

All Roads Lead to Dean

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by [Treegoesmad](#)

Summary

Sam is selfish. Slashy
Mini drabble like

Sam had forgotten, that is what he convinced himself in one breath and snorts into the next , how could he have really forgotten anything about Dean

Dean.

When Sam was fourteen, he kept a journal for five state lines, three schools and endless amounts of free pie from the waitresses that melted in to a puddle of goo, faced with the cuteness of Dean and Sam. A combination that still works on the roadside tired waitress and the victim of the week. Sam found that journal (diary's are for sixteen year olds with crushes on the boy that sits next to them in biology and while Sam had a crush he was no girl, no matter how much Dean insisted on calling him Samantha for that year) Then he stopped one 'Welcome To The Middle Of Bumfuck America' sign to much, when he had recorded every simple quirk that made Dean his brother, best friend, and lover at the end

Lover.

Dean was trapped in the pages of Sam's written words, a spirit, a ghost, sometime demon to his thoughts, haunted his pen, possessed his hand, Dean needed to be exercised.

Exercised.

Sam had found ways to banish Dean from his life , he joined the football team much to his father annoyance, was cast in a play, but that soon became Dean's when he'd turn up for ever rehearsal and performance, becoming their daily critic , which fucked off the overly important drama teacher. But all it took was one simple form and a postage payment and he was free. Free to go to Stanford, guilt free, in the right with his righteous anger.

Free.

The first night away from Dean, Sam cried himself to sleep with one of Dean T-shirts that he had stolen from the dirty laundry, Dean would mourn it's lost and Sam was almost happy at the thought, he shouldn't be only one in pain. The second night he found a boy that was nothing like Dean and fucked him into the mattress. Searching for something better than Dean, because Sam knew that was what Dean believed. He had left his family, left him in search of a better life, but ultimately Dean was wrong but Sam will always be too selfish to explain Dean why.

Search.

Jess had found him, returning from another funeral of a friend, where the supernatural was glaringly present but Sam had firmly placed his kaleidoscope contacts and the pink elephant could find a noose and hang it self in the corner and he still wouldn't cut it down. These people were fated to die, he had seen it days before. Sam wasn't anyones Cordeila, he no longer had a champion to guide and record the acts of a hero, he was a seer for no one.

Found.

The locked clicked, The door opened, Sam really wasn't fated to save those people, to save Jess. He could feel satisfied that he was right and his anger returned.

With...

Dean

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