"Out," he grunted, pulling away before Dean could touch him. He started towards the door, but Dean's voice, tight and gravelly, made him hesitate.

"Sammy."

He glanced back, and was a bit surprised to see something that almost resembled anger - or maybe fear - on Dean's face.

"The last time you walked out the door without me, I didn't see you for four years," Dean set his jaw, furrowing his eyebrows, trying to recover whatever intimidation factor he had over Sam. "I'm not doing that again, Sam. Not now. You got shit to say, you say it."

not now.

Sam wasn't entirely sure what that meant, gut the implication made him shiver and step away from the door. He sat on the bed, still huddled up in his jacket, hanging his head and kicking his foot against the floor.

He didn't know what to say. That he loved Dean more than he should have? That he wanted him desperately and had wanted him since he knew what real want was? That he knew that Dean probably wouldn't be happy with him but as hard as he tried he couldn't push himself away?

He heard Dean sigh and plop down in the desk chair. "Alright, fine, go back to your fourteen year old emo phase. I'll talk, then."

Sam looked up, confused. He'd never seen Dean willingly volunteer to talk first, hell, he always hated those "serious talks" they'd had. When Sam was sixteen and going through his phases of more extreme self hatred, Dean would walk into their bedroom, flop down on the bed next to Sam, and they'd have to hash it out, talk about what was going on in Sam's head.

"You've been acting strangely ever since Jess died. And you're a strange kid," Sam rolled his eyes, looking back down. "Now, I know, it's probably not a fun time right now, and you're probably not feeling great up there in that shaggy head of yours. And apparently, that means coming to me," Dean sighed. "And, Sammy, I don't know if it's just because you miss Jess or if you're genuinely... like, into this, but. Christ, kid, you can't keep jerking me around like this."

Sam felt his chest tighten and his heart crumble, and he curled up a bit further on himself.

"Sam, I'm not proud of it, but I've been wanting this for years. Years, Sammy, and the fact that you're suddenly delving into it makes me wonder if you're even sure what you want."

"Years," Sam breathed to himself. Dean couldn't have... No, that... That didn't make sense. Dean had always been interested in girls, always girls, not guys, and especially not his little brother of all fucking people. He broke out in bitter laughter, feeling tears prick the back of his eyes. "Suddenly into it."

Dean paused. "What? I miss a joke or something?"
Sam shook his head. "No, I just. Suddenly," he laughed again, flopping down onto his back. "Like I haven't wanted you since my first boner. Like-- like these past few days haven't been both heaven and hell because I finally have you, but I feel like you don't want it. Like it's just another way to fucking pity me, or you're going to turn around one day and say it was all just one, awful prank."

"Sam," Dean stood up and walked over, sitting down next to him and laying down on his back. Sam was hit with some kind of nostalgia, maybe deja vu of some sort. "You seriously been worrying about all that?"

Yeah, major deja vu.

"Yeah," he mumbled, playing with the hem of his shirt.

"And you didn't think to tell me?"

"What could I have said?" Sam asked. "Hey, Dean, I have a crush on you and I have since puberty, but I'm pretty sure you're straight. What brotherly advice do you have for me?"

"Well now you're just getting snarky again," Dean said, chuckling. Sam laughed along.

They were quiet for a minute, but Sam broke off the silence.

"So," he trailed off for a bit, then took a deep breath. "So, what do you mean?"

Dean wrapped an arm around Sam's shoulders, squeezing him close. "I don't know. I just want you to be happy, Sammy."

He curled up into Dean's side instinctually, one hand coming up to play with Dean's shirt. "I don't want to be something you regret. I don't know if you're going to be happy with me, and if there's any doubt at all I don't know if I can step into something like that."

"But it'll kill you," Dean pointed out, his fingernails brushing over Sam's shoulder. "And you're talking like I'm as indecisive as you."

"Not indecisive, just worried."

"Shut up for a second. Look, Sammy. I love you," he turned his head to look directly at Sam, his eyes unshielded for once in his goddamn life and Sam almost felt uncomfortable. But he'd seen those eyes unguarded before, back when Dean didn't expect him to blow up at any minute, to run away and leave him gasping in the dust again. But Sam was still grasping at straws, confused because Dean didn't say things like that but he'd just said it to Sam. He swallowed thickly, unable to tear his gaze away from Dean's hypnotizing, shockingly green eyes. "I've always loved you, always will."

"Dean," Sam breathed, clenching a fist in his brother's shirt.

"Let me finish. Sam, if you want me, I'm yours. I'll always be here for you, even if that makes me seem desperate or sad or whatever. But if you don't want me, I'm not going to force you into anything."

Sam opened his mouth to say something, but his phone, over on the desk, started ringing. He
sighed, sitting up and walking over to the phone. "Hello?"

---

The call was a job in Vermont. It would be a bit of a drive, but they'd done worse.

"So the guy said everyone at his workplace has avoided a certain building like plague because they always thought it was haunted. Things moving without being touched, glimpses of a person around corners, and one guy even said that he heard the thing singing," Sam listed off, then shuffled some papers. "Checked the records of the company. A worker with a bad marriage died in that building about thirty years ago."

"Salt'n'burn?"

"Salt'n'burn."

"Good work, Sammy," Dean said, reaching over and petting Sam's knee. Sam didn't think anything odd of it, but when Dean didn't pull away, he furrowed his eyebrows.

"Dean?"

"Yeah."

"You okay?" he asked, genuinely worried, his own hand trailing down to Dean's. He brushed his thumbs over his brother's thick knuckles.

Dean glanced over at Sam, then down at their hands. He paused for a bit, but didn't pull away, in fact squeezing Sam's knee. "Yeah, Sammy, I'm good."

Sam nodded, slipping his fingers between Dean's, rubbing the space between the thumb and the pointer finger.

They stayed like that for a while, just lightly touching each other, quiet, with Dean's music floating in the air around them, until they reached a diner for lunch.

---

Sam stepped out of the bathroom, a towel slung loosely around his hips. Dean was sitting on the bed that wasn't covered with equipment and dirt, a beer in his hand and his eyes on the shitty TV. Sam probably should've been mad that if he wanted his own bed, he'd have to clean off the other one and clear all the shit away. But he didn't want his own bed, not tonight, anyway.

He walked over to the equipment bed, pulling out some old, thin boxers and a worn out T shirt. Dropping the towel to the ground, he thought he felt a pair of eyes watching him, and the unnerving feeling made him shiver.

He looked back, and was met with the sight of Dean nursing the hell out of his beer, eyes daring Sam to do something about it. But Sam could only stare at the way Dean's lips wrapped around the mouth of the bottle.

With a red face, he turned back away. He quickly pulled on the boxers and T shirt, then walked over to the other bed.
"Dean."

"No."

"Dean, c'mon."

"Just shut up and get in."

Sam couldn't help the small smile on his face as he slipped under the covers next to Dean. He reached over and plucked the beer out of his brother's hand, taking a sip. "There's not even enough room for two people."

"Not if we take up the space of two people, no," Dean conceded, smirking a bit. "Guess we're gonna have to get real close then, huh, Sammy."

Sam blushed, opening his mouth to say something, but he was cut off by a kiss from Dean. It was gentle, just soft little brushes of lips, but it was enough of a promise to shut Sam up. As Dean pulled away, he grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him back into the kiss.

Dean's arm wrapped around his middle, holding him close and pushing him down onto the bed. Sam complied easily, lying down and tangling his fingers in Dean's hair. Dean towered over him, which was a nice, though unfamiliar feeling that Sam hadn't felt since he was fifteen. He smiled into the kiss at the thought.

Dean's tongue traced over the seam of his mouth and he let him in, savoring the taste and feel of Dean, something he'd wanted to experience for years and finally being able to have what he wanted was the most amazing feeling.

Dean seemed to be feeling the same thing, his hands roaming over Sam's hips and abdomen like he'd never felt them before when patching up wounds or like he'd never feel them again, though Sam was determined to make sure this happened a lot.

The kiss eventually broke off, and Sam stroked Dean's cheek, staring up at him and he was probably smiling like the biggest idiot on the planet but he couldn't have cared less. Dean was giving him this big smile, one he'd seen before, like when he was eleven and burned the remains of a ghost without shaking for the first time, or when he got his first girlfriend, or when he graduated high school. Like Dean was proud of him, happy for him. Happy with him.

"Can I ask you something?" he broke off the content silence, his cheeks coloring a bit.

"Yeah, sure, Sammy. What's up?" Dean laid down, half on top of Sam, his limbs thrown over Sam's body as if to keep him tethered down to the bed. As if he'd want to get up.

"How long have you," he trailed off, making some vague gestures with his hands.

"Wanted you?" Dean filled in the blanks, and Sam nodded. "Since your first heat. I think I wanted you before then, too, but it just sorta, like, woke me up to the fact. Seeing you all hot and bothered and needing a good alpha to fuck you," Dean smirked, leaning up to trail his tongue up Sam's neck, making him shiver. "Knew I had to be that alpha someday."

"Christ, I've wanted you since before then, you absolute jerk," Sam laughed lightly, tilting his head
to make room for Dean, who seemed to be rather interested in a certain spot on Sam's neck. "Are giving me a hickey?"

"Yeah, so?"

Sam snickered. "This isn't high school, Dean."

"No, but I wanted to mark my territory," Dean leaned up and pecked him on the lips as Sam pulled a bitch face. "C'mon, don't act like that shit doesn't get you hot."

"What's getting me hot right now is the fact that you're a walking furnace and you're lying on top of me."

"Sammy, if you wanted to top, you coulda just told me," Dean smirked.

Sam rolled his eyes. "I'm going to sleep," he grumbled, leaning over and turning off the bedside lamp.

"G'night, Sammy."

"Goodnight, Dean."

There was a slight pause.

"Love you."

"Love you, too, Sam."
Belongings

Chapter Summary

They did the do.

Chapter Notes

TAKE IT I'M SO DONE UGH I'M SO TIRED I CRIED WHILE WRITING THIS OMFG I HATE EVERYTHING. if this sucks and there's a lot of mistakes i'm sorry i'm sleep deprived as fuCK right now.

Sam woke up at the feeling of something pressing up behind him. After a few bleary moments of trying to wake up enough to be able to fight, he realized that it wasn't necessary - the familiar smell of Dean in his nostrils helped him relax enough to settle back down into the mattress.

It smelled a little stronger for some reason, but Sam was too tired to really worry about it right at that moment. He turned over onto his other side, burying further into the heat of Dean's chest. There was a grunt from above him, gruff and sleepy, but he smoothed his hand over Dean's side to soothe him back to sleep.

Dean groaned and pulled Sam closer to him, and Sam made a quiet noise.

He dozed back off for a little while, black clouds swirling around his mind.

Until a rhythmic pressure against his hip woke him up again. He huffed as he opened his eyes slowly, pushing at Dean's shoulder.

"De," he grumbled. "What're you..."

Dean snuffled and nuzzled into Sam's hair. Sam couldn't help the smile on his face - Dean was insatiable, even in his sleep.

They hadn't really done anything other some heated make outs and heavy petting over the week, but Sam could tell that Dean wanted to push the boundaries, go a bit further. Sam wanted the same thing, but he was still paranoid, scared that as soon as they knotted, Dean would regret everything he'd ever done with Sam.

He took a deep breath, and his eyes widened. Oh.

Dean smelled... strong. And musky and earthy and god damn he shouldn't have gotten turned on that fast. Paying attention to the grinding against his hip, he could feel the heard length of Dean's cock and it made him shiver.

"Dean," he hissed, lightly smacking Dean on the cheek. "Dean, wake up."
Dean's eyes flicked open and he smiled at Sam after a second. "Mornin', Sammy."

"You're in heat," Sam deadpanned. "And you're dry humping me through your clothes."

Dean frowned, and looked down between them. He smirked a bit. "Huh. So. We gonna make good of this situation?"

Sam blushed a bit. "We have that interrogation later today," he mumbled.

"We got a few hours," Dean's voice got low and gravelly, and he pressed closer to Sam, breathing over his neck. "C'mon, baby boy."

"Dean, if we do anything now, we're not going to stop until we pass out for twelve hours."

"I don't see a problem with that," Dean's tongue lapped over Sam's neck, and Sam could smell Dean's scent in the air like a delicious aphrodisiac that he was desperately trying to resist.

He slipped away, rolling out of bed and hurrying out of his clothes. "I'm taking up all the hot water, by the way. So you can cool yourself off."

Dean's groan was audible behind the locked bathroom door.

---

Dean always looked good. He was just attractive - strong jaw, golden hair, bright green eyes. Everything about him captivated the gaze and made people fall in love at sight. People thought he looked better cleanshaven and all trussed up in suits, but Sam saw the amazingly beautiful, untamed beast that was Dean when he was wearing his old leather jacket and oil-stained jeans and a thin, worn out T shirt. Sam could see the lack of tension in his shoulders, could see how Dean's smile came easier. When he was comfortable, he was the most beautiful person Sam had ever seen.

But, that said, Dean looked damn good in a suit.

The fabric pulled over Dean's muscles and hugged his torso, and the red tie led the gaze along a delicious path down Dean's chest. Sam should have stopped staring like ten seconds ago. Dean was starting to notice and he was saying something but Sam wasn't really paying attention. Dean's smell was still swirling around the air and it was starting to get to him.

"Sam."

He blinked hard a few times and looked up at Dean. He smiled a bit, shoving his feet into a brightly polished shoe. "Hey."

"You sure you can go today?" Dean's eyebrows furrowed and he brushed a hand over Sam's neck.

Sam would never get over his jealousy that Dean could still hunt and go out during his heats when Sam still had to lock himself up in his room to keep himself sane.

"Yeah, I'm good," he said, standing up. "Let's go."
Dean raised an eyebrow, but didn't say anything else, just followed Sam out to the Impala.

---

The interrogation went well. They got some information out of the old lady they were talking to, thanks to Sam's gooey help-me-mommy eyes. He was good at using those, always had been. He used to use them on Dean all the time, and sometimes even used them now just to get what he wanted.

However, Dean was being stubborn today. Wouldn't let Sam drive, ordered for him at the tiny diner and wouldn't let him refuse the large hamburger and fries. Undid his tie and growled at Sam when he said he looked unprofessional. Snarled when the pretty beta waitress smiled at Sam.

As they left the restaurant, Sam sighed. He knew Dean couldn't control all this, but it was kind of annoying. "Dean."

"Mm," Dean also used less words when he was in heat. It was always like this, intense aggression for three days, Sam being out on the couch for three uncomfortable nights.

"You should go to a bar tonight. I'm sure as soon as you walk in, you'll have plenty of omegas all over you."

It hurt to say, because to be honest, he wanted to be the omega that Dean bent over and claimed for the night. Forever, really, but that was just wishful thinking. But there was still a wall keeping them apart, and he knew it was him but he still felt weird trying to push it over, as flimsy and useless as it was.

Dean looked over at him, eyebrows raised. "Sammy," he started softly, reaching over and pressing his hand to Sam's knee. Sam caught a whiff of Dean's heat smell and had to dig his nails into his palm to keep himself from moaning. "I'm not going out to fuck anyone. Unless it's you, cuz then I'm gonna do one hell of a job of it."

"But," Sam furrowed his eyebrows, confused. "But we're not mates. Not technically."

"Doesn't mean I don't wanna be," Dean pointed out. "So when you get that through your thick little eyebrow ridge blocking the shit I'm saying from getting to your brain, let me know."

Sam flushed a bit, then looked out the window. "Oh, uh," he broke in, changing the subject before the air got awkward. "We're low on salt. Mind stopping by the nearest grocery store?"

Dean grunted. "Fine, but only because I wanna get something else there, too."

Sam raised his eyebrows. "Which is?"

Dean smirked a bit as he pulled into the parking lot of a Stop & Shop. "You'll see, babe."

Sam rolled his eyes as he got out of the car, listening as Dean got out and walked pointedly behind him. "Stop staring at my ass," he called over his shoulder.

"Can't help myself," Dean shot back, and Sam could practically hear the smirk in his voice.

"Jerk."
"Bitch."

---

Dean found Sam in the snacks aisle, hip checking him aside before grabbing the good stuff instead of the bags that advertised the marginally reduced fat of the contents.

Sam laughed a bit. "Rude."

"Shut up," Dean grumbled, putting his stuff in the basket Sam was holding. "Can we go yet? I've been thinking about your ass all day, goddammit, I want it now," he growled, his voice low and harsh.

Sam bit his lip, looking around to see if anyone was around them. No, they were alone. "Yeah, c'mon."

They scrambled over to the checkout line, Dean's hand clamped on Sam's ass the entire way. It caused them to get quite a few sideways looks, but they were a little too distracted. Dean kept whispering dirty things in Sam's ear and Sam was trying to keep himself from getting wet in the middle of a fucking supermarket.

"Gonna spread you out real good, Sammy, gonna lick you open 'til you're so fucking wet, gonna make you cum so much before I fuck you. Gonna make you mine, baby boy."

"Oh my god, Dean, shut up for a second," Sam hissed, putting the groceries on the moving belt and pulling out his wallet.

The guy at the cash register seemed to be getting one hell of a laugh out of Sam's situation, sniggering and trying to keep it quiet. Sam huffed and slid his car through the little machine, trying to ignore Dean's insistently squeezing his ass.

"Dean, I swear to god, let the fuck go," he grumbled, putting in the pin number.

"You have 281 gas points," the cashier snorted, handing over the receipt.

"Thanks," Sam said quickly, grabbing the bags and throwing a few in Dean's hands. He grabbed the others then started walking out as fast as he could while looking relatively normal. Dean was close behind him, slipping into the Impala and starting it up.

"How you doin' over there, Sammy? Ready to get bent over and taken however I want you?"

Sam squirmed in his seat, his face turning a bright red. "Dean, for fuck's sake..."

"Mm, bet you're already all wet and open down there, huh?" Dean mused, reaching over and blanketing a hand over Sam's thigh, and his own heat smell started spinning in the air. "I'm gonna knot you so hard you won't be able to walk tomorrow, baby boy."

"D-Dean," Sam whined, thrusting his hips into the air. "Fuck, need you, please," he pleaded, pulling at Dean's hand to try and get it over his rather obvious erection.

They got back to the motel within the next minute, but it felt like hours and Sam was getting way
too horny for this. He got out of the car, only to be picked up by Dean and carried through the door.

"Dean, I can walk for myself," Sam snickered.

"Shut up, bitch."

"Jerk."

Dean threw Sam down on the bed, crawling over him. Their lips crushed together, hard and soft and wet all at the same time, and Sam couldn't help the moan pouring out into the kiss. This was different from all the times they'd made out, this wasn't slow or loving or even as loving as all those times, this was hard and hot and wet.

He dug his nails into Dean's shoulders, spreading his legs out under him. Dean fit himself between Sam's legs, pressing their hips together and Sam let out a long, low moan, pulling away from the kiss to tilt his head back and arch his spine. Dean's lips found his pulsepoint, sucking and licking at it, and finally sinking his teeth in and Sam yelped, feeling his cock twitch in his jeans, knowing there'd be a mark there for days.

"Dean," he panted.

"Yeah, Sammy, I got you," Dean growled, pulling up for a moment. His hands pulled up Sam's shirt, pushing it up more than actually taking it off but Sam didn't have the chance to protest against that before Dean was biting random spots on Sam's chest, leaving a trail of marks and oh fuck his nipples were sensitive as fuck.

He arched into the touch, tangling his fingers in Dean's hair. He could hear that he was letting out tons of embarrassing little noises, but with Dean biting and marking him and grinding against him, hard thrusts with long strokes, Sam could barely think straight. He could feel the long, hard, hot line of Dean's cock in his jeans and fuck it felt good rutting against his thigh.

He pulled his shirt off all the way himself, throwing it to the ground, then started pulling up the hem to Dean's shirt, but Dean grabbed his wrists and pinned them down to the mattress, looking up at him with a dirty smirk that had him squirming, his jeans getting wetter by the second.

"Nuh uh, baby boy," Dean whispered, leaning in close, his voice dark and low and pure sex and fuck this couldn't even be legal it was so hot. "We're gonna do this on my watch. My pace, my way, my Sammy. Got it?"

Sam nodded, letting out a little whimper.

"Good boy," Dean praised, gently pressing their lips together. His hands finally found Sam's fly, undoing it within a matter of seconds and pushing his pants and boxers down and off - after a minor struggle with Sam's boots.

Honestly, being naked had always felt weird for Sam. It made him vulnerable, and before he'd really grown into his hands and feet he was a scrawny little kid that got picked on constantly, which didn't do so well for the self esteem. But he was grown now - a little too much, if you asked Dean - and Dean was looking at him like he was the most delicious slice of pie he'd ever seen in his life. Sam blushed and grinned, splaying out a bit to reveal his hole, which was already soaking wet and he could smell himself in the air right next to Dean's earthy, musky heat smell.
"C'mon, Dean, you gonna knot me or what?" he teased, smirking a bit.

Dean flicked him in the forehead. "Just for that, I'm making you wait longer," he said, sliding down the bed and grabbing Sam by the thighs, lifting his legs up and to the sides.

"Not fair," Sam pouted, but he could tell what Dean was going for and it made his breath hitch and his face go red.

"I'm deciding what's fair here, Sammy," Dean breathed against Sam's hipbone, leaning down and biting into the flesh there, probably leaving yet another bruise to show who Sam belonged to, that he was Dean's omega and always would be.

Dean dragged his mouth down Sam's skin, making goosebumps rain over Sam's abdomen. Sam sat up on his elbows, watching Dean intensely, his eyes wide. Dean was still holding his legs up, bending him so easily and he didn't even care because it felt fucking great, and then Dean's eyes met Sam's just as his smooth, hot, rough, wet, cold, hot brushed over Sam's hole. He moaned, but didn't look away or close his eyes, just kept his eyes glued to Dean's, watching him smirk in triumph because Sam's wet. He watched as Dean winked, then closed his eyes, leaning in to really get to work on Sam.

His tongue circled around his hole, then he locked his lips around it and sucked, hard, then licked over it again, and Sam couldn't help his noises and the arch in his back. Dean really started licking him, sucking him, nibbling every now and then and Sam could feel himself get closer and closer and he didn't want to cum on Dean's face, wanted to cum on his knot for fuck's sake.

"Dean," he panted, his voice rough and hoarse. "Want you to fuck me, please, stop teasing me, please fuck me, Dean, knot me and make me yours."

Dean wasn't about to say no to something like that.

He leaned up, pressing his lips to Sam's as he started getting his own clothes off. Sam would've laughed if waiting hadn't suddenly become the most infuriating thing in the world.

But eventually, Dean's pants were off and on the ground and Sam was working on getting that damned shirt off him, but they were kissing and it was hot and neither of them wanted to let it stop, not for a single goddamn second, but they broke away for about half a second to take it off and throw it to the side, then came back together, Dean pushing Sam down on the bed.

"Should finger you open," Dean mumbled against his lips. "You're so tight, Sammy, don't wanna hurt you."

"You won't, Dean, you won't," Sam whispered back, holding onto Dean desperately. "I'm so wet for you, Dean, c'mon, please."

Dean inhaled deeply, but nodded, spreading Sam's legs out again with his big, warm hands. "Tell me if it hurts, okay, baby boy?"

Sam nodded, but rolled his eyes, because Dean could never hurt him physically. It just wasn't in their chemical makeup.

Dean pushed in slowly, groaning low in his throat as he got in halfway. "So tight, Sammy, so hot," he praised in a growl against the skin of Sam's neck.
"D-Dean! M-more, please, I can take it, I promise," Sam pleaded, wrapping his arms around Dean's neck.

Dean kissed him again as he continued pushing in, and he couldn't help the way his muscles clenched down enough on Dean to make them both moan. Dean started rolling his hips, moving in and out at a nice, steady, slow pace that probably would've been great had Sam not been in a great big rush to get laid.

Sam moved his hips for Dean, slapping against him harshly, going fast and needy. "Please, Dean," he rambled on under his breath. "Want you, your dick, your knot, please."

Dean nodded, holding Sam close. "I got you, baby boy, gonna knot you and make me mine. That want you want? Wanna be my pretty little omega bitch forever? Wanna be my mate, Sammy boy?"

Sam nodded, enthusiastically, quickly, and he scratched at Dean's shoulders, trying to urge him on while his words seemed to be malfunctioning, but eventually they started up. "Wanna be yours, Dean, fucking knot me already, please."

Dean's knot began to swell, throbbing and red and hot and it tugged at Sam's wet little hole with sucking, smacking sounds that made him shiver.

"P-please," Sam whimpered, hooking a leg around Dean's hips.

It slipped in.

The noise that Sam let out made Dean freeze for a minute, holdin his position there for a second before gripping Sam's hips hard and fast, and he knew that there would be fingertip-shaped bruises there the next morning, and Sam couldn't stop it--

He came, hard, and there would have been a rush of fluids but Dean had him plugged up wth his knot and that just made him a shivering, trembling mess of a boy, covered in his own cum and blissed out.

"Gonna cum soon, baby," Dean whispered, soft and soothing in Sam's ear. "And you're gonna be mine."

Sam nodded, weakly, and Dean's hips started thrusting again, just little half-pumps and suddenly there was a flood of hot hot hot hot hot dirty hot right wrong love it needit in Sam and he whined, arching his back as he opened up to let it all sink in.

They lay there for a while, panting and half-dead, drunk on sex and lust and heat, stuck together until Dean's swelling went down.

Dean was the first to speak up. "So, uh, that was pretty friggin' awesome."

Sam laughed breathlessly, nodding. "Yeah. Awesome."

Dean pecked him on the lips, grinning wide and lazy. "Love you, little brother."

"Love you, too, Dean."

---
The next morning, Sam made breakfast. He felt a little sticky and sore, but he didn't mind. Every once in a while, his clothes would brush against the freshly blue-and-purple bruises on his chest and he'd shiver, but there was absolutely no downside to this.

Especially not when Dean came in and pressed right up behind him, grumbling appreciatively and mouthing at Sam's neck.

"You taste like sweat," he observed.

"I didn't get into the shower this morning," Sam explained. "Whoops."

Dean chuckled, and started to say something, but his phone went off. He huffed, smacking Sam on the ass. "Keep that hot and waiting for me, be right back."

Sam laughed a bit as Dean went to go pick up the phone, flipping the pancake in the pan.

"Y'ello, this is Dean."

The long moment of silence made Sam worried, and when he glanced back at Dean, he was greeted with the sight of Dean looking pale and his hand clenched up like he'd had a deadly case of arthritis mixed with rigor mortis.

"Dad?"
Chapter Summary

John comes home.

Chapter Notes

I'm a little shit who doesn't like writing long chapters at 2:30 in the morning. Also drunk! Sam makes a reappearance. Also angst.

Sam wasn't happy about this. He knew Dean had only found him again because of John's disappearance, but they'd lost focus on that. Or at least, he'd hoped so.

But there he was, sitting in the backseat, because in his place beside Dean was John, and Dean wouldn't look back at him. They'd been quiet since they met up with John, who'd hugged Dean tightly and said 'nice to see you' but looked hesitant to talk to Sam, like he'd just up and leave again.

Which, actually, sounded like a great idea at the moment.

He sank into the leather of the seat, closing his eyes. Of course, his shitty luck, as soon as he got to be with his brother, be happy and together with him, John showed right the fuck up and ruined everything. Of course. Why would anything in his life be easy or comfortable? Honestly, he was shocked he'd forgotten that apparently the universe hated him.

It was getting close to night, the sky darkening in that slow way that kinda reminded Sam of old times that were long gone now, of hunts that scared him as a kid but now were just the norm, of blood staining everything until even his soul felt tacky-sticky with it, of the feeling of Dean's eyes on his back, making sure he didn't run away into the night just to get away from it all, of the sound of John's yells echoing through the sky as he briefly wondered could he do it.

"Sammy?"

He looked up, raising an eyebrow at Dean, who was finally looking at him. "Yeah?"

"Motel, or do you think we could squeeze into the Impala tonight?"

"We could squeeze into the Impala back before I went through puberty, and it's been a struggle since. What do you think?" he shot back, looking back out the window. Dean laughed a bit. "See, told you," he said to John.

"Still hating the world, Sam?" John asked jokingly, chuckling, but Sam just frowned.

Only in the general vicinity. He almost said it, but he saw Dean's warning glance from the rearview
mirror. So he shut up until they got to the motel, where he silently carried his bag into the building, sticking close to Dean's side.

"How about a single room? You two can share a bed," John suggested, looking at them expectantly.

"Sure, whatever works," Dean shrugged, and Sam didn't say no, so John took it as a yes.

---

The room wasn't big, but it didn't need to be. They'd be on the road the next morning. One night deals had become a thing that they didn't worry about anymore, just rolled over the inconveniences and did what they had to so they could get a good night's sleep.

And, to be honest, Sam didn't mind sharing a bed with Dean. It wasn't like he hadn't done it most of his childhood, and now he had good reason to.

Though, he was still inexplicably angry at Dean for something. He wasn't sure what it was, but there was still the smoldering ember right in the center of his chest that flared up every time he looked at his brother, silently raging while their father snored away on the other bed. So he got dressed in some sweatpants and one of his own T shirts, facing away from Dean as he slid under the covers.

He felt Dean's warm arms curl around him, his damp breath on the back of his neck, his soft lips on the sensitive patch of skin right behind his ear. But he didn't turn around to press his lips to Dean's, just sat there fuming.

"You're mad at me," Dean mumbled, trailing his fingertips over Sam's abdomen. He didn't say anything, just shifted a bit so Dean's fingers wouldn't brush over a ticklish spot of his. "What'd I do?"

He just shrugged.

Dean sighed, kissing him on the cheek. "C'mon, Sammy. What'd I do?" His lips trailed down to Sam's neck, his tongue flicking over the spot where Sam had had a hickey just a couple days ago.

"Nothing," Sam answered honestly. Dean hadn't done anything. But Sam was still mad at him.

Dean paused for a minute. "You don't want Dad around."

"We don't exactly have a warm and fuzzy past," Sam shot back over his shoulder.

"Sammy," Dean murmured, pushing Sam gently onto his back, wrapping himself around his little brother tightly. Sam curled an arm around Dean, appreciating the warmth and comfort. "Look. This isn't going to be like when we were kids. When you were at school, he and I would go on separate hunts all the time."

"So now I'm just supposed to hope that he's just as absent as he always was, and call it 'new Dad'? I don't get it. We found him, Dean, he's alive, can we stop worrying about him now? He's a grown man, he can handle himself-"

"It's less about him, Sam, and more about the thing that killed Mom. And you know it," Dean said,
his expression hardening a bit.

Sam shook his head, sighing. He let his head fall to the side, avoiding Dean's gaze.

Dean's hand curled around his own, and the feeling of their pulses coming together made Sam able to relax a bit more.

"It'll be different this time, Sammy. I promise."

"I hope so."

---

Sam woke up late, cold and feeling weird. He could hear the voices of his family, though, so he sat up, hoping to be able to hear what they were saying.

"So it was around where?"

"San Antonio."

"That's a little off course, don't you think?"

"Off course, not off book."

Dean looked over John's shoulder and smiled a bit at the sight of Sam. "Morning, Sammy."

Sam grunted, standing up and stretching. "What're you guys talking about?"

John glared a bit at Dean, and Dean pursed his lips, looking down at his hands.

Sam paused. "What?"

"Can you give us a minute?" Dean asked quietly, looking up at him.

"Dean," Sam started, the ember from yesterday roaring to life in his chest.

"Sam."

The firm tone in Dean's voice caused something to snap in Sam's instinctual mind, and he frowned, but stalked into the bathroom, slamming the door. He turned on the shower, letting the water heat up for a bit. He leaned against the door, listening into their conversation.

"You've got him on one hell of a short leash."

"You're just jealous because you could never get him to do anything you said."

"Dean."

"Yes, sir."

"While he was at school, did he...?"
"Sort of. She died, though. And they never... well, she was a beta."

Sam wanted to punch through the door and scream. What the fuck was wrong with them, talking about him like that? He wasn't just some fucking pet.
"Dean, you didn't-"

"I did what I had to, sir."

Oh.

So that was it.

Something tore in Sam's chest, and he stepped away from the door, getting into the shower, ignoring how it scalded him.

He was just what Dean had to do. Mating him wasn't a choice, but a decision. A chore.

He finished up quickly, though he felt like moving slowly because everything in him hurt like he was being burned and carved up from the inside out. He left the bathroom, pulling on clothes from his bag, and didn't even wait for his hair to dry before hurrying towards the door.

"Sammy? Where're you going?" Dean called.

"Out," he said, hoping they couldn't hear how rough his voice sounded. He just closed the door behind him, started off down the street.

He wasn't sure what he was going to do.

Maybe he could try again- No, no, that had been too much time and energy and money and emotional effort. He didn't have the resources to reinvent himself. Not again.

He almost wished Dad had just died. So Dean never would've sought him out, so he would be back with Jess again, so he wouldn't be this ball of pain right now, wouldn't have to bend over a trash can on the sidewalk to throw up in it because he felt like the dirtiest, most worthless waste of space and air to ever exist.

He should've just said no.

He shouldn't have gone that far with Dean.

This was his own fault. It had to be. After all, everything else was.

He heard his phone ring, but he let it go to voicemail. He didn't want to talk to anyone right now, especially not John or Dean or whoever else they'd recruit to try and talk to him.

---

He didn't remember going into the bar, or ordering the first couple drinks, but once the guilt and the self hatred started to ebb away, he regained his senses. Senses filled with anger and the urge for revenge, of course.

He stumbled out of the bar, throwing a wide, lazy grin at the bartender, and grabbed his phone. He
noted the ten missing calls from Dean, then promptly called him. "Sam? Sammy, where are you? Are you okay? What happened?"

"You know, you didn't have to do it."

"What? Have to do what?"

"Mate me. To control me. You know what you shoulda done? Just, like, not picked me up," he giggled a bit. "Because, to be honest, this whole thing has been awful. It's just angst and sex and angst and handjobs and then, then Dad shows up! Good ol' absentee father figure. Fuck him. Just, just fuck him. No, literally, you can fuck him, 'cuz obviously my shit ain't good enough for you."

"What? Sam, what are you- Where are you, I'm coming to get you."

"No, no, it's fine. I'm thinkin', I could just, like, find some serial killer guy to, like, fuck me an' kill me. Or I could just sit outside in the forest and wait for a monster to eat me, that'll work, right? And karma."

"Are you drunk?"

"Hammered. It's awesome."

"Fuck, Sammy, where are you?"

"Currently, I'm in that stage of, uh, that one thing. Anger, anger's the word. Yeah. I'm pissed at you, Dean. You fucking mated me out of necessity? And here I was thinkin' I meant shit to you. No, no, don't say anythin', don't know what's truth or not anymore. Fuckin'..." he rubbed his forehead, sighing. "I loved you, Dean, I loved you a lot. This kinda sucks."

"I never said that, Sam. I love you, too, you know that. The mating wouldn't be able to stick without that, you told me yourself."

"People still fake it all the time," he grumbled. "It's fine, it's fine. We like, only did it once, so it shouldn't be too hard to break it off."

"Break it off? Sammy, no, god no, I love you, where are you? Answer the goddamn question!"

"Outside some bar. Anastasia's or something?"

"I'm coming right now, okay?"

"Sure, why not," he said, shrugging. "Let's talk about this face to face. You brought Dad in here even though he clearly didn't want to be found, and now I'm thinkin', he's just going to use us. And you think that's okay because it's Dad! And, and," he broke down, hitting his head against a streetlight pole lightly and letting out a small sniffle. He sank down to the ground, curling up a bit. "And you don't love me."

"No, Sammy, that's not true, you know it's not-"

"Then what did you mean?"

"I don't know, Sammy! But it doesn't mean I don't love you, okay? You're everything to me, you're
my little brother, my *mate* and that means shit to me!"

Sam sniffled a bit more, wiping his nose on his jacket sleeve. "You promise?"

"I promise."

"Does Dad know everything?"

"No. We left it at that."

"I still don't want him around for very long, Dean."

"I know, Sammy, I know."

The Impala pulled up after a few minutes, and Dean came out and helped Sam into the backseat. Sam curled up on himself, watching as Dean got in the front seat. He reached out, grabbing Dean's hand. Dean squeezed him back, keeping a strong grip on him.

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