

Please Don't Be Sad

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Please Don't Be Sad

by [lightoftheseraph](#)

Summary

The dark circles around Jack's eyes have become darker and a sheen of sweat on his skin. The sheer exhaustion in Jack's light blue eyes is so startling and heartbreaking.

Sam has to deal with the loss of Jack and what to do in the aftermath of his death. (14.08 coda)

Notes

This started out as short coda I meant to finish quickly and ended up being 1500 words. I still have several codas for Season 14 to post and I'm hoping they'll be finished a bit quicker haha

This also ended up being far more depressing than I intended (oops)

The dark circles around Jack's eyes have become darker and a sheen of sweat on his skin. The sheer exhaustion in Jack's light blue eyes is so startling and heartbreaking.

Sam knows he's getting weaker by the minute, but he can't accept it. It's only been hours since Rowena left, teary-eyed telling them to call her in case there were any changes. Sam nodded and held back tears. They'd moved Jack to his room where he'd be more comfortable and it seems in mere hours, he'd gotten far worse.

Now Jack is deathly pale and his fingernails are turning a worrying shade of blue. His laboured breathing is the only sound in the room - interrupted only by rough episodes of coughing.

The entire night carries on like that. Jack goes from bad to worse very quickly. Around four in the morning, his breathing gets so laboured that Dean grabs the oxygen tank they'd kept in the infirmary. All three of them wait in agony as Jack's breathing fogs up the mask - his eyes blink weakly - unfocused and far away. The colour slowly returns to his cheeks and fingertips.

After that scare, they are all shaken, nervous and itching to do anything. Dean brings in a record player to fill the silence. Castiel tends to Jack, grabbing him blankets, bottles of water and they even manage to get him to eat a few spoonfuls of chicken noodle soup. Sam stays positioned by Jack's bedside.

It continues like clockwork, the soft music continues. Jack's eyes drift close in sleep and Sam's heart leaps into his throat.

Castiel holds a gentle hand to Jack's forehead, "He's resting," Sam nods, his hands won't stop shaking.

He checks the time. It's three in the morning. Jack coughs himself awake - his eyes wide in panic as he struggles to breathe. The coughing gets rougher.

Jack's breathing falters and his hand weakly reaches to his side, he weakly mutters and Sam knows reaches for his hand - gripping it tightly. Jack smiles weakly and squeezes his hand. Sam smiles, he can't allow himself to cry. He can't be sad.

He doesn't notice Dean and Castiel leave the room - his entire being focusing on not sad for Jack Jack's chest stops the rising movement and the room is silent.

Sam has never felt more alone. Sam grabs his hand and whispers his name, but there's no response. Sam knows. He's *gone*.

Sam doesn't cry, he cannot allow himself to. He doesn't deserve to. Jack never cried not once, not even when Rowena said he was going to die so Sam couldn't cry either.

One crack, even a sliver and he will shatter completely. Castiel pulls the blankets and neatens them around Jack, a nurturing and soft gesture that has Sam storming out of the room. The gentle gesture and carefulness are too much to bear.

He has to do something for Jack.

He has to make up for mistakes.

Jack, I'm so sorry, he says. Knowing Jack will never hear those words ever again.

His brain and body refuse to communicate and Sam paces around the bunker in a daze until he ends up slumped against the hard floor.

He's not sure how long he stays there - it seems like an eternity. He falls asleep at some point and gets up slowly, leaning on the wall. His body and joints are sore. He's not connected to his physical self, he just Sam is gentler than ever as he folds the blankets around Jack's body so he's easier to carry. He's already freezing colder than Sam could imagine. Sam brushes the hair out of Jack's eyes, his fingers brushed his forehead and his skin is already so *damn* cold. Sam's steps are careful and his gaze set forward. Sam steps into the infirmary and lays Jack gently on the made bed as he walks over to the drawer and freezes and takes a stalled and shaking breath.

Sam cradles Jack's body. This isn't happening, not to him, not after all this. He wants to scream. He wants to tear the universe apart and scream until he can't anymore. Somehow every loss piled up over the years until Sam became numb to the loss but this is...is different.

He's lost a child. Something he never thought might happen. He didn't deserve to be a parent to Jack - all he did was fail him.

It isn't fair, Sam crumbles as his hold on Jack tightens. Brushing his hair out of his eyes. Sam bends down and cries. He just crumbles and falls until he hits the concrete floor. Sam just screams until it hurts.

He knows better than to pray at this point. God isn't listening and he doesn't care. He allowed this to happen and did *nothing* to stop it.

There's a hand on his shoulder and Sam's throat aches. Raw from screaming. He looks up and sees Castiel - perched over his shoulder. He turns and stands to his full height and he's shocked when he sees Castiel crying too.

Sam swallows as more unshed tears cloud his vision.

"He's gone," Sam says, almost robotically. His brain cannot process it. He holds onto to Castiel like a lifeline.

Castiel replies, "I know Sam, I know," Sam just cries and Castiel lets him. He doesn't say anything he doesn't need too.

"I have to build a pyre for..his.." Sam closes his eyes and swallows as he pulls away from Castiel. He can't say the word.

"Sam" Castiel says, but Sam is already leaving - now he can do something. The angel doesn't stop him or even shout after him.

The road is quiet and the night clear - so clear he can see every star. He takes the Impala by habit. He can do this. Jack deserves a proper burial.

Sam drives into the woods, it's dark and foggy. His hands shake on the wheel. He has to do this. The only thing he can do right now. Sam's grip on the wheel tightens and his foot presses the accelerator a little harder.

He finally gets out and he grabs the axe from the trunk. His breath comes out in a white fog, the sounds of the woods and the crunching of wet leaves are all he can hear. He finds a tree and begins to swing.

His movements are uncoordinated as he each whack just makes me want to break more and more. He swings and misses. The anger burns in his chest and he swings too roughly and the axe breaks completely in half. Sam stares at it - eyes burning with tears.

The remains of the axe falls from his grip and hits the ground with a dull *thump*. He looks up at the figure staring at him and he feels like he's going to break.

Soft brown hair and light blue eyes stare at him. He's wearing the same beige shirt and plaid pyjama pants. Blood drips from his eyes and from his mouth splattering the front his beige shirt. He looks so young. Sam clenches his jaw - and looks at the underbrush and at the way the dew glistens off the grass.

Jack's footsteps are silent as he walks towards Sam - his voice soft, "Sam it's not your fault," His eyes still bright and warm but the dark circles under his eyes and looks like he's dying. He's wearing the fluffy socks Sam bought him after he said he got too cold in the Bunker. The wet ground soaks into them and dampens them.

Not Jack doesn't step closer - blood now begins to soak from his chest - blooming out from his heart. Suddenly Sam is back in that church, horrified and shaking watching Jack sacrifice himself,

"It's not your fault, you did all that you could have," Jack says, Sam shakes his head and looks away.

"It's not Jack...it's not at all," Sam says. He can't find any more words to explain how unfair and unjust the world is and how he should have prevented this from happening.

Jack stares - his eyes soft and gentle - he nods, "I forgive you though," Sam turns and feels the tears swell at the corner of his eye. Jack smiles - but it's sad and sorrow filled one.

If it's possible the hallucination or ghost *whatever this is* looks sad or broken. His eyes filled with sorrow and grief. He looks down - ashamed.

Sam doesn't realize he's crying until he's sobbing and he drops to his knees. He's falling apart and he wishes he could stay here in the woods and never leave - and never face the world again.

He looks up and his son has vanished. Sam's heart wrenched painfully. He can't face Jack's forgiving face - he looks up to find himself alone. He stares at the remains of the axe scattered in front of him. A reminder of failure - how he couldn't even do this one small thing for his son.

Sam feels unsteady and he slumps down in the wet grass. Is this a ghost? He can't be sure. He doesn't know - he just doesn't know. Can Nephilim become ghosts? Does Jack have enough of a soul to get into Heaven?

Sam screams so loud - wishing he could tear the world apart, piece by piece, with his agony and pain.

Sam crumbles next to the Impala as he weeps silently, in the silence of the forest.

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