

Non-Conventional Christmas Cards

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Non-Conventional Christmas Cards

by [Inuseiko](#)

Summary

Day 2 of the 25 Days of Christmas Challenge. The theme is Making Christmas Cards.

Notes

This work is a submission for the Christmas/Holiday/Winter OTP challenge. I got it from my friend Gabriel on tumblr. Although, sadly, I can't remember the name of the original blog.

You sighed as you watched yet another Hallmark commercial. Who cared about Christmas cards when your family was nowhere to be seen?

The bunker was empty. Apparently, things that go bump in the night don't take time off to prepare for Christmas... There were still a week and a half left and the boys were working overtime.

Besides, you mused. With your entire family's memories wiped of your existence, you were completely alone. There wouldn't be any cards in the mail from your grandmother, no Christmas money stuffed into envelopes from your aunts and uncles. Even though you were an adult and were fully capable of taking care of yourself, the thought was still appreciated.

There was no telling how long the guys would be out on their hunt. They'd left right after decorating the rooms. It was relatively close by, but still... You allowed your head to tip backward on the couch, smiling up at the twinkling golden lights. The lights rose and faded with a gentle feeling. You snorted as you watched the almost hypnotizing rhythm of the demon's trap above your head. You still couldn't believe that Dean had actually put it up.

He'd even gotten Sam to help; that traitor... All you had wanted was to give them a regular holiday. Although, no matter how you tried to pretend, they were still hunters. The men had more strength in their thumbs than you did in your entire body. You threw an arm over your face, trying to ignore the burning in your tear ducts.

Trying to get them into Christmas was more for you than for them, and you all knew it. They let you drag them around, spend their money, cook for them because it kept you busy. (Although you doubted Dean would ever try to stop you from cooking. Fresh baked pies thrilled him more than anything.) But being here, alone, was just painful.

You closed your eyes, letting the background noise of the television sweep away your painful thoughts and drag you into darkness. The feel of your body being lifted woke you from a dream of your past. It had been Christmas Eve, and your parents had been driving you all home from a dinner out. All the sugar and excitement had put your child self out like a light once you were in the car. But even barely conscious, you still remembered the feeling of your father's arms as he carried you into the house and together with your mother, put you to bed.

You sighed and snuggled deeper into the arms, not wanting the dream to be over.

"Careful Dean, (Y/N)'s sleeping." You heard.

"Hey, you wanna switch? Cuz I can make the bed just as fast as you can."

The sound of the brothers arguing caused you to open your eyes just a bit. Sam was making up the couch that was your temporary bed, covering it with the pillows and blankets you'd borrowed. A quick look upward showed Dean glaring at his brother, still muttering under his breath. You chuckled and stretched, pushing away from him slightly. Dean looked down and smiled.

“Hey there.”

You smiled as he set you on your feet.

“Hey guys, how’d it go?” You asked. Dean shrugged.

“A simple salt and burn, we were in and out in less than 24 hours.”

Sam smiled sheepishly as he unfolded the last blanket over the back of the couch.

“We didn’t mean to wake you, sorry about that.” You shrugged and sat down.

“It’s cool, I didn’t mean to fall asleep anyway.”

“You sure?” Dean asked. “It’s pretty late.” You smiled as you patted the spots on either side of you.

“I’m positive. Besides, I just woke up.” You looked over at the TV. It was still on the same channel, showing some sappy Lifetime movie. “Join me for a movie? I recorded The Nightmare Before Christmas.”

“What is with you and that movie?” Dean asked, flopping down on your left.

“Oh like you don’t sing along with “What’s This?” Sam said with a snort, sitting on your right. You leaned over Sam, grabbing the edge of the blanket he’d tossed across the back. You tugged it over, wrapping the both of you in it.

“(Y/N),” he said with a laugh, leaning closer as you tugged the blanket as tight as you could. “What are you doing?”

“I’m getting comfy.” You said airily. You then reached over to the other side to grab past Dean.

“Well hello there.” Dean smirked as you pressed against him.

“Oh hush, you.” You laughed, elbowing him in the gut. You grabbed both sides of the blanket and tugged them as close as you could.

“Hey,” Dean groused, rubbing his stomach and moving closer to avoid being choked. You sighed as you pressed against them, shoulder to shoulder. “So you’re just going to hold us hostage here?”

You smiled and leaned back on the couch, snuggling into the space between their arms and tucking the blanket edges under your arms.

“Yup. You will be trapped with me and Mr. Tim Burton for the next hour and a half. The only excuses will be for snack and bathroom breaks.”

“Well if that’s the case…” Dean tugged off the blanket and jogged off to the kitchen.

“H-hey!” Sam stood and headed off on the other direction.

“Bathroom break.” He called over his shoulder. You huffed and folded your arms. Just when you’d gotten comfy... Although... You squirmed, you had been asleep for quite a while. Maybe it’d be better if you took one too.

By the time you got back, the guys were settled in on the couch. The table was covered with food and assorted other snacks. There was only one problem.

“So where am I gonna sit?” you pouted, folding your arms.

“Well, you’re always welcome to sit with me.” Dean said, opening his arms. You paused for a moment, before shrugging. You bit back a laugh at Dean’s surprised grunt as you crawled into his lap. You settled yourself into his lap, scooting up to lay your back across Sam’s. You looked up at the Winchesters, laughing at their surprised faces.

“What? You offered.”

“He offered.” Sam said. “What about me?” You beamed up at him.

“You just got in the way, Sam my man....Never get between me and Jack.” Sam snorted and flicked your nose.

“Alright, enough of the mushy stuff. Beer me, Sammy.” Dean called.

“Yeah, beer me!” You said.

“Geez, is there an echo in here?” Sam murmured. He tossed a can to Dean and grabbed a soda, pressing it to your forehead. Both brothers were laughing as you tried to get away.

“What? You asked for it. One root beer.” You snorted as you grabbed the bottle, setting down close to your hand.

“Just play the movie, Winchester.” You snarked, rolling your eyes.

“Hey,” Dean protested, “What did I do?”

“Bluuuh, that was a terrible joke.” You called, grabbing a handful of licorice sticks off the table and tossing them at Dean. “Play the movie!”

“Ah, sweet. See Sam? Someone appreciates the subtleties of licorice goodness.”

“Licorice tastes like butts, now hush, its starting!” You whispered, slapping their thighs.

Their grumbling tapered off into silence as they got comfortable. You shivered a bit as Dean placed his licorice stash in your lap, resting his hands on your upper thighs. It was a bit hard to focus on the movie with the way his hands would occasionally brush against your stomach. The feel of a different hand brushing your chin shifted your gaze upward. Sam was looking down at you sheepishly.

“Sorry, nowhere else to put my hands.” He said.

“It’s cool.” You reassured, forcing your gaze back to the movie. You took in a deep sigh as you settled more comfortably against them. The scene wasn’t one that you’d ever put on a Christmas card. But...you thought as you felt Sam’s thumb sweep lazily across your cheek. Being here with these two brothers, strangers who were quickly becoming your friends, still gave off a feeling of warmth for the holidays.

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