The Scrawny Ones

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The Scrawny Ones

by theotherwolfinsideyou

Summary

Dean's been spending his heats at the Harvelle's Roadhouse ever since they learned about it. As Sam's about to find out, he's not planning on spending this one alone.

They were thirty hours into their drive from Sacramento to the Roadhouse, and Sam had been watching Dean practically bounce off the walls for the past five.

Dean had been using heat hotels ever since he turned eighteen, but the Roadhouse had been destination #1 ever since they found it. Scratch that; it'd been the only destination since they'd found it. The Roadhouse had a heat room in the basement, complete with scent-proofing and sound-proofing, and while it didn't hold the same repertoire of items a heat hotel would it had enough to "do the job," as Dean said (which was already more information than Sam needed). He claimed it was the better choice because it was free, but free wasn't enough to cover the gas money they'd spent driving here from California, or the drive from Maine four months ago.

Sam knew the real reason was that the Roadhouse was safe, both from the natural and supernatural. It was also probably the only place Dean had ever spent more than one heat in, besides for Bobby's attic when they were younger. Ellen kept some nesting blankets aside for him, away from the ones she let all her customers use. And so they made the trek every four months when Dean's pre-heat hit. Sam didn't complain; he prefered that Dean felt comfortable too.

"We're cutting it pretty close this time Dean," Sam said. He wasn't affected by Dean's pre-heat scent; it was impossible to from someone who shared your familial scent. But he could tell that it was now very, very thick, tinged with discomfort. "How long have you got? Five hours?"

"More like three," Dean's grip tightened and untightened on the steering wheel. His pre-heats always filled him with an exuberant amount of energy. And an unending hunger; they'd hit up three burger joints today alone. "Maybe two."

"That's going to leave you with like, twenty minutes to get the room ready and make your nest," Sam laughed. They'd called ahead to let Ellen know they were coming, but Dean always got particular in the final moments."You're screwed."

"Nah," Dean replied. "I'll be fine. Ash will help me."

"Why would Ash help you?" Sam asked. Dean liked seeing Ash, he knew. They could talk for hours about the same media, and Dean liked to flirt with him for fun. But they weren't "help me build my nest" close. Sam wasn't sure anyone was "help me build my nest" close with Dean.

"Because I'm spending my heat with him," Dean replied simply.

Sam blinked. "You're *what?*"

"I'm spending it with Ash," Dean repeated, as if Sam's hearing was the problem.

"Ash," Sam said, befuddled. Thirty hours on the road straight and this was the first he was hearing of it. "*Ash?* Skinny Ash? Ash with the mullet?"

“You know another Ash?”

Sam’s mouth dropped open. “He’s literally half your size.” Dean usually went for bigger alphas, ones who looked like they could hold their own in a fight. Sam had a guess as to the reason, but that involved thinking way more about his brother’s sexual proclivities than he’d prefer. Ash did not fit the mould.

“So? I’m not trying to face the guy in wrestling. We can be in different weight divisions,” Dean shook his head in mock disappointment. “You’re being narrow-minded, Sam. He’s still an alpha. I thought college was supposed to make you a progressive hippie.”

Sam rolled his eyes. “When did you and Ash agree on this?”

“We haven’t.”

Sam stared at him. “You *haven’t?* ”

“Nope,” Dean popped the p.

“So Ash has no idea we’re coming.”

“Not a clue.”

“Don’t you think you should *call* him then?” Sam exclaimed. “Make sure he knows what to expect?”

Dean raised an eyebrow. “You really think he’s going to say no?”

Of course Sam didn’t. There was absolutely zero chance that Ash was going to say no. Sam hadn’t missed the way he looked at Dean, or how quick he was to do tasks when Dean asked him to simply because Dean tacked on a “for me?” at the end. He hadn’t missed it because it made the stupid alpha part of him want to growl at him for daring to think he was good enough for Sam’s packmate and brother.

It was a stupid instinct to have as a younger brother. It was an especially stupid instinct to have as someone with a brother who liked to have a different alpha every week. But Dean was an omega and Sam couldn’t help it. Puberty was the time for hating your instincts. Doing it in your twenties was just embarrassing.

“I know you don’t like me spending heats with alphas I don’t know, so I’m picking one I know,” Dean said. “I hope you’re happy.”

“I really don’t care,” Sam lied.

“The scent of ‘angry alpha brother’ rolling off you disagrees,” Dean said, before softening his tone. “Listen. Do I think it’s going to be the best heat of my life? No. He isn’t Lisa Braeden. But he cares about me and I trust him. And I like his hair.”

“Okay,” Sam sighed. “Fine. Not like I can stop you anyway.”

“Damn right you can’t,” Dean laughed.

“I’ll just flirt with Jo for you in your absence.”

Dean scrunched up his nose. “You can’t flirt with Jo. She’s too young for you.”

“Then she’s way too young for you!”

“That’s different. We’re both omegas.”

“Just because you’re both omegas doesn’t mean that your relationship is any less deserving of condemnation than an alpha/omega couple,” Sam said. “It still makes you a creep.”

“There’s the progressive hippie my tax dollars paid for!”

Sam furrowed his eyebrows. “What taxes?!”

* * *

They arrived at the Roadhouse two hours later, and from how quickly Dean parked his car, Sam knew the clock was almost out. Dean’s pupils were already blown wide.

“The room’s ready!” Ellen called the second they entered. Sam might be impervious to Dean’s scent, but it was clear no one else was. The eyes of every hunter in the bar instantly landed on them.

“You’re the best, Ellen,” Dean replied, before obviously scanning the room. Ash was drinking a beer in the corner. Dean beelined to him.

“What’s he doing?” Jo asked as she loaded up a drink tray. “He can’t have much time left, smelling like that.”

“You’ll see,” Sam sighed as he sat at the bar. “Can I have a Morison, Ellen?”

Dean slid into the seat next to Ash, who went red as a tomato immediately. “How are you, Ash?”

“Dean—” Ash stammered. “You, uh—hi, how are you—you smell—”

“I’m doing great Ash, thanks for asking,” Dean smiled, before leaning forward. “You want to spend my heat with me?”

Ash stood up so quickly he almost flipped the table over. Ellen overfilled Sam’s beer. Jo knocked a drink over on her tray. The table of hunters sitting nearby went dead quiet.

There was a long silence before Ash cleared his throat. “Yes.”

“Great,” Dean slapped the table. “Let’s go.”

Dean stood up and beckoned for Ash to follow him. Ash stood still; Sam wasn’t sure his brain had caught up with what was happening. He looked like he’d both been struck by lightening

and won the lottery.

“What’s happening?” Jo asked, sounding bewildered.

“Don’t ask me,” Sam shrugged.

Eventually, Ash caught his bearings. He slid an arm smoothly around Dean’s waist and whispered something in his ear that made Dean laugh. They walked to the basement stairs together, whispering to each other, and then they were out of sight.

“What has Dean had to eat these past four days?” Ellen asked.

“I don’t know,” Sam replied. “About fifteen burgers.”

Ellen hummed. “I’ll make him a steak, just to be sure. You filled the water cooler down there, right Jo?”

“Yes, mom,” Jo said with a tone that made it clear that was far from the first time Ellen had asked that question.

“Just making sure,” Ellen replied. “I’ll make Ash a steak too. Lord knows he hasn’t eaten enough today.”

“Or this week,” Jo laughed. “Dean’s going to run him ragged. He might not make it out.”

“Well, at least he’ll die happy,” Ellen replied. “They say it’s best to go out doing what you love.”

“Can I please have a beer?” Sam asked. “I would really like a beer.”

* * *

Sam spent the next three days taking walks through the Nebraskan farmland, catching up on his research into demons, and consistently losing at poker to Jo and Ellen. When Dean and Ash finally emerged from the basement, both looking more refreshed and happy than Sam had ever seen them, Sam was down seventy dollars and a whole lot of pride.

It took another hour for Sam to get Dean back in the car, seeing as Ellen forced them to eat a full lunch and Dean insisted on saying a “proper” goodbye to Ash. By the time they were finally pulling out the Roadhouse’s parking lot to go fight what was most likely a ghost in Louisiana, Sam was ready to never see Nebraska again.

“I’m *never* spending another heat anywhere else,” Dean proclaimed as he rolled down the window. “Not in a million years. *Damn.* I knew it. It’s always the scrawny ones who surprise you. He knew *exactly* how—”

“Please,” Sam begged. “*Please* do not say another word.”

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