

## Broken Promise

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## Broken Promise

by [spacedogfromspace](#)

### Summary

Sam can't stay anymore, and he can't take Jim with him. But he'll come back for him. He promised.

### Notes

FebuWhump Day 6  
Prompt: "You lied to me."

"Don't go," Jim begged, rushing to follow his brother as he stored out the front door. The screen door banged shut in Jim's face, and he flung it open, running out into the cool night air. "*Sam!*" he shouted when he got no answer. "You can't just leave me here!"

Sam stopped in the driveway and sighed heavily, turning to look back at him. "Look, Jim," he said. "I don't want to leave you. But I have to go. I'm done with this place. I'm done with Frank. I can't take it anymore. If I have to be anywhere near that asshole for a minute longer, I'm either going to have to shoot him or myself."

Jim felt confused. "But what about me? Now *I'm* going to be stuck here with him. You can't just leave me here with him."

Sam took a deep breath. "Jim, I'm sorry. I have to go."

Jim's throat felt tight as he started to realize that Sam was serious about this. He couldn't fathom being separated from his brother. Sam was all he had. The only person protecting him from Frank, from his bullies, even from their mother when she was around, was Sam. "Then... then take me with you," Jim said, grasping at straws.

"I wish I could, Jim," Sam said regretfully. "But I don't know where I'm going, or how I'm going to get there. You're just a kid... I can't just take you hitch-hiking across the galaxy," he explained.

"So you won't stay, and you won't take me with you," Jim concluded bitterly.

"I *can't* take you," Sam corrected him. "And I *can't* stay. You know that."

Jim crossed his arms, biting his lip to keep from crying. "I can't believe you," he said quietly. "How could you just abandon me like this?"

"Look," Sam said, face softening. "Okay. As soon as I figure out where I'm staying, as soon as I can start putting down roots, I'll come back and get you, okay?"

Jim blinked, hope blossoming in his chest. "You'll come get me?"

"As soon as I can."

Jim paused, letting himself feel a moment of skepticism. "Promise?" He held out a hand, fingers closed into a fist save for his pinkie finger.

Sam smiled, copying the gesture and linking his little finger with his brother's. "I promise. I'll come back as soon as I can. It'll take a couple months, so you'll have to be patient."

They embraced, and when Jim let him go, Sam got into his car. Jim watched as Sam drove away, the rust old beater turning up a cloud of dust

that Jim could see hovering above the fields long after the car was out of sight. His heart clenched, because he hated to see Sam go. But he knew Sam would keep his word, and they would be back together again before he knew it. Only a few months. He just needed to be patient.

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That was years ago. Jim sat in a bar at one AM with a few too many drinks in him, thinking about how his life might have turned out different if Sam had kept his word. He never saw or heard from Sam again after that night so long ago. He wondered if Sam was dead. He hoped Sam was dead. That would be better than him just abandoning him after promising him he wouldn't.

Jim opened his communicator, and drafted a message to Sam's comm ID. It had long since been disconnected, so even if he were alive Sam would never see it or reply, but that didn't matter. Jim sent the message, and watched it appear below all the other drunken messages he had sent to Sam over the years.

*You lied to me.*

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