

The Ghosts that sell Memories

Supernatural / Queer as Folk (US) crossover

Von abgemeldet

Part 02: ...Noone ever said Winchesters were uncomplicated.

But then again... maybe he's kinda an idiot himself, huh? Or, ya know, blind. Or all of the above, as he didn't see the blood trickling out of his sleeve and on the table like...like *that*. Until he follows Sam's glare to his hand, that is. And... "Oh." Yeah. 'Oh' about sums it up. The little puddle of blood around the bottle is just a little disturbing. Not that it's there, nope, he's seen more than enough of his blood in all these years, but that he didn't notice it.

No wonder that little brother is more or less losing his shit. As for an explanation, well, *'the light kinda sucks'* isn't going to cut it here. Sad thing is, he knows it. And damn. To think what it's doing to his beloved jacket. Dean curses to himself. The jacket, however, is doubtlessly the least of his concerns if he's to guess his brother's reaction to their latest drama. And if he knows one thing in his life better than hunting itself, it's Sam.

He isn't let down. *Here it goes.* "Why the hell didn't you tell me you got hurt?! And don't tell me you didn't notice, Dean. Don't you DARE tell me that!"

"Okay, okay I won't tell you." *Because I really didn't, and you'd throw even more of a hissy fit if you knew that.* "Jesus Sammy, calm down would you. It's just a scratch."

"A... Are you nuts?", Sam explodes. Several guys turn in his direction and he has the decency to look at least somewhat embarrassed, flashing them an apologetic smile. Dean sighs in relief when they turn away. "No, no, of course you're nuts, forget it!", he hisses, voice low yet razorsharp. Dean almost flinched. Almost. *Not a happy camper right now, are ya Sammy?* "I'm not gonna argue about this, there's nothing coming of it anyway. Not with you, you stubborn jerk." Sam stands up. "Stay here, I'm gonna find some stuff."

'Find some stuff' is their translation of 'I get the first aid kit'. No one ever said Winchesters were uncomplicated.

He's about to get up since he's the guy bleeding all over the.. table, - which is not a good first impression to make, Dean knows *that* too, - and the kit is in the car so he

might as well get it himself. Drawing attention to them is the least thing on his to-do list. He's about to say as much, only the next second, his brother is right there in his face, finger squeezing his wrist hard to keep him from going anywhere. And shit, that fuckin' hurts!

"Sit. The fuck. Down, Dean. And don't you dare move until I'm back, or I'm gonna tie you to the table."

Well, actually. Dean smirks, whispering, "Kinky." There's no way he can pass up that opportunity. *Sorry, Sammy.*

Sam scowls some more as his other hand - the one that is *not* just about crushing his wrist! - slips into Dean's pocket. Where the keys are, of course. Stupid kid still knows him too well. Looking at Justin, Sam asks, "Would you mind keeping an eye on him?" Amazing how good an actor Sam is despite his claim to despise-- *Wait a minute. What a goddamn minute!*

What the hell?! He doesn't need a babysitter to hold his hand while little brother gets the band-aid to make the 'boo boos' go away, he's a--

"Uh, no..."

--freakin' adult! "Dude--"

"*Thanks.*", Sam stresses, talking right over him. "And if he makes trouble, Justin" he goes on, eyes once again boring into Dean's like laser beams, "feel free to tie him to the table and hurt him." Ha! As if the kid - okay, okay, young man - is capable of doing so much as twist his little finger! Let alone keep him from leaving! Or jumping up and down naked on the bar singing Metallica on the top of his lungs, for that matter. And no, he's not sure where that is coming from. Nor does he want to. *Shut UP!*

That thought is laughable, and it's not the 'naked bar jumping/singing' one. Dean would very much like to tell Sammy exactly that, only it's not worth another argument. Or the possible attention they'd gain because of it. They need to come back here soon enough and the risk of getting recognized so easily, it's not an option. Never is. Keep a low profile, it's one of dad's most important rules. Back when they were kids and in school, or now that they are adults.

Instead, he keeps quiet, eyes closing briefly as Sam lets go of his wrist. And isn't it hilarious that his *kid* brother looks like freakin' Goliath compared to that remarkably massive bikers couple, clad in black leather from head to toe with upper arms like they were practically born on a bench press walking by? Snorting, he can't help himself but rag the kid some more, "Try not to get your ass kicked or get lost, Timmy? Lassie's not up for the rescue." Oh and... "Lock my car!"

Sam doesn't bother to form a reply. Just keeps on walking. Well, all right, so he does reply; no, no, not verbally, nope, but by giving him the finger right before he walks out the door. How very sneaky! Justin chuckles quietly, shutting up as soon as Dean turns, looks at him. The kid hides the smirk behind the bottle. Such a familiar gesture,

it's scary. The Finger, however? Is even more familiar. Not the finger per se, but *a* gesture – and this one is no exception – says more than a thousand words and a blown out fight ever could.

Maybe even more.

Dean sighs. He remembers an ugly argument on the side of a dark, empty backroad, somewhere between fields and nowhere and Indiana, cruel words being thrown around like punches but cutting deep like knives. Words they never really mean, and yes, maybe this works better for them.

Grabbing the beer bottle – with his uninjured hand this time, thank you very much! – he takes a good swing of the cool liquor. Can't hurt, might even numb the throbbing. Then again... it's *beer*. Perhaps it's time to order some hard liquor, like Tequila. And preferably an entire bottle. And wouldn't that be a nice picture for Sammy to get back to? Ever since that incident with him almost dying, his brother is constantly in his hair. Even more so than before, and God knows Dean never thought *that* feasible.

Seeing Dean like that, seeing him weak, *dying*, it had without question scared the crap out of his brother. Dean knows. He had seen it in his eyes when he stood there, the first time in that ludicrously white hospital room. Still does, sees the fear lurking in Sam's eyes, the pain. This is another thing they don't – seriously – talk about. That *Dean* doesn't talk about, because *Sam* wants to. Probably. *Ah hell...* He already tried to bring it up, but...

- *"There's nothing to talk about, Sammy. It's over and done with."*

- *"The hell there isn't! You almost died, Dean, and I know that you're still mad at me for drag--"*

- *"Leave it alone, Sam."*

- *"--ging you there and.."*

- *"I said, SHUT UP!"*

...there's nothing to say and enough is enough. In fact, it is starting to get ridiculous, considering Dean is perfectly fine. And very much alive. Okay, so perhaps he is still a tad bitter about that. Not the outcome, the being alive part, no, but the part where others had to die to get him there. And here. In a way, he resents that. Resents Sam for it, but hell. It's not his damn fault. Dean knows he'd done the same thing if it had been Sammy lying there, dying. But he's the big brother, and that's different.

Only it's not and he knows it. Knows that he's a hypocritical asshole for even thinking that way, but he has to take care of Sammy; always has, always will. It's his job, part of his life. Part of his *being*. Inevitable. Like breathing, like sleeping. So what if Sam had apologized for not doing enough research, for not being more careful and the guy

being a fraud. For not getting that his wife had been desperate enough to make a deal with the devil, binding a Reaper – a honest to God Reaper – to do her bidding.

And taking a life for another? That's just not right. Not in Dean's eyes, even if it is for his own.

But Dean knows Sam's not sorry that Dean is alive, no matter what, and he's never going to apologize for that. Ever. So why bother talking about it? There's nothing to talk about, nothing they can *do*. For themselves, anyone, or for—for *her*.

- *"Maybe God works in mysterious ways."*

- *"Maybe he does. I think you just turned me around on the subject."*

- *"Yeah, I'm sure."*

- *"I'm Dean. This is Sam."*

- *"Layla."**

She doesn't deserve to die, and Dean will never get how and why Roy LeGrange had picked him over her...

- *Why? Why me? Out of all the sick people, why save me?*

- *Well, like I said before, the Lord guides me. I looked into your heart, and you just stood out from all the rest.*

- *What did you see in my heart?*

- *A young man with an important purpose. A job to do. And it isn't finished.**

...and all the others. He may never understand it at all, despite the Reverend's words. What makes his life so special? Sure, he helps people, but so do others. Dean isn't anything special.

Shaking himself out of his self-endured pity-party, he almost laughs. He's always bugging Sam about brooding too much, and what does he do? Brood. In a bar. Jesus Christ! When he looks up, he catches Justin staring at him. Eyes wide and mouth parted, almost looking like a younger Sammy. Or the current one, really. And isn't that ironic? Still. Cute kid. "What is it?"

The kid actually jumps. Dean smirks. "Uh, nothing." Dean wonders if he tries to find a way to bring up this nothing anyway. He knows that look. It's the 'I want to know but I have no idea how to bring it up'-look, a look his brother plays oh so well. "Do you

think, um, it's wise to drink with your hurt arm?", he finally does ask, after a long minute, offering him some tissues to wipe away the blood.

He nods his thanks, saying, "Probably not, no."

"I see." Pause. And he swears he can see it in those blue eyes when the infamous penny drops and he registers what Dean has said. Justin's eyes, they are so... open, for all the world to read. "Wait. Why are you drinking than anyway?"

Dean chuckles, shrugs unconcerned. "Because." Now, let's see if the boy has guts.

"Oh, okay..."

"Breath, kid.", he yields, chuckling, "I'm just kidding." And for the most part, he is. "The alcohol just makes the pain pills Sammy's gonna make me swallow later kick in faster."

"Ah. But isn't it just as risky to... Wait. Okay, no. I don't think I want to know." And he's not disappointed. "You're *old enough* to decide what you do."

Dean smirks. Yup. Kid has guts, alright. "Excellent comeback, dude.", he declares, tipping his no longer bloody bottle to Justin's. For the first time since he's met the blond – which, he admits, is not that long; about fifteen minutes give or take some – he smiles. And what a smile that is. Yikes.

Only... His eyes fall upon the boy's hands, and his eyes narrow. "Something wrong with your hand?"

"Huh? What?"

"Your hand.", he clarifies, "It seems like it's bothering you ever since we came in here, and now..." He trails off, pointing to where it's cradled protectively against his chest.

That gets him a strange look, but... "No, no it's... it just hurts a bit. Must have landed wrong. It's cramping up. Happens sometimes.", he vaguely explains, deliberately not looking at him.

Happens sometimes? What an explanation! Not that Dean would know if it does, but he doubts that it happens without a reason. His own hands don't cramp up on him, not out of thin air. Just, no. Would be a major pain in the ass, too, given what they do. A risk even. One they can't effort. He doesn't ask about it, however. Like so much else, it's none of his business. And he knows to respect that. "Well, if you say so."

Justin nods. "I'm used to it. Nothing to worry about."

Maybe, maybe not. *Old injury*, the practical part of his brain provides. The part that got drilled in first aid by his father since he was 5 years old, drilled in it like no one's business and won't ever forget a single word, 'cause it could mean someone's death. Sammy's. Dad's. Yeah. *Mine*. Maybe. It takes about a few minutes, but Sam makes it back to the bar. In one piece and with parts of their first aid kit, all stuffed in the kid's

pockets.

Sam glares when he catches him smirking, but Dean doesn't bother to hide his amusement. He never does. "Did you lock the car?", he asks instead, trying to sound annoyed.

His brother rolls his eyes. "Can it, dude, I'm not retarded. Now for fuck's sake, get out of that jacket.", Sam growls. And even though his voice is anything but, his hands are gentle, helping him. Now it's Dean's turn to roll his eyes. There is no arguing with Sam when he gets like this, though. Mother hen complex, that's what Dean has dubbed this mode once upon a time. A time when Dean had still been taller, when nightmares were just that and could be chased away easily. When there had been no dreams of college and normal and...yeah.

What. Ever.

The term in itself, however, still annoys the hell out of Sam. And that is a good thing. Always a very good thing.

He stifles a groan as the sleeve drags over whatever it is that's oozing blood like a slaughtered pig. They sit well out of sight to do this here instead of their motel room or the bathroom, but Dean somehow still doubts it is a good idea. Then again, what does he care? Justin looks a bit squeazy gazeing at his *somewhat* torn arm. "What did that? Nails?"

"Something like that." Most likely the up close and personal get-together with that fucking sharp concrete wall, but he keeps that insight to himself. For various reasons.

The blond grmaces as his brother finally concludes, "I don't think any of these need stitches.", and Dean can't help but snort.

"Course they don't. Only I could have told you that five minutes ago. Would've saved you the trip to the car, dude."

"Shut the hell up, Dean. You didn't even notice you were bleeding, let alone--Christ."

Sam drags him to the bathroom after that, leaving a befuddled Justin behind with his jacket and bloodied tissues and two abandoned beer bottles. He has to agree, though, the bathroom sounds like very a good idea; considering. Thank god it's reasonably vacant in here. And the few that are, well, probably too far gone to notice a thing beside drugs or booze or whatever anyway. Doubtless wouldn't even think it strange for them to disappear in one of the stalls together. Dean smirks. It *is* a gay bar after all.

More blood dyes the washcloth – where did that come from anyway? – a deep red as Sam picks a piece of what Dean thinks might be pieces of fabric or something he doesn't want to think about out of the bloody mess. Ah hell, it looks worse than it actually is, but that's almost always the case, isn't it? Remember the washcloth? He isn't even wondering where it came from, just glad that it's here or else his jeans

would have found an exceptionally gory demise. Another pair.

Fuck it. Closing his eyes, he leans his head against the wall, clenching his jaw as Sam drenches the wound in antiseptics, slowly washing the blood and dirt away. Next thing he knows, Sam has the butterfly tapes and a bandage in place and, *The Fuck?! "The fuck?!"*

"Shut up and deal with it. It's not bad enough to need stitches but it's still *bad enough*, so just cut it out."

"Dude, I'm the older bro--"

"Yadda, yadda, Dean."

Oh and isn't that just *awesome*? "Fine." Beat. "Bitch."

"Jerk."

They grin at each other, ignoring the "I'd like to be ya bitch, too, sweetheart" in mutual understanding as they walk out of the door. When they return to their booth, Justin offers Sam a smile and Dean a look of sincere concern of his own. "He's gonna live.", Sam says, picking up on it. "In contrast to my unfortunate, fragile ego." Talking, he stuffs the rest of the first aid stuff back into his bag and knots it at the end before he sits down. They might need the stuff later.

Preferably much, much later.

"So, uhm, how did you learn to fight like this?", Justin asks, looking equally amused as genuine interested.

"Our dad was a Marine and he...he taught us some tricks.", Sam enlightens the blond before jerking his head in Dean's direction. "Did him more good than me." A tragic sigh, then, "Obviously."

"Nah, they were just lucky, Sammy. Don't worry."

"Like I said, tell that to my poor delicate ego, Rambo."

Justin looks a little stunned, looking back and forth between the two of them. "Wait. Wait. Your...your *father* taught you? You're *brothers*?!"

Dean grins. "Yeah.", he says, shrugging. "Sorry to disappoint, blondie."

"No, no, that's not what I..." But Justin trails off shortly, sighing, his expression turning sheepish. "Okay, yeah, you got me. It's exactly what I was thinking. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend you or anything."

"You didn't. In fact, you're not the first to assume we're a couple. Not even close. Don't sweat it."

Dean nods, adding, "Thanks to you, we at least know where exactly in Pittsburgh we are."

"Thanks to you," the kid parrots, "I don't have a broken neck, so I think we're somewhat even." He sounds a bit grumpy, yet, he's smiling. "But what are you doing here than if you're not here for the local... attractions?"

His brother pulls out one of his own smiles. "We are kinda searching for something."

"And because of me, you got distracted, huh?"

"Nah, it's all Sam's fault." He now says out loud what he's been thinking all along, winking. Sam glares, but doesn't say a word. "And it's all good, those assholes were looking for trouble, so I think for once it's good Sammy here has the sense of orientation of a blind chicken." Still, there's no need to say out loud what could have happened to the blond, so even if yes, he still believes it is all Sam's fault, it's okay.

- TBC