

**Samuel Michaels**

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# **Samuel Michaels**

by [Scififan33](#)

## Summary

AU. Only 2 people survived the nursery fire. But that doesn't mean the Demon is any less a threat to the surviving Winchester's. On a hunt Dean meets a young man claiming to be a hunter but what if was something far different and there is something about him.....

Samuel glanced around the bar as he entered, searching for his prey. Though he didn't mean the word the way his 'cousins' would. He held back a snort at the thought of those inferior imitations. They had no idea what it meant to be a true Vrykolakas and he hunted them just as much as they hunted humans. No his prey tonight was not meant as food. He'd watched over this mortal since the man had been just a child, he'd known the risk the family was under and had sought to protect them. He'd been surprised when he'd found himself utterly fascinated by the then only child and shocked when the second born had shared his name. More shocking had been that the child had suggested his baby brother's name. Sam had pulled back then, worried that he'd somehow been detected. And so he blamed himself for the events six months later. He'd decided to hunt that night and had come back to find the house on fire with only the husband and eldest child still alive. He had thought the threat over then and had forced himself to leave the family but he had never forgotten the boy's scent and had used thoughts of the innocent child to keep himself on course over the years.

But two months ago rumours had reached him, rumours of Azazel and his sinister plans for humanity and all non-demonic entities. Plans that included his child, though a child no longer. He had never thought the demon would become interested in the other child and he probably wouldn't have been if the father had not turned to hunting for revenge. That had kept the family in the demon's plans and now those plans were getting all too close for comfort. And so he had dropped everything and begun hunting that remembered scent. A scent that had brought him to a bar in the seedier part of Boston Massachusetts.

Sam took a deep breath and smiled as he finally saw the scents owner for the first time in twenty two years. The boy had obviously grown into a man and a strong looking one at that. Shorter than his own 6'4" but also stockier his hair was cut short as suited a hunter and appeared a dark blond in the bar's lights. He didn't need to see his eyes to remember their vivid green colouring. Dressed in worn jeans and t-shirt with a battered brown leather jacket Dean Winchester certainly fit in with the other patrons. Unlike Sam's own new black jeans and green button up shirt. Though his black leather jacket fit in a bit better.

How to approach Dean without putting the hunter on alert had him a little stumped for the moment. From the way Dean was flirting with the scantily clad barmaid his usual method probably wouldn't work and could even get him punched. If he wasn't absolutely hopeless at the game he could have asked Dean to play pool but that wouldn't work. Sam smirked as his method strolled through the door like they owned the place. Their presence also explained what Dean was doing in town. It would be good to get an idea of how well Dean could handle himself and being introduced as a fellow hunter should reduce any suspicion. Having settled that he relaxed against the bar, watching his dear cousins from the corner of his eye. Now that he was looking for it he could see and smell the dead man's blood covered machete hidden in Dean's coat.

Sam watched the group gather what was obviously their meal and leave the bar. Dean followed seconds later and he soundlessly followed Dean. He was always armed and seeing as he was technically dead coming up with a weapon dipped in dead man's blood was rather

easy. He crept along the alley parallel to Dean, purposely allowing the hunter to see him and his blade. He flashed Dean a smile and enjoyed the shock the flashed across the mortal's features before they went blank. He received a terse nod and then they were on the vampires. Holding back in a fight enough to appear human was hard but not impossible; keeping his senses on Dean made it a little easier. Between the two of them the vampires didn't stand a chance.

Sam growled under his breath as the last vampire managed to disarm Dean and take him hostage. Knowing what the creature wanted he dropped his blade and held his hands up, Dean getting killed was not in his plans.

"Stay back Hunter or your friend's dead." The vampire snarled, its grip on Dean's neck tightening enough that Dean couldn't hide his discomfort.

"Seeing as I've never met him before he isn't my friend. You know there's no way you're getting out of the alley right? No Hunter would want to live if it meant a vampire getting free to kill, besides I have no guarantee you won't kill him once you're away from here." Sam smirked, keeping the vampires attention off Dean who apparently had another blade hidden on him as he was currently reaching for it. "So I guess the choices are you let him go and die a quick death or you don't let him go and I drag your death out as long as I can. Which will it be?" Sam smirked at the dumbfounded look on the creatures face, a look that turned to pain as Dean finally managed to pull another blade and ram in back into the vampire's stomach. Sam lunged forward; grabbing his own blade and taking the vampires head off. Sam offered Dean a hand up from where he'd dropped to give Sam plenty of room and the mortal took it.

"Thanks." Dean was eyeing him warily but wasn't acting too distrustful.

"No problem. Couldn't let another hunter get killed or turned like that. Sam Michaels." Sam offered his hand, giving his current identity. He'd used many names over the centuries although he always used his mortal given name somewhere in it.

"Dean Winchester." Dean took his hand and they shook briefly.

"John Winchester's son?" At Dean's nod Sam grinned, enjoying playing his part. "I've heard of you two. They say you're among the best."

"Oh. Can't say the same about you." Dean said awkwardly as he gathered his two blades.

"Not surprising. I haven't been hunting long and there's no way I'm anywhere near your league." Sam even bounced slightly on his heels as he talked, acting the young hunter who had just met a role model. "Hey, are you okay?" Sam asked as he caught the scent of human blood and saw Dean cradling his arm.

"I'm fine." Dean answered gruffly but Sam was already at his side, pushing his sleeve up.

"You're bleeding. Did the vampire bleed on your arm?" Sam didn't think it had but it the alley stunk of their blood so it was hard to tell. If it had happened he'd change Dean himself before the blood could take hold, there was no way he was letting his mortal become one of those inferior creatures. "Come on, we need to clean that up."

"Hold on." Dean refused to move. "Look kid, thanks for the help but I can take it from here." Dean insisted and Sam nearly laughed at being called kid but physically he did appear younger than Dean.

"And if you did get blood in your wound and start to change? You think you'll be able to do what needs to be done while in that much pain?" Sam argued and Dean slumped, knowing that Sam had won, there was no way Dean would risk becoming a vampire and killing people.

"Fine. My car's round front. Motel's a couple of blocks." Dean handed the keys over slowly but before Sam could take them. "Christo." Sam shook his head and took the keys. "Can't be too careful." Dean told him defensively.

"Did I say anything? And it looks like we're going to my hotel since anything within a few blocks of here is going to be bug heaven." Sam held onto Dean's elbow just in case, only letting go when they had to get into the car.

"And you stay where?" Dean asked sarcastically. Sam grinned at him.

"The Hilton." Dean's jaw dropped.

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Sam finished cleaning the cut on Dean's arm, ignoring the looks his room was earning him. Luckily he had a story to explain his actually having money all sorted out. He taped a sterile dressing over Dean's arm and then packed up his seldom used first aid supplies.

"Luckily you don't need stitches considering I'm not very good at them." Sam said as he walked over to the small bar fridge. "Beer?"

"Thanks." Dean answered and Sam tossed him a can. "So how does a hunter afford the Hilton?"

"A tidy inheritance. My adoptive parents were killed by a demon when I was fifteen; they had no other family so I inherited everything. When I learnt the truth about what had killed them I couldn't just ignore it. So I got training wherever I could and started hunting a few years ago." Sam explained, thinking of Alex and Marie Michaels made it easy for his story to be believable as he felt the pain of their loss all over again. They had been good friends and had accepted him despite the fact he wasn't human. To find them the way he had...he'd taken great joy in causing that demon a lot of pain before it had died.

"Oh...sorry." Dean offered uncomfortably and Sam shrugged.

"You didn't know." But what Sam didn't know were the thoughts his story had stirred in Dean's mind.

Dean studied the younger hunter closer. He knew it was impossible and yet...Sam looked to be the right age, he had the right name and was adopted and he even looked a bit like his dad. Was it even remotely possibly that little Sammy had survived that night? But the fire had

been in the nursery, too hot for his Dad to get close enough to pull Sammy from his cot. Unless something or someone had already taken Sammy? No, it had to just be coincidence, that was all.

"How old are you?" Dean asked, needing to know that it was impossible.

"Twenty two." Sam automatically gave the answer that was on his licence and Dean swallowed. His Sammy would have been twenty two.

Samuel stared at Dean, unsure about how the human was reacting to what he'd been saying. There was something odd going on, he just wasn't sure what yet. He didn't want to look through Dean's thoughts; he found the use of that power too invasive unless he was using it to hunt.

"You should stay here for the night just to be safe. I think if you'd been infected you would have shown signs by now but I'm not sure." Sam told him though now that they were away from the alley he was positive Dean was safe. There was no foreign scent in his blood to Sam's great relief. While he would have changed Dean to spare him that life he wanted to be friends before Dean ever had the chance to learn what he was. Maybe then there would be a hunter who knew that different did not always mean evil.

TBC...

Sam watched Dean as he slept even though he wasn't worried about him being infected anymore. Human's were fascinating when they slept, no two doing so in the exact same way. Dean slept on his stomach, one hand under the pillow and the blankets pulled up to his shoulders. Sam smiled as Dean snuggled deeper into the mattress, obviously enjoying the nicer bed than the ones he usually used. Dean looked younger when he was asleep, more innocent thought that wasn't really surprising. Dean was the tough, untrusting hunter when awake; it was like he couldn't relax unless asleep. Sam slept, though far less frequently than a human would but he also knew he didn't breathe or move in his sleep so as long as Dean was around he would simply pretend. It wouldn't do for the hunter to wake up and for him to still be asleep.

As the sun began to rise Sam got up, left a note and then left the room. According to the note he was simply retrieving his car from the bar and Dean should go ahead and order room service if he's hungry but that was not all he was doing. He planned to stay with Dean and that meant he needed to feed when he could. He didn't need blood as frequently as those inferior creatures they had killed the night before but he did still need it. Getting it is easy as he flirts with a young woman staggering out of a rundown bar. In seconds they're in the alley and he gently pierces the skin with his fangs, careful to not take enough to hurt her.

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Dean slowly opened his eyes, blinking in the sunlight and very confused as to where he was. Sitting up didn't help matters either; the room he was in was far too fancy to be his. Plus he was unarmed and dressed only in his boxers. He went to move his arm and winced in pain. Looking down he saw the bandages wrapped around it and memory flooded back. He looked wildly around the room but he was alone, although the couch had a pillow and blanket on it as if someone had slept there.

"Sam?" Dean called as he slowly moved off the bed but there was no answer. He was beginning to worry when he noticed the page of hotel stationery on the bedside table.

'Dean,  
Went to get my car. Feel free to order room service for breakfast. Will be back soon.  
Sam'

Dean relaxed as he read the note and grinned as his stomach growled as if it had understood the note.

Dean was half way through his stack of pancakes when the door opened and Sam walked in. The younger hunter took a look at the food and grinned at Dean.

"Guess that just proves beyond a doubt that you weren't infected." He commented as he slipped out of his jacket and joined Dean at the small table.

"Got enough for you too." Dean told him and Sam nodded, picking what he wanted from the dishes. "Get your car back?"

"And surprisingly it was still in one piece." Sam told him as he dug into his own pancakes. "So how are you feeling? Should probably check your arm."

"I'm good. Didn't want to get out of that bed though." Dean grinned and Sam laughed, flashing dimples and Dean felt his breath catch. Was it really possible? Or was he seeing what he wanted to see?

"Guess you're just not used to a bed that isn't centuries past it's throw out date." Sam teased and Dean found himself relaxing, something that never happened. Sure he could let his guard down around his Dad, knowing the older Winchester would watch his back but he didn't know Sam and the kid had admitted he had only been hunting a few years. So why did he feel so safe with him? "So, what do you do now? Rest or do you have another hunt lined up?"

"Not yet. My Dad will probably send me co-ordinates."

"Really? Guess that saves you having to find them. I think I've nearly gone blind a few times from staring at my laptop." Dean chuckled slightly at that. He guessed that having his Dad do that was a help and he did hate research.

"You any good at it?" Sam tilted his head in a silent request for him to expand on his question. "You know, researching hunts and stuff."

"I guess. I've always been good at study." Sam answered and Dean thought it over. What could it hurt? And it would be nice to not always be alone.

"Would you like to team up? We seemed to work well together last night and it's always better to have someone to watch your back." Dean shrugged awkwardly but Sam stared at him in shock.

"You're serious?" Dean nodded and Sam grinned. "That would be great."

"It's settled then."

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Sam was still smiling as he took the cash from the man he'd just sold his car to. He couldn't believe how quickly Dean had asked him to join him. He'd thought he'd have to arrange to 'accidentally' run into him a few more times before the hunter even considered it and yet they were now a team. He shook his head over his own behaviour; he was acting like a kid! But he was getting to openly spend time with Dean, something he had wanted to do since Dean was a child. Sam had always clung to humanity in a way most of his kind didn't but he believed that was why he was still alive, well around.

To his knowledge he was the last and that saddened him but he honestly hadn't liked most of the others. Except Nickolas, he'd always been fun to be around and it had been horrible to hear of his death nearly two hundred years ago. Sam had withdrawn from society for a while



after that and had re-emerged to find the others gone. He didn't even know what had happened to them, it wasn't like they were easy to kill.

Having a companion again thrilled him, even if Dean didn't know who or what Sam truly was it didn't matter. He just hoped that if...when Dean learned the truth he didn't try to kill him. That would hurt though he supposed he wouldn't be able to blame Dean, after all as far as the mortal knew anything different was evil. He would just have to do whatever it took to prove him wrong.

TBC....

Dean watched Sam as the younger male slept in the Impala's passenger seat. They'd been hunting together for nearly a month now and Dean had to admit that he enjoyed it. Having someone around to talk to and fool around with was great. He still couldn't decide whether to mention the similarities between Sam and their Sammy to his Dad though he would tell him he'd picked up a hunting partner whenever the older man finally decided to call. Dean wasn't too worried about him, if there was one person who could take care of themselves it was John Winchester.

Dean reached into the back and pulled out a jacket, gently settling it over Sam so as not to wake him. Sam shifted slightly in his sleep, pulling the jacket closer to him and Dean smiled slightly at the action. Sam was so innocent, despite the way he had been orphaned twice and the fact that he hunted the things most people only saw in their worst nightmares. He felt bad about dragging Sam deeper into the hunting world but Sam needed someone to protect him, he had been far too fast to trust when they had met. What if Dean hadn't been who he said he was? And there were hunters out there who would have taken Sam under their wing only to use him as bait or worse. No...Sam was better off with him, at least for a while.

Sam smiled to himself as Dean put the jacket over him, careful not to give away the fact that he was awake. Dean tried so hard to be the hard, unfeeling hunter but it was actions like that that showed Sam who Dean really was. He would protect Dean from Azazel and anything else that came after him, no matter what it took.

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"I think I found a hunt in St. Louis. Looks like it could be some sort of shape shifter. Four women are dead and in every case the man responsible has denied it, one even had an alibi and yet a security camera shows him committing the murder. Another swears a person who could have been his twin was there and knocked him out." Sam told Dean as the older hunter finally arrived with dinner.

"Sounds good." Dean said, tossing Sam his share. "Seriously though, why don't you just order the cow? I swear that thing is going to get up and walk off. See, it moved!" Sam rolled his eyes at Dean's commentary on the rareness of his meat. While rather foul tasting at least it was blood even if it was almost cooked out. So what if he liked his meat a little...juicy. Not like Dean had a right to say anything with some of the things Samuel had seen him eat. "So we'll leave first thing in the morning." Dean finally told him, through a mouthful of half chewed burger. Something that would usually disgust him had Sam smothering a smile. Oh yeah, he was getting waaay to close to this particular human.

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Sam threw the shape shifter across the room, ignoring the fact that it was Dean's green eyes that were glaring hatefully at him. The creature rolled to its feet and faced him, knife held

loosely in its hand. Samuel spared a quick glance for the latest victim and terrified blue eyes met his for a second.

"You think he'd stay with you if he knew what you are?" The shifter mocked him in Dean's voice and Sam growled, his fangs extended for the first time in over a month for anything other than a quick snack.

Samuel ignored the little voice in the back of his head that said the shifter was right as he focused on taking it down. He didn't know where the real Dean was but he knew he was still alive, he'd be able to sense if he were dead after spending so much time with him. He just hoped Dean didn't walk in on him like this. It would be hard to mistake him for anything other than what he was with his extended canines and cat like pupils. And this was not the way he wanted Dean to find out.

Sam ignored the knife as it dug into his flesh, the damage would heal in seconds once the blade was removed. Instead he focused on squeezing the life out of the sick imposter, enjoying the look of shock on its face as it realised just who was stronger. Once it had passed out he delved into its mind and forced it to shift back, Dean's skin shedding from its body. Once that was done he summoned his gun to his hand and put a silver bullet through its heart before turning to the petrified girl.

"Shh, its okay I won't hurt you." He soothed as he removed her gag, his features once again human. As soon as the piece of cloth was gone she was sobbing hysterically, half screaming in fear and he didn't blame her. "Easy, just let me get you untied." Sam kept talking, trying to calm her.

"Wha...what?" She managed to sob out.

"It won't hurt you, it won't ever hurt anyone again." Sam finally had the last binding undone and she threw herself into his arms. Samuel forced himself to ignore the tantalising smell of fresh human blood and focused instead on trying to calm her down. He shoved her behind him as the door burst open and cops flooded the room.

"Freeze!"

"NO!" She screamed, still clinging to him. "He saved me." She sobbed and Sam pulled her close, smoothing down her hair.

"Get an ambulance." Sam ordered the nearest officer and he nodded slowly, lowering his gun. The body was checked and then the rest of the guns lowered.

"Sam!" Sam relaxed at the sound of Dean's voice, glad he had managed to get himself free. He smiled as Dean pushed past the police and into the room but the girl froze against him.

"The thing that attacked you wasn't him, it just made itself look like him. Dean would never hurt you, he'd protect you just like I did." Sam soothed too quietly for anyone but her to hear and was happy when she slowly relaxed. Last thing he needed was for her to get Dean arrested.

"Are you okay?" Dean demanded as he looked Sam over.

"A little battered but I'm fine. Ambulance is on the way for her. How about you?" Sam smiled as Dean slowly relaxed.

"Other than the lump on my head? Fine."

"You might want to get out of here. It looked like you before and if there's prints..."

"But if I'm here now there's no way to say I didn't leave them now." Dean argued and Sam reluctantly nodded. Not that he really wanted to let Dean out if his sight after what had just happened.

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"How'd you know it wasn't me?" Dean asked from his bed as they were settling in to sleep.

"It just...wasn't. Yeah it looked like you but there was something Deanish that was missing."

"Deanish?" Sam could hear his smirk.

"Jerk. At least the cops aren't after you or anything."

"Always a good thing. Good job fighting that thing off. We should spar sometime."

"Alright. Now can we sleep? Unlike you I didn't spend most of today taking a nap."

"Hey! I was unconscious, there's a difference."

"Whatever you say Dean." Sam smiled and rolled over, letting himself relax. Once Dean was in a deep sleep he slipped from the motel room to hunt.

Dean rolled over and opened his eyes automatically to check on Sam only to find the other bed empty. He sat up and flipped on the lamp, scanning the room. It was empty and the open bathroom door showed it was empty too. Frowning he got up and checked out the window, the Impala was in her place, not that he'd given Sam keys yet. It was one o'clock in the morning, where could the kid be? He slipped into his boots, grabbed his jacket and headed out to find him. Sam was an adult and it wasn't like Dean was his keeper or anything but...the niggling thought that maybe he was his brother was still in the back of his mind and that brought out all of his protective instincts.

Sam had been in a life or death fight only a few hours earlier so maybe he had gone to work out the left over tension? But that was something he'd do, not the geek who didn't even drink more than one beer. Although that was the only lead he had so Dean headed for the nearest bar. Hearing noises from the alley he poked his head around the corner and grinned, maybe Sam was more like him than he thought. Sam had his head buried in a young woman's throat and her moans said she was enjoying the attention a lot. Her hands were on Sam's fly and Dean went to pull back but Sam raised his head and Dean froze in horror.

Sam's lips were red with fresh blood before he licked them clean and went to lift the woman's skirt. Dean must have made some sort of noise because Sam's head turned and their eyes met. Cat like pupils instantly changed back to the human ones he was used to as Sam continued to stare at him. Dean forced his hand to move to his gun and Sam tensed, moving just enough that he was covering the girl. Dean pulled out the gun and Sam turned just enough to run a hand over her eyes, catching the girl as she went limp and gently laying her near the door. Sam stepped away from her and held his hands up as Dean moved so that he was aiming right at Sam's heart.

Samuel kept his hands up, staring straight at Dean. This was not how he had wanted Dean to find out about him. At least the girl was now safely out of the line of fire and it wouldn't take long for someone to find her there. It would be so easy to make Dean forget what he'd seen beyond a little necking in an alley but he never wanted to violate him like that. But was Dean ready for the truth?

"Dean please let me explain." Sam spoke softly, not wanting to startle Dean into shooting.

"What are you?" Dean demanded and Sam sighed.

"I'll tell you but not here, too much chance of someone walking by." Sam agreed. He watched Dean's grip on his gun shift a little.

"Why should I trust you?"

"Because I'm here to protect you." That earned Sam a snort of disbelief but he didn't let it get to him. "Please Dean; I'll answer any question you ask." Sam could see Dean was wavering and put all his feelings for Dean into his eyes. Dean finally took his finger off the trigger but didn't lower the gun.

"After you." Dean motioned for Sam to walk in front of him but then quickly checked the girl. Sam could see that he was surprised to find her alive and her vitals strong.

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Sam sat on his bed, hands folded in his lap, watching as Dean locked the door and made sure the curtains were tightly closed before sitting at the small table, gun still in hand.

"So start explaining."

"Where do you want me to start?" Sam asked, leaning back a bit on the bed to make himself as unthreatening as possible.

"What are you?"

"I am the last of the Vrykolakas."

TBC...

"I am the last of the Vrykolakas."

Dean stared at Sam as he rolled that term through his mind. It was an old word, not Latin or English though it sounded vaguely familiar. He went over what he'd seen and it hit him like a punch to the gut. "Vampire." Dean spat, searching for a knife with his eyes.

"Not the type you are thinking of. We are different to them in a lot of ways. Think about it Dean, you've seen me eat and I am not bothered even a little by sunlight. I've patched your wounds without trying to drink your blood, something the vampires you know would never be able to do." Sam explained, trying to get through to Dean. He snorted in disbelief.

"Why should I believe anything you say?" He spat bitterly and Samuel sighed tiredly.

"Have I ever given you reason not to trust me? I've watched over you since before you were born Dean. I was the one to give your parents a lift to the hospital after your father broke down. I was in the waiting room while Mary gave birth. I protected you when you were a child and helped you occasionally. I pulled back after your brother was born because I thought you had detected me. You picked the name Samuel for the baby so I watched from farther away. I knew Azazel was targeting your family but I made the mistake of leaving to hunt and not getting anyone to watch over you while I was gone. And your family paid the price for my mistake." Dean stared at him as Sam explained.

"So you're not..." Dean closed his eyes as his hopes were crushed. Though the thought of his baby brother being some creature had not been comforting at least he would have had him, if he could bring himself to let him live. But if Sam had been his Sammy, Dean doubted he'd have been able to kill him, no matter what he was.

"I'm not what Dean?" Sam asked gently, sensing Dean's distress.

"Not him." Dean answered softly, his gaze finally dropping from Sam's. Sam frowned and then realisation hit.

"You thought I was your brother." Sam breathed in shock. It made sense though and Sam's current id would have done nothing to dispel Dean's slim hopes. Sam swallowed and closed his eyes. "I'm sorry Dean but Samuel Winchester is dead. I tried to save him but he was already dead when I pulled him from the nursery. He is buried beside your mother." Sam told him gently, moving slowly close enough to lay a comforting hand over Dean's arm, ignoring the now loosely held gun. But his touch snapped Dean out of his grief and his grip tightened on the gun.

"Then who are you?" Dean demanded.

"Your friend. Azazel is a high ranking demon. Every few generations he chooses a group of children and gives them his blood. If he's interrupted that person dies, pinned to the ceiling above the baby."

"Mom." Dean said and Sam nodded.

"He marked your brother and Mary interrupted. I've never heard of the child dying in the fire before though. He wanted Sam but your father dragging you into hunting has kept his attention on your family. And now he wants you, I'm not sure what for since you aren't tainted. That's why I came back, to protect you. If he succeeds...it's the end for humanity and those of us who side with it. I have seen and thwarted his plans for centuries, as have others but this time things have changed. I will not let him have you Dean, I promise."

"You still haven't told me exactly what you are." But Dean's grip on the gun had loosened again as he stared down at the younger appearing man kneeling beside him.

"I am Vrykolakas. As you guessed the word translates to vampire. But I am nothing like the creatures we hunted that night." Sam gently took Dean's hand and placed it on his chest, letting the Hunter feel his heart beating and the warmth of his body. "I do drink blood, as you saw tonight, but not much and nowhere near as often as those others do. I took only a few mouthfuls from that girl tonight and as you saw she felt no pain, quite the opposite in fact. Exposure to my blood won't change you either. I was born this way, my mother was human but my father was Vrykolakas, another difference between our kinds."

Dean looked carefully at Sam, trying to judge his honesty. Soulful hazel eyes met his and he didn't know what to do.

"In over one thousand years I have never taken a human life Dean outside of war. I am sorry you found out like this, I did plan to tell you within the next few months. I wanted you to know me better first, to understand that just because I'm not human doesn't mean I'm evil. I had no say in what I am; this is how I was born." Dean put his gun on the table but didn't take his eyes from Sam.

"Alright. But I can't trust you. I will be watching you and when you go to...hunt I will go with you to watch."

"Agreed." Sam sat back on his heels, relieved that Dean was giving him a chance. While he could have simply gone back to watching him from the shadows he had grown to like Dean, a lot, and did not want to lose his companionship.

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Sam filled the clip with silver bullets, ignoring Dean's stare. Things had been awkward since his revelation though they worked together as well as they ever had while hunting. It was the time in the car and hotels when Dean would stare constantly that were hard. Dean rarely talked to him anymore unless it had to do with the creature of the week and it hurt but Sam could endure. He had to. He lost everyone he cared for to death eventually; he would not lose Dean any earlier than absolutely necessary.

The thought of changing Dean, of having someone always with him was tempting but not while things were as they were between them. And he didn't even know if it would work. Sure he knew the theory behind changing someone but he had never done it or even seen it

done. And if he messed up Dean would die. But there was a slightly more pressing need at the moment.

"Dean?" The human looked up from where he had been checking his knife. "I need to hunt." Sam said simply and Dean nodded.

"How?"

"Bars are best. I slip into the alley with either gender and it will be assumed we're having a quick bit of fun out back."

"Fine, there's a bar three blocks away." Dean sheathed his knife and grabbed his jacket, waiting for Sam to put the gun away and join him. Since it was a nice night they walked to the bar.

Dean watched from a table as Sam moved through the crowd, chatting with people. Watching him like that it was so hard to believe he wasn't human. But hadn't he said his mother was? So didn't that mean he was half-human? He just didn't know what to believe anymore. Dean wanted to go back to the previous week when he'd thought Sam was human, that he might even be his baby brother. Everything had been great then. Now...he couldn't stop watching Sam, waiting for him to prove what his father had always told him, that Supernatural meant evil. But Sam had never been anything other than patient and kind to him and those they'd helped. Did that mean John was wrong?

When Sam signalled him Dean followed out into the alley. Sam had a man up against the wall and they were kissing. That was...weird, but he guessed it was the easiest way to distract someone while biting them. He stayed in the shadows as the two men began to grind against each other and Sam began to kiss down his jaw and then his neck. Dean knew the moment Sam had bitten because he could see the movement of his throat as he swallowed. Sure enough he pulled back after a few mouthfuls and they continued kissing and touching. Sam didn't complain when the guy dropped to his knees and began unzipping Sam's jeans and Dean had to look away. He did not want to see some strange guy give Sam a blowjob which from the sound of it Sam was very much enjoying.

But what had Dean shifting away further was his own reaction to the sounds. He'd thought Sam was possibly his brother only a week ago, it was wrong! But obviously his body disagreed. Maybe he needed to find a girl to have his own fun time with?

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"Do things always...go so far?" Sam looked over at Dean as he spoke for the first time since they'd left the bar. He'd felt and smelt Dean's reaction to what had happened but he wouldn't say anything because he knew it had embarrassed Dean.

"Usually. The bite is rather arousing. With a permanent donor things will typically go a lot further." Sam explained casually.

"Oh. Permanent donor?" Dean slumped down on his bed.



"Someone who knows what I am and is willing to supply my needs. A permanent donor is always treated extremely well because they are a rare find. My last was around half a century ago. His name was Michael and he was nineteen when I found him nearly starved to death on the streets of London. Six months later he had become my donor and remained so until he was killed thirteen years later during World War Two and the bombing of London. We were set to leave town the very next day." Sam told him, closing his eyes as he remembered Michael.

"So you could just feed off me instead of hunting?" Sam's eyes snapped open at that and he stared at Dean.

"Yes, but I doubt you'd like the rest of what happens and I would never force you. That would make it a little too close to rape for my liking Dean." Dean winced but nodded and then grabbed his phone as it beeped.

"Dad sent coordinates."

TBC...

"The coordinates are for Rockford, Illinois. I checked the local Rockford paper. Take a look at this." Dean turned the computer towards Sam. "This cop, Walter Kelly, comes home from his shift, shoots his wife, puts the gun in his mouth, blows his brains out. And earlier that night, Kelly and his partner responded to a call at the Roosevelt Asylum."

"So....." Sam looked at him and Dean took out his father's journal. Sam had seen him reading it a lot, especially when they were working and he had to admit, John knew his stuff.

"Dad earmarked the same asylum in the journal." Dean flipped through the journal until he found a newspaper clipping about the asylum. "Here. Seven unconfirmed sightings, two deaths – 'til last week, at least. I think this is where he wants us to go."

"It's not too far, especially with the way you drive. I should hunt first though." Dean nodded and they left the room so that Sam could get some food.

Dean watched as Sam and a young woman got very friendly in the bar's alley. He hated seeing it and if he were truly honest with himself he'd admit that he did know Sam wasn't going to hurt anyone. But it was hard to get past twenty two years of training that said anything Supernatural was evil. Maybe he could let Sam hunt on his own soon since watching him make out with various people was a bit kinkier than his usual thing. Sam was so...sensual when hunting that it made him wonder how he'd ever thought the other male was human. The way he moved was more catlike than human. Then again he'd managed to trip over his own feet while on a case so maybe it was only when he was hungry? Sam was fairly willing to answer Dean's questions; he just had trouble knowing exactly what he should be asking.

Sam finally pulled away from the girl and she blew him a kiss before sauntering off, looking a little drunker than she had before but that was probably due to blood loss. Sam cleaned himself up and then turned to where Dean was hidden in the shadows. Sam always looked hesitant after feeding, like he was afraid Dean was going to turn him away. Dean wondered what Sam would do if he knew Dean couldn't do that.

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They walked into the pub and Dean indicated a man at the bar. Sam nodded and wandered off, staying near but not close enough to alarm the man. Dean took a seat at the bar and ordered a beer.

"You're Daniel Gunderson, right? You're a cop?" Dean asked and the man turned to him, annoyed.

"Yeah." Was the short answer given.

"Heh. I'm, uh, Nigel Tufnel, with The Chicago Tribune. You mind if I ask you a couple questions about your partner?" Dean told him, already half wondering if he should have let

Sam do this part.

"I do. I'm just tryin' to have a beer here." Daniel told him and Dean swore he could hear Sam laughing at him.

"It's okay, it won't take that long. I just wanna hear the story in your words." Dean tried.

"A week ago, my partner was sitting in that chair. Now he's dead. You gonna ambush me here?" Daniel demanded angrily and Dean could feel Sam moving closer.

"Sorry. But I need to know what happened." Dean said and forced himself not to tense as he felt Sam come up behind him.

"Hey, buddy, how 'bout leavin' the poor guy alone, huh?" Sam grabbed Dean and pushed him into a table. "The man's an officer. Why don't you show a little respect?" Sam growled out and Dean stared for a moment before leaving.

"You didn't have to do that." Daniel said and Sam smiled.

"Yeah, of course I did. That guy's a serious jerk. Let me buy you a beer, huh?" Sam turned to the bartender and ordered two.

"Thanks."

Dean was leaning against the Impala when Sam finally left the pub. Sam had half expected him to slip back inside to keep an eye on him but he hadn't. Then again...Sam had noticed a change in Dean's behaviour over the last week. It seemed like Sam was slowly winning Dean's trust back, something that made him incredibly happy. Conversations had become more like that had been before Dean had learnt the truth and Dean no longer watched his every move.

"You shoved me kind of hard in there, buddy boy." Dean called with a small smile.

"I had to sell it, didn't I? It's method acting." Sam answered with a grin.

"Huh?"

"Never mind." Sam answered, shaking his head.

"What'd you find out from Gunderson?" Dean asked as they got in the car.

"So, Walter Kelly was a good cop. Head of his class, even-keeled. He had a bright future ahead of him." Sam sat back as Dean started the car and pulled out of the lot.

"What about at home?"

"He and his wife had a few fights, like everybody, but it was mostly smooth sailing. They were even talking about having kids." Sam told him while relaxing into the seat.

"All right, so, either Kelly had some deep-seated crazy way to bust out, or somethin' else did it to him." Dean thought it out even as he pulled in to the spot in front of their room door.

"Right."

"What'd Gunderson tell you about the asylum?" Dean asked as he got out and Sam grinned.

"A lot."

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"So apparently, the cops chased the kids here — into the south wing." Sam told Dean as they moved further into the building. He was still chuckling slightly at the look on Dean's face when he'd simply lifted the mortal up and then easily leapt well above the level of the fence, landing gently on the other side. Needless to say Dean had not been impressed but it had felt good to let some of his abilities other than feeding show.

"The south wing, huh? Wait a second." Dean dug out the journal and flipped through it.

"In 1972, three kids broke into the south wing. Only one survived." The way he tells it, one of his friends went nuts and started lightin' up the place."

"So, whatever's goin' on, south wing seems like the heart of it."

"Yeah, but if kids are spelunking the asylum, why aren't there a ton more deaths?" They paused at the wing doors, staring at the chains.

"Looks like the doors are usually chained. Could have been chained up for years." Sam commented.

"Yeah, to keep people out — or to keep somethin' in?" Dean asked and Sam shrugged before pushing the door open easily. He then lifted a section of chain and snapped them without effort.

"Only to keep something of human strength in, those chains weren't very strong." Sam said as they moved into the south wing. They walked through the halls, Dean using an EMF and Sam simply opening all his senses. "You getting any readings?" Sam eventually asked since he wasn't sensing anything.

"Nope. Of course, it doesn't mean nobody's home." Dean answered and Sam nodded.

"Spirits can appear during certain hours of the day."

"And the freaks come out at night." Dean commented absently and Sam fought the urge to flinch.

"Yeah." Sam answered quietly. They walked into a room and Dean shuddered, Sam had seen worse. On several tables stand jars preserving body parts. Several other tools used in the asylum were scattered around the room.

"Man. Electroshock, lobotomies — they did some twisted stuff to these people. Kind of like my man, Jack in Cuckoo's Nest." Dean grinned wickedly and Sam rolled his eyes making Dean's smile fade. "So, what do you think? Ghosts are possessing people?"

"Maybe. Or maybe it's more like, uh, like Amityville or the Smurl haunting."

"Yeah, spirits drivin' 'em insane. Kind of like my man Jack in The Shining." Dean picked up a plaque and studied it before handing it to Sam. Chief of Staff. Sanford Ellicott, M.D. was etched onto the plaque and they exchanged a look. "Sanford Ellicott. You know what we've got to do? We've gotta find out more about the south wing, and see if somethin' happened here." They left the asylum after that.

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Dean couldn't believe he'd let Sam talk him into being the one to do this. He would much rather be anywhere but Creekview Medical Centre but Sam had just waved and smiled before walking away, traitor. Why did he have to be the one to see Dr. James Ellicott?

"Dean Winchester?" Dean stood nervously and nodded.

"That's me."

"Come on in." Dean followed the doctor into his office.

"Thanks again for seeing me at the last minute." Dean said as he sat down. On Ellicott's desk, he notices a picture of Ellicott as a child with another older man. A plaque on the wall read, Presented to Dr. James Ellicott for 15 Years of Service to the Rockford Chamber of Commerce. "Dr. Ellicott...Ellicott, that name — wasn't there a Dr. Sanford Ellicott? Yeah, he was a chief psychiatrist somewhere."

"My father was Chief of Staff at the old Roosevelt Asylum. How did you know?"

"Uh, well, I'm sort of a local history buff. Hey, wasn't there, uh, an incident or somethin' in the hospital, I guess, in the south wing, right?"

"We're on your dollar, Dean. We're here to talk about you."

"Oh, okay, yeah, yeah, sure." Dean answered, unsure what to say.

"So." Doctor Ellicott tried.

"So." Dean parroted back.

"How's things?"

"Uh...things are good, Doctor." Dean rubbed his hands against his jeans.

"Good. Whatcha been doing?"

"Uh...same old. I've just been on a road trip with my.. brother." Dean covered and then wanted to hit himself. Was he still thinking of Sam as if he were Sammy? That was not good, especially considering some of what he'd been feeling lately.

"Was that fun?"

"Loads. Uh...you know, we met a lot of...interesting people. Did a lot of, uh...a lot of interesting things. Uh...you know, what was it exactly that happened in the south wing? I forget—"

"Look, if you're a local history buff, then you know all about the Roosevelt riot."

"The riot? No, I know, I was just curious-" A riot? Why hadn't Sam found that in his research?

"Dean. Let's cut the bull, shall we? You're avoiding the subject."

"What subject?"

"You. Now, I'll make you a deal. I'll tell you all about the Roosevelt riot if you tell me something honest about yourself. Like, uh...this brother you're road-tripping with — how do you feel about him?" Dean stared at Ellicott and fought the urge to get up and run out of the office. He had to do this though.

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Sam was waiting for him when Dean finally left, eerily mirror the way things had been the other night at the pub.

"How'd it go?"

"Next time you deal with the creepy doctor. Learnt some stuff though."

"Like?" Sam got in the passenger side.

"And the south wing? That's where they housed the real hard cases — the psychotics, the criminally insane." Dean told him and Sam grimaced.

"Sounds cosy."

"Yeah, and one night in '64, they rioted — attacked staff, attacked each other." Dean continued.

"So, what, the patients took over the asylum?"

"Apparently."

"Any deaths?" Sam asked and Dean nodded.

"Some patients, some staff. I guess it was pretty gory. Some of the bodies were never even recovered, including our Chief of Staff, Ellicott."

"Wait, what do you mean, "never recovered"?"

"Cops scoured every inch of the place, but I guess the patients must have...stuffed the bodies somewhere hidden." Dean explained. "So, they transferred all the surviving patients and shut down the hospital for good."

"So basically we have a bunch of violent deaths and a lot of unrecovered bodies. Which could mean a bunch of angry spirits." Sam said and then groaned under his breath making Dean grin.

"Oh, good times. Let's check out the hospital tonight."

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"Getting readings?" Sam asked as the EMF went mad.

"Yeah, big time. You?"

"There's something...angry here. More than one. But they don't feel really violent at the moment." Sam answered.

"Let's hope they stay that way."

"If these unrecovered bodies are causing the haunting..."

"We've gotta find 'em and burn 'em. Just be careful, though. The only thing that makes me more nervous than a pissed-off spirit is the pissed-off spirit of a psycho killer." Dean finished and Sam nodded.

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"You get them out of here, I'll find room 137." Sam said and Dean shook his head. "Dean..." Sam let his eyes change briefly and Dean reluctantly agreed. Sam knew Dean didn't like it but Sam was the safest of them while wandering alone.

Sam eventually found the room and opened the door. Inside, furniture, papers, and other odds and ends were strewn everywhere. He eventually found a cabinet and pulled out a leather case full of papers. The more he read the more his frown deepened. He eventually shoved the papers back and took off, following Dean's scent back towards where they had stopped. He dodged back around the corner as the shotgun went off.

"It's me! Don't shoot!" Sam called and then walked into the hallway, hands raised.

"Sorry, Sorry." The girl Kat called. Sam ignored the smell of blood coming from their various scrapes as he looked around.

"Why are you still here? And where's Dean?"

"He went to the basement. You called him." Gavin said.

"I didn't call him." Sam was getting a very bad feeling.

"His cell phone rang. He said it was you."

"Basement, huh?" Gavin nodded. "All right. Watch yourselves." He grabbed a gun from the floor. "And watch out for me." Sam headed down to the basement, hoping he could find Dean before whatever had messed with his phone did. "Dean! Dean, you down here?" Sam turned to see Dean standing in front of him and nearly jumped. There was no way Dean could do that without Sam sensing him. "Dean! Answer me when I'm callin' you. You all right?" Sam frowned, something was wrong he just didn't know what it was.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Sam's frown deepened at Dean's answer.

"You know that wasn't me who called your cell, right?" Sam asked, trying not to give away that he knew something was off.

"Yeah, I know. I think somethin' lured me down here."

"I think I know who — Dr. Ellicott. That's what the spirits have been trying to tell us. You haven't seen him, have you?" Sam asked, becoming more on edge the longer they talked. There was definitely something in the basement with them.

"No. How do you know it was him?" And apparently it had its hooks in Dean because there was no way he'd usually talk like that under the circumstances.

"Because I found his log book. Apparently, he was experimenting on his patients — some awful stuff. It makes lobotomies look like a couple aspirin." Sam explained, looking around but keeping an eye on Dean.

"But it was the patients who rioted."

"Yeah, they were rioting against Dr. Ellicott. Dr. Feelgood was working on some sort of extreme rage therapy. He thought that if he could get his patients to vent their anger, then they'd be cured of it. Instead, it only made them worse and worse, and angrier and angrier. So I'm thinking, what if his spirit is doing the same thing? To the cop, to the kids in the seventies — making them so angry they become homicidal. Come on. We gotta find his bones and torch them."

"How? The police never found his body." Dean asked and Sam could almost see something in his eyes, Ellicott had definitely done something to him.

"The log book said he had some sort of hidden procedure room down here somewhere, where he'd work on his patients. So if I was a patient, I'd drag him down here, do a little work on him myself." Sam explained, acting as if he didn't know something was wrong.

"I don't know. It sounds kind of—"

"Crazy?" Sam asked with a grin.



"Yeah." Dean watched Sam look around for the room for a bit before speaking again. "I told you, I looked everywhere. I didn't find a hidden room."

"Well, that's why they call it hidden." Sam replied, trying not to snap at Dean, it wasn't his fault the good doctor got to him after all. "You hear that?"

"What?" Dean watched as Sam crouched and put his hand by the space between the wall and floor.

"There's a door here." Sam told Dean, bending further to examine it and not noticing Dean raising his shotgun.

"Sam." Sam turned to Dean and frowned as Dean's nose began to bleed. "Step back from the door." Sam stood up slowly, not wanting to set Dean off.

"Dean, put the gun down." Sam told him softly.

"Is that an order?" Dean growled out and Sam shook his head.

"No, just a friendly request." Sam answered evenly. Dean aimed the shotgun at Sam's chest. "I knew it. Ellicott did something' to you, didn't he?" Sam asked, wanting to keep Dean talking. Maybe if he gave him enough time Dean could fight it off himself.

"For once in your life, just shut your mouth."

"What are you going to do, Dean? The gun's filled with rock salt. Not gonna kill me. Wouldn't even kill you." Sam's eyes went wide as Dean fired and thanks to the shock the blast actually managed to knock him off his feet and through the wall.

"No. But it'll hurt like hell." Dean answered. Sam lay on his back staring up at Dean in shock, he'd actually shot him!

"Dean we've got to burn Ellicott's bones, and this'll all be over. You'll be back to normal." Sam tried, he really didn't want to have to fight Dean. Not that it would be much of a fight.

"I am normal. Unlike you I happen to be human and normal. Not some blood sucking leech. You enjoy doing it too. You get some freakish kick out of making people feel like that don't you! Well no more. I won't let you." Sam stared up at Dean, trying to hide the hurt. He really hoped it was Ellicott putting those words in Dean's mouth and Dean didn't really feel that way. "I hate feeling like this! So I'm going to put an end to it right now." Dean ground out and Sam's eyes went wide as he realised what Dean was saying. He needed Dean to snap out of it so he did the only thing he could think of.

"Well, then, here. Let me make it easier for you." Sam pulled a pistol out of his jacket and slowly handed it up to Dean. "Go on. Take it. Real bullets are gonna work a hell of a lot better than rock salt. Take it!" Dean slowly took it from him and dropped the shotgun to the floor before pointing the pistol right at Sam's heart. "You hate me that much? You think you could kill someone in cold blood? Then go ahead. Pull the trigger." Sam pushed and braced

himself as Dean did just that. He hissed as the bullet tore through skin, muscle and his heart before lodging in the floor beneath him. Sam let his eyes close and his body go limp.

Dean froze as he saw the lifeless body before him, red blood beginning to pool beneath it and the gun fell from suddenly limp fingers as he dropped to his knees. He crawled forward and then doubled over, throwing up as his hand landed in the growing puddle. He remembered everything that had happened, all the horrible things he'd said to Sam but he hadn't meant them. It was like something was putting words in his head and making him say them. He reached for the gun, wanting to end it and then screamed as cool fingers clamped his wrist in an iron grip. Dean fought as he was restrained, screaming and flailing around. He'd killed Sam, his best friend, he didn't deserve to live. He finally slumped, exhausted, and that's when the words began to filter in.

"It's okay Dean, I've got you. You don't need the gun." Dean's eyes went wide and he struggled to turn. The one holding him seemed to sense that and the grip loosened enough for him to move a bit. Dean turned and stared in hope at Sam's familiar features. Sam was the one holding him, Sam was alive. Though he was paler and colder than usually.

"Sam?" Dean hated that his voice was shaky but he had been mind raped by a ghost.

"Vampire remember? I hoped you'd snap out of it before you actually shot me. I'm sorry I let you think I was dead but I couldn't think of any other way to free you." Sam explained quietly and Dean pulled back far enough that he could study Sam. There was a ragged hole in his shirt but the skin beneath was smooth though covered in blood.

"Let's roast this bastard." Dean growled and Sam nodded, helping Dean up. Dean hesitated for a moment before accepting the shotgun Sam held out to him and then they began to search the room.

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Sam pulled his shirt off and studied his chest, smiling as he saw there was no evidence left of the wounds Dean had inflicted. His aching teeth and throat however were a problem that needed fixing fast. He hadn't been this hungry in years. Obviously the wounds plus whatever Ellicott had tried to do to him just before Dean had fried the bones had made his hunger worse. His vision blurred for a second and he grabbed the sink to keep from falling, freezing as he felt someone catch him.

"Sam!" He blinked and looked up at Dean in confusion. "You didn't answer me so I came in. Come on, let's get you to the bed." Dean threw one of Sam's arms over his shoulder and then put his own around Sam's waist. He managed to half carry, half drag Sam over to the bed and lowered the taller man onto it. "What's wrong?" Dean asked and Sam forced his gaze away from his throat.

"Blood." Sam whispered, trying to ignore Dean's scent.

"Shit. You need to feed? The gunshot, you lost a lot of blood. This is my fault." Sam caught Dean's sleeve and shook his head.

"Could of dodged." Sam slowly pushed himself upright. "Need to hunt." Dean pushed him back down.

"You can't walk unaided let alone hunt Sam. And we're not close to a hospital or blood bank." Dean looked around the room and then took off his over shirt, tossing it aside before stretching out beside Sam on the bed. "You're going to have to feed off me Sam." Sam shook his head even though his gaze was locked on Dean's carotid artery and Dean smiled. "My fault so I'm going to fix it. It's okay Sam, I trust you. What I said back there, it wasn't me. You're my friend and I won't let you suffer like this. And can we just get this over with before we turn into girls?" Dean grumbled the last and Sam managed to force his gaze up to Dean's face for a second. Seeing the sincerity in his eyes Sam nodded.

Sam rolled closer and Dean fought the urge to tense up as Sam pulled him so that their bodies were touching. He gasped as Sam began nuzzling and then licking his neck. Dean slowly relaxed as Sam worked and he barely felt it when Sam finally bit him. The pull of blood was actually arousing as was the sucking motion and Dean was pretty sure he was blushing. That didn't stop him from wrapping an arm around Sam's waist though and shifting a little so that his head rested against Sam's shoulder. Dean didn't even try to push Sam away as he began to feel light headed, he trusted Sam to know when to stop. The last thing he saw before darkness claimed him was the look of horror on Sam's face and his own blood wetting Sam's lips.

TBC...

Samuel stared at Dean's unconscious form in horror for several seconds before he was able to force himself to move. He gently laid Dean back against the pillows after sealing the wound and then examined him closely. He growled as he realised exactly how much blood he'd taken and Dean's earlier words came back to haunt him, they were too far from a hospital or blood bank. Dean needed blood quickly but there was none available...Sam licked the remaining blood from his lips and then raised his wrist to his mouth. He bit quickly, ignoring the pain and then placed the bleeding limb against Dean's lips. He forced the blood into Dean's mouth and then massaged his throat to make him swallow. He didn't know if it would work but he didn't really have any other choice. He kept going until the wound had healed and then gathered Dean up and left the room. After securing Dean in the Impala he took off for the nearest hospital, praying his blood would keep Dean alive long enough for them to get there.

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Dean fought to open too heavy eyelids and then shut them as he was blinded by the white ceiling of what had to be a hospital. He could feel the IV in his arm and the oxygen being blown up his nose. But what had happened? He tried to move only to have his head swim and he groaned out loud. Familiar hands were on him in a second, smoothing his pillow and making sure he was alright.

"S'm." He tried to talk but his tongue felt three times too big and his throat was parched.

"Shh. Don't try to talk Dean. Here, I've got some ice chips for you, should help your throat." Dean felt Sam gently prop him up a bit before blessed relief slid into his mouth. He greedily swallowed the moisture the chips produced as they melted and sighed as the pain dulled.

"Happen'd?" He croaked out, finally managing to open his eyes fully. He blinked, Sam looked like hell. He'd never seen the vampire look so bad and so...sad?

"I'm sorry Dean. I don't know how much you remember. After the asylum, I lost too much blood and was hungry but I couldn't even walk on my own. So you offered but...I haven't felt such hunger in centuries. When I snapped out of it you had passed out. I think I broke every road law there is to get you here. They gave you two transfusions four days ago. You've been unconscious since. Oh and your id says Dean Michaels, thought it was safer to use since I didn't know what your insurance is like." Sam explained without once making eye contact. Dean forced his hand to move and weakly clasped Sam's wrist, finally making him look up.

"You 'kay?" He asked and Sam laughed.

"I nearly killed you and you're asking me if I'm okay?" Sam half choked on that and Dean tried to pull him closer but Sam resisted. "I just stayed to make sure you're okay. Insurance is good to cover your care until you're released and there's a credit card in that name that's good for half a million. I'll let the doctor know you're awake and then leave. All your things are in

the Impala." Sam told him and turned to leave, gently removing Dean's hand from around his wrist.

"No!" The hoarse shout had Dean coughing, gasping for air and Sam pulled him up to make it easier for him before handing him the ice chips. "You can't leave." Dean demanded once he had his voice back.

"Dean."

"No. It wasn't your fault Sam." Dean paused to suck on some more ice and think his argument through, not an easy thing with the medications in his system. "I trust you Sam, more than anyone outside my Dad and I hardly ever see him. What I said at the asylum, it wasn't me. Ellicott was putting those words in my mouth and making me say them. You were hurt and starving, I don't blame you for taking so much. I trusted you to stop and you did. You leave and I will hunt your ass down and drag you back, got it?" Sam stared at him in shock for a while before slowly nodding. "Good. Now how long till I can get out of here?" That at least got a faint smile.

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Dean felt like growling in frustration. He'd been out of hospital for nearly a week and Sam was still treating him like he was made of glass. It was enough to drive anyone insane and Dean was this close to snapping. And there was something odd going on too, he hadn't noticed it at first because he'd been so groggy but once he had started feeling better he'd noticed that he knew where Sam was all the time and it was beginning to freak him out a little. Like right at that instant? Sam was in reception turning their keys in since they were leaving town.

"Ready to go?" Sam asked as he entered the room but Dean stayed sitting.

"We need to talk." Sam nodded and sat opposite him. "Did anything else happen when you know?"

"Why?" Samuel shifted slightly.

"Because ever since then I know exactly where you are all the time and it's driving me nuts!" Sam stared at Dean in shock and Dean groaned in frustration.

"You can sense me?"

"If you want to call it that. So?"

"I...you'd lost a lot of blood Dean and like you told me, there weren't any handy hospitals or blood banks nearby." Sam admitted softly.

"So how'd I survive?"

"My blood." Dean froze at the answer.

"What?"

"It was a rumour I heard years ago, that our blood could be used to help humans heal. So I took a chance. I didn't know what else to do Dean! You were dying because you trusted me so I fed you my blood."

"You fed me blood, as in...I drank it?" Dean felt ill as Sam nodded.

"I swear I didn't know it could do this. And blood contact won't turn you so I thought it was safe." Dean stared at Sam and knew he was telling the truth. He'd drunk Sam's blood? That was a gross thought despite the fact that he'd let Sam do that to him. For Sam it was natural, but blood was not part of Dean's diet!

"Well...I guess this evens things out on hunts. You can always, smell, hear me and now io can sense you." Dean shrugged.

"So you're not mad?" Sam asked nervously and Dean shook his head.

"Sure the thought of drinking blood's a bit gross but it's not like I was awake at the time and you did save my life. Just try not to do it again?" Sam smiled and nodded.

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"I need to hunt." Dean pushed the newspaper article he'd been reading aside and nodded but didn't go to get up making Sam look at him in confusion.

"Like I've been trying to cram into that shaggy head of yours, I trust you. I don't need to go with you, I know you won't hurt anyone. If you want my company though I'll go, but I don't need to watch you hunt." Dean explained and grinned at the emergence of a small smile Sam couldn't quite hide.

"Thanks. There's a bar nearby with a pretty good pool table..." Sam trailed off and Dean grabbed his jacket.

"Sounds good, I could do with some cash." Dean let Sam lead the way, happy that Sam seemed to finally be getting the fact that Dean trusted him.

TBC...

Dean flung open the door to their room only to freeze and reach for his gun.

"Hello Dean." Dean grinned and walked into the room.

"Dad! Why didn't you tell me you were around? Is everything okay?" Dean studied his father carefully but couldn't see any injuries. John just laughed and pulled him into a quick hug.

"So this your new partner?" Dean turned to see Sam hovering in the doorway and nodded.

"Sam Michaels, this is John Winchester. Dad this is Sam. He helped me out with those vampires in Boston, saved my life actually." Dean explained all the while praying that John wouldn't pick up that Sam wasn't human.

"It's nice to meet you sir." Sam greeted with an embarrassed flush and Dean almost laughed. The enthusiastic new hunter was back. He'd gotten so used to Sam being the older and wiser of them that it was kind of weird but necessary if they were going to have a chance in fooling John.

"Sounds like I owe you Dean's life. Nice to see him with actual friends for once." John held out his hand and Sam shook it.

"I'll just go do something, let you talk." Sam moved back towards the door.

"Sam..."

"Its fine Dean, you catch up with your Dad. I'll head over to the library, do some research." With that Sam was gone.

"Seems like a good kid."

"Yeah, he is. Good in a fight and a genius at research." Dean told him and John nodded and then stared hard at Dean.

"So what is he?" Dean felt his heart skip a beat at the question.

"Human. Dad what's going on?" Dean fought down any nervous reactions to the way his Dad was acting. He would not reveal what Sam was, not even to his Dad, without Sam's permission.

"Why were you in hospital last month?" John insisted.

"Hunt gone wrong, that stupid asylum. Lost a bit too much blood. I'm fine now, thanks for asking." Dean answered, unable to hide his annoyance. He fought the urge to struggle as his Dad yanked his jacket collar away from his throat and was very thankful that Sam's bite hadn't scared. "Damn it Dad, what's gotten into you? Cristo." Luckily John didn't react which was one good thing out of a lot that were going wrong.

"I thought..." John let out a shuddering breath and sat on Dean's bed. Dean moved closer and sat next to him.

"Dad? Seriously, you're freaking me out here."

"I'm sorry. It's just...I thought I'd lost you." Dean frowned at John's explanation, confused. "There was this demon in California. The things it said, I know better than most that demons lie but..."

"What did it say to have you acting so...freaked?" Dean asked, his whole posture softening as he realised just how scared his Dad had been.

"That you were with some weird vampire, that it had killed you. Crazy I know. I'm sorry Dean." Dean blinked; a demon knew about Sam and had told his Dad? That was not good.

"It's okay, you were worried about me. And as you just did a very good job of manhandling me you know I'm not dead. Sam's a good kid Dad, a demon got his foster parents and he turned to hunting when he found out. Got to admit having a partner with access to money is nice, we've stayed at the Hilton a couple of times after bad hunts. He's still learning but he's got good instincts." Dean babbled, just relieved that John had dropped the vampire thing.

"Dean...do you maybe, well the last time I heard you talk like that was Cassie." John shifted uncomfortably and Dean's jaw dropped.

"What? Dad, I..." Dean trailed off, too shocked to form coherent thoughts let alone words.

"It's okay son. If that's what you want it's fine." John rushed to assure his son.

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"Everything alright?" Dean looked away from his Dad's retreating taillights to stare at his friend.

"Other than a demon telling Dad I was with a 'weird' vampire that had killed me?" Dean asked and Sam winced.

"I've been so careful, guess I wasn't careful enough. What did you tell him?"

"That I was in hospital due to a hunt gone wrong, I'm fine now and I gave him your cover story. He believed me after giving me a check over."

"Good, that's good."

"Are you okay?" Dean looked at Sam closely and the older male shifted slightly.

"I wasn't lying when I said I've heard of you two's hunting reputation. The odds of your Dad knowing how to kill me are slim but I'd still rather not chance it." Sam admitted and Dean started to laugh.

"What?"



"You're scared of my Dad!"

"No, I just have a healthy wariness for his skills as a hunter."

"Right."

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"Sam get them out of here!" Dean yelled, pushing the kids towards Sam who grabbed them and turned towards the stairs. But he hesitated in leaving.

"Take this." Sam tossed Dean his taser but then hesitated.

"Go!" Sam took one last look and then bolted up the stairs with the children safely in his arms. "Come on." He pointed his flashlight in a corner of the room and saw a creature resembling a werewolf. The creature pushed him into a corner and Dean fell into a puddle of water. Seeing the creature getting closer Dean grabbed the taser and shot it, electrocuting the monster and sending one hundred thousand volts through the water they were both in. The creature fell to the ground, dead, while Dean's body flailed around in the water before going still. Not even a second later Sam dropped to the ground in front of Dean, having skipped the stairs in his hurry.

"Dean!" He knelt quickly at Dean's side and gently lifted him from the water, ignoring the residual current. "Dean, come on. Wake up Dean." Not bothering to wait for an ambulance Sam took off for the nearest hospital.

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Sir, I'm so sorry to ask. There doesn't seem to be any insurance on file." The nurse told a distracted Sam.

"Right. Uh, ok." Sam took a card out of his wallet and handed it over.

"Okay, Mr. Michaels." Sam walked over to two police men.

"Look, we can finish this up later." One of the officers offered.

"No, no, it's okay. We were just taking a shortcut through the neighbourhood. The windows were rolled down, we heard some screaming. We drove past the house, and we stopped. Ran in."

"And you found the kids in the basement?"

"Yeah." Sam answered.

"Well, thank God you did." But Sam wasn't paying any attention since he'd seen a doctor approaching.

"Excuse me." Sam said to the officers who nodded.

"Sure. Thanks for your help." Sam walked over to the doctor.

"Hey, Doc. Is he—"

"He's resting."

"And?" Sam fought not to let his fangs show in frustration.

"The electrocution triggered a heart attack. Pretty massive, I'm afraid. His heart—it's damaged."

"How damaged?" Sam fought not to snarl.

"We've done all we can. We can try and keep him comfortable at this point. But, I'd give him a couple weeks, at most, maybe a month."

"No, no. There's—there's gotta be something you can do, some kind of treatment." Sam pleaded.

"We can't work miracles. I really am sorry." Sam nodded, tears in his eyes, and walked away.

He walked into Dean's room to find him watching TV and looking like death warmed up. He was pale with dark circles under his eyes. Sam moved over to stand by his bed.

"Have you ever actually watched daytime TV? It's terrible." Dean joked weakly and Sam sighed.

"I talked to your doctor."

"That fabric softener teddy bear. Oh, I'm gonna hunt that little bitch down." Dean pointed at the ad and Sam growled.

"Dean." Dean looked up at him.

"Yeah." He turned the TV off. "Alright, well, looks like you're gonna leave town without me."

"What are you talking about? I'm not gonna leave you here." Sam told him.

"Hey, you better take care of that car. Or, I swear, I'll haunt your ass." Dean answered and Sam's eyes changed in agitation.

"I don't think that's funny."

"Oh, come on, it's a little funny." They are both silent for a few seconds. "Look, Sammy, what can I say, man, it's a dangerous gig. I drew the short straw. That's it, end of story." Sam was frozen for a second, Sammy? For some reason the nickname didn't sound all that bad coming from Dean.

"Don't talk like that, alright? We still have options." Sam insisted.

"What options? Yeah, burial or cremation. And I know it's not easy. But I'm gonna die. And you can't stop it."

"Watch me."

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Sam stared at his phone for a while before making the call he'd been dreading.

"Mr. Winchester? This is Sam Michaels, I'm calling about Dean. He's in the hospital, got hurt on a hunt, and the doctors...they said he's got a few weeks, maybe a month. But they don't know what we know. I'll find a way to save him for you, I promise." With that Sam hung up, glad the mortal hadn't answered. He honestly didn't know any way to save Dean, except for one. But would Dean accept it? He jumped up as a knock sounded on the door. "Dean? Why aren't you in the hospital?" Sam chided as he pulled Dean inside and then simply picked him up and carried him over to the bed, piling the blankets on since he knew Dean was having trouble staying warm.

"I checked myself out."

"What, are you crazy?" Sam growled out.

"Well, I'm not gonna die in a hospital where the nurses aren't even hot." Dean shrugged and Sam laughed.

"You know, this whole I-laugh-in-the-face-of-death thing? It's crap. I can see right through it." Sam pointed out.

"Yeah, whatever, dude. Have you even slept? You look worse than me.

"I've been scouring the Internet for the last three days. Guess I haven't been eating. Calling every contact in your Dad's journal."

"For what?"

"For a way to save you." Sam told him, sitting down himself.

"And?"

"Nothing definite. Got word on a faith healer in Nebraska but I doubt it'll work."

"So I'm going to die."

"There is one way." Sam finally admitted in a near whisper.

"Oh? And you haven't trotted out this miracle cure before because....?" Dean trailed off because when Sam had looked up his fangs were visible. "You mean?" Dean couldn't finish his question.

"I could change you." Sam whispered, looking away.

"Why?" Dean forced out and Sam shot him a quizzical look.

"Why what?"

"Why me? All the people we've saved and haven't been able to save, you've never offered it to them."

"Because you're my friend and I care about you, a lot." Sam finally made eye contact again. "I told you Dean, I've looked over you in some fashion all your life. I can't watch you die, don't ask me to."

"But you're asking me to let you kill me! To make me...not human!"

"You've felt my pulse Dean. Yes there will be differences and yes, you will need blood. But you'll still be Dean Winchester, I promise." Sam knew he was almost begging but he didn't want to lose Dean. He watched as the hunter frowned in thought.

"I'll think about it, okay? That's the most I can give." Sam nodded, knowing Dean was telling the truth.

"So tell me about this faith healer? Better make sure he's the real deal or completely powerless."

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"It's not your fault." Dean wheezed and Sam was at his side, helping him sit up against the pillows.

"I'm sorry Dean, if only he'd picked you."

"Then I'd have to live with the guilt of knowing someone died for me. No thanks. You have to stop him." Dean stopped talking, breathless after three short sentences. Sam sat beside him, gently smoothing the blankets that weren't really helping him stay warm. "He...needs...." Dean coughed and Sam supported him through it.

"Save your strength Dean. I'll stop him but I need to look after you first." Sam got up and went to the small kitchenette to get Dean some soup.

"Would it hurt?" Dean whispered and Sam turned to him.

"Would what hurt?" Sam asked, carrying the soup over.

"You...changing me." Sam nearly dropped the mug in shock. Neither of them had brought it up since Sam had offered four days ago, did that mean Dean was really considering it?

"I think so, at least at first. I've never actually done it before or even seen it done but I know how."

"How?" Dean took the mug but wouldn't look at him.

"Well I'd bite you but it wouldn't be like when you gave me blood. I'd be injecting a sort of...venom I guess you could call it, kind of like a snake. It would prepare your body for the change. A few days later I'd give you a second bite which is where things would probably start to get painful, though the first bite itself would hurt. The second bite initiates the change and it lasts for a few days. It hurts so much because your body will die but then start up again to a certain extent. A person can get the first bite and go years before the second or even never get it at all. But you'd need both, the preparation won't heal your heart." Sam explained and Dean nodded.

"And after?"

"You'd fall asleep for a while and when you woke up it would be over and I'd have some bags ready. It takes a while to adjust to the need for blood and learn how to hunt without killing but I'd be there the whole time, I wouldn't let you hurt anyone. After that you'd go on with your life, keep hunting if that's what you want. Though I'd be careful around your Dad, he might realise something's different." Sam fell silent and Dean finished his soup. Sam washed out the cup and then helped Dean over to the bathroom. Once he was settled back in bed Sam grabbed the supplies he thought he'd need. "You'll be okay till I get back?"

"Go, stop the evil preacher and his Reaper. Still be here when you get back." Dean gave Sam a shaky smile and he nodded.

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Sam opened the door and then ran to Dean's side. The hunter was as white as the sheets he was lying on and was obviously having trouble breathing. Sam could hear his heart as it struggled to beat.

"Dean? Dean come on wake up please." Sam called, gently patting Dean's face, trying to rouse him but it didn't work. Sam looked down and saw a scrap of paper in one of Dean's hands, pulling it free he stared in shock. In Dean's very shaky handwriting was two words, do it. Sam smiled and got on the bed, pulling Dean into his arms. "Thank you."

Sam closed his eyes and began to lick at Dean's neck all the while focusing on the first bite to get the venom flowing. When he felt ready he let his fangs gently pierce the skin, going as deep into the vein as he could before injecting it. Dean let out a small, pained moan but didn't wake. Sam waited until there was no more venom to inject and then gently pulled out, licking the wound closed. He made himself comfortable on the bed and held Dean close, waiting until it would be time for the second bite. He only hoped Dean's heart could hold out long enough but the first bite should help it to. Sam let himself drift off but kept his senses tuned to Dean's body just to be safe.

Sam roused himself from the trance like state he'd been in to find pain filled green eyes staring up at him. He smiled at Dean and pulled him closer.

"It's okay Dean, I got your note. I gave you the first bite two days ago and it looks like you're ready for the next. You sure about this? I have to know you really want this." Sam explained softly and Dean nodded weakly.

"Want it." Dean's voice was barely audible but Sam still heard him.

"Okay. I'm sorry Dean but this one is going to hurt. Just try to breathe through it and think of something else." Dean nodded again and Sam shifted Dean so that he had easy access to his neck. He once again sucked at the skin before biting as gently as he could. He knew the moment the venom hit Dean's bloodstream because he went rigid in Sam's arms. All Sam could do was finish the bite and then hold him, talking softly even though he didn't know if Dean could hear him. He didn't move from the bed as Dean writhed in his arms from the pain but didn't do more than whimper. Sam had heard that most people cried out at least once, if they didn't spend most of the time screaming but it didn't surprise him, Dean hadn't anyone knowing he was in pain.

Sam finally left the room two days later when Dean went still in death. He had a few hours until Dean's heart would start to beat again and he needed to get supplies for when Dean woke.

TBC....

Dean felt the blackness recede slowly from him and with it came pain. His whole body hurt and he felt incredibly weak. But the most pressing feeling was hunger, more intense than anything he'd ever felt. So when something was pressed to his lips he swallowed the thick liquid greedily. He managed to force his eyes open slightly only to moan in pain as it made the pain in his head spike.

"Shh, relax Dean. You're okay, rest now." A soothing voice called and Dean found himself drifting back into the blackness.

Sam put the mug of blood aside as Dean drifted back into sleep. It was a good sign that he was starting to wake up and he had taken the blood willingly enough. He had a feeling that would change once Dean was feeling more himself. Hopefully Dean would accept his help and teachings; he didn't want to have to try to compel him to. This was one of the times he wished his Dad was still alive or even Nick. He really had no idea how to train a newbie.

Sam jumped as his cell phone rang and he paled when he saw the caller. John really knew how to time his calls.

"Hello?"

"My son." John asked and only Sam's enhanced hearing picked up the tremor in his voice.

"There was a faith healer, we made it in time. And then when we found out what was going on I had to stop the healer's wife."

"So Dean is healed?"

"His heart's fine now." Sam answered and he heard John's sigh of relief.

"Is he there?" Sam managed what he hoped sounded like a natural chuckle before he answered.

"You know Dean, what do you think he's doing to celebrate?" John laughed in relief.

"Right, don't let him know I called, it's not safe." With that the call ended and Sam fell back onto the bed. That went well.

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Dean groaned and opened his eyes only to squeeze them shut again in pain.

"Dean? Are you awake?" He groaned at Sam's voice but slowly opened his eyes again, blinking until Sam came into focus.

"Sam?" Dean croaked and Sam held a mug to his lips. Dean drank only to choke on the thick red liquid. "What the hell?" He tried to get it off his lips only to find himself licking it off and

enjoying the taste.

"You need to drink Dean; it will help you feel better." Sam coaxed, holding the mug up again.

"Blood? Sam what happened?" Dean coughed and tried to sit up but was too weak to do so. Sam put the mug aside and helped him upright, putting pillows behind him so he'd be comfortable.

"What do you remember?" Sam asked and Dean frowned in thought.

"I remember frying the rawhead. And the hospital. Nebraska?"

"There was a faith healer, turns out his wife had bound a Reaper and that's how he was healing people." Sam explained softly before taking a deep breath. "You were pretty sick by then. We'd talked before about the option of me changing you to save you and you agreed to think about. When...when I got back from dealing with the Reaper you were whiter than the sheets and couldn't breathe. I found a note in your hand, it said do it. So I bit you. You woke up for the second bite and said that you definitely wanted it. It's been eight days since I found you that night." Sam explained. Dean frowned in thought.

"So I'm not human anymore?" he asked roughly and Sam nodded.

"You're Vrykolakas now Dean, like me. That's why you need to drink this. While you can still eat normal food your body will crave blood. And if you don't give it what it needs, that's when you can lose control and hurt someone. I can teach you how to use your new abilities but you have to let me. I'd never do anything to put you at risk, you know that." Sam told him and Dean looked down before nodding slowly and letting Sam put the mug to his lips.

Dean opened his mouth and then closed his eyes so he wouldn't have to see what he was doing. As the viscous liquid flowed into his mouth Dean could feel his fangs lengthening for the first time and it felt natural but weird. He drank thirstily, feeling his strength increase as the blood hit his system. It was odd not needing to come up for air but rather handy since he doubted he could stop drinking until it was all gone. Dean licked his lips when Sam took the empty mug away.

"Feel better?" Sam asked and Dean nodded. "Doesn't taste as bad as you feared does it?" Sam teased and Dean found himself smiling slightly.

"Um, where did it come from?" Dean asked, wincing as his fang pierced his lip.

"You need to will them away Dean, just focus on the fangs going away." Dean did as Sam said and he felt the fangs recede, much to his relief. "As for the blood, it was old blood from the blood bank. Unusable to them but good for us." Sam explained and Dean nodded.

"I still feel tired." Dean told him and Sam nodded.

"You've been drifting in and out for the last few days, it's normal. You need sleep to adjust to the change. I'll be here when you wake up." Sam helped him lay down again and Dean was



instantly asleep. It was odd to see Dean so still in sleep, he was used to him moving around and sleeping mostly on his stomach.

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Dean had been in and out of sleep for the last week but was finally managing to stay awake so Sam decided it was time to start his training. He hadn't told Dean about his father's call and had no plans to, they longer they were kept apart the better. There was no way John would think his son was still human if he saw him now. Dean had trouble keeping his fangs out of sight and his eyes changed at the drop of a hat. He had to get that under control before Sam could even think about teaching him how to hunt. In the meantime he needed to relearn his body's capabilities and limits. So sparing it was.

As a human Dean had been a great brawler but with the strength and speed of a Vrykolakas backing him he was incredible. Nowhere near Sam's level yet but in a couple of centuries it would be a closer match.

Dean snarled as Sam threw him to the ground again. Sam watched as his fangs lengthened and his eyes changed before Dean lunged recklessly. Sam easily caught him and pinned him to the wall. Dean struggled wildly, hissing and snarling and Sam tightened his grip, lunging in to rest his teeth against Dean's vulnerable throat. Dean stilled instantly at the scrape of teeth and then went limp in defeat. Once sure he wasn't faking Sam pulled back and Dean slid to the floor, head down. Sam sighed and sat beside him.

"It's instinct Dean. You'll learn to control those in time but until you do you're stuck here." Sam told him. Here was an old manor house in the middle of nowhere. Not for Dean's safety but for those he might accidentally attack.

"I just can't do it!" Dean growled and Sam sighed.

"You can, I know you can Dean. You have to believe you can do it." Dean snorted in disbelief. Sam turned and made Dean face him. "How many times have you pulled off the impossible? Compared to some of what you've done on hunts...you will get it." Sam held his wrist tightly, trying to get through to him and Dean looked down again but nodded. "Come on, you need to feed." Sam helped him up and they headed inside to eat, well drink.

Dean took the mug and drank the blood without complaint, licking his lips clean when he was done and Sam found himself staring at that tongue before looking away quickly. It was bad enough he'd had strong feelings for Dean before changing him but now with that bond between them? It seriously sucked and not in a good way. He was just thankful the bond wasn't really two way or he'd be in trouble. Dean was a ladies man, finding out Sam liked him? He couldn't risk Dean running when he was so young and so he'd keep his feelings hidden. It was all he could do.

TBC...

John stared at the small photo he kept in his wallet. In it he was holding Dean with one arm around Mary's shoulders. Cradled in her arms was a baby Sam. Their darling baby that never really got the chance to live. It was why he tracked the demon so relentlessly, not just for his beloved Mary but for a tiny life cut short. He remembered the dark hair and hazel eyes that stared at him in wonder. Sam had been a quiet, attentive baby unlike his loud brother. If only he had managed to grab little Sammy but the flames had been too hot. There were times he could swear he'd seen another figure in the flames reaching for the cradle but that was impossible. He knew the demon didn't have Sam and who else could have been there? And yet....his mind turned to Dean's hunting partner. A young orphan who shared his sons name and his eyes. Could it even be remotely possible that someone had pulled Sam from the flames that night? Maybe it was time to go see Dean again. Just to be certain.

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Sam kept a loose grip on Dean's arm as he led the younger man into the bar. His control had improved to the point where Sam had decided it was time to teach him how to hunt. Even as a mortal Dean had had no trouble attracting potential partners so that part would be easy, it was the feeding that had him worried. But he couldn't lock Dean away from the world forever.

"See anyone you like?" He breathed into the shorter man's ear and smiled as Dean shivered. Thankfully the low lighting would help hide it if Dean's eyes changed while inside. Soon enough Dean found a young, half-drunk woman and steered her outside, Sam hovering close but unseen by her. She was giggling as she pulled Dean into a kiss and Sam felt a sharp spike of jealousy before he pushed it aside and moved closer.

"Take it slow Dean, enjoy your meal. Let her have fun too in payment. Feel her heartbeat quicken as you kiss her, slowly make your way down her throat nearly to her shoulder. Find the vein, like and suck at the skin to ready it." Sam whispered in Dean's ear, gently guiding him in what to do and was pleased when Dean followed his instructions immediately. "Be very gentle when you bite, not too much pressure, just enough to get the blood flowing. Take a few deep swallows and then carefully pull back. Lick the wound closed and then will your fangs to recede, don't want to scare her when you kiss her again." When he was sure Dean wouldn't bite again he melted into the shadows to wait. He was a bit surprised when Dean stopped her from undoing his belt, instead his hand vanished up her skirt for a few minutes before he retreated and hid beside Sam. A few minutes to straighten herself up and she was gone. He smiled as Dean looked at him nervously. "Brilliant Dean." Dean smiled and Sam realised he'd been scared he'd done something wrong.

"Home?" Dean asked and Sam nodded, letting Dean lead. It was a surprise to hear Dean call the manor home but they had been there for nearly six months now. Sam had left Dean a few times to lay a false trail so that John wouldn't worry too much but other than that it had just been the two of them in the middle of nowhere. And it had done nothing to diminish what he felt for Dean.

Sam frowned as he noticed Dean seemed nervous as he pulled the Impala around the back of the manor so it wasn't noticeable from the road. They got out of the car and headed inside without talking; automatically going upstairs to the room they shared. He watched as Dean stripped off for bed before doing the same and crawling in on his side. The old place had plenty of bedrooms but they shared, partly out of habit from hotels on the road and partly so Sam could keep Dean close enough he'd know if the younger vampire needed anything. Sam could admit to himself that he simply liked having Dean so close, especially in the same bed.

Sam couldn't help smiling when Dean slowly crept closer to him in the large bed. He rolled to his side and extended his arm flat on the bed. Dean flushed slightly in embarrassment but then moved so he was lying on Sam's arm, letting Sam hold him close. Sam held on tightly but not tight enough to make Dean feel trapped, Dean still struggled with his instincts if he felt trapped. To his surprise Dean moved even closer, until there was no space between their bodies, almost clinging to him. He'd expected a few different reactions to his first hunt but this had not been one of them. And then he felt the warm liquid soak into his thin t-shirt and his heart broke.

This was his fault, he should have let Dean die human but he'd been selfish when he'd all but begged Dean to let him change him. He hadn't been willing to let Dean go where he couldn't follow and protect him. And now Dean was finally grieving for what he'd lost. Yes Dean was still alive to a certain point but he was also immortal, doomed to never change, never age. Sam still had a few years of aging to go over the next few centuries but Dean was frozen at twenty six for as long as he existed. Sam held Dean tighter as the soundless tears continued to fall. He'd brought Dean into this life; he'd stand by him and protect him for as long as he lived.

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John frowned as he checked again; worry creeping in as he received another negative answer. Not wanting to ring Dean just yet, considering he hadn't shown up while his son was dying, he'd rung all the usual contacts, checked Dean's credit cards and even checked for speeding tickets and the like with the Impala's plates. There was absolutely nothing, hadn't been since shortly after Dean had nearly died. Which left just one option, with shaking hands he hit speed dial one on his phone, all but holding his breath as it rang.

"Hello?" John finally managed to drag air into his lungs at the sound of Dean's voice.

"Hey Dean." He finally answered and could have sworn he could hear the kid sit up straighter.

"Dad! Are you okay?" He smiled at the worry in his sons' voice.

"I'm fine. Where have you been? There's been no sightings of you for a while, I was worried." John admitted, knowing Dean needed to hear those things occasionally.

"I'm okay. Don't know if you heard but I got pretty hurt on a hunt."

"Sam called me; he also said you were okay, that he got you to a healer." John frowned, had Sam lied?

"Yeah, my hearts okay. But...it just...I had to take a break for a bit Dad. I'm sorry. Even after being healed I nearly slept a whole month away. And Sam and I have spent time training together; getting the kid up to scratch and even leaning some new stuff myself." John smiled as Dean practically babbled.

"Dean it's okay. I wish you'd called me to say you were taking a break so I would have known the reason you hadn't been seen but after such a close call...I'm just glad you're okay now."

"Thanks Dad. I....love you." John blinked in shock and then smiled.

"Love you too kid. Call me when you decide to head out again and I'll see if I have something for you. Bobby and Jim would like calls too. And Caleb wants your help with something."

"Yes sir. Stay safe."

"You too Dean." John sagged in his chair as he put his phone down. Dean was okay. He'd have to arrange to meet up with the two boys soon, see Dean for himself and corner Sam with some questions on his past. The nagging thought of maybe still wouldn't leave him alone.

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Dean watched Sam as he slept. He'd gotten so used to sharing a bed with the older male that he no longer even thought about it and honestly? It felt nice not being alone, even in sleep. Though sleep was a lot different now. For one, he didn't need anywhere near as much as he used to and two, he didn't dream anymore. It was odd but Sam said it was normal so he wasn't worried. Ever sharing a room with his Dad was out though, unless he told him the truth, no way would John Winchester miss the fact that his son wasn't moving or breathing.

But watching Sam sleep was something he'd found himself doing a lot over the past two months, ever since Sam had held him while he broke down like a girl after his first real hunt. Thankfully Sam had never said anything about his little breakdown and Dean had made sure to keep more control over his emotions since then. He hadn't even flinched when Sam praised him over his control when feeding from humans; Sam hadn't had to interfere once.

Sam fascinated him, had since they'd first met really. But since being changed that fascination had grown and deepened until he didn't know what he felt for the older man anymore. He just hoped Sam never found out, he didn't want him to leave. He didn't think he could survive without losing control if he did.

TBC....

Sam inhaled and swore soft enough that a human wouldn't hear. But Dean was no longer human.

"Sam?" He questioned just as softly.

"Your Dad's here." Sam answered and then watched Dean pale drastically.

"Let's go. He can't have seen us yet." Dean grabbed his keys out of his pocket and turned back to the bar door.

"Too late." Sam groaned, nodding toward the Hunter who was headed their way.

"Sam...He'll know." Dean whispered fearfully. There were few things Dean feared; his father's displeasure was the main one. And learning his son was no longer human? Dean held no illusions that John would accept what he'd become.

"Just stay calm Dean. You don't look any different, just don't act like something's wrong." That was all Sam had time to say as John stopped and smiled at them.

"Hey Dean." John greeted, extending his hand to his son. Dean took a deep breath, instantly memorising his Dad's scent, and then took his hand, glad that he was well fed so his temperature would appear normal. "It's good to see you both boys."

"Good to see you too Dad. How'd you know where we were?" Dean asked, fighting to keep his voice even.

"Didn't. Saw you when you came in. I'm on my way to a hunt, pulled into the motel for the night. Didn't see the Impala." John answered as they sat at a table.

"We're squatting in an old manor not too far from here sir." Sam explained and John nodded.

"So how's the training going?"

"Pretty good, Sam's not bad for a rich kid." Dean teased and Sam swatted him playfully. John relaxed as he watched them play, glad that Dean had found Sam in Boston.

"You're not bad yourself for a street brawler." Sam shot back and John chuckled.

"Looks like the holiday's done you boys good. Any idea when you're heading back out?" Sam and Dean exchanged a look, communicating without words and John had to hide a smile, his son had it bad and from the look of things Sam felt the same. He didn't know what had happened between Dean and Cassie but he had the feeling it wouldn't happen this time.

"In the next few months I guess." Dean finally answered.

"Good to hear."

"How have you been Dad, I've hardly heard from you." Dean asked and John winced internally.

"I'm getting close Dean; I didn't want it tracking you through me." John whispered and both younger men tensed. So Dean had told Sam of the family demon? Made sense to warn him when they travelled together.

"Dad..." Dean stared at him, fear and pride in his eyes. "Promise you'll be careful and call me when you do find it? Don't face it alone." Dean all but begged and John nodded even though he had no intention of calling Dean. That monster had already taken his wife and youngest son; he would not let it get Dean. He noticed Sam's eyes narrow slightly and nearly smirked, so the kid had good instincts. But Sam didn't say anything and soon the food and drinks arrived.

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"Told you it would be fine." Sam smiled as Dean shot him a glare.

"Yeah for one night but what happens tomorrow?" Dean growled and Sam sighed, standing up to face the younger vampire.

"You stay calm and in control." He told Dean firmly, manoeuvring the younger man back towards the bed. Dean sat with a thump and stared up at him. Sam sighed sadly at the fear showing in green eyes. "Dean you'll be fine. John doesn't suspect anything. Just relax and get some sleep, okay? You haven't slept all week." He tried to sooth, reaching out to run his fingers through the short blonde locks. The movement had its intended affect and soon Dean had relaxed to lean against him. It probably wasn't fair to use his Sire's influence like that on Dean but the more agitated he was the more likely it was he'd slip up. He chuckled softly as Dean began to purr softly, nuzzling into his touch. He nudged Dean back and crawled onto the bed beside him, pulling Dean into his arms. Half lidded green eyes met his sleepily and he smiled, getting a sleepy one in return.

"Sleep Dean, I'll protect you." He whispered and kept up his soothing motions as Dean stopped breathing and moving in sleep.

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Dean woke slowly, too warm and comfortable to want to move. He knew instinctively exactly whose arms were around him and it felt wonderful, better than it had with Cassie. He opened his eyes to see Sam, still asleep and to all appearances dead. He smiled at the peaceful look on the older vampire's face. He knew Sam was almost always worried about protecting him when awake, it was his duty as the elder and the one that had changed him, so it was nice to see him so relaxed. Last night had been so pleasant, Sam just comforting his fears over his Dad learning the truth. Sam's touch had been so soothing he'd actually started to purr! But he'd had to fight the other reaction to it. He didn't want Sam to know the feelings he had

started to develop towards him, he didn't want to ruin things. And yet, staring at Sam, all he wanted to do was lean in and close the small gap between their lips. Could he without waking him? Taking a deep, unneeded, breath he inched forward and brushed his lips to Sam's. He froze but Sam didn't move so he did it again. Feeling bold he wrapped his arms around Sam's waist and kissed him more firmly. It took him a few seconds to realise Sam was responding and then he tried to run but Sam's grip was too tight.

"Shh." Sam's soothing voice broke through his panic and wild green eyes met calm hazel. Sam reached up and cupped his face in one hand. "It's okay Dean." To prove it Sam leant in and captured Dean's lips in a gentle kiss. Dean froze but then responded hesitantly, not used to kissing another male. Sam rolled them so Dean was lying flat on his back with Sam hovering over him and it felt strange yet oddly comforting to be in the less aggressive role. With Sam it was okay to let someone else take control, because Sam would never let anything or anyone hurt him.

Sam stared down at Dean, half thinking he was dreaming yet praying he was awake. He'd wanted this for so long that it was hard to control himself but he could see the nervousness in Dean's eyes, the younger vampire had never been with a man before. He never wanted to scare or hurt Dean so he forced himself to move slowly and carefully. He wouldn't try to go all the way this morning but there was still a lot they could do without that. And he planned to make it the best experience Dean had ever had.

TBC...

"So...you and Sam." John commented and Dean looked over at him. "I'm not blind Dean. If he makes you happy then that's fine with me." Dean stared at his Dad in surprise and then smiled slightly.

"Yeah Dad, I'm happy. Sam's great. It was kind of weird at first, I mean some of Sam's past it made me thing, well hope..."

"That he was our Sammy?" John asked quietly and Dean nodded.

"But he's not. His blood type's not right and he was born in California two months before Sammy." Dean lied, though Sam's current id did say California for place of birth.

"So it's serious between you?"

"Are we really doing the chick flick thing Dad?" Dean asked and John chuckled.

"I just want to make sure everything's okay with you Dean." John admitted and Dean sighed.

"Yeah, it's serious. Bet you never thought you'd hear me admit that huh? Sam is...he's special Dad. And hey, don't have to try and explain hunting to him." They chuckled at that.

"True. Are you worried about the demon finding out about Sam?" John asked and Dean shrugged.

"Sam knows what he's doing Dad. He's been hunting for a few years ago and his first was a demon. We're taking precautions." Dean admitted and John nodded. "You're getting close to it, aren't you?"

"Yeah. I don't want you involved Dean. You have the chance for a life with Sam, away from hunting if you want."

"Dad...no. If you're going after that thing then I'm going too. I deserve the chance for revenge too." Dean insisted angrily, fighting down the urge for his fans to lengthen. He clamped his mouth shut and swallowed until the urge went away.

"What you deserve is a long happy life and I'm sorry for making that so hard for you. I...I know I haven't always been the best father..."

"No! You don't get to do this Dad. You are not saying sorry, I love you, goodbye to me." Dean yelled, fighting to keep his vampiric nature under control. He felt Sam enter the park, walking their way quickly in case he had to intervene and Dean was grateful for that. He'd never forgive himself if he hurt his Dad.

"Dean don't do this son. I'm ordering you to stay out of this."



"Screw your orders! You're my father not my drill sergeant!" Dean yelled back and Sam came up behind him, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"What's wrong?" Sam asked, despite the fact he'd heard the whole argument.

"I want you both away from the fight with the demon that took Dean's mother and brother." John admitted gruffly and Sam nodded.

"So basically you plan to commit suicide." He responded evenly and John glared at him. "Look sir, I may not have been a hunter as long as you but I do know going after a demon like that alone is nuts. You need backup and we're the logical choice, it's either that or we stalk you." Sam stated and Dean had to fight a snicker. Yeah, they'd follow him across the globe if needed; they both had John's scent and would never forget it.

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"I told you it would be fine." Sam murmured as he held Dean close.

"Other than Dad planning on a suicide mission you mean." Dean responded angrily.

"We won't let him Dean, I promise. We can start following him now if you want. You've proven your control and what's left to learn can be taught on the road." Sam offered softly and Dean thought about.

"Does it sound bad if I say I never want to leave here?" Dean asked and Sam laughed, nuzzling Dean's throat.

"Not all but we can't stay here forever."

"Pity. Okay, let's follow Dad." Dean said and Sam nodded before beginning to kiss and nip at Dean's throat. Dean grinned; following Dad could wait till morning. He relaxed and let Sam gently show him how much he was loved, returning the affectionate touches and kisses whenever he could. Letting Sam take control felt right to Dean, though he'd never done it before with a partner. Then again Sam was the first man he'd been with. It was nice to be taken care of instead of having to be the one doing the care taking. It felt completely natural to let his fangs lengthen and when Sam smiled he saw Sam's were already extended, it made kissing interesting. When Sam moved lower Dean automatically spread his legs so that Sam could settle between them. They hadn't gone all the way yet, Sam was moving very slowly for his sake and it was something Dean really appreciated. There had been so many changes in the last few months that slow was what he needed.

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Dean snarled as he saw his Dad surrounded by vampires. He didn't know what was so important about the gun his Dad had been going for but he couldn't sit back and watch his

Dad be killed, or worse. A quick look at Sam showed his partner was in complete agreement. They unsheathed their machetes and then they were moving.

John stared in shock as Dean and Sam suddenly appeared at the back of the room, hacking their way through the nest towards him. Shaking off his shock he lunged for his dropped machete and snatched it up, getting to work fighting his way to the boys. For now the Colt would have to wait, there were simply too many vampires between him and it. They met in the middle of the room and went back-to-back, fighting their way back to the doors. Once outside they ran, the two younger men making sure John was between them much to his annoyance.

"What the hell are you two doing here?" John snarled.

"Save your air for running Dad." Dean answered angrily, grabbing his arm and began pulling John along. They finally reached his truck and the Impala. He jumped into the truck, the boys scrambling into Dean's car and then they were off. As soon as they were back at his motel he got out and stormed over to the Impala, wrenching the driver's side door open to glare at his son.

"Now answer my question!" He demanded and Dean sighed before getting out of the car.

"We were hunting Dad, that is what we do. Not like we knew you were going after the same nest until we saw your truck." Dean argued and John turned away.

"Fine. Head out, I've got this." He ordered and then nearly jumped when Dean growled.

"No Dad. We are not leaving you here to deal with that nest alone." Dean answered and Sam nodded. John sighed but nodded angrily and headed into his room while Sam went to get them one.

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John watched the boys settle in and then turned to head for the shower only to freeze as a figure emerged from the darkened room.

"Hello John."

TBC...

"Dad?" Dean knocked again, trying to hear anything but something seemed to be blocking his senses. "Sam." He called and his partner quickly appeared at his side only to frown at the door. They both produced weapons and then Sam knocked the door off its hinges. Dean growled, fangs lengthening as he took in the mess his Dad's room had become. "Why didn't we hear this?" He asked looking at Sam who was studying something on his fingers. Sam held his hand up to reveal the powdery looking substance.

"Sulphur. Azazel's been here. No feel of death though so John was alive when he left." Sam stated, watching Dean carefully as the younger vampire looked around in horror. "Looks like your Dad was researching something before he went after that nest." Sam said, flipping through the papers.

"Got it." Dean said and held up the letter from another hunter. "A gun that can kill demons, three guesses why Dad wants it." Dean tossed the paper to Sam who nodded as he read.

"I've heard rumours of this before but it vanished years ago. To think it's been in the hands of a hunter all this time."

"Could it kill us?" Dean asked and Sam nodded.

"Yeah, it'll kill pretty much anything supernatural, not just demons."

"So Dad wants it to waste the demon that now has Dad. Great. Any ideas?" Dean grumbled, sitting down and then relaxing as Sam wrapped his arms around him.

"We finish off that nest, get the colt and then go after your Dad. There are other ways to kill a demon but the gun will be easier and quicker." Sam explained and Dean nodded, expression hardening.

"Let's go." Dean stood and left the room, Sam following after him.

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They never knew what hit them as the two Vrykolakas ripped through the nest. They were merciless and unstoppable as they killed vampire after vampire. Luther pulled Kate towards the back, trying to flee but it was too late. Sam had been hunting them for nearly a millennia and Dean was driven by rage and fear for his father.

"This it?" Dean asked, holding up the old gun and Sam nodded. Dean looked it over and then stuffed it into his jacket. "Got the gun, now we just have to find Dad."

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John groaned as he woke, fighting to open his eyes against the pain in his head. He opened his eyes and then stared at the older man pacing the room. It was no man though, he only hoped Dean and Sam were okay.

"Welcome back to the land of the living John." The demon taunted and John pulled at his restraints angrily. "Don't worry, I didn't touch your precious boy or his friend. I'm not after him or really you at the moment. You're just convenient bait for a trap. So sit tight and relax Johnny, could take a while for them to find us." The demon taunted and to John's disgust he found he couldn't stay awake.

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"We're getting close." Dean whispered and Sam nodded.

"Pull in at the next motel." Sam said and Dean glanced at him. "We need to be in top condition Dean which means we need to hunt before we get any closer." Sam told him and Dean nodded reluctantly. He knew Sam was right but the thought of his Dad being with the demon any longer than he already had... "It's going to be okay Dean."

"I hope so." Dean muttered as he pulled off the highway.

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John strained against the gag as Dean slipped into the room, trying to warn his son. Dean shot him a small grin and then motioned to someone John couldn't see though he had a good idea who it was. Sure enough Sam slid into the room, gun in hand. Dean moved towards John only to freeze and then slam into the wall, Sam hitting the one opposite.

"Gangs all here." The demon crowed as he appeared in the room, ripping the gag from John's mouth. John coughed as he stared at the demon, his gaze flickering to his son. "Here's the deal Dean, give me the Colt and you all go free." The demon offered and Dean's eyes went wide.

"Don't know what you're talking about." He grunted and then groaned in pain, a small cut opening on his cheek.

"Leave him alone!" Sam spat and the demon turned to him.

"Now you I don't know kid, so just shut up and let the grownups talk." The demon ordered and Sam glared but fell silent, working quietly on freeing himself from the demons hold. It wasn't easy and Dean was nowhere near powerful enough to do it but there were advantages to being as old as Sam was. Sam stared at Dean and opened their link as wide as it would go. Behind the demon's back Dean smirked as they formed their plan.

"What do you want with it and why should I believe you'll let us go?" Dean asked, making the demon focus on him. John looked between the two boys, sensing the shift but unsure

what they were doing. He fought not to move as he saw Sam strain but manage to slowly move his arm off the wall. Dean continued to bate the demon, earning several new cuts in the process but it was keeping attention away from Sam. His hand slid into his jacket and John felt his heart freeze as Sam pulled the Colt out, aiming at the demon's heart. But before he could pull the trigger the demon spun and sent him flying across the room. "Sam!" Dean yelled, snarling in rage as he fought to go to his Sire. Sam fluidly rolled to his feet, fangs extended and eyes slitted. Azazel actually looked shocked for a minute.

"Vrykolakas." The demon stated and Sam smirked.

"Azazel." Sam taunted and the demon snarled, actually rushing to attack physically. Sam dodged the blow, landing one of his own on the demon's vessel.

John stared in horror at the...thing his son had been with before turning to stare at Dean. Dean wasn't looking at him though, his attention focused on the nearby fight. John choked back a sob as he saw the elongated teeth in Dean's mouth. How long ago had he lost his son to the very things they hunted? Dean must have heard him because he glanced John's way, revealing cat like eyes that suddenly went wide in shock.

"Dad." Dean choked out and John shook his head, letting it hang in grief. Dean snarled in rage and then suddenly he was free. He charged the demon, joining Sam in the fight and letting his instincts guide him. John couldn't bring himself to watch. He could see the Colt, it would be in reach of he could only get his hand free of the cuffs but they were too tight. He grunted, trying to get loose and Dean glanced his way again and then to where John was trying to reach. Dean moved, quicker than John could track and suddenly Dean was beside him, Colt held just how John had taught him so many years ago. Dean aimed and Sam shoved the demon right into the path of the bullet as Dean pulled the trigger. They watched in awe as yellow lightning lit up the wound, the body jerking a bit before dropping dead.

"Is it?" Dean called and Sam moved carefully closer to check before grinning at Dean.

"Dead." He stated and Dean relaxed before turning back to John.

"Dad are you okay?" Dean asked but John couldn't answer and Dean looked away. He tossed the Colt to Sam and then moved behind John who tensed only to feel the cuffs and chains fall away and a warm hand pull him up. Dean's features had returned to the ones he knew but John couldn't forget what he'd seen. "Dad please talk to me." Dean pleaded, green eyes wide with fear and John didn't know what to do. John tried to stand but his legs buckled under him. Before he could hit the floor Dean was there, holding him up and checking him for wounds like they'd done a thousand times before.

"Dean? Is that really..." John trailed off as Dean looked at him hopefully.

"It's me Dad. I know what it looks like but I'm still me. I still hate veggies and love a good burger, I don't know what to say Dad." Dean whispered sadly and John frowned but let Dean help him out of the shack he'd been kept in, Sam watching their backs. John laid out in the backseat of the Impala as Dean got into the driver's seat, Sam sitting beside him. Dean floored it and they headed for the highway.

"There's a small town about half an hour north of here. We can stay there for a day or so." Sam offered and Dean nodded, turning north onto the highway. John drifted into a light doze, too exhausted to stay fully awake as Dean drove, no music blaring for once. He woke up when Dean pulled into a parking lot, Sam getting out to book a room. Dean got out and opened the back door and reached towards John who tensed, making Dean flinch. He still grabbed John's arm, helping him out of the car.

"It's okay Dad, have you patched up in no time." Dean helped him over to where Sam was opening a room door. Sam let Dean help John while he went to get their bags. Dean lowered John down onto the bed farthest from the door and then slipped into the bathroom, coming out with damp towels. "Need to get your jacket off, did the demon hurt you?" Dean asked as he sat on the edge of the bed. John just stared at him, confused, angry and a little scared. Dean's nostrils flared slightly and then he slumped. "Dad...please don't be scared of me. You're my Dad, how could you think...I'm not gonna hurt you, never will." Dean begged.

"How do I know you're really Dean? What are you? How long have you been....this?" John demanded and Dean looked down at the floor. He could feel Sam nearby, ready if he was needed but letting Dean handle things for now.

"Dad it's really me, promise. How long...I know Sam called you when I was electrocuted. Sam tried to find another way but...Sam asked me Dad and I said yes. It hurt, a lot but then I went to sleep and when I woke up...I was okay. A little icked with the drinking blood part but Sam at least gave it to me in a mug." Dean managed a small grin at that and a shrug, not seeing the disgusted look on John's face.

"You drink blood and like it?" He demanded and Dean shrugged.

"Not my favourite food or anything Dad but I need it to live now, not a lot, just a few mouthfuls every couple of days. Sam said I'll need less as I get older. I haven't killed anyone Dad, you know I wouldn't." Dean told him, reaching out to wipe some blood off his Dad's face. John grabbed his wrist, staring him in the eyes.

"Show me, what I saw back there." John demanded and Dean looked down for a second. When he looked back up his teeth and eyes had changed and John had to fight not to flinch away from his son. He reached out slowly and Dean held still, letting his Dad do whatever he wanted. John ran a finger over one fang and then the other, Dean pulling his hand back when he nearly nicked his finger on the tip. "What are you?"

"Vrykolakas." Dean answered softly. "A different breed of vampire to the ones we were fight the other day. Sunlight doesn't bother us at all, I still need to eat food as well as blood..." Dean pulled John's hand to rest over Dean's heart and John's eyes went wide at the feel of Dean's slow heartbeat.

"Dean?" John asked and Dean nodded, his features morphing back to normal. "So Sam is..."

"Yeah, he's over a thousand years old and half human. He was born like this Dad, we're not evil. Sam...remember how you used to tell me about what happened when Mom was in labour? How the car broke down and a stranger drove you to the ER? Doesn't Sam look

familiar?" Dean asked and John's jaw dropped. Sam was the one to get Mary to the ER that night.

"You're saying he's been what? Stalking the family?"

"Trying to protect us but when we named Sammy he thought he'd been spotted so he pulled back. He was...hunting the night the demon came, he pulled Sammy from the fire but...but it was too late. He buried him next to Mom. He's kept an eye on us over the years, he was hunting the same vampires I was, saved my life just like we told you. I didn't learn what he was till I caught him out hunting after that mess at the asylum. I confronted him and Sam told me the truth, after that I insisted on following him everywhere, watching when he hunted and sure enough he never killed anyone. Gave them a pretty good time actually. Don't know when I started to trust him again and even more than that but it just sort of crept up on me. When I was electrocuted Sam offered to change me to save my life, it wasn't an easy choice but...I couldn't leave you to hunt the demon alone and...and I didn't want to leave Sam either." Dean explained and John sighed, looking up at his son he made his choice. He reached out and pulled Dean into a brief hug. Dean stiffened briefly and then hugged John back. "Dad?"

"I'm glad you're alive kiddo." John admitted and Dean slowly smiled at. Outside Sam relaxed and smiled too.

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"You okay?" Sam asked and Dean turned to smile at him.

"Azazel's dead and Dad knows the truth and doesn't care. Yeah, I'm good." Dean admitted, leaning back into Sam's embrace. He sighed as Sam nuzzled at his throat, jerking a little as Sam's breath tickled his ear.

"M'glad. So how do you want to celebrate?" Sam offered and Dean turned in his arms, leaning up to kiss Sam.

"I can think of a few ways, all of which include getting us a room away from Dad's." Dean offered and Sam grinned, pulling him towards the motel's office as Dean laughed.

Things weren't perfect but at the moment they couldn't really get any better.

The End.

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