

He Ain't Heavy

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He Ain't Heavy

by [Lennelle](#)

Summary

Sam can't walk, Dean's going to have to carry him.

Notes

based on a prompt of Sam with an injured leg and Dean carrying him.

"For such a skinny dude you sure are heavy," Dean grunts. He tugs Sam a little higher, pulls his arm more securely around his neck. Sam would make a retort but he's too busy trying not to pass out. Besides, Dean's words slip out of Sam's head not long after he hears them.

"Did you say something?" Sam mumbles. The forest suddenly tilts and he stares at the leaf-littered ground and his one good foot trying its best to hop along in time to Dean's strides. He struggles to lift his head back up and settles on resting it on Dean's shoulder.

"Soon as we get outta here I'm dumping you at the nearest hospital then heading to a spa or something," Dean says.

Sam smiles. "A spa?"

"Massages, dude. Hot chicks rubbing oil all over my body? I'm in. I think I deserve it after lugging your ass around this goddamn, never-ending forest."

"Wha - what 'bout me?" Sam asks, but he barely has the energy to part his lips, his words tumble out of his mouth and turn to mush.

"You?" Dean clarifies. His voice is tight and Sam glances over to his brow has creased the way it usually does when he's worried. When Dean speaks, his voice is bright., "You can get a massage once they put your leg back together."

Sam had forgotten about his leg, too busy floating in and out of his head to pay attention to the fact his left leg is burning with pain. He peeks down at it and finds his jeans torn and stained red. Low down on his shin the skin is torn open, the bone showing beneath. Sam's stomach turns and he folds inwards.

Dean holds him up and rubs his back as he vomits on a tree trunk. He barely manages to catch his breath again before he's tugged upright and pulled onward. Sam's one good leg decides to give up after a few paces, and he sinks down onto his knee.

"Nuh-uh," Dean scolds. "No time for napping, Sammy. We have to move."

But why? Sam wants to ask. Staying here seems so much more pleasant than moving. He leans back and closes his eyes, only to reopen them a second later, his cheek stinging.

"Sorry, man," Dean says, "But you gotta stay awake. We're almost there, I promise."

Almost where? He doesn't have time to ponder this as he's yanked back up to standing. Almost-standing.

"Hey, remember that time a jellyfish stung you when you were, uh, ten?"

"Dunno," Sam replies. He doesn't remember much of anything beyond the fact he's so tired and sore. He thinks his leg might hurt less if they just cut it off.

"Sure you do," Dean goes on. "Dad took us to the beach, one of those rare times we were somewhere because we wanted to be rather than because of some job. You were building sandcastles."

"Sandcastles," Sam agrees.

Dean squeezes his hand tightly, fingernails digging in, and Sam's eyes reopen. He hadn't realised they'd dipped shut.

"Yeah, you were right next to the waves and this big one came in and nearly wiped you out. When it was gone you were screaming your head off, trying to hop back over to me. Dad was somewhere else, I don't remember, but anyway. A jellyfish stung your leg."

"That why my leg hurts?" Sam asks. He can't hear the ocean from here.

"Nope, it was a bear trap this time, kiddo."

"Huh."

"Focus, okay," Dean presses. "This is a funny story. So, you were stung by a jellyfish, your leg went bright red and covered in all these red welts where the tentacles got you. At the time, I remembered reading that you have to pee on a jellyfish sting."

"That's not - " Sam begins, but loses his words mid-sentence. "Jellyfish?"

"So I peed on you," Dean continues, like Sam hadn't said a word. Maybe he hadn't. "I did what any good brother would do and I peed on your leg. It made you cry even harder, but a few hours later you weren't in so much pain and I figured I'd fixed you."

"Old wives tale," Sam points out, back on track.

"Yeah..." Dean admits. "I figured out a few years later that pee makes the sting worse. So... sorry about that."

"S'cool."

"Dude, you need a top up soon. If you keep leaking like you are, there'll be no blood left in you - oh, thank fuck!"

They stumble out of the dark of the forest and into a dusty parking lot. The Impala is shining under the sun, still waiting for them after they ditched her for three days. Dean pats the trunk as they pass. He crams Sam into the passenger side, pulling a few cries of pain out of him as his leg is jostled.

In a blink, they're on the highway and Sam's sweaty forehead is pressed to the glass window. He rolls his head to the other side and watches Dean white-knuckle the steering wheel with bloodied hands.

"Almost there, little brother," Dean mutters, mostly to himself.

"Just - just don't let anyone pee on me," Sam says, managing half a smile.

Dean laughs and the Impala speeds over the asphalt, the sign for the hospital flashing by.

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