

# Your Delta Waves will be the Death of me

## Dean, Sam

Von Idris

### Kapitel 2: Street

Woohoo - kurze Kapitel, aber dafür schnelle Updates.

Liest hier überhaupt irgendwer englische fics? ^^\* \*drops\* Na, egal. Viel Spaß, so oder so.

**Warnungen für diesen Teil:** Angst, kiiitsch und so weiter (nichts neues also)

"All I'm saying is you should get it checked out. Just... just in case."

"In case of *what*? It was nothing!"

"*Nothing?! You just keeled over, Dean! That is *not* nothing! You gave me a frigging heart attack, man!*"

Yes, Sam is aware that he is nagging, thank you very much, but he just can't stop it. The way Dean had suddenly crumbled and just laid there... it had hit too close to home. It had reminded him too much of other times when his brother hadn't woken up anymore...

"Sam, I swear...", Dean sighs exasperatedly, slurping his milk shake.

*("Low blood sugar! My niece used to pass out when..." "He probably needs some protein..." "Could somebody get the poor dude something to eat?")* Sam had expected Dean to be embarrassed about being the centre of everybody's attention, but who was Dean to refuse a gratis chocolate milkshake? Yeah, right.

"I was just *sleeping*, ok? No biggie." Dean repeats for what feels like the hundredth time. "Unusual timing? Yes. Unusual occurrence? Not so much. It was probably just a, dunno, a freak napping-thing accident or something. It probably happens all the time."

*'No, it doesn't'*, Sam thinks, but he keeps quiet for once.

And that's it for Dean. A freak 'napccident'. Not going to talk about it, fuck you very much.

The next time it happens it's not so much fun anymore (not that it ever was funny to begin with).

They drive through Arkansas and Dean is softly singing Metallica under his breath, drumming on the wheel. The last hunt was a success. Nobody died, nobody got hurt and there was just a lot of mud and disgusting monster fluids splattering around. That's about as good as it gets in their line of work.

Sam is half-asleep in the passenger seat surrounded by the familiar smell of gunpowder and burger and 'Impala' and the even more familiar sound of Dean's humming. And suddenly, it's silent, really silent in a way that it only ever is when Dean is not around, is not really *there*.

There tires aren't screeching, there's no honking from other cars, but Sam startles anyway, heart hammering wildly in his chest.

Dean's head is resting on the wheel. His eyes are closed and his face is slack. He looks almost peaceful. The Impala is skidding slowly, almost gently to the opposite lane. There is a truck heading for them and Sam screams in terror, sees *the truck plowing into them tires screeching glass shattering Dean Dad Dad! Dean bleeding to death on the backseat...Dean!*

Without a conscious thought he wrenches the wheel out of Dean's slack grip and jerks it to the right, missing the truck by a hair's breadth.

The Impala jerks and the wheel almost slips through his fingers. They are swerving madly across the lanes. And shit, there's no way he's able reach the brakes, not with Dean in the way. Cars are honking and he hears tires screeching and he can't keep it steady, he can't...

*They're going to die; Dean is going to die again!*

"Dean!" he shouts, almost hysterically, hoping against hope that his voice is enough to rouse Dean. "Wake up! DEAN!"

Dean wakes up with a start, eyes wide open. Like a reflex his hand shoots out to Sam. "Sammy, are you...Shit..." he breathes, straightening up. "Shitshitshit..."

It's probably only a lifetime of honed instincts that makes him react so fast and without thinking.

He snatches the wheel out of Sam's grip and steers to the right, looking frantically to the sides. They're bypassing other cars in reckless maneuvers and Sam holds his breath, clinging to the passenger door.

On the hard shoulder, Dean hits the brakes and the engine dies with a soft, almost anti-climactic splutter.

"Oh shit. What the...MotherfuckingJesuschristonastick..." he pants, letting his head fall against the seat. "Damn it..."

Sam tries to make a sound and realizes he can't. He feels like suffocating and like he's about to pass out at the same time. His own heartbeat is drumming in his ears. He stares at Dean, anxiously trying to gauge if he's all right, if it was another one of those 'napccidents'.

Napccident.

*We almost crashed into a truck, but it was just a napccident.* He can feel hysterical laughter bubbling up in his chest.

"Sam?" Dean's head jerks from the seat and he turns to Sam. "Are you okay?" One of his hands shoots out and clutches at his T-Shirt right over Sam's frantically beating heart.

"Are you hurt?" he asks anxiously.

Sam shakes his head, unable to speak.

It's his fault. He should've made Dean go to the hospital. He should've made sure that Dean got examined. What if he's seriously ill? What if Dean keeps passing out during driving, during hunting? What if...

"Dude, breathe!" Dean's hand on his shoulder shakes him roughly and Sam tries to obey.

But he keeps seeing the truck heading for them, keeps hearing glass shatter and tires screech. So yes, maybe he's got some form of PTSD in relation to trucks. Maybe he's got some form of PTSD in relation to his brother *dying*. It's too late for therapy anyway.

"I'm sorry..." Dean says, sounding desperate. "Sam, I'm so sorry. I don't know what happened. I swear, I've never..."

And Sam realizes that Dean really has no clue what just happened.

"Napccident", he answers, voice rough with emotion. Dean flinches as if he's been slapped.

"Sam..."

Sam shakes his head, too worried and too angry at the same time to reassure Dean.

"To the hospital", he rasps. "Now. And you're *not* driving."

He opens the door and gets out of the car without awaiting Dean's answer. Finally outside, he almost staggers and hastily grabs at the door to steady himself. Dean is at his side in an instant, so fast that Sam hasn't even heard him walking around the car.

"Sit down, you dumbass." Dean's voice is gruff, but the hand in Sam's neck is soft. "You're not driving either. Not right now."

Sam slides to the ground, closes his eyes and feels more than sees how Dean sits down next to him. Dean doesn't say anything but his hand stays where it is, feeling warm and familiar and strangely reassuring.

"You're totally going to use emotional blackmail," Dean says.

"If that's what it takes to get you examined."

"You suck."

After that they keep quiet because they're Winchesters after all and they don't talk about stuff. Not about Dean who keeps passing out and not about Sam's possible PTSD and not about them almost dying *again*.

Sam knows he doesn't even need to use emotional blackmail. It's kind of pointless since Dean is probably beating himself up inwardly right now, because he almost got them killed accidentally.

"We could get you a milkshake on the way", Dean finally says and wordlessly passes the keys to Sam. "To get your blood sugar levels up. Or something."

Sam smiles and hears the silent apology anyway. "Shut up, Dean."

**Nachwort:** Ja, ich trampel gerne auf ihren tiefsitzenden Ängsten herum. \*hust\* Sie haben aber auch so viele. Was soll ich denn machen? ;)