

## Family Secrets Don't Always Stay in the Past

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/648186) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/648186>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Mature</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Categories:	<a href="#">F/M</a> , <a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Supernatural</a> , <a href="#">Twilight Series - All Media Types</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Dean Winchester/Sam Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Edward Cullen/Bella Swan</a> , <a href="#">Alice Cullen/Jasper Hale</a> , <a href="#">Sam Uley/Emily Young</a> , <a href="#">Carlisle Cullen/Esme Cullen</a> , <a href="#">Emmett Cullen/Rosalie Hale</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Sam Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Dean Winchester</a> , <a href="#">John Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Sam Uley</a> , <a href="#">Bella Swan</a> , <a href="#">Leah Clearwater</a> , <a href="#">Sue Clearwater</a> , <a href="#">Harry Clearwater</a> , <a href="#">Billy Black</a> , <a href="#">the Cullens</a> , <a href="#">Azazel (Supernatural)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Shifter Sam Winchester</a> , <a href="#">Vampires</a> , <a href="#">Work Up For Adoption</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">Sinful Desire</a>
Stats:	Published: 2013-01-21 Completed: 2017-01-14 Words: 25,562 Chapters: 14/14

# Family Secrets Don't Always Stay in the Past

by [Scififan33](#)

## Summary

AU. Eventual Wincest. After a hunt at Stanford Sam ran until one day he heard a scream for help he couldn't ignore.

## Notes

Very AU. Sam left for Stanford when he was 18, this starts a few months after he got there.  
Eventual Wincest.

Twilight timeline is being altered, none of the Quileute have changed yet and the Cullen's and Bella aren't there yet.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

He stumbled and staggered through the trees until he hit the road where he'd left the car. Despite the fact it was winter and he was naked he wasn't shivering, if anything he felt too hot. He was confused and scared, he didn't know what was happening to him but he knew he had to run. If anyone found out...he didn't want his family to have to hunt him down. He drove back to campus and crept into his dorm room, packing quickly before leaving the keys were Mark would spot them in the morning. He shouldered his duffle and then headed for the bus stop, ignoring the gnawing hunger and shaking limbs. He probably looked like a junky or something, a thought that was confirmed by the way people looked at him and then moved away. He paid for his ticket and got on, curling up with his walkman on loud enough to drown out all other noise, noises that were suddenly far louder than they'd ever been and the smells....

-----

He bolted for the road as he heard a woman scream, unable to ignore the cry for help even after over a year on his own. Powerful legs ate up the distance until he stopped to see what was happening. He growled as he saw the man pinning the woman against the car, slinking from the trees until he was right behind the man. He knew when the man realised something was behind him, could smell the sudden nervousness on him. He bared his teeth and growled threateningly. The man stiffened and then let go of the woman, backing away fearfully. The wolf stalked him until the man broke into a run, getting into a car further down the road and taking off. He then turned back to the woman who was staring at him with wide eyes. He whined and then let his tail wag, making her blink in surprise.

"Thank you." She whispered and he smiled, tongue lolling out. He approached slowly, not wanting to scare her and she stayed still before hesitantly holding a hand out. He sniffed it before licking it and then putting his head under it. She laughed and gently petted his head. He was happy that he had saved her and then cheered her up, he hadn't realised how much he had missed helping people. She seemed a nice lady, Native American from her looks, and he didn't want her to be scared of him. He'd deny it but he missed human contact so much.

Sue Clearwater stared at the large wolf that had saved her. When it walked towards her she stared into its eyes and saw something that shocked her....human intelligence. She knew the legends of course but how was it possible? There hadn't been anyone who could transform since their grandparents days when the Cold Ones had lived in Forks. She petted the soft fur and smiled as the thick tail wagged in joy. She slowly knelt down and wrapped her arms around his neck, feeling the wolf melt into her arms and she knew whoever this poor boy was he hadn't been near people in a while.

"Are you hungry? I have some food in the car. The engine decided to stop so I'm stranded unless you know how to fix cars." She told him and he cocked his head in confusion.

"It's okay, I know what you are, you can change back." She told him, shocked by the terror in

his eyes when she said that.

"It's alright, why are you afraid? Did you change without anyone to help you? I know the Elders haven't mentioned anything about it and I think most of the town would have noticed you springing up in height. It's an honour." She explained gently and the wolf whimpered.

"Please, everything will be alright." She whispered, she didn't know who it could possibly be or why he'd be so far from the Reservation but at the speed legend said they could move it probably didn't seem that far to the poor boy. How had no one noticed someone going through this? He backed away from her, heading for the forest and she followed. He growled but she could tell there was no real threat in it.

"Did you forget clothes? Is that why you won't change? I have some of Harry's with me; I can lend them to you." She offered and the wolf hesitated.

"If you don't want anyone to know I won't tell." She promised, looking into warm brown eyes.

The wolf moved closer to her again, rubbing his head against her and then he walked behind some trees. Sue tensed as she heard a pained noise and then quiet, human, footsteps. She gasped in surprise as the young man hesitated, keeping his lower body hidden. Shaggy brown hair fell to his shoulders and hazel eyes stared at her fearfully but there was something else too, longing and hope. That wasn't what shocked her though....he was a complete stranger and didn't look like he had any Quileute blood in him. His skin was tanned but she could tell that was from living in the wild, his natural skin colour was fairly pale. He started pulling back and she realised he had taken her silence badly so she smiled at him.

"My name is Sue Clearwater, what's yours?" She asked gently and the boy, because he couldn't be any older than eighteen or nineteen, licked his lips nervously.

"Sam." He answered shakily, not giving a last name but that was okay, she hadn't been sure he'd say anything.

"Thank you for saving me Sam. You just wait right here and I'll get you some cloths, okay?" She said and he chewed his lip.

"You....you said, what I am?" Sam whispered and she looked at him before gasping in shock.

"Don't you know?" Sue asked, unable to stay away when she saw the fear in his eyes.

"Monster." He whispered and Sue closed the distance, reaching up to cup the pale face.

"No sweetie, you're not a monster." She told him gently even as wide, scared hazel stared down at her. She gently patted his skin before moving one hand to the tangled hair, just gently running her fingers through a relatively snarl free section. She smiled as the child slowly relaxed, some of the fear fading from his eyes. She went to move back, to go get him the clothes but he whimpered, one hand coming up to cling to her and she couldn't make herself leave him there. It wasn't like she'd never seen a naked man before between her husband and son.

"Okay, I won't leave you alone. It's okay, come to the car with me and we'll get you some clothes." She told him, gently tugging him despite knowing that he wouldn't move unless he wanted to. She was happy when the boy moved willingly, following her back to the car although he hesitated when they reached the end of the trees. She pulled out some old clothes

from the back and handed them to him. Sam looked at them and then hesitantly pulled the shirt over his head, it was too small but better than nothing since she had to get him through town. The pants were far too short and loose through the waist but she watched as he straightened up, looking a bit more normal in the clothes. He gave her a hesitant smile and she smiled back.

"Don't suppose you know anything about engines?" She asked and to her surprise he opened the hood and bent over. She watched as he fiddled with something, reattaching a hose of some sort and then he went to the drivers' side, reaching in to start the engine. He glanced up at her and she grinned at him.

"Saved me twice huh Sam? Get in and we'll go back to the Reservation, I promise no one will hurt you, we can teach you what you are." Sue promised and he backed away, obviously conflicted.

"I promise Sam, it'll be okay. I bet it's been a while since you had a home cooked meal or a real bed to sleep in. We've got a guestroom you can use and you can have a hot shower." She coaxed and he stared at her before nodding hesitantly.

"Wait?" He asked and she nodded, leaning against the car to show she wasn't going anywhere. He dashed back into the woods and she waited, praying the poor boy would come back. She reached in and got her purse, digging through it until she found her cell phone. She didn't want him overwhelmed by the children after all. Sue made the call and then settled in to wait for Sam. She relaxed when he came back, a ripped and dirty bag in his arms. So he did have some things of his own, which was good. She got in the car and leant over, opening the passenger door. He got in, curling up to lean against the door, watching the scenery as she drove. She could feel him tensing as buildings started to appear and reached over to lay a gentle hand on his arm. He jumped slightly but then relaxed a little so she rubbed at his arm, trying to sooth him. She finally made it home and parked, smiling when he stared around in awe. She knew to most her house wasn't much but Sam looked at it like it was a mansion. How long had he been living wild? But maybe it was more important to ask just what sort of life he'd had before that.

"Ready to go inside? My husband Harry and a friend, Billy are inside. They won't hurt you Sam." She told him, getting out. Sam got out a lot slower, hesitating and then freezing when the screen door opened and Harry walked outside. Harry looked utterly relieved to see her before glancing over at Sam. She hadn't had time to tell him much; just that she had run into trouble and was bringing her saviour home. She'd also told him the poor boy had been living wild.

"Sue." Harry called, walking over and embracing her.

"I'm fine Harry. Sam saved me." She reached out and gently tugged Sam closer.

"Sam this is my husband Harry, one of our tribal elders."

"Hello Sam, thank you for helping Sue." Harry held out his hand and Sam hesitated, looking to Sue before shaking Harry's hand. Harry frowned at the heat coming from the pale skin, worried the kid was sick.

"H...Hello sir." Sam answered and Harry was relieved to find the boy wasn't mute.

"It's just Harry, Sam. How about we get inside and eat some of Sue's delicious cooking." Harry said, grinning at his wife who laughed and nodded.

"Come on inside Sam. Harry'll show you where the bathroom is so you can have a shower before dinner." Sue coaxed and Sam followed her inside, sticking close to Sue, and looking around, searching for exists. Harry frowned as he watched the boy; poor kid was almost like a wild animal. It said a lot about him that even with as wild as he was he had helped Sue. Sam froze though when he spotted Billy, backing away until his back hit a wall.

"Sam it's okay honey." Sue soothed and Sam started to shake. Sue paused, a little worried, but she couldn't leave the boy in that state.

"Sam look at me. No one is going to hurt you. That's Billy, he's another Elder." Sue soothed, reaching out to gently stroke Sam's cheek, smiling when he relaxed, even leaning into her touch. Sam looked from her to Billy and then down at the floor. Billy carefully wheeled himself closer.

"Heard you stepped in and helped Sue, Sam. That was a very brave thing you did." Billy told him, smiling warmly when hazel eyes flickered up to him. He held out his hand and Sam slowly took it, shaking hands with him.

"Now how about you go clean up, take as long as you want. We have plenty of hot water." Sue told him and Sam nodded.

"Come on Sam, I'll show you where everything is." Harry offered and Sam looked at Sue who nodded at him before following Harry from the room. Harry showed him where the things he needed was, noticing how the kid clung to his bag.

"You have clothes?" He asked and Sam nodded.

"Okay then, come back downstairs when you're done." Harry told him before leaving him to it, hoping Sam knew how to work the toilet and shower. He heard the water come on a few seconds later and headed downstairs.

"What's going on Sue?" He asked and she sighed.

"He's a wolf." She answered and both men stared at her.

"What?" Billy asked and she sat down, watching the food as it cooked.

"I was pinned to the car and then this huge wolf appeared, chased him off. He came back to me and he was so gentle. I looked in his eyes and I saw it Harry, human intelligence. I thought one of the boys had changed without anyone noticing. I finally talked him into changing and he was so scared of me. He thought he was a monster! That poor boy, I think he's been running wild since he transformed, scared of what he is." Sue explained and the men stared at her. How was it possible? Only their tribe transformed into wolves and Sam wasn't one of them.

"That's impossible Sue; he's not one of us." Billy pointed out but Harry frowned in thought.

"But there have been incidences where people have intermarried outside the tribe or even had a short relationship. If it was a few generations ago and there was no more mixing then there'd be no reason for him to carry any physical resemblance to us." Harry pointed out and they both stared at him, stunned. But it was true.

"Poor kid though, I wonder what triggered it? The thought of going through that alone...." Billy shuddered and the others nodded. Sue got up to start plating up the food, knowing the smell would reach Sam. Sure enough he was soon standing hesitantly in the entry to the kitchen, looking a lot better now that he was clean. His hair was still wet and a bit tangled and he'd shaved off what little facial hair he'd had. He was also wearing his own clothes though they weren't in the best condition, Harry's clothes and his tattered bag clutched in his arms.

"Just in time Sam, dinner's ready. Come sit down." Sue urged and Sam slowly walked into the kitchen, holding Harry's clothes out to her. Sue smiled and took them, putting them in the corner to wash later. She gently pushed Sam down into a chair and put a plate in front of him. He stared at the food, his hands shaking and looking a little lost. All three of them felt a swell of sympathy for the poor boy even as he glanced up and then ducked his head in shame, hiding behind his hair. Sue stood behind him and gently ran her fingers through his hair, calming him down much to the men's amazement.

"It's okay Sam; eat as much as you want. I remember the legends; you need to eat more than we do. And I figured burgers are nice and easy. We don't bother with cutlery for them either." She told him and Sam nodded, picking up the burger and slowly taking a bite, closing his eyes before looking up at her in wonder.

"Good?" She asked and he nodded before swallowing.

"I..I haven't...." He stammered and she nodded.

"You've been out there on your own for a while haven't you son." Billy asked gently and Sam stared at him before slowly nodding his head.

"How long ago did you first change? Could you tell us what caused it?" He asked and Sam's breathing picked up.

"It's alright Sam, you're safe here. We..." She looked at her husband and Billy who nodded, Sam needed to know.

"To understand what happened to you we need to tell you the history of our tribe. But it would also help if we knew what happened to you." She explained and Sam thought it over before nodding.

"I...I was at college. There were attacks. My family....I left because I couldn't do it any more...." Sam whispered and Sue frowned in confusion, kneeling beside him.

"Do what Sam?"

"Hunt." He got out shakily and they all frowned.

"My Mom.....something killed her when I was a baby, in my nursery. Since then we hunted anything that hurt people but I hated it. I just wanted to be normal so I left. That didn't work out." Sam admitted and Sue gasped, reaching out to hug him. Sam stiffened but she stayed until he relaxed, letting her hold him.

"But people were dying so I got what I'd packed and tried to find it. I did but it was nothing I'd ever seen before. Cold skin, red eyes.....so strong. I think I was dying and I just got so mad and then it's like the world exploded. Then I was a wolf and I found these pieces all around me. Burnt them so no one would now then I grabbed my stuff and ran. Been living in

the forests since, always travelling. Never went near people but I heard you scream, I couldn't ignore it." Sam explained and they all stiffened as his description, no wonder he'd phased.

"How long as it been Sam?" Sue asked gently.

"I...I don't know, what's the date?" He asked and Sue smiled at him.

"December fifteenth 2002." She answered and Sam stared at her in surprise.

"Sam?"

"I...I left....it's been a year?" he whispered.

"Oh Sam, I'm so sorry." She whispered, looking at her husband and Billy.

"It is time for you to hear the tribal history. The Quileutes have been a small people from the beginning," Billy said told him.

"And we are a small people. Still are, but we have never disappeared. This is because there has always been magic in our blood. It wasn't always the magic of shape-shifting — that came later. First, we were spirit warriors." He explained, motioning for Sam to eat more as he did.

"In the beginning, the tribe settled in this harbor and became skilled ship builders and fishermen. But the tribe was small, and the harbor was rich in fish. There were others who coveted our land, and we were too small to hold it. A larger tribe moved against us, and we took to our ships to escape them. Kaheleha was not the first spirit warrior, but we do not remember the stories that came before his. We do not remember who was the first to discover this power, or how it had been used before this crisis. Kaheleha was the first great Spirit Chief in our history. In this emergency, Kaheleha used the magic to defend our land. He and all his warriors left the ship — not their bodies, but their spirits. Their women watched over the bodies and the waves, and the men took their spirits back to our harbor. They could not physically touch the enemy tribe, but they had other ways. The stories tell us that they could blow fierce winds into their enemy's camps; they could make a great screaming in the wind that terrified their foes. The stories also tell us that the animals could see the spirit warriors and understand them; the animals would do their bidding." Billy was amused by how enraptured Sam looked even as he ate he was still listening intently.

"Kaheleha took his spirit army and wreaked havoc on the intruders. This invading tribe had packs of big, thick-furred dogs that they used to pull their sleds in the frozen north. The spirit warriors turned the dogs against their masters and then brought a mighty infestation of bats up from the cliff caverns. They used the screaming wind to aid the dogs in confusing the men. The dogs and bats won. The survivors scattered, calling our harbor a cursed place. The dogs ran wild when the spirit warriors released them. The Quileutes returned to their bodies and their wives, victorious. The other nearby tribes, the Hohs and the Makahs, made treaties with the Quileutes. They wanted nothing to do with our magic. We lived in peace with them. When an enemy came against us, the spirit warriors would drive them off. Generations passed. Then came the last great Spirit Chief, Taha Aki. He was known for his wisdom, and for being a man of peace. The people lived well and content in his care. But there was one man, Utlapa, who was not content. Utlapa was one of Chief Taha Aki's strongest spirit warriors — a powerful man, but a grasping man, too. He thought the people should use their magic to expand their lands, to enslave the Hohs and the Makahs and build an empire. Now,



when the warriors were their spirit selves, they knew each other's thoughts. Taha Aki saw what Utlapa dreamed, and was angry with Utlapa. Utlapa was commanded to leave the people, and never use his spirit self again. Utlapa was a strong man, but the chief's warriors outnumbered him. He had no choice but to leave. The furious outcast hid in the forest nearby, waiting for a chance to get revenge against the chief. Even in times of peace, the Spirit Chief was vigilant in protecting his people. Often, he would go to a sacred, secret place in the mountains. He would leave his body behind and sweep down through the forests and along the coast, making sure no threat approached. One day when Taha Aki left to perform this duty, Utlapa followed. At first, Utlapa simply planned to kill the chief, but this plan had its drawbacks. Surely the spirit warriors would seek to destroy him, and they could follow faster than he could escape. As he hid in the rocks and watched the chief prepare to leave his body, another plan occurred to him. Taha Aki left his body in the secret place and flew with the winds to keep watch over his people. Utlapa waited until he was sure the chief had traveled some distance with his spirit self. Taha Aki knew it the instant that Utlapa had joined him in the spirit world, and he also knew Utlapa's murderous plan. He raced back to his secret place, but even the winds weren't fast enough to save him. When he returned, his body was already gone. Utlapa's body lay abandoned, but Utlapa had not left Taha Aki with an escape — he had cut his own body's throat with Taha Aki's hands. Taha Aki followed his body down the mountain. He screamed at Utlapa, but Utlapa ignored him as if he were mere wind. Taha Aki watched with despair as Utlapa took his place as chief of the Quileutes. For a few weeks, Utlapa did nothing but make sure that everyone believed he was Taha Aki. Then the changes began — Utlapa's first edict was to forbid any warrior to enter the spirit world. He claimed that he'd had a vision of danger, but really he was afraid. He knew that Taha Aki would be waiting for the chance to tell his story. Utlapa was also afraid to enter the spirit world himself, knowing Taha Aki would quickly claim his body. So his dreams of conquest with a spirit warrior army were impossible, and he sought to content himself with ruling over the tribe. He became a burden — seeking privileges that Taha Aki had never requested, refusing to work alongside his warriors, taking a young second wife and then a third, though Taha Aki's wife lived on — something unheard of in the tribe. Taha Aki watched in helpless fury." Billy paused and Harry took over for him while he drank some water.

"Eventually, Taha Aki tried to kill his body to save the tribe from Utlapa's excesses. He brought a fierce wolf down from the mountains, but Utlapa hid behind his warriors. When the wolf killed a young man who was protecting the false chief, Taha Aki felt horrible grief. He ordered the wolf away. All the stories tell us that it was no easy thing to be a spirit warrior. It was more frightening than exhilarating to be freed from one's body. This is why they only used their magic in times of need. The chief's solitary journeys to keep watch were a burden and a sacrifice. Being bodiless was disorienting, uncomfortable, horrifying. Taha Aki had been away from his body for so long at this point that he was in agony. He felt he was doomed — never to cross over to the final land where his ancestors waited, stuck in this torturous nothingness forever. The great wolf followed Taha Aki's spirit as he twisted and writhed in agony through the woods. The wolf was very large for its kind, and beautiful. Taha Aki was suddenly jealous of the dumb animal. At least it had a body. At least it had a life. Even life as an animal would be better than this horrible empty consciousness. And then Taha Aki had the idea that changed us all. He asked the great wolf to make room for him, to share. The wolf complied. Taha Aki entered the wolf's body with relief and gratitude. It was not his human body, but it was better than the void of the spirit world. As one, the man and the wolf returned to the village on the harbor. The people ran in fear, shouting for the warriors to

come. The warriors ran to meet the wolf with their spears. Utlapa, of course, stayed safely hidden. Taha Aki did not attack his warriors. He retreated slowly from them, speaking with his eyes and trying to yelp the songs of his people. The warriors began to realize that the wolf was no ordinary animal, that there was a spirit influencing it. One older warrior, a man name Yut, decided to disobey the false chief's order and try to communicate with the wolf. As soon as Yut crossed to the spirit world, Taha Aki left the wolf — the animal waited tamely for his return — to speak to him. Yut gathered the truth in an instant, and welcomed his true chief home. At this time, Utlapa came to see if the wolf had been defeated. When he saw Yut lying lifeless on the ground, surrounded by protective warriors, he realized what was happening. He drew his knife and raced forward to kill Yut before he could return to his body. 'Traitor,' he screamed, and the warriors did not know what to do. The chief had forbidden spirit journeys, and it was the chief's decision how to punish those who disobeyed. Yut jumped back into his body, but Utlapa had his knife at his throat and a hand covering his mouth. Taha Aki's body was strong, and Yut was weak with age. Yut could not say even one word to warn the others before Utlapa silenced him forever. Taha Aki watched as Yut's spirit slipped away to the final lands that were barred to Taha Aki for all eternity. He felt a great rage, more powerful than anything he'd felt before. He entered the big wolf again, meaning to rip Utlapa's throat out. But, as he joined the wolf, the greatest magic happened. Taha Aki's anger was the anger of a man. The love he had for his people and the hatred he had for their oppressor were too vast for the wolf's body, too human. The wolf shuddered, and — before the eyes of the shocked warriors and Utlapa — transformed into a man. The new man did not look like Taha Aki's body. He was far more glorious. He was the flesh interpretation of Taha Aki's spirit. The warriors recognized him at once, though, for they had flown with Taha Aki's spirit. Utlapa tried to run, but Taha Aki had the strength of the wolf in his new body. He caught the thief and crushed the spirit from him before he could jump out of the stolen body. The people rejoiced when they understood what had happened. Taha Aki quickly set everything right, working again with his people and giving the young wives back to their families. The only change he kept in place was the end of the spirit travels. He knew that it was too dangerous now that the idea of stealing a life was there. The spirit warriors were no more. From that point on, Taha Aki was more than either wolf or man. They called him Taha Aki the Great Wolf, or Taha Aki the Spirit Man. He led the tribe for many, many years, for he did not age. When danger threatened, he would resume his wolf-self to fight or frighten the enemy. The people dwelt in peace. Taha Aki fathered many sons, and some of these found that, after they had reached the age of manhood, they, too, could transform into wolves. The wolves were all different, because they were spirit wolves and reflected the man they were inside. Some of the sons became warriors with Taha Aki, and they no longer aged. Others, who did not like the transformation, refused to join the pack of wolf-men. These began to age again, and the tribe discovered that the wolf-men could grow old like anyone else if they gave up their spirit wolves. Taha Aki had lived the span of three old men's lives. He had married a third wife after the deaths of the first two, and found in her his true spirit wife. Though he had loved the others, this was something else. He decided to give up his spirit wolf so that he would die when she did." Harry concluded, leaning back in his seat since he knew Billy would tell the rest. Sam was still listening though obviously shocked by what he'd heard.

"That was the story of the spirit warriors," Billy started, smiling gently at Sam.

"This is the story of the third wife's sacrifice. Many years after Taha Aki gave up his spirit wolf, when he was an old man, trouble began in the north, with the Makahs. Several young women of their tribe had disappeared, and they blamed it on the neighboring wolves, who

they feared and mistrusted. The wolf-men could still read each other's thoughts while in their wolf forms, just like their ancestors had while in their spirit forms. They knew that none of their number was to blame. Taha Aki tried to pacify the Makah chief, but there was too much fear. Taha Aki did not want to have a war on his hands. He was no longer a warrior to lead his people. He charged his oldest wolf-son, Taha Wi, with finding the true culprit before hostilities began. Taha Wi led the five other wolves in his pack on a search through the mountains, looking for any evidence of the missing Makahs. They came across something they had never encountered before — a strange, sweet scent in the forest that burned their noses to the point of did not know what creature would leave such a scent, but they followed it. They found faint traces of human scent, and human blood, along the trail. They were sure this was the enemy they were searching for. The journey took them so far north that Taha Wi sent half the pack, the younger ones, back to the harbor to report to Taha Aki. Taha Wi and his two brothers did not return. The younger brothers searched for their elders, but found only silence. Taha Aki mourned for his sons. He wished to avenge his sons' death, but he was old. He went to the Makah chief in his mourning clothes and told him everything that had happened. The Makah chief believed his grief, and tensions ended between the tribes. A year later, two Makah maidens disappeared from their homes on the same night. The Makahs called on the Quileute wolves at once, who found the same sweet stink all through the Makah village. The wolves went on the hunt again. Only one came back. He was Yaha Uta, the oldest son of Taha Aki's third wife, and the youngest in the pack. He brought something with him that had never been seen in all the days of the Quileutes — a strange, cold, stony corpse that he carried in pieces. All who were of Taha Aki's blood, even those who had never been wolves, could smell the piercing smell of the dead creature. This was the enemy of the Makahs. Yaha Uta described what had happened: he and his brothers had found the creature, who looked like a man but was hard as a granite rock, with the two Makah daughters. One girl was already dead, white and bloodless on the ground. The other was in the creature's arms, his mouth at her throat. She may have been alive when they came upon the hideous scene, but the creature quickly snapped her neck and tossed her lifeless body to the ground when they approached. His white lips were covered in her blood, and his eyes glowed red. Yaha Uta described the fierce strength and speed of the creature. One of his brothers quickly became a victim when he underestimated that strength. The creature ripped him apart like a doll. Yaha Uta and his other brother were more wary. They worked together, coming at the creature from the sides, outmanoeuvring it. They had to reach the very limits of their wolf strength and speed, something that had never been tested before. The creature was hard as stone and cold as ice. They found that only their teeth could damage it. They began to rip small pieces of the creature apart while it fought them. But the creature learned quickly, and soon was matching their maneuvers. It got its hands on Yaha Uta's brother. Yaha Uta found an opening on the creature's throat, and he lunged. His teeth tore the head off the creature, but the hands continued to mangle his brother. Yaha Uta ripped the creature into unrecognizable chunks, tearing pieces apart in a desperate attempt to save his brother. He was too late, but, in the end, the creature was destroyed. Or so they thought. Yaha Uta laid the reeking remains out to be examined by the elders. One severed hand lay beside a piece of the creature's granite arm. The two pieces touched when the elders poked them with sticks, and the hand reached out towards the arm piece, trying to reassemble itself. Horrified, the elders set fire to the remains. A great cloud of choking, vile smoke polluted the air. When there was nothing but ashes, they separated the ashes into many small bags and spread them far and wide—some in the ocean, some in the forest, some in the cliff caverns. Taha Aki wore one bag around his neck, so he would be warned if the creature ever tried to put himself together

again. They called it The Cold One, the Blood Drinker, and lived in fear that it was not alone. They only had one wolf protector left, young Yaha Uta. They did not have long to wait. The creature had a mate, another blood drinker, who came to the Quileutes seeking revenge. The stories say that the Cold Woman was the most beautiful thing human eyes had ever seen. She looked like the goddess of the dawn when she entered the village that morning; the sun was shining for once, and it glittered off her white skin and lit the golden hair that flowed down to her knees. Her face was magical in its beauty, her eyes black in her white face. Some fell to their knees to worship her. She asked something in a high, piercing voice, in a language no one had ever heard. The people were dumbfounded, not knowing how to answer her. There was none of Taha Aki's blood among the witnesses but one small boy. He clung to his mother and screamed that the smell was hurting his nose. One of the elders, on his way to council, heard the boy and realized what had come among them. He yelled for the people to run. She killed him first. There were twenty witnesses to the Cold Woman's approach. Two survived, only because she grew distracted by the blood, and paused to sate her thirst. They ran to Taha Aki, who sat in counsel with the other elders, his sons, and his third wife. Yaha Uta transformed into his spirit wolf as soon as he heard the news. He went to destroy the blood drinker alone. Taha Aki, his third wife, his sons, and his elders followed behind him. At first they could not find the creature, only the evidence of her attack. Bodies lay broken, a few drained of blood, strewn across the road where she'd appeared. Then they heard the screams and hurried to the harbor. A handful of the Quileutes had run to the ships for refuge. She swam after them like a shark, and broke the bow of their boat with her incredible strength. When the ship sank, she caught those trying to swim away and broke them, too. She saw the great wolf on the shore, and she forgot the fleeing swimmers. She swam so fast she was a blur and came, dripping and glorious, to stand before Yaha Uta. She pointed at him with one white finger and asked another incomprehensible question. Yaha Uta waited. It was a close fight. She was not the warrior her mate had been. But Yaha Uta was alone — there was no one to distract her fury from him. When Yaha Uta lost, Taha Aki screamed in defiance. He limped forward and shifted into an ancient, white-muzzled wolf. The wolf was old, but this was Taha Aki the Spirit Man, and his rage made him strong. The fight began again. Taha Aki's third wife had just seen her son die before her. Now her husband fought, and she had no hope that he could win. She'd heard every word the witnesses to the slaughter had told the council. She'd heard the story of Yaha Uta's first victory, and knew that his brother's diversion had saved him. The third wife grabbed a knife from the belt of one of the sons who stood beside her. They were all young sons, not yet men, and she knew they would die when their father failed. "The third wife ran toward the Cold Woman with the dagger raised high. The Cold Woman smiled, barely distracted from her fight with the old wolf. She had no fear of the weak human woman or the knife that would not even scratch her skin, and she was about to deliver the death blow to Taha Aki. And then the third wife did something the Cold Woman did not expect. She fell to her knees at the blood drinker's feet and plunged the knife into her own heart. Blood spurted through the third wife's fingers and splashed against the Cold Woman. The blood drinker could not resist the lure of the fresh blood leaving the third wife's body. Instinctively, she turned to the dying woman, for one second entirely consumed by thirst. Taha Aki's teeth closed around her neck. That was not the end of the fight, but Taha Aki was not alone now. Watching their mother die, two young sons felt such rage that they sprang forth as their spirit wolves, though they were not yet men. With their father, they finished the creature. Taha Aki never rejoined the tribe. He never changed back to a man again. He lay for one day beside the body of the third wife, growling whenever anyone tried to touch her, and then he went into the forest and never returned. Trouble with the cold ones

was rare from that time on. Taha Aki's sons guarded the tribe until their sons were old enough to take their places. There were never more than three wolves at a time. It was enough. Occasionally a blood drinker would come through these lands, but they were taken by surprise, not expecting the wolves. Sometimes a wolf would die, but never were they decimated again like that first time. They'd learned how to fight the cold ones, and they passed the knowledge on, wolf mind to wolf mind, spirit to spirit, father to son. Time passed, and the descendants of Taha Aki no longer became wolves when they reached manhood. Only in a great while, if a cold one was near, would the wolves return. The cold ones always came in ones and twos, and the pack stayed small. A bigger coven came, and our own grandfathers prepared to fight them off. But the leader spoke to Ephraim Black as if he were a man, and promised not to harm the Quileutes. His strange yellow eyes gave some proof to his claim that they were not the same as other blood drinkers. The wolves were outnumbered; there was no need for the cold ones to offer a treaty when they could have won the fight. Ephraim accepted. They lived in peace for years until the coven left and since then there have been no wolves, until you." Billy finished.

"The man I fought, he was one of your Cold Ones.....that caused me to....to change?" Sam said and Billy nodded.

"It was all that saved your life Sam, no human can match them." He told him and Sam nodded.

"But how can I be? I'm not..."

"How well do you know your family history? We believe that maybe several generations ago a member of our tribe may have been with someone in your family." Billy told him and Sam frowned.

"I don't, Dad never really talked about it. I know all my grandparents were dead by the time Mom died.

"If you know their names we could search back. You could have family here still, distant yes but still family." Sue offered and Sam shook his head.

"I can't stay." He argued and Billy sighed.

"Sam you aren't dangerous. Yes you have to watch your strength and temper now but you are a protector." He assured the poor scared kid because that was what Sam was.

"Please stay Sam, here you'll have people who understand, you can help you. You may be the only wolf but there are those who remember their grandparents." Sue told him and Sam looked away.

"I...." Sam looked between them and Harry reached out to place a weathered hand on his shoulder.

"At least stay tonight, you can think about it tomorrow. You don't have to live on the run Sam, be the wolf but be human as well. Take the time to catch up on what's been happening the last year." He offered and Sam slowly nodded, making them all smile at him.

"I should get home; make sure the kids haven't wrecked the place." Billy admitted.

"Thanks for the food Sue."

"Are you sure you can handle my lot?" Sue asked and Sam frowned.

"They'll keep Jake out of my hair. I'll send them back tomorrow."

"You have kids? Did you make them leave because..." Sam shifted nervously.

"We just didn't want to crowd you so quickly. You can meet them tomorrow." Sue told him and Sam nodded.

"Are you full?" She asked and Sam blushed in embarrassment.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of; I remember how much my grandfather used to eat. Besides you're too skinny kid." Billy told him.

"Night all." He said and then left.

"Come on Sam, I'll show you the room so you can get some sleep." Sue told him and Sam followed her upstairs.

TBC...

Sue peered into the guestroom and smiled sadly when she saw Sam sleeping on the floor but at least he'd pulled the blankets down as well. After a year in the wild a bed obviously felt weird.

"Sam." She called quietly but his head shot up instantly, hazel eyes wide and alert as he looked around wildly. "It's okay Sam, it's Sue, you're in my guestroom." She soothed and he stared at her for a few seconds longer before blushing, lowering his head so his hair would cover it. "It's alright, you'll get used to being back in civilisation soon. Breakfast's ready when you are." With that she left him alone, knowing her seeing him like that was making Sam uncomfortable. She set the table and Harry sat down, nodding in greeting when Sam hesitantly joined them.

"Sleep well?" Harry asked.

"Yes sir...Harry." Sam answered, accepting the plate from Sue.

"I thought we could go to the library; try to track your connection to the tribe if you want." Harry offered and Sam chewed his lip. Did he really want to know? If he did it then they'd know his name, they could track down Dean or even Dad...would it put them in danger?

"You said it runs in families so if I....my brother...." Sam asked and Harry sighed.

"Then there's a chance that given the right circumstances he could change too." He answered and Sam stared at his plate.

"Okay." Sam said and Harry nodded.

"The children will be home this afternoon from school. We have two children, Leah and Seth, both younger than you. Leah probably won't be around much, she has a boyfriend. Seth can be very energetic so let him know if it's too much." Sue explained and Sam nodded as he continued eating. Neither older adult wanted to think about what he'd been eating the last year and considered it a good thing that he was easily adapting to normal food. Once they were done Sam stood up to help with the dishes, making Sue smile. After that Harry stood and motioned for Sam to follow him. They weren't sure how Sam would react but the La Push library was small and rarely had people other than staff inside so Harry was hoping Sam would be okay. He didn't think the kid would shift because of a crowd, he just didn't want him feeling overwhelmed and like he had to run.

Sam tensed up as they hit the more populated areas, trying to keep calm. He knew he couldn't shift here, he wouldn't put Harry in danger and he was walking far too close. Besides he didn't want to freak them out and end up with a hunter showing up. Sam could feel his breathing speed up as more and more people surrounded them but then Harry's hand was on his back, gently guiding him and he relaxed. So apparently he trusted Harry and Sue, at least enough to believe they wouldn't purposely hurt him. They walked into the library and Harry suppressed a chuckle as Sam stared at the books hungrily.

"Go look around Sam, I'm gonna get us some computer time and see about getting the tribal records ready for our search." Harry told him and Sam nodded before vanishing into the stacks.

"Good morning." The librarian greeted Harry who smiled and nodded.

"Good morning. I'm going to need internet access and into the tribal records in a while. Doing a family search." Harry explained and her eyes flickered to Sam.

"Of course, here is the user name and password, good luck." She told him and Harry walked over to the computers, smiling when Sam joined him, head in a book, hungrily reading. Well he had mentioned being at college so he probably missed books.

"If you want to read that I'll borrow it for you." He offered and Sam looked up at him before nodding, giving him a small smile. "Let's get started then. You know how to use this thing?" Harry asked, getting a bigger smile from Sam who took the user details and typed them in before bringing up the search engine. Harry watched him as he worked but then Sam hesitated. "Sam?"

"Not sure where to start."

"You're parents would probably be easiest." Harry offered and Sam nodded, bringing up the appropriate page for Kansas. Harry watched as he typed in John Winchester and Mary Campbell so at least they now had a last name for the kid.

-----

Sam laughed as he tossed the ball to Seth who grinned as he caught it. Sue watched the two play from the kitchen, happy that Sam seemed to have finally truly settled in. The first three months had been hard on everyone but finding out the boy was actually Harry's cousin several times removed had made things a little easier with the others. The fact that Sam was a wolf had only been revealed to the Tribal Council and they had all been shocked but pleased that someone so distantly related still carried the ability. It wasn't any secret they wanted Sam to stay forever either but it was obvious Sam had no intention of settling down to live in La Push. Instead Sam had taught those who wanted to learn about the other beings that were out there and how to defend themselves from them. The first thing he'd done after telling their family everything was carve wards into the very walls of the house and lay salt lines. Since then they'd appeared in several other houses.

Sue had taken it upon herself to make sure that Sam had time to just play and he got along well with Seth despite the gap in their ages. He helped him with his homework whenever Seth asked and spent time teaching him to fight, just in case. She knew Sam saw Seth as a younger brother now and that Seth adored Sam....she only hoped that when Sam left it wouldn't hurt either boy too badly. She laughed as they tumbled into the kitchen, giving them both food before Sam chased Seth upstairs to work on his homework, Seth laughing the whole way.



---

Sam ran along the boundary, revelling in the freedom his other form gave him. He knew those in the know wanted him to stay and be their protector but he couldn't do it. They'd been great in helping him learn about his wolf side but he figured teaching them about demons and all was a pretty fair payback. He just couldn't settle on the Res, maybe one day but he knew soon enough he'd be back on the road again.

Sure his life had definitely improved a lot and he really enjoyed being a big brother for Seth.....but he found he missed life on the road. If someone had suggested that before he'd left for college he would have never believed it but now he did. He just didn't feel like he really belonged anywhere anymore. Yeah Sue and Harry were great, Leah was a bit annoying and Seth pretty much worshipped him but honestly? He missed his own big brother, he missed Dean. He often wondered what Dean was doing, if he was okay, was he even still alive?

---

Sam watched the kids fool around as he cleaned a table. Sue had tried to discourage him, saying they would get him what he needed, but he refused to take anymore charity from them. So he was working at a dinner in Forks to save up for a car. After six months he'd gotten used to being around people again and had very good control over his other side so he wasn't afraid of getting mad and shifting in front of some poor civilian. He liked being around people who had no clue, to them he was just another guy who just happened to live on the Res for some reason and worked in the diner, cleaning and waiting tables. It was.....uncomplicated and at the moment he sort of needed uncomplicated.

---

"Why are you leaving?" The quiet voice Sam had been dreading all day asked and he turned from his half packed duffle to look at the kid in his doorway.

"Seth.....come here kid." He called and Seth ran to him, hugging him tight and Sam hugged him back. "I'm not leaving for good; I'll be back all the time. You have my number and a little gift in your room, you can call me anytime." Sam explained and Seth glared sullenly at the floor.

"But it won't be the same." He mumbled and Sam sighed.

"Seth...I know you've heard some of the stuff I've told your parents. There are people out there that need my help. I'd stay if I could but I have to go." Sam told him and Seth scuffed at the floor with his shoe but nodded. "I promise little brother, if you ever need me I'll come." Sam promised and Seth nodded, hugging him again before leaving. Sam smiled as he

watched him go, Seth was a good kid and if it wasn't for everything he would stay and be the big brother he needed, like Dean had for him. Instead he was going to have to be a mostly absent one.

-----

Sam stared down at his phone. Sue had been on his back for the last month to make the call; she'd even gotten Seth onto her side. So now he was in Seattle, in a run down motel trying to work up the courage to call the one person he missed more than anything. Shaking fingers slowly dialled from memory, not sure whether or not he actually wanted the number to still be good.

"Hello?" A familiar voice answered and Sam closed his eyes.

"Hey Dean." Sam whispered.

"Sam? Sam is that you? Where are you? Are you okay?" Dean demanded and Sam choked on a laugh.

"Yeah, I'm okay, it's uh, good to hear your voice." Sam answered and Dean fell silent.  
"Dean?"

"How do I know it's really you?" Dean demanded, suddenly suspicious and Sam sniffled.

"Guess you don't since anything pretending to be me would have access to me memories."

"Damn it Sam what happened?" Dean asked and Sam closed his eyes.

"I...I can't tell you. I just wanted you to know I'm alive and I'm okay. I wasn't for a long while but I'm good now. I miss you and I'm sorry for not calling or anything."

"Sam where are you?"

"No Dean, I can't." Sam answered, moving to hang up.

"Sam don't! Don't hang up yet. Come on kid, talk to me." Dean pleaded and Sam took a deep breath. "It'd been two years Sam, give me something."

"I can't." Sam whispered brokenly.

"Please Sam, where are you? Let me come see you, wherever you want, however." Dean begged and Sam hesitated. "Please." Sam sobbed, Dean was begging, Dean never begged.

"Seattle. Starbucks on 3rd Avenue." Sam finally whispered.

"Okay, I can be there in two days." Dean answered quickly.

"Alone and unarmed. 2pm." With that Sam hung up, unable to keep talking.

-----

Dean arrived half an hour early but he figured that Sam would know he would. He took a good look around and casually set up a few things, just in case it was a trap. He never even noticed Sam watching from nearby with a small smile on his face. When two o'clock came Dean went inside, got a cup of coffee and sat down, two minutes later Sam followed, getting a cup of his own before sitting down opposite his brother.

Dean couldn't help staring even as he whispered Christo under his breath. The kid was tall! He'd bulked up a bit too so it was a very good thing he wasn't a demon, they were strong enough without the body's muscles backing them up. Sam quirked a smile when he checked though. Dean could tell Sam was nervous....scared even and that worried him, Sam had never been scared of him before.

Sam avoided eye contact and shakily brought the cup to his mouth, drinking the scalding liquid. He was scared and he knew Dean could tell. He wanted to believe Dean would accept him still but he knew Dean was a lot like their Dad....that was why they were meeting in public; no way would Dean try to shoot or stab him. But he wanted his brother back so badly. Sam finally looked up at Dean, meeting his eyes and then gasped; feeling like someone had hit him with a two by four. His whole world shifted and narrowed until Dean was all he could see.

"Sam? Hello? Sam!" Dean called and Sam finally blinked, shaking his head. Dean frowned, something weird had definitely just happened but he wasn't sure what. "Sam?" Dean tried again and Sam smiled at him.

"Hey Dean." Sam answered softly.

"It's really you?"

"Yeah, it's really me. I missed you." Sam admitted and Dean stared at him, not sure what to think. "Guess the unarmed thing makes the silver test difficult though. Um....your ring is silver..." Not sure what Sam was getting at Dean took his ring off and handed it over. Sam gripped it tight in one hand and then rammed it into the other.

"Sam!" Dean grabbed his hand, gently wiping away the red, human blood. "Why'd you do that?" He chastised as he used a napkin to stop the bleeding from the ragged wound.

"You needed to know." Sam answered, watching Dean's movements. Dean took his ring back but slipped it into a pocket, not wanting to wear it while it had Sam's blood on it. Dean held Sam's hand in his for a few seconds, just forcing himself to realise that Sam was alive and well in front of him.

"I went to Stanford to see you, talked to your roommate. He said you were upset, borrowed his car and then it was back and you weren't. I looked everywhere Sammy....I thought..." Dean trailed off, unable to say it and Sam looked away.

"I'm sorry; I didn't mean to hurt you." Sam whispered.

"Sammy why? Why did you leave? What happened?" Dean asked and Sam sighed, running a hand through his hair. Dean frowned as he realised Sam was wearing it a lot shorter, almost the same length as his own. "You cut your hair?" He asked and Sam looked at him before laughing.

"My hair....with everything....you ask about my hair. Yeah I cut it. Still longer than yours though."

"Not by much." Dean argued and then sighed. "Sam...."

"Okay.....not here though."

"Sam...first you want in public and unarmed now what?" Dean growled in frustration and Sam actually flinched slightly making Dean wince. "I just want to know Sammy." He whispered and Sam nodded, standing up.

"I'll tell you. Come on, there's gonna be some show and tell and well, the show bit's better in private." Sam told him, holding out his hand and Dean looked up at him before nodding, taking Sam's hand. Sam smiled shakily and led him from Starbucks, heading down the street. Dean followed him, taking in the sights and watching for danger, since he'd never actually been to Seattle before. It was a generally quiet town when it came to the supernatural. It wasn't all that surprising when Sam led him to a motel, the sort of place they'd spent most of their childhood staying in. Sam unlocked his door and led Dean in. He relaxed a bit at seeing the protections Sam had placed on the room. Dean smiled when he saw the two beds and Sam shrugged, sitting on the edge of one so Dean sat on the other.

"So explanation please?"

"I've been here, well not in the city but nearby for the last year." Sam said quietly and Dean was happy that Sam finally seemed willing to talk.

"Before that?" He asked gently and Sam stared at his hands.

"Running, hiding from people." Sam admitted softly.

"Why? Sam what happened?" Dean asked and Sam hugged himself. "Sam whatever it is you can tell me." Dean urged.

"I...there was something killing people near campus so I went after it. Worst mistake I ever made. It....I'd never heard of something like it. As cold as ice and harder than stone, eyes blood red.....it threw me around like I was nothing. But then...." Sam whispered and Dean froze....whatever it was it hadn't made Sam like it, he'd touched Sam and the kid was warm....too warm actually. "I didn't know what was happening to me so I ran, lived in the woods alone off what I could hunt. A year later I heard someone scream. This guy was trying to hurt her, I couldn't let him. Chased him off and went to check on her....she wasn't scared of me." Sam kept going and Dean frowned, scared of him? Why would anyone be scared of Sam? Sure he was really tall but one look at those eyes and anyone could see he was a good

kid.

"Did you know Mom's family had Native American in it? Our great-great grandmother was from the Quileute tribe here in Washington. Her name was Mary Clearwater actually." Sam suddenly babbled and Dean froze at the mention of their Mom. Okay so how did that tie in to whatever was going on. "Not making a lot of sense am I?" Sam asked and Dean shook his head. "I.....I don't know how...." Sam trailed off, finally looking at Dean again and he could see the fear and pain in Sam's eyes. He knew one thing from what Sam had been saying, he wasn't entirely normal anymore. But looking at the kid and hearing how he'd cut himself off from civilisation to keep people safe.....Dean reached out and pulled Sam into a hug. Sam stiffened but then relaxed, hugging him back tightly. Dean didn't care if Sam wasn't really human anymore as long as he was still Sam. "Guess it's time for the show portion." Sam whispered and then stood up, moving away from the beds.

"Sam?" Dean called, standing up but Sam shook his head.

"Stay over there, I need room for this. Just.....don't be scared please." Sam pleaded and Dean nodded, giving him room. He stared as Sam stripped off, eyeing the tattoo on his shoulder with interest, it looked tribal. Sam took a deep breath and Dean knew he was about to find out why Sam had disappeared for two years. Dean nodded and Sam gave him a shaky smile before seeming to explode. Dean gasped and then stared in shock at the massive wolf crouched where Sam had been. He was a beautiful animal with a chestnut coat and deep hazel eyes, just like Sam's. The wolf whined, tail drooping and Dean held out a hand.

"Sam? Can you understand me? Its okay little brother." Dean called and Sam crawled closer on his belly, as if trying to make himself unthreatening. When he was close enough Dean buried a hand in his fur, smiling at the softness. Sam lifted his head and licked Dean's cheek, making him smile. "This is why you ran?" He asked and Sam nodded. Dean knelt and wrapped his arms around the wolf's neck, hugging him. "You could have told me Sam, I would have come. You're still you, I can tell." Dean whispered and Sam whimpered, moving to lie in Dean's lap as much as he could. "You're heavy kiddo." Dean murmured but petted him. He didn't even flinch when Sam changed back, just hugged him and ignored the fact he was naked.

TBC...

"Stay over there, I need room for this. Just.....don't be scared please." Sam pleaded and Dean nodded, giving him room. Sam began stripping off, not wanting to lose more clothes, and he could feel Dean's eyes on him, studying his body. He could feel Dean staring at his tattoo and hid a smirk, remembering the time Dean had gotten him drunk and taken him to a tattoo parlour, Sam had refused and Dean had called him a chicken. Now he had a tattoo many times larger than the one Dean had dared him to get. Sam took a deep breath as he removed his socks and Dean nodded. Sam managed a shaky smile for him before shifting. He heard Dean gasp as he crouched on the ground and smelt a flash of fear. He whined, his tail drooping but then Dean held out his hand to him though Sam could see it was shaking a little.

"Sam? Can you understand me? Its okay little brother." Dean called and Sam crawled closer on his belly, trying to show Dean that he wasn't a threat, that he could understand him. Sam moved slowly closer, not wanting to startle Dean and have him shy away, that would kill him. He was surprised and happy when Dean's hand sank into his fur and Dean smiled. Sam finally lifted his head, licking Dean's cheek and getting a smile for the action. He took in Dean's unique scent, fighting the want to lick him again even as Dean began to pet him. "This is why you ran?" He asked and Sam nodded. Dean knelt and wrapped his arms around Sam's neck, hugging him and Sam laid his head on Dean's shoulder, wishing he was a cat o he could purr, instead he let his tail wag. Sure it was a dog thing but it would let Dean know he was happy. "You could have told me Sam, I would have come. You're still you, I can tell." Dean whispered and Sam whimpered, moving to lie in Dean's lap as much as he could. He couldn't smell any fear anymore, just pain, grief and happiness. Hr got as close to Dean as he could, needing him and Dean let him, starting to pet him again and it felt wonderful. "You're heavy kiddo." Dean murmured but kept petting him. Knowing Dean was right about his weight Sam focused on being human, happy that Dean didn't even flinch as the change happened. Sam lay still in Dean's lap even as Dean wrapped his arms around him. Sam finally moved, wrapping his arms around Dean in return and burying his face in Dean's shirt. Dean moved a hand to run through Sam's hair and Sam sighed, relaxing fully, making Dean chuckle. "Missed you so much Sammy, please don't leave me again." Dena breathed and Sam knew that two years ago he wouldn't have been able to hear the plea but his hearing was a lot better now. He sat up and Dean's arms dropped from him, his brother looking at him, fearing Sam would leave.

"You want me to stay? Even with...." Sam trailed off and Dean nodded, reaching out a hand and Sam grabbed it in his own, feeling Dean relax a bit. "Okay." Sam told him, smiling and Dean grinned. "Right....I'm gonna get dressed." Sam muttered and got up, Dean following him.

"So....tattoo?" Dean asked, eyeing it again as Sam started pulling his clothes back on. Sam chuckled but nodded.

"Yeah, it...its part of the whole thing. It's....well it's a really long story." Sam admitted, moving back to sit on the bed.

"A story I get to hear, right?" Dean asked and Sam nodded.

"You uh.....you get a room yet?" Sam asked and Dean smiled, seeing the question for the offer it was.

"Nope, the Impala's near the coffee shop. Care to go for another walk?" Dean asked and Sam smiled back, getting up. They walked in silence but it was a comfortable silence unlike when they'd walked to the room. Dean led Sam to the Impala, watching as Sam reached out to run his hand along the roof. "Missed her huh?" Dean asked and Sam looked at him in surprise.

"Surprisingly, yes. Though 'she' could do with more leg room." Sam teased and Dean laughed. Dean opened the drivers' door and then waited when Sam showed no sign of opening the passenger door.

"Dude, you comin' or what?" He asked and Sam started but nodded, getting in. they drove back to the room and got out, Dean going to the trunk to get his bag. He turned to find Sam staring at the weapons as he got out his usual. Sam looked up at him again and Dean saw the fear in his eyes. "Sam.....no." Dean whispered, grabbing Sam's shoulder and pulling him closer. "I'd never....we still have a lot to talk about but I know it's you, wolf or not. You know me, feel naked unarmed. I am not going to hunt you." Dean promised and Sam looked down at the ground, ashamed at the way he'd reacted. "Come on, let's get inside." Dean urged and Sam nodded, letting Dean open the door. Sam sat on his bed, knees up beneath his chin and arms wrapped around them, chin on his knees while Dean put his stuff down. Dean flopped down on his bed and Sam smiled at the sight. "So how long did you get the room for?"

"Three nights, I got here yesterday." Sam answered, stretching out on the bed. Dean looked over at him and grinned at seeing Sam relaxing. "So....what happens now?" Sam asked quietly and Dean shrugged.

"Well you could tell me the whole story on what happened, you could come with on the hunt on I'm meant to be on, I don't know." Dean answered.

"Dad's letting you hunt alone?" Sam asked and Dean rolled his eyes.

"I'm twenty four Sam." Dean grumbled and Sam laughed but nodded. "So?"

"I...I don't know. I mean, you need to know cause.....it's.....it's genetic Dean. What happened to me, it could happen to you." Sam admitted and Dean sat up, staring at Sam in shock. He might turn into a wolf too?

"How?" He whispered and Sam moved, coming to sit beside him on the bed.

"Dean its okay, odds are it never will. The thing I went after, that's what caused me to shift. If you never run into one then chances are you won't change." Sam rushed out, trying to reassure Dean even though it hurt a little. He supposed it was one thing to accept Sam was different and another to realise it could happen to him too.

"Does it hurt?"

"Not really, first time does. After that it feels pretty natural." Sam answered.

"So you didn't hurt yourself showing me?"

"No."

"Good." Dean reached over and took Sam's hand in his, giving it a comforting squeeze. "Is there....from your little demonstration earlier you don't seem to react to silver but anything else?" Dean asked, feeling Sam beginning to tense. "I don't want to leave something around or toss you something and accidentally hurt you." Dean assured him, feeling Sam relax again.

"Nothing weird. I still get hurt and all but I heal really fast."

"Really? How fast? Like seconds or what?" Dean asked, getting really in to the discussion and Sam was happy to see him excited and not disgusted.

"Well I broke my arm and it healed in a few days. I'm stronger and faster too, no matter what form though it's better as a wolf. My senses are sharper too." Sam explained.

"Sounds good....for the most part. Bet there are times you'd trade the senses." Dean offered and Sam nodded. Dean tugged on his hand and Sam lay down beside him, willing to do anything to make Dean happy and want him to stay. "I wish you'd called me earlier Sammy, you didn't have to go through all this alone." Dean whispered, tugging Sam closer. Dean didn't know why he was being so touchy feely but it felt right after so long without his baby brother by his side.

"I was scared Dean. I stayed away from people, scared I'd hurt someone. I didn't want to hurt you or Dad or have you hurt by having to hunt me." Sam whispered. At that Dean pulled Sam into a full hug, holing him close.

"We would have worked something out Sam but you didn't hurt anyone. I would never hunt you." Dean swore and Sam nodded. "So you wanna tell me what happened with the weird staring when you looked at me for the first time or the rest of the story?" Dean asked and Sam tensed.

"I'm not entirely sure....I have a theory but I'd really like to ask on of the Elders about it first." Sam admitted and Dean frowned.

"Elders?"

"Tribal Elders Dean, I've been staying with our very distant cousins on the Reservation for the last year. Even they don't know everything....it's been a while since anyone's changed, they were thinking the gene had been bred out or something till they found me."

"So this wolf thing...it comes from that great-great grandmother that was related to Mom?" Dean asked and Sam nodded.

"There's this whole tribal legend and all but I'll skip that since you tend to just like the facts. So Mom's ancestor Mary Clearwater came from the Quileute tribe who live in La Push. There's a legend that they were spirit warriors first and then like me. The whole shifting thing is to defend the tribe from their enemies, these days it's pretty much the ones they call the



Cold Ones. From what I saw of the one I hunted down and the legends they seem to be vampires. Drink blood, super fast and strong, avoid daylight. Except a stake to the heart would just shatter the stake. In wolf form I could kill them, at least according to the legends."

"So it's genetic and to protect people?" Dean clarified and Sam nodded.

"When they found out about me.....it was kinda creepy actually, I'm just glad they didn't tell everyone. So far it's pretty much just the Elders who know and Sue cause she's the one that I saved. But Harry, her husband, is a Council member anyway and since we're related..."

"They carry the gene too?"

"Harry does so their kids do though apparently only guys change. They have a son Seth, he's a good kid and I don't want him to ever have to go through this."

"Sounds like you like them." Dean commented and Sam smiled.

"They took me in Dean, I was a mess. Couldn't even sleep on a bed, I was stammering cause I hadn't talked in so long...." Sam trailed off and Dean tightened his grip on him, realising somewhat just how bad things had been for Sam. "It's okay Dean, it took time but I'm alright now." Sam assured him and Dean nodded.

"You're officially not allowed to ever disappear again because it seems to turn us into girls." Dean mumbled and Sam laughed, he was glad Dean was letting him have the chick-flicks, he needed them. And if he was right about what had happened....he was so screwed. The white picket fence had pretty much gone out the window when he shifted but this? He knew Dean had noticed something so he couldn't hide what had happened but it would have been easier if he could have. Would it stop Sam from ever being able to have a relationship with someone? Because there was no way Dean would ever want that with him.

TBC....

Dean couldn't help smiling as he realised Sam had fallen asleep, curled up against him. Poor kid must have worn himself with all the worrying and then changing into a wolf and back again. Dean took the time to really study this new, older Sam, his hand hovering just above Sam's skin, scared to touch and wake him. He hadn't seen Sam up close since he'd driven him to the bus stop so Sam could get to Stanford. He'd driven by a few weeks later to make sure Sam was happy and safe, had seen him from a distance but now he could really look. Sam had shot up in height again, Sam had been barely taller than him when he'd left for Stanford and now the kid was at least four or five inches taller. He'd filled out a lot too and had turned brown so he was healthy and obviously spent a lot of time outdoors.

The ringing of a phone had Dean moving, not wanting it to wake Sam up. He grabbed Sam's phone and hit the answer key, moving away from the bed and into the bathroom, not sure how good Sam's hearing had become.

"Sam's phone." He answered softly.

"Who is this? Why do you have Sam's phone?" A female voice asked and Dean winced at the worry in her voice.

"Dean, his brother. Sam's asleep right now." He answered and there was silence on the other end.

"Dean? He called you then. He's alright?" She demanded and Dean smiled, women always wanted to protect Sam.

"Yes ma'am, just worn out."

"Drop the ma'am Dean, I'm Sue Clearwater, please call me Sue." She told him.

"The one Sam saved. Thank you....for looking after him." Dean told her.

"It was never any trouble Dean. How much did he tell you?" She asked nervously and Dean chuckled.

"It was more show than tell Sue." Dean admitted and she gasped.

"Will you boys be coming back here now?" She asked and Dean froze, talking to the woman who had saved Sam was one thing...seeing them was totally different.

"We haven't talked about out. I'm meant to be in New York at the moment so..."

"Well you have to come visit soon and tell Sam that Seth misses his big brother." Sue told him and Dean found himself nodding.

"I will." With that they hung up and Dean crept back into the room, smiling when he saw Sam was still out. He got back onto the bed beside Sam, figuring he might as well sleep for a

while too.

When Sam woke up he was confused to feel the warmth of another body beside him. Had Seth crawled in with him again? He opened his eyes expecting to see the kid only to be met with aching familiar blonde hair.

"Dean?" Sam whispered and green eyes blinked open. Dean grinned at him and Sam reached for him shakily. Dean rolled his eyes but pulled Sam into a hug.

"It's okay Sammy, I'm here." Dean whispered gently.

"Dean.....I wasn't dreaming?" Sam asked and Dean shook his head.

"Nope, I'm really here wolf boy." Dean teased and Sam smiled.

"Missed you so much." Sam admitted and Dean nodded.

"I missed you too. Your phone rang earlier, Sue Clearwater."

"Sue! Is everything okay?" Sam demanded and Dean nodded.

"I think she was just checking on you, said to tell you someone names Seth misses you and that we should come visit soon." Dean informed him and Sam nodded.

"Seth is Sue's son, he's just a kid. Kind of looks up to me like an older brother." Sam admitted, grinning at Dean. "How did you keep from strangling me at that age?" Sam asked and Dean laughed.

"Simple, you mastered the puppy eyes at a very young age." Dean told him, reaching out to ruffle Sam's hair and then frowning. "That worked so much better when you're hair was longer."

"Maybe but have you ever seen a long haired wolf? Trust me, its better this short."

"And the tattoo? Dad sees that he'll flip." Dean told him and Sam snorted.

"Think a tattoo'll be the last of my problems with Dad." Sam muttered and Dean sighed.

"It'll be okay Sammy; I won't let him hurt you. We can explain, make him understand. You can't help genetics." Dean whispered and Sam nodded, not really believing him.

"You said you're meant to be on a hunt. Are you gonna leave to finish it?" Sam asked and Dean shrugged.

"It's in New York, was part way there when you called. We can go if you want or I can call Bobby, have him hand it off. Whatever you want to do." Dean offered and Sam stared at him in awe. "What?"

"You really.....you really want me to stay with you?" Sam asked and Dean nodded. "Then we should probably finish that hunt huh?" Sam offered and Dean grinned.

-----  
Sam looked in the window to see Dean fast asleep, dialling the number from memory.

"Hello?"

"Harry? It's Sam."

"Good to hear from you kid. Sue said you're with your brother now, is everything alright?"

"Yeah, we're good. In Colorado at the moment, heading for New York to handle the hunt Dean was meant to be on when he detoured to see me. I uh.....could use some help though. Something really weird happened."

"Weird how? Do you think Dean's going to change?" Harry asked in concern.

"No, I don't think so. When we met up and I looked him in the eyes it was.....I don't know how to explain it."

"Just take it slow son, take some deep breaths. You don't want to shift in public." Harry soothed and Sam closed his eyes, following his advice.

"Sorry. It was like everything just froze and all I could see was Dean. I completely spaced out, scared him when I didn't answer." Sam admitted.

"And now?"

"I hate letting him out of my sight, I want to do whatever it takes to keep him happy.....Harry please." Sam pleaded and heard Harry sigh.

"It sounds like you Imprinted on him somehow." Harry admitted and Sam slammed his head into the wall behind him.

"Great, I can't even get being a wolf right! How the hell could I Imprint on another male, my brother!" Sam whimpered.

"I don't know but I'll see if I can find anything. Does he know?"

"Well he knows something happened, told him I needed to talk to an Elder about it before saying anything. My life seriously sucks sometimes." Sam moaned and Harry laughed.

"I'll call you when I find something, keep in touch kid."

"I will." Sam promised, hanging up and slipping back into the room to curl up beside Dean in bed.

TBC...

Dean yawned and stretched, knowing from the heat he could feel that Sam was curled beside him. Sam seemed skittish whenever Dean got too far away so Dean had simply started getting them rooms with a king sized bed. Sam was like his own personal hot water bottle and it was nice though he figured he wouldn't be so happy about it in summer. He'd thought Sam was sick when he'd first noticed but Sam had explained that wolves ran hotter than humans, not to mention the increased appetite. Sam used to stick to what Dean teasingly referred to as rabbit food but these days he ate what Dean ate, lots of meat and Dean figured it made sense, wolves were predators after all. He was still coming to terms with the fact that Sam wasn't human anymore but wasn't anything like the beings he hunted. He turned his head to see Sam sleeping beside him and smiled at how innocent Sam looked in sleep, the bruise caused by the ghost throwing a lamp at Sam's face already looked days instead of hours old and that was a relief. He hated it when Sam got hurt and he knew Sam hadn't hunted in years. Dean watched as Sam began to wake up, eyes slowly opening and then focusing on him and Sam smiled. "How's the face?" Dean asked and Sam grinned.

"Fine Dean, I heal fast these days. Don't blame yourself for it either, I chose to distract it so you could find the locket and burn the hair." Sam answered and Dean sighed but nodded. "So what's next?" Before Dean could answer his phone rang and he grabbed it and then glanced at Sam. "Dean?"

"Dad." Dean answered and Sam paled.

"Please, don't tell him I'm here." Sam whispered and Dean stared at him before nodding. Dean answered and Sam rolled onto his back, able to hear both sides and wincing when their Dad berated Dean for taking so long to handle the hunt. Dean saw the wince and moved his free hand to run through Sam's hair, making him smile and relax. "I'm sorry Dean, he's mad at you and it's my fault." He whispered when Dean hung up.

"Hey, it is not your fault. I can handle Dad." Dean assured him and Sam stared at him before finally nodding and moving so his head was on Dean's shoulder. "So you gonna tell me what's going on yet?" Dean asked softly after a while of just lying quietly. He felt Sam tense and wrapped his arms around him to keep him from bolting. "Sammy I will never kick you out, you're my baby brother." Dean promised.

Sam turned in Dean's hug so that he could look him in the eye, terrified that would be one promise Dean couldn't keep. Finding out about Imprinting could ruin everything and Sam couldn't lose Dean again.

Dean saw the fear in Sam's eyes and hugged his brother tighter. Why was Sam scared? What could those Elders have possibly told him? "Sam? Are you okay? You're not sick or...are you?" Dean demanded and Sam shook his head. "Then why are you scared? We've already done the show and tell and I'm not scared of you Sammy, so what could be harder to tell me?" Dean asked and Sam sat up, breaking Dean's hold easily. Dean watched as Sam moved to sit with his legs over the edge of the bed, head down. "Sam?"

"I....I imprinted on you." Sam whispered and Dean frowned in confusion. Imprinted? Wasn't that what baby animals did to their parents or something?

TBC....

"Imprint?" Dean asked in confusion and Sam bit his lip nervously. "Okay I'm thinking you don't meant he way baby animals do to their parents so spill little brother." Sam blinked and then chuckled slightly at what Dean had said.

"No it's not the baby animal thing. It's a...wolf thing." He admitted, getting up to pace the room while Dean watched. "Imprinting is..." Sam ran his hands through his hair in frustration and Dean got up, grabbing Sam's wrists.

"Hey, calm down. It's going to be okay." He soothed, hating to see Sam so upset. He could feel Sam's muscles quivering beneath his hands and was a little worried Sam might be about to phase in which case he was standing way too close. "Just breathe kiddo, whatever it is we'll work it out, alright?" He stared at Sam who slowly relaxed and then nodded before going to his bag to get something, handing the piece of paper to Dean.

When a shape-shifter imprints on a specific person, he becomes unconditionally bound to them for the rest of his life. When it happens, the experience is described as being gravitationally pulled toward that person while a glowing heat fills him; the connections of everything else become severed, or simply secondary, and only the imprintee is left to matter, leaving the shape-shifter with a deep need to do anything to please and protect the person.

Imprinting occurs only after a wolf's first phasing. It can happen with anyone, regardless of previous personal feelings. It happens the first time he sees the human object of his imprinting; if the shape-shifter does not react to a human subject the first time he sees them after he phases, that means he will never imprint on that human. Imprinting can't be forced on anyone, no matter how much the shape-shifter may want it.

What would happen if a wolf is rejected by his imprintee is also unknown, though this is assumed to be almost impossible; the imprinter is deemed to be the "perfect match" to the imprintee; he will be anything they may want or need, making rejection extremely unlikely. Should it happen, however, the imprinter may feel unspeakable pain.

It is implied that once a shape-shifter imprints he will be able spend the rest of his life aging alongside his imprintee once he is able to quit phasing. It is also implied that should the imprintee be long-living or immortal, the imprinter will live alongside her as long as he can phase every so often. It is unknown whether shape-shifters need to stop phasing and for how long before breeding.

Dean lowered the paper and looked at Sam with wide eyes. He was Sam's soul-mate? How could that be? They were brothers, both male so that last bit about breeding better not be relevant! He looked back at the handwritten notes and then back at his brother, well that explained Sam's reaction at the coffee shop.

Sam waited for Dean to say or do something, hugging himself nervously and fighting the urge to phase due to the fear growing in his heart. He stared at the carpet, waiting for Dean to yell or something and nearly jumped when a hesitant hand touched his arm. He looked up to

see Dean standing in front of him, eyes full of confusion but not fear or hate. "Sammy? You....we're.....I'm your Imprint?" Dean asked and Sam nodded. "So the whole wanting to be touching all the time is because of that?"

Sam blinked when he heard something in Dean's voice, disappointment? He shook his head. "Not just....I missed you." He whispered.

Hearing Sam's admission that it wasn't just the Imprint thing made Dean feel better. "I know you missed me Sam, I missed you too. So what do we do now?" He asked and Sam shrugged.

"It's up to you. Whatever you want from me...." Sam answered and Dean shook his head.

"No, now way kiddo. You are not just gonna give whatever I want." He argued, making sure Sam was looking at him. "Whatever this is, whatever we're going to do....we're brothers, family. Even if we end up...we're equal Sam, you need to tell me what you want and need too." He was not taking advantage of Sam like it seemed this imprinting thing would let him. Sam stared at him in shock but then nodded and Dean grinned weakly. "So.....I need coffee. What do you say we head out?"

"Kay." Sam agreed, watching Dean fold the paper up and put it in his own bag as he packed the rest of his gear. Sam smiled slightly before packing his own things.

---

"Billy? Is something wrong? Is it the Clearwaters?" Sam asked when the man rang.

"Slow down Sam, everyone's fine." Billy assured him. "I'm ringing on Tribal business."

"Okay." Sam answered, breathing slowing in relief.

"Remember the Cold Ones the Tribe had a treaty with?"

"Yeah, during you Grandfathers time right? But they left decades ago."

"Well they're back. Which means a meeting to renew the treaty or tell them to leave. We'd all feel a lot better if you were here."

"One wolf versus how many?" Sam asked but then closed his eyes. "I'll be there. We just finished a job so I can leave now."

"Thank you. You can be in wolf form; they won't know who you are."

"Alright, I'll be there in a day or two." Sam promised and they said their goodbyes before hanging up. Sam looked out the window to see Dean emerging from the shop with a bag of food and bit his lip, unsure what to do. Would Dean want to come and even if he did should he? Would that be close enough to trigger the gene?



"Got your usual." Dean grinned and tossed Sam the bag before frowning. "Okay what'd I miss?"

"I uh....got a call from the Tribal Elders. They need my help." Sam answered vaguely and Dean stared at him. Sam stared at the bag of food, able to smell the meat.

"Sam..."

Sam sighed. "There's a group of Cold Ones that the Tribe had a treaty with back in our great grandparents time. Apparently they're different to the others of their kind or something. Anyway they're back and the Elders want me there for the Treaty meeting as backup."

"No way."

"Dean....if it wasn't for them I'd still be living wild in whatever forests I could find in my wolf form." Sam argued. "It'll only be a couple of days."

"Sammy...."

"I'll be fine Dean."

"What do you mean 'I'?" Dean demanded.

Sam shrugged. "Dean we don't know how close will trigger the gene." He admitted and Dean winced slightly.

Dean realised Sam was trying to keep him safe but he was not letting him go alone. "I'm going with you Sam, no matter the consequences."

"Dean...." Sam gave up when he saw the look on his brother's face. "Fine but swear you'll stay on the Reservation."

"Fine."

TBC...

Sue looked out the window as she heard a car approaching, watching it park outside the house. The engine turned off and then she smiled as a very familiar young man emerged from the passenger side.

"Sam!" A voice yelled and Sam turned to catch the boy, spinning around with him.

"Hey Seth." Sam put him down and Seth stumbled slightly.

"I missed you!" Seth grinned and then paused as Dean got out as well, moving closer to Sam.

"Seth I'd like you to meet my big brother, Dean. Dean this is Seth Clearwater." He introduced them and Seth stared at Dean in awe, Sam had told him a lot about his great big brother.

Dean grinned at the teen. "Hey kid." Seth hesitated but then darted in to hug him and Dean blinked before ruffling his hair.

"Sam!" A female voice called and Sam smiled at seeing Sue approaching from the house. He walked quickly towards her and then hugged her.

"I've missed you Aunt Sue." He whispered as she hugged him back tightly.

"Well then you should come around more often. Now introduce me to your brother." She ordered and Sam laughed.

"Yes ma'am. Dean this is Sue Clearwater, Sue this is Dean." Sam introduced them nervously, wanting them to get along; they were all family after all.

Sue stared at the older Winchester boy, he looked even less likely to share an ancestor with them and yet he did. Could they end up with another wolf since the Cold Ones were back and the gene had surfaced in Sam already? He was shorter than his younger brother and a lot more wary which didn't seem possible. "It's wonderful to meet you Dean, Sam has told us a lot about you." She smiled and offered him her hand.

Dean hesitated and then shook her hand. "He's told me about you too. It's nice to meet you."

"Come on inside boys, you'll have to share the room you used before Sam."

"That's fine." Sam told her, grabbing his bag and tossing Dean his. Dean looked around the house as they walked upstairs and into the guestroom. Sharing the bed was no problem since they tended to share these days anyway.

"They seem nice."

"They are, they're family Dean. You'll watch over Seth and Leah while I'm with the Elders for the meeting?"

"Sam..."

"Dean you're not coming, I'll be in wolf form anyway so they can't id me. Getting that close...it could trigger this in you."

"And you don't want that?" Dean asked softly and Sam sighed, sitting on the bed beside his brother and leaning against him.

"I know you don't want it. It's bad enough wondering what Dad'll do if he finds out about me but both of us?"

"He won't do a thing, I won't let him." Dean swore and Sam smiled at him, he knew Dean wouldn't let anything happen to him. "So when's the meeting?"

"No clue. Harry will probably tell me when he gets home." Sam answered, moving to curl up on the bed. Dean smiled and lay down beside him.

"You missed this place huh?"

"Yeah...." Sam whispered and Dean pulled him into a hug.

When Harry popped his head in a few hours later he had to smile at the sight of Sam curled into the shorter male, both sound asleep. Watching them he understood why Sam had asked about Imprinting while sounding rather panicked. How had he ended up Imprinting on his own brother?

-----

Sam shifted slightly, leaning against Harry who moved his hand to scratch him behind his ear, knowing Sam enjoyed having that spot scratched. He made a soft sound of pleasure and Billy chuckled from where he sat on Sam's other side. "Just an overgrown puppy aren't you?" He teased and Sam turned his head towards him only to lick him, causing the others to laugh and relax a little. But they all tensed when Sam suddenly stood and growled, hackles raised. Eight figures suddenly appeared in the clearing, eight incredibly pale and yet stunning beings that to Sam smelt rather bad. He stared at them and then felt a flash of confusion; their eyes were so different to the one that had caused him to shift.

Carlisle was surprised to see the large wolf with the elders, he had thought they had all died out but there was only one and while it...he had growled he had otherwise shown no aggression to them at all. If anything he thought the wolf seemed puzzled by them. They talked through the treat, reaffirming it, the wolf never taking its eyes from them or moving from beside the most vulnerable person, Billy Black. Once it was down they all left and the wolf slowly backed away with them but then stopped at the tree line while the others continued. He whined at them and then vanished behind a tree for a few seconds before a young man moved into view wearing only a pair of torn shorts. He wasn't what Carlisle was expecting at all, he looked nothing like the Quileute and yet he was a wolf.

"Hello." He greeted them and Carlisle smiled, nodding in greeting. He knew if the young man had meant harm he would not have changed back, besides Edward, Jasper or Alice would have warned him. "You're different." He stated and Carlisle frowned.

"Different?"

"From the other one I saw." He leant against the tree, hazel eyes studying them.

"You met another of our kind?" Edward asked and the young man looked at him, nodding.

"How do you think I ended up like this? He attacked me, would have killed me except I shifted and ripped him apart."

"There have been vampires passing through here?" Carlisle asked and got a head shake in reply.

"Stanford over a year ago. Oh, um...I'm Sam."

"It is a pleasure to meet you Sam. As for our difference to the other, I assume you mean our eye colour?" Carlisle asked and Sam nodded. "That is due to the fact we only feed from animals. Human blood is what gives the eyes their red colour."

Sam nodded, that made sense. "So why the hostility? You don't eat people, why does the Tribe distrust you so?"

"You don't?" Emmet asked and Sam shrugged.

"No offence but you don't smell the best but you also don't feel like a threat." He admitted, as a hunter he trusted his instincts and his instincts were telling him that while they could be dangerous they were not a threat to humans.

Emmet laughed. "You don't smell like roses either wolf boy." His taunt had the others tensing in case the young man took it the wrong way but he just grinned, flashing dimples. They relaxed at that, sure they outnumbered the young wolf but they didn't want to fight and have to leave Forks.

Sam bit his lip and then dug around his pockets. "Got paper or something?" He asked and Alice tossed him her phone. He blinked but then opened it and input something before walking towards her, holding it out instead of tossing it back. Moving so close showed a large amount of trust. "I uh....don't live here. I put my number in for emergencies."

"Thank you." Carlisle told him and Sam shrugged.

"I better go, my brother's got to be going nuts with the others back but not me. Uh...nice to meet you." He moved away.

"Wait!" Alice called out and he paused while she got out some paper to scribble something on before darting over to give it to him. "Carlisle's number in case. He's a doctor if you ever need help." She explained and Sam's eyes widened. He looked at the doctor who nodded, knowing Sam would heal too fast to ever risk a hospital even if badly injured.

"Thanks." Sam gave a small smile before slipping behind the tree. A few seconds later the wolf emerged, the shorts tied around his leg. He looked at them before running back towards La Push.

---

Dean watched as Seth and his friends played a game of football in the yard, trying not to fidget nervously. Where the hell was Sammy? Everyone else was back from the meeting except his baby brother. Hearing a rustle he tensed and turned only to relax as Sam emerged from the bushes, dressed only in a pair of ragged shorts. Dean smiled in relief at seeing him back and unharmed.

TBC....

Disclaimer: Not mine.

## Chapter 8

Dean watched as Sam and Seth tossed the football. It was weird being here, seeing Sam with them, his little brother was so relaxed here. Was it because this was what he had always wanted? Dean tensed slightly as someone sat beside him, glancing over to see Harry Clearwater watching the two play as well. "Why aren't you out with them?"

Dean just shook his head, football wasn't his thing and he enjoyed watching them more. "I've never seen Sam so happy and carefree." He finally admitted.

"Neither have we." Harry agreed and Dean turned to look at him with wide eyes. "When he first came here he was so jumpy we kept the kids away. He barely spoke and it was a fight to get him to tell us anything. But since meeting up with you again he's changed for the better."

"Me?" Dean didn't believe it.

"And not just because he imprinted on you. He was terrified of contacting you, worried you wouldn't want to be his brother anymore."

"I could never.....he's Sammy, my baby brother."

"And he knows that now." Harry told him and Dean just stared at Sam who glanced over and then frowned in confusion at the look on Dean's face before Seth tackled him and he went back to their game.

.....

Dean put the last bag in the car and looked around. For the first time in his life he felt hesitant to leave a place, despite knowing they could come back anytime. The backseat had a cooler of food for the road provided by Sue. Seth and even Leah were hanging around, looking a bit down and he felt bad about taking Sam away from them. "Ready Sam?"

"Almost, just need to do one thing. I'll be back in half an hour tops." Sam answered and Dean knew he was going to change since he was dressed in just shorts. Sam had always preferred wearing more covering clothes, trying to disguise his height and things but now he didn't seem to care and it was obvious being a wolf was very good for him. Since when had Sammy had all those muscles? It wasn't fair. Sam grinned at him and then moved into the trees. Dean squinted and just managed to make out the form of a wolf running deeper into the woods.

Sam ran easily through the trees, following the faded scent of the vampires to a large home. He paused in the tree line and then walked out on two bare feet. He looked up at the house and took a deep breath, ignoring the stench as best he could as he walked towards the front

door. It opened before he got there to reveal the small female vampire. "Hello Sam." She greeted with a small smile and Sam smiled back.

"Hi. I uh...just came to say goodbye. We're heading back out on the road. Not sure when we'll be back."

"Carlisle's out hunting at the moment but I'll let him know. It was nice to meet you Sam."

"You too." He smiled at her again and then headed back into the trees. Alice watched him go; he was different to the wolves Carlisle had mentioned from the first treaty.

.....

"DEAN!" Sam screamed as his brother went flying, slamming into a tree hard enough that Sam heard something crack. He snarled in rage and lunged for the wendigo, the wolf bursting forth mid-air. Powerful jaws locked around flesh and bone, ripping and tearing. He ripped it apart with teeth and claws until all that was left was scattered flesh before turning back to Dean, nosing him gently but getting no reaction. He changed back, kneeling naked beside Dean as he reached out to gently touch his unmoving brother. Sam gathered what he could of his clothes and then lifted Dean, thankful for the greater strength he had gained, as he carried him back to the car. Once there he dialled a number he never had before.

"Dr. Cullen."

"Doctor this is Sam. I...it's my brother, he was thrown into a tree and he won't wake up. Nearest hospital is over two hours away. Please...I don't know what to do."

Carlisle was shocked the young wolf had called but under the circumstances he probably felt he had no other choice. So he took a deep unneeded breath and began going over the steps Sam needed to take to see what was wrong with his brother even as he packed his bag. "Sam where are you?"

Sam hesitated. "Will you coming cause him to become like me?"

"A short time with just me and no danger hopefully won't. But is that worth his life even if it will?" He asked and heard Sam sigh before telling him where they were and Carlisle took off. He arrived to find a small camp with Sam kneeling beside a fire and a sleeping bag with someone lying on top. Sam tensed and spun, crouched protectively over the other person before recognising Carlisle and straightening up. The vampire nodded and moved closer, getting his first look at Sam's brother. On the surface they didn't look much alike but he could see the family connections in the shape of their cheekbones and other small things like that. He knelt down and went to work. He only hoped he could help the young man before him, he didn't want to deal with a grief stricken wolf on his own.

.....

Dean groaned, fighting to open his eyes but it was too much effort and he gave up, slipping back towards unconsciousness. "Dean? Dean please wake up." That soft, terrified plea had him fighting again and eventually his eyes opened to see a blurry Sam leaning over him. "Dean! Carlisle he's awake!" Sam called and Dean just stared at him dazedly. Who?

Carlisle appeared at Dean's side and quickly checked him over, Dean flinching slightly from his cold touch. "It's alright, I'm a doctor." He murmured to the still dazed hunter.

"It's okay Dean, Carlisle's here to help." Sam agreed, taking Dean's hand gently.

"S.....am...my."

"Don't try to talk Dean, you were badly injured." Carlisle warned him before holding a straw to his lips so Dean could drink. Dean drank eagerly, his mouth and throat totally dry. Carlisle eventually removed the straw and began gently checking him over. Dean looked over at Sam, barely moving his arm and Sam took his hand, squeezing gently.

"It's okay Dean, you're going to be fine." Sam murmured even as Dean drifted off to sleep. "Carlisle?"

"He's healing well and out of danger." The vampire assured him, seeing the wolf slump in relief. "I'd still wait a while before attempting to move him out of here though. Since he's doing so well I'll withdraw but stay in hearing range if anything happens. That should help lower the chance of his shifting."

"Thank you Doctor."

"I think you can call me Carlisle by now Sam. You should get some rest too." He offered and Sam nodded, lying down beside Dean so he would know if Dean needed anything. Carlisle took off to hunt and call his family to assure them he was fine. He knew Esme would be worried.

It was a week before Carlisle gave the okay for Dean to be taken back to the Impala and the vampire watched as Sam gently cradled his brother in his arms, holding him as gently as possible. He had given Sam some prescriptions to have filled in order to help Dean finish healing and now he walked beside them, guarding them, as they made their way out of the forest. He opened the back door of the car while Sam gently settled his brother in and covered him with a blanket. "Thanks for everything Carlisle. If you need anything....."

"It was my pleasure Sam. Take care of your brother and yourself."

"I will." They shook hands and then the vampire was gone.

TBC....



## ch9

Disclaimer: not mine.

### Chapter 9

Sam watched his brother as he slept peacefully. It been two weeks since they had returned civilisation and Carlisle had left them and Sam was happy with Dean's progress. He was still sleeping a lot but was managing to move around their motel room mostly an unaided. Of course that wasn't helping his instincts any and it was starting to annoy Dean a bit but he couldn't help it. Dean had nearly died! And despite the fact that he didn't mind the Cullen's his inner wolf had seen the doctor as a threat to his injured Imprint. So his instincts kept screaming at him to wrap Dean up in cotton wool and keep him safe.

.....

Dean groaned as the noise kept going. "Sam answer your phone." He grumbled and then buried his head under the pillow. Sam chuckled as he left the bathroom and picked it up.

"Hello?" Dean sighed and kicked the blankets off, sitting up to watch his brother pace as he talked to someone from the Reservation by the sound of it. Sam finally hung up and flopped down beside him.

"Well?"

"Looks like the Cullen's presence is affecting the kids on the Reservation, one of them phased."

"Seth?" Dean asked in alarm and Sam shook his head.

"Nope, kid named Sam Uley."

Dean snorted. "Great, that's not going to get confusing at all."

"Yeah."

"So we headed back for you to help him?"

Sam sighed. "That was why they called, the Elders are divided, some say he should learn like I did, sink or swim and the others want to call me in to help him learn."

"So what's the decision?"

"Got anything lined up after we finish this job?"

"Just a trip back to Washington."

.....

Sam watched the younger Sam as he trembled before moving from the tree line. "Calm down, you don't want to phase right now."

"Who are you?" He snarled.

"Sam Winchester, relative of the Clearwaters. I got called back to help you."

"And how can you do that?" Sam just grinned and shoved his shorts off, phasing so quickly that the other male didn't really get to see anything. The younger Sam's eyes went wide in shock. "I...I'm not the only one?"

Sam phased back and re-dressed. "No, you're not." He smiled at the younger male who smiled hesitantly back.

.....

Dean sat against a tree, watching the two massive wolves fight. Sammy was better and the larger of the two but Sam was learning quickly and sitting around while his brother fought did not sit well with him, even if it wasn't a real fight. Sure he could help with other things like basic weapons training but this... he'd be dead or at least very badly injured in seconds. So he got to sit back and watch, occasionally calling out when one of them was leaving an opening or not taking advantage of an opening. He knew Sam hated him being in Forks and he understood his brothers concern, if the boys on the Reservation had begun to phase then the longer they stayed the better the chance he would too. The idea did scare him but he had been watching Sam handle it for nearly a year now so he figured if it happened then it happened.

.....

Jasper froze as he heard a low growl, straightening from the crouch he'd been in slowly, hands out. He could feel the emotions of whoever had growled and did not want to encourage an attack. He turned slowly and saw a large black wolf emerging from the undergrowth. That was not the young man they had met all those months ago. It looked like those on the Reservation were beginning to change too. The wolf crouched and Jasper sent out a wave of calm at him. "We are not on your land and I am only hunting deer. If you attack I will defend myself." He heard another growl and then the wolf they were familiar with stepped into view and Jasper was relieved that it wasn't him Sam was growling at but the other wolf. The larger wolf pushed the black one until he turned and left before going into the trees himself. A few seconds later Sam walked into the clearing.

"Sorry about that. We were working on his tracking skills."

"There's nothing to apologise for since he didn't attack me."

"Still...I'm trying to work on that instant hatred for your family everyone on the Reservation has. I doubt you asked to be a vampire and the fact you fight your instincts and hunt animals is amazing. Hating you for something out of your control is just dumb." Sam told him and Jasper smiled slightly.

"No I didn't ask for this, none of our family did. Thank you."

Sam just shrugged. "Tell the doc thanks for helping with Dean, he healed fine." With that Sam was gone to have a word with his student.

.....

Dean smiled when he found Sam already fast asleep. He quickly crawled in beside him and settled down, Sam rolling over to curl around him. It was getting cold so Dean was glad for the heat Sam's over-warm body provided. It was strange having a house to themselves, he'd gotten used to the noise at Sue and Harry's but the Elders had decided that they were members of the tribe and therefore should have a place of their own even if they were usually on the road. It felt strange to actually belong somewhere again even if he especially stuck out amongst the others. Sam at least had dark hair and eyes but he was the only blonde around. He was almost asleep when his cell phone decided to ring and he groaned but dragged himself out of bed even as Sam whined in his sleep at the noise and burrowed deeper under the covers. Dean smiled at that before leaving the bedroom to answer the call, groaning when caller id revealed it to be their Dad. He still hadn't mentioned that Sam was with him since the kid didn't want him to know but it made things difficult. But after John had kicked Sam out he figured it was up to Sam when or if their Dad found out he was back.

Half an hour later he finally got to go back to bed, fighting the urge to scream, rant and rave. He hadn't seen the man in over a year and suddenly he wanted to meet in Boston of all places. Urgh! Sam cuddled close and Dean closed his eyes, forcing himself to calm down. He could figure something out in the morning.

TBC...

## ch10

### Chapter Summary

Character death and Dean mental torture ahead

Disclaimer: not mine.

Some Dean torture and character death coming up.

### Chapter 10

"So are you going?" Sam asked and Dean shrugged. If he didn't Dad would be pissed off but he didn't want to leave Sam in Forks alone. "Dean I'll be fine here alone." Sam shook his head. He'd managed on his own for several years after all.

"I know I just...." Dean sighed. "Fine, I'll go to keep him from tracking me down. Just try to stay out of trouble?"

"Shouldn't I be telling you that?" Sam teased and Dean rolled his eyes. Dean suddenly grinned and tackled him, Sam going over backwards with a yelp. Soon they were rolling around mock fighting and laughing.

Sue looked out into the yard and smiled at the sight of the brothers just goofing off. They were so serious most of the time that it was always good when they let loose and just played.

.....

Dean parked beside his Dad's truck and took a deep breath. He could do this, he would not reveal that Sam was travelling with him again as it would raise too many questions. He just had to play it cool for a few days and then he could head back to the Res and the people he now considered family. Being with them had really pushed home the fact that John hadn't really been a 'Dad' to them since Mom had died. Biologically he was their Dad but emotionally that spot had been filled by Bobby on and off over the years and now Harry. He got out and grabbed his duffle that had been carefully repacked after he had removed anything that could show Sam was around. He knocked on the door and it opened seconds later to reveal John Winchester. "Dad."

"About time you got here." John growled as he ushered Dean inside.

"Where's the fire?" Dean grumbled as he dumped his bag. He glanced around the room and barely kept from frowning, something about this felt off. He sat on the second bag and crossed his arms, leaving his hand conveniently near his gun and knife. "Nothing for over a year and then suddenly you want to meet up so what the hell is going on?"

"Where's Sam?"

“College last I checked, you kicked him out remember?” Dean snapped, mental alarms blaring.

"Where is he Dean?" John growled out and Dean froze as his eyes flickered yellow. The demon suddenly smirked. "Oops, guess I let my temper get the best of me." He moved towards Dean who found himself unable to move. "Sammy's long gone from Stanford, but someone matching your description was there a few months ago. Then Dean Winchester all but vanishes, popping up here and there for a day or two and rumour has it with a partner. We can do this the easy way or the hard way kiddo. Where is Sam?"

"Never." Dean snarled and the demon laughed.

"I was hoping you'd say that." He drew one of John's knives and Dean swallowed. "Oh don't worry, this isn't for you." With that he reversed the blade and drove it into John's chest.

"NO!" Dean screamed in denial.

The demon laughed. "Goodbye to the great John Winchester." He moved to stand over Dean, leaning in. "Relax, this shouldn't hurt at all." Then his lips sealed over Dean's and Dean choked as something forced its way into his body. He found himself watching as John's body dropped to the floor and then he stood up except he hadn't done it! Dean panicked, he was possessed! The demon had now taken both his parents and was going to use him to do who knew what to innocent people and Sam. Dean struggled to focus on pushing down all memories of Sam, burying them as deep as he could. He would not lead this monster to Sammy.

.....

Dean screamed mentally as he was forced to watch as his hands strangled the life from a teenager. No matter how much he fought there was nothing he could do to stop the demon from using his body to kill. He didn't know how many victims there had been, sometimes things just blurred together and it was hard to focus.

Azazel let a smirk grace Dean's lips. It was proving surprisingly easy to break dear Dean. Somehow he had managed to hide his memories of Sam away and nothing he had tried so far had revealed them so he had decided the easiest way was to break Dean's mind. Once that was done his defences would be gone and his memories free to access, if a jumbled mess. Then he could use Dean as bait for the real prize. If Sam was good he may even leave poor Dean alive for him.

.....

Sam frowned and checked his phone again. It had been a month since Dean had left and no contact. That wasn't like Dean at all but he was hesitant to call in case John was around.

"Sam? What's wrong sweetie?" Sue asked as she sat beside him.

"Just worried about Dean, he should have called by now."

"Maybe they're really busy and he's not leaving Dean alone long enough to risk a call. I'm sure Dean's fine Sam." She assured him and he sighed but nodded before heading out to help

the boys train. Sam Uley had been joined by Paul and there were signs of others on their way to changing.

.....

Azazel laughed as he gutted the girl and felt Dean's mind snap. This was what he had been waiting nearly three months for. The boy had proven to be stronger than he had imagined but now there was no way to stop him learning what he wished. He dropped the dying girl to the floor and left the clean-up to the others while he retreated to his 'room' to relax and focus on Dean's memories. They swirled wildly around in no order, some fragmented totally. Azazel simply dove in, watching Dean's life pass by in random order. He was shocked and then enraged as he finally found a memory, one of Sam shifting from human to massive wolf. He hadn't known the Campbell's carried that blood! Now all his plans for the boy were in ruin and Dean was useless. He snarled and the rooms' contents went flying around in reaction to his rage.

Finally he calmed and began thinking this through rationally. The brothers were no longer useful to him and Lucifer but also to the feather dusters upstairs. Sam's wolf blood had destroyed the demonic blood he had introduced which meant he was no longer such a perfect vessel. And Dean would no longer be useful as a Righteous Man with his current condition and being dear Sammy's imprint. So did he simply kill the boys or...he smirked. Oh yes. That was perfect. He would tear them apart and cause them as much pain as possible. He summoned his daughter to him. "Find me a vampire, the red eyed variety, tell them that in exchange for a favour I will ensure their safety from the Volturi for eternity."

"Of course Father." She smiled and left to fulfil his orders. Oh yes, this was the perfect way to ensure poor Sammy's pain for the rest of his miserable life. After all being mated to the creature that is your natural enemy? And with Dean's mind the way it was the odds were if he was even sane when he woke he wouldn't remember Sam. Either that or he'd be totally insane, forcing Sam to end him to protect humanity.

.....

Sam growled and paced, he had tried tracing Dean's phone and even sightings of the Impala but nothing. What scared him utterly though was the face that John Winchester had been found stabbed to death in a motel room in Boston, the exact place they were meant to meet up. He had to find Dean, he had tried following the pull of his imprint but something was blocking it. He knew Dean was alive but that was all. He'd left the Res weeks ago in order to try and find him but nothing so far.

TBC...

## ch11

Disclaimer: not mine

### Chapter 11

Sam walked towards the Cullen's house nervously, he honestly didn't know where else to go for help. Dad was dead and the man had burned too many bridges with other hunters over the years for Sam to want to risk trying to contact them. The other wolves were too young and new to this for him to even consider them. Even the Cullen's didn't seem like fighters, well most of them. But if he was right and this information on Dean was a trap then he'd need backup. He went to knock only for the door to open and reveal Jasper.

"What's wrong Sam?"

"I need help, it's complicated but the few boys who have shifted aren't ready for this sort of thing."

Jasper studied the young man, he'd been able to feel him coming for a fair distance thanks to his emotional turmoil. The family knew of Dean's disappearance and had been keeping an eye out for the human and it was the only reason he could come up with for Sam to be looking for help. "You found your brother."

"Maybe. But it doesn't feel right. Nothing for all this time and then suddenly a sighting."

"You think it's a trap."

"Yeah. I don't expect anyone to go in with me but it would be good to have someone watching my back."

Jasper glanced at his phone as it beeped, seeing the message from his mate. "I'll come." He was the best option, the others weren't fighters.

"I will too." Carlisle said as he walked down the stairs.

"Carlisle."

"You may end up needing medical aide. I know I'm not a fighter Jasper but if there is a fight I can help patch you up after."

"Count me in too bro." Emmett grinned as he rushed up the drive.

"I...are you sure?" Sam asked in shock.

"Sure wolf boy." Emmett grinned at him and Sam looked at the other two who nodded.

-----  
Azazel smirked as the two vampires were lead into the building by his daughter. The red

haired woman was the more wary of the two, good instincts. “Welcome.” He moved forward and the two vampires studied Dean’s body.

“You are offering protection in exchange for what?” James asked.

“Nothing difficult. I want you to change this body.”

“That’s all?” Victoria pushed and he nodded.

“That’s all. Do you agree?”

James looked at his mate, they were both wary of dealing with the creature but safety from the Volturi was too good to give up. And Laurent was nearby in case of trouble. “Agreed.” He answered. He stared into yellow eyes and actually felt uncomfortable. He had never believed demons were real until the girl had approached them and he did not like facing something so unknown. The demon spread its arms so he approached and gripped the body tightly. The scent of sulphur assaulted his nose but beneath that was the mouth-watering scent of blood. He sank his teeth into the neck, taking a few mouthfuls before injecting his venom and then moving on to the wrists just to be sure. He backed away and Victoria pressed against his side.

“Hmm...an interesting sensation.” He could feel the venom spreading through Dean’s veins and while it caused pain he had no problem with it. “And now for my side of the deal.” He nodded at Meg and the two never had the chance to scream as they burnt.

“Sam Winchester was spotted only a few blocks from here Father.”

“Then it is time for us to leave.” Dean’s head went back and a black cloud billowed out of his mouth. Once it was done his body collapsed to the ground, twitching in pain as the venom spread even as glassy green eyes stared vacantly at the ceiling.

.....

Sam slipped into the building and looked around, forcing down a growl as he caught the sickly sweet scent of unknown vampires as well as fire and sulphur. But underneath it all was the one scent he missed more than anything, Dean. He crept through the rooms, following the scent and then ran as he spied his brothers twitching form. “Dean?” He knelt beside him and gagged. No. He tilted Dean’s head to the side and stared in horror at the mark there. “CARLISLE!” He screamed for help and then the doctor and Emmett were there, Jasper remaining on guard outside.

Carlisle knelt beside the young man, already knowing what he would find from the scents in the room. Sure enough his examination revealed bites not just on his throat but both his wrist, whoever did this wanted him to change. A quick check showed the change was progressing so why wasn’t Dean screaming? Something was very wrong here but he wasn’t sure what.

“Can we stop it?”

“No, the change has already begun and there’s too much venom in him to try and suck out. There are multiple bites, whoever did this wasn’t aiming to kill but to change him.” Carlisle



answered his son even as he heard the soft whine coming from the young wolf beside him.

Sam pulled Dean into his arms and kissed his forehead. "Dean...he's my imprint. They did this to hurt us." He whispered, it was the only thing that made sense, otherwise they would have kept using Dean's body or just killed him.

"Sam we need to get out of here and get Dean somewhere safe."

"Something's wrong isn't it?"

Carlisle sighed but nodded. "The transformation is painful Sam, by now he should be screaming as he burns but he isn't. We need to get him to where I can access equipment before the change is too far for me to run any tests."

Sam nodded and stood, Dean cradled in his arms. "Then let's go."

TBC....

This is giving me a few issues so stopping here. So what do you all think, how should Dean be mentally when he wakes after what Azazel did to him?

## ch12

Disclaimer: Not mine

### Chapter 12

Jasper was worried. Dean's change was strange and on top of that they had an emotionally unstable wolf refusing to move from his side. Would the imprint survive one of them becoming a vampire? There was no way to know. Sam's emotional turmoil was coming through loud and clear but Dean...there was very little emotion coming from him. There was pain yes but that was about it. No confusion or fear, nothing he had expected. What had been done to him?

They finally reached one of the Cullen's older properties and Dean was soon made as comfortable as possible, not that he seemed aware of what was happening. While his eyes were open they were glassy and unfocused. His body was jerking, spasming as the venom attacked his muscles and organs. Sam sat down and let Dean's head rest in his lap, gently combing his hair with his fingers. "It's okay Dean, you're going to be okay. I'm here." Sam whispered over and over again.

"Should he?" Emmett watched the two warily and Carlisle sighed.

"There's no danger yet and maybe Sam's voice will help him. Jasper what can you tell us?"

"Something's wrong. Dean is in pain but that is all I'm getting from him. Whatever they did to him has affected him badly."

"I feared as much. When the time comes Emmett you may need to restrain Sam and get him out of here if he won't leave willingly."

"Won't his scent put Dean off of taking a bite?"

"Normally I'd say yes but there are too many unknowns." It was so sad to watch the two on the bed and they still had almost two days left.

.....

Dean was writhing on the bed and Sam wanted to go to him but Emmett held him back. Dean's skin was already pale, ice cold and hard as diamond, it would be too easy for Sam to be injured by his thrashing. Carlisle and Jasper were also standing around but all of them were far enough back to keep from crowding Dean once he woke. The vampires could hear his failing heart struggling to beat even as it was attacked by the venom.

Sam watched as Dean's body fought uselessly against the venom, able to smell it as his brother was slowly changed in a way he never would have wanted. Should he have ended it for him before the venom had worked too far? He knew that was what most hunters would want but Sam knew the Cullen's, they weren't like what they hunted. Yeah, they were

dangerous but so were lots of people and they did everything they could to ensure they never hurt anyone. Dean could learn, couldn't he?

They all froze as Dean's back arched up from the bed and his heart gave one last beat before Dean went utterly still. No sound could be heard except Sam's soft breathing and then blood red eyes snapped open and Dean was crouched defensively on the bed, growling. Jasper sent out waves of calm towards the new born only for him to shrug off the artificial emotion and attack. Jasper was surprised by the move despite his years working with newborns, none had ever ignored his abilities like that.

"Dean don't!" Sam yelled from behind Emmett. There wasn't much between them in height but Emmett was bulkier and was using that bulk to block Sam from Dean's sight. They were all hoping the scent of wolf would keep Dean from attacking his brother but at Sam's yell Dean focused on him. Dean snarled and lunged at Emmett, slamming him into the wall and then he spun to face Sam.

Sam froze, part of his mind screaming at him to shift and he could feel his muscles trembling but he forced it back, staring into blood red eyes. Dean had reacted to his voice, he had to recognise him. "It's alright Dean, you're safe." He whispered, knowing Dean's hearing was now better than his but he didn't have the experience dealing with his increased senses that Sam or the vampires had. He saw Jasper moving and moved his hand slightly, motioning him back. Dean hadn't hurt anyone yet or threatened him. He knew if Dean was going to attack he'd have done it already. "I know everything's overwhelming and confusing right now Dean but you're going to be alright. I'm right here big brother." He didn't break eye contact, knowing he couldn't appear weak or like a good meal. He heard Dean inhale deeply before his nose wrinkled and Sam bit back a laugh. "I know; I stink but you don't smell so hot to me either." He teased softly and Dean blinked at him. Sam was worried, Dean hadn't said a word since waking and wasn't acting like he knew who Sam was. Dean cocked his head to the side and then moved until they were almost touching.

"Sam." Carlisle whispered in alarm and Dean growled.

"I'm alright Carlisle." Sam whispered, motioning them back again.

Dean leant in and Sam forced himself to remain calm, an elevated heart rate would not help matters. Sam closed his eyes as Dean scented his throat, instincts screaming in alarm. A cold hand came up to grip his shoulder and he bit back a cry of pain at the strength of it but then the grip loosened. Dean lifted his head to stare at him again and then Sam let out a surprised noise as he was yanked into Dean's arms.

Jasper stiffened and readied for a lunge to hopefully pull Sam away but then Dean snarled at him, "Mine."

Sam was relieved to hear Dean speak and he even smiled at the possessive word. He managed to shift enough to wrap his own arms around Dean's frozen body, gently stroking his back and he felt Dean shiver slightly under his hands. "It's okay Dean, no one's going to take me away." Sam leant his head down and inhaled Dean's changed scent only to find that yeah, he stunk a bit but nowhere near like the others in the room did. His scent didn't burn his

nose like they did...was it because of the imprint? He nuzzled at Dean's neck and kept stroking his skin, trying to calm him down and he felt Dean's body relaxing a little.

"Mine." Dean's whisper was a little more hesitant and Sam lifted his head to look into Dean's eyes, freeing a hand to gently stroke his cheek. Dean leant into the touch and Sam smiled, careful not to show teeth. He took in the changes the venom had made to Dean's features. His brother had always been good looking but now he was gorgeous.

"Yours Dean, always. Can you understand me?" Sam asked and Dean tilted his head but then he made a soft noise of distress, hand going to his throat.

"He needs to feed Sam; he may be more coherent after." Jasper whispered and Sam nodded.

"Let's find you something to eat Dean." Sam slipped from his grip but took his hand and tugged. Dean followed but then saw the Cullen's and growled. "It's alright Dean, they're friends, they won't hurt you." Sam assured him, tugging his hand again. Jasper and Emmett backed off to give them a clear path to the window. Dean edged closer while keeping them in sight. They reached the large window and Sam pushed it open before leaping down, Dean moving with him. Soon they were running through the woods, Dean close to his side despite being much faster with Sam in human form. He didn't want to unsettle Dean by shifting, unsure what Dean understood or remembered.

Soon the scent of deer reached Sam's nose and he guided Dean towards them. He saw when Dean switched to hunting mode and dropped back, watching Dean crouch downwind before dashing in and taking down one of the deer, sharp teeth ripping into the first one's throat to drink. He finished it and looked up, searching for Sam who moved into view. Dean looked from Sam to the second deer and then pushed it towards him, shocking Sam. Emmett had told him how territorial they were over their kills and yet here was Dean offering one to him. He moved closer and then knelt by the downed animal. It wasn't like he hadn't eaten raw meat before but that was in animal form. He held his hand out to Dean who simply crawled over. Sam offered the deer's throat to Dean who frowned slightly. Sam instead moved over to the already drained deer and then pulled some meat from the ripped open throat before eating it, trying to show Dean it wasn't blood he needed but meat. Dean watched and then nodded and bent to feed as well. Sam was surprised to not feel sick by eating the meat but he still didn't eat too much. When Dean was done Sam stood and fought not to grimace, they were both a sight with the blood. Then the wind shifted and Dean snarled at the scent of vampire, moving instantly to Sam's side. Sam recognised Jasper's scent, he had figured they were following from the start. "It's okay Dean, you still hungry?" He pressed his hand to Dean's throat like Dean had done before and Dean sniffed the air. "Guess so." They took off running again. It took a few more animals to sate his thirst and then Sam coaxed him into the river, using the cold water to clean blood off them both. "There we go, all clean." He smiled at Dean who smiled back, watching him closely. "Dean?" he could see confusion in the red eyes.

"S...Sammy?"

Sam made a happy sound of relief and reached out to trace Dean's cheek. "Yeah Dean, it's me."

“Sammy.....r...real?” He asked hesitantly and Sam wrapped his arms around him, not caring that Dean was freezing cold, his own high body temperature meant it didn’t bother him.

“I’m real Dean, you’re safe.” Sam soothed and he felt Dean sag against him, hands coming up to clutch at Sam. Sam nuzzled at him and Dean repeated the motion, seeking comfort. Sam held him close, whispering words of comfort. Dean knew him! He was relieved that he hadn’t lost him but it was obvious Dean wasn’t alright though what could you expect after being held by demons for so long and then a vampire attack? But that didn’t matter, he would stay by Dean’s side to help him recover. He knew as long as he kept shifting he wouldn’t age which meant he could stay with Dean forever and he would, even if Dean never recovered.

Jasper looked over at Carlisle from where they hid in the trees to watch over the brothers. His ‘father’ was just as shocked and amazed as he was by Dean. Even vampires mated for centuries had trouble dealing with anyone too close while hunting, even their mates and yet Dean had shared his kills! It had been a relief to hear he recognised Sam though his speech was concerning. Jasper could imagine some of what Dean had gone through, he had seen torture before, of humans and even vampires. He didn’t pity Dean, he knew the hunter wouldn’t want that, no he was amazed by his strength. Since Sam had everything under control they slipped away, staying within calling distance but they wanted to give them some privacy.

TBC.....

## ch13

Disclaimer: Not mine

### Chapter 13

Sam sat on the river bank holding Dean close as he trembled, crying tearlessly as he clung to Sam. Sam didn't bother trying to calm him, knowing it would be better for him to let it all out then to bottle it up. So he just sat and held Dean, one hand gently rubbing his back but otherwise he did nothing. Finally, Dean began to calm and Sam waited to see what he would do. He raised his head and crimson met gentle hazel. "Hey." Sam whispered and Dean winced slightly at the sound.

"Sammy.....wha....whe...." Dean groaned in pain, clutching his head and Sam reached out to gently rub his temples.

"Shhh..... calm down Dean, just breath with me." Sam breathed slowly and deeply and gradually Dean matched him. Dean whined softly and Sam kissed the side of his head. "I know you're confused Dean but you need to stay calm. I won't let anything happen to you again." Dean looked at him, confused and lost. "You were kidnapped Dean, they hurt you but I got you back."

"Hurt." Dean whispered.

"You were very badly hurt Dean. Do...do you remember what I am?"

Dean frowned in confusion and then lent in to sniff and nuzzle a bit. What? Everything was so loud and confusing. It was hard to think and his throat.... why wouldn't it stop burning? Sammy was warm and safe, he made him feel safe. He buried his head in Sam's throat and he felt Sam holding him. He closed his eyes, trying to think about what Sammy wanted, it was so hard but... "Puppy?"

Sam snorted, well it was close enough. "Yeah Dean, I'm a puppy. Do you know what you are?"

"Not puppy." Dean answered, chewing his lip and Sam stopped him. "H...." He made a frustrated noise, he knew the word, he did! He curled closer to Sam in distress.

"It's okay Dean, just relax. Don't try to force the words." He soothed, running his fingers through Dean's now silky hair and Dean practically purred at the action, making Sam smile. Dean was really tactile now not that he could blame him, even if he didn't currently remember what had happened it would have left its mark.

"Wong!" Dean shook his head.

"No Dean's there's nothing wrong with you. You were hurt but I'm here and I will do whatever it takes to help you get better. Understand." Dean just whined softly and then

rubbed his throat again. “Thirsty?” He nodded so Sam stood and helped Dean up. “Then let’s hunt.” He took Dean’s hand and they were soon running through the trees again. A few more animals and Sam eating some more meat and then they returned to the water to clean up again. Sam stripped his shirt off to wash it and Dean copied him. Sam glanced over, taking in the changes the venom had made. Dean had always been fit and tan, now he was almost white and there wasn’t an ounce of fat left, revealing hard muscle. Sam looked away, taking a deep breath to try and calm down. Dean being a vampire had definitely not made the Imprint go away, if anything the feelings were stronger.

He didn’t see Dean staring at him in the same way, taking in golden skin, the occasional scar and nice musculature. Dean inhaled deeply, taking in Sammy’s scent. It was warm and clean, though there was something under it that smelt a little off and he didn’t like that but Sammy still smelt really good and he was all his. He knew Sammy was his, one of the few things he was sure of. He knew there was something wrong with him, his head was all messed up and he didn’t know what was happening. All he knew was he was with Sammy and Sammy was safe. “Sammy?”

“Yeah Dean.” Sam turned back and found Dean suddenly right in front of him, staring at him. “Dean? What is it?”

Dean reached out to touch Sam’s cheek. “So warm.” He murmured and Sam smiled, leaning into his touch. Dean pressed closer to him and Sam gasped at the feeling of ice cold skin against his own hot, goose bumps breaking out in reaction. He pressed even closer to Sam, nuzzling at his throat. Sam let him, one hand resting around his waist. Dean lifted his head and stared up at Sammy and then pressed his lips to his. Sam gasped, hand tightening around him even as Dean took advantage of his lips parting to explore. Sam’s other hand came up to rest on Dean’s shoulder even as he responded to the kiss.

Sam pulled back to breath and stared into crimson eyes. “Dean.”

“Need you Sammy.” The newborn vampire groaned.

“Not here Dean, not like this.”

“Sammy.” He whined, moving against Sam who bit back a moan of pleasure. Dean growled softly, hands gripping Sam’s hips. He kissed Sammy again and Sam’s hands moved back to hold him close, running over cold hard skin.

.....

Jasper paused, feeling only pure lust and need coming from the region of the river. Carlisle had been concerned when they didn’t come back but there was no way he was interrupting what he was feeling. Looked like the Imprint now went both ways as Mates. Hopefully Dean was mentally healthy enough for what his new nature was demanding.

.....

Dean whimpered as Sam pinned him against a tree, kissing him hard as hands wandered. It felt so good but he needed more. His hands went to Sammy’s pants and Sam broke the kiss. “Dean, do you understand what this is. I don’t want to hurt you.” Sam panted shakily, it was

so hard not giving in and doing what Dean wanted but he wasn't even sure Dean understood what he wanted himself. "Dean do you....do you remember what this is?"

Dean whined, struggling to focus on the words. What was this? He struggled to think. "Need..."

"Tell me what you need Dean." Sam urged, if Dean could say it then he had to understand right?

"You...please Sammy....." He fumbled with Sam's belt, finally getting it off and yanking at the zip on them. But then Sam stopped him gently. "Please. Need..." He needed what? "You....inside..."

Sam let go of his hands and gently undid Dean's jeans. "Okay. But slow Dean. There's no rush." Sam soothed as he kicked his boots off, Dean copying him. Soon they were naked and Dean let Sam lead, setting the pace. Sam had walked in on Dean in the act before and Dean was never so submissive during sex. It was worrying but Sam couldn't focus on that, the wolf inside demanding he take what was being offered by his Imprint.

Sam curled around Dean in the leaves, fighting to get his breathing under control, feeling totally relaxed and sated. Dean was still in his arms, breathing slowly, one hand resting on Sam's, tracing patterns on the hot skin. "Okay?" Sam whispered and Dean cuddled closer if that was possible. Dean nodded and then turned his head to kiss him.

"Love you Sammy."

"Love you too Dean. We need to go back to the house. Do you remember Carlisle?"

Dean frowned, trying to think. Carlisle? There was something..... "Doctor?"

"Yeah Dean, he's a doctor, he helped you once when you got hurt. He and his family helped me find you. Do you remember what they are?" Sam asked and eventually Dean shook his head. "Do you remember what a vampire is?"

"No."

"Well they are vampires....and now you are one too. That is what the ones who took you did to you. They hurt you and then had you bitten and then they left you. That's why we're out here where you can hunt animals and drink their blood." Sam explained and Dean whimpered, clinging to him as he remembered burning pain.

"Hurt."

"I know Dean." Sam soothed him as best he could. They stayed for a while before he coaxed Dean into getting redressed. "It'll be okay Dean; we're going to go back to the house. No one there will hurt either of us. Understand?" Dean nodded hesitantly, following Sam closely. Sam took his hand and Dean smiled.

They finally made it to the house and Carlisle was the only one waiting, not wanting to crowd the newborn. "Hello Dean, it's good to see you again." He greeted softly, making sure to be



unthreatening.

Dean stared at him from behind Sam, staying close to the one person he knew was safe. But there was something.... “Carlisle?”

The doctor smiled slightly and nodded, it was good Dean recognised him considering they had met when he had a head injury. “Yes Dean, how are you feeling?”

Dean shrugged slightly. “Can’t....all jumbled.” He rubbed his head and Sam tugged him close, Dean leaning into him.

“We want to help you Dean. Everyone here is a friend. Do you understand that?” He was relieved to see the way Dean seemed to rely on Sam. If Dean was....damaged and uncontrollable then he would have had to be killed. But it seemed Dean was at least semi-coherent and willing to follow Sam’s lead. Carlisle moved back into the house and Sam followed, leading Dean. Emmett was sprawled in a chair so he wouldn’t seem so big and threatening. Jasper was wearing long sleeves and pants to hide as many of his scars as possible but Dean still stiffened in alarm when he saw him. “Dean this is Jasper and Emmett, my sons.”

“It’s nice to meet you Dean.” Jasper drawled softly and Dean swallowed nervously. “I know my scars are scary Dean but I won’t hurt you. We’ve never met before but I know Sam. Sam wouldn’t put you in danger.”

Dean swallowed but then nodded. “No hurt.”

Jasper smiled and nodded. “No hurt.” He agreed.

Dean followed Sam further into the house and they settled on the couch. Dean gradually relaxed as the family chatted happily, putting him at ease.

TBC....

# Notice

I know this is not what anyone wants to read but the time has come. I am sorry for this but I don't have as much time these days and I have really lost interest in Supernatural and Buffy. So a lot of fics are going up for adoption here and on Archive of Our Own.

Only two from Scififan33 – Croatian World

Not Your Sam

Kirallie – Baby Mine

Brothers?

Dawning Power

Double Trouble

Family Secrets Don't Always Stay in the Past

Heavenly Demon

I'll Always Save You

In the Arms of An Angel

Into the Darkness

Magic School

Naruto No Eating my Students!

Oops

Psychic Slave

To Save a Life

Please let me know if you adopt so I can send out the word and multiple people adopting the same story is fine, it means two different looks at the same idea.

## End Notes

I took the tribal history straight from Eclipse.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!