# the winchester gospel.

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## Summary

A collection of 365 stories transcribed about two boys, one wearing the leather jacket and the other with shaggy brown hair, who drive around in a black 1967 Chevy Impala, listening to worn out records, hunting down the things that go bump in the night.

## Notes

So this is actually part of my 365 days of wincest that I'm trying to do which is where I write a drabble for every day of the year. Wish me luck.
They don’t let him stay. At least, they don’t let him stay yet. At the end of visiting hours, they usher him out of Sam’s room very much to his dismay and when he asks if he can stay, they tell him when visiting hours will open the next morning.

Dean’s always the first one in the log book.

He’s somehow smuggled coffee in today. It’s becoming something that Sam looked forward to now. Seeing what Dean could manage to sneak past the nurses and today it’s coffee. He takes a sip, only to stop Dean’s nagging. He’s too tired to do much of anything now. Drinking, swallowing is too much of a chore.

“How you doing today, Sammy?” Dean greeted as he walked through the door, the same greeting as always, and pulled out the two cups from underneath his jacket.

Sam looked up at Dean. “Well, Lucifer is attempting to hang a piñata.” He had long ago stopped lying about how he was.

Dean looked off in the direction of where Sam was looking and as always, there was no one there. “Attempting?”

“He’s too short to reach the ceiling.”

Dean looks over in the corner where Sam just can’t pull his gaze away and it’s all that Dean can take. Lucifer is not there. He’s certain that Sam knows that, that Lucifer is still in the cage and that this is all in his head and if only he could just shake it out of his mind, they wouldn’t be here. Not right now.

I mean, sure, going crazy is always in the cards. It makes sense. After everything that they’ve seen. They’re bound to go crazy, their brain melted but it was never supposed to be like this. Never.

Dean carried over the cup of coffee and Sam weakly reached out for it.

“You’re going to be okay, kid.” Dean muttered as he sat down onto the small bed next to Sam and Sam leaned up against him, finding comfort in the heat of his brother. “You’re gonna be okay.” He repeated, more to himself than anything.
Chapter 2

It was supposed to be a joke (at least that’s Sam told himself when he bought the skirt and the thigh high socks and that’s what he said when he decided to skip the last couple periods of school only to go back to the motel, slide them on and lay out on Dean’s bed). It was supposed to be some kind of joke. One that they were going to laugh at sometime from now.

Except it doesn’t feel like a joke now.

The cheap, drugstore thigh high socks rub against Dean’s waist, so much so that he’s actually worried that there’s going to be rug burn left behind because Sam is rocking against his so fucking much, so fast.

The skirt is pulled up around around Sam’s belly button and Dean is so close to just flipping Sam onto his back, wrapping his hand in that skirt to steady Sam and fuck him. Hard. Into the mattress.

It was a shock to see Sam sprawled out like that on the bed when Dean opened the motel door. Even was even more of a shock when Sam crawled towards Dean on his hands and knees.

“You treat me so well, Dean.” Sam whispered against Dean’s lips, his hands resting on Dean’s broad chest. “So fucking well. Filling me up, stretching me so wide on your cock.”

Dean groaned, sounding like he had been punched in the gut.

Sam trailed his lips down Dean’s chest, his pink lips latching onto one of Dean’s perk nipples. Dean arched up off the bed, pushing deeper into Sam and Sam moaned around Dean.

One more filthy word out of Sam’s mouth and the two of them were flipped. There was a sharp outtake of breath from Sam at the sudden change of position.

Dean hoisted Sam’s legs up over his shoulders and Sam hooked his ankles together, trapping Dean in between them.

“Make me feel it.” Sam begged. “I want to feel you, Dean.” Another groan from Dean. “Are you going to come for me? Are you?” He asked, eyes full of innocence and Dean was gone. “Are you going to come inside me? You know I love it when you do.”
“What’s today’s date?” Dean asked, pulling Sam out of his thoughts. Sam glanced over at him as he was searching through the box that held all of his fake ID’s holding several in his hands.

“What?” Sam asked, more than a little confused.

“What’s today’s date?”

“Um…it’s April 30th. Why?”

But his question was left unanswered as Dean dug through the box, looking for something in particular.

“Aha!” Dean exclaimed, holding up one of the fake ID’s a wide smile on his face. “Found it.”

Sam looked back at him again, the paper that he was reading, now laying in his lap. “Dean, do you want to tell me why you are wondering what today’s date is?”

He held up the ID up near his face and pointed at it, a smile pulling at his lips.

“This is why,” he said.

Sam looked at the ID trying to figure out what he was pointing too but couldn’t. Sam shook his head at him.

“Yeah, I don’t get it.”

“Well, I’m hungry and we’re at a Biggerson’s. You get a free pie on your birthday if you have a photo ID and well…” he gestured to the ID again.

Sam scoffed in disbelief. “You’re kidding. That’s why you made me make you all those fake ID’s? You just wanted to con a restaurant so you can get some free pie.”

“What? Don’t be ridiculous. I made a couple.”
The doctors weren’t sure if he was going to wake up. In fact, they said that it would take a miracle for the boy to wake up after what his body was put through. But Sam refused to believe anything other than the fact that Dean would. He would wake one morning with that aggravating little smile of his and say that he couldn’t die in a hospital where the nurses weren’t even hot and then everything would be okay. Alright. He would. The doctors didn’t know his brother. They didn’t know the kind of fighter that Dean was. They didn’t know that Dean was going to wake up and say ‘fuck you’ to the doctors and then waltz out of the hospital like he owned the damn place.

They just didn’t.

Sam Winchester didn’t have faith in a lot of things. He would pray, yes, he would pray because there were times when he was a younger child he would find his father praying. So, in his mind, if his father prayed then there would be no trouble in praying himself but he didn’t hold a lot of faith in it.

The thing that he did have faith in though was his brother. Dean was always there. Always. For better or for worse, Dean was there.

His hand that suddenly looked some small on the white sheets of the hospital (he could still remember when it used to span the expanse of his stomach) laid motionless on the bed, pale, white fingers facing towards the damn sky. He was smiling, just ever so slightly. At what, Sam would never know.

He looked peaceful and that’s what unnerved Sam even more than the test tubes and the heart monitor and everything that the doctors told him. Dean looked so damn peaceful when he shouldn’t be. He should be kicking and screaming, sticking the middle finger up to death and not just take it.

He shouldn’t be so fucking peaceful.

Sam reached across the space between the two of them, not sure as to why he was doing it. Maybe to flip his hand over. To make him look less… expectant, like he was waiting for the pen to sign his death certificate. Maybe it was because Sam wanted to reassure himself that Dean was in fact still here.

However, the moment that he touched Dean’s cold skin, his stomach dropped towards the floor. It was a mistake. Instantly regret and sorrow and pain filled his chest and blocked off his throat.

Maybe he could die like this. Maybe he would join Dean on his journey. Sam would always follow him everywhere.

Has been since he was a kid.

“Dean…” Sam whispered, his voice sounding so loud about the non-stop beeping. He ran his thumb across the fine lines of his palm, running over the calluses, unable to keep himself from touching the untouched places there.

Instinct drove him to look back up at Dean’s face. Dean never did do affection out in public and even in the darkness of their motel room, it would take hours of coaxing to get him to open up. Sam kept waiting for Dean’s gruff voice to fill the room, for Dean to call him a girl with all this touching and he would cherish those words forever. But his long lashes covered his closed eyes.
More than anything, at that moment, he just wanted to see Dean’s eyes just one more time. It just wasn’t the same under the blinding examination of the doctor’s penlight.

“Look, I’m not trying to rush you or anything, but you’ve got to come back to me. I need you here.” His fingers closed around Dean’s in a good-bye squeeze. Everything he did to him was a good-bye these past few days, yet he still held onto the hope that Dean would wake up because Dean would never leave him.

He waited for a response that he knew would never come. Death had his grip on Dean tight.

“Well,” he sighed resting his head on his now folded hands. “I’ll be here when you wake up.”
Chapter 5

Dean smirked when Sam walked closer to him, his face twisting into recognition of his brother. A much older brother.

“Heya, Sammy,” He drawled when Sam stopped in front of him but the word sounded all wrong on his lips. It wasn’t an endearment like it normally was.

No, it was a taunt.

A reminder of what they were.

Sam cocked his head, his eyes raking over Dean, analyzing everything about him that if he should attack that he could leave Dean completely immobilized. But the Dean that in front of him now was not the same Dean that was back in his motel room.

This Dean didn’t carry himself around with that same goddamn self righteousness. This Dean carried himself with a certain arrogance almost as if he were…

“Soulless.” Dean answered, pulling Sam from his thoughts and if wasn’t already on the defense he was now. “Close but no dice.”

There was a smirk on his lips as Sam narrowed his eyes just a fraction of an inch, staring at Dean quizzically. And it all clicked. Of course it did. Dean looked to be the furthest thing from righteousness and it was all because hell owned his soul now. But unlike him, Dean’s soul wasn’t locked in some box.

Instead it was twisted and pulled and cut apart to be put back together with nails and staples. His soul was the epitome of evil.

It was about damn time that his brother came over to the dark side.

Honestly, it’s funny what morals keep you from doing. More precisely, it’s funny what morals keep you from experiencing. Dean took another step up to Sam, now standing in his space and Sam didn’t back down. He just stared back with that defiance that Dean didn’t even know that he had.

It was beautiful. Just like he was when he was twelve and skinny and so angry at the world and had no clue why he was angry. Just like he was when he was eighteen and leaving him for Stanford. Just like he was every fucking day of his life and Dean felt like there was everything wrong with him because he wanted Sam in this baddirtywrong way.

And yet now, he couldn’t care less. He had already been to hell. He was already a demon. When you hit rock bottom, you can’t fall much further than that.

And hell, demons weren’t known for their outstanding morals anyway.

There was a grunt of surprise from Sam when Dean pulled him down by his jacket (because the fucker was still so tall and in this whole turning into a demon business, he didn’t grow an inch) and kissed him. Hard and wanting and so dirty, full of tongue and teeth and it was everything that Dean had ever wanted.

Sam grabbed Dean by the hips, pushing him backwards until Dean was trapped between the bar and the hard wall of muscle and Sam was grabbing him and there was no other place that Dean
wanted to be.
Chapter 6

It's the middle of the night and John had left earlier that evening and despite the fact that there's a completely empty bed that Sam could sleep in, he gets in the one that Dean's sleeping in and crawls up Dean's body, all slow, pressing butterfly kisses to everywhere his mouth can reach.

On the exposed skin of his hip. His stomach. In the middle of his chest. On his neck. Behind his ear and Dean's hands are in Sam's hair with the intent to push him away only he keeps him there.

“Sam…” Dean whined. “We shouldn’t… I can’t…”

It was just a town over that John had caught them in bed together in the most innocent of ways. Sam had curled up tight against Dean's body, his hand resting on the skin that was showing due to the fact that Dean’s shirt had rose up during their sleep and John caught them like that.

He made Sam get untangled from his brother, all the while scolding him for still acting like a small child, seeking comfort in his sleep. He was fourteen. He was no longer a child. He told Sam (but the threat was directed towards Dean) that he better not find them like that again.

And Dean being the obedient child, complied.

Every time Sam begged, Dean denied him. He would roll over and face the wall, hugging himself in his sleep to keep from reaching out towards Sam. And when Sam would try to kiss him, corner him in the bathroom or try to steal one when John wasn’t around, Dean would just stand there, frozen beneath Sam praying that he had enough resolve to not kiss back.

But Sam was a siren. A monster that had gotten a taste of Dean wanted more and he had poisoned Dean with want and need and desperation.

Sam sat up, straddling Dean’s waist with fire in his eyes looking down at his brother who was trying so damn hard to hold his resolve. Yeah, Sam wasn’t going to lie, it hurt to hear Dean say no. It felt like a punch to the gut but Dean didn’t mean it. Oh no, he never did.

“Why?” Sam pressed. “Why should I stop when it’s all we both want?”

"Because Sam… we’re… we’re brothers, man. We shouldn’t… I shouldn’t… I can’t have this."

Another punch to the gut but Sam took it.

"I’ll leave if that’s what you want, Dean.” Sam whispered in the dark. “But I’m not leaving because he wants me too.”

It's the middle of the night and that’s when all the monsters like to come out to play.
Chapter 7

He was’t sure how much caffeine it took to kill a person but he was certain that he was nearly the deadly limit. His heart was going to literally stop because it was racing so much. But Sam was asleep next to him in the passenger seat and quite frankly, the kid dis severed to sleep for a little bit longer.

He had stopped counting the number of hours that they hadn’t slept and started counting the days. The case that they were called away for quickly reached the ‘dire problem’ zone. Some monster was dropping bodies left and right, killing every night, trying to build up fat for the next century long hibernation. It came out to hunt for six days, keeping the poor victim alive for about twenty four hours before it sucked the life out of them, leaving behind a dried out corpse that looked like a mummy. Only thing was, they were in Ohio and not Egypt climbing around in those pyramids. But being that it was only out for six days, they only had six days to find and kill the thing and the monster had a two day start.

So it meant that they bought all the caffeine shots and energy drinks that their credit cards could buy and Sam had to tell the twenty-one year old barista that he kept going back to see that ‘no, he wasn’t into her, he just wanted another two cups of coffee.’ She gave him a weird look as she turned to pour yet again two grande cups of black coffee. I mean surely no one would buy that much coffee if they weren’t trying to get her number.

Hours of research, and I mean hours of research, and several more dead bodies later, they found the monster with mere seconds to loose and they killed the son of a bitch.

However, despite the fact that they had been up for over ninety-six hours straight and their bodies were screaming for rest, there was no time to rest their weary bones.

The closest that they got to rest a second was when they each took a quick shower to get rid of the dirt and sweat and whatever the hell else was on their bodies only to hit the road again.

Evil does not sleep and they were quickly learning that they weren’t going to last much longer without sleep.

Sam tried to stay up. He really didn’t but Dean didn’t blame him. The second that he settled into the seat and got still, his body pulled him under, caffeine be damned.

He stopped a grand total of seventeen times before Sam finally woke back up, growling quietly to himself as he pulled up into yet another Starbucks meaning that he had to deal with yet again another damn hipster or whatever the fuck they called themselves. And it meant that he had to control himself from not snapping at the kid who was barely out of high school for smacking their gum that loudly.

To say the least, he was wired and while all these chemicals and such were trying to tell his body to stay awake, all he wanted to do was drift off.

But there were people to be saved halfway across the country and the Winchesters were never ones to deny another hunter the offer of help.

Sam woke with a grunt sometime just after day break, the sun peeking above the horizon.

Dean looked over at his brother, smirking to himself to see Sam’s sleep mused hair that was sticking up at odd angles. “Ahh…sleeping beauty lives.”
Sam rubbed his eyes, growling out at Dean’s comment. “Shut up.” He groaned, voice still thick with sleep. “How long have we been driving?”

Dean looked down his watch for a moment before answering. “Coming up now on fourteen hours. Seriously thought that I had to go out and find you a prince to wake you up.”

Sam didn’t respond to that one.

After a couple of minutes, Dean reached out to grab the most current coffee cup and held it out to his brother. “There’s still some coffee in here if you want some.” He frowned momentarily, taking a sip of it and did an awful job of hiding his grimace before holding back out to Sam. “It’s cold but you know… it’s coffee.”

Sam looked down at the cup and then back to the form of his brother. He saw Dean’s bloodshot eyes and the way that the dark circles under them seemed almost permanent. His arms were stiff as he held onto the steering wheel and it looked like it was trying so hard to keep from yawning.

“Pull over.” Sam said softly, taking the cup from Dean. “Let me drive for a while.”

Dean shot Sam a look before turning back to the road. He readjusted his grip and then turned back to look at Sam. “I’m fine.” He muttered.

“Yeah, I’m sure you are.” Sam replied. “Just pull over, Dean. Sleep for a couple of hours.”

It took all of two seconds for Dean to decide and Sam smiled, unable to help himself. Dean always wanted to make things a bigger deal than they had to be, seem all macho or whatever. Try to pretend that he didn’t need sleep.

They switched seats and Dean settled into the passenger side, sliding down and wiggled, trying to get comfortable. “You scratch this car, Sam, and I’ll kill you.” He mumbled before he passed out.
The room is dark like it always is when they do this. Sam’s sprawled out on the bed, leaning up the cheap motel headboard, stark naked, his tanned skin standing out in contrast against the off white sheets. Dean could stand there and admire the beauty that was his brother when he was like this. At ease and comfortable, slowly stroking himself as he watched Dean set up the camera. But they had an appointment and there were already viewers online and so the show had to start. Which meant that Dean couldn’t stay where he was.

He looked down at the camera, checking one last time that the thing was on before looking over his shoulder to look at the website that was pulled up on the old laptop. In the short time between the last time he looked to now, more people had already logged on, just waiting.

He set the camera on a thirty second timer and walked over to join his little brother on the bed. Sam reached out, pulling Dean down by that amulet that Sam had gotten him many moons ago and kissed him once, a tiny moment of intimacy before the video started and they shared their taboo love with the entire world.

Dean took his spot on the bed in front of Sam, eyes on the screen, watching for the moment that the screen turned black to the image of them, Dean postponed in the middle of Sam’s spread legs. Sam wrapped his hand around Dean’s cock, sucking on a spot just below his ear making Dean let out a low moan. It was these few moments before they fell into their respective roles when the video starting playing that both brothers cherished. It was when they spoke the loudest to each other.

I love you.

You mean everything to me.

No matter what happens on that screen and what those sick fucks ask for, you’re mine.

Finally the little red light on the side of the camera started blinking it’s little red dot and their bodies were displayed on the screen. Sam straightened behind Dean, removing his lips from that special spot on Dean’s neck and Dean curled his shoulders inward, making him seem smaller than he actually was, letting Sam’s huge form overtake his.

Instantly people started commenting, saying all the dirty, filthy things that they wanted Sam to do to Dean but the screen was too far away for either brother to read what was being written and honestly it was better this way because Sam always knows what they want and he takes control.

Their faces don’t show on the screen. Dean always makes sure that the angle of the camera shows as high as their mouths and nothing more. It’s for safety more than anything. However Dean can imagine Sam’s smug, possessive smile as he shows his brother off to those nameless people on the other side of the screen. He’s seen it before. Countless times when Sam made it known just who Dean belonged to when they saw those marks caused by Sam’s mouth high up on Dean’s neck.

More comments appeared in the little chat box off to the side of the video, more demands for what they wanted Sam to do but Sam continued what he was doing. The methodical movements of his wrist as he continued to jerk Dean off as he moved his hand up the abdomen of his brother, slowly stroking his chest.

Sam’s lips were hovering over the shell of Dean’s ear, his hot breath sending goosebumps across
his flesh. He could feel the moment that Sam’s lips upturned to a smirk as he continued to drag his hand up his chest, his fingers grazing over one of his nipples, causing a hitch in Dean’s breath.

“Just look at him.” Sam whispered to the dark room. The chat box seemed to go crazy. “He’s beautiful, isn’t he? Gorgeous.”

Dean could feel the tips of his ears turning red at the praise. Sam gripped him tighter, his thumb running over the tip of his cock making Dean shiver up against Sam, a thin sheen of sweat started to break out across the skin of both of them. The amulet rose and fell against Dean’s chest with every breath that he took, his mouth falling open with every movement that Sam was doing.

“He’s beautiful and he’s all mine.” Sam growled, grabbing a hold of Dean’s earlobe in between his teeth. “However, I’m in the giving mood today. We can share him.” Sam whispered to the red light and the red light blinked back.
his fingertips spanned across his ribcage, hovering just over the skin, barely touching. he hardly feels like he’s breathing and sam’s frozen underneath him, eyes wide.

dean wants to look up at sam but he also doesn’t want to tear his eyes away from the ink that blackened his skin.

“What does it mean?” dean asks in barely a whisper. he recognizes his name spelled out in enochian letters but the phrase before that, he’s lost. doesn’t know what it spells out, what it means.

Sam looks away, red starting to pull at just underneath the surface of his skin as if he were embarrassed, as if he were scared that dean was going to make fun of him, like dean could ever do that. he had permanently inked his skin with his name, saying something with his name. it was important. it meant something.

“It’s means… uhhh… bound forever… and then that’s… that’s your name.” he mutters, barely over a whisper.

The words hang heavy in the air and dean looks back down at the tattoo, his fingers still barely touching it. it’s almost like he can’t touch it, like he doesn’t want to taint it with the blood that’s coated his fingers time and time again.

“When did you get it?” and needs to know. needs to know how long he’s been a part of his brother like this.

“A… a month or so.” sam replies.

dean feels like he’s had the wind knocked out of him. sam’s been walking around with his name inked onto his ribs for a month and he’s just now found out about it.

“A… a month?” dean repeated.

Sam nodded once, still not quite looking at dean and dean still feels like he can’t breathe. how could he have missed this? for this long? i mean, anytime they would do anything it would always be in the dark. sam always wanted to turn off the lights. insisted actually and dean never argued with it. but now, since he knows what sam was hiding, he was wishing that he did.

“You’ve hidden this from me for a month?” dean asked at the same time that sam muttered. “you’re not mad at me, are you?”

dean doesn’t reply. instead dean runs his hand up sam’s chest, along the back of his neck, burying his fingers in his hair as he brings sam’s head down to his level as dean stands up on his toes to pull sam in for a kiss.

Sam doesn’t respond for a second and then he grabs a hold of the front of dean’s shirt. pulling dean even closer to him.

“I want one.” dean whispers against sam’s lips.
Chapter 10

Dean’s not sure how he’s gotten in this position, pinned up against the by the monster that he calls his brother but he’s here, trapped against brick and flesh.

Sam’s just barely taller than him now. He’s gotten a growth spurt and shot up like a weed. Still his limbs are lanky and it looks like there’s more bone than muscle on his thin frame but Sam’s strong. Stronger than dean thought he could ever be.

And that’s how he found himself here. Sam pinning him against the wall, rendering him unable to move, whispering all the things in his ear that no little brother should ever say.

“You can pretend all you want that you don’t want this, Dean, but I know you better than that.” Sam whispers, his lips hovering over the shell of his ear and Dean shudders. “You want this. You want me.”

Dean can’t move.

He can’t fight back.

He can’t deny what Sam is saying.

Sam is a monster that is whispering all the things in his ear that he doesn’t want to be true but needs them to be true. Sam is a monster with pink lips and eyes that keeps Dean trapped.

Sam is a monster that has Dean within his claws.
They’re both covered in dirt and blood and their muscles scream in protest yet Dean can’t help himself as he grabs Sam and pushes him up against the impala. Sam gasps, breath knocked out of him as Dean kisses him, hard and feverish.

Sam kisses him back a moment later, grabbing at Dean and yet pushing him away.

“We can’t… we can’t do this here, Dean.” Sam manages to get out between kisses and yet, Dean doesn’t stop. He hooks his fingers underneath the waistband of his jeans, working at the button.

“The motel’s too far away.” Dean says as he moves down Sam’s neck, sucking a stop there. “Besides there’s no one around for miles. No one will see us.”

Sam’s unresponsive for all about two seconds before he’s dipping his hands underneath Dean’s shirt, running his hands up Dean’s chest, feeling the way that his muscles quake under his touch.

It’s intoxicating.

The smell of earth surrounding them. The night sky being the perfect blanket to cover up their dirty sins. They grab and pull and yank and touch and taste and lick and kiss every part of each other, so young and so desperate for each other.
Chapter 12

The girl is pretty. A perky little blonde who is totally working for her tips and well, if this was a different time, Dean would have totally asked her when her shift was over and take her out to the backseat of his car and they’d have a few minutes worth of paradise.

But, like he said, if it were a different time, he would do that. now, not so much.

Her name is Rachel and while Dean isn’t going to do anything with her, that doesn’t mean that he can’t enjoy what she’s flaunting, right?

I mean, there’s no crime in looking.

She makes sure that his coffee cup is filled to the brim at all times and makes easy talk with him and it’s not annoying. She has a nice voice and Dean likes talking with her.

It’s close to the end of his meal when she asks him if he might be interested in getting out of here when her shift is over and Dean can’t help but to keep the fond smile from his face.

“You know, if you asked me that about a year ago, I would have said yes so fast that it would have made your head spin, but it seems that someone else already beat you to the punch.” Dean said with that smile that Sam told him countless times before that it was going to get him in trouble.

Rachel looked down at Dean’s hand for the first time of the evening and saw the gold band that was around his ring finger and the smile that was on her face faltered for just a second.

“Well then, you tell her that she’s a very lucky lady.”

And Dean smiled even wider now. “You know, I hate to disagree with you here but I’m the lucky one that’s got him.”
When it first happened, very first happened, it was dark. It was dark in the little motel room. It was dark outside. It was a dark part of their lives. They mapped out each other’s bodies in the dark. Learned each other’s bodies in the dark. Praised each other in the dark.

But when the morning light came filtering in through those threadbare curtains, they untangled themselves from each other, each taking their own respective shower and they didn’t speak about it. Didn’t talk about it.

They didn’t even acknowledge it despite the fact that they were both burning up with questions.

When it happened again, it wasn’t as dark this time. The moon was lighting up the darkness around them but there was just enough cover from the trees, it was just dark enough that they didn’t really care. They could see each other but they didn’t really see each other.

In the darkness of the impala, they’ll lay together, bodies sliding against sweat slick bodies and then when their hearts had calmed, they would drive off somewhere, letting the sun light up the interior of the car, cleansing what had just happened hours before.

It was always in the dark. In the darkened corner of the bar. In the back of some alley where light never shined. It was in the deepest parts of the woods and in the backseat of the impala under some bridge.

Their love never saw the light.

It was another hunt, another simple salt and burn, bones now nothing more than a pile of ashes and Sam had Dean pressed up against that door of their motel room, the lights still on overhead and while Sam kissed down Dean’s body, hands everywhere. Dean reached out, his fingers running along the wall in search of the light switch.

But sam grabbed ahold of Dean’s wrist, stopping him and very slowly he kissed the pads of his fingers. Sam looked up at Dean from his knees, the light turning his hair into this golden halo.

“Keep the lights on, Dean.” Sam muttered into the palm of Dean’s hand. “It won’t change the fact that we’re brothers.”
Chapter 14

It was Dean that had found the records. These old vinyl records that were shoved in a box in the corner of the storage room. He blew the dust off the top of the box, coughing as the dust settled. With a grunt, he picked up the box and carried it into the library.

There had already been a record player set up in there and most of the time, it played the music that Dean brought in from his room. However, this time he set the box down on the ground and picked up a record at random.

It’s old, probably could go for a lot if he were to sell them but he instead he sets it on the record player and plays them.

Sam looks up from the book that he’s currently trying to translate (you never know when you need this stuff) seeing the form of his brother reading the back of the old record cover when the old jazz starts to float through the bunker.

It’s a nice change from the usual rock that Sam usually hears whenever Dean is in charge of the music (and even Dean has to admit that it’s refreshing to hear something different for a change).

It’s slow and the vocals are smooth and Dean walks over to where his brother is bent over the book.

He reaches out and grabs it (making sure to mark the page, not dog-ear it because Sam hates that just so Sam won’t give him shit later about losing the page he was on) and pulled Sam up from his seat.

Wordlessly, Dean starts moving slowly in rhythm with the music and Sam picks up the hint, and starts moving with Dean, translating forgotten.

Dean’s not usually like this. He doesn’t listen to old records and he doesn’t dance. He doesn’t do these kind of things but ever since they moved into the bunker, he’s settled down a little.

He’s let himself enjoy the small things.

So old jazz plays throughout the bunker and Sam rests his head on Dean’s shoulder and they both imagine a place where there isn’t any monsters in the world and it’s just one another.
Chapter 15

Sam was four and had this habit of running when he got scared. Frankly Dean didn’t blame him because when it all started, he was just a little kid and he had overheard Dean talking on the phone with dad and dad had told Dean to lock the door, salt the windows and make sure that Sam was safe.

It was told in that same tone that always had Sam’s hair up on end when he heard it and when Dean turned to look at him, he bolted out the door, tears blinding his vision because he was four and scared and wanted his dad. He wanted his family. He wanted everyone where he could see them.

Dean found him after he found a way to end the conversation with his dad. He couldn’t just hang up because he didn’t want his dad to grow suspicious. He didn’t want dad to think that he wasn’t competent enough to take care of Sam. He didn’t want dad to show up and take Sam somewhere else, leave him in someone else’s care. Someone who didn’t know Sam like Dean did.

But he found Sam at the edge of the motel, sitting on the curb, arms curled around his legs, face hidden in his bony knees as his small body shook with tears.

Dean wrapped an arm around Sam as he sat down next to him and Sam curled into Dean, grabbing the front of his hoodie and held Dean as close to his body as he could.

Dean wanted to scold Sam for running like that. He needed to scold the kid for doing that… but he was just a kid. Four years old and he was scared and what else was Sam supposed to do.

So instead, Dean picked up his little brother and carried him back to their room and crawled into bed with him, letting Sam bury his head into Dean’s chest. They stayed like that until they heard the roar of the impala’s engine and Dean untangled himself from Sam and fell into the stoic, obedient son that his father needed him to be right now.

Sam was ten and dad thought that Sam was finally ready to come out on a hunt with Dean and him and Sam was ecstatic. He had been begging to go out with them ever since he learned how to hit a bullseye and Dean always promised that it would be the next hunt.

And it was finally here.

The hunt wasn’t that bad of one. Dad had managed to snag what seemed to be a simple salt and burn. Find the grave and burn the bones. Quickly, the excitement of being out on a hunt started to fade as Sam’s shirt became soaked with sweat as he worked to dig up the grave. His hands were starting to blister but Sam wasn’t going to complain. If he complained, dad was going to call him a child and if dad called him a child then he wasn’t going to let him out on another hunt.

So he kept his cries to himself and continued to dig with Dean and dad, waiting to hit the coffin.

Dad had warned him that they knew that they were close to the coffin when the spirit would show up, angry and willing to do anything to keep from being exposed and so Sam expected that.

What he didn’t expect was one second for dad to be right beside him and then the next, six feet to the right, groaning because his head hit one of the gravestones before he fell silent.

Dean called out his fathers name but he didn’t responded and Dean cursed under his breath. Dad was out cold.
Dean went back to digging, this time faster but Sam held onto his shovel, eyes wide as he looked at the spirit as it came after the two of them. And Sam did what he did best.

He dropped the shovel and ran, icy panic racing through his veins. He didn’t want to leave his brother back there at the grave. He knew that he needed to stay there, dig up that coffin and toss in those matches to set the damn thing ablaze but it was a spirit and it’s eyes were staring into his and all of the sudden Sam felt very, very small and he needed to get out of there.

Dean found him hiding behind a gravestone, curled in on himself. Once again Dean knew that he needed to scold his little brother for running out like that because it was dangerous. He couldn’t just leave Dean to fend for himself like that if he was going to be a hunter.

But Sam looked up at his big brother, eyes already red from crying and he only started to cry harder when he saw the gash that was bleeding above Dean’s eye. If only Sam had been a big boy, if only he wasn’t such a small child, Dean wouldn’t have gotten hurt.

Maybe he wasn’t ready and when dad found out that he wasn’t ready, dad was never going to let him come on hunts with them. Ever.

Except Dean didn’t tell dad that Sam ran. In fact, Dean didn’t say anything other than that he was going to have to watch out because Dean and his little brother were going to take over the family business if he wasn’t careful.

And dad clapped Sam on the back, told him good job and was none the wiser that he was the reason why Dean now had that scar over his eye.

Sam was fifteen and now he didn’t run when he heard his dad’s voice over the phone telling him to lock the doors at night and to salt the windows.

Sam was fifteen and now his hands are hardened with callouses from digging up graves and he didn’t run when the spirit came out.

However that didn’t mean that Sam had stopped running. Sam was fifteen and had just started high school, still small for his age, and he was surrounded by his peers who all they could talk about was who they loved.

You see, Sam had started running a long time ago from the things that scared him but ever since he started to get this throb of want in the lowest part of his gut anytime Dean looked at him, ever since his skin burned whenever Dean touched him, he started running from the thing that he loved.

Dad trusted Dean enough now from him to take Sam out on smaller hunts. It wasn’t a big case and they took care of it easily and now they were sprawled out on the hood of the car, drinking beer that Dean had bought with fake id’s that dad may or may not know about, looking up at the stars above.

But Sam wasn’t looking up at the sky. Instead he was looking at the profile of his perfect brother’s face, wondering why the hell he had to be his brother when he wanted to be so much more and when Dean turned to look at him, Sam’s stomach twisted into knots because Dean’s face was right there. Right fucking there, his face shining with moonlight and all Sam could think about was how it would feel to kiss his brother.

Sam jerked away, nearly falling off the car in the process but Dean grabbed his wrist, keeping him upright.

“You alright, Sammy?” Dean asked when he saw the scared look on Sam’s face and that felt like a
punch to Sam’s gut.

Sammy. It was just a reminder of what they were, what Sam was to Dean. What he would always
be to Dean. He was the little brother. The little brother who skinned his knees and was always a
little too skinny and was nicknamed Sammy. He was the little brother who was in love with Dean.
Sam shook his head, not able to convince himself to lie because he wasn’t alright. He never was.

“What’s wrong?”

Sam shook his head again and Dean shifted on the hood of the car, getting a better look at Sam.
And it was all the wrong things to do because Sam could see him so clearly now. The smile that
had settled on Deans face had all but disappeared.

“You can tell me, Sam. You can tell me anything. I promise I won’t be mad.” Dean coaxed.

And then Sam runs because he’s in love with his brother.

He runs because he’s in love with Dean he can’t say that and he’s scared and his beautiful big
brother doesn’t need to know that.

Sam’s seventeen and one of his teachers pulled him over to the side one day at school handing him
a heavy packet of paper, telling him that if he wants, he’s got the brain for college and she thinks
that he should consider applying.

Sam’s seventeen and he’s handed an out to run from his brother and the thoughts that’s plagued his
mind for years and he takes it.
They’ll call him to the office under the guise that they’re ‘concerned’. They’re worried for Sam’s safety. They’ll ask him with hushed voices and soft words if everything was alright at home. They’ll ask him about the bruises on his neck that form the shape of a hand. They’ll ask him about the bruises that line his wrist and Sam’ll sit there, kicking his feet back and forth saying absolutely nothing.

There’s a smirk hiding behind those cracked lips and Sam keeps up that innocent boy image.

They’ll tell him that it’s okay. That he has nothing to worry about. If there is something going on at home, they can help him but Sam knows that they can’t.

No one can help a boy like him. A boy poisoned in the mind who asks his big brother to hurt him as he crawls up his body, those pink, sinful lips begging for things that little boys shouldn’t be begging for.

No one can help a boy like him who craves the feeling of his brothers fist and his brothers fingers marking him up, destroying his body only to make it his own perfect little canvas.
Chapter 17

The hand on his shoulder is heavy, weighing him down and Dean is still muttering worthless little lies as if it would just make this whole thing go away. That Sam would turn around and be a good little bitch and sit back down on the bed, awaiting Dean’s next command.

But it wasn’t Sam who took demands. No. It was Dean who sold his body to whoever was willing to pay a couple of twenties. Dean was the bitch to every guy who’s every used him.

Sam punches Dean. Hard. His fist doesn’t even register the fact that he hit bone only that his knuckles were now speckled with red and Dean stumbled backwards a couple of steps, hand going up to his nose, blood dripping through his fingers. He was shocked, face twisted in some sort of disbelief like he still couldn’t quite believe that Sam actually hit him. But the only evidence that he needed was the blood dripping down his face and the amount that was covering Sam’s fist.

Dean cleared his throat, standing up right now, arms down by his side, blood spilling freely now. “If you want to hit me, hit me. Beat me up. Hurt me. I won’t fight back. And if you want to leave, then the doors right there. But I’m doing this so you won’t have to after I’m gone. I’m trying toast you up with the life that you never had.”

Something in Sam’s heart twist as he stares at his brother, a dull aches now pulsing through his still clenched fist.

Dean just sounded tired. Honest to god tired. Broken and battered, a fighter who sees the end of the battle and just doesn’t have it in them anymore to keep their hands up.

Everything in Dean’s voice is pleading without begging. He’s pleading with Sam to let him do this one thing for him. This one final thing for his baby brother. This is the only thing that he can do for him.

He can give Sam his car so he’ll have a roof over his head and he’ll sell his body so Sam will have money to put food in his stomach.

Sam reached out towards his brother and ignores the way that Dean flinched ever so slightly, still expecting another hit that he’s probably convinced himself that he deserves. But Sam doesn’t hit Dean again. Instead he puts his hands on either side of Dean’s shoulders, yanking Dean towards him, bringing their bodies impossibly close.

“I’m not leaving you, Dean. Not when you need me the most.” And Dean does this think where it’s like he’s rolling his eyes, mouth twitching like he wants to object to what Sam was saying but a look from Sam keeps him from saying anything at all. “You’re all that I’ve got, Dean, and you’re selling it like some low grade hooker.”

Dean scoffed. “Come on, man, we both know that I’m not some low grade hooker. You gotta pay top dollar if you want a piece of this ass.” His mouth quirks into something that could resemble a smile but Sam could see right through that cocky facade.

Dean was selling himself to greasy hair truck drivers because he knew that they wouldn’t ask questions. Five minutes in a bathroom and a couple twenties later, they would part their separate ways, ready to be back out on the road.

“You’re all I’ve got, man.” Sam repeats. “And you belong to me. You’re not going to give you body away anymore, okay? It belongs to me now. Understand?”
Dean opens his mouth this time, eyes wide with defiance as he tried to back out of Sam’s hold but Sam only digs his finger deeper into Dean’s shoulders, leaving crescent shaped bruises behind. The first mark of many to come.

“You’ve always belonged to me, Dean and I’ve always belonged to you and no one for any amount of money is going to take that away from us.”
He drummed his thumbs along the steering wheel looking up at the neon sign that was casting a red glow along the black lines of the Impala, bathing both him and Sam. He was racking his brain for almost every single excuse that he could possibly come up with that didn’t make him sound like such a jackass for why he couldn’t go in there. Why he just couldn’t.

Dean Winchester wasn’t gay, okay? He didn’t do gay bars and just because he sucked his brother’s cock or let him fuck him didn’t mean anything either. It was different if it were with your brother, alright! It just was.

Sam could sense the apprehension that was practically rolling off Dean in waves and he resisted the urge to cross the small space in the front seat and place a reassuring hand on his thigh because that was a sure fire way to get him punched in the throat. The last thing that he needed right now was affirmation that he was indeed sitting in front of a gay bar with his very male of a brother.

Dean tended to get skittish in these kind of situations. Like admitting that he liked being taken care of by a guy would suddenly make him any less of a man so Sam kept his hands to himself, stayed on his side of the car and waited.

It wasn’t like he wanted to necessarily go in there either but they needed money and the last bar that they went to was a bust. The guys they played against were either a little too sober for their liking or had just a too few dollars in their wallet and this place, well, even Dean would admit that it was a little nicer joint than what they were used too.

There weren’t an flickering lights anywhere. The parking lot was actually clean. The building itself seemed as if it weren’t going to fall over when someone just leaned up against it. So yeah, it was a little classier than the normal haunts that they would go to.

Of course the first thing that Dean muttered was that they were going to charge more for drinks. Take more of the money that they didn’t have. He suggested before even turning off the car just to blow this town, park under a bridge somewhere for the night, and find some other bar to try to hustle.

Some other, very straight bar, not this place.

Dean turned to look at Sam for a moment, opening his mouth to say one of the million things that he was thinking before Sam shot him a very pointed look, freezing whatever he was going to even try to suggest.

“It’s just a bar, Dean.” Sam reminded. “It’s not like you’re going to have to cozy up to anyone.” And then Sam slid across the seat, throwing caution to the wind, placing his hand on Dean’s thigh, his mouth a breaths away from Dean’s ear. “Besides I’ll come to your rescue if anyone gets a little too handsy.”

Dean growled, deep and low, and shoved Sam off of him, turning off the car and stuffing his keys deep in his pocket. “Fuck you, Sam. If anyone is going to have to be coming to anyone’s rescue it’s going to be me because someone mistaken you as some fucking girl.”

He didn’t give Sam a chance to respond because he was already out of the car, walking towards the double doors making a point not to look at the two guys who were pressed up against a car, practically sucking each other’s tongues out of their mouths.
Sam chuckled to himself as he climbed out of the car and half ran, half walked to catch up with Dean. It was so easy to play Dean like a fiddle. You question his masculinity and he would do just about anything to prove you otherwise.

Like walk into a gay bar with his brother just to make a few hundred dollars worth cash for the night.

Dean didn’t hold to door open for Sam and he honestly wouldn’t have been surprised if Dean half wished that the door would have slammed shut in his face. Would have served him right for even thinking that he would have to come to Dean’s rescue. Like Dean couldn’t defend himself.

But Sam caught the door and Dean was standing just inside, waiting for him, surveying the area, looking for the nearest exit if anyone tried to make a grab for him.

He flinched just ever so slightly when Sam wrapped his arm around Dean’s shoulder and pulled him flesh into his side.

“Why don’t you go grab us a couple of beers, honey. I’ll go find a table.” And Sam even had the audacity to slap Dean on the ass before he let go of Dean and went off to find them a table, like he said.

Dean would never admit it but he could feel the tip of his ears starting to burn as he turned and walked to the bar where only a few people were seated. Everyone in here seemed to be here with someone. Of course that didn’t bother Dean too much. It wasn’t like he was here to get laid or anything. It meant that there were less people trying to get him to go home with them.

It didn’t stop the extremely well polished guy that was right next to him from trying to flirt with him.

“Listen man, it’s flattering and all but I’m already here with someone,” Dean said to the guy, holding up the two bottles as emphasis to the guy as he failed to realize that Dean didn’t want anything to do with him. All he wanted was alcohol.

Yeah, alcohol and to get the fuck out of here.

Except the guy didn’t seem to pick up the hint that Dean sure as hell wasn’t interested. Either that or he was so completely drunk that he didn’t notice or maybe he just didn’t care. But Dean didn’t smell any alcohol on his breath and so he went with the safe bet that the guy just didn’t care.

“Aww, baby…” The guy cooed and actually had the audacity to reach out and try to touch Dean. Dean backed up a seat but was stopped by one of the bar stools hitting his legs. “Don’t be like that. You and me… we could have a good time. You’re boyfriend doesn’t have to know.” And then the guy smiled and leaned in close to Dean, whispering in his ear. “Of course, he could always join in if he would like.”

Civilians. There were civilians everywhere and all Dean wanted to do was put a bullet through this guy’s heart. Of course, the next best thing would be to just slam his head against the bar but Sam told him to be on his best behavior and getting into a fight with someone mere seconds after arriving wasn’t being on his best behavior.

Dean scoffed. When the fuck did he actually start listening to Sam? Best behavior? He was the oldest, he could do whatever he wanted.

“Dude, I’m not interested. Now, leave me alone.” Dean growled and this time he tried to turn and walk away but the guy grabbed Dean’s elbow, pulling him back.
At right about the same time that Dean was going to crash one of the beer bottles down on top of the guy’s head, the guy was ripped away from Dean and suddenly there was a rather large frame standing in front of him, trapping him between flesh and the bar.

“I think he said that he wasn’t interested.” Sam growled, the sound coming from deep within his chest and the guy looked up at Sam.

“Hey, listen man, I was just asking if…”

“It doesn’t matter what you were ‘just asking’ for. He said that he wasn’t interested. Now get away from me before I decide to show you what ‘not interested’ really means.”

“Yeah… yeah, okay.” The guy mumbled, backing up with his hands in the air as a silent surrender. “Whatever.” And with that, he disappeared into the crowd.

“You didn’t have to do that.” Dean muttered as Sam turned around to face his brother. “I had it under control. I could have handled it.”

“Yeah, it looked like it. I guess that your ass is too pretty to let out of my sight.”

“Whatever.” Dean scoffed, pushing past Sam, making his way towards the exit and Sam didn’t try to put up a fight this time.

He followed his brother out of the bar and back into the cooling night.
He groaned at the sound of metal hitting metal pulled him from his restless and uncomfortable slumber. His head was pounding and he resisted the urge to just close his eyes and fall back asleep. He needed sleep.

“Winchester, get up. You’ve got a ride home.” A gruff voice invaded his head and now he was most certainly wasn’t going to go back to sleep.

He hadn’t needed a ride home since he was back in high school. Why would he need one now? However he rolled over on the hard cot that he was sleeping on (cot? Why was he sleeping on a cot? Where was his very soft, very comfortable memory foam mattress?) And when he finally let light invade his senses, he saw Sam standing across from him, separated by a pair of metal bars.

He was in jail. Why was he in jail?

He racked his brain from some sort of explanation but came up short. For the past few hours there was a void. Alcohol. That’s what it was and tons of it.

“What’d I do this time?” Dean groaned as he climbed to his feet, making his way to the door that the guard was currently opening.

“Well apparently, you drank yourself into stupidity last night.” Sam started and Dean did nothing but glare at his brother. This was not the time for joking. “After you ran out after our fight, I guess you went to a bar. The police say that you somehow managed to convince some blind guy that you find at the bus stop to drive you home since you were too hammered to do it yourself.”

Dean stared at Sam. Just stared at him, not believing a word that was coming out of his mouth. Honestly, that required thinking and at the moment, thinking was a painful process.

“What?” Dean asked.

“Well, apparently, it’s illegal for a blind dude to drive no matter how sober he is.” Sam replied.

The bright fluorescent lights were doing nothing to help the hang-over that the Dean was currently experiencing from having spent a long night on a stiff cot in lock up just waiting to sober up. He wasn’t even sure if he was completely sober, actually.

He would never willingly give up the keys of his baby to some blind guy.

Dean was still staring, standing in the middle of the cell, still trying to piece together Sam’s story and make sense of it and try to remember if that actually happened. He thought that he had a vague memory of asking some dude who was wearing sunglasses at night to drive for him but that wasn’t… surely not.

Sam sighed, grabbing Dean by the shoulder, making him move. “Let’s get you home, drunk. The legal way.”

“Yeah… yeah, okay.” Dean agreed, nearly blindly following Sam. “Why didn’t I just call you?”
Sam reached into his pocket and pulled out Dean’s phone, handing it to him. “Because you left this.”

Dean stared down at the device dumbly before shaking his head. This was a tomorrow problem. Meaning that he was going to sort this all out tomorrow, whenever that may happen.

Chapter End Notes

*internally cringes at this* this got really bad, really quickly but hey, it's number nineteen. only so many more to go.
Chapter 20

Sam is wearing this little pink skirt that is barely covering anything with his scuffed up converse wearing these light pink socks that go all the way up to his thighs and he’s just standing there in the middle of the doorway, gripping his backpack, staring back at Dean. There’s blush that’s starting to fan its way across Sam’s face and it’s too much for Dean.

Way too fucking much.

“Fuck, Sammy.” Dean groans as he suddenly pops up from the chair that he was sitting in waiting for Sam to return from school. He never, never thought that this was what he was waiting for.

Sam takes one tentative step into the room and then Dean’s right there, hovering over him and Sam barely has the chance to drop his backpack to the ground before Dean is shutting the open door behind Sam and then pinning him against it.

“Fuck.” Dean groans against Sam’s lips as he runs his hands up the socks and then up his bare leg only to momentarily pause when he feels that Sam is wearing nothing underneath. “Did you go to school like this?” Dean whispers into Sam’s ear.

Sam nods his head underneath Dean. “Yeah.” He replied. “Got sent to the principals office. They said that I couldn’t wear this.”

“Yeah? And what did you say?”

“I told them that they could shove it where the sun don’t shine.” Sam whispered, like that was the worst thing about this whole story. Like that was going to get him in trouble. Not the skirt.

Not the fact that he was about to get completely ravished in that skirt just moments from now.

“You’re wearing it tomorrow.” Dean said, matter of factly. “And the day after that.” He picked Sam up, lifting him by his bare little ass, still pressing him against the wall, sucking at the spot on his collarbone that was exposed because he was wearing one of Dean’s old t-shirts.

“I’ve got more skirts.” Sam moaned.

And it was all the right things to say to all the wrong people.
He hated them. It was as simple as that. He hated them. He hated the fact that he had to wear them to read something that was right in front of his nose. He hated the fact that it was finally proving that he was not as young as he once was and that he was getting older.

Which should be a damn miracle by the way, the getting old part, he just wished that it didn’t have to come with the glasses.

He didn’t need glasses. That’s what he kept telling Sam. He could read perfectly fine it’s just that… sometimes… words might… get a little blurry and that he might need a little… extra… help. But he didn’t need them.

And Sam hadn’t stopped staring at him ever since he had gotten them which only made matters worse. He knew that he looked ridiculous with them on. Hunters weren’t supposed to wear glasses and yet here he was, bent over some book, trying to ignore the fact that his little brother was practically boring holes into his head, staring at the godforsaken thing that was on his face.

Finally he couldn’t take it anymore. Sam was staring at them and he hated them and… he just felt like screaming.

“Would you stop that?” Dean snapped, looking up at Sam.

“St…stop what?” Sam stuttered, glancing down at the book that’s been on the same page for minutes now.

“Staring. I know they look funny but you don’t have to keep staring.” Dean mumbled barely loud enough for Sam to hear but Sam heard. How could he not? The kid always heard what Dean said.

“Funny?” Sam repeated, the word sounding unfamiliar in his mouth, especially when it came to Dean. “Dean, they don’t… they don’t look funny. They look…” But he trailed off and that’s when Dean noticed that Sam was starting to blush.

It took all of two seconds for Dean to piece everything together and he felt like laughing out when it all came together. The staring, the half finished sentences, the blush.

_That kinky little bastard._

“You think me wearing glasses is hot, don’t you?” Dean pressed and Sam dropped his head, looking down at his lap, the blush only starting to turn a darker shade of red.

“Yeah.” Sam mumbled and god, he was adorable.

Suddenly, Dean didn’t dislike the glasses as much anymore. He pushed away from the table, walking to stand behind Sam’s chair, leaning over him, his breath fanning out against the shell of his ear.

“Do you want me to fuck you while wearing them?” Dean asked, voice barely over a whisper. Sam made a sound from the back of his throat. “Do you want to fuck _me_ while I wear them?” And this time he moaned, low and deep and it sent all kinds a messages to certain parts of Dean’s body. “I wouldn’t mind it.”

And then Sam was up out of his seat, somehow moving to pin Dean against the table, pressing him
back against it.

“Kinky.” Dean says with a cheeky smile and Sam shuts him up by kissing him long and hard before bending him over the table.
And the demon did something that he didn’t even do when he was a human. Dean Winchester prayed.

He didn’t pray to anyone in particular. He wasn’t praying to the angel but he was praying, demanding anyone to come down to him and answer him. Answer the one question that he had. He honestly didn’t expect anyone to show. He had even less faith in the angels now knowing that they actually existed and were up in heaven ignoring his every plea for help but there was a part of him, that small part of him that still yearned for his brother, that hoped that they would hear the humanity that was still inside of him and that they would finally answer him for the first time in his life.

What he expected even less was for that angel to answer him.

Cas did not look good. Living off of stolen grace had left him looking old and weak, permanent circles were under his eyes almost as if he couldn’t get enough sleep to repair his weary bones. “I cannot give you what you want, Dean.” Cas finally spoke after several long moments passed without anything being said. “I cannot bring him back.”

“I don’t want him back.” Dean snapped, the words falling from his tongue before he really knew what he was saying.

Cas just looked at him, a small frown pulling at the corner of his lips and Dean closed his eyes, taking a deep breath before opening them again to look at the angel who was living on borrowed time.

“I don’t want him back, Cas, I just…” He took another deep breath, pushing back the darkness that was swelling inside of him to go ahead and finish the angel that was standing in front of him and forget about his brother but he needed to let his humanity have this little peace of mind. That his brother was up there where he was supposed to be living that life with Jess that he always deserved. “I just wanna know how he’s doing… you know, up there.”

Cas frowned this time. Actually frowned and he looked like he wanted to run. Run and hide but he stayed where he was, mouth working as if he was trying to find the way to pronounce the words that were swimming around in his head. “He’s not…Sam’s not in heaven.”

Dean was on top of him faster than he thought was imaginable, the first blade pressing against the delicate skin of his throat.

Cas was stupid to think, to believe that this was just a bluff. Sure that knife couldn’t actually kill him but he knew that Dean Winchester didn’t play bluffs. At least not anymore. This blade was the first blade ever created, a blade that could kill anything in existence. Including angels. Especially
including his weakened vessel.

But he was even more stupid to think that Dean wouldn’t actually kill him. Delusional even. Whatever ‘profound bond’ or whatever that they had once shared was gone now.

Castiel was a minuscule blimp on Dean’s radar now. Dean could care less about him and no ‘profound bond’ was going to save him. It was clear that no bond, brotherly or not was going to save anyone.

“What do you mean that he’s not in heaven?” Dean growled, anything human, anything soft that Cas had just seen that had given him the tiniest bit of hope was now gone. “If anyone deserves a spot up in the penthouse, it’s him.”

Cas swallowed thickly, feeling the blade cutting into his throat. “His soul, it was marked for heaven, however his body was brought to hell. And his soul followed.”

Rage filled Dean. Nothing but pure, unrestrained rage filled every ounce of his being. He grit his jaw, staring down at the angel, readjusting his grip on the blade. “You were supposed to protect him. Protect him against me and you failed at that. And then the one thing that you could do, you didn’t.”

Castiel opened his mouth to protest, to defend himself but Dean had shut the angel up for good. Blood poured over his hand, onto the ground below them and the second that Dean pulled the blade free, the angel slumped in on himself. There was a light, a dull blue light erupted from the vessel, barely searing the ground below him and then the angel was no more.

Dean looked down at the angel, expecting to feel something, to feel some kind of remorse or pain for killing the one friend that he had managed to keep around for quite sometime but there was nothing. He didn’t even feel numb. The rage was still there. Yes, rage at the realization that even in death that Sam didn’t get the ending that he deserved but there was nothing for the angel.

And he couldn’t even manage to go out with a bang. He barely went out with a whimper.

He sighed looking down at the blade in his hand. He had just cleaned the blade and now he was going to have to clean it yet again. Killing the angel was more of a chore than something that he had to do.
Dean’s leaning up against the Impala, arms crossed against his chest as he waits for the car to be filled up and watches Sam through the dirty gas station window.

He sent him in there to get snacks for the road and now, watching him in those cut off shorts and one of Dean’s old t-shirts that seem to fall off his shoulders no matter how many times he pulls it back up makes Dean regret that decision. He should have made Sam stay seating in that front seat, sucking obscenely on that lollipop that he had stolen from the last gas station.

But now, he was watching Sam bend over, pick something up off the bottom shelf, giving not only his brother the perfect view of his legs that went on for days and everything that was underneath those shorts, but also the cashier.

Dean could feel the blood start to boil in his veins as Sam straightened back out, innocent written all over his face as he walked to the check out counter. The porno mag that the cashier was reading was quickly forgotten about.

Why look through pictures when you had the real deal in front of you, dangling himself in front of you, taunting, teasing, begging.

Sam placed the armful of items that he had gathered onto the counter, leaning against it, still sucking on the lollipop, now engulfed in conversation with the man.

The moment that Sam decided to touch the guy, was the moment that Dean pushed off the car and marched inside the small building. A bell sounded when he pushed open the glass door, signaling his entrance. The guy tried to pull away, distance himself from the jail bait that was standing in front of him but Sam was like a damn siren and he couldn’t bring himself to it.

Not even when Dean came up behind Sam, pressing his body flush up against Sam’s small body, pulling the small boy up to him.

“Hi Dean.” Sam purred, still looking at the cashier and this time the cashier pulled himself away from the counter, away from Sam, eyes wide, watching Dean.

“What do you think you’re doing, Sam?” Dean growled into Sam’s ear and despite the fact that Dean couldn’t see Sam’s face, he knew that Sam was smiling.

“Buying you food.”

“Yeah?” Dean questioned, still looking at the cashier. “Looked a lot like flirting to me. Were you flirting with him, Sam?” Dean then dropped his voice an octave lower. “Were you wanting him to fuck you? Is that what you were begging for? Waving your little ass around like that?”

“No, Dean.” Sam whined, pushing back against Dean, felling the hard on that was pressing through the denim of Dean’s jeans.

“I think you did. I think you’ve forgotten who you belong too.” And with that Dean grabbed Sam by the hips, his fingers digging in hard enough to leave bruises and pulled him towards the small uni-sex bathroom in the back of the store.

“Umm... excuse me, sir... uhh... there’s only supposed to be one person in the bathroom at a time.” The cashier said as he scrambled around from behind the counter but Dean ignored him, shooting
him a small smirk before shoving Sam into the restroom, hard.
Chapter 24

The denim jacket that Sam had wrapped around his bony shoulders did very little to keep the chill of the air from causing goosebumps to break out across his skin. He stood underneath the protective shadows of the building as he watched Dean sway in between the different trucks trying to find themselves another one.

He leaned up against the worn brick, just waiting. Dean always did manage to find one but sometimes it was well into the night. There were days when people just didn’t want to pay.

He reached into the deep pockets of his jacket, pulling out a lighter and a cigarette with the hopes that he could chase away some of the chill until Dean would show up and provide the warmth that he so desperately needed.

Headlights from the cars on the interstate were starting to become few and far between. The bright yellow lights starting out as small pinpricks in the distance only to grow bigger and brighter until they all but disappeared, chased by the red glow of the brake lights. He watched as the lights grew and faded, taking a long drag from his cigarette and wondered how much longer it would be.

“Those are gonna rot your teeth out,” Dean’s voice broke the almost eerie silence that Sam had grown used too. Sam drew his gaze away from the snail that was leaving a slimy trail on the graying asphalt up to his brother who had his hands shoved deep into the pockets of his leather jacket. Behind him followed their meal ticket for the night.

An old trucker who was a few pounds over weight, shifting uneasily on his feet as he looked around the nearly empty parking lot.

Yeah, well, I got cold.” Sam replied as Dean took the cigarette from Sam’s lips and took a drag from it himself before he dropped it on the ground, stamping it out underneath the heel of his worn boots.

Dean looped an arm around Sam’s waist as he pulled his little brother towards the bathroom of the worn down gas station. He paused for only a second when he realized that the trucker wasn’t following them.

“You coming or not?” Dean barked out and the man’s chin bobbed as if he was going to say something before he moved from the spot that he seemed to be frozen too.

Sam ducked into the bathroom first, Dean following behind, the door nearly closing in the truckers face as if Dean has forgotten that he was even there. However, knowing his brother, he probably had. He was all the more willing to do this for free, always wanting to show just how much he loved his little brother.

The trucker wordlessly handed over the money that he and Dean had agreed to, pocketing the money before turning back to Sam, the trucker on a minor stain on the dirty bathroom wall.

Sam watched the guy in amusement for a moment, watching how he didn’t seem to know what to do with himself. He hovered against the locked door, hands in his pockets as he tried to decide which boy to look at. Must have been his first time.

The one with green eyes and freckles that had approached him or the pretty little boy that barely looked legal enough and smelled like sin.
Dean closed whatever little distance that was between them and captured Sam’s face in between his hands and tilted his head down to kiss him which Sam eagerly returned.

“What’d he pay for?” Sam asked against Dean’s lips.

Dean smirked back in reply, pulling on Sam’s bottom lip before answering. “He wanted to watch. Paid for a blow job and for me to fuck your pretty ass.”

Sam shivered, the goosebumps that seemed to have disappeared suddenly making their appearance again. Sam tried to turn his head to look at the man that was being so generous but Dean held Sam’s chin between his thumb and forefinger.

“He’s not here, baby boy. Just you and me, alright?”

He nodded, dropping to his knees, licking his lips. He looked up at Dean with innocence in his eyes that shouldn’t look so good on him but Sam was the definition of innocence with his lanky limbs that didn’t quite fit his body and shaggy brown hair that he was forever pushing out of his eyes and cherry red lips because he was always sucking on a cherry lollipop, needing something in between his lips all the time.

Sam took his time, leaning forward, grabbing a hold of Dean’s hips, pulling his shirt up so that he could run his tongue along the strip of tan skin over the top of his jeans. His fingers fumbled with the button on Dean’s jeans and the trucker gave out a sigh of annoyance at the fact that this boy was moving so goddamn slow but Dean shot him a look, telling him to shut the hell up.

Sam got Dean’s jeans down just low enough that he could grab a hold of Dean cock (he had stopped wearing underwear a while ago) and pressed a kiss to the head of it before rocking back on his heels.

Dean swallowed thickly as he watching his little brother lick from the palm of his hand to the tip of his fingers, coating his hand in a layer of saliva, still never breaking eye contact with Dean. Dean jerked forward, unable to stop himself when Sam wrapped his long fingers around him.

Dean grabbed a hold of the sink behind him, a low moan falling from him lips as Sam took his time running his hand up and down his cock, slowly working over.

When Sam finally leaned forward the couple of inches and closed his kiss swollen lips around his cockhead, spreading the bead of pre-cum over his tongue, tasting his brother.

Dean watched every movement of Sam, the way that his head bobbed up and down his length, the way that he looked with his lips stretched around him, bruised knees kneeling down on the hard tile floor. He could almost ignore the way that he could hear the trucker leaning up against the wall, a hand down his pants now, jerking off in time with Sam.

Slowly, Sam started to speed up, taking Dean deeper into the wet heat of his mouth and if Sam wasn’t careful then Dean was going to come down the back of his throat and then they weren’t going to be able to fulfill the second half of the order.

Dean closed his fist into Sam’s hair, pulling him off his cock and back up to his feet. Sam whined in protest but sighed happily when Dean bent to kiss him before turning him around, pushing him over the edge of the sink.

There wasn’t much preamble before Dean had Sam’s jeans pooling around his ankles, cock buried deep inside of Sam, having already been worked open earlier that day when they had pulled off the highway.
The guy sounded like he had been punched.

“Fuck, Sam.” Dean groaned, looking at their reflection in the mirror. Sam had his hair in his face, fingers digging deep into the sink as he tried to keep himself grounded as Dean fucked himself in and out of Sam. “No matter how many times we do this, you always feel so good, taking my cock like a pro.”

Sam mewled against Dean, beyond words.

Sam was the one who came first, screaming out Dean’s name as Dean continued to pound into him.

It felt good. Sam felt good. He always did and it didn’t take too long for Dean to come inside of Sam. He bit into Sam’s shoulder, riding out the high. Sam was panting when Dean pulled out of him and there was a moment, one small moment that Dean turned Sam around and pressed a private kiss to his lips, not demanding, not wanting, just full of love and devotion and the trucker was too wrapped up in himself to notice this intimate moment between the two boys.

The guy was leaning against the wall, breathing heavily, his hand still down his pants only he wasn’t moving. His face was flushed, looking as if he was the one that had just gotten fucked.

“Kinda sick, you know...” Dean started as he walked past the trucker with Sam in front of him. “Wanting to watch his big brother fuck him in some gas station bathroom.”

They stuck around long enough for realization to cross the man’s face before they ran out the door in a fit of laughs and piled into the Impala, only to be another stain on the bathroom floor and in that trucker’s mind.
The red door separating him, his brother, the sin that is erupting between them and the school isn’t even locked. Dean didn’t lock it. He rarely ever does and the thought of someone walking in on them, seeing them like this, two guys, two brothers... yeah, it did something to Sam. Made him push up against Dean harder, beg a little more, moan a little louder.

Dean clamped his hand over Sam’s mouth, keeping the sound within him, deep, deep within him. “Hush, Sammy.” Dean growled. “Don’t wanna get caught, do you?”

The bathroom is empty and so are the hallways. Dean was always careful, always choosing to do this during class so that it lessens the chance of someone walking in but there was always a chance. Dean removed his hand from his mouth, moving to rest against his throat.

Sam whined, pushing back against Dean. “Dean...” He whined, wishing that Dean would move or touch him or do something because Dean was still, hadn’t moved at all since he buried himself deep within him. “Please, Dean... please.”

“No until you’re quiet. You know the drill, Sammy. Good boys are quiet boys and good boys get rewarded.” Dean rolled his hips against Sam’s once, the smallest movement and Sam gasped, loud, echoing around the room.

“I... I can’t... Dean... please.” Broken sentences and gasps.

“You’re going to have to.” Dean whispered, biting Sam’s earlobe as he moved a little more now, hitting that sweet little spot deep within his brother that made him crazy. “You keep quiet and I’ll let you come. If not, well, just don’t disappoint me, Sammy.”

Dean nearly pulled all the way out of Sam and then pushed back into him hard and quickly. Sam threw his head back, hitting Dean’s shoulder as he moaned and Dean once again covered Sam’s mouth. Sam’s small body was shaking as Dean held him up.

“Fuck, Sammy.” Dean groaned, looking down their bodies, his hand running down Sam’s flat stomach feeling his cock bulging against Sam’s belly. “So fucking beautiful. Stuffed full of me.” And then he laughed. A deep, hearty sound that made Sam clench around Dean. “And then I’m just going to send you back to class and none of your classmates are ever going to know.”

“No, Dean.” Sam whined.

“I’m going to send you back out there with my come deep in your ass, my own little personal come-slut.” Another deep thrust and Sam moaned out.

“Yours, Dean. All yours.”
Chapter 26

The first thing that he did when he got back to the motel room was sprawl out diagonally across the bed, his face pressing into the worn comforter, not even caring to take his socks and shoes off. He was tired, worn out, exhausted and any other adjective that you wanted to say.

He could hardly hear Sam’s amused chuckle as his brother walked into the room, dropping his duffle. “What are you doing, Dean?” He asked.

“What’s it look like? Sleeping.” Dean replied, voice gruff, eyes still closed. For someone who got a full ride to Stanford, he wasn’t all that observant.

“Well, unless you want to be sleeping on the floor, you’re going to have to take a shower before I let you crawl into bed with me.” Sam closed the motel room door behind him.

Dean propped himself up on his elbow, rotating his body to look behind him to glare at Sam. Somehow, Dean was the only one that managed to get covered in dirt and grime and monster guts on this hunt. I mean, don’t get me wrong, Sam could stand to use a shower but it wasn’t dire for him. Not like it was for Dean. After trekking miles through the woods when the killed the monster, Dean shed himself out of the outer most layers that he was wearing, what took the brunt of the smell and washed his hands with a bottle of water that was in the back of the trunk.

However, on the way back to the motel, Sam didn’t spare Dean any comments about how much he smelled. And now, he didn’t doubt for a second that Sam would push him out of bed, forcing him to sleep on the floor.

That motherfucker.

So the second thing that he did when he got back to the motel was take a shower per request of his annoying little, bratty brother.

He toed off his boots, stuffing his socks down in them before peeling out of the rest of his clothes, leaving a trail all the way to the bathroom and Sam didn’t miss Dean flipping him off as he disappeared behind the closed door.

Dean emerged sometime later, a white towel tied around his waist and he sprawled back out across the bed, burying his face in the crook of his elbow.

“You leave me any hot water?” Sam asked on his way past Dean to the bathroom.

“Hell no.” Dean mumbled back, sleep already heavy in his voice.

“Jerk.”

“Bitch.”

Sam’s laugh was cut off with a curse word when he turned on the water and his shower was shorter than what he probably wanted but Dean didn’t lie when he said that he used up all the hot water.

Dean was in that place between sleep and awake when he felt the bed dip next to him and then felt Sam settled on top of him, straddling his waist.

“What’s up, Sam?” But he sounded to be more asleep than he was awake and when Sam
grabbed a hold of Dean’s shoulders, his thumbs digging into his shoulder blades there was a groan that came from deep within Dean’s chest. “Fuck, Sammy, that feels good.”

“Yeah?” Sam questioned, laying his body along Dean’s, pressing a tender kiss to the base of Dean’s neck as he continued to work the knots out of his shoulders and back.

“Yeah... feels almost better than sex.” Dean almost sounded drugged, high on the feeling of Sam’s weight pushing him into the mattress, and the tugpull of his hands and fingers working out the tight muscles in his back and Sam pressing hot, open mouth kisses down his spine.

“That’s just cause you’re old and you can’t keep up with me anymore.”

“Shut up.” And the ending of his sentence turned into a low moan as Sam dug his fingers deeper into his flesh. “Just keep... doing that.”
Chapter 27

With the mop of hair that his little brother had, it more often than not needed to be brushed because with that much hair, it tends to get knotted. So very early on, Dean would force his little brother to sit cross legged on the bed while he sat behind him with one of those cheap combs that he managed to stuff in his pockets before the store manager caught him, brushing out those brown locks after Sam stepped out of the shower, swearing that his hair got longer and longer each second.

Now Dean would never do this when John was around, brush his little brother’s hair. He knew the scolding that he would get if John saw. How Dean was going to become weak and submissive. That Sam wasn’t a girl and he doesn’t need his hair to be brushed like one. So these moments were saved exclusively for when he was gone on hunts and they boys knew that he wasn’t going to be home.

And Sam would grumble and complain about how he didn’t need his hair to be brushed. Tell Dean to piss off whenever he would pull out the comb after Sam stepped out of the shower but the two of them would always end on sitting on the bed, Dean’s fingers running through the younger boys hair.

But Dean knew that Sam never hated it. He would never miss the way that Sam’s eyes would venture over to Dean’s bag where the comb was hidden whenever John was in the room and he wasn’t able to brush his hair. The sad look that would happen across his face.

And it would stay a secret between the two of them, never to be spoken of. Sam would never tell Dean that he valued these shared moments and Dean would never mention to Sam that he could hear him humming that old Zeppelin song about the girl he loves with the long brown hair.

But the girl that Dean loved wasn’t a girl. But he still had that long brown hair.
Chapter 28

“Dean what the hell were you thinking, going after that werewolf like that half-cocked? You could have gotten yourself killed. Hell, you almost did get yourself killed!” Sam fumed, trying not to tear Dean apart for being so fucking stupid. The images of Dean, laying on his back, that…that thing snarling above him, lips pulled back in a wicked snarl played over and over in his head like a fucking movie suck on repeat.

“You know why,” he replied.

“So help me god, if you say it was because you wanted to protect me, I will shove my foot so far up your ass that… what the hell are you doing?” Sam’s question froze his movements, his shirt was now halfway off exposing his lower stomach and his jeans that were hanging dangerously low on his hips.

“Uh…I’m changing clothes,” he said and Sam could tell, he could just tell, that he was trying to sound nonchalant but every word was laced with a teasing tone that told Sam that he knew exactly was he was doing.

“Why?”

Dean pulled the rest of his shirt off. And Sam tried not to look at his exposed body, all that tan, freckled skin that was literally begging to be touched and licked and kissed.

“You know, Sam, I’m really resisting the urge not to say something right now. I’m changing clothes because these are covered in blood.” His fingers hooked around the edge of his jeans getting ready to undo the button.

“Stop, Dean. Stop undressing,” Sam could already fell the anger starting to fade.

“Why?”

“Because I can’t stay mad at you when you start undressing,” Sam growled.

“I know.”

“That’s not fair, Dean.”

“Exactly,” he said with a smile and pulled down the rest of his jeans.
Chapter 29

The furthest that he had gotten with Dean was a kiss. One simple kiss that was the product of a little too much alcohol and hidden desires brought to light by a bonfire by the river. It was once kiss that Dean would have rather forgotten because it had not only intoxicated himself, but it had intoxicated Sam.

It was an act that was acted upon out of impulse and it had promised Sam all kinds of things that it should have never promised Sam. And it confirmed everything that he thought was true.

Dean wanted him. You don’t just kiss someone like that, stick your tongue down their throat like that, if there wasn’t something deep inside you that made you act out on it. Besides, Sam wasn’t the one that had started it. He was perfectly happy sipping on a beer, watching the flames go up in smoke, sitting side by side with his brother, thighs touching. And then Dean had kissed him and he was certain Dean would have done a lot more if it weren’t for everyone else around them, suddenly cheering and cat calling them like they were on fucking display and Dean pulled away, blushing.

Dean never blushed. Mister ‘talk about sex like it was nothing more than politics over breakfast’ was blushing.

They left shortly after that.

Of course in the morning, Dean acted like the night before never happened and tried to desperately pretend that they were still just brothers and not something more. Something that they both wanted.

Sam tried, oh he tried with everything that he had for Dean to do something again like that night they were at the bonfire. Another kiss. Anything to make Dean realize that it wasn’t just a one time thing, that Sam really fucking wanted this. That the feelings weren’t one sided.

Sam could see how much he was in Dean’s blood. Everything he did, Sam was on the forefront of his mind but Dean was good. Or at least he tried to be good. Good brothers didn’t dream about their little brothers spread wide on the bed for him, an image of innocence just waiting for corruption.

But nothing Sam did could break the stone soldier that his brother was. He had lost track the number of times that he purposely jerked off next to Dean at night, coming with Dean’s name on his lips (Dean always had to sneak off into the bathroom shortly after Sam’s breathing evened out and god, those walls weren’t ever thin enough for Sam to hear everything that he wanted to hear). And not even the time when Sam had stolen that leather jacket that dad had given to Dean for his birthday one year, wrapped his body in it completely naked and laid out on the bed, waiting for Dean to get home. A little present all wrapped up in sin for him.

Of course that time, Dean just turned around and walked out only returning in the middle of the night smelling like booze and cigarettes and cheap perfume, tacky lipstick coating his lips and neck.

Sam wasn’t jealous thought. It was only a matter of time before Dean broke and when he broke, he was going to shatter.

Dean was possessive of Sam. Even though they were most certainly not together, Dean was possessive of him. Anytime some unfortunate girl at the diner would try to flirt with Sam, leave him a lollipop because he was cute or whatever, Dean would call for the check early, didn’t matter
if he had half a burger left or not and he would drag Sam out of that diner, his fingers leaving
crescent shaped bruises in his arm.

Sam was a blushing sophomore in high school, with his hazel eyes and shaggy brown hair. Limbs
that seemed to go on for days with no end that he had no control over. He kept his head bent,
 focusing on his work, paid attention to his teachers. Never got anything below a B on any test.
 Teachers praised him. Fellow classmates despised of him.

That was until some senior boy who played football for the school asked Sam one day in his
history class if Sam would do his homework for him. The senior boy was expecting Sam to say no
and he was expecting to scare Sam into it. what he wasn’t expecting was for Sam to say yes. With
terms attached of course but Sam said yes and the senior boy agreed.

Sam met up with the boy after school one day, before football practice and sucked him off in
between the rows of the locker room. The boy was brutal, snapped his hips against Sam but
nonetheless, Sam was pleased when he left school that day, his bag full of another paper to write.

The senior boy got a B on the paper and this time when he asked Sam to do his homework, he had
a couple more buddies wanting Sam to do the same. Sam sucked them all off and when they were
done with him, he wiped their come from their face and climbed into the front seat of the Impala
and Dean was none the wiser.

It soon got out that little Samuel Winchester was not as innocent as he claimed to be.

He would do their homework all in return if they used his mouth and they used him good. There
would be times that he would be called out of class by a note that was slipped to one of the office
staff by one of the football players (or baseball players or basketball players or…) and he would
run off to whatever bathroom they were in.

It seemed that everyday there was someone else calling him their little boy, so easy to please. Their
geeky little boy that they could use just so he could jerk off at home doing their homework.

More than once they asked if they could fuck him, they wanted to bend him over anything and take
him from behind but Sam said that he ass was reserved for someone else.

Weeks of this turned into a couple of months and it was well known just was Samuel Winchester
was and Sam had long ago ignored the catcalls and wolf whistles that were sent his way.

He was sitting in calculus, racking his brain over a problem when a tentative knock interrupted the
otherwise peaceful classroom and yet again, there was a note for Sam Winchester.

Sam blushed as he raised from his seat, choosing not to take the note from his teacher (knowing
that when he left, curiosity would overcome his teacher and she would open that letter and see just
why Sam was so often called out of class for).

They found him in the bathroom on his knees, hands clasped behind his back, his mouth stuffed
full of some guy who he knew nothing about other than the fact that he was on the baseball team.

The guy rushed to push Sam off of him and pull his pants up but Sam rose, just waiting for every
other piece to fall into place.

He sat in the principal’s office, watching the woman yet again calling the number that they had on
file that Sam knew would never go through because John had lost that phone ages ago. Sam made
sure of it.
Finally she sighed, putting the phone down, addressing Sam for the first time of the day. “Is there another number that we can try? Someone else that we can contact?”

Sam ducked his head, pretending to be ashamed of what he had done, even managed to blush a little more as he spouted off Dean’s number and she huffed as she pushed the number into the receiver.

Dean was there in recorder time, wearing one of those cheap suits that he was fitted in a little while ago so that he would seem more professional when he interviewed witnesses. A suit and an easy smile suddenly made you a credible person to talk too.

He was fuming as he walked into the small office and he refused to even look at Sam. The principal wouldn’t tell him what Sam did other than the fact that he really needed to get to school as quickly as he could.

In all honesty, the school wasn’t sure what to think. They were worried that Sam was forced into this, that that boy made him get on his knees but one look Sam’s way and that coy smile on his lips told Dean everything he needed to know.

Dean reassured the lady that they weren’t going to press charges for rape. It was probably just ‘boys being boys’, fooling around or what have you and the principal seemed relieved. More than relieved and she said that she wished that she didn’t have to suspend Sam but it was in the handbook. Any sexual misconduct resulted in a week’s suspension.

Dean wouldn’t talk to Sam, wouldn’t look at him, wouldn’t even address the fact that Sam was in the car with him as they drove back to the car, anger slowly boiling to the point that it was going to boil over.

Sam was the first one in the motel room, Dean pushed him through the door and he gasped when Dean suddenly clasped his hand around his shoulder, shoving him up against the wall.

“Just what do you think you’re doing, Sam?” He hissed. “Giving yourself up like that to anyone who would use you when you’re already mine? Was it all to get back at me? Make me want you even more than I already do?”

Dean could always see through Sam, see Sam’s true intentions.

Sam tried to say something, open his mouth and say that he wasn’t Dean’s. He was his own damn person and Dean didn’t own him and he could do whatever he wanted to do with his body but Dean covered his mouth with a calloused hand, the other going to his throat, effectively cutting off his air supply.

Dean looked down at Sam, fire in his eyes, watching as his brother struggled uselessly underneath him as his lungs screamed for air.

Then all at once, Dean’s hands disappeared from Sam’s body and Sam was able to get one breath in before Dean was kissing him, hard and wanting and controlling and it was everything that Sam wanted.

Dean pushed Sam down to his knees, told him to use that little mouth like the good little school slut he was and Sam used every trick that he had learned to get Dean off.

When Dean had come down the back of his throat, pulling out of his mouth only to coat his beautiful brothers face, he got down on his knees, eye level with his little brother and licked his face clean. Felt the way that Sam shuddered underneath his tongue and soft fingertips.
Then he hauled Sam back up to his feet and tossed Sam onto the bed and took him every way that he ever wanted too.

Needless to say, they didn’t leave the motel room for the entire duration of Sam’s suspension and Dean learned every part of Sam’s body. Licked, kissed, touched, felt every part of him.

And when Sam returned to school the next week, the same senior boy came up to him, asking if he wanted to do the guys homework, Sam looked up at him, his eyes wide and innocent.

“Not anymore. My daddy’s talking care of me now.”
Chapter 30

It was rash and impulsive and so completely stupid but he couldn’t help himself. His hands were shaking, heart thudding out of his chest but not because he was seriously about to do this, no it was because there was a chance that Dean might not react at all. There was the chance that he wouldn’t push Sam away exclaiming that they were brothers and that brothers don’t do that. Much like he did when Sam first kissed him.

Dean didn’t react for several seconds, his body rigid and frozen underneath Sam’s hands as Sam kissed him and then Sam’s heart seemed to break even more because Dean was kissing him back now except it wasn’t Dean at all.

This man, this person who was supposed to be his brother, was kissing him back but it was so unfamiliar that Sam hardly recognized it.

I mean, it was Dean. The man that he was kissing and who was kissing him back, was Dean except it wasn’t. How could it be Dean when everything that ever made him was stripped from his mind and had just been completely forgotten?

It hurt, physically pained Sam to kiss Dean, this version of him because Dean was wanting more. He grabbed handfuls of Sam’s shirt, pulling him closer, the kiss becoming more desperate and Sam couldn’t do this.

He pushed Dean away, using more force than what was honestly necessary because his heart was being crushed inside his chest.

Dean frowned, looking so completely confused. Confused at how Sam could be the one that had started the kiss, had been the one to kiss him with this fevered urge and now he was pushing him away. And things were going so good.

Sam ran a hand through his hair, taking a step backwards, holding out his other hand to keep Dean a safe distance from him.

When had Sam ever tried to keep Dean an arm’s length distance away from him?

“Just… just stay here.” Sam begged, hand shaking and then he turned, his lungs collapsing behind his ribcage and left the room, leaving Dean standing in between those two beds, one made and one still messed up from the night before.
Chapter 31

There’s still that lingering space of forgetfulness. It tugs at the corners of his mind, threatening to take everything again, almost like cold fingertips touching the base of his neck, freezing him, chilling him to the spot.

And it’s more than just walking into a room and forgetting what he came in for only to walk back out and remember. There was that sinking feeling that there was nothing there left in his brain.

The first time it was happened, he was in the bunker, sitting with his feet propped up on the table just watching Sam while sipping a beer. It was Sam’s idea to take a moment away from hunting. He said that they both needed it and with Cas still on the look out for Lucifer’s child, they could afford that moment.

Once Dean finished his beer, he announced (a little too loudly if you ask Sam) that he was going to the kitchen to get another one. Sam pretends to wave Dean off dismissively, shooting him an annoyed look at just how loud his brother was being (I mean, they were feet away, normal talking would suffice) but he was already counting down the minutes for how long a trip to the kitchen would take.

It was somewhere around minutes twenty that Sam looked up and saw that Dean had yet to return from the kitchen and he stood up in search for him.

He found Dean down some corridor, hands holding two beers, his brow furrowed in confusion. He stood in the middle of the hallway, looking helplessly around like he didn’t recognize where he was.

For a split moment Sam thought that made the curse had come back somehow or maybe Rowena only put a temporary hold on it but then Dean meet Sam’s eyes and recognition flowed back through his body and he was back, knowing exactly where he was.

“Got your beer, Sammy.” Dean said, handing Sam his beer before retreating back to the library as if he hadn’t been gone for twenty minutes, helplessly wandering the bunker, trying to figure out where he was.

These moments don’t happen a lot, per se, but they happen more frequently than what Sam is comfortable with. There will be moments where he’s sitting there with his brother, with Dean and then there would be nothing there, no recognition behind his eyes. Usually Sam could call out his brother’s name, a simple touch to the shoulder and Dean would come back to him, blinking a couple of times before going on about his day as if nothing had happened.

It was about a week after the curse, a week after Arkansas and Dean was still having these flashes of memory loss and Sam did the only thing that he thought that he could do.

He called up Rowena.

She was more than amused that this was the second time this week that he had called her for help as opposed to anyone else. But she was a witch and as far as Sam was considered, most qualified in the area of witches regardless of personal vendettas.

Rowena said that there honestly wasn’t anything that Sam should worry about. The curse that had been cast on Dean was some deep magic and it took more than a couple of days to just jump back from it but, eventually Dean would be okay.
Eventually.

That word that meant there was going to be no guarantee for anything.

Yeah, Dean would get better, eventually. And that eventually could mean death.

But Rowena said keeping Dean grounded would help. Give him something to attach onto that would keep him in the present.

Sam thanked her as he hung up and ran a hand through his hair, sighing loudly, wondering just the reason why the fates hated him and his brother so much that they couldn’t catch a simple break.

Dean was out on a grocery run and even though Sam protested and begged for Dean not to go (because he didn’t want Dean to have another spell where he forget who he was in the middle of the dried spices and rubs aisle without Sam there to bring him back) Sam finally folded and let Dean go. They couldn’t live like this, Dean couldn’t live like this, in the constant state of fear that he might forget everything again. Sooner or later, they would be separated for whatever reason and Dean would be all out on his own without Sam there.

Sam’s palms were sweating by the time that Dean got home, hands full of groceries and he didn’t even have it in him to reprimand Dean, once again, for getting white bread instead of wheat. Instead he was nearly shaking, his pockets heavy with the promise that he was about to ask of Dean.

It was right where he thought it would be, right where Dean said he was going to put it after he had first found it. Dean never really said why he didn’t choose to wear it but Sam understood.

It was a different time, different place when he had given it to Dean. They were so much smaller, so much more innocent, Dean’s hands weren’t permanently stained with blood. But now, Sam needed Dean to wear it again, to remind him, to keep him grounded.

He hovered in the doorway as he watched Dean put up all the groceries, all the things in their respective place in the kitchen telling Sam that Dean was here in the present.

Dean had tried to talk to Sam while he was putting things up but Sam’s voice was too unsteady to hold an actual conversation and after Dean had asked if Sam was alright and Sam reassured him that everything was okay he just needed to talk… later… when Dean was done, Dean nodded and respected Sam’s wishes to not talk right now.

If Sam was being completely honest, he felt like running back to Dean’s room and placing it back into Dean’s bedside drawer, right where Dean had left it, where Dean wanted it to be but he had already opened this can of worms and Dean was leaning up against the island, waiting for Sam to say the first word.

Besides, talking was always Sam’s thing anyway. Dean would be perfectly happy if they didn’t have to talk, rather explain themselves with their actions but you know, each to their own.

“First of all, you have to promise me that you won’t laugh at me or get mad at me, all right?” Sam started, coming to stand in front of Dean, hands shoved deep in his pockets.

“’Course.” Dean replied back and he meant it. No serious conversation didn’t start out like that.

“So… uhh… I know that you haven’t been completely alright since we’ve gotten back from Arkansas.” Dean swallowed thickly, shifting his weight ever so little, a sure sign that he wanted to argue but chose against it for Sam’s sake. “There’s been… moments… where you’ve zoned out…
like you were back in…”

“Sam…” Dean warned. “It’s fine… it’s not like I’ve forgotten…”

“And I’m not saying you have, Dean but it’s just…” Sam looked down, his heart thudding out of his chest, desperately wanting to run right now. This was ridiculous. It was stupid. “Dean, I’m just worried, that’s all. You don’t understand, man, what it was like to watch you. But, I called Rowena and asked her about it…” He was rushing through his words now. “And she said that it wasn’t permanent, just temporary and it should go away eventually but she said that if you had something that could keep you grounded, remind you in some way, that could help and I just thought… I want you to wear this.”

Sam pulled out the amulet and held it out in front of him, wishing that it didn’t feel like he had swallowed a stone.

Dean stared at it and then looked back up at Sam only to look back down at the amulet. For once, Sam couldn’t read the emotion on Dean’s face.

“You think that this would help… that it would bring me… back?” Dean whispered like suddenly talking would be too loud.

Sam shrugged. “Honestly, I don’t know and I know that you said that you don’t need something to remind you of our bond or whatever but it was the first thing that came to mind when Rowena brought up the idea and I thought…”

But he was cut off by Dean grabbing him by the front of his shirt and pulling him in for a kiss.

“You talk too much.” Dean muttered as he grabbed the amulet from Sam. “And if you think that this will work… well, it doesn’t hurt to try it, am I right?”

Sam let out a breath that he didn’t know that he was holding and couldn’t help himself from pulling Dean in for another kiss.

Dean groaned after a moment, pushing Sam away. “Alright, alright, enough.” He said, looking down at the amulet for a long moment before pulling it over his head, the reassuring weight now sitting there in the middle of his chest.

It had been weeks, months since that curse in Arkansas and Dean still wasn’t back to the way he was before the case. There were still moments that Dean would freeze in the middle of doing whatever he was doing and that look in his eyes but then he would absentmindedly touch the amulet that was a permanent fixture around his neck and he would come back to the present.

To Sam.
Chapter 32

Sam could practically feel the music thrumming through the house, even from where he stood outside on the sidewalk, looking up at the house that he would never belong in. Dean’s standing right next to him and for the first time that Sam has ever seen, he actually looked nervous. He was chewing at the corner of his lip, his shoulders most certainly curving inward as if he was trying to make himself seem smaller. Dean never tried to make himself seem smaller. But dad’s jacket was hanging off of him and there was a spark behind his eyes and while he was nervous, there seemed to be more life in him than what Sam had seen in a while.

Sam jumped as Dean turned to him, grabbing his shoulder making sure that Sam had his undivided attention. “Listen… tonight… we’re not brothers. Alright.” Dean’s voice was tight and Sam felt something twist in his stomach. “In there…” Dean pointed towards the house. “We are not related. We don’t know each other. Just two guys who happened to show up at the same time.”

Not brothers. That’s what Dean wanted and that hurt because Sam defined himself as being Dean’s brother. People knew him as Dean’s brother and now Dean was just asking for…

Dean must have read something on Sam’s face because his shoulders hunched forward a little more and Dean turned his body even more so that he was now standing directly in front of Sam.

“Listen Sam…it’s just… just pretend, alright? For me? Just for tonight. I mean…” He rubbed the back of his neck, taking a small step away from Sam, a sign that he was uncomfortable. Maybe it was better if Sam had just stayed back in the motel room.

Why did he have to beg for Dean to take him along? He didn’t want to go in the first place.

“I haven’t been invited to a party before and I don’t want…”

“To be seen with your dorky little brother.” Sam finished so Dean wouldn’t have to and Dean shot his head up, looking at Sam, eyes wide. He opened him mouth as if he was going to say something else but Sam beat him before he could. “It’s okay, Dean. I understand. I don’t know you. We’re not related and you’re not dragging along your little brother.”

And with that, Sam marched inside before Dean could say anything else to make things worse.

There weren’t many people inside or at least not as many people as he thought that there would be. No one even questioned why he was there, they handed him a red solo cup full of something that smelled so insanely sweet mixed with the bitter smell of alcohol. He wasn’t going to drink of it. It was easy to forget about Dean or at least it was easy to shove him in the back of his mind and not think about the fact that in public, surrounded by their peers, he didn’t want to be seen as Sam’s brother. Sam was just a weight, something that he was forced to care for, an obligation that he rather ignore.

He listened to the music that was blasting around him, took a couple of sips of the drink that was in his hand (because lets be honest, he was going to leave the party at least a little buzzed) and a pretty little blonde managed to get him off the walls and got him to dance or what she considered dancing which was her more or less grinding up against Sam, smelling heavily of booze and cheap perfume.

He was able to forget about Dean up until the moment that the girl grabbed him by the hand and pulled him outside to the back patio where there was a handful of people, all sitting cross legged in
a circle, a bottle in the middle of them and very suddenly Sam wanted to run.

There was a boy sitting across from Sam, an easy smile on his lips as a leather jacket hung from his broad shoulders. He had one leg extending out in front of him, the other bent while his arm rested limply on top of it. Every once in a while he would lean over and whisper into the ear of the redhead that was sitting next to him and she would giggle and blush as she looked at the spinning bottle, watching it fall on the next victim.

Sam was lucky or at least he consider himself lucky because never once did the bottle point towards him. He didn’t have to stand in the middle of the circle, feeling the eyes of the boy wearing the leather watch him as he kissed someone he didn’t even know.

That was until all the fates decided that they were going to pack up Sam’s misfortune all in one go.

He spun the bottle, wishing and praying to every being that he could think of that the end of the bottle wouldn’t land on the boy that was sitting in front of him and for a moment, it looked like it wasn’t going to. Sam was going to be spared the embarrassment of stumbling over himself to stand in the middle of the circle, pressed close to that boy but slowly it came to a stop just like Sam’s heart did.

Sam stared at the bottle, not daring to look up. He could already feel his face heating up at what was about to happen.

He was going to kiss this boy, his brother and it was going to be in front of all these people and they would be none the wiser because no one knew that they were related but Sam would know and it would stay with him for the rest of his life.

That the only reason why Dean would actually kiss him is because they were playing some stupid game where everyone was drunk or at least buzzed and Sam was the only sober one to realize just how stupid of a game this was.

However, Dean seemed completely unfazed by it. He stood up, coming to stop in the middle of everyone and he looked down at Sam who was still refusing to look up, his bangs hanging in his eyes.

“Come on, Sam.” Someone hissed.

*They knew his name. How did they know his name? Did he tell them when he first sat down?* He couldn’t remember and he couldn’t even think to remember with the blood rushing past his ears.

“Just kiss him already.” Someone else joined in, sounding annoyed that Sam was drawing this out. He was making this awkward and even Dean, with his plastered on confidence was started to get second thoughts about this, with everyone fucking watch them like that, their interest surely peaked at the fact that Sam doesn’t want to kiss him.

“Yeah, Sam. You’re making this weird. Alex and Johnathon have already kissed. Don’t try to make this a big deal.” There was a murmur of agreement from the group and Sam swallowed around a lump in his throat.

He always hated speaking in front of the class in school. He hated the way that all eyes would be trained on him, each and every student slowly analyzing and picking him apart as he stumbled through an explanation of something that he knew if only he could say the words. It was the public humiliation that he couldn’t take, his peers coming to the conclusion that Sam was just another kid with a drifter dad who didn’t know anything.
However, this was worse. Way worse because not only did he have the eyes of everyone in the group on him but he had the eyes of the one person who he simultaneously wished would look at him and also look at everything but him.

Sam ran his hands down the front of his jeans, trying to dry his already sweating palms but it didn’t work.

Dean had a smile on his face, one that was supposed to be comforting and reassuring but it only amplified the butterflies in Sam’s stomach.

Somehow Sam made it to the center of the circle, standing inches away from Dean, nearly looking at him in the eye because he’s recently reached a growth spurt. Both dad and Bobby say that Sam’s gonna be tall, taller than Dean but Sam doesn’t see how that’s going to be possible because he’s Dean’s little brother. Dean is always supposed to be the bigger one.

Despite the fact that it was Sam’s turn to kiss someone, it’s Dean who takes the initiative to close the distance and kiss Sam because he knows his brother too damn well and he knows that Sam would never really commit to this. Not really.

Sam doesn’t know what to do. He doesn’t know what to do with his hands, how exactly to slot their lips together, how to kiss Dean back and he’s completely pliant underneath Dean’s hold.

Oh and to make matters worse, this would be his first official kiss. There’s been a couple of times, at other schools, at different times where he came close but he was always too this or too that or something would always interrupt him before he could actually kiss the girl and they would break away. Of course, he would leave town before the opportunity ever really arose to kiss the girl again so this was his first.

Finally when Sam realized that this was actually happening, that Dean was kissing him, actually fucking kissing him and Sam was doing absolutely nothing other than just stand there like the dork that he was, he started to kiss Dean back.

The moment that Dean felt Sam respond under his hands, Dean moved his head, slotting them together to where they fit right up against each other. Sam had one hand balled in the front of Dean’s shirt and the other was wrapped around his shoulder, to pull him closer? To push him away? Sam wasn’t really sure but Dean was pulling Sam up towards him and kissing him in a way that he’s only see in those movies that Dean pretends to not watch.

When they pull away, only because it was starting to get even more awkward because they were clinging to each other now, Sam took a step back and stared up at Dean only to see things in Dean’s eyes that he wasn’t supposed to see.

And he was acutely aware of how everyone was staring at him, their mouths agape or in some sort of awe and it felt like Sam’s skin was burning. He could feel tears prickling at the corner of his eyes and it was never supposed to happen like this.

Hell, it wasn’t supposed to happen point blank.

So Sam pressed his hands flat against Dean’s chest and pushed him, hard before running from that circle leaving Dean trying to catch his balance while trying to figure out what exactly he did wrong to make Sam run like this.

After all, he had finally given Sam what he desperately wanted.
Sam has a smile on his face that is damn near infectious and despite the fact that there’s still a slight chill in the mid-February air and all Dean wants to do is get back to the motel but he can’t keep from smiling as Sam tells him all about his day.

He’s nine and just started third grade and he seems to love learning. Soaks it up like Dean never has and Sam loved telling Dean all about it.

But it was Valentine’s Day today and that meant instead of learning, for half a day the teachers filled the kids up full of sugar and then sent them home for their parents to deal with the sugar high. In his backpack there’s a bag full of candy and he’s currently eating on a box of conversation hearts (or talking hearts as Sam likes to call them).

When they get back to the motel, Sam drops his backpack by the door and joins Dean on the bed, their legs touching and Sam goes through his hoard of candy, splitting it up between the two of them.

Dean is paying attention to the “I Love Lucy” reruns on the old box tv, absentmindedly eating from the box of conversation hearts that Sam had given to him when all of the sudden, the weight on the bed shifts and Sam pressed a quick kiss to his cheek and Dean is suddenly frozen.

Sam giggles next to him, pressing one of those damn conversation hearts in the palm of his hand and he goes back to watching the black and white tv show.

It takes a moment for Dean’s racing heart to slow back down to a pace that’s bearable and he knows that an innocent kiss like that shouldn’t get his heart racing like this but there’s something about it, about Sam, about today, what it means, that he can’t quite keep calm.

It’s not normal and he knows that however when he looks down at the candy that Sam pressed in his hand, he can’t bring himself to care.

*Kiss me.*
The circus is not something that is a mighty grandeur that flaunts its acts like candy in front of babies. In fact, it’s rather dismal in size. Just small enough that it can be picked up and moved to wherever they so choose but big enough that it does attract the masses when they are in town.

The circus tent had long lost its color, now just a sea of faded blues and reds and yellows that look even darker against the darkened backdrop of the forest but it’s not the big colors of the tent that attract people anyway. It’s the main act, the little boy who has his soul stolen by the devil, that brings people out of the safety of their homes and into his playground.

At least, that’s what people say.

They’ll sit in amazed horror, as the boy twists and contorts his body in ways that shouldn’t be possible. They barely breathe when he picks a poor victim from the crowd, choosing that body to control with nothing more than a knowing smirk and a flick of the wrist.

By the end of the show, there will only be hushed whispers that are heard around the tent as people filter out, worried that if they speak too loud then the boy will hear them and mark their soul for hell.

And some people will notice the boy standing off in the shadows, hidden by the darkness, just watching, his eyes ablaze with something they can’t place.

Everyone pretends to not notice when the blue steps out of the darkness, the shadows seeming to follow him, and grab the younger boy by the hips and kiss him, in front of everyone.

And for those people who do choose to watch, they’ll shudder as they try to convince themselves that these two boys aren’t the ones that are on the flyers, now floating around on the dirty city streets, completely forgotten about.

It’s two boys with smiles that haunt and the headline that reads “the winchester brothers.”

so this is actually a part of the freak show au that i plan on writing at some point. i have a vague idea of what i want to do but i can't actually put the words to paper per se. so i have little ficlets like these that i am in love with. hopefully i achieved that creepy vibe that i was going for. maybe not but yeah. i really do hope that i can get my act together to write this because it gives me goose bumps when i think about it.
The door to the cheap motel room opened and he walked in, soundless, his clothes covered in blood, hands painted red. Along his face, across the bridge of his nose there were flakes of blood that were almost like freckles. Even from across the room he could see the heavy rise and fall of his chest, the harsh breaths that he was sucking in as if he couldn’t get his anger under control.

Sam rose from the bed cautious knowing that his brother was in a dangerous state right now. Dean was always dangerous when he had death in his eyes and his blood was racing with adrenaline. He was high from his kill and his body was unpredictable.

Dean didn’t say anything, barely casting a glance to his younger brother who was staring at him with wide eyes. He shed out of his jacket that was going to be a bitch to get the blood stains out of, kicked out of his shoes and then looked up across the room, finally settling on his brother. He crossed the room in three long strides, grabbing his shoulders and pulled him in for a bruising kiss, his lips seeking the warmth of Sam’s. Sam pulled away, much to the protest of Dean being that he tried to chase after Sam’s lips, not satisfied with the kiss. Sam only picked at the dying blood that was on his shirt, silently asking him what happened.

“You know that I had too,” he all but whined as if he was trying to convince Sam that he really had too. Like he was trying to convince Sam that something bad would have happened if he hadn’t. “He touched you. No one touches you. No one touches what’s mine.” With every word that fell past his lips, the need of convincing slipped away being replaced with possessiveness. “I had to show him that no one touches you but me.”

He took a step forward, backing Sam up against the motel wall. He was so close now, his hard body barely touching Sam’s, his lips, his hands teasing over him.

Sam tilted his head back when Dean pushes forward, his brother licking up his throat, biting at the soft flesh, pulling at the skin. Sam shivered underneath the touch of Dean. It had been so long, so fucking long.

“You haven’t touched me in a while, Dean.” Sam muttered back, running his hands up the front of Dean’s chest. Dean closed his hands around Sam’s wrist and pinned them up against the wall, fire burning in his eyes. “You keep me locked up in here. You don’t let me come along anymore.”

Dean sighs against Sam’s cheek, his lips open and wet as they ghost back down his throat. He’s managed to pry open Sam’s legs with his knee, pushing himself between Sam. And god, Sam can’t help but to rut against Dean, the friction everything he wanted but still not enough.

“I don’t like it when they look at you. And I don’t like the thought of you being taken away from me. I can’t have my baby boy taken away from me.” He presses a chaste kiss to Sam’s lips and it’s Sam this time that chases after Dean when he pulls away. “I hafta do this, Sammy. Gotta keep what’s mine.”

Sam’s heart swells to the point that it feels like it going to burst and he ruts up against Dean’s leg again, groaning. “You used to let me watch, Dean. You don’t let me do that anymore.”

Dean closes his eyes, resting his forehead against Sam’s as he swallows thickly. “I don’t want you all messed up in this, Sam. I wanna keep you clean, wanna keep you pure.” He opened his eyes and ran a hand through Sam’s hair, cupping the side of his face.
“But you killed him for me, didn’t you?” Sam questioned as he wrestled his hands out of Dean’s hold and pushed the plaid shirt off of his shoulders.

“Yeah, I killed him for you,” Dean muttered back.

“I wanna know how you did it.” Sam grabbed the hem of Dean’s shirt and pulled it up and over Dean’s head. “I want you to tell me everything, De.”

Dean groaned, momentarily stunned as Sam unbuckled Dean’s belt and shoved his hand down the front of his pants, his long fingers wrapping around his half hard cock.

“He begged for his life, Sammy.” Dean muttered as Sam stroked him. “Begged all the way up to his last breath. And I took that from him. His breath, his life. God, I wish you could have heard it. If you were there, I would have fucked you as he laid dying beside us, staring up at your beautiful face as I pumped you full of my cum. He would…” But then the sound of sirens and red and blue flashing lights filled the room for a split second before disappearing into the night.

They both turned their heads towards the door, Sam’s hand having stopped moving. They both knew what those sirens meant and where they were undoubtedly going.

Dean dropped his head muttering ‘fuck’ before Sam put a hand under his chin and directed his gaze back to him.

“I can watch you next time,” Sam said, kissing Dean quickly before slipping away from him, already scurrying around the room, collecting all of their stuff to throw into the Impala.

Dean groaned, resting his head against the wall for a quick moment before hitting the wall once and then tucked himself back into his pants and helped Sam pack up the Impala. This was a scene that was all too familiar for both brothers. Dean wasn’t sloppy. He had been doing this for too long to be sloppy but that didn’t mean that he hid the bodies after he was done with them. Someone probably stepped out in the back alley to have a smoke and they found his mangled body on the ground. And they never stayed behind long enough to see if they cops ever suspected Dean for the murder. It was always better to be safe than sorry.

They’re on the road in less than five minutes and Sam can’t seem to keep his hands off of Dean. He’s pressed up against Dean, his hand on his inner thigh, rubbing up and down his leg, his lips attached to the side of his neck.

Dean glances over at his younger brother who is gradually sliding down in the seat to where he was laying on his stomach, hands unbuckling his jeans and pulling out his cock that had only softened just a little bit.

He’s hard and aching and Sam takes care of him and Dean manages only to serve once, his hands running through Sam’s hair.

They drive for hours, the small town becoming nothing more than a distant memory and Sam checks them into a small rundown motel that’s right off the highway. They barely get into the room before Dean’s grabbing Sam and throwing him down on the mattress, taking claim to what’s his.
He was laying on his back on the stiff mattress that was university issued, wrist flicking as he threw the faded yellow tennis ball up at the ceiling over and over again, letting it bounce off the popcorn ceiling and come back down to his waiting hand. Only to do it all over again.

It was a Saturday and he was bored out of his mind with nothing to do. All of his homework sat in a neat stack on top of his desk, finished ready for the next week to start so that he could repeat the process of mind numbing work. There wasn’t much for him to do around campus… at least, there wasn’t a lot of things to do for guys like him. Guys who much rather get their studies over with than go out and party every night only to get wasted, wake up the next day to do the same damn thing.

Besides, that was always something that De…

He shook his head, physically shaking the name out of his head which caused him to miss catching the ball. It bounced off his chest and rolled onto the floor.

Sam sighed, hand still in the air, ready to catch the phantom ball as he debated about getting up to retrieve it. Was it really worth it? Was it really worth getting down on his hands and knees to crawl under his desk where it was?

He decided that it wasn’t and sighed loudly again.

A Saturday at college and he was holed up in his dorm room like the loser he was because he didn’t feel like going out.

A knock startled him out of his self-loathing rampage that was running through his head and instinctively he reached under his pillow to grab for a gun that wasn’t even there.

Dad would kill him if he knew that Sam wasn’t sleeping with a gun now. He would kill him if he knew.

He cautiously edged towards the door, that thought in the back of his mind that he wished that he had a gun with him because he was still living in that ‘fight or flight’ way of life. He guessed that it would take more than a couple of months to get rid of something that was engraved in his brain. Maybe it would never go away.

He wasn’t expecting anyone. And it wasn’t like he had a ton of friends anyway. I mean, sure, there was Brady who he had hit it off with pretty easily and yeah, okay, there was Jessica who he couldn’t keep from blushing when he was around her but it was hard to trust someone when you grew up trusting no one other than his family.

He stumbled backwards, literally stumbled backwards when he opened his dorm door and saw the one face that he never expected to see again. Hell, he expected to see Dad before he saw him.

“Heya, Sammy.” Dean slurred, words leaving his mouth slow and sluggish as the corner of his lips turn upwards into a smile. Or something that tried to resemble a smile.

Confusion was quickly replaced with anger as he grabbed Dean by the front of his shirt and pulled him into his room, shutting the door behind him. “What the… How’d you find me?” Sam hissed.

Months, it had been months since he’s heard anything from his brother and now, all of the sudden,
he showed up at his doorstep, reeking of alcohol and denial.

“I missed ya, Sammy.” Dean said as if that explained everything, taking a step forward on unsteady feet.

Sam reached out and grabbed Dean by the shoulders, keeping him an arms length away from him and desperately tried to ignore the way that his hands seemed to burn from touching his brother.

“That’s why you’re here?” Sam spit. “Just to tell me that you missed me? Didn’t have to drive all the way out here to California to tell me that. Could have just sent a text… or called. I would have picked up the phone.”

Sam’s words were venom spewed towards Dean and Dean didn’t miss the way that Sam was telling him to read between the lines. The first week, the week after everything went wrong, a week after Sam left, Sam called Dean over and over again, begging for Dean to talk to him, to say something, apologize for what he did, to return the calls.

Dean never did and eventually Sam stopped trying.

“I… uhh…” Dean rubbed the back of his neck, looking anywhere but Sam. “I miss you.” Dean blurted out again and Sam rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, you already said that.”

“No, shit, Sam… that’s not… I meant…” He swallowed thickly. Sam could see the faint sign of blush rising to the tip of his ears. “I want you too… I mean… like you did in that field and I’m…”

“I don’t want it anymore.” Sam replied coolly, cutting Dean off before he could say anything more. It was a lie. He wanted it like he wanted air but… “It was just a phase or something.”

Dean’s lip twitched, brow furrowed as he processed what Sam was saying, what he meant, what Dean was supposed to once again read in between the lines. The realization that Dean was supposed to come to that he was even more fucked up than he originally thought.

“You don’t want… a phase?” The words didn’t make sense.

“Yeah, Dean, a phase. Like you went through that phase as a kid when you wore your batman costume everyday until Dad threw it away. A phase.” Lies. More like poured from his mouth.

“But… but how?” Dean looked do lost, so broken. The alcohol making his body loose, easier for those emotions that he kept under lock and key to seep out.

“I don’t know.” Sam shrugged. “It was just something that happened. I mean, makes sense, being the way that we were raised, practically in each other’s pockets but it meant nothing, Dean. That kiss meant nothing.”

Dean flinched. Honest to go flinched and took a step backwards. Those four dorm walls of the off shade of gray was closing in on him, killing him, trapping him. He needed to get out. There was bile on the back of his tongue and his throat felt like it was closing.

“Oh.” Dean whispered. “Oh.”
Chapter 37

If you happened it walk into the same one that they were at, you wouldn’t have noticed them. They didn’t stand out in the crowd. They didn’t have a neon sign over their head that screamed ‘look at me!’ They looked like you and me. Normal. Average. Nothing like the murderers that the media tried to make them out to be.

The taller one would most likely have a book in his hands, the spine broken from being read so many times. Traveling as much as he did, he wasn’t able to bring that many books with him, only that one that he had in his hands. The same book that his brother had gotten him so many years ago because he was bored out of his mind at another laundromat that was very much like this one.

Rows and rows of washers and dryers, all rumbling and clanking together as they grow older washing the clothes of people whom didn’t have one of their own.

And the older one, the one with green eyes, would be sitting on top of the washers despite the disapproving glances from the old lady who sat up front who ran the place. He would watch his brother read the pages that he’s read so many times. He would watch the storefront, watching people pass on by, carrying on with their lives.

When the washing machine would finally rumble to a stop, either one of the boys, the tall one would dog ear his book or the eldest one would climb down from his seat, and they would move the armfuls of plaid and denim that had been worn soft from years of being washing in these machines that had been used one too many times.

The bloodstains and dirt that had previously stained the fabric would be washed away in that dirty water.

Only to be worn again that night, stretched across those broad shoulders that had too many scars to count, just waiting to be covered in red again.
Chapter 38

Chapter Notes

So this was brought to light thanks to the most recent episode when Crowley mentioned koala bears and Dean had this cute, fond little smile on his face and then the thought that he had a stuffed koala bear as a child was the reason why he smiled came to mind and then of course I had to make it angsty.

They stood out there on the side of the road, watching the only house that Dean knew, burn to the ground. Sam was still in his arms, his tiny hands clutching onto Dean’s shirt, staring up at him with this look in his eye and he was no longer crying.

Neighbors, firefighters, policemen, they all came to console the small family that was now one member short as water fought fire. John felt numb. That was the easiest word to put to what he was feeling. His wife, the woman that he loved, he just saw pinned to the ceiling of Sam’s nursery, then the fire and then Dean and then... this.

Everything that John had was inside that house. His life, his wife, his dreams, his aspirations. They all went up in smoke.

On his way out of the house, he was only able to grab one thing, a single stupid little thing that was on the floor of the living room that he managed to pick up before he rushed back outside to join his two sons on the front lawn.

That stupid little stuffed koala bear that Mary’s mother had gotten Dean when he was first born.

A stuffed bear. Out of everything in that house, out of all the family photographs and all the things that were Mary’s and the few things that he had that were his fathers, the only thing that he grabbed was Dean’s stuffed animal. A stuffed animal that wasn’t even his.

Dean however, he latched onto the stuffed animal. Before the fire, before he lost his mother, it was just another toy that he had. There wasn’t really anything special about it but I guess that going from having everything to having nothing will make you attach to anything. The fur on the animal had started to mat together in places and it was no longer a light grey color with a little pink nose. It was filthy, covering in the silent tears and snot that Dean thought he hid from his father at night.

And every time Dean curled himself around that stuffed animal that he was frankly too big for now, it felt like something had stabbed him deep within the gut.

His son, who used to stand out on the yard, throwing around baseballs and loudly declaring that he was a big boy now, he didn’t need anymore stuffed animals, clung to his brother and this one thing.

It hurt. Yeah, it hurt to see that.

Dean was twelve now and the koala bear had frayed edges and it was nearly black from years of a small boy holding onto it and as much as Dean tried to hide the fact that he still had it, John would catch Dean curled up with it at night when he would come in late from a hunt or he would see an ear peeking out of Dean’s bag.
Dean was too old for that stuff, for sleeping with stuffed animals and John had this hatred for that bear that he couldn’t quite describe and one day when he had a little too much whiskey than what he should have had but it was a hard hunt and he was tired and the kid, the fucking kid died and Dean had fallen asleep wrapped around the bear and everything just reached a point that it just boiled over.

John ripped the stuffed animal away from Dean, tearing Dean from his sleep. He blinked a couple of times, trying to reorientate himself with where he was and why he was awake when he saw John with his bear, walking over to the trash.

Dean’s heart lurched in his chest.

“Dad!” Dean shouted as he jumped off the bed and scrambled towards John, hands frantically reaching out to take the bear back. “Give it back. Please, Dad. Give it back.”

But John turned on him, hand gripped around the bear’s neck like he was choking it, rage burning in his eyes and Dean flinched. He took a small step back, tears now threatening to fall.

“You’re too old to be sleeping with stuffed animals, Dean.” John spit, the word like poison on his tongue. “Grow up.”

And with that John turned back around and threw the koala bear away, it’s head just barely showing over the top of the trash can and Dean wrapped his skinny arms around his body, crying now but making no sound because John was right. He was too old to be sleeping with a stuffed animal. He wasn’t a baby and only babies did that.

But he... he wanted that bear.

Dean lost his innocence that night when John had thrown that koala bear away and for days, weeks, Dean wouldn’t talk to John, jaw locked tight as he looked out the window of the Impala, every mile that passed was another mile away from the last thing that he had of his old life.
Sam groaned when he felt Dean slip up behind him, his hands spanning across his stomach as he spread underneath his shirt. Dean’s lips were hovering just over the nob of Sam’s neck as it connected to his spine.

“Dean...” Sam said low, almost... almost as if he were annoyed. However there was something in his voice that said otherwise. “We’ve talked about this.

“Well...” Dean drawled out. “I’m blind and I see people by touching them.” He explained and Sam could nearly hear the smile in his voice.

“Dean, you say that every morning.” Sam said turning around to press a kiss to his lips.

And it was true. Every morning for the past few weeks, when Sam wasn’t reading every book that the Bunker had to offer and going through endless pages on the internet of finding cures for this curse and even calling up Rowena who seemed to be suddenly “unavailable”, Dean was always touching him.

But there was nothing sexual to his intentions.

No. He wanted to memorize every line and curve of Sam’s body because everyday that passed and every moment that Sam couldn’t find a cure, Dean was growing increasingly worried (despite the fact that he would never admit it), that he would never see Sam’s body again.

And so he touched Sam’s body every chance that he got.

Whether it be him holding his hand while the two of them ate in the library. Or him wrapping his arms around Sam’s waist as Sam fixed breakfast in the morning because it was suddenly impossible for Dean to do it. Or at night when he would just run his hand up and down Sam’s body in the most intimate way.

“I know.” Dean replied finding Sam’s lips.

After a kiss that was almost bitter sweet, Sam pulled away and rested his head against Dean’s forehead.

“Dean…how are you holding up?” Sam asked knowing the next words that were going to fall out of his mouth. He would never tell Sam that he wasn’t anything other than fine.

“You ask me that every morning, Sam.” He joked, using the same tone that Sam had used with him just a few seconds ago.

Sam sighed, staring into those eyes that weren’t staring back into his. “Dean, I’m serious. How are you? Really?”

“I’m fine, Sam. Really.”

Those two words fell from his mouth. Those two words that Sam didn’t want to hear. Sam didn’t want to hear the lies that he told not only him but also himself. He just wanted to hear the truth.

“Dean.” Sam sighed again, preparing to fight yet again another losing battle. “You’re not fine. Okay, man? I just want to know the truth.”
Dean swallowed thickly, his brow furrowing for a moment and he blinked like all of the sudden that would do the trick but his eyes were as milky as ever. It took him a few more moments to answer. Another swallow, a twitch to the jaw and Dean dug his fingers into Sam’s hips even tighter.

“I’m telling you the truth, Sam. I promise.” He finally said.

“Dean…”

He shut Sam up by pressing his lips to his once more.

“I’ll admit that at first I was pretty frustrated when I realized that this…” He pointed to his eyes. “Could be permanent. I was frustrated when I realized that I would never be able to see your sexy body again.” Sam hit him lightly on the arm, for once glad that Dean couldn’t see the blush that fanned out across his face at his comment. “But once I got past that, I realized that I was actually much better off.”

Sam looked at him confused even though he knew that Dean couldn’t see his facial expressions.

“Like I never realized how beautiful your voice really is. Like Sam, I don’t think you realize how beautiful your voice is. I can still remember when I came back from hell and those nightmares used to plague me at night and just the sound of your voice would soothe me back to sleep. I never realized just how important your voice was to me until now. Until I realized that it was the only thing that I was left of you. Well, your voice and your body.”

In that delicate way of his, Dean began to trail his hands along the edges of Sam’s body. He traced his jaw, his ears, his cheekbones, his neck, his collarbone, his shoulders.

“I know every curve, every bend, every physical imperfection, things I hardly noticed when I could see them. I didn’t think it was possible, but you got more beautiful after that witch cursed me.”

“Dean…” Sam was blushing hard now.

“So I’m fine, Sam. I promise that I am and if you never do find a cure that I’ll be okay because you’ll still be here with me. I love you, Sam. Blind or not.” It seemed that ever since Dean had gone blind, he seemed to talk more, tell what’s on his mind, like suddenly the realization that you couldn’t see the reactions of the person you were talking to was suddenly relieving and he could actually just talk.

Sam leaned forward and kissed him again. “I love you too, Dean.” Sam mumbled against his lips.
Chapter 40

Dean had been away for two weeks now on a hunt and as much as Sam tried to stay up to wait for him to come home, his eyes just seemed to close. Sam had gotten hurt, really hurt on the last hunt that they went out on. Like it was to the point that Sam’s stomach was shred open and even Cas was worried that he wasn’t going to pull through. But Sam was a Winchester and Winchester’s always pull through and he survived. However it meant that he was confined to the Bunker until he got healthy and as much as Dean hated it, he had to leave Sam behind to heal (partly because Sam was going damn near crazy with Dean’s constant presence, always asking if he was okay, if he needed anything. It was cute at first but it got to the point where if Dean wasn’t going to let him go out on a hunt then Dean himself needed to go out).

And the last two weeks weren’t ones that Sam could just relax either. Sam had been putting in countless hours of research for other hunters who needed help or even Dean called a couple of times for other than just a check up call. And it didn’t help that Sam was worried sick about his brother, being out there all alone, hunting without back up. His mind wouldn’t stop thinking of all the awful ways that Dean could die without him there to help. Part of the reason why he didn’t sleep much.

It was about eleven a clock when Dean finally came home. Sam was already half asleep, body too tired to fight it anymore, when Dean walked into his room.

It wasn’t so much the sound that woke Sam up but rather but the smell. Sam opened his eyes, his nose wrinkling in disgust as he took in the form of his brother standing at the edge of his bed. Dean was covered in head to toe in dirt and grime and blood and lord knows what else and he smelled disgusting. Simply put, he smelled awful. But Dean smiled when he noticed that Sam had woken up.

“I’m home! Did you miss me?” Dean asked, almost overly excited, moving to take his shoes off to crawl into bed with Sam.

“Dean, you are not about to climb into this bed smelling like that.” Sam growled, annoyed now that he was woken up by this smelly beast.

“What?” That damn smirk was on his face. “I don’t smell that bad.”

“Yes, you do, Dean. And you’re not going to get in my bed smelling like that. Go take a shower.” Sam demanded and pointed towards the door.

“What, I don’t even get a welcome back kiss? I missed you, babe.”

“I missed you too but you need to go get cleaned. I can’t believe you actually drove home smelling like that.” Sam said, knowing that in a couple of days Dean was going to be bitching about the smell that he left behind in the car.

And then much to Sam’s dismay, he climbed into bed with him. Sam squealed, honest to god squealed, as he tried to get away from Dean.

“Aw, don’t you love me anymore?” Dean tried to grab Sam but he jumped out of bed before he could.

“Don’t fucking touch me!”
Dean crawled out of bed and cornered Sam between the wall and himself. He held his arms out wide as he stepped closer to his brother, smile even wider now. This was not the way that Sam had envisioned the homecoming of Dean after him being gone for two weeks.

“All I want is a little hug.” Dean said with faux innocence.

“Dean, don’t.”

“Too late.” He chirped as he wrapped his arms around Sam, moving his body against Sam’s, trying to get as much dirt and grime on his brother as he could in one hug.

When he pulled away he had the biggest smile on his face. Sam looked down at his now dirty body, sighing as he realized that he was going to have to take yet again another shower and all thanks to his stupid, ass of a brother.

“Now, how ‘bout I go help you get cleaned up?” He asked with a mischievous smile.

So… maybe him coming home all dirty wasn’t that bad of a thing.
“There was one time…I couldn’t have been more than nine or ten and I went to this elementary school with the meanest looking lunch ladies you could have ever imagined. But there was this one kid. Jeremy Taylor. He was the schoolyard bully, you know. Dad had gotten me this new red toy truck for Christmas and Jeremy wanted it. He cornered me one day after school and demanded that I give it to him. But I wouldn’t. It was really the only thing that Dad had actually gotten me. Well, Jeremy didn’t like that too much. Before I knew it, I was on the ground with a bloody nose watching Jeremy run off with my truck. I walked all the way back to the motel that we were staying in with tears running down my face, holding my nose trying to make the bleeding stop.

“Dad cleaned me up.

“He said, ‘Son, dry up those tears. Real men don’t cry.’ And I remember wanting to keep crying but for whatever reason, I stopped.

“Then in a much gentler voice, he took me in his arms and said. ‘One of these days, when you’re ready, you’re going to come face to face with Jeremy again and this time you’re going to win.’”

Dean stopped talking for a second to take sip of his beer.

“Not two days later, after Dad had gotten me another toy truck. This one was blue though and I didn’t like it as much. You know, all the badass heroes on TV drive red cars not blue ones.

“Anyway, not two days after dad cleaning me up, I was out on the school yard and Jeremy came over to me and said that he wanted my blue truck and that time I won. Sure I came home with a nasty shiner on my left eye and never mind the fact that I got suspended for fighting, but I finally put that Jeremy kid in his place and won.

“Ever since that moment, I became the hero of the school yard and to my knowledge, Jeremy never did take anything else from anyone. At least not during the time that I went to school there.”

He took another sip of his beer.

“And I don’t think that Dad has ever been prouder of me.”
Chapter 42

It hurts. It always hurts. In their relationship there is no such thing as soft touches or sweet kisses. It’s rough and painful. There’s always crescent shaped cuts in his wrist and fingertip bruises on his hips. Blood coats his lips from teeth.

It’s always the same. Every time. Dean fingers him open, hard and rough, spit coating his hand instead of lube. He pins Sam to the mattress as he fucks him from behind, animalistic sounds spilling past his lips because it hurts him as much as it hurts Sam but they wouldn’t have it any other way. Dean thinks, he hopes, he prays that if it hurts when they do this, that they’ll stop. That they’ll realize that a sin as dark as this isn’t supposed to feel good and they’ll finally stop.

Sam cried through it. His face pressed down into the pillow, his tears staining the fabric but Dean never sees it, never hears it because Sam knows that if he does then it will stop. And Sam doesn’t want that because he loves this too much.

It’s the only way he can have Dean and he will take it.

But still, at night when Dean is snoring loudly beside him, his face twisted in a picture of torment, Sam will dream of a place, of a time, of a universe where he can have this where it doesn’t hurt. He dreams of adoring smiles and tender touches. He dreams of a home that is permanent and doesn’t smell like mold. He dreams of a place where Dean smells like fire and wood and not like cheap beer and stale cigarette smoke. He dreams of a place where one day we will walk down the aisle to the man that he loves, a perfect bride for the perfect man.

Except Sam knows that he’s never going to be able to wear white for Dean. He’s worn white, covered the insides of him from Dean too many times.

In the morning, when the sunlight filters in through the window and washes away the sin that comes out in the night, Sam will place his own fingers over the imprints that mark his skin and he’ll hiss when he presses in on them and Dean won’t touch him again until it’s dark and the shadows come out to play.

And while Sam dreams of a place where everything is soft and he can make sweet sounds for Dean instead of choked sobs and sharp intakes of breath, he will still say please.

He will still beg for more because it’s the only thing he can do.
“I’ve said it once and I’ll say it again, I hate camping.” He grumbled settling into his sleeping bag that was spread out across the hard forest floor.

“What? You’re a little too high maintenance for this, Dean?” Sam asked, high joking, half being serious. He knew about his brother’s distain towards all thing ooey and gooey and honestly he wasn’t sure how the hell he lasted this long being a hunter when most of the time you were covered in blood and guts of unknown creatures more times than you were actually clean.

“Oh ha ha, Sam. Keep it up. You’re a damn comedian.” Dean said through a sarcastic laugh, his arms crossed against his chest.

“Hey,” Sam said crawling closer to him, forcing him to uncross his arms and wrap them around him. “It’s just for tonight and then tomorrow I’ll find the best room that Motel 8 has to offer.” Sam pressed a kiss to his temple.

“Oh, you really know how to seduce a man, don’t cha, Sammy.”
Sam stood in the doorway of their son’s room watching him play with his father. Sam watched with his arms crossed against his chest smiling to himself. He was nothing like his father, a man whom lost his way the moment that he lost his wife and turned into a drill sergeant instead of an actual parent.

Dean loved his son and Sam knew that he would give him the world if he asked for it.

Sensing his brother’s presence in the door, Dean looked up at Sam and smiled. He stood up and ruffled their son’s hair before wrapping his arms around Sam’s waist pulling him next to Dean.

One thing that could be said about adopting this child, Dean had grown soft, more affectionate and Sam loved every second of it.

“I still don’t know how we managed to adopt a kid with hair like yours.” Dean said, trying to sound annoyed but there was a smile in his voice.

“Hmm… I think it’s kinda cute.” Sam replied.

“Yeah, of course you do.” Dean sighed, moving to press a kiss to Sam’s lips.

Sam kissed him back and a moment of silence passed where they just looked at each other before Dean turned back around to look at their son. He was a beautiful boy, a boy that they had taken in per request of the dying wish of a young mother whom they couldn’t save on a hunt. He was a beautiful boy who just happened to have a mop of hair that looked so much like Sam’s.

“You’re a great father, you know that right?” Sam asked, kissing Dean behind his ear, voice soft. There were nights, back when this was all still so new that Dean would wake in the middle of the night, a cold sweat breaking out across his skin, nightmares that he would end up worse than his father plaguing his mind.

Dean didn’t say anything.

“He looks up to you, Dean. He’s not scared of you. Never have been and you know, if you can still hunt and raise him for eight years than I think that you’re gonna be okay. You’re not our father. Okay? You are so much better than him.”

“Well, I’m glad that you believe that.”

A small frown pulled at the corner of Sam’s lips. He wanted nothing more in the world for Dean to see that he was the best dad in the world. He was good. He loved his son more than he loved himself and he would never become their father. And it hurt Sam to watch Dean slowly eat away at himself because of this fear that he had that was never going to be true.

Sam watched as his son ran over to where where the two of them were standing and grabbed a hold of Dean hand to pull him away only to play with him again.

He leaned against the doorframe again, watching as the years of hunting was stripped clean as Dean laughed with the little boy that was their salvation.
He has Sam pressed up against the brick wall, his shoulder blades digging into it, Dean’s hand splayed across his chest and Sam is breathing hard. Breathing in the same air as his brother and he’s staring at Dean with these wide, unbelieving eyes.

Dean’s lips hovered over Sam’s, not even a breaths distance away. His other hand is wrapped around Sam’s bony wrist, pinning it above Sam’s head, keeping him bound against brick and muscle.

“Please, tell me to stop.” Dean whispered. Sam can feel Dean’s lips just barely brushing over his. “It’s not too late, Sam. You can stop this. I’m begging you.” And while Dean is begging for Sam to stop this while they still can, everything in dean is telling Sam the opposite.

That Dean wants to pull him close and kiss him forever and cross this line that will never be uncrossed.

However, Sam stood up even taller, moving to where his lips were now just touching Dean’s and yeah, Dean looks scared because he’s doing everything he can to stay on this side of normal but Sam wants him to take that step. Wants him to kiss him and hold him and just be his.

“Kiss me.” Sam demanded, every bit of teenage confidence and Dean growled, deep and feral as he pinned Sam even harder against the wall and then the breath was knocked out of him as Dean attacked his lips.
It’s something he does almost subconsciously, something that’s so ingrained in his brain that he hardly even notices that he does it anymore. When he gets stressed, about anything, he gets restless. Almost like there are a million ants right underneath his skin, moving around, never settling and he just has to do something.

So he’ll sharpen a blade. or clean a gun. Knowing that both need neither of those things but it’s the steady repetition, the sound of metal on a wet stone or the smell of gun oil that relaxes him for just a moment.

Sam’ll walk into the library late into the night and find Dean hunched over the table in the library, steadily working away, cleaning and re cleaning a gun that was already spotless and he’ll stand in the entryway for a moment, just watching, waiting. Seeing the way that the muscles in Dean’s back will move and twitch underneath the henley that he’s wearing before he’ll walk up behind his brother.

He’ll be careful, placing his hands on Dean’s shoulders before sliding them down his chest, bending until he can press his lips to the back of Dean’s neck, on the knob of his spine and Dean will still underneath him.

“Come back to bed, Dean.” Sam will say, soft and low, whispered into the base of his neck and Dean will lean his head back, resting it against Sam’s chest and he’ll sigh before setting the gun on the table, grabbing a dirty rag and cleaning his hands off.

“Yeah, okay.” Dean will reply, slowly standing up and turning in Sam’s arms and Sam will press a kiss to Dean’s forehead and Dean will tuck his head in the crook of Sam’s shoulder. “Let’s go to bed.”

He gets restless and he’ll clean a gun or sharpen a blade and then Sam will be there to pepper kisses up and down his body, soothing his tense muscles until Dean relaxes completely.
sam’s looking at him like he’s damn near about to cry. his hazel eyes wide as he bites onto his bottom lip to keep from crying but dean can see the tears there building up, just waiting, threatening to fall.

and it’s really a bit ridiculous because sam doesn’t cry. alright, he doesn’t. dean honestly can’t remember the last time that he actually saw his brother cry. probably back when they were kids and dean told him that he couldn’t have the toy from the cereal box or some stupid shit like that but never because of this.

“i can… i can go if you wa…want me to.” sam whispers, his voice wavering at the end and that hurts even more than seeing the tears.

it’s all because of him, really. because of dean. because he had to go off and freak when sam kissed him, fucking pushed him away like his brother was on fire or something and then, like the fucking jackass he was, proceeded to yell at sam about how… how wrong it was.

because they were brothers, man. brothers don’t do that kind of shit. they don’t kiss. they don’t cuddle. they don’t do… whatever happens after all that. they just don’t. they’re brothers.

and like the good little brother that sam was, he stayed as far away from dean as the room would allow, giving dean the distance to decide what he wanted to do with sam now that he knew the truth and he listened to dean yell at him without saying a word.

that was a little over four hours ago and neither brother moved until sam had to go off and say that shit.

like that was even a fucking option. for him to just leave. like dean wanted him to leave. because yeah, sam might have kissed him and dean might have freaked just a little bit (alright, a lot a bit) but that was only the natural reaction because how was dean supposed to react? i mean, really? how? never mind the fact that sam was giving him what he’s wanted in the dark for years.

but yeah, sam has to go off and say some shit like that and dean’s angry all over again for an entirely different reason.

sam’s already standing, hovering, just waiting for dean to kick him out. his hand is twitching like he’s prepared to grab his bag, save both himself and dean the humility of staying in the motel room for any longer than he has to.

except dean doesn’t say anything.

instead he stands from where he was sitting at the table, pinching the bridge of his nose, thinking about everything (because when sam winchester kisses you, you have to have some time to think because despite everything, it is life changing) and marches over to his brother.
before sam can say anything, before he can utter a word, dean fists his hands in the front of sam’s jacket and 
_**yanks** sam down to his level and kisses him. yanks him down because dammit, there is no way that he is going to stand up on his tippy toes to kiss his brother. he’s the older one for christ sake.

“you’re not going anywhere, sam.” dean growls against his brother’s lips, angry and possessive and sam happily bends down the rest of the way.
She called him. It was sometime around eight o’clock in the morning and he had just woken up when his phone rang and her name popped up on the caller ID. There was a flurry of butterflies that started up in his stomach because while he knew that she was here, it still wasn’t something that he was used to. Not really. Anytime they talked, despite everything that happened, what she had done, he still felt like a child, running towards his mother’s open arms.

But she called him, first thing in the morning and she wished him a happy birthday for the first time in his life. For the first time, he finally heard his mother say those words.

Except, it didn’t feel right. It felt hollow and empty, just words because while she called him on his birthday, she wasn’t there, with him. She was off hunting with the British Men of Letters instead of being with her children and yeah, it felt weak. Almost like it was an obligation.

He hated that he felt that way. That her words held no value because she was his mother and mother’s were supposed to wish their children a happy birthday and he was supposed to be happy about it.

But honestly, he was surprised that she even remembered. That she remembered what today was after being dead for so long and then once she was brought back, running from them the moment that her feet touched the ground. But I suppose, once a mother, always a mother.

Nevertheless, he played the part of a happy son, telling her thank you, trying to keep his voice light and let gratitude that he should have been feeling lace the words that he was feeling.

When he hung up the phone, his shoulders sagged forward and he sighed heavily. He should be happy because something that he wished for his entire life finally happened. He spoke to, he heard his mother on his birthday and yet, it left him feeling even more empty than he had been before.

Blinking back tears that he didn’t realize swell up in his eyes, he walked into the kitchen, ready to get caffeine and food into him.

There was something almost relaxing about being in the kitchen, the only sound was the sizzle of bacon in the skillet and the coffee brewing in the coffee pot and cooking, it gave him the excuse not to think about things.

Arms laced around his waist and a pair of lips pressed to the back of his neck and Sam settled into the touch. Dean didn’t move, just stayed there, holding his brother while he kissed the back of his neck.

“It’s your birthday, Sammy. You shouldn’t be cooking. I’m supposed to do it for you.” Dean’s voice was deep and gruff, sleep still lingering around the edges.

Sam turned in Dean’s arms and Dean stared up at him, his hair perfectly sleep mussed and that little smile on his lips and Sam couldn’t help but return it. He bent down, closing the distance between the two of them and pressed a proper kiss on his brother’s lips which Dean returned eagerly.

They stayed like that for a few moments, just wrapped up in each other and then Sam sagged even
deeper in Dean’s arms.

Dean pulled away, his brow furrowed as he searched Sam’s face for the sudden change in attitude.

“Mom called.” Sam finally said.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. She… uh… she wished me a happy birthday.” Dean didn’t say anything, just watched as about a million different emotions played across his face. “I know I should feel happy about it, you know but…” Sam sighed. “I don’t know. It didn’t feel right.” Dean hated the way that Sam sounded so… so guilty. Like it was his fault that he was feeling this way. “It almost felt like a stranger was saying it and I know that it’s not. That it’s mom but…”

Dean pressed another kiss to Sam’s lips with the only intention to shut Sam up. “Hey, you don’t have to explain yourself, Sam. I mean, you didn’t know her, not really and so…” Dean trailed off, not really sure what he was going to say. “I guess, even though she’s back, she hasn’t really acted like a mother, huh?”

Sam shook his head.

It was the truth. It wasn’t that they wanted her to be there all the time, tuck them into bed, read them bedtime stories. Cut the crust of their sandwiches for lunch but it would be nice if she actually stayed. Or at least visited every once in awhile. And Sam was right, she was more like a stranger to them than an actual mother.

Sam sighed again and bent down to kiss Dean because that’s all he wanted. He wanted a day with the person that was always there for him and not worry about anything else.

Yeah, there was once a time when he wanted his mother there for him. There was once a time that he wanted to be woken up surrounded by balloons and a birthday cake and a mother with a wide smile on her face.

But now…

“You’re all I want for my birthday, Dean.” Sam said.

“Well, you’ve got me, baby boy.” Dean replied, his voice dipping into an even lower octave. “You’ve always got me.”

Chapter End Notes

so yeah, i just have a lot of feelings about this because, you know, it's sam's first birthday with his mother and she probably wasn't even there and yeah. it hurts me. so here's some angst and brother love to make up for it. not love love but comfort love. yeah. imma shut up.
Chapter 49

It took him seven hours. Seven fucking hours to get to him.

It had been a trap. Sam should have known better but Dean was confident in what he was doing and well Sam, well he trusted his brother despite the nagging feeling in his stomach. The blast has knocked him unconscious. Sam wasn’t sure for how long but it was long enough for the sky that was now visible above him to turn dark. The rood was gone, fallen and blown to pieces all around him.

His leg was pinned under something. He wasn’t sure what it was but what he did know was that it hurt anytime he moved. No, it was more than hurt. Every movement made stars dance across his vision and the claws of unconsciousness threatened to pull him back under.

But he had to find him.

He had to find Dean. Had to find his brother.

Dean had gone ahead of him when they arrived. He was deeper in the building when the blast went off. He wasn’t exactly sure where Dean was in the building but if he had gone down into the basement, where the blast went off… Sam shuddered. If being on the upper floor made your leg immobile, he didn’t even want to think about what Dean looked like.

If he was even still alive.

Tears that he tried to keep back leaked down his face and screams spilled from his lips as he struggled to move the heavy rafter that had fallen on top of him and when he was finally free and started to move, he screamed again, digging through the rubble.

Every sense was clouded by pain, every heartbeat sent another wave of agony through his body and all he wanted was his brother.

It took him four hours to even hear anything that sounded like a human being. Dean’s voice filtered up through the debris calling for Sam to just leave if he was still alive. Begging Sam to just get out of there and save himself.

But Sam couldn’t leave Dean there. He couldn’t leave his brother, the person who had saved him more times than he could count there, dying alone in some building.

It took him another three hours before he saw Dean. Another three hours of dragging his shattered leg through the rubble while screaming out with every inch that he moved closer to him.

He was so close and yet he felt like miles away.

Sam nearly cried out in joy to see the rise and fall of Dean’s chest, telling him that his brother was still breathing but that joy quickly was sucked from his body. Dean didn’t look good. There was a huge column of concrete that Sam knew that he would never be able to move that Dean’s leg was pinned underneath. Blood was running down his face, his eyes already starting to roll in the back of his head. He wasn’t going to survive. Dean was just on borrowed time.

Sam moved closer and he had to bite back the bile that suddenly was on his tongue. There was rebar sticking through Dean’s body, metal sticking out of him that should have never been there in the first place.
Sam dragged his body closer to Dean and positioned himself right next to him. The whole time Dean was begging, he was pleading for Sam to just leave him. To just go. Dean cursed at him, saying that Sam was so stupid to crawl even deeper into this hellhole.

But he would be damned to think that Sam was just going to turn back now. It had taken him seven hours to get to his brother.

Sam just stayed there and when Dean realized that his brother wasn’t going to move, he weakly tried to grab Sam’s hand. Sam closed his fingers tight around Dean’s.

“I’m… I’m scared, Sammy.” Dean slurred, his voice laced with pain and he coughed, blood bubbling up from his throat and he spit it out.

“You don’t have to be, Dean. I’m here. I ain’t gonna let ya die alone.” Sam replied back, squeezing Dean’s hand and Dean laid his head back.

The smell of gasoline was strong around them and Sam was certain that a gas line or something was busted.

Sam started talking. He wasn’t sure why but maybe it had to do with something about the fact that he couldn’t listen to the choked off sounds and the gurgling that came from deep within Dean’s chest as his lungs filled with blood.

Dean begged, weakly for Sam to stop, to preserve his breath, his oxygen but Sam ignored him and told Dean the story of their lives. Everything. Anything that would come mind. The night that he left for Stanford. The day that Dean came and got him. The hunts and endless miles of road that they traveled down. The dirty motel rooms and greasy diner food and broken mattresses.

It was another hour until Sam realized that there was no one left listening to him but the stars that were shining up above.

A cry of anguish ripped through the night as Sam pleaded to anything to bring his brother back but Dean laid unmoved, his face turned towards him, eyes unfocused, staring at nothing in particular.

So he pulled out his lighter, watching the orange flame dance back and forth before he dropped it on the ground beside him. He didn’t even feel the heat of the fire as he curled around Dean, pressing his forehead against the middle of Dean’s chest.

Besides, what good was half a soul anyway?
Chapter 50

It was the whimper, not the loud clap of thunder that pulled him from his sleep. He blinked, once and waited for the sound again but it never came. Dean settled deeper back into the blankets, with every intention to fall back asleep when lightning flashed across the sky and illuminated the small motel room and seconds later, thunder erupted all around them and once again, that small unmistakable whimper cried out. The same one that woke him in the first place.

Dean rolled over and blinked away the sleep that was pulling at the corner of his eyes to look at the form of his brother huddled underneath the covers on the other bed.

Dad was away on a hunt and months ago he put an end to the boys sharing the same bed so they slept separately now. Even with Sam just being a couple feet away from him, it felt all too far.

But regardless, he watched and he waited.

Another clap of thunder and another small whimper and Dean was pushing himself up onto his elbow.

“Hey, Sammy. You alright, man?” Dean asked, staring into the dark.

There was a small nod and Sam cleared his throat. “Mhmm. I’m fine.” Sam lied. "Just… just go back to sleep. Sorry if I woke you.”

Dean looked at the dark form of his brother, watched as lightning lit up the room once again and seconds later the rumble of thunder and even though Sam didn’t whimper this time at the sound, he shuddered.

It didn’t take much thinking on Dean’s part to untangle himself from his blankets and walk over to Sam’s bed.

“Scoot.” Dean demanded, looming over Sam and Sam stared up at him with wide, frightful eyes before he moved and lifted the blankets so Dean could crawl underneath them.

Dean crawled underneath them and tried to reach out for Sam, pull him close but Sam squeaked as he moved away, just a little bit. “I’m not a baby.” Sam muttered into the dark, his voice so small. “I’m not scared of the thunder.”

“I know.” Dean replied back and he reached out for Sam again and this time Sam willingly curled up against Dean.

Thunder shook the motel and Sam shivered up against Dean and Dean only wrapped his arms around Sam tighter.
Chapter 51

Dean’s in that delicate place between sleep and awake, where his body feels heavy and unconsciousness is just right there. Like any moment he’ll be gone to the world for several hours. Teetering and waiting for fall.

Dad had been asleep. Had been for a while now. Snoring away in his drunken stupor. It seemed to happen more often now. Dad drinking himself to sleep but honestly Dean didn’t blame him too much. It seemed more and more often that they couldn’t get a win. They were just a little too slow or a little too wrong and one too many people died. So yeah, it had gotten bad. Demons plagued Dad’s mind and he chased them with a fifth of whiskey.

But he was in that place, just waiting to fall when he felt cold fingertips skim the base of his spine, right above the hem of his sweatpants. He made a sound, low in the back of his throat and slowly he felt a pair of lips settle on the knob of bone at the base of his neck.

The fingers moved, skirting along his stomach as they gently pushed into his skin, rolling him from his side to his back. Sam kissed along the side of Dean’s neck, tongue teasing at that sensitive spot at the base of his ear and Dean opened his eyes, seeing nothing in the dark other than the darkened silhouette of his brother.

Sam didn’t say anything as he threw his leg over Dean’s hips, pulling his body up from laying next to him, to straddling him.

Dean shot a worried glance over at the form of their father who was sleeping just feet away from them but soft fingertips on his cheek brought Dean’s gaze back to the thing that made his heart run wild.

The moon was sneaking past the curtains and into the room and they seemed the reflect the gold that was shining so bright in Sam’s eyes.

“Sam…” Dean whispered, trying to sound like he was warning his brother but Sam bent down and kissed him, swallowing everything that Dean was ever going to say.

“Shh.” Sam muttered against Dean’s lips, his fingers touching every piece of Dean that he could reach and Dean melted underneath the touch. “You’re tense, De. Just relax. I’ll take care of you.”

Dean groaned against Sam, unable to keep the sound within his chest and Dean could feel Sam smile against him.

Then Sam started to crawl down Dean’s body, kissing and touching and leaving love bites in his wake as he disappeared underneath the thin blanket that was wrapped around Dean.

Sam sucked a spot on his hipbone that Dean knew was going to bruise in the morning and he knew that he was going to press his fingertips into it to the point that it hurt, only so that it would stay on him longer, a constant reminder of what they were and what they did in the dark.

Dark marks for dark secrets.

Skinny fingers slipped underneath the hem of his sweatpants, pulling them down his thighs and
Dean lifted his hips of the bed, just so ever so lightly so that Sam could pull them further down.

Sam wrapped his skinny fingers around the base of Dean’s cock and a moan slipped out past Dean’s lips and he grabbed a handful of the sheets under him to keep himself grounded.

Sam kitten licked up the length of him and then without warning, Sam closed his mouth around Dean, take him as far into his throat as Sam could possibly manage and the sound that was ripped out of Dean’s mouth was feral.

Dad shifted on the bed beside them, snorted in his sleep and Dean froze, body going rigid as Sam continued to suck Dean off. Dad was restless for several long months, shifting in his bed, tossing and turning before he finally settled and his snoring resumed.

Dean’s heart was beating through his chest, blood pounding in his ears and he wrapped his hand in Sam’s hair and pulled on it slightly, torn between letting Sam continue and stopping this because Dad was right there and if Sam kept this up, Dean wasn’t going to be able to keep quiet.

Sam’s head popped up from underneath the blanket, hair a perfect mess on his head, lips shining with spit and he only smiled.

“You gotta stay quiet, De.” He purred. “Don’t wanna wake daddy up, now do we?”

Chapter End Notes

look who is trying to update more often (never mind the fact that i am still three months behind. we'll just ignore that.)
“Why don’t cha beg a little more, Sammy?” Deans lips brushed against the shell of Sam’s ear, the knife digging deeper into his throat. It wouldn’t take much to cut the skin now. A single swallow would do it. “Maybe if you beg a little more I’ll let you go. We both know I love it when you beg.” Deans voice dropped an octave lower.

And Sam’s body reacted to it. He hated it. He hated Dean could hold him up against a wall, press a knife to his throat, tell him that he was going to kill him, that he wasn’t going to get away this time and his body still reacted the same way as it did all those other times when Dean pushed him up against a wall, hand around his throat, fingers working to free him of his jeans.

"Turns you on, doesn’t it.“ Sam could hear the smirk in Dean’s voice. “Got your life in my hands and it turns you on. I knew you always were a kinky one. Like a little knife play mixed in with your sex?"

There was a lump in his throat and he wanted nothing more to swallow but he grit down on his teeth and looked past Dean’s head, willing the tears that were swelling in his eyes away.

If Dean wanted it kill him, that’s fine. It wasn’t really his brother anyway but he wasn’t going to give the monster inside of him the satisfaction of the last thing that he saw of his brother were the salty tears running down his face.

Dean faked a pout, cocking his head to the side when he saw those tears forming in his eyes.

“Is Sammy gonna cry? Go ahead, baby boy, you’re beautiful when you cry.”

Sam’s mind screamed out at him not to listen to Dean because this wasn’t Dean and it wasn’t Dean telling him these things no matter how soft and how much Dean sounded like himself. This was the demon that was inside of his body, taunting him, teasing him, tricking him to believe things that he wanted to so desperately believe.

Chapter End Notes

alternative way to view that scene when dean had escaped the dungeon and the winchesters had that little chase around the bunker. and well, dean’s a demon and he always has the upper hand.
He clutched at the sheets, sweat coating his body as he tossed and turned. He was running, desperately trying to keep up the pace, trying to stay ahead of the thing that was behind him, of the thing that was chasing him. But the tree roots that laced the ground seemed to reach up and bite at his ankles.

He could hear the beast snarling behind him, snapping at his heels. It was close. Sam could feel it’s breath against his back.

It was too fast and he was too slow and it was right there, right fucking there. His heart was thudding through his chest and he couldn’t keep this up. His heart was going to bust.

His feet tripped over themselves and he fell to the ground, hands going to in front of him trying to brace himself for the fall. It hurt and he screamed out as he felt something close around his ankle, teeth digging into his flesh, biting in between the joints and bones, separating his foot from his leg.

Something clamped down on his shoulder and he screamed again as it shook him.

“No…” He begged. “Please. Don’t.” A year, he had survived down here for a year and it would be all for nought. “Please.”

The thing shook his shoulder again and through the blood that was rushing past his ears, he heard his name. The thing whispered his name. Again, his body shook as teeth dug deeper into his ankle and he cried out again.

His name. It said his name again. And it… it told him to…

“Dean, wake up. Please, wake up.” It begged and his shoulder shook again. His head was pounding and his body hurt, pain ran up and down like a live wire. “Dean, wake up.”

With a gasp, he opened his eyes and everything came rushing back to him. But before he could move, before he could shake the phantom pain out of his leg, he was pulled up into a bone crushing hug. his head buried in the familiar chest of his brother and then, just like that, he was dropped back on the bed like it hurt Sam to touch him. Or… or like it wasn’t okay for Sam to touch him.

And, oh yeah, it wasn’t. Or shouldn’t be because Sam left him in Purgatory for a year, alone, fighting for his life while he went to live an oblivious one with some girl. So yeah, it might not be okay because Sam crossed a line and stabbed a knife deep within Dean’s heart… but then again, it felt good, real good to be held by him again.

Sam sat down on his bed awkwardly and Dean was certain that if the lights were on, he would see the red tint of blush coating his face as Sam realized that it wasn’t okay for him to touch his brother like that anymore.

Dean cleared his throat, ignoring the way that it felt raw and scratchy and rubbed the back of his neck as he sat up, facing Sam but not looking at him.

“Uhh… sorry…” A cough and he cleared his throat again. “Sorry that I woke you.”

They looked at each other for a moment, a split second that they actually held eye contact and then they both looked away.

Chapter 53
“It’s okay. I couldn’t sleep anyway.” Sam replied and also rubbed the back of his neck.

Dean couldn’t help himself and he looked back up at his little brother, guilt over riding his senses because Sam looked awful. Even through the dark, he could see the purple circles under his eyes, the tell-tale sign that he hadn’t been sleeping well. For a while now and it had been all because of him. Because ever since he found out about the girl, he bared Sam to his own bed and well, it was no secret that they both slept better in each other’s arms.
They set up camp about a mile back that way. It’s nothing special, not really. There’s a tent that’s big enough to fit the two of them and a couple of sleeping bags. Not to mention all of the other things that they had brought with them including food for the next couple of days.

It was Sam that wanted to go hiking. In fact, it was Sam that wanted to do this whole camping trip thing. Said that it would be beneficial for the both of them. A way to relax, unwind. Not electronics. No monsters. No people. No nothing but each other and nature and well the idea of getting Sam completely alone was compelling enough for Dean to follow Sam on this whole crazy adventure thing.

But right now, he’s seriously considering kicking his little brother’s ass because for one, it’s hot as hell out and two, Dean Winchester does not hike and he most certainly doesn’t hike for nearly a mile, battling every little bug on the planet.

Of course, he keeps all the complaining to himself other than the every now and then ‘how much longer are we going to go?’ because Sam’s honestly excited about this. Being one with nature and shit and well, it’s been a long time since he’s seen his brother this carefree.

It was almost infectious.

They heard it before they actually saw it. The sound of rushing water falling and crashing to the ground only to keep running downstream to whatever river it feeds into. Sam turned to look at Dean, a wide smile on his face and he pushed on through the woods, closer to the sound of water and finally them came to a clearing where it was.

The waterfall was huge, towering over them and Dean stood there, looking up at it in what could only be called awestruck because it was amazing.

There was movement out of the corner of his eye and he turned and had to suppress a cough that was suddenly working it’s way up his throat because Sam was stripping out of his clothes, toeing out of his shoes and then he was standing there at the water’s edge, completely naked, eyes on the waterfall that he walked closer to until he was under it. He shivered when the water hit him but he closed his eyes and threw his head back.

“Sam!” Dean hissed, looking at his brother and then all around him like someone was going to catch his brother doing this scandalous thing. “What are you doing?”

“Cooling off.” Sam answered simply, opening his eyes and blinked the water out of them as he looked at Dean. “Come join me. It feels good.”

“But…” Dean sputtered. “But someone could see us.” He wasn’t sure why he was fighting this, why all the sudden he was acting like some virgin in church who wouldn’t dare to do something like this but, I mean, it was a national park that Sam had dragged them out to and taking a shower underneath a waterfall was illegal, right? Like Dean was one to shy away from illegal things.

Maybe it was the spontaneous action that was so unlike his brother had Dean nearly at a lost for words because his brother didn’t normally do things like this. It was always him doing the crazy, illegal, we’re definitely going to get arrested for doing this kind of things.

Sam laughed, actually laughed. “There’s no one around to see us, Dean. Come on. Join me. Get naked. It feels good.”
Dean looked around them one more time looking for people that he knew wasn’t there and toed out of his shoes before he stripped down to nothing.

The water was cold, colder than what he expected and the pebbles under his feet were smooth by years of water running over it but Sam was right when he said that it felt good.

He let out a yelp that he would later deny when he finally joined Sam under the waterfall because that was a shock to his entire body with how cold that water was and then let out another yelp that he was going to most definitely deny when Sam suddenly wrapped his arms around Dean’s waist and pulled up in for a kiss.
At school he’s different. It’s like when he slides on that leather jacket and Dad drops him off, he’s different. Not a bad kind of different, just different.

The girls love it. This bad-boy vibe that he gives off so well. He’ll stroll into class without any pens or books and lounge in his chair and when the teacher tells the class to do something, he’ll lean over to whomever is sitting next to him with that smile that melts anyone and asks to borrow a pen. Then during all class he’ll chew on the end of it, pretending not to care, pretending that he’s got somewhere else to be.

Teachers hate him because he’s just the type of kid they don’t want in his class. The students love him because he’s just the kid of kid that they want to be but don’t dare to.

And Sam, well Sam’s madly in love with every version of Dean that he can get. He loves watching him at school, walking around with that cocky step and his arm wrapped around his shoulders and the way that the halls will just part around him. Sam loves the way that Dean pretends not to care about school, pretends that he doesn’t know the answer to a question when he is called on in class and then when the teacher gives a quiz, he aces the thing and when people ask him what he does, he just winks at them, tells them that he’s got his magical ways which leaves people to their imaginations as to what Dean does to get these grades.

But what Sam loves the most is when they get back from school and Dean sheds that leather jacket that he uses as a shell, as a shield to protect him from the outside world and suddenly it’s just his brother. His real brother, the person that Sam fell in love with.

While Sam is doing homework, Dean will come up behind him and place his chin on Sam’s shoulder, his arms around his chest and he’ll watch as Sam writes in the margin of his books and he’ll press short, sweet kisses all along Sam’s neck until he finally lays down the pen and pays attention to him.

And when Dean lays him out on the bed, fingertips just barely brushing over his body, all soft and caring and that bad boy facade is melted away and all that’s left is this boy that loves with his whole heart and while he can’t really say it with words, he can say it with his body and his touches. And after Dean’s managed to pull everything out of Sam’s little body that he can, he’ll curl up next to Sam, arms wrapped around him, head buried in the crook of his neck and he’ll fall asleep, happy and soft and content.

So yeah, at school, he’s the person that everyone want him to be but when he’s with Sam, he’s who he should truly be.
Chapter 56

Chapter Notes

anon request; mary + apple pie, normal life with weecest

He knew it was wrong. Hell, he knew that it was worse than wrong and that there were most definitely some wires that were crossed in his head because people who were normal didn’t think like this. There were times, late at night when he couldn’t get to sleep that he considered going to his parents and telling them what he wanted, what he craved but the thought of that, of what they would do to him, it made his stomach flip. They wouldn’t understand. No one would understand and they would take him away, lock him up in some hospital or something and Dean… he couldn’t stand the thought of being away from Sam.

He waited, laying awake and staring at the ceiling. The little red numbers on his alarm clock that sat on his bedside table read sometime around midnight and he threw his blankets off his body.

He stuck his head out into the hallway, looking down in the direction of his parents bedroom and stilled his breathing. He could feel his heartbeat beating in his chest as he tried to listen for the tattle-tell sounds of his dad’s snoring, signaling to him that it was okay for him to sneak out.

Several moments passed and finally he was able to hear it over the sound of the blood pounding past his ears. He smiled to himself as he slinked out past his bedroom door and tiptoed down the hall into Sam’s room.

The door to Sam’s room was unlocked, like it always was now.

There was moonlight bleeding past the curtains that huge over the window in his room and it nearly made Sam glow in his bed, curled in on himself, sleeping soundlessly into the night.

Dean watched, for a few minutes, that was the beautiful perfection that was his brother, how soft and innocent that he looked and once again, that seed of guilt pooled in the middle of his gut that he had completely corrupted his brother.

He pushed that all away, every bad thought and the guilt and closed Sam’s door behind him, making sure to lock it before he crawled into bed.

Sam fit perfectly against Dean, Sam’s back to Dean’s chest and Dean kissed up the side of Sam’s neck, loving the feeling of his baby brother pressed right up against him.

Sam stirred against Dean, wide eyes blinking against sleep and Sam turned in Dean’s arm, a smile pulling on his lips.

“I tried to stay up and wait for you.” Sam muttered, his voice thick and groggy and Sam actually sounded upset with himself, that he fell asleep, that he couldn’t stay awake.

Dean bent his head and kissed Sam, hard and sweet and Sam relaxed into Dean’s hold, kissing him back. “You’re fine, baby boy.” He muttered, pushing back the hair that had fallen in Sam’s eyes. “You’re fine.”
It was wrong and Dean knew it, knew it with every ounce of his being but he wouldn’t give up this feeling, the feeling of Sam underneath him for everything. And after he’s pulled everything out of Sam’s little body, every sound, every twitch of muscle, Dean will disappear back into his room.

In the morning, his mom will walk into his room, a smile on her face and she’ll press a kiss to Dean’s forehead, pulling him from the couple hours of sleep he had and he’ll tell her ‘good morning’ with the taste of Sam still in his mouth.
They were careful. Kinda had to be when they lived a life like they lived but there was some sort of comfort that came with Bobby’s house. It was a constant that they had in a life that wasn’t constant. Dad liked it because it was a safe place that he could keep his boys when he didn’t want to bring them out on a hunt.

The boys liked it because it made them feel normal. At least for just a moment. They slept in a bed that was their own. They had a yard that they could play out in until the sun set. There was an actual dinner table that they were required to sit down at and eat supper per demand of Bobby.

While they were on the road, they were careful about what they did. How close they stood next to each other. How long they looked at each other. How many passed in between the time that they both disappeared off into the bathroom. But when Dad dropped them off at Bobby’s with a vague estimation of when he’s going to get back and then he’s gone in a trail of dust left by the Impala and it’s just the boys and an old man who’s a little too soft around the edges when it comes to them.

There’s a stream that runs at the edge of his property and they’ll shout out at Bobby that they’re going to go exploring and Bobby will grunt back in response and then the boys will take off after each other, racing to get to the stream.

Sometimes Dean will get there first. Sometimes it will be Sam but regardless when they get there, they’ll fall to the ground in a fit of laughter.

The laughter will die in Dean’s chest though the moment that Sam rolls over on top of him, his skinny legs straddling Dean’s waist and the sun is making Sam’s hair a golden halo and Sam’s touching Dean’s face with such a soft touch that Dean feels his heart melting in his chest.

All that careful, paranoid caution completely disappears because there’s no one around for miles and it’s just them and Sam will bend down and kiss Dean, holding him against him, no rush in their movements because they’ve got nowhere to be.

Bobby will trek through the woods, in search of the boys because those two damn boys left their backpacks in the middle of the living room and Bobby damn near tripped over it and he had every intent to chew them out but then he walked upon them, with Sam straddlingly Dean and they were kissing, slow and sweet.

He stumbled backwards, trying not to make a sound as he went back to the house. When he got back there, he simply picked up their backpacks and placed it in their room and then poured a stiff glass of whiskey and sighed to himself.

He knew that those boys were different, always attached at the hip. Wherever Dean went, Sam followed and vice versa and if he wasn’t being a hundred percent honest with himself, seeing those two boys making out on the edge of his property, it wasn’t the weirdest thing that he’s ever seen. Not by a long shot.

So he drank his whiskey and waited for the boys to come back, still living under the happy illusion that no one knew and Bobby had every intention of keeping it that way.
Chapter 58

Sam was the one that wanted to go to the movies. He came up to Dean one day, wringing his fingers together in a way that told Dean that he was obviously nervous and said that he wanted to go to the movies… together… as in a date. Dean almost laughed… almost because what they did was one thing, but they didn’t go out on dates except Sam looked do sick to his stomach, so nervous that Dean didn’t laugh. Instead he grabbed Sam’s face and pressed a kiss to his lips and said yes, that he would love to go on a date with Sam.

Besides, Dean knew what a date to the movies really meant. More making out than actually watching the film.

Sam was a nervous wreck the entire time that they walked to the movie house. His palms sweaty as he held onto Dean’s hand, pushing his bangs out of his face like he did whenever he was nervous. And honestly, Dean thinks it’s adorable because it kinda really is. After everything that they’ve done in the darkened motel room and it’s a date that Sam’s nervous of.

Regardless, Dean buys them two tickets to whatever low grade movie was playing and a big thing of popcorn making sure to cover it with butter and Dean knows that Sam is really nervous because Sam doesn’t even make some comment about all that butter clogging up your arteries.

Then they pick two seats in the two row near the middle and settle in close by each other and Dean’s ready for the lights to turn down so he can stop pretending that he’s paying attention to the movie and start making out with his brother because that’s what he really wants to do.

After what felt like forever, the previews get over with and the last few people file into the theater and then the lights get real low, the theater gets real dark and Dean waits, just a few more minutes before shifting in his seat, lifting up the armrest and leaning over to where he can press his lips to Sam’s waiting neck. Except Sam shifts away from Dean and pushes him away and he shushes Dean when Dean makes a sound of protest.

Dean’s plan to pick a movie that sounded boring apparently failed because while Dean wasn’t interested in the movie at all, his dorky little brother seemed to be completely engrossed by it.

Dean tried a couple more times but then Sam actually threatened to get up and move away from him so Dean finally gave up and slouched down in his seat with a huff and finished watching the movie.

He wasn’t nearly as happy as he thought he would be when the movie was finished and while he wasn’t meaning to pout (because quite frankly that was childish and Dean Winchester did not pout) he couldn’t keep the small frown off his lips and even when Sam thanked Dean for taking him to the movies, Dean didn’t really have the heart to say anything back.

That was until Sam pulled them both in the alley that was besides the theater and shoved Dean up against the wall. Dean remained pliant against Sam, intending not to give Sam the satisfaction of making any kind of response until Sam grabs a hold of Dean’s hand and slips it down the back of his jeans.

It takes Dean all about two seconds to realize that what he was feeling was in fact not the cotton material of the boxers that Sam usually wears. That, in fact, what he’s feeling against the pads of his fingers was lace and he had to bite back the groan that threatens to escape his lips.
He almost can’t drive back to the motel in a straight line, so painfully hard that it actually makes it
difficult to drive and the second that Sam steps inside of the motel room, Dean is on him, pushing
him out of his jacket and shoving him down on the bed.

Sam only smiles up at him with this cheeky little grin as Dean rushes to get them both undressed.

“You fucking little tease.” Dean spits out when he pulls down Sam’s jeans that are frankly a little
too baggy for his colt thin legs and sees the white lace panties that Sam is wearing. He’s not even
sure where Sam got them but it doesn’t matter.

Dean bends down and mouths at Sam’s cock that is still hidden behind the lace and he makes Sam
come like that, just like that with these barely touches and the wet heat from his mouth, ruining the
lace, before he flips Sam over, pulls the lace over and fucks him into the mattress, all the while
Sam is begging for it.
prompt: Sam doesn't eat unless he has to while Dean's a demon. When he gets Dean back, the first thing his big brother notices is how skinny and weak he is. Dean goes into ultra protective mode and is so gentle and loving to Sam. He makes him food and when they have sex, Dean is gentle and he makes Sam feel so safe and secure again. Dean goes on and on about how his Sammy needs to be good and healthy, and how well he's doing as he keeps gaining weight. Dean supports him through all of it.

He’s not purposely starving himself, you know? It’s just… he’s worried about other things, about more important matters, about his brother. Trying to find Dean, trying to find a cure, trying to figure out a way to make sure that he can actually get his brother back, it all seems more important than eating. Now he isn’t stupid. He knows that he can’t continue living without eating something... it’s just when he does eat, it’s just enough to take the edge off his hunger that isn’t really there.

He just knows that he’s this far from finding a cure and if he pushes through this then Dean will be alright and he’ll be back to his old self and Sam can stop worrying about that. He just has to push a little harder for just a little longer.

The demon that is now Dean makes a comment about it, how Sam looks as skinny as he did when he was a gangly teen and they were doing things that no brother should do in the backseat of the impala. He would smile as he said “don’t you remember how I would just split you open on my cock, Sammy? How you would beg for it. How much of a slut you were for it. Begging me to stuff you full and tear you in half. I’m sure that if you released me now, I could still split you open, still make you beg for it. Hell, i probably wouldn’t even fit. Your body is too tiny now to take me all the way.”

It wasn’t like the other jabs that the demon sent his way, saying that Dean had cared his ass for all his life, always looking after him and how he never wanted that. And it wasn’t like the jab that he sent towards Sam saying that Dean never really wanted Sam in that way, he just couldn’t stand making the kid sad. But regardless it hurt to hear because Sam was certain that Dean was right. He probably wouldn’t be able to fit Dean inside of him anymore. It’s been too long and he’s lost so much weight and yet Sam would still probably beg for it. He would beg and cry until Dean broke him in half and still want more.

But then Sam cured Dean, purified that demon blood or whatever and then Sam had his brother back and he felt weak and small. His body sagged on his bed (Dean didn’t want to be around him anymore. He ran off to his room the moment that Sam released him and he took the hint. Dean didn’t want to have anything else with him.) And he felt like he would just sink through. He was hungry, more than hungry. He was starving and yet he couldn’t bring himself to walk into the kitchen and get something to eat. It seemed like it was too much effort.

Curing Dean, it was supposed to fix everything. Everything was supposed to go back to how it was before he was a demon and everything was supposed to be alright.

There’s a tentative knock at his door and he’s expecting Cas, telling him that Dean has finally
gotten to sleep and that he should eat something or something like that but he’s surprised when the
door pushes open and it’s Dean standing there, holding a tray of food in his hand, standing in the
door like he’s not welcome which was weird to see because Dean was always welcomed in his
room.

Yet there Dean was, standing in the doorway like he was a stranger, waiting for Sam’s permission
to come in.

“You don’t have to ask, Dean.” Sam finally said when it was clear that Dean wasn’t going to walk
in on his own. “You’re always welcomed in my room. Always.” He’s not sure why he’s trying to
make that point but he is. He wants Dean to know that anything of Sam’s is something of his.

“Oh… uhh… okay.” Dean said, pushing the door open wider and he’s almost blushing, like he was
embarrassed to think that he wasn’t welcomed or maybe he was embarrassed to think that Sam still
wanted him. After everything he did. Everything he said. “I… uhh… I made you some food. You
just… you look…”

Dean trailed off. How were you supposed to nicely say that you’ve lost so much weight that you
look unhealthy.

But Sam sat up straighter on his bed, leaning against the head board and his heart hurts in his chest
because it looks like Dean actually tried to make him something that he would like. The salad
looked fresh. The chicken still looked hot. The apple that Dean had sliced open looked good and it
was nothing like what Dean normally ate and yet he still tried. He was trying to make it up to Sam.

Sam barely ate three of the apples slices and picked at the salad before he pushed the tray away,
claiming that he was full and Dean didn’t doubt it for a second but he still urged Sam to eat just
another apple slice.

Sam looked at the apple and then looked up at Dean, his jaw locked in that childlike defiance and
Dean ran a nervous hand through his hair.

“Listen, Sammy, i know that i’m in no position to ask you to do anything. In fact, I’m the last
person that should ask you to do anything but you’ve gotta eat a little more, man. Please. Just a
couple bites of chicken. We’ve gotta… you’ve gotta get healthy. You’re skin and bones and it’s all
because…” because of me. Even though Dean didn’t say that, Sam knew what he meant to say.
And he wanted to deny it. It wasn’t because of Dean, Sam had every opportunity to eat, he just
didn’t.

Instead it ate a full slice of chicken and a couple more pieces of apple and he looked up at Dean,
his stomach stuffed and he didn’t miss the fond little smile that was on Dean’s face. Except Dean
was sitting at the edge of the bed, so far away and Sam wanted him so much closer. Needed him
closer.

“Good job, Sammy.” Dean praised, picking up the tray and backing out of the room. “You did such
a good job.” He paused at the door, looking as if he wanted to say more before he walked out. “I’ll
see you in the morning.”

For breakfast Dean made oatmeal and the hot meal feels good going down Sam's stomach and it
tastes so good that he can’t help but eat it all. It was so much food and a few minutes later, it
comes back up and Sam knew he shouldn’t have eaten it all. His stomach couldn’t handle that
much food after not eating for so long. He needed to take it slower but Dean was there, rubbing
light fingers up and down his back, saying that it was okay. They’ll try something else and he
pressed a cool washcloth to the back of his neck and when Sam gained the color back to his skin,
Dean backed away from Sam, ceasing all contact and Sam missed that the most.

Dean helped Sam gain weight back. Every meal that Sam had was a home cooked meal and it was something different and Dean would ask how Sam liked it and Sam would reply truthfully. There was one night that Sam stumbled upon Dean fast asleep with his head resting in some book in the library. And upon further inspection, Sam saw that it was a cookbook with post-it notes sticking out all over the place. Sam gently pulled the book from out underneath Dean’s head and on it post-it note was Dean’s handwriting, writing down notes, whether or not Sam liked whatever was on that page and Sam’s heart swelled at the sight.

It took a while. That’s a lie actually. It took forever for Dean to actually touch Sam like they used to. Dean had folded back into himself, refused himself to touch Sam longer than he absolutely had to and whenever Sam would try to initiate any kind of contact, Dean would cut it off, make up some excuse why he had to leave and do something else.

However, slowly Sam started touching Dean longer and Dean allowed himself to stay there while Sam touched. A couple of fingers to the back of the hand. Elbows and knees pressed together while they’re sitting next to each other at the table. It’s small but it feels like so much to Sam.

There’s one night where Dean doesn’t seem as shielded as he normally is and they’re in Sam’s room watching some movie and Sam managed to crawl up under Dean’s arm and Dean wrapped it around Sam’s shoulder for the whole movie. Now in the morning, Dean seemed even more distant that he had before and anytime there was even the smallest point of contact, Dean flinched like he was burned.

Sam had long gained back the weight that he had lost when they first had sex. Dean was in his room, leaning up against the headboard, staring off into nothing when Sam let himself in and crawled onto Dean’s bed and all but begged Dean to touch him. That he needed it and it was low because Sam knew that Dean would do anything that Sam asked but it wasn’t a lie. He missed Dean. He missed him tremendously and having Dean just within reach and yet having Dean seem like he was miles away hurt more than any kind of pain could feel.

It started out with Sam touching Dean. Slowly undressing him, kissing him, whispering praise and forgiveness for everything that Dean ever said to him in his skin and soon Dean was trembling underneath Sam’s touch and it was everything that Sam wanted.

He was fully content with riding Dean, taking whatever he was willing to get but Sam sunk his teeth into the flesh the spot where Dean’s heart was, sucked a deep, purple spot there and it seemed to flip some kind of switch inside of Dean.

Dean flipped them and then it was Sam’s turn to be worshipped with fingers and lips and the entire time Dean couldn’t stop himself for apologizing, saying that he wanted Sam, that he needed him, that he didn’t mean any of what he said when he was a demon. It was all a ploy to try to get Sam to let him go and Sam ran a hand through Dean’s hair and told him that it’s okay. That he knows.

As much as Dean hates to admit it and he probably won’t ever admit it, he buried his head in the crook of Sam’s shoulder as he pushed inside of him and cried.

Sam felt like crying too because it was all too much. The way that Dean was treating him, like he was this fragile thing that Dean didn’t even deserve touching, treating him with so much care, being so gentle that Sam wasn’t sure that this was still his Dean because Dean hadn’t been this gentle with him since the first time they did this. Or when Dean sold his soul for him to bring him back from the dead.
So it’s kind of a give and take, ya know. Dean nurses Sam back to health. Holds his hair back when Sam throws back up his meal because he just can’t keep it down and Sam shows Dean that he is worthy of forgiveness.
He doesn’t feel anything. He knows that he should. Remembers a time back before, when he had a soul and he felt immensely but now, there’s nothing.

When they interview victims and the grieving family members and he watches the tears roll down their face, he knows that he should feel sympathy for them except he doesn’t. He says what he needs to say, offer meaningless condolences and then he leaves with Dean in tow.

And when he has sex with whoever wants to sleep with him, he doesn’t feel anything there either. Now, he feels the sensations and the physical touch feels good but there’s nothing emotional behind it. In the morning, or late at night, he’ll get up, get dressed and leave without so much of a thought towards the person who he just slept with. And well, if they leave him their number, he ends up throwing it away because he’s not really interested in coming back for seconds.

That’s another thing that Sam found was different about him. He gets bored easily. Without the emotional capacity to feel anything, there’s nothing that holds his interest for long anymore.

That is… everything except Dean. Dean seemed to be the exception to every rule.

Dean seems to pull him in, even more so than he had when he had a soul. It’s like Dean is this puzzle that he can’t quite figure out. And Dean is the only thing that makes him feel anything.

They’ve come in from a hunt and Dean made some excuse to disappear from the room but he’s not tricking anybody as to why he’s in a hurry to leave. He’s made it obvious that he doesn’t like being around Sam anymore. This soulless version of him is not the Sam that Dean practically raised and he can’t stand being in the same room as him and quite frankly that doesn’t faze Sam. If Dean wants to leave, then he can leave.

So Sam takes the opportunity of being alone and takes the well needed shower that he deserves.

The hot water feels good running down his back, relaxing his muscles and he lets his head hang forward, underneath the spray, eyes closed as dirt and blood and whatever else washes off his body and down the drain.

Then he grabs the bottle of cheap motel conditioner, popping open the lid and pouring a decent amount over his fingers before he snakes his hand around his body, letting his fingers skim over his hole. The touch makes his stomach muscles clench together, body tensing momentarily before he relaxed.

The touch felt like it always does. Good. Made his cock hardened in anticipation but that’s all there is. The physically sensation.

Then Dean slowly starts to creep into his mind and there’s something that tugged at Sam’s heart that he desperately tried to chase after. And it was always just out of his grasp. He would feel it, just barely taste it and whenever he thought that he was finally starting to feel something emotionally, it just went away.

However, thinking about Dean, like this, alone and in the shower, fingering himself with cheap conditioner, it’s the closest thing to actually feeling like he was human and not some machine that he could get.
Dad left him there for a lesson, ya know? Not because he wanted Dean to stay there forever or that he was careless but the kid had to learn. He couldn’t keep sneaking out at night, hanging out with those kids that were nothing but trouble, drinking and getting into trouble.

Usually Dad would bail him out, either that or wave around that fake badge that he had to get Dean out. He would scold Dean, get onto him for being stupid like that, that he wouldn’t always be there to bail Dean out when he got into trouble and Dean would apologize, keep his head ducked and say that he wouldn’t sneak out again. and John believed it right up until the moment that he got yet another call late into the night from the sheriff saying that his son was in county lock up.

So John was going to leave him there for the night. Let him sleep on that hard cot, surrounded by the drunks and the homeless and let him learn his lesson. He had said that he wouldn’t always be there for him and it was about time that he start to realize that.

And he explained that to Sam. when Sam asked why he wasn’t going to get Dean, John explained that Dean was going to be spending the night there because he needed to learn, Sam starting crying.

John’s never been good at the touchy-feely crap. When Sam was a baby and he started crying, he tried to comfort the child, brush his hair back from his face, pat his back, anything to stop the crying. Dean would watch from the other side of the room, eyes narrowed as he watched Dad try to quiet down Sammy and after a while Dean would walk over and take the small child in his arms and Sam would almost immediately quiet down. John would ask what Dean did and Dean would just shrug because he didn’t really know and eventually Dean took over the job of quieting down Sam.

It hurt John. It hurt him a lot being that his oldest was the one that could calm down his baby brother and nothing that he did seemed to work but that’s just how it was. It was always Sam and Dean, them together forever.

But Sam started crying and John knew that it was because he wanted his brother but Dean needed to learn.

Sam blinked through teary eyes and nodded his head, saying that he understood why Dean needed to stay there but he didn’t stop crying.

Sam went to bed that night, with tears still in his eyes and he curled up underneath the blankets on Dean’s side of the bed, burying his head in Dean’s pillow and John watched as Sam’s small body shook with sobs.

When Sam had finally fallen into a restless sleep, John grabbed the keys to the Impala and drove down to county lock up, apologizing for his son.

“Don’t do this again to your brother.” John said simply as they got in the car.
And Dean looked at his father, eyes wide with guilt as he swallowed thickly and nodded and this
time John believed him.

When they got back to the motel, the sound of the door opening pulled Sam from his sleep and he
blinked through the darkness only to see the form of his big brother standing there in the doorway.
He restrained himself from jumping up and wrapping his brother in a hug but the moment that Dad
laid down and Dean slipped into bed, Sam wrapped his arms around Dean and held him as close as
he possibly could, threatening to never let him go.
There was no moon out that night, the sky black as it bled in through the boards of the boarded up window. Dad had been gone for weeks now and the money that he left didn’t cover the price of staying in the motel room for any longer. So they packed up their stuff and went to the edge of town where houses were abandoned, sold to the state with the intention of them being fixed up for affordable homing. They’ve been like that for years.

It’s cold outside, cold during the day and freezing during the night. They laid together, wrapped around each other on the broken mattress that was shoved in the corner of one room under the threadbare blankets. Sam was shivering, a constant movement and Dean was practically on top of Sam, trying to keep him warm.

The amulet that Sam had gotten Dean for Christmas was pressed between their chest, the shape of it being imprinted in their skin like a brand.

Sam buried his head in the crook of Dean’s neck, his lips cold as they stayed against Dean’s throat.

“We’re gonna be fine, Sammy.” Dean shivered as he wrapped his arms tighter around his little brother.

“I know.” Sam replied, his voice muffled.

“We’re gonna be just fine.” Dean whispered again, more to himself than anything as he let the darkness of the night take them away into another night of fitful sleep.
Chapter 63

Dean had gotten a job at the little dive-in movie theater that was on the edge of town. Dad had left them with a little bit of money but Sam needed new shoes for soccer (the kid was growing like a weed) and well, Dean liked having a little extra cash in his pocket. Just in case.

So he worked in the ticket booth, handing out the speakers, telling the patrons that they had to turn their car off when they got parked, taking a count of the number of people that showed up for the night. Then after that, he was supposed to work the concession stand and close up for the night when the movie was over and everyone was gone.

Sam went to the drive-in every night after school, it was better than having to stay in the small motel room and Dean always managed to snag him a coke and some candy out of the concession stand. Sam sat at one of the picnic tables that were reserved for the walk-ins, the ones that came without a car, but there were rarely anybody that sat there. They all had friends that they came with and if they weren’t there, then they made friends with someone.

His homework was sprawled out across the table, the tip of the pencil in between his lips as he tried to work through his calculus homework that was due the next day. He used the light from the movie to help him see. It was easy to tune out the sound, only focus on the work that was in front of him. He’s had to do it for years, tuning out the screaming and shouting that erupted from the neighboring motel rooms.

He jumped and nearly dropped the pencil when he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder and a mouth right next to his ear. “What kind of nerd brings his math homework with him to the movies?”

Sam was prepared to fight if he had to. Break a nose or two. It wouldn’t be the first time that some jock from school bullied him into doing their homework but then the hand disappeared and the voice turned into a fit of laughter as someone sat down next to him.

“Relax Sammy, it’s only me.” Dean laughed as he leaned into his brother, a coke in his hand. He offered it over to Sam which Sam denied on principal alone.

“That’s not funny, Dean.” Sam muttered as he elbowed Dean in the gut and was rewarded with the satisfying sound of him grunting in pain. “You know that just a couple days ago those guys from school said the same thing.”

Dean only laughed again, throwing his arm around Sam’s shoulder which Sam tried to shrug off but Dean held on tight. “Yeah but they didn’t do anything cause they knew that I was around. They wouldn’t dare do anything to you.”

“But they’re not scared of you. When they came over, they asked me where my fag boyfriend was. They said that they were going to teach you, as well as me, a lesson.” Sam muttered, purposely not looking at Dean.

Dad had dropped them off before school had started and then left on a hunt before he could enroll them in school which meant that Dean was responsible for it. And according to the school records, they weren’t related. They were two boys who traveled together in that black car. It meant that they were able to hold hands in public, which Dean took every opportunity to do, but it also meant that they were constantly open to all kinds of ridicule.

“Yeah, was that before or after I broke that dude’s nose?” Sam could hear the smirk in his voice,
like he already knew the answer, which he did.

“Before.” Sam muttered.

“And he hasn’t said anything else to you has he? Hell, no one has said anything to you since, have they?”

“No.”

“That’s right because they know better than to mess you with.” Dean pulled Sam in even closer, pressing his lips to Sam’s temple. “As long as I’m around, nothing bad is going to happen to you, Sammy.”
Chapter 64

The sound of the car door slamming shut echoed through the night. It was followed up by another forceful thunk and an angry huff of air.

“Dammit Sam, don’t just slam the doors like that! You’ll ruin the hinges.” Dean called out after his brother, following him into the bunker. Sam’s answer was to fill Dean off over his shoulder and then proceed to slam the door of the Bunker shut behind him.

They both slinked off into their respective rooms, something they rarely did except when they were mad at each other. Which, at the moment, they were.

Dean threw his bag off to the side with a frustrated grunt as he plopped down on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. It was an irrational little fight, something brought on by the summer heat and being stuck in that motel room for weeks as frustration levels grew the longer they couldn’t figure out what the monster was.

And the girl at the bar was cute and she had started to flirt with him in the first place, not the other way around. But Sam, oh Sam had to make a big deal out of it. He paid the tab before Dean was even finished with his beer and then demand that they leave. Then he proceeded to scold Dean for flirting with someone when they were already in a relationship. It wasn’t like Dean meant anything by it. All he was doing was trying to get a couple of the drinks for free.

But Sam didn’t see it that way and he wouldn’t even give Dean the chance to explain his side.

However, the longer that Dean laid there on his bed, arms crossed against his chest, the anger started to recede from his mind and guilt settled in. Not that he was completely forgiving Sam for slamming the car door like that or the way that Sam gave him the cold shoulder for the entire twenty hour car drive (wouldn’t even let Dean turn on the radio) but he understood why it hurt Sam the way it did. All his life, Sam’s grown up watching Dean flirt with girls, throw that smile around carelessly only to get lucky that night and in Sam’s mind…Well, needless to say, Dean could understand why Sam was upset.

With a groan, he pulled himself from his bed and walked down the hall to Sam’s room with the intent to apologize but Sam wasn’t in his room. Dean furrowed his brow, thinking of where his brother could have gone when an idea crossed his mind.

He made his way to the shower room, knowing that if Sam wasn’t in his room then that was where he was going to be, letting the warm water ease the tension out of his muscles.

The sound of water hitting tile could be heard when he entered the room and slowly Dean shed out of his clothes. Sam’s back was to him, his head bent forward as the water hit the back of his neck. Dean could practically see all the tension that Sam was still holding.

He stepped up behind Sam, wrapping his arms around Sam’s middle when Sam tried to push Dean off.

“Go away.” Sam grunted, trying to twist out of Dean’s hold. But the shower stall was small and there wasn’t much room for him to go anywhere. “I don’t wanna talk right now.”

Dean placed a small kiss to the knob of Sam’s back, right where his neck connected with his spine. “I know but I’m here to… it wasn’t right for me to flirt with that girl and…”
“Save it, Dean. I don’t want to hear it.” Sam snapped.

But Dean pressed on, pressing his body even closer against Sam’s despite the fact that Sam was as stiff as a board. He muttered apologies into the back of Sam’s shoulders, along his spine, down his neck and the whole time Sam didn’t react at all. He stood there, letting Dean say what he wanted to say and waited for the moment that he would leave.

Except for the fact that Dean had no intention of leaving. Suddenly Sam turned in Dean’s arms, spinning the both of them around to where Dean was under the spray of water and Sam was keeping him there.

It was colder than what Dean was expecting.

“You think that you can just climb into my shower and kiss apologies into my back and all will be forgiven?” Sam hissed, his fingers digging into Dean’s biceps. “It’s going to take a lot more than just that for me to forgive you, Dean.” While there was still anger in his voice, there was a look in Sam’s eyes that sent a shiver down Dean’s spine that wasn’t caused by the cold water.

“Yeah?” Dean swallowed. “What’s it going to take?”

Sam placed a heavy hand on Dean’s shoulder and pushed him towards the ground. “You can start there.”
Chapter 65

Dean called Valentine’s Day the “unattached, drifter christmas”. A holiday that was created by Hallmark to make the sales of chocolates and roses go through the roof for twenty four hours. Now, he didn’t complain because more times than not he picked up some girl at the bar who didn’t want to spend the night alone.

He wouldn’t call himself a romantic, not out loud at least. I mean sure, sometimes he watched chick flicks and sometimes he liked to wine and dine Sam (after they defined their relationship and got past the whole brother thing) and sometimes when they had sex, he liked to go so slow and so sweet that it nearly hurt but that didn’t mean that he was a romantic.

They were happy with what they were, pretending not to be brothers out in public. They held each other at night and it was good. Sam didn’t expect more. He didn’t expect a marriage or Dean to declare to the whole world what they were and he was okay with that.

They usually stayed in on Valentine’s Day. Dean would use it as an excuse to take care of Sam. Bring him breakfast in bed. Curl up next to each other watching sappy movies on tv. Barely left the room until the next day.

So needless to say Sam was surprised when Dean came into the room dressed up in nice clothes. Not their cheap fed suits but actual, nice clothes. And he was even more surprised when Dean told him to dress up, that they were going out for the night. Sam scoffed, saying that there was no way that they were going to get a table, anywhere.

But Dean just smirked, telling Sam to shut up and get dressed. He was going to be out in the Impala.

Sam could tell that Dean was nervous. His thumb was drumming on the steering wheel as they drove to only a place Dean knew. Sam was surprised again when they pulled up in front of a steakhouse, the kind with valet service and overpriced wine. Dean only threatened the valet guy a little before he turned over the keys and then took Sam’s arm as they walked inside the restaurant.

It wasn’t the kind of place that they ever went to and Dean pulled at his tie when he sat down, a tell-tell sign that Dean was nervous, uncomfortable, ready to crawl out of his skin.

“Dean, this is nice and all but we don’t have to do this. We can go to a burger place. Order take out. You know, something like that. Something simple.” Sam said after the maitre d’ talked to them about the wine and after Dean actually ordered a bottle.

The smile on Dean’s face fell. “Do you not like it? I thought… if you don’t like it, we can leave.” Dean was already moving like he was going to get up and leave. “I mean, I just thought that you would…”

“Dean…” Sam reached out across the table and grabbed Dean’s hand. “It’s okay. I like it here. I do. I really do. It’s a step up from where we normally eat and I do like it. They might actually cook their food here as opposed to dropping it in boiling hot grease.”

And like that, Dean relaxed back against his seat, just a little.

Dinner was great. Sam practically moaned around every fork full of food and while Dean seemed to enjoy the meal, he was tense the entire time, his leg bobbing up and down under the table.
The waiter came back with the dessert menu and Dean ordered something with chocolate and a spiked coffee to go along with it. Sam tried making conversation with Dean as they waited for dessert but Dean couldn’t seem to hold the conversation for long, looking off in the distance, drawing circles on the white table cloth.

“Okay Dean, spill.” Sam finally said after another couple tense minutes. “What’s with you?”

“What?” Dean said with a nervous chuckle. “I can’t take you out on Valentine’s Day to a nice restaurant?”

“Of course you can but… Dean, this is more than just a nice restaurant. I mean, you’re all dressed you, in nice clothes. You took me out to this restaurant with food that costs more than your car. And you’re tense, shaking. Something’s up.” Dean opened his mouth to say something but Sam cut him off. “Don’t lie to me. Don’t say that nothing’s wrong.”

Dean glanced down at the table cloth, clearing his throat before he met Sam’s eyes. “Um… you’re right but… nothing’s wrong… per se. It’s just…” He rubbed the palms of his along his pants before he pushed his chair back, grabbing something out of his pocket and getting down on one knee in front of Sam.

“Um…” He cleared his throat again, holding out the ring to Sam. “I know that I’m not usually good at these sappy, romantic things but uh… Sam… uh… will you… will you marry me?”

Dean is not the kind of person to give into Valentine’s Day, believe in the day of love or whatever and Sam would never think that Dean would ever propose to him, much less on Valentine’s Day which was the exact reason why he did.
Arkansas in the summer meant that it was high temperatures with even higher humidity. The air was almost dripping with moisture. The motel that Dad dropped them off in wasn't worth the twenty bucks that he spent for it. The air condition unit that was in the window was there for show, an over glorified noise maker that did nothing to cool the room.

Both boys were sitting on one of the beds, stripped down to their boxers.

In addition to it being hot, there was nothing on tv. Half the channels were nothing but static and the other few were in spanish. Dean had been channel surfing for the past couple of hours, choosing to settle on some c grade horror movie with fake screams and even faker tits.

Once the movie was over, it was back to flipping through the channels and then it was like a lightbulb went off in his head. A few states back, there was a trick that he was taught from some guy a few states over about overriding the system and being able to get to the pay-per-view porn without paying for it.

Sam looked over at Dean with wide eyes when Dean finally landed on one channel and within seconds the room was filled with fake moans. Dean only answered with a smirk.

A couple minutes in and Dean was already palming at his hardening cock, acutely aware of the way that Sam was shifting on the bed next to him.

“You ever jacked off to porn before Sammy?” Dean asked which caused Sam to jump out of his skin. His eyes were still wide as he shook his head and Dean’s smirk didn’t falter. “Do you… wanna?” He was going at ask before this went any further.

Sam shrugged, an act of faux nonchalance. “Yeah… sure.”

“’Kay.” Dean said back, now a nervous waver to his voice.

His stomach twisted into knots as out of the corner of his eye he watched as Sam palmed himself through his boxers, easing down the bed just a little to get more comfortable.

Sam made this soft little whimper that wouldn’t have been heard if Dean wasn’t listening for it so hard when Sam slipped his hand into his boxers and wrapped his hand around his cock.

The sounds on the tv faded into the background as Dean turned his head ever so slightly so that he could watch Sam better. Sam was still staring straight ahead, his bottom lip caught between his teeth as he tried to keep the sounds trapped in his mouth. But Dean could see the way that Sam was moving, his hand sliding up and down and the little, tiny sounds that managed to escape, it was better than the obscene sounds that were playing through the tv.

Dean had to bite into the back of his hand to keep from screaming out Sam’s name as he came and it seemed, from the way that Sam bit into his hand, that he was doing the same thing.
It was in the seventh grade when he learned the meaning of the word. He was in the seventh grade and he was in the back of the classroom, flipping through the dictionary that was on his desk as the teacher droned on about “Lord of the Flies” and all the allegories that were in the book. It was the same discussion that he’s had at countless other schools.

The dictionary was old and worn having been passed through countless fingers from countless students. He was reading off the definitions in his head in the same monotone voice that his teacher was currently speaking.

It was there on page four hundred and something and it stared up at him like some great truth.

**moonstruck** (moʊnˈstrʌk); adjective

unable to think or act normally, especially because of being in love.

Unable to think or act normally, especially because of being in love. He didn’t think there was a word for it, for the way that he felt when he was around his older brother. Dean always made his heart do crazy things, made his mind cover in this fog that made him act in ways that weren’t himself.

But it was there, written and printed in ink and it was all because of that little four letter word that neither one of them dared to speak.
Chapter 68

It was never supposed to be this way. It wasn’t supposed to end this way. Not like this.

Sam glanced over his shoulder, ignoring the pounding behind his eyes, to look at Dean who was laying in the backseat, his hand splayed across the dirty rag that was soaking up the blood that was pouring out of him.

They had underestimated the hunt. They got lazy, to cocky and they believed that it was going to be a cake walk. Except nothing is ever a cakewalk for the two of them. The pair of werewolves turned out to be several werewolves and they were good, but not that good.

Sam was thrown across the room, his head hitting the concrete floor hard enough to knock him out. When he came to, there was a werewolf hovering over him, snarling, blood covering its mouth. Before Sam was able to get off a shot, the thing took a bite out of Sam’s shoulder, digging deep into the muscle. It hurt like a son of a bitch and Sam knew that rehab was going to take months but it was honestly a flesh wound.

However, Dean wasn’t so lucky. There were two on top of him and he was struggling to get free, reach for his gun but they were stronger.

Shots rang through the air and the two werewolves that were on top of Dean fell to the side, dead and Dean didn’t move.

It was bad. Dean’s clothes were torn, blood covering his body. Sam could count at least seven places at Dean was bit, more places were he was scratched. Dean’s eyes were wide and while they were still aware, they were glazing over. He coughed, blood gurgling from his mouth.

“Dean…” Sam grunted, dropping to his knees next to his brother as he shrugged out of his jacket and pressed it to Dean’s stomach. “Hey man, look at me. Dean, look at me.”

It took all the energy in Dean to turn his head and look at his brother but he did and that gave Sam hope. Just a little bit of hope.

But now, looking at Dean bleeding out in the backseat of the car, that hope was quickly fading. Dean was losing color, coughing almost continuously. His body was torn up, ripped apart and battered. Dean was a fighter but this… this was something he wasn’t going to be able to win.

“Dean?” Sam asked, glancing out the windshield to make sure that the car was still going straight before he glanced back at his brother.

Dean was looking at him, his focus going in and out but Dean was looking at him. Slowly he moved his hand from the rag and reached out for Sam. Sam easily grasped his hand, intwining their fingers together.

“Take us home, brother.” Dean muttered.

Sam swallowed thickly as he turned back to look at the road, foot pressing down on the gas pedal as far as it would go. The speedometer was nearing a hundred and Sam gripped Dean’s hand harder as he jerked the wheel.

The car was found twelve hours later wrapped around a tree and when the bodies were pulled from the car, their hands were still twisted together.
It’s late and the diner is one of those little twenty-four seven places with stressed out waitresses and road weary truck drivers.

The sign in the front says to seat yourself and they’re glad for it. Dean picked one of the back booths in the back. He smirked to himself when he saw that there was a young couple sitting right in front of them. The kind of couple that looked rigid and uptight, the kind of couple that don’t look like they visit this kind of place often. The kind of couple that were very set in their ways.

It was the perfect booth for the both of them.

The guy, some dude who’s probably going to go bald before forty eyed Dean as he looked him up and down and then turned his gaze towards Sam, the frown on his face deepening. He leaned over towards the girl and whispered something in her ear that caused her to frown too.

Dean slid into the booth first, settling himself against the wall and angling his body to where Sam could slid up right next to him. Sam shot him a quick look, glancing over at the couple with a question on his face but Dean only smiled and suddenly Sam seems to understand everything perfectly. Sam returned the smile.

Dean rested his arm along the back of the armrest as Sam climbed into the booth and along the seat until he settled himself right on top of Dean’s lap.

Dean let out a surprised sound, not expecting Sam to take it that far but frankly he’s not complaining. They’re facing the couple and suddenly the couple seemed all too interested in their meal that they previously seemed disinterested in, eating without saying a word.

Their server, a young woman who looked like she was still barely in college and stressed showed up a few moments later and handed them the menus. She looked at them for a second and started to say something about how patrons weren’t allowed to sit in the laps of other patrons unless they were children when she locked her jaw shut at the look that Dean sent her way. Instead she smiled, pulling out the little rectangle notepad, pen ready.

“So… what can I get y’all?” She asked, her voice dripping with a heavy southern accent.

“I’ll take a chocolate milkshake.” Sam said, handing the girl back the menu. “With whipped cream and a cherry please.” He added with his best innocent smile that he could muster.

She nodded, scribbling it down before turning to look at Dean. “Do you want one too, sir?”

Dean looked over the menu like he was actually considering getting something before he handed the menu back to her and shook his head. “Naw, we’ll take just the one.”

The girl looked between the two of them, her eyes wide before she cleared her throat, said that it would be out in a moment and then proceeded to turn on her heel back towards the kitchen. When Dean straightened his gaze back to in front of him he couldn’t keep from smiling when he saw that the couple was looking at them again.

They flushed bright red when they realized that they were being really fucking obvious at their staring and quickly turned back to their nearly finished meal. Sam is the one who actually laughs, a bubble of giddy laughter exploding through his chest.
He laced his arm around the back of Dean’s neck and rested his forehead against his, their noses barely touching. Dean had his hand resting just below Sam’s knee which he slowly started to move up, thumb rubbing small circles into his thigh.

“What’d you think they do if you fucked me on top of this table?” Sam purred against Dean’s neck and Dean nearly choked because fuck kid, you can’t just fucking say that without warning a man first.

Dean swallowed around the lump that suddenly formed in his throat and pushed away the thought of how Sam would look spread out along the table.

“Probably watch until we finished. They’ve never seen anything as hot as my baby with a dick in him.” Dean replied back, turning the dirty talk up to nearly a hundred. If Sam wanted to play this game, then they would play. “Couldn’t keep their hands off themselves.” He whispered as he leaned closer towards Sam, nearly pushing Sam back against the edge of the table, bending him in half. “When they hear the noises you make…” Sam closed his eyes as Dean continued. “Whimpering and moaning my name…” Dean’s lips hovered just above Sam’s. “They’d sit there and watch.” Dean laughed suddenly and Sam smiled up at him. “Then they’d call the cops.”

Their server returned with their milkshake topped with two straws and one cherry. Sam brought one of the straws to his lips.

“Mmm.” he hummed around the red plastic. “It’s really good, try some.” The woman looked over as Sam held the straw out for Dean. Dean didn’t break eye contact with Sam as he took a sip.

“Delicious.” Dean agreed, looking at Sam and licked his lips.

Sam set the glass down and glanced at the woman who was now making no point to hide her distaste. He picked the cherry off the top of the whipped cream and popped the entire thing into his mouth.

She turned toward the man and said something under her breath as she kicked his leg. He said something back and then turned to look at them.

Sam stared back at them as he laid his hand on Dean’s cheek, pulling him toward his lips. He kissed Dean hard, dipping his tongue into his mouth as Dean kissed back. They made a point to be as obnoxious about it as they could, moaning loudly, breathing heavy. Dean pushed his hands up through Sam’s hair and held tight. Sam bit onto Dean’s bottom lip and pulled as he leaned back, breaking the kiss; keeping his eyes on the couple the whole time.

Dean reached up and pulled the cherry stem from his mouth and grinned at the couple.

The woman made a disgusted noise as she abruptly stood up, throwing her napkin on the table. The man shoved his empty plate away from him and followed her to the register.

“Got the whole section to ourselves now,” Dean said with a smirk and took another sip.
Chapter 70

He wrung his hands together, fingers twisting around each other as he stared at his reflection in the mirror. His heart was practically beating through his chest. The champagne lipstick that painted his lips looked off, like it wasn’t supposed to be there now that he had put it on. Like it was only supposed to be on girls and not on little brothers.

His hair that he had let grow out was tied up in two messy braids, stray hairs that wouldn’t stay with the other strands framed his face.

He has on one of Dean’s faded band tees, the neck stretched out to the point that it was hanging off one shoulder, exposing collarbones that had mouth-shaped bruises sucked on it.

He wearing a light pink pleated skirt that he stuffed in his backpack from a convenience store a couple states over and it’s been in the bottom of his bag. That was until Dean had found it looking for a scrap of paper.

There was a light knock at the door that had Sam jumping out of his skin and he turned away from the mirror.

“Sammy.” Dean’s voice was soft through the door, light and comforting. Almost like he was consoling a small child too afraid to step in the light. “Babe, you don’t have to do this if you don’t want to. You can take it off, pretend that it never happened if you want to. Just come out. I wanna see you, babe.”

Sam thought about it for a second, about taking the easy out. Taking the skirt off, tossing it in the trash and wiping the lipstick from his lips but he could hear the anticipation in Dean’s voice. He could only imagine the images that Dean’s brain was conjuring up.

“No…” Sam’s voice squeaked. “No… I’m coming out… just don’t… don’t laugh.”

His hand was shaking as he reached for the brass knob, turning it ever so slowly as if to draw this out. But the door was already opening and there was no way that he could turn back now.

Dean was standing just on the other side of the door, hands shoved deep in his pockets as his foot was anxiously tapping on the ground.

Sam couldn’t bring himself to look up at Dean, his face already turning red and the lack of sound from Dean only made Sam more nervous. This was a mistake. He should have backed out when Dean gave him the chance. Now Dean discovered his dirty little secret and he would never look at him the same.

“There’s no use in trying to hide, Sammy. You’re beautiful. You’re perfect.” Dean’s voice was soft as he placed his fingers underneath Sam’s chin to raise his face. Slowly Sam met his eyesight. “God baby, you have no idea what you do to me. What this skirt…” He ran his hand up the length of Sam’s thigh, up the miles of flesh under the skirt and he groaned. A sound that came deep in his chest. “Shit Sammy. You’re not wearing anything under this skirt.”

Sam shook his head. “They were… they were too long, showed underneath the skirt.” His voice was barely a whisper, shaking a little at the end.

Dean growled, a sound that Sam wasn’t even sure if Dean was conscious that he made. “You’re perfect, Sammy. So fucking perfect.”
Chapter 71

It was a trap. Dean should have realized it. Everything came just a little too easily but he was tired and he wanted to get back to the Bunker and well, if for the first time in his life the hunt came easy, well he wasn’t about to question it. He should have and he knew that but he didn’t.

Sam was closest to the explosion. He wasn’t sure if there was a tripwire or if the explosion was on timer or what but he was the closest. He was blown backwards, his blade falling out of his hands and hit his head on a pile of rubble and then ceased to move.

Dean crawled over to him, ignoring the pain that was in his leg (it wasn’t bad, some shrapnel was in it) and grabbed Sam’s face, holding him, begging for Sam to hold on, to not let go like this, that Dean would take care of him.

He was still breathing and Dean took that as a win as he picked up his brother and carried him to the Impala, still talking to him, hoping that the sound of his voice would bring Sam back but Sam didn’t respond. He’s starting to open his eyes but they’re cloudy and unfocused like he’s not really seeing anything and Dean’s not sure how to feel about that. A hunter without his sight is a dead hunter.

By the time they get to the Bunker, Sam’s talking a little bit. It’s grabbled words almost like he can’t get his mouth to form the right words and sounds and Dean reaches across the cab to grab his hand, squeezing it lightly before he got out, walked to the other side and helped his brother inside the Bunker.

Sam clung to Dean, his fingers digging into Dean’s jacket as he walked on wobbly legs inside and all the while Dean was talking to him, telling him that he was going to be okay except Sam didn’t respond, at all and that worried Dean.

He laid Sam down on his bed, brushing his hair out of his face and still Sam kept a hand on Dean’s jacket, holding him tight.

“You’re gonna be okay, Sammy.” Dean muttered, removing Sam’s shoes before coming back up to his head, once again pushing the hair out of his face, running his fingers through it. “I’m going to be right back. Okay, Sammy? You just wait here. I’ll be right here.”

He had to pry Sam’s fingers off his jacket to run to get the first aid kit. There was a cut on Sam’s forehead that needed to be stitched up and while he hit the back of his head, Dean didn’t feel any blood there, just a bump. However that still had him worried. Sam wasn’t responding to him like he should have been, staring out in front of him without really looking like he was seeing anything.

When he came back into the room, Sam was sitting up, calling out Dean’s name in fear. Dean rushed towards him, dropping the things that he had gotten on the bed and grabbed Sam’s face.

“I’m here, Sammy.” Dean said, cupping Sam’s face. “I’m here.”

But Sam was shaking his head, eyes still unfocused. “I can’t… I can’t see, Dean.” He muttered, voice still slightly slurred. “I can’t… Dean, I can’t see.”

“It’s okay.” Dean said, trying to keep his voice steady even though he knew that it wasn’t going to be okay. Sam hit his head, hard and he lost his vision and Dean wasn’t sure what to do with that. “You’re going to be okay. We’re going to fix you.”

Sam still hadn’t stopped shaking his head, his whole body shivering as he reached out for Dean,
hands grabbing at nothing until he found contact with Dean’s body and held on tight. “Dean…” He sounded so close to crying now. “I can’t hear anything. I can’t… are you…”

“Shh…” Dean shushed despite the fact that Sam just told him that he couldn’t hear anything and he ignored the tug at his heart that this might not be something that he could fix.

Broken bones and gashes he could fix. Reset the bone and stitch up the cut and everything would be okay. Give days, weeks, months, it would heal but the head, when there was something wrong with the brain, Dean couldn’t fix that and if Sam couldn’t see or hear and if he couldn’t do that then he couldn’t hunt and if Sam couldn’t hunt then that meant…

That meant nothing.

Dean decided right then and there that it didn’t mean anything. At all. If Sam couldn’t hunt, then he wouldn’t hunt either. If Sam couldn’t see, then Dean would be his eyes and if Sam couldn’t hear then Dean would hear for him and that would be it.

And maybe they were finally given an out to get out of hunting. They’ve tried to get out before but it never seemed to work. But then again, they never tried to get out together. However with this, Dean couldn’t still hunt, not when Sam needed him.

So that was it. He would stop hunting and he would help Sam.

Sam cried. He kept a hand on Dean, gripping his jacket until his knuckles turned white and held onto Dean like he was afraid that Dean was just going to disappear and leave him in darkness and Sam cried. Dean felt like crying too. Seeing his brother like this, completely vulnerable and unable to defend himself against anything but he refused to cry. Not like Sam would know anyway but one of them needed to be strong.

Dean needed to be strong enough for the both of them.

He kept talking to Sam despite the fact that he knew that Sam couldn’t hear him as he cleaned up the wound on his head, washing away the blood. It seemed to comfort Dean, hearing some kind of sound that blocked out the silence and didn’t overwhelm him.

When Dean pressed the needle into Sam’s skin, Sam yelped but he didn’t pull away and Dean wished there was someway that he could have warned his brother what he was about to do but there was nothing that he could do. So he stitched Sam up, running a comforting hand through his hair when he could and let Sam grab ahold of him.

After that, when Sam was all stitched up and had stopped bleeding, Dean was at a lost what to do. Sam needed to get clean, take a shower but he didn’t want to just lead his brother aimlessly through the Bunker and then dunk him in water. He wasn’t sure if that would send Sam into shock.

Then an idea crossed Dean’s mind and he quickly shed Sam of his jacket and held out Sam’s arm and wrote the word ‘shower’ on Sam’s arm with his finger.

It took Sam a couple of moments to realize what Dean was doing and he grabbed Dean’s hand again, placing it back on his arm and told Dean to do it again.

This time he said every letter that Dean spelled out.

“Shower?” Sam asked, every bit of uncertainty that he was feeling coming out in his voice. “You wanna take a shower?”
“Not me, Sammy. You.” Dean said before he caught himself with the realization that Sam couldn’t hear him. So he wrote on ‘no’, waiting for Sam to say it out loud and then wrote ‘you’.

“You want me to take a shower?”

Dean quickly wrote out yes and Sam nodded in agreement and let Dean lead him into the shower room. He stood there, completely pliant as Dean undressed him fully and walked him backwards underneath the spray. Sam kept a hand on Dean, fingers still digging into muscle but it was reassuring in a way. Dean was carefully, his movements slow and methodical as he washed Sam, washing his hair and his body, making sure that every inch of Sam was clean before he dried him off and dressed him in the softest clothes that he could find.

Dean lead him back to his bedroom and set him on the bed and wrote ‘stay’ on his arm, waiting for Sam’s acknowledgement that he understood what Dean wrote before he continued to write ‘food’.

Sam looked up at him, face hopeful and nodded eagerly.

Dean placed a hand on top of Sam’s head, a comforting weight before he disappeared to head off to the kitchen to make something to eat. He made a couple of sandwiches and cut an apple up for Sam and brought it back to his brother who looked as if he hadn’t moved an inch.

Sam refused to be feed by Dean. He closed his his mouth and refused to open it before Dean finally handed over the sandwich to his brother.

It was a little awkward. Dean wouldn’t deny that. Sam couldn’t see the sandwich and he took small bites but he ate it and the apples and he thanked Dean for it. Dean wrote on his arm that he was going to go clean up and was back within minutes.

That night, Sam didn’t let go of Dean, even as he slept. He held onto Dean like Dean was the only thing that was anchoring him to the earth.

The sight and hearing loss was temporary. Not that it really mattered because Dean was fully prepared to do everything in his power to help Sam get his senses back and if that failed, then he was fully prepared to help him for the rest of his life.

But it was only temporary and while there was no need for Sam to keep a hand on him at all times, keeping close contact and there was no need for Dean to keep Sam right next to him, none of that changed.

They stayed close together as if they were magnets unable to pull apart.
He takes Dean’s shirts because they smell like home and they make him feel safe. And when Dean wakes up in the morning, looking for that one shirt in particular, he’ll find Sam in it, his long limbs curled over one another, socks still on his feet, hair making a perfect halo on the pillow, just fast asleep and Dean wants to get mad at Sam for taking his stuff but he can’t bring himself to it. Instead he runs off into the bathroom and rubs one out real quick while he takes a shower because he knows it’s going to be a long day sitting around the motel with Sam with that perfect bed head wearing nothing but his shirt, a pair of loose boxers and those socks.

And at night, when Dad’s away, Sam will crawl into Dean’s bed and curl up right next to him, his head tucked underneath Dean’s chin and Dean can smell the cheap motel shampoo that Sam uses and sometimes, in his sleep, Sam will rub up against Dean and it’s torture for Dean to just lay there with his perfect heat right next to him and he can’t do anything about it.

And then, the worse thing is the way that kid fucking eats anything sweet. Whether it be an ice cream cone and that pink tongue sliding up and down the outside of the waffle cone to catch the melting drops of ice cream or the way that he’ll lick a lollipop, his head bobbing up and down on it as he sucks away at the sugary sweetness on a stick.

Dean’s eighteen here and he’s no stranger to sex and he’s had enough girls give him a blow job in behind the football stadium and such and none of them ever look as good as Sam does when he’s licking away at candy.
Chapter 73

It started off as innocent little things, ya know. Or at least seemingly innocent things.

Sam walked up to Dean one day and tuck his head underneath Dean’s arm and stayed there because Dean felt like safety. He felt like home. And whenever Sam would come home with homework, Dean would always be the one to help him, to teach him. it’s how it’s always been.

So it only seemed natural for Sam to come to Dean one day, crawl up next to Dean while he was lounging out on the bed watching some rerun of “The Twilight Zone” and Sam asked him, in that sugar sweet voice of his, if Dean would teach him how to kiss. Of course, that first time Dean said no because what else was he supposed to say? It wasn’t like he was going to agree to kiss his little brother, no matter how much he wanted to.

Sam didn’t really understand why it was wrong or if he did, he didn’t show it. Instead he just shrugged his shoulders and nestled into Dean’s side and was content on watching whatever black and white film was currently playing. He said “It’s okay Dean, we don’t have to do it now if you don’t want to. You can show me later.” Like he knew that there would be a later.

And Dean knew, that no matter how wrong it was and that if he were to do this then he would be burning in hell, that one day he was going to show his brother.

It happened much sooner than he thought, actually. They had to go to the library because Dean had to pick up this book for this research paper that he had to write that was worth 20% of his english grade (not like he cared but Dad at least pretended to so he had to turn something in) and he dragged Sam along with him (not that Sam minded. The kid loved libraries). So Dean let Sam wander off to some dark corner of the library while Dean went to go look for some book that was remotely close to the topic that he was writing about.

When he found Sam some thirty minutes later, he was chatting away with the very nice, very elderly librarian and before they left, she handed Sam this cherry red lollipop that Sam immediately started licking on.

Dean watched, the entire walk back to the motel, the way that Sam’s pick little tongue would snake out past those perfect, pink lips and lick at the sugary treat and the way that every now and then Sam would moan around it like it was the best thing that he had ever tasted and all at once Dean wanted to taste the lollipop on Sam’s tongue.

They get back to the motel and Sam is still sucking on the lollipop, making all these little happy sounds because they don’t normally get candy and Dean is trying his best to ignore his little brother but he can’t.

Suddenly he’s in front of Sam and Sam is staring at him with these wide, hazel doe eyes, still planting little kitten licks to the red candy.

“You still wanna learn how to kiss, Sammy?” Dean asked, all breathy because quite frankly he was out of breath. He was propositioning his baby brother who was too young, too innocent, too naive for something like this, using his childhood nickname.

Sam’s eyes only seemed to get wider when he processed what Dean said, head bobbing up and down, mouth still wrapped around the lollipop and the first time that Dean tasted his brother was with that sickly sweet taste of that cherry lollipop.
After that, Sam came to Dean to learn more stuff. and Dean, having already seen the hellfire and walked past those gates with his head held high, taught Sam everything he knew.
“Fuck…” Dean muttered under his breath before pushing away, running a hand down his face. His lips still throbbed and ached for the feeling of Sam’s but he pushed away because he wasn’t going to fuck up Sam’s life with this taboo feeling of his. “Fuck, Sam. I can’t… I can’t do this, man. You’re my… Sam, you’re my brother.“

And the light that had started to shine so brightly in Sam’s eyes in the darkened motel room started to fade and Dean had to look somewhere else, settling on watching the rise and fall of Sam’s pale chest shining white in the moonlight streaming through the motel curtains. He couldn’t watch the betrayal form in Sam’s eyes, him screaming out soundless accusations. He had taken this too far. He knew that but Sam had curled up next to him and Dean Winchester was only human and he had wanted Sam for so long and he broke.

But Sam rutting up against him, Sam’s body telling him that he wanted this as much as Dean did was all too much. It was even worse than knowing that Sam didn’t want him because now he wasn’t going to be able to stay away from Sam.

He rolled over and faced the wall and pretended that he couldn’t hear Sam crying next to him and dreamed of a place where he could have what he wanted so desperately without it being so wrong.

When he woke the next morning, where Sam should have been sleeping, there was a folded piece of paper on his pillow with Dean’s name scribbled out in Sam’s messy handwriting.

Dean reached across the bed and reached for the letter, his heart breaking in his chest when he read what Sam had written.

I don’t wanna be your brother. I wanna be yours.
Chapter 75

“You deserve everything, Dean.” Sam whispered to his brother who was pinned underneath him, kissing his forehead as Sam rocked his hips forward. Dean wrapped his arms around Sam’s lower back, trying to pull him impossibly close. “More than what I have to give you.” Sam kissed his cheek and ran his fingers through his short hair as he started to move a little faster. Dean was watching Sam, those green eyes wide as he watched Sam move on top of him, bringing them both closer and closer to the edge. He moaned, his breaths were nothing more than tiny huffs of air that feel past his open lips and Dean twitched inside of Sam. “More than what I have to offer.” Sam kissed the side of Dean’s mouth, pulling Dean up to where he was now sitting with Sam straddling his waist in his lap.

“Sammy…” Dean muttered. “You are more than enough to me.“
“Hey, hey, hey, Sammy, dry up those tears. It’s just a little scratch. You’ll be good as new in a couple of days.” Dean muttered, wiping away the tears that were still falling with his thumb.

Sam sniffed, running his hand across his nose and nodded at Dean, staring at him with those wide, doe eyes that were rimmed red, trying to believe what Dean was saying. That this was nothing more than a little scratch.

But he knew it was a lie as well as Dean knew it was as soon as he said it. Dean was lying through his teeth but it was a hell of a lot better than admitting the latter. That this was a little more than just a ‘little scratch’. That the monster tore through skin and muscle and clawed so deep that it was nearly to the bone. This wasn’t going to heal in a couple of days. Hell it probably would take weeks, months for the skin to repair itself. This thing was going to hurt and nag and remind Sam that it was there every little movement he made. They both knew that. They both were aware of that.

Both Dean and John had gotten hurt like this and while they were good at hiding the pain, Sam knew just what he was in store for. The pain and frustration because every small twitch of your muscle sent pain racing up and down your arm.

This was the first time that little Sammy got hurt on a hunt. Like really hurt. It wasn’t just a scraped knee or a couple of bruises here and there. This was the kinda of hurt that made Dean want to take Sam to the hospital and have a doctor, a real doctor, stitch him up with actually surgical supplies and not the stuff that they got out of the kit from the Army Surplus store. Even though Dean had been stitching himself up, stitching his father up before he even got out of grade school, Dean didn’t trust himself enough to do it on Sam. He wasn’t experienced enough and he didn’t want to hurt Sam more. He didn’t want to see those tears running down his face because of the needle that was poking in and out of his arm.

And every time Sam whimpered (even though he tried to stifle the sound by biting down on the back of his hand), Dean’s blood boiled and he wanted to go back and find that monster and shoot it just a couple more times on principal alone for hurting his brother in the first place. And every time he flinched it made Dean’s insides feel like they were being churned into fucking butter or something.

But Dean grit his teeth and he smiled at his little brother, while he dug the needle through his skin, into his side, stitching the wound close, and lied because that was the only way to get through this. Fake it ‘til you make it.

Sam sniffed again and nodded his head when Dean repeated those same words like they were a damn mantra (hell, they probably were, more for himself than they were for Sam. Sam was going to be alright. He was. He just was)

Sam watched while Dean worked, his eyes trained on his big brother focusing, his furrowed brow as he concentrated on what he was doing.

And he distracted himself by counting the number of freckles that lined Dean’s face. He lost count somewhere in the hundreds.

“You’ll be okay, Sammy. You’ll be fine,” Dean reassured and neither of them were sure if he was
talking to himself or his little brother. “You’re a real hunter now, Sammy. A real, bona fide hunter.”
Chapter 77

He’s six now and in his eyes, there’s nothing wrong with the world. He always has a smile on his face, hazel eyes bright with joy that can only come with that kind of innocence. He doesn’t know about the monsters that stalk the night or why Dad will disappear for days at a time or why they live in their car now as opposed to a house.

They’re in an extended stay hotel. The kind with the kitchenette and a little living area. It’s slightly nicer than what they’re used to but it only means that Dad plans on staying here for a while. Dean watches Sam from where he is sitting on the couch. A couple days ago, Dean managed to steal Sam a box of crayons and ever since then, the kid has been filling a notebook with scribbles.

Dean tried to hold a conversation with Sam but the moment that he opened his mouth, Sam told him to hush, that he was focusing on what he was doing and he couldn’t have any distractions. And when when Dean walked behind Sam to see what he was drawing, Sam splayed his hands across the sheet, turning to look at Dean with his faux angry look and demanded that he sit on the couch. He couldn’t see it yet.

Begrudgingly Dean obliged and planted himself on the couch as Sam bit his lip in concentration, working away on whatever he was working on. Every now and then he would look up at Dean, his brow furrowed before he went back to work.

Finally, after nearly an hour, Sam leaned back dramatically with a sigh as he picked up what he was working on, hiding it behind his back as he walked over to where Dean was.

“Close your eyes, Dean.” Sam demanded, innocent authority in his voice. “And hold out your hands.”

“Okay, Sammy.” Dean said, doing as Sam instructed. A second later, he felt the paper light weight of what Sam was working on in his hands.

Beside him he could feel the couch dip from Sam’s weight as Sam climbed up on the couch beside him. Sam pressed as close to Dean as he could, his chin nearly resting on Dean’s shoulder.

“Okay. You can open your eyes now.” And for the first time that day, Sam actually sounded nervous.

Slowly Dean opened his eyes, looking down at the paper in his hand. It was a drawing of two people standing hand in hand, one with hair that was slightly too long and the other with green eyes and freckles.

“That’s me,” Sam said pointing to the shorter person with a chubby little finger. “And then that’s you. See. The freckles.” Sam explained, reaching out to touch the freckles that lined Dean’s cheeks before shifting on the couch so that he could look at Dean’s face. “Do you like it, De?”

Dean placed the picture down beside him and pulled Sam into his lap, wrapping his arms around his little brother as he hugged him tight. “I love it, Sammy. It’s awesome.”

“Really?” Sam giggled, his face breaking out into a wide smile.

“Of course.”
Chapter 78

He stood in front of the mirror, fingers brushing over the stitches that Sam just spent the last forty minutes carefully piecing together. He didn’t feel the pain much anymore, nerves numbed from alcohol and experience. He would feel it in the morning and then for the next few days. He also knew that from experience.

And then, when the pain went away and he was able to take the stitches out, all that would be left behind would be the pearly white flesh that was raised, turning his body into some kind of gruesome canvas. One that was made of scars. Each with their own story.

He sighed as he dropped his hands by his side and put on his shirt, just barely wincing at the pain, covering up all those imperfections that ruined his body.

People were supposed to have scars. That was a way of life. Scars equaled stories and those stories equaled experience and experience equaled a life well lived. But people weren’t supposed to have scars like these. They weren’t supposed to dig their finger into a bullet wound. They weren’t supposed to run their fingers along scars that were caused by the claws of a werewolf or be able to count the teeth marks of a vampire that tried to make him a meal.

His body held the proof that monsters walked the earth and yet when people looked at the scars, they all looked away.

The bathroom door behind him opened and then Sam was there, standing behind him, looking at him in the mirror. Dean could only hold his gaze for so long, having to look away because looking at Sam was like looking at the sun.

Sam wrapped his arms around Dean’s waist and pressed a kiss to the nape of his neck.

“What are you thinking about, Dean?” Sam muttered softly.

“Nothing.” Dean replied, glancing up at the mirror to look at Sam before he looked away again.

“You’re lying.”

“I’m not. Nothing’s wrong. I hurt, I’m tired and I just wanna sleep so if you would-” Dean tried to wiggle out of Sam’s arms but Sam held on tight. “Sam, let me go. Seriously, dude, let me go.”

Except Sam didn’t, not that Dean expected him too.

“You wanna know how I know that you’re lying?”

“No. Not really.” Dean said annoyed.

“It’s cause you’re so defiant right now. And-” Sam removed one hand from around Dean and brought it up to the middle of his forehead, running his finger down between his eyes. “Because your brow is furrowed in that way that it does when something’s bothering you. So are you going to tell me what’s wrong or are we going to keep playing this game?”

“Sam, it’s nothing. Really.” But his eyes betrayed him, glancing down to that spot just underneath his shirt.

“Is it about the scar?”
“No.” Dean mumbled.

“You know, that scar doesn’t make you any less beautiful. In fact, I think that it makes you even more beautiful. It shows just how strong you are.”

The tips of Dean’s ears started to turn red. “What is this? Some kind of Lifetime movie?”

“Sam…”

“No, Dean, just listen to me. These scars, they don’t make you any less of a human. They don’t make you any less perfect. They show the hell that you’ve been through and how you’ve fought your way through it and survived. It’s beautiful. You’re beautiful.”
Chapter 79

It all sounded wrong. Everything sounded wrong now. The sounds outside, the humming of the
different appliances in the room, the sound of another person breathing right next to him. He still
wasn’t used to it all. Even now, after two years of being on his own, at school, moving in with his
girlfriend. He still expected the sound of the Impala or hearing Dean snoring in the bed next to
him. Jess was too quiet, too soft and he loved her… at least he thought he did but there were times
when it was all too much.

There were times when it felt like he was going to drown in it all.

The red lights on the alarm clock read that it was a little after three in the morning and Sam hadn’t
been able to sleep since he’s gotten in bed.

Quietly he slipped from underneath the blankets, careful not to wake Jess as he walked over to his
chest of drawers, pulling out a t-shirt from the top drawer that no matter how much he worked on
it, it never seemed to close all the way. Then he pulled on a pair of shorts and grabbed his running
shoes from the closet.

The bed shifted and there was a light groan that came from Jess as she blinked away the sleep to
look through the dark room towards Sam. She sat up when she saw that he looked like he was
going somewhere.

“Sam? Babe, what’s wrong?” She asked. “Is everything alright?”

“Yeah, yeah, everything’s alright.” He walked over to where she was and placed a chaste kiss on
her forehead. “I didn’t mean to wake you, I just couldn’t sleep. I was gonna go for a quick run. Try
to get rid of some of this energy.”

Jess frowned, looking over at the alarm clock, her frown deepening. “Sam, it’s three o’clock in the
morning. Just… come back to bed.”

“It’s fine, Jess. Really. I just… I need to go for a run. Alright? Go back to sleep. I’ll be back before
you know it.” He pressed a quick kiss to Jess’s lips before he grabbed his phone and walked out
the door.

He ran for a while, letting the cool fall air fill his lungs and it felt good. There was barely anybody
out on the road and the steady *pat pat pat* of his shoes hitting the asphalt was a comforting rhythm
to his ears.

He wasn’t sure how far from the apartment he was when he stopped to catch his breath. Dad used
to wake them up in the dead of the night, make them run for miles with only a weapon in their
hand. It was training for if they ever had to run in the middle of the night from someone and the
memory of Dean, of his breathing right along side of him, running next to him, gripping his heart
almost painfully.

He pulled out his phone, scrolling through the contacts until he landed on the number that he
hadn’t dialed in years. He wanted to, he desperately wanted to, just to hear Dean’s voice again.

Instead he pocketed his phone and ran back to his room where the girl with green eyes and freckles
was probably laying awake, looking at the door, waiting for Sam’s return just like Dean was
probably doing somewhere in some motel in some no name town.
The bell jingled over head as the door to the small convenience store. The guy behind the counter didn’t look up from the TV set that was just behind the counter, playing some old black and white TV show that came on at this hour. It was late and the guy was probably a drunk, walking straight to the cooler to get another beer or it was someone looking to buy a pack of cigarettes. Those were the only two types of people that came in this late.

Several minutes passed, the show went to commercial break and still the guy behind the counter wasn’t interrupted to ring up the alcohol or nicotine. He furrowed his brow as he strained his neck to look around the shelves to see if he could look at who walked into his store. There was no one there.

The guy shrugged, looking a second more before he turned back to the TV.

The show had just started back when all of the sudden things were dropped on the counter and the guy turned down the volume to ring up whatever was there.

Only thing was, as he turned to grab a bottle that he expected to be sitting on the counter, his hands closed around a jar of peanut butter. Surrounding that, there was a loaf of bread, some crackers, a half gallon of milk, generic Lucky Charms, a couple of bananas and a package of gummi bears. And behind the counter was a boy that couldn’t have been older than twelve.

His eyes were wide, skirting around the store, never landing on anything for long. Even as he was standing there, his leg was bouncing up and down like he was restless, skittish.

“I’d like to buy this please.” He said, looking up at the guy behind the counter, his voice steady despite the fact that he looked so shaky.

“Yeah. Alright.” The guy said, ringing up the items. “Where’s your dad, kid? Is he out in the car?”

There was no car parked out front of the store.

The kid’s eyes got real wide at that and he looked towards the door like he was debating about making a run for it. “He’s… he’s, yeah.” The kid lied.

“Alright.” The guy said slowly.

“Please, will you just… I need to go. Will you…”

“Yeah, yeah. Sure.”

The guy typed in the rest of the items, keeping an eye on the kid as he did so. He had half the mind to call the police. The more that he looked at the kid, the more that he could see that the kid was malnourished and hurt. There were week old bruises that lined his arms, barely visible but yellow nonetheless.

“That’ll be $17.89.” The guy said, bagging all the items.

The kid pulled out an old leather wallet that looked like it was about to fall apart and took out all the bills and change that he had. It barely added up to eleven dollars.

His face fell when he saw that and the guy could see that he was mentally trying to pick the things that he could put back. First would be the gummi bears and probably the Lucky Charms but even
then, he still wouldn’t have enough and well…

“It’s alright kid, I’ll make up the difference. Okay?” The guy said, handing the bag of food over. “Just tell me… is everything alright? I mean, it’s not safe for you to be wandering the streets this late and those bruises…”

But the kid was already backing out of the store, holding the bag tight against his chest like he was scared that it was going to be snatched away. “I’ve… I’ve gotta go. My little brother is waiting for me.”

And then just as quietly as the kid came in, he walked out into the night as the guy watched after him, something not settling right in his gut.

Those green eyes told stories of horror that the guy wasn’t sure if he could ever hear.
Chapter 81

Dean Winchester didn’t date. Or rather, he didn’t go on second dates. He hardly went on first dates to begin with. He would find some girl, maybe she was blonde or a brunette or maybe a redhead, honestly it didn’t matter, but he would start talking to her, turn on that Winchester charm and the girl would practically be in love with him before he even fully introduced himself.

Then, in that way that only Sam knew how to do, he showed up at Dean’s side and just like that, Dean would be gone.

With one look down into those innocent doe eyes, the girl, no matter how pretty she could be, was nothing more than a memory.

Dean would wrap his arm around Sam’s bony shoulders, pulling him in tight next to his body and the girl would look at the two of them with a fond, slightly confused smile. She thought that they were getting somewhere, that maybe she had a chance with this beautiful stranger but the way that they were looking at each other, it was obvious to anyone that they were together.

It would take a moment longer for the girl to realize that Dean was only being nice, trying to be friendly towards her, maybe try to be friends but he didn’t want anything else because he was already taken.

Sam would keep his eye on the girl as she and his brother talked, making sure to whenever the girl glanced down at him that he was looking up at Dean with this possessive glint in his eye, one that clearly read that Dean was his. The conversation would end sometime after that and Dean would still have his arm around his brother as Sam laced his arm around Dean’s waist. For a couple of minutes Dean would sulk because he thought he was getting somewhere with the girl but then Sam would smile at him like that and suddenly nothing else would matter.

It was so damn obvious to everyone who even cared to look that Sam had Dean wrapped so tight around his pinky finger that it could almost be considered Stockholm Syndrome and Dean was none the wiser.
Chapter 82

Everything felt like it was on fire. The entire room was saturated in this kind of heat that even the rickety air conditioner in the corner couldn’t break through. They were both laying next to each other on the bed, backs propped up against the headboard, elbows nearly touching. They both tried not to look at each other even though they were both acutely aware of how close the other was.

The lights were off and the tv was on, some cheap porno on the screen as two bleach blondes start to make out, feeling each other up. It’s fake moans and even faker boobs and yet that wasn’t the loudest thing in the room.

Sam was barely trying to make any kind of sound, purposely clenching his jaw shut but it was like everything was amplified. Dean heard it all, all the quiet moans playing on repeat in the back of his head.

They had been doing this for a while. When Dad left on a hunt, Dean would lock the door, shut off the light and use whatever trick he learned to access the pay-per-view. Then they would climb onto the bed next to each other, also so close but never touching and they would both pretend that they were only focused on the tv when they both knew that it was a lie.

For so long now, Dean kept his hands to himself, telling himself that it was enough to just watch Sam, to just listen to him.

He would allow himself that much because it was okay if only he didn’t touch.

Only now, it felt like there were a million ants crawling underneath Dean’s skin from where he wasn’t touching Sam and with each passing second, they multiplied, making it feel as if his skin would just shift from his body if he didn’t just touch Sam.

Thinking was never his strong suit. Despite what teachers said, that he was smart, he just had to apply himself, he was never the one who actually thought about anything. He was more of a “shoot first, ask questions later” kind of person and he couldn’t understand why now he was overthinking everything. Why this one thing, the was analyzing and debating like his life depended on it.

He glanced over at Sam, who was biting his lip, staring straight ahead at the tv, tentatively touching himself and Dean couldn’t take it anymore. Sam was too innocent for his own good and if Dean didn’t stop himself, he was going to corrupt that innocence.

Dean fumbled for the remote, shutting the tv off, mumbling curses and incoherent words under his breath. Then he shifted to move off the bed with the intent to disappear into the bathroom when he heard Sam’s voice.

“Did I… did I do something wrong?” Sam asked, snatching the pillow from behind him to place in his lap to cover himself up.

“What?” Dean asked almost breathless.

“You said that you couldn’t do this anymore and then you turned off the tv and you wouldn’t… you wouldn’t look at me. So… did I… did I do something wrong?”

Dean felt every ounce of self resolve disappear from his body as he took a step backwards, trying to distance himself from his brother. “No, Sam. No. No, it’s not you. I mean, it’s… I can’t do this
anymore, Sam.” He muttered as he turned to run off into the bathroom, leaving Sam confused and alone on the bed.
Chapter 83

His fingers had grown numb a long time ago but his grip on his gun still hadn’t faltered. Not for a second. He hadn’t let go since the ambush. Hadn’t let go since Sam dragged them in the small room, a broom closet really. Sam wasn’t sure how much longer he had left. The blood that was steadily pouring from where he had gotten stab hadn’t slowed and Dean… he did all he could before he…

Sam shook that thought from his mind, refusing to look at him. He didn’t want to see… no, he couldn’t see the blood that coated Dean’s body, all telling Sam that it was too late. He didn’t believe that. Not yet.

Everything was going to be okay.

Sam kept repeating that to himself because he refused to believe otherwise. The moment that he allowed those thoughts to get into his head and rip away every ounce of faith that he so desperately hung onto was going to be the very moment that he would die.

“Sam…” The reaper’s voice ran out from the other room and Sam clenched his eyes shut as if it would block out the sound. “Just come on, Sam. I’m not here for you. I just wanna talk.”

Sam scoffed. It was the same story, the same thing that Sam’s heard ever since he dragged him and his brother into the small room, painting up sigils and warding all over the walls to protect them both. Well… it was supposed to protect them both.

“We both know that your brother isn’t doing too well. Neither are you for that matter. I can help.” The reaper tried to reason. “I can ease his pain. I can give him the relief that he so desperately needs.”

Against Sam’s better judgement, he tore his eyes away from the door and looked down at Dean. Dean’s hand that was wrapped around Sam’s was covered in the blood that he had used to help paint up the sigils before he collapsed on the floor, unable to keep himself up right anymore. There was no denying that Dean was suffering, so close to the jaws of death but Sam was greedy and he wasn’t ready to hand his brother over. Not yet.

Sam wasn’t afraid to admit that he was selfish. He wanted his brother by his side, not anywhere else.

Nothing was said for a while after that and Sam wasn’t stupid to believe that the reaper had given up. It was still out there, waiting for Sam to finally admit the truth. Still, Sam counted his breaths and listened for any of Dean’s. He hadn’t heard anything from Dean in a while.

“He’s dead, Sam.” The reaper finally said, voice laced with sympathy. It didn’t sound right. Death sounding as if it didn’t want to say those words.

Once again Sam closed his eyes and squeezed Dean’s hand, wishing that he could just ignore the reaper, ignore everything it was saying. He wished that he could shut off his ears and stop listening just as easily as he could close his eyes and stop seeing.

“I only hear one heartbeat, Sam. I was sent here to collect one soul, not two. Just go ahead and open the door. Please, don’t fight this. There’s no need for two deaths.” The reaper said and for the first time, it sounded like it was offering salvation as opposed to a damnation on earth.
Everything was going to be okay. Sam thought once more, the mantra playing in his head again as he reached across the small room, running a shaking finger through the still wet sigils, breaking them.

Everything is going to be okay. The reaper repeated in Sam’s head, whispering in a cadence similar to that of a lullaby. It walked into the small room, looking at the two brothers, wrapped together even in death. Sleep now, Samuel. Your brother awaits for you.
Yeah, Dean was drunk. He’d grab a beer from the fridge the moment that he got back to the motel from school and a few more after that first one but he wasn’t that drunk. He wasn’t drunk enough to be imagining his brother crowding up in his personal space, pushing him up against the wall and looking at him like that.

Dean’s seen it on the faces of too many girls in too many states. The look of pure lust and want and desire. It was the look that came before one of those girls slid down to her knees and sucked Dean through his jeans, leaving lipstick stains on his zipper before dipping her hand in his boxers and then leaving lipstick stains along the entire length of his cock. He was used to girls looking at him like that but his brother, his baby brother who he’s practically raised, he wasn’t used to him looking at him like that.

So it only made sense that Dean was drunk and that this was some sort of alcohol illusion. A fucked up alcohol illusion that was giving him everything that he’s ever wanted. He’s lost count the number of times that he had to turn around and look away from Sam when Sam stripped naked in the middle of the motel room. He’s lost count the number of times he nearly ran from the room when Sam stretched out on the bed like he was getting paid for it. He’s lost count the number of times he woke in the middle of the night only to feel Sam pressed up against him, his ass nestled oh so perfectly on his dick. It’s those nights where he scrabbled out of bed and had to run to the bathroom and bite into the back of his hand to keep Sam’s name from slipping out while he took care of the hard on that Sam had caused.

And when he left the bathroom, Sam would be awake, somehow losing his clothes in the middle of the night, wide doe eyes open and everything but innocent as he looked at Dean. Then he would ask in that sugar sweet, almost venomous voice if everything was alright and it would take everything in Sam not to shove his cock into that mouth. He always wondered if it would look as good wrapped around his dick as it did whenever Sam said his name.

So this, Sam nearly on top of Dean, his hand cupping him through his jeans without an ounce of fear, Dean had to believe that he was imagining it all.

Even despite the fact that he didn’t feel a single ounce of alcohol in his body anymore.

“Sammy…” Dean gasped when Sam squeezed him and his hand went to cover Sam’s with the intent to push him away but he couldn’t bring himself to do it. It was as if his brain, the rational part of it and his hand were no longer connected. “Sammy, we can’t… we’re brothers.”

“I know.” Sam said with that smile, his lips pink. The perfect definition of sin. Men went to hell over mouths like the one Sam had and Dean was on the fast track down there.

“Well, if you know then why are you doing this?” Dean squeaked.

“Because I don’t care.” Sam replied simply, as if it was the easiest thing to say.

Dean kept his hand on Sam’s, feeling as Sam touched him through his jeans, feeling the way that his not so strong resolve crumbled away under his fingers. Dean was a slave to Sam. Had been from the moment Sam opened his eyes when he was first born.

Then Sam leaned up and captured Dean’s lips between his own, biting down on Dean’s bottom lip that was slightly agape. Dean whimpered, honest to god whimpered as Sam stuck his tongue inside
Dean’s mouth and laid claim to him. What was even more shocking was the way that they seemed to fit together like they were made for one another.

“I wanna suck you off.” Sam whispered into Dean’s mouth and Dean whimpered again, bracing himself against the wall. “Can I? Can I taste you big brother?”

It was all the right words to say to the wrong kind of person. The kind of person that thought of their little brother down on his knees, beautiful eyelashes dripping his with come.

“Yes… yeah.” Dean choked out and Sam smirked against him before he slid down Dean’s body and the only thing Dean could do was grab Sam’s hair and pray that he’s not sent to hell too early.

Not when he’s finally learned how Sam’s mouth feels.
Chapter 85

Chapter Notes

well fuck, this isn't really sam and dean... except it kinda is. here's some j2 with some kinky brother™ role-play.

They’re both exhausted. It was a long day on set and honestly the only thing that’s on Jensen’s mind is to get back to his trailer, maybe take a shower, maybe not and then collapse into bed. However, Jared seemed to have a different idea. Very early on, Jensen learned that when Jared gets tired… or tipsy… or honestly if he’s in a good mood, he wants to touch. Everywhere. It became a slight problem when they hooked up that one night one day after set and Jared couldn’t stop touching Jensen the next day.

So honestly, Jensen’s not too surprised when Jared all of the sudden pushed him against one of the walls of the set motel room they’re currently in, lips attached to his neck.

The rest of the crew had already called it a night. They left when they finished shooting for scenes that were due that day and Jared and Jensen decided to stay behind a little longer to run through a couple of lines for tomorrow’s scenes. So they’re alone and Jensen is grateful for it.

He likes Jared. That’s a lie. He’s probably in love with Jared if he actually lets himself think about it but he’s scared that this is all some kind of fluke. That Jared will get bored with him and move on with someone else who’s better at… well, at everything. He’s scared that the only reason they were doing this… thing was because it was convenient. It was easier to fuck your costar through the mattress than it was to go out to some bar, drop a hundred dollars on drinks to go home with someone.

But he can’t think about that now, not with the way that Jared is literally latched on his neck, making damn sure that the make-up department is going to scold him for letting someone leave hickies on him.

And it’s like Jared is desperate for it. Not like they just fucked that morning.

Jared pushed Dean’s jacket off Jensen’s shoulders, letting it fall to the floor and that’s one thing that Jensen never understood, why those boys wore so many fucking layers of clothes. It made it a hassle to get naked when that’s all Jared wanted.

And the thing is, Jared is still in Sam’s clothes too. They’re both still dressed like they’re about to get called on set any moment and have to film another scene and Jensen still hasn’t fully gotten out of Dean’s head. Not yet. He looks at Jared and he knows that it’s Jared but… his little brother is there too. Sam is standing in front of him and Sam is kissing him and Sam is unbuttoning his jeans, needing to get his hand around his cock.

There’s some wires crossed his Jensen’s head because he can’t help but feel himself grow harder at the thought of his baby brother sucking him off in some nameless motel. It’s so taboo and dirty and wrong that it just feels so fucking right.

Then Jared has to go off and turn everything on it’s head and Jensen is sure that his heart is going
to burst through his chest, it's pounding so hard.

“I need you to fuck me, Dean.” Jared (Sam) whined and there was a moment where everything went on as usual until the moment that it didn’t.

They both froze and Jared looked terrified, his beautiful hazel eyes wide as he realized his mistake and he swallowed thickly. Jensen could see the gears working in Jared’s head, him trying to figure out someway to backtrack, make Jensen forget what he just said.

But it just lights a fire inside of Jensen.

He grabbed Jared’s face, hard and possessive, pulling him in for a kiss that was more teeth and him sticking his tongue halfway down Jared’s (Sam’s) throat.

“Say it again.” Jensen growled, his voice dropping several octaves down into that voice that he used for Dean and he could feel Jared sudden against him. “Say my name again, little brother.”
Chapter 86

It was stupid, really, the way that he got hurt. If only he was paying a little more attention and was just a little faster, he wouldn’t have gotten hurt. Dean calls it being lazy, cocky and so sure of himself and his ability that he let his guard slip.

Sam, on the other hand, calls it old age. Which he didn’t really mean it as an insult being that most hunters don’t get the luxury of reaching “old age” but he can’t help but get a little bit of satisfaction out of the way that Dean nearly squawked at the statement and said that he was not old.

His shoulder was nearly torn in two. Some monster, the one that they were hunting had gotten a hold of Dean, threw him around like some little rag doll. Sam managed to kill the thing but not before Dean was completely battered, his body broken, bloody and bruised.

It took months of rehab for Dean to get back up on his feet and walking without needing help and he hated every second of it. Especially the way that Sam seemed to hover around him, making sure that Dean took it easy and he didn’t tear the stitches that covered his body. More than once, Dean threatened to break every single one of Sam’s bones if he kept hounding him life that. Sam just laughed and said that Dean would have to catch him first before he took off running.

Dean would just growl as he hobbled into the kitchen knowing that he wasn’t able to run after his brother. His body wasn’t ready for that yet.

It took him even longer to get back in shape for hunting. After being on bedrest for what Dean claimed to be forever, he lost his strength, not all of it, but enough of it. He lost the stamina that he had built up over the years. Again, not all of the stamina but enough of it that it would be dangerous to go back out in the field and hunt. So when Sam finally deemed Dean ready to start doing physical exercise again, Dean hit the gym and the gun range and whatever else hard.

Dean was down in the range, annoyed with his groupings. They weren’t tight enough. I mean, they would kill, he didn’t forget how to shoot a gun that much but they weren’t as tight as they were before he was put on bedrest.

Four, five, six more shots echoed around the room before he put down the gun with a loud sigh. The longer that he fired off the gun, the more and more aggravated he got and that meant that his groupings weren’t going to get any better. As much as he didn’t want to admit it, it was time to call it a day.

“Shooting with your left hand…” Sam chuckled as he came up behind Dean, looking at the target that was hanging off in the distance. "Looks like you’ve brushed off the rust, there Tin Man."

“Shut up.” Dean grunted as he pushed out of Sam’s arms. He checked the clip of the gun before turning the safety on and shoving the gun in the back of his jeans. What he needed was a cold beer, not his brother’s teasing.

“What’s got you so grumpy?” Sam asked as he followed his brother out of the range.

“Nothing other than the fact that you’ve got me under house arrest. I feel like I’m clawing my eyes out here, man and it’s screwing with my aim.”

Sam scoffed at that, keeping the bubble of laughter in his chest cause he knew that if he started laughing, it would piss Dean off even more. “Dean, your aim is damn near perfect and that’s with your left hand, I might add.”
Dean looked over his shoulder to look at Sam, opening his mouth to say something but he shut it quickly, deciding best not to argue.

“Well…” Sam jogged ahead of Dean, coming to a stop in front of him. “What if I told you that I think that I found us a case? You think that your old body could handle that?”

Dean narrowed his eyes at his brother and Sam couldn’t keep from laughing. “I’m not old.” Dean said annoyed. “Oh and… screw you.”
It was cheap, convenience store, eleven dollar cologne that he bought in some state in the mid-west. He doesn’t remember much about the store other than the fact that it was hot outside and it was hot inside of the Impala, even with the windows rolled down, going close to ninety because the air conditioner didn’t work it was still hot.

Sam didn’t have much money. Dean was the one that went out and hustled pool, brought home the money that would cover whatever the fake credit cards wouldn’t cover. Sam tried to pull his own weight, bring back a little bit of money so Dad would stop running so many scams and so Dean wouldn’t have to go out every night. He tried to follow Dean to the bars, tried to play a little pool himself or get in some poker game but the first time Dean saw him away from the small safety of their motel room, he scowled Sam, saying that he needed to stay in the motel. So Sam tutored when he could. Dad usually had a pretty strict curfew, one that Dean seemed to ignore even though he followed the man like an obedient little soldier. They needed to be back in the room by seven, the doors locked and salt lines triple checked so Sam couldn’t stay out too late. On days that he had soccer practice, he couldn’t tutor. Dad extended curfew for him on those days, saying that soccer was good conditioning for hunting. It would keep those longs strong and clear.

So Sam rarely had any money that he could ever just spend on things that he wanted to spend it on. Dean, even though they didn’t have any money to spare, always bought Sam little trinkets whenever he could. He always felt like he didn’t deserve Dean. The unbelievably kind soul that hid behind that cocky bravado and leather jacket, who gave and gave and never expected anything in return.

Sam had twelve dollars and some change in his pocket and he wasn’t sure why, out of all things that he could have bought, he bought that damn cologne.

He knew that Dean already had some of his own that he kept in the bottom of his bag and only brought out when he went on dates. Sam knew that he had used the last couple drops a few states ago and that he hadn’t bought anymore. There simply wasn’t the money to spend on frivolous things like that.

So while Dean was in the bathroom and Sam was walking around the small store only for the fact that he wanted to stretch his legs (he was growing like a weed and they always seemed to hurt and being cooped up in the backseat of the Impala did nothing to help), Sam came across the bottle of cologne.

It smelled fresh and clean and yeah, it smelled cheap but for whatever reason it reminded Sam of his brother so he bought it. Used the last bit of money that he had left and stuffed the small bottle down in the bottom of his bag where he knew that Dean would never look.

There wasn’t much privacy between either one of them. They practically lived out of each other’s pockets but there was that unspoken rule that they would never search through to the bottom of their bag. That’s where their secrets hid, the few that they had.

Sam wrapped it for Christmas in the Sunday funnies and when Dean brought back a small, Charlie Brown Christmas tree, Sam placed it under in with Dean’s name written in black ink.

The week before Christmas day, Dean tried to get Sam to say what he got him but Sam never opened his mouth. Instead, the closer that they got to Christmas day, Sam felt like his gift was stupid, that he should have gotten something else. There was no telling if Dean would even like the
smell. He wanted to get Dean something else but all the schools were out for Christmas break which meant that he couldn’t tutor anyone and Dean would surely shoot him if he found him in some bar somewhere, the holiday season or not. So, even though Sam was regretting the fact that he bought Dean cologne, he stuck with the gift.

Dad wasn’t there that Christmas, not that it was unusual. Sam was used to it now, spending that day with his brother, watching *It’s a Wonderful Life* on the crappy tv and drinking eggnog that Dean spiked just to fuck with Sam. Sam still couldn’t hold his liquor, not like Dean could.

Dad claimed that the reason why he went out on Christmas night was because the civilians wouldn’t be out which meant that it would be easier for him to hunt but Sam knew better. John was embarrassed about his life, about the way that they lived, the fact that they never had money. John didn’t have the money to buy Christmas presents. He had to spend the money on weapons and ammunition and food and the motel rooms and to put gas in the car. They scraped every penny together that they could and sometimes it still wasn’t enough. So John didn’t want to be in that motel room on Christmas morning, knowing that there would be no presents to give out to his sons who had nothing. Call him a coward, John wouldn’t argue. He was a coward, one that buried himself in alcohol and monsters on Christmas who couldn’t face his sons.

Sam’s heart was pounding through his chest when he handed his little gift over to Dean after he had a glass or two of eggnog in him.

Dean took it with a smile that was supposed to convey a sense of nonchalance, like he wasn’t looking at Sam with nothing but admiration for the fact that he actually got him something.

Dean barked out a laugh when he opened it and saw what Sam had gotten him and Sam could feel his cheeks go red. “You tryin’ to tell me something, Sammy? You tryin’ to tell me that I stink?” Dean asked, jabbing Sam in the ribs.

Sam blushed but narrowed his eyes towards Dean. “I don’t even think that could help with the stink, Dean, but it might do a little something.”

Dean rolled his eyes but nonetheless, he sprayed it on him, a smile pulling to his lips and Sam knew, in that moment that Dean loved the gift.

Sam made sure, whenever he saw that cologne in any gas station and he had the money to spend that he would get Dean a bottle, making sure that Dean never ran out. Sam wouldn’t explicitly give the new bottle to Dean, that would show that Sam was obviously paying too much attention to his brother, so he would simply just replace the old bottle whenever Dean wasn’t in the room.

A couple years later, when he got his acceptance letter from Stanford and Dad told him to go and never come back, Sam did. He left his Dad and the only person that he cared about behind on some no name road and he went to California.

He didn’t have much. Just that one duffle bag full of his clothes and a backpack full of his school supplies so it was easy to settle into his dorm room. It looked bare but honestly, it wasn’t any different than anything else in Sam’s life.

And there, in the bottom of the bag, was the same bottle of cologne that Sam had been buying his brother for years. There was a note taped to the outside, sprawled in Dean’s handwriting.

It took Sam awhile to actually read the note. That night, when Dean stood behind his father instead of following Sam to California tore a deep wound in Sam’s heart that was still bleeding.
When Sam finally sat down and read what his brother wrote, he cried for the first time in as long as he could remember.

*tryin’ to tell ya to take a shower, sammy.* — *dean*
They don't do it often, can't with Dad always around. And they especially can't do it now being that Dad made them stop sharing a bed with each other because "Sam was too old and he needed to stop being so dependent on Dean." Those first couple of nights, first few weeks actually, when they had to sleep on their own, neither one of them was able to drift off into sleep. And well, if Sam still ended up in Dean's bed sometime in the middle of the night, well they never mentioned it.

However, Dad still disappears for days on end, leaving the boys alone together in the crappy motel and they use it to their advantage. Sam'll take his shower, using up all the hot water he wants and when he gets out, he'll walk over to where Dean is sprawled out on the bed, absentmindedly watching whatever was on TV. In Sam's hand is a hair brush that he keeps in the bottom of his bag and he'll hand it over to Dean.

Then he'll position himself in between Dean's legs like that is where he belongs, his back pressed up to Dean's chest and Dean will run the brush through Sam's hair, massaging his scalp between every stroke.

Sometimes, Dean will start humming. He'll hum some song that plays on damn near repeat in the Impala or sometimes Sam'll catch the tune of *Hey Jude* but he never comments on it.

Dean has a nice voice, Sam knows that for a fact. And while he pretends he can't sing in the Impala when he's yelling along with *Black Sabbath* or *Ozzy Osborne*, Sam knows it's only because he doesn't want anyone to know that he can sing. As if singing makes him any less masculine or something. So it's only in moments like this, when he's completely calm and relaxed and so grounded and he knows that Dad isn't going to walk in through the door, that he allows himself to hum... just a little bit.

Once he brushes all the knots out of Sam's hair and makes sure that it completely smooth, he'll lay the brush to the side, parting Sam's hair into two even sections.

Then he'll carefully braid Sam's hair, pulling the strands out of Sam's face and into two braids that frame his face almost perfectly.

Sam leans into the touch, into the almost hypnotic way that Dean's hands feel running through his hair.

When Dean finishes braiding Sam's hair, he'll bend down and press a soft, sweet kiss to the knob on Sam's spine, pulling Sam even closer to his body, wanting to steal all of Sam's innocence and the softness that he still had despite the life that they live.

They'll stay like that, Sam in Dean's lap, for as long as they can. Most times, they'll fall asleep like that, Dean wrapped around his baby boy and Sam clasped around Dean's hands.
Sam was gone. Dean knew that. The heartbeat that always beat in sync with his was no longer pumping blood through his body but still Dean begged. He pleaded and sobbed as he held Sam’s broken and battered body in his arms, rocking him back and forth like he did when they were children and the only thing Sam was afraid of was lightening and thunderstorms.

It was somewhere between those nights when Sam clung to his big brother because Dean would always protect him and now that Dean fell in love with the one thing that he should never love like that.

“Please Sammy.” Dean muttered into Sam’s hair, holding him as tight as he could. “Please, you’ve gotta come back to me. I can’t… you’re all that I’ve got left. I…” But the words died on his tongue, like they had a million times before.

Like the boy that he was holding in his arms.
Chapter 90

Sam was seventeen and he was at that age where every last thing that someone said to him, or ever said to him stuck to his brain, oozed in between his skin and his bones and stayed there, festering into an ugly wound that stayed around even if what people used to say no longer was the truth.

It was true, when he was twelve, he still had baby fat that stuck around and with Dean practically shoving food down his throat because he wanted to make sure that Sam was eating, Sam had a little extra weight that stuck to his frame. But then again, what child didn’t?

However that didn’t stop the kids from school making fun of Sam. The freak how lived in a motel and wore hand-me-downs with an alcoholic father and no mother. Kids were mean and Sam was easy prey, the kid who much rather read a book than run and play.

So even now, when almost all of the baby fat melted away to hard-earned muscle and kids knew better than to pick on Sam Winchester, when Sam stared in the mirror, all he saw staring back was that twelve year old kid who still had a chubby face and no friends.

He didn’t see what Dean saw whenever Dean would lay him out on their lumpy, motel of the month mattress and worship his body. Worship it like it was something that needed to be worshipped.

If Sam had his choice, whenever they did this, he would have the lights off, blinds drawn, the room completely black where Dean couldn’t see him and his body. Except Dean wasn’t having any of that. He never did. He always left the lights on, always stripped Sam down bare and laid him out on the bed and kisses every inch of skin that Dean called beautiful. Sam couldn’t see it, not with those words carved so deep into his very being.

He threw an arm over his eyes and could feel himself blushing as Dean pushed him down on the squeaky mattress and stared pressing wet kisses all over his body. Slowly Dean pushed up Sam’s shirt, his mouth following in wake and Sam only blushed harder at Dean’s words.

“Beautiful.” Dean muttered into Sam’s stomach. “So fucking beautiful. Can’t believe you’re mine, Sammy. Can’t believe that this perfect body is mine.”

Sam groaned and squeezed his eyes shut as if the extra darkness would suddenly make Dean stop seeing him.

“Come on, Dean, don’t. Just… just fuck me.” Sam begged, frankly kind of breathless. “I’m not…” He trailed off and chewed on his bottom lip.

Dean stopped and Sam could practically see the small frown on his face in his head.

“You’re not what, Sammy?” Dean asked and Sam could feel him hovering, the disappointment on his face. Sam hated it because it meant that Dean was disappointed in him. He wouldn’t be disappointed if same body was… “Come on, Sam, Look at me baby. You’re not what?”

Sam shook his head, the stubborn, defiant child still inside of him. “Just fuck me, Dean. We both know that’s what we both really want. So just stop this… this praise stuff. You don’t have to sweeten me up.”

“Sammy babe, please look at me.” Dean asked again, this time his voice a little more stern but still so so soft.

Slowly, reluctantly, Sam removed his arm and opened his eyes. Still he couldn’t hold Dean’s gaze for long. Not when Dean was looking at him like that, like he was the greatest thing that he’s ever laid his eyes on. Dean sat there for a moment, laid in the middle of Sam’s legs before he backed up, closed his hand around Sam’s ankle and yanked him off the bed. Sam yelped when Dean suddenly pulled him up to his feet and walked him over to the mirror that was on the wall,
positioning Sam in front of him.

And unfortunately, right in front of the mirror.

Sam immediately averted his gaze.

“Come on, Sammy. Look at yourself, babe. You’re perfect.” Dean whispered against the shell of Sam’s ear as he wrapped his hand around Sam’s body and unbuttoned his jeans. “You’re beautiful. I’m not trying to sweeten you up, baby, I’m just tellin yah what I see.”

Sam was still blushing and he was blushing hard and still he wouldn’t meet Dean’s gaze in the mirror.

Dean nipped at Sam’s earlobe as he grabbed one of Sam’s hands that was hanging limp by his sides and planted it on his stomach. Sam was as pliant as ever, letting Dean do what he wanted to do. He learned that it was best not to fight Dean because in the end, Sam would always do what Dean wanted.

“Look at this, Sam.” Dean said, guiding Sam’s hand down his body and inside of his boxers. “Look at your body, baby. You’re absolutely perfect. I don’t know what you’re seeing, but I’m seeing my baby boy, every inch of him and there’s not an inch that I would change.”
Chapter 91

Sam was nearly bent in half, his knees up by his ears. He was nearly folded in half by his brother who he was grabbing onto, trying to stay grounded as Dean slowly rocked into him. They’d been like for what felt like hours, Dean thrusting his hips against Sam’s in the most languid way that he could, like that had all the time in the world.

And in a sense, they did.

Back at the diner, the one where Dad took them out for dinner before dropping them back off at the motel saying that he was going to be gone for a couple of weeks, Sam teased Dean as much as he could without John really catching on what he was doing. Dean was on one side of the booth while Sam was crowded up against the wall, sitting next to John and Sam used it to his advantage. Dad wouldn’t know what he was doing but one look at Dean’s face and it wouldn’t take much to figure out that he was hard in his jeans. The only thing that no one knew was the fact that the reason why he was hard was because of his baby brother and his socked foot was running up and down his leg under the table, pressed up against the zipper of his jeans.

When Dad got up to use the bathroom before they left, Dean vowed that he was going to take Sam apart, little by little until all that was left was this quivering mess underneath him.

And that was hours ago. Sam was shaking, holding onto Dean, sweat coating his body and he’s already come twice and he feels another one building up in the pit of his stomach if only Dean would move faster. He begged, and whined and pleaded for some kind of release, for Dean to do something more than just rock up into him except Dean just smiled and pressed a soft kiss to the soft skin on the inner part of Sam’s knee.

He bent Sam back a little more, drove his hips a little further inside of Sam, pushing the small boy further up the bed.

“I got a promise to keep, Sammy.” Dean smirked, punctuating his words with a particularly hard thrust. “And the night is still young.”
Chapter 92

To say the least, the ride away from the hunt was awkward. There was tension in the air that even the music from the radio did nothing to diffuse it. John knew better than to ask what had happened on the hunt, knowing that both of his sons would just brush it off and say that nothing happened. It was the Winchester way, the way that he had taught his sons to deal with stuff and he knew that it wasn’t healthy and often he regretted it. Especially now.

So John didn’t ask what had happened and instead focused on the road, glancing over at Dean out of the corner of his eye every now and then and at Sam through the rearview mirror.

They were both closed off, jaws clenched tight and stared out the window.

When John finally pulled off the road and into the parking lot, he gave Dean a couple of twenties, told him to get a room for a couple of night and then said that he was going to go meet up with a fellow hunter who had some books that John might be interested in. He wasn’t just leaving because he didn’t want to be in the room when the tension between the boys finally broke and they would tear each other’s throats out. It would be a long time coming.

Sam stayed behind Dean, more than enough room between the two of them that one might think that they didn’t even know each other. Sam had his arms crossed against his chest, his scruffed converse toeing at the edge of the carpet that was in the lobby. Dean didn’t have the patience to deal with the small talk that the little old lady behind the counter seemed intent on having.

When he finally paid and got the keys, he brushed past Sam, not even checking if his brother was following behind him.

They walked into the bedroom without a word and the anger that John had perceived from Sam was really just nervous masquarding to hide the fact that he was really fucking scared. Now he was practically shaking, watching as Dean threw down his bag on the edge of the bed, digging through it for something.

Sam closed the door behind him and moved to walk past Dean with the intention of taking a shower. “I’m just gonna…”

Dean suddenly turned around and wrapped his hand around Sam’s arm, holding him tight enough that nearly hurt. “What the hell, Sam?” Dean cut him off, making sure that Sam wasn’t going to be able to leave. He was trapped by his brother.

Sam swallowed thickly. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Oh, don’t give me that shit, Sam. You know exactly what the hell I’m talking about.”

Sam looked past Dean towards the bathroom that was spelling his escape before he sighed and turned his gaze back to his brother. He clenched his jaw and squared his shoulders, pulling himself to his full height. He was nearly taller than Dean now and in times when he needed to feel bigger, more than just the little brother, he used his height to his advantage.

“Well, it seems that you already know.” Sam spit back, sounding stronger than he actually felt. All he really wanted to do was go hide away. For-like-ever. “So, why don’t you tell me what happened?”

“What happened? Oh, yeah, I’ll tell yah what happened. We go out on that hunt that Dad trusted us
to complete and we get fucking cornered because you can’t hold your fucking ground and what’s the first thing you do? You fucking kiss me. You shove your tongue so far down my throat because you’re scared that we’re about to die and it’s like that’s the last thing that you wanna do. Which, okay yeah sure, go ahead. You do you but it meant that Dad had to come in there and save our asses. Which only goes to prove what he has been saying for years. That we’re not ready yet”

The defiance that Sam felt slowly withered away as Dean spit out the truth like it hurt him to say it. “I didn’t… I didn’t shove my tongue…”

“Not the point, Sam!” Dean cut him off.

There was a moment where neither boy said a word. They stared at each other, neither one knowing what to say because Sam did what he did and Dean did what he did and there was no taking it back.

Sam’s the first one to break. He collapsed to the bed, devastation making his body heavy. “I don’t know what you want me to say, Dean. Do you want me to apologize? Because I won’t. I’m not sorry that I kissed you. I’m not sorry that I thought it was going to be the last thing that I ever did on this Earth. I’m not. So I don’t…”

“That’s not what I’m talking about, Sam.” Dean snapped back again, dropping to the bed besides his brother, their knees nearly touching. Sam didn’t miss that fact. “You’re missing the whole point here. Sam, Dad had to come in and save our asses. On a case that was basically a milk run. You have no idea how long I’ve begged him to let us go on one, just me and you. Alone. Together. You fucked up, had to get pinned to the wall which meant that I had to go on the defense as opposed to staying on the offense and Dean had to come in like we didn’t know what we were doing. Who knows if he’ll ever let us go on a hunt alone again.”

Sam glanced over at Dean, trying to catch his eyes because he needed to see if this was some kind of joke. Dean was upset about the fact that Dad had to save them, not… not the kiss. Sam watched that tick to Dean’s jaw, the kind of tick that only happened when Dean was seriously thinking about something. He refused to tear his eyes away from the unknown stains on the carpet.

“What took yah so long, Sammy?” Dean finally asked after a while, his voice barely above a whisper and if Sam hadn’t been staring at his face, he probably would have never caught it.

Sam furrowed his brow, his breath catching in his throat. “What?”

“Why didn’t you do it sooner, yah know? Why didn’t you kiss me sooner?” The silence hung between them for a moment before Dean started back again. “I mean, I’ve been watching you, Sammy. I’ve known for awhile now… or at least, I thought that I knew. That, you know, that you wanted to kiss me. So why then? Why wait until we’re about to die to go ahead and kiss me?”

The moment that Dean looked up to meet Sam’s gaze was the same moment that Sam cast his eyes to the ground. He wrung his fingers together as he considered his answer.

“You’re my brother, Dean.” Sam said and Dean bit back the sarcastic reply that was burning in the back of his throat. “And… I was scared that you wouldn’t want it. So I thought that… I thought if we were about to die, I could kiss you and nothing would change. You would still be my brother and I would know what it felt like to kiss you and absolutely nothing would change between you and me. We would still be brothers, yah know”

“Who says that we still wouldn’t be brothers?”
“Brothers don’t kiss, Dean.” Sam said. “If you didn’t… If you don’t share those same feelings… Dean, I didn’t want you to look at me like I’m some kind of freak. Your freak kid brother who loves his big brother. I just thought that maybe…” Sam trailed off and shook his head. “Nevermind. Clearly I was wrong. I’m sorry.”

“What makes yah say that?”

“You didn’t kiss me back.” Sam muttered.

The bed shifted and then all of the sudden Dean was on his knees, making room in between Sam’s legs, shoving between them as he made Sam see him. He didn’t give Sam the option to look away.

“You’re such an idiot.” Dean whispered.

Sam frowned. “Am not!”

“Yeah, you are.” Dean said as soft as he could. “I didn’t kiss you back because you never gave me the chance to.”

Slowly, tentatively, Dean reached out and cupped the side of Sam’s face. He was careful like his brother was this small fragile thing that he didn’t want to break and with the way that Sam was looking at him, Dean wouldn’t be surprised if Sam just shattered at too hard of a touch.

Sam swallowed thickly, his eyes darting around Dean’s face, looking for any sign that he was reading this wrong. “You… you have the chance now.”

Dean smirked, that cocky bravado that Sam fell in love with and desperately tried to replicate evident on Dean’s face as he leaned forward, pulling Sam’s head towards his. “Yeah. Yeah, you’re right. I do.”
It was the gasping that got Dean.

The way that Sam’s mouth would part as a stuttering breath was sucked in, desperate and faltering because every nerve ending in his body was firing off, making him tremble. Making him nearly weep.

Dean loved that sound.

He loved the sight even more.

Sam was beautiful with sweat beading across his hairline, skin flushed a beautiful shade of red as he bit down on the back of his hand to keep from screaming. Dad was asleep in the bed next to them, snoring from exhaustion and thick from whiskey, completely unaware of the filthy things that Sam was doing to his older brother.

Sam dug his hands into Dean’s chest, blunt fingernails breaking the skin as he rocked on top of Dean. Riding him like he was getting paid for it and Dean wondered how he got so lucky. Dean laid there, completely still, his hands wrapped nearly all the way around Sam’s baby waist as he just watched Sam move and grind and rock on Dean’s dick, little whimpers sneaking past his hand as he reached that spot inside of him that only Dean could reach.

Dean reached up and wrapped his hand around Sam’s neck and pulled him down to kiss him, long and hard and messy.

“Fuck… you feel like sin, baby boy.” Dean moaned into Sam’s mouth and Sam swallowed those words, letting them worm right next to his heart.

Dean continued to whisper dirty, filth words against Sam’s mouth, peppering kisses everywhere he could reach before plunging his tongue back into Sam’s mouth, practically tongue fucking him and Sam’s nails dug into his chest even harder.

Dean loved the way that Sam was completely falling apart on top of him.

“Go on, Sammy. Come with without waking up Dad.

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