

Sang Nouveau

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Sang Nouveau

by [Scififan33](#)

Summary

Samuel was the first of vampire the Traveler created in America, now he is something of a trouble shooter for the Masters of the City. Dean Winchester really needs to stay away from back alleys and cats.

Notes

Starts in 1631.

Thank you to CadaversRock for the title suggestion and telling me the translation for it. Sang Nouveau which apparently means new blood.

Sam worked hard at his chores, wanting to get them done before night really set in. It was getting too cold to be out but they needed more wood for the night. He missed their home in England a lot on nights like these, especially the servants who had been responsible for such chores but most of the time he was happy they had moved to the colony. Why his Father had decided to try his hand at farming rather than getting them a house near the bay Sam didn't know. He had mentioned looking into getting some slaves soon so that would help take some of the pressure off them despite Sam's feelings on slavery. Servants were one thing, slaves were another entirely. But he had found he actually sort of enjoyed farm life, most of the time.

He could see his Mother watching him from the kitchen window, he Father was in town, continuing the negotiations for Sam's engagement to one Laura Tanner. Sam had said yes because it was expected, not because he wanted to marry her. Honestly he was far more interested in her brother Thomas but there was no way he could ever let his Puritan parents know that. He looked up as the horses went crazy, shifting his grip on the axe as he looked around, searching for danger. He never saw it coming as cold arms wrapped around him. Sam struggled briefly but then something slammed into his head and pain exploded through his body. Sam kept struggling futilely until blackness claimed him.

Balthasar watched as the young vampire carried its latest meal into the.... 'hut' they were hiding in for the moment, shaking his head at the sight. The Council representatives would not be impressed but he raised an eyebrow in appreciation as he got a good look at the young man. Tall and lean but with good musculature, shaggy brown hair and a light tan....he was very attractive. Balthasar smiled as he felt his Master and lover come up behind him, his borrowed body wrapping its arms around his waist. He hated spending the days alone with only Padma's human servant and animal for company. They didn't trust him and he didn't trust them so he was always happy when the Traveler awoke from his daytime death. He wouldn't trade being his Human Servant for anything but the daytimes alone could get very tedious and lonely when they were away from home.

"And what is this?" The vampire asked.

"Apparently the young ones dinner." He answered and his Master walked over to inspect the unconscious body.

"Beautiful, wouldn't you say Balthasar?"

"Very." He answered and his Master nodded, knocking the young vampire aside just as it's fangs scraped the skin, and lifted the young man into his arms, carrying him over to where he and Balthasar slept.

"How old do you think?" The Traveler asked as he ran a hand over the slack face.

"Perhaps early twenties? He couldn't be any older." Balthasar answered, studying the other human more closely.

"A good age.....it's about time I had a Childe here don't you think?" The Traveler asked and his Servant nodded, smiling. They tied the boy to a support beam in case he woke up and then decided to fill their time with more pleasurable pursuits.

Sam woke up feeling worse than he had one time when he'd been sick and the doctor had said he'd probably die so whatever was wrong with him had to be very bad. He could feel dried blood on the side of his head, his head pounding and body aching like he'd been dragged for miles. He moaned, head lolling and then he felt warm hands on him. He managed to crack open an eye and stare at the man in front of him, not that he was focusing well.

"Help." He croaked out and a water flask was placed against his lips.

"Sleep young one." A deep voice whispered and Sam surrendered to the blackness again.

When Sam woke up again it was to a really pale man with glowing eyes in front of him. Sam struggled weakly against his constraints but then he made the mistake of looking into the glowing eyes and the world slipped away.

The Traveler stared at the young man whose mind he'd just rolled. He was attractive and young, a good choice for his first Childe in the New World. Belle Morte already had several in different colonies; it was time he extended his power too. Thankfully while he possessed a vampire anyone turned would be his Childe, not the vampire whose body he was using.

"What is your name child?" He asked kindly, he did not like making his children afraid of him.

"Samuel Colt." Came the quiet answer and the Traveler nodded, it was a good name, it suited the boy.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty two."

"So young and beautiful. Are you married?" He asked out of curiosity.

"No."

"Very good." He answered and then bit into the skin of Sam's neck. He drank deeply until Sam passed out. "Just two more nights." The Traveler whispered and then left Sam's unconscious form.

Sam woke a few times but the head injury combined with the blood the Traveler had drained did a good job keeping him subdued until the Traveler woke and fed from him again. The few times he did wake up Balthasar was there to tend to him, keeping him calm by speaking softly. The next day Sam barely twitched, weakened by blood loss and lack of food. The Traveler didn't even need to roll him that next night when he drank from him since Sam was still unconscious. He still eased Sam into death as gently as he could, not wanting to traumatise him anymore than he already was. Padma wasn't all that impressed with what he was doing but it wasn't worth challenging him over, especially when they both knew who

would win that argument. The Traveler untied the body and laid it out in his own coffin since they didn't have a spare and he didn't trust Padma not to try and kill the boy permanently if he didn't guard him personally.

Three nights later they waited for Samuel to wake up with the sunset, the Traveler grateful for his ability to wake several hours earlier so he could watch as Samuel's body changed form being just a corpse. They watched as the cadaver began to look more like a sleeping body, even shifting slightly as if moving in its sleep. The Traveler leant over him, watching, and then hazel eyes slowly opened. Sam rolled up and out of the coffin in one smooth move, searching and Balthasar pushed the lightly rolled human at the new vampire, moving so that the Traveler was between them, just in case. Sam grabbed the man and sank his fangs in, drinking hungrily and not taking any care as he fed. When he dropped the body, his thirst appeased for the moment, the man was severely drained.

"Very good Samuel, come here." The Traveler called out and Sam obeyed hesitantly, his eyes searching warily. "Do you understand me?" He asked and Samuel nodded, licking the blood from his lips. "This is Balthasar, my human servant; you are never to try to bite him Samuel."

"Wha.....what happened to me?" Sam whispered and the Traveler was more than pleased with how coherent the boy was. He had been a little worried about how he would be due to the attack from the youngest of Padma's travelling companions but Sam appeared to have come through alright.

"You were unfortunately attacked by one of my travelling companions. He was going to use you as a blood source until you died but I could not allow that. You were too fine a specimen for that so I turned you."

"Turned? I feel so funny." Sam pressed a hand to his head and the Traveler moved closer, gently soothing him. He may like torture and blood but he always treated those he had just turned well, after all he needed them out in the world and strong enough to hold territory themselves in order to spread his power base.

"You are a vampire now Samuel, the first one created in the New World. There are others here yes but they have all travelled here from Europe. You are my Childe and I will teach you everything you need to know. I will look after you young one." He promised and Samuel melted into his touch briefly before pulling back, backing away warily.

"Who are you? What do you want with me?" Sam demanded, breathing quickly despite no longer needing to breathe at all. Both the Traveler and Balthasar could see he was beginning to panic.

"Calm down Samuel." The Traveler ordered, exerting some of his power over the boy as his Maker and Sam relaxed slowly, looking scared and lost. He tugged the new vampire into his arms and nuzzled his throat, licking and kissing it. Samuel relaxed further until Balthasar came up behind him. "Shh young one."

Sam wandered alone after his Master had returned to France and the Council. He felt so lost without the two men, unsure about what he should do. He'd been given some instructions, like not gaining attention from humans and to avoid certain areas due to older vampires from Europe claiming them but other than that he was on his own. The Traveler had also told him to claim a territory when he felt ready to but Samuel knew it would be at least a century until that would happen. He'd seen more of the country since being turned than he'd ever thought he would but the land he was wandering now looked far more familiar. It was only when he spotted the farmhouse that he realised where his mindless wanderings had brought him.

He stared at the familiar farm in sadness, suddenly missing his parents. But he frowned as he looked around, had they fallen on really hard times since he'd been gone? The farm was rather rundown and he could only hear one heartbeat. He licked his lips and crept closer, using his speed to stay unseen. He peered into the barn as he heard human noises, surprised since it was late at night. The low lantern light was no problem for his vision and he swallowed as he recognised the woman in the barn, he'd missed his mother so much. Part of him screamed to show himself but he knew she wouldn't react well. He'd been gone for years but hadn't aged, not to mention according to his parents he was just a damned soul. Hearing a cracking noise he looked around and then moved, pulling his mother away from the falling beam and saving her life. The speed of his movements plus the shock of seeing the beam falling had her going limp in his arms, completely unconscious. He cradled her close, finding a safer section and then making a bed out of hay and old horse blankets. He would prefer to get her inside but there was no one to invite him inside.

"Oh." She mumbled as she started waking up and Sam moved away, not wanting to scare her. She sat up and looked around, puzzled to find herself in a makeshift bed. "Hello?" She called shakily and Sam knew he had to answer.

"You will be okay." Sam answered quietly.

"Who is there?" She called, scared and Sam sighed.

"I won't hurt you." He answered softly.

"Sh...show yourself."

"You don't want me to." He answered and she frowned.

"Come out!" She demanded and Sam sighed, he didn't want to leave her alone and unprotected so he stepped into range of the low lamplight. She gasped and moved back away from him so he held his hands up. "No, no stop it! You are not my son!" She cried out, seeing the too pale skin and the fact he still looked to be in his early twenties.

"Mother please. It's alright, I won't hurt you." Sam whispered gently. "I'm still me." He pleaded.

"What are you?" She demanded, trying to get up.

"Don't, you need to rest. You came very close to dying tonight. The barn isn't safe, why hasn't it been fixed?" Sam asked, kneeling where he was so he wouldn't crowd her.

"You aren't Samuel."

"I am Mother. He took me while I was cutting wood. I missed you and Father so much." Sam told her.

"Samuel?" She wavered and he nodded. "What are you?"

"A vampire. One took me to feed off, another decided to turn me. I have spent the last eight years travelling the country with them. You're my Mother, I won't hurt you. I just wanted to see that you and Father were alright." Sam explained. "Where is he? Why are you here alone?"

"He's Dead, Matthew is dead Samuel. He died three years ago, some sort of fever." She answered and Sam stared in shock. His father was dead? He'd always seemed so unstoppable to Sam but he had been human after all.

"But surely you have staff?" Sam pushed and she nervously shook her head. That decided it for Sam. "I'll look after you." He told her, reaching out slowly to her. She stared at his hand before slowly reaching out to him. He took her hand and smiled, being very careful not to flash his fangs at her. She swallowed and he gently helped her up. "Come on; let's get you back to the house. I can fix things up in here." Samuel told her, helping her out of the barn. He got her to the front door and then stopped, making her look at him. He looked down, ashamed. "I can't go any further without being invited in Mother. Will you be alright form here?" He asked and she knew she wouldn't be, he was still having to take most of her weight.

"Please come inside Samuel." She whispered and Sam's eyes widened and then he nodded, opening the door and then helping her upstairs to the bedroom. He helped her onto the bed and then stepped away.

"Will you be okay?" He asked softly and she nodded. "Then I'll be in the barn. If you need me just call, I'll hear you." Sam told her and then she blinked as he vanished.

Outside Sam got to work fixing the barn up and then on anything else he could find. When he could feel the sunrise approaching he went inside and made breakfast, taking it upstairs. His mother looked up at him and he handed the plate over slowly.

"The sun is rising Mother, I have to find a place to hide for the day. Just rest and I will be back tonight." Sam told her and she nodded so he went to leave.

"Samuel!" She called and he paused, looking at her. "I...thank you." She whispered and her son smiled softly at her before vanishing.

TBC...

Sam stared forlornly down at the graves. He'd made the second tombstone himself, easily breaking the rock apart with vampiric strength. He'd had six years with her, six years of making sure she was alright at night and sleeping underground during the day. He was happy to have gotten the extra time with her, that she had been able to accept what he'd become. He was happy that when her time had come it had been at night, he hadn't wanted her to die alone. She had been smiling at him, her hand in his when it had happened. A part of him wished he'd had the courage to attempt to turn her but he knew he'd done the right thing, she would have hated this existence and she was old for it. That didn't mean her death wasn't going to hurt for years if not decades. Sam looked over the farm, not sure what to do about it, not like he could put it up for sale. In the end he just left it, figuring that someone would eventually come and claim the empty house. Sam took the few things he wanted and started travelling again.

It was a few years later that he started to notice there were weirder things out there than vampires and shifters. He found himself curious and then defensive when he found most like killing people. He may be a vampire but he hadn't killed anyone since his first early years when he'd been learning. So instead he started watching them, learning everything he could and then started hunting them, taking notes and when he found some books on them he started making books out of his notes, wanting people to know how to protect themselves better. Sam had a few run ins with others of his kind but he was gaining power quickly considering his age so few tried to give him trouble, especially when he made it clear he was simply passing through. When humans started fighting back against the supernatural Samuel was happy. He made contact with a few of the hunters as he travelled, always very careful to hide what he was but he made sure to never make friends.

It wasn't until the 1820's that he actually made a friend. Marcus Anderson was an excellent hunter and Sam enjoyed helping him. It was Marcus that came up with the idea for their most powerful project. The night Hailey's Comet was overhead in 1835 Samuel made it, a very special gun to help Marcus with his hunting. The last thing he expected was to find it aimed at him once completed.

"Marcus?" He asked calmly, knowing that if his friend pulled the trigger the bullet would kill him.

"You're not human." Marcus stated and Sam sighed.

"No I'm not. But I am your friend Marcus. I didn't have a say in this, I didn't want to become this. I don't kill people Marcus, I hunt things that do. Some of the books in your library, I wrote them, took me years to." Samuel explained quietly. Marcus fingered the trigger, obviously conflicted. Sam just stared at him calmly, not even attempting to roll him. He wanted Marcus to make his own choice. He smiled slightly as Marcus slowly lowered the Colt. "Thank you." Samuel told him and Marcus sighed.

"Why? Why make a weapon that could kill you?" He demanded and Samuel shrugged.

"Humanity needs help, this gun will do that. I could not make it in a way thought would not threaten me as well." Sam admitted. Marcus looked at him and nodded, putting the gun in its holster.

"What are you?" he asked and Sam smiled more widely, flashing fangs.

"I don't kill to feed Marcus. I've had a few centuries worth of practice." Samuel explained softly.

"I will be watching you." Marcus warned and Sam smiled fondly at him.

"Wouldn't expect any less my friend." Sam assured him and Marcus nodded. "Still want to come with me to the Gate?" Sam asked and Marcus nodded.

"I will not let you face that alone." Marcus promised.

Samuel ignored the posturing around him, finding it a little amusing in reality. He'd done the job he'd been hired to do and was only still in town because an old friend was meant to be at the 'party'. He smiled when he finally spotted the other vampire. He moved away from the wall, catching his friends' eye and she smiled, walking towards him.

"Hello Samuel." She greeted and he kissed her cheek.

"Helly Ruby, how have you been?" Samuel asked as he offered his arm to her. She took it and they headed outside onto the balcony.

"I am glad the rumours of your presence were not just rumours, it's been at least fifty years since I saw you last." She chided and Samuel sighed.

"I am sorry Ruby, I have been rather busy."

"I know, you are getting quite the reputation as a...problem solver." She commented and Samuel glanced at her.

"You're mad at me?" He asked and she rolled her eyes.

"Samuel you are the child of the Traveler himself! A powerful Master Vampire in your own right. Why will you not claim a territory?" She asked the same question she'd asked last time he'd seen her and he moved away, staring out over the growing city.

"Ruby I don't want the power or responsibility. I'm happy with my life as it is." He told her and she looked away. Samuel sighed, he'd realised how she felt about him a long time ago but he didn't see her that way. "I am sorry." He whispered and she left him, going back to the party. He stayed on the balcony, watching the humans in the city move about, wishing he was still one of them. Then again if he was he would be long dead. When dawn approached he simply dropped from the balcony and made his way to where he'd been staying, changing out

of his formal clothes in preparation for the day's sleep. He would leave Chicago as soon as the sun set.

Samuel stood before the Master of the City, honestly creeped out by the childlike vampire. She was scarily powerful but would be no match for the Traveler himself, Samuel figured he could maybe win against her, maybe. It would take revealing his full power though and that was something he had never done. He didn't even know why she'd insisted on meeting him; Nikolaos did not often meet strangers in person. The meeting was long and boring and he was very grateful to get out of there, following a vampire whose age he couldn't quite judge but he knew who he was.

"Is she always so.....longwinded Jean-Claude?" He asked once they were outside and blue eyes widened in amusement.

"Be careful, she is not one to anger lightly." The other vampire warned and Samuel nodded.

"Do you know why she insisted on meeting me? That is not usual for her from what I've heard."

"Non, it is not. Perhaps the rumours of your Sire?" He suggested and Sam laughed.

"Wanted to meet the only American turned child of the Traveler did she?" Sam asked and Jean-Claude froze, staring at him. "Yes, he is my Sire." Samuel confirmed. "You are of Belle Morte's line and very closely related to her." Samuel pointed out and Jean-Claude nodded warily. "So why so much interest in me?"

"Perhaps because you have never tried to claim a territory?" The French vampire offered and Sam shrugged.

"Maybe. There is one part of the rumour that is wrong."

"Oh?"

"I was born in London, England. My parents came out to America in 1630." Samuel told him, smiling slightly and Jean-Claude laughed but nodded.

"Good luck with your job." Jean-Claude offered and Samuel nodded before leaving him. Said job took him four days, not very long thankfully and then he was ready to leave the city. He was not surprised to find Jean-Claude waiting for him. "A good job." Jean-Claude commented and Samuel nodded as he packed up his few belongings.

"Is there a reason you're here Jean-Claude?"

"Why have you never claimed a territory?" The other vampire asked and Sam stiffened slightly, wary of the question.

"I have no desire to, why?" Samuel asked and Jean-Claude stared out the window.

"Nikolaos is not an easy Master but there are few powerful enough to challenge her and win." Jean-Claude stated as if uninterested.

"Are you asking me to challenge her?" Samuel demanded.

"You are the Traveler's child, the oldest of his line in America. If anyone could." Jean-Claude stopped and Samuel sighed.

"I am sorry but I cannot. I don't know if I could beat her, I have not fought many of our kind, she has." Samuel told him and Jean-Claude nodded.

"I understand. Will you?"

"No one will hear what you asked from me. Good luck Jean-Claude." Samuel offered his hand and Jean-Claude blinked before shaking it.

TBC....

Dean grumbled to himself as he dropped down onto his bed. He hated coming home but he could never say no to his Mom. What sucked was that his Dad was home too. Dean snorted in disgust, why did she have to ask him home while his Dad was? They hadn't managed a civil conversation since Dean was sixteen and flat out refused to have anything more to do with the man's crusade. He got it, some demon had nearly killed his Mom, had killed his baby brother but that didn't mean giving up their lives for revenge. The revelation of his Mom's family history had nearly torn the family apart but his Dad's need for revenge was doing more to destroy them than learning his Mom had once been a hunter. His Mom had refused to go after the demon, had instead focused on raising him, on making sure his life was as normal as possible and he would always be grateful for that.

She'd been the one to support him going to college, to help him save up for it; she even paid some of his tuition herself and helped him move into the dorm. That had caused the biggest fight between him and his Dad, his going to college and wanting to help people rather than hunting. They hadn't really spoke at all in the last three years, why his Mom thought that would change with the two of them in the same house he had no idea. His Dad had sneered, literally sneered, when Dean had told him he was studying to become a physical therapist. He'd left the state to put distance between them, choosing to study at the University of North Carolina instead of going to one closer to home. And hey, he could have picked California or something. At least he was only one state further north and he only had one more year left for his undergraduate degree.

After the demon caused fire that had killed his baby brother Sam and had nearly killed his Mom they'd moved from Lawrence Kansas to Sumter, South Carolina. He barely remembered Lawrence anymore; Sumter had been home for most of his life after all. He'd grown up going to school like any other kid but when his Dad was home...his afternoons and weekends had been filled with training that he hated. Why couldn't his Dad accept the fact he didn't want to hunt? He knew what to do if anything came after him, why couldn't that be enough.

"Hey sweetie." Mary called and Dean grinned at her, leaping off the bed to pick his Mom up and hug her, making her laugh. As far as Dean was concerned she was the most beautiful woman on the planet and always would be.

"Missed you Mom." He admitted and she smiled at him.

"I miss you too Dean, why do you think I demanded you come home for the holidays?"

"Peace talks with Dad?" He asked and she sighed.

"No he turned up on his own. It'll be okay. If he says anything he's on the couch." She told him and Dean grinned.

"Thanks."

"So anything new I should hear? A girlfriend maybe?" She pushed and Dean laughed as he followed her downstairs to the kitchen.

"No, no one since Cassie." He admitted as he sat at the breakfast bar to watch her cook.

"Well don't give up, you'll find someone one day."

"Yes Mom."

Dean grinned as he made his way to his Mom's side through the crowd, not even pausing when he saw she was alone, he'd expected it after all.

"I'm so proud of you Dean!" She told him, throwing her arms around him in a hug.

"Thanks Mom."

"Now you have to show me your apartment. I can't believe you have your own place now! Though I do wish you'd decided to come home for your post graduate studies." She admitted as Dean led her to the Impala. It had been the last gift his Dad had ever given him, right before their fight on his sixteenth.

"I miss you but...I'm happy here Mom."

"I know." She admitted sadly. Dean drove for a while and then parked in front of a nice enough building that looked about twenty years old. He led her to the third floor and then unlocked a door, letting her in. The furniture was all second, maybe even third hand but Dean had done his best to make the place nice for her visit. He only had one bedroom so he planned to spend the night on the couch and let her take his bed. It was kind of weird to be out on his own, he'd lived at home and then in the dorms like everyone else but he liked having his own space. "Warded?"

"Of course." He told her, rolling his eyes. "Weapons hidden in various handy spots too. I'm not dumb." He assured her and she smiled before going to look in the kitchen and Dean winced in advance.

"Dean!" She yelled and he laughed, running for the door with his mother hot on his heels. Apparently they would be eating out.

Dean opened his door and stared in shock.

"You gonna let me in?" John demanded and Dean wordlessly stepped back.

"What are you doing here?" Dean asked tersely.

"What, I'm not allowed to visit my son?"

"Well you haven't in five years." Dean answered, crossing his arms.

"Six years wasted at some stupid school." John mumbled but Dean still heard him, pushing the pain away. Despite everything he still wanted his Dad to be proud of him.

"Dad I'm not a hunter, I don't want to be a hunter. Why can't you accept that?" Dean snapped and John glared at him.

"What about little Sammy? What that thing did to him! You have a responsibility to him, to me!" John yelled and Dean glared, moving closer.

"No I have a responsibility to Mom! Where were you when she cried herself to sleep at night? When she was scared stiff you were gonna end up dead in a ditch somewhere? Well she doesn't have to worry about that with me!" Dean yelled at him, sick of John's attitude. "I hate that Sam died, I do. But what about Mom and me? Don't we matter at all to you? You're so caught up in your vengeance that Mom might as well have raised me alone." Dean spat as he slammed John into a wall. "You're no father, you're a drill sergeant. Well guess what? I'm not in the army, I don't need one! You lost one son to a demon; you lost the other through your pathetic choices. You think Sammy would have wanted this? Get out. I don't want to see you again until you work it out." Dean snarled.

John stared at him in anger before leaving, unable to deal with such disrespect. How dare Dean talk to him like that, he was his father! He'd worked out to defend his family from anything supernatural. He couldn't bring himself to use that new fangled world that was floating around, preternatural. As if they were real people instead of monsters.

Once again he was graduating, this time with a postgraduate degree and there was no way he was doing a doctorate! Too much study. He could see his Mom smiling proudly and once again his Dad couldn't take the time to be happy for him, not that he'd seen or heard from the man since his brief visit the year before. But that doesn't really bother him, not any more. It's pretty much been just him and his Mom since he was four and that's fine.

"Congratulations Dean." She praised him and Dean grinned.

"Thanks Mom. You sure it's gonna be okay?"

"Dean I can drive a U-Haul. Your things will be waiting at the house for when you finish your trip and find a place to live. You will try to find a job in Sumter, right?"

"You bet Mom, maybe the hospital. I'll see what's available then." Dean promised as they headed back to his apartment for the last time. He got changed and carried his last box done to the truck, dumping his duffle into the Impala.

"Drive safe and call me."

"I will, you drive safe too Mom." Dean kissed her cheek and watched her drive away before leaving himself.

TBC...

Dean grinned as he danced, just enjoying the music and press of bodies around him. He was having a great time, he'd been to all the apparently good clubs put this place....it was a bit close to the growing 'preternatural' business area but wasn't inside it and Dean was armed if anything happened. He'd had a few beers and was feeling nice and relaxed, enough to do something he very rarely did, dance with other males. He's gone through several dance partners, male and female, and was looking for the next until strong hands landed on his shoulders. Dean grinned and moved back a bit, dancing against his newest partner.

Sam searched the club as he entered, looking for his 'payment'. That was the deal stuck with the Master, any human inside the city he wanted. Sam knew the other vampire was expecting said human to show up dead, drained of blood but Sam would not kill. He would take a human and feed off them, show them a good time but he would not kill them. Why he'd been called in for something as simple as a rogue lycanthrope Sam didn't know but he hadn't been to New York in decades so he wouldn't complain. His eyes locked onto a young man, physically a few years older than he was with short dirty blonde hair and the greenest eyes he'd seen on a human. Sam made his way through the crowd, moving up behind him to place his hands on the humans' shoulders. He smiled when the man moved back against him, still dancing. Sam inhaled, eyes closing as the mans intoxicating scent washed over him, he lowered his head to his partners hair, breathing deeply.

"What's your name?" Sam asked and the man turned in his arms, looking up at him, getting a look at him.

"Dean. You?" The deep, husky voice fit perfectly with Dean's look and Sam smiled, careful not to flash fang.

"Sam." He answered, being careful not to roll Dean, not yet anyway. He wanted Dean to say yes to going to the hotel with him because he wanted to, not because of vampire powers. Sure he'd eventually roll Dean if he went with him, had to keep him from noticing when Sam drank from him after all. They danced together and then Sam offered Dean a drink so they left the floor to grab seats at a table. Their drinks were delivered and Sam was careful to make it seem like he was drinking the whisky. Dean was definitely tipsy so Sam figured it upped the chances of him saying yes.

"You live in New York?" Dean asked, without slurring at all and Sam smiled at him.

"No just passing thought. I travel a lot for work." The vampire answered. "What about you?"

"Vacation. Finished post-grad, decided to have fun before settling down to work." Dean answered, stretching and Sam couldn't help staring at the sliver of well tanned skin revealed. Dean caught him looking and grinned slightly. Sam grinned back, slowly moving a hand to rest on Dean's thigh under the table. He felt Dean tense a little, smelling nervousness, but then Dean relaxed and swallowed.

"How much fun are you looking for?" Sam asked quietly and Dean stared at him before nodding in acceptance. Sam took his hand and Dean swallowed but got up and let Sam lead him from the club.

Dean tried to breathe normally as he let the taller, younger man lead him from the club. Was he really going to do this? Okay he'd done it once before but he'd been a lot drunker than he was at the moment and it had been the anniversary of baby Sammy's death. He studied this Sam as they walked onto the street, taller than him with dark hair and soft hazel eyes, rather pale but his skin was soft and warm to the touch. He was gorgeous really and he was definitely interested in Dean.

"Hey." The gentle voice snapped Dean out of his thoughts and he looked up to see Sam staring at him in concern. "You okay? We don't have to go anywhere if you don't want to; we can go back inside and just dance, talk." Sam offered and Dean smiled at him, shaking his head.

"No, I want to do this. Just..."

"You've done this before right?" Sam asked, worried, he wanted Dean but he would not do this if Dean was a virgin.

"Yeah, I have." Once Dean added mentally but he wasn't going to say that. "So my motel room or wherever you're staying?" Dean offered and Sam stared at him before nodding.

"Okay. I have a hotel room downtown. Did you drive? I cabbed." Sam lied, technically he'd flown.

"Yeah, come on I parked over here." Dean offered, leading the way to the Impala. Sam admired the car and Dean grinned at him, seeing the appreciation in the way Sam looked his baby over. "So which hotel?"

"The Chatwal." Sam answered and Dean blinked in shock before starting the car.

"Nice hotel." Dean commented and Sam shrugged.

"Just a place to stay for now." He answered and Dean nodded driving until he saw the hotel.

"So..."

"Pull in and they'll park the car for you." Sam offered and Dean nodded. Dean slowly handed over his keys when the uniformed man approached. Sam led him inside and Dean struggled not to look like an idiot as he stared around at the grandeur of the place, feeling very out of place. Then Sam entwined their fingers and he relaxed a bit, letting Sam lead him to the elevator. They were silent for the ride up and then Sam led him to a door, opening it with a card. Sam stepped back and Dean walked inside, this wasn't a hotel room, it was a suite! Dean nearly jumped as hands came to rest on his hips but then he relaxed, leaning back into Sam. "You okay?" Sam whispered in his ear and Dean nodded.

"Yeah, this is just..."

"Sorry, guess I don't really notice. I'm not some rich snob Dean. Just a normal guy." Sam told him, feeling Dean relax even further. A normal guy? Sam wondered what Dean would do if he found Sam literally dead during the day. But he didn't want Dean to know, he liked being treated like a normal human. Sam gently moved his hands up Dean's sides, under his jacket and Dean shivered. Sam bent his head down and kissed behind Dean's ear, earning a soft moan.

Dean turned around, looking up at Sam, even as he slid his hands under Sam's shirt, tracing his skin. It was Sam's turn to shiver and Dean grinned, making Sam laugh softly. Sam gently pushed Dean's jacket off his shoulders and down his arms, letting it fall to the floor. Dean started fumbling with the buttons on Sam's shirt, getting frustrated so Sam stepped back and simply yanked it over his head, leaving his chest bare. Dean moved back in, touching the skin hesitantly. Sam smiled at him, and gently took Dean's hand in his, placing it more firmly on his chest, glad that since he'd fed his heart was beating, he didn't want to freak Dean out. Sure vampires and other beings were known about now and thanks to that court case they were even counted as citizens but Sam didn't know if Dean was someone who could accept his vampirism.

Sam slipped his hands back under Dean's shirt and pushed it up, Dean yanking it over his head and Sam gently traced the handful of scars that littered the tanned skin. Dean glanced around and Sam tugged him towards the bedroom, undoing the button on Dean's jeans as they went. Dean grinned at the massive bed and Sam bent down to kiss him, not sure if Dean would let him, some guys didn't. He also had to be careful and not let whoever he was kissing nick his fangs. Dean's lips parted and Sam explored his mouth, tangling their tongues together and Dean moaned again. Sam got Dean's jeans undone and pushed them down, feeling Dean fumbling with his belt in return. They parted and Sam kicked his shoes off, shoving his own jeans off. He saw Dean's hands shaking as he did the same and frowned, gently kissing him again.

"You sure you want this?" Sam asked for the last time, not liking the way Dean was shaking and Dean took a deep breath.

"I want this Sam; just a little nervous I guess...and now I feel like an idiot for saying that." Dean grumbled and Sam laughed gently, running a hand through the short blonde hair.

"No you're not Dean; you agreed to come back to a hotel room with a person you've just met for sex. I'm pretty sure being nervous is normal. If you want to go I won't stop you Dean but I hope you'll stay." Sam assured him and Dean nodded, stepping into him and burying his hands in Sam's hair, pulling him down to kiss. Sam slowly manoeuvred them over to the bed and lowered Dean down onto it.

Dean stared up at him and Sam smiled before reaching out and rolling his mind lightly, Dean relaxing completely in response. Sam kissed him again, less carefully this time and Dean responded eagerly. All of Dean's nervousness was gone thanks to Sam rolling him, instead Dean's mind was pleasantly hazy as they kissed and touched. Finally Sam gently prepared him, pausing to make sure it was alright since Dean could still say no if he wanted to but Dean just spread his legs further, letting Sam slip a finger inside him. By the time Sam was done Dean was incoherent, begging for more. Sam made sure to be gentle, very careful of his

strength as he began to move inside of Dean. He kissed him again and then gently sank his fangs into Dean's neck before sealing his lips over the wound and drinking deeply. He didn't have the gift of Belle Morte's line to give pleasure with his bite but he'd found that if done during sex the pain mixed with pleasure it made it easier on those he fed from. He used one hand to gently stroke Dean, wanting him to come first and Dean did, body arching and eyes rolling back from the pleasure. Sam picked up speed, licking at the bite until it stopped bleeding and then he relaxed, actually panting for air as he gently pulled out. Dean mumbled sleepily and Sam left the bed to get a facecloth, gently cleaning Dean up before getting into bed with him, kissing him softly even as Dean drifted off to sleep. As dawn approached Sam slipped from the bed and dressed before writing a note for Dean. He leant down and kissed him again before leaving the room.

Dean woke several hours later and frowned when he found the bed empty and cold beside him. He sat up, pulling the sheet around himself as he looked around the room. His clothes were neatly folded and piled on the dresser, his boots beside it. He swallowed, feeling a bit used and dirty but then he saw a piece of paper on the bedside table and reached for it.

Dean,

Didn't want to leave before you woke but you looked like you needed the sleep. Had to go to work. Call room service, it'll be charged to the room. I won't be back till late, I hope you decide to stay. If not then I hope you had a wonderful night, I did.

Sam.

Dean stared at the note and then smiled slightly; Sam was hoping he'd stay for the day. Well it wasn't like he had anything else to do and a repeat of last night.....would definitely be fun. He got up and found the bathroom, staring in awe at the shower before turning it on and getting in, loving the steady supply of hot water. He winced as he moved his head, his neck aching, he must have slept wrong. He got out and used the supplied razor to shave, eyes passing right over the twin puncture marks in his neck, not seeing them thanks to what Sam had done to him. Dean got dressed and ordered room service, enjoying the meal when it was delivered, he had been feeling a little shaky but after eating he felt better. He turned the TV on and sat down to mindlessly flip channels until Sam got back.

Sam opened the door and smiled when he saw Dean asleep on the couch, the TV on in the background. He kicked his shoes off and walked over, leaning down to kiss Dean softly and Dean murmured, kissing him back even as green eyes opened slowly. Dean stared up at him and then smiled and Sam smiled back.

"I'm glad you stayed." Sam whispered as he sat beside him, running his hands through Dean's hair. He hadn't released Dean so the human didn't notice the fact that Sam was cold to the touch, his heart not beating. If Dean had left Sam would have tracked him down and released the light hold he had over his mind but Dean had stayed and of his own free will, Sam had been very careful not to influence that at all.

"I am too." Dean admitted, eyes half closing under the soft, gentle touch in his hair, it felt so good. He felt Sam wrap an arm around his waist and pull him closer and Dean went with it, finding himself straddling Sam's lap. Sam kissed him and Dean let his eyes close all the way,

he felt so relaxed and safe with Sam, the mental alarm bells those feelings set off not registering at all.

"You have such incredible eyes." Sam murmured and Dean actually blushed slightly. The feeling of Sam's hands gently exploring his body was arousing and yet also comforting, Dean didn't know if was going to fall asleep or get sex.

"Sam." He mumbled and Sam kissed him, a hand moving to gently stroke him through his jeans and Dean moaned.

Sam kissed his lips and then along his jaw and down his neck, never stopping the stroking and Dean began to move, trying to get more friction. Dean barely felt it when Sam bit him again and he didn't realise it was a bite because Sam didn't want him to. As Sam drank his body warmed up, his heart starting to beat even as he became hard with Dean moving against him. Sam shifted to lie out on the couch, Dean lying over him as they rubbed against each other. Dean groaned and buried his head against Sam's neck, Sam gently stroking the back of his neck to help him calm down. He smiled when Dean actually cuddled in, knowing it was the blood loss but it felt good.

"How do you feel?" Sam whispered and Dean kissed him.

"Good.....tired." Dean admitted and Sam kissed him.

"You should eat something." Sam told him and Dean mumbled so Sam grabbed the phone and ordered him a steak to help replace the blood he'd lost. Sam helped Dean sit up when the food arrived and put it in front of him, smiling when Dean ate hungrily. Sam sat beside him and Dean lent into him slightly. Sam knew it was because he'd rolled Dean that Dean was seeking his touch so much but he liked it. He got the feeling Dean wasn't usually so contact driven. They ended up back on the bed for the rest of the night and Sam left just before sunrise again, another note left for Dean as well as a second motel key card so Dean could go out and come back if he wanted.

Dean found the note and key, stumbling up to shower and dress, frowning at the several days old clothing, going out to get some clean clothes from his motel would be a good idea. He stared at the key...did this mean Sam wanted him to stay until either one of them left town? Should he? The sound of ringing broke him out of his thoughts and he looked around until he found his phone, wincing when he saw the familiar number, he should have called her yesterday.

"Hey Mom."

"Dean? Are you okay? You didn't call." Mary answered and Dean smiled.

"I'm fine Mom, sorry I didn't call. I kind of.....got busy?" he offered and Mary laughed.

"In other words you found somewhere other than your motel room to sleep?" She offered and Dean blushed.

"Mom! You...you don't ask that stuff!" Dean yelped and Mary laughed.

"Dean you're a healthy adult male, its okay sweetie. Just be safe okay?"

"I know Mum." Dean answered and then frowned, had they been 'safe'? He couldn't remember...

"Having fun otherwise?" She asked and Dean sat down to chat with her.

When Sam walked in that night he smiled at seeing a duffle bag in the bedroom, obviously Dean had gotten the hint and had gone to get his stuff. Dean looked up at him and smiled nervously and Sam pulled him into a quick kiss.

"Glad you decided to stay with me." Sam told him and Dean grinned.

"Kind of needed fresh clothes. Thought the ones I was wearing were getting a bit rank." Dean offered and Sam smiled.

"Kind of." He teased and Dean took a playful swat at him. Sam grinned, happy that Dean wanted to stay and that he was relaxing without any help from Sam. "So you want to do something to tonight? Catch a movie, go out to eat.....you're on holiday and I feel bad you've been in here the last few nights."

"I don't know, I've enjoyed what we've been doing but.....we could go dancing again or something?" Dean offered.

"Sounds good to me." Sam told him and they went to get changed. They spent a good part of the night dancing and drinking, well Dean drank at least, too caught up in each other to notice the eyes watching them. They went back to the room and fell into bed together, fumbling to remove clothes as they kissed and touched. Sam didn't feed from Dean though; he'd be leaving soon and needed the bites to be healed before he released Dean.

Two days later Sam leant against the Impala beside Dean, they both knew this was it, this was goodbye. Sam had offered to keep the room open for Dean to use for the rest of his stay but Dean had turned him down, not wanting to stay there alone. So Dean was heading back to the motel and Sam was paying one last visit to the Master before leaving. Sam reached over and gently drew Dean to him, kissing him deeply and Dean responded.

"I'll miss you." Sam whispered and Dean smiled.

"No you won't, you'll forget about me." Dean told him and Sam shook his head.

"No I won't." Sam told him as he gently released his hold on Dean who blinked rapidly.

"Hope you enjoy the rest of your holiday." Sam told him and Dean nodded.

"Thanks." Dean answered and Sam sighed before kissing him again, being careful of his fangs for the first time in days. Dean melted against him even without being rolled anymore and for a brief moment Sam contemplated keeping Dean with him. But no, Dean had told him his plans of getting a job in his home town, helping his Mom like she had helped him....he couldn't take that away from him. "Well I better....." Dean trailed off and Sam nodded, straitening up. Sam reached out and gently stroked Dean's face before making

himself walk away. Dean watched him go before getting in the car and heading back to the motel.

Dean spent the next few days wondering around town but nothing held his interest. He felt restless and alone, not something he usually felt. He missed Sam which for him was just weird; the only partner he'd ever missed like this was Cassie. But he'd loved Cassie...he didn't really know Sam and the nights together.....something felt off about them, sort of fuzzy. It made his heart sink...had Sam not been who he thought? What had he done? After he realised that he went to a bar and proceeded to get drunk, he'd have to go home, get his Mom to look him over for anything weird. Thankfully the bar wasn't far from the motel and he had left the car there since when he left he was very drunk, stumbling as he walked.

He was too drunk to notice the hungry eyes following him, the same ones that had watched him and Sam in the club but now Dean was alone and unarmed. He didn't even get to scream as he was grabbed and thrown into an alley wall. He struggled to get up only for a massive cat to land on him and sink its teeth into his shoulder. Dean tried to fight back, the alcoholic haze vanishing due to pain and fear.

TBC...

Sam was furious as he left the Mater's meeting room. There were more rogues! Sure the fact he was staying longer and might get the chance to see Dean again was good but how many more people could die or be infected due to the local Master's games? He wasn't surprised to find himself almost to Dean's motel when he was assaulted by the smell of blood, fear and fur. What he saw made him freeze briefly in horror before he moved, grabbing the leopard and ripping its head off. He tossed the body aside and fell to his knees on the blood soaked concrete, reaching out to gently turn over the victim, a sob catching in his throat as he saw Dean's pain glazed eyes. Sam could just make out the laboured beating of Dean's heart as he gathered the human close to him. Dean was so out of it he didn't even react but still Sam made eye contact, rolling Dean gently and Dean sighed, eyes sliding shut. Sam stood with Dean in his arms and made his way to Dean's room, happy to find Dean did have a first aid kit. He did what he could to stop the bleeding and then packed Dean's belongings up. He put Dean into the car and drove away, heading back to his hiding place. Once there he carried Dean inside and started a more thorough check of his injuries.

He knew Dean's chances would be better with professional care but doctors now knew how to recognise injuries caused by lycanthropes. Dean would be placed in a high security ward and then moved to one of those new half way houses designed for the newly infected to wait for his first full moon and Sam couldn't let him be treated like that. He knew the odds, very few who went into those places ever came out again. Sam would look after Dean, would help him adjust if he was infected. After all leopards were his animal to call, that would give him the ability to help Dean more than most.

Sam watched over Dean for the rest of the night, making sure Dean wouldn't wake during the day and panic or injure himself further before letting death take him for the day. When he woke in the late afternoon he was utterly relieved to find Dean still breathing and sad to find the wounds looking better than they should have. He gently worked at waking Dean up; knowing he needed water at least and Dean woke with a pained scream.

"Shh, shh, it's okay Dean, you're safe, you're going to be alright." Sam whispered and Dean's uninjured arm came up to clutch at Sam's, eyes struggling to focus.

"H..h'rts." Dean slurred and Sam got him some pills.

"I know, you were attacked Dean. You've been badly hurt. I need you to swallow these." Sam put the pills to Dean's lips and Dean whimpered but his lips parted and he swallowed the pills and water. "That's it, you'll be okay." Sam told him, hoping that if he said it enough it'd be true. Yes Dean's wounds looked better...but was that just wishful thinking or the lycanthropy virus changing him already?

"Wh....." Dean mumbled and Sam shushed him gently.

"It's me Dean, Sam." He told him and Dean fought to open his eyes, pain filled green meeting gentle hazel.

"Sss....."

"Yes Dean, it's me. Just rest now." Sam whispered and Dean slowly went limp again. He made sure Dean was as comfortable as possible before leaving to feed for the night and to see if he could find anymore rogues. When he got back he rushed to Dean's side, hearing the trouble Dean was having breathing. "Dean? Come on wake up." He called, sitting Dean up to try and make it easier for him to breath. "Come on Dean, don't you dare quite." Sam demanded, shaking Dean's good shoulder slightly. Green eyes eventually opened slightly but remained unfocused. "Dean can you hear me?" Sam called, gently rubbing Dean's cheek. Dean just moaned feebly in pain. Sam swallowed in pain, Dean was fading, he could see it, hear Dean's heart slowing and he didn't want to lose him. There was only one way he knew of to give Dean a chance; he could only hope Dean wouldn't hate him forever. Sam took a deep, unneeded breath and then reached out to Dean, sharing his very life-force with him, tying them together in the First Mark.

Dean couldn't help the whimper of pain but then gentle hands were soothing him, helping move him into a more comfortable position. He managed to force his eyes open and then groaned at the pain.

"Shh, it's okay Dean." A gentle, familiar voice called and Dean struggled to focus.

"S...sam..." Dean managed to croak out and Sam smiled at him.

"Hey, can you understand me?" Sam asked and Dean nodded and then groaned. "Don't try to move, you've been badly hurt and sick for a while." Sam told him and Dean blinked.

"Bar...dru'k." Dean slurred and Sam held a water bottle to his lips.

"You were attacked. Dean I...what do you remember?" Sam asked, helping him sit up a bit. Dean groaned and nearly blacked out but fought to stay conscious.

"Pain.....teeth....fur...were?" Dean mumbled and Sam blinked, surprised that Dean was able to put together what had happened to him.

"A wereleopard. There have been a few rogues in town, one of them attacked you."

"Wh...not hosp'al." Dean asked and Sam sighed.

"They would have locked you up Dean; I didn't want that to happen to you. We're safe, I'll look after you." Sam told him and Dean weakly reached out with the arm that wasn't in pain, grasping Sam's. "It's okay; you're going to be all right.

"In.....fec..?"

"I don't know Dean, I think so though." Sam admitted and Dean let his eyes fall shut.

The next time he woke he was still in pain but it was easier to think past it, easier to deal with. He opened his eyes to find he was in a room lit by a single lamp. He struggled to push himself into a sitting position, finding one arm pinned to his chest with bandages. He coughed, ribs throbbing but it didn't feel like they were broken. Hearing a noise he tensed but then a door opened and Sam walked in. Sam saw him sitting up and smiled, walking over to him.

"How do you feel?" Sam asked as he knelt beside him, reaching to check for fever.

"Sore." Dean answered and then coughed so Sam held a water bottle to his lips. "Not as sore as I should though, right?" Dean asked, remembering their last talk.

"Considering your injuries...Dean I need to tell you something." Sam whispered, Dean had to know but Sam really didn't want to tell him, he liked the way Dean treated him, that would all change when Dean learnt what he really was.

"You...you did something to me, nights together are fuzzy." Dean whispered and Sam stared at him, surprised, before nodding.

"I didn't hurt you; I would never hurt a human." Sam assured him and Dean just stared at him.

"Not human?" Dean asked and Sam shook his head.

"I was, once. I lived on a farm with my parents until one night I was taken as a meal. I was lucky that wasn't my fate. Instead I was turned." Sam admitted softly. Dean stared at him with wide eyes, breathing quickly and Sam felt a flash of pain as Dean tried to move away from him. "Dean...please don't, you'll hurt yourself." Sam instead moved away a little, to give him space.

"What.....what do you want with me?" Dean asked shakily.

"Nothing Dean, I just want to help you. I like you." Sam answered. "I was in New York to handle the rogues but was given the wrong information by the local Master; I thought I had gotten them all. My 'payment' for my services was any human in the city, he meant for me to drain or turn but that is not what I do. I saw you in the club that night and....I chose you but I didn't want to force you into anything. I swear I did nothing to influence your choices that night. I did roll you at one point but that was only to keep you from noticing I wasn't human and....I fed from you, nothing dangerous to you. When we parted at your car I removed all influence from you. I would have left the next night but then I heard of another attack. I confronted the Master the next night and he admitted to lying....it was complete chance I was in the area when I smelt your blood. The leopard that attacked you is dead Dean. I brought you here to care for you but, I thought you were healing alright and left for a while. When I returned you had taken a turn for the worse, I am sorry." Sam whispered, looking away.

"What? What did you do?" Dean demanded quietly.

"I gave you the First Mark" Sam admitted, looking back at him.

TBC....

"What have you done to me?" Dean demanded, trying to move further away from Sa.....from the vampire. He should have known it was too good to be true, the one guy he felt comfortable with, who had seemed to care for him, was an it not a him. Dean stared at the vampires shin, knowing better than to make eye contact. Vampire mind games explained why his memories of their nights together were so foggy.

"I saved your life Dean." Was the quiet answer and Dean curled in on himself before crying out in pain. He tried to flinch back as cool hands grabbed him, uncurling him gently. "Shh, just lie still, you're still injured."

"Let me go." Dean choked and he felt the vampire move him and then a bottle was placed at his lips.

"You're still too injured Dean, a hospital would recognise your wounds and lock you up. And if you are infected you'll need help Dean or you could end up killing someone without meaning too. Once you have control you can leave, I won't stop you." Was the answer and Dean didn't know what to think, everything he knew screamed the vampire was lying but.....if Sam had wanted to hurt him why not do it when Dean had been under his power? "I'm not going to hurt you Dean."

"What did you do to me.....that Mark thing?" Dean asked finally looking up at Sam's face, but avoiding his eyes.

"I'm not going to roll you Dean; it wouldn't work too well anymore anyways." Sam assured him, gently shifting Dean so he was leaning back in some pillows.

"What'd mean?" Dean asked, breathing deeply and trying not to pass out.

"Go to sleep Dean, we'll talk later." Sam whispered, gently running his fingers through Dean's sweat soaked hair. Dean tried to argue put the pain was taking its toll and he lost the fight. Sam sat beside him, monitoring Dean as he slept. Even asleep it was obvious Dean was still in a lot of pain and Sam thought about it before hesitantly reaching out to Dean, giving him the second Mark while he slept. He smiled when slowly some of the pain lines smoothed out. Now he'd have two marks to explain but it didn't change much, there was no way back anyway.

Dean woke up several hours later, finding he wasn't in as much pain and that Sam was lying out beside him, reading something that it was too dark for him to make out. The vampire put the book down and rolled to his side, reaching out to test Dean for fever.

"How do you feel?" Sam asked gently and Dean stared cautiously at him.

"Better again. Did you do something?" Dean asked suspiciously and Sam nodded, reaching out to help him sit up again.

"Think you can keep soup down?" Sam asked and Dean thought it over before nodding. Sam got up and soon came back with a mug, holding it while Dean sipped. Eventually Dean shook his head so Sam put it down.

"Where are we?" Dean asked, finally taking a good look around.

"Old warehouse. Didn't feel comfortable letting the Master offer me a room for my stay. I uh....have a coffin in another room for the day, didn't want to freak you out if you woke up and saw it." Sam explained with a nervous smile, hiding his fangs out of habit. "So sorry about the candles but I couldn't exactly get the power turned on. The water still works though."

"Okay. Gonna explain now?" Dean asked and Sam sighed, looking away. He didn't want Dean to hate him. "Sam."

"Sorry it's just hard. What do you know about vampires?" Sam asked and Dean hesitated, admit to what his Mom once was and his Dad still did or play civilian? "I need to know to know how much I have to explain." Sam told him and Dean bit his lip.

"My Mom's family were hunters, Mom quite to marry Dad. He started hunting when I was little." He admitted softly, feeling Sam stiffen beside him. "They specialised in demons but made sure to know the basics on a lot of things. Mom made sure I could protect myself but I never wanted to hunt." Dean told him. "I know it takes three days to wake up as a vampire, that you're dead during the day, drink blood and not to meet a vampire's eyes. Guess I screwed up on that one."

"I'm very good at playing human Dean and by the time I rolled you, you weren't exactly thinking about anything like that." Sam assured him with a small smile.

"How old are you?" Dean asked and Sam shrugged.

"I was turned in the 1630's." He admitted and Dean stared.

"Vampires gain power with age." Dean added and Sam nodded. "So you're pretty powerful."

"I'm a Master vampire Dean. Age isn't the only factor but it is a big one. I've heard of vampires over a thousand who will never reach Master level. Did you know there are different lines?"

"No."

"My Sire is a member of the Vampire Council, our Rulers I guess you could call them. Then each city large enough has a Master who then has lieutenants."

"Do you have a city?"

"I could hold one if I wanted to but I've never felt the urge to." Sam answered, slowly moving a hand to wrap around Dean's waist. Dean tensed but then slowly relaxed and Sam smiled. Dean gradually relaxed even further, his head lolling over to rest on Sam's shoulder as Sam talked a little about his past. Listening to Sam's gentle voice helped him ignore the pain and

the fear that he was no longer human. He found he was happy for Sam that his Mom had accepted him after he'd found her again. Would his parents accept him if he shifted?

"So your Sire was nice?" Dean asked and Sam chuckled.

"He's a Master Vampire on the Council, I don't think 'nice' is in any of their vocabularies but...he cared for me in his own way. I am his only American Childe after all, even if I was turned as a power play. I've never heard from him since they returned to Europe. I learnt a lot from him, maybe I didn't like some of the lessons but they've helped me survive." Sam explained softly and Dean used his good hand to squeeze Sam's hand. Sam looked at him and smiled gently. Dean moved his hand to touch Sam's lips before gradually slipping his finger under Sam's lip. Knowing what Dean was doing Sam opened his mouth, letting Dean trace his fangs. Sam took Dean's hand and slipped it under his shirt to rest over his unbeating heart. "I'm still the same person you danced with in that club Dean. Does my being a vampire really matter that much?"

"I don't know." Dean answered honestly. "I...I may not hunt but that doesn't mean I haven't seen things...."

"Never met a nice preternatural?" Sam asked and Dean shook his head. "Add to that you're attack and I don't blame you. Not all vampires are as bad as we can be portrayed but I think near immortality sends a lot of us nuts." Sam admitted and Dean grinned slightly. "So you've had personal experience with others?"

"Not vampires. Dad took me after a few ghosts when I was a teen and...." Dean trailed off, he'd nearly mentioned the demon.

"Something happened to your family." Sam whispered and Dean stared in shock and suspicion. "You said your Mom was from a hunting background. For her to quit but your Dad to start..." Sam trailed off and Dean took a deep breath.

"A demon, it was a demon. We lived in Kansas and...it killed my baby brother, Dad barely got Mom out alive. It killed little Sammy." Dean choked and Sam hugged him gently.

"I'm sorry Dean." Sam whispered, kissing the top of his head. Dean tensed but then relaxed, accepting the comfort. "How old were you?"

"Four, Sammy was just six months. After the fire there....there wasn't anything....Dad just went nuts, Mom was pretty much a sole parent. He just showed up to push training and hunts at me. He got so mad when I went to college, said it was a waste of time." Dean whispered.

"He had no right to say that too you Dean. You have to live your life, no this." Sam murmured.

"This is stupid." Dean muttered angrily, wiping at his eyes and Sam gently stroked his cheek.

"Dean you nearly died, are possibly infected with lycanthropy...I'm pretty sure it's normal to be rather emotional." Sam assured him.

"And you keep managing to change the subject away from what you did to me." Dean stated and Sam smiled sadly.

"Yeah. Well we're slowly getting there while getting to know each other better." He offered and Dean stared so he sighed. "Okay, I'll explain." Sam told him. "There's an ability Master vampires have to bind a person to them, sort of like a witches familiar, making the person their Human Servant. So far you have two of the needed Marks, another two to go. It's considered a great gift to be Marked and a vampire can only Mark one person at a time. So as long as you live we're tied together."

"Tied how?" Dean asked in alarm and Sam moved a hand to gently run through Dean's hair, trying to get him to relax.

"Well with the first Two Marks you'll be faster and stronger than you were, you'll also be harder to hurt and immune to most vampire tricks. I don't gain a lot from the first two, although being close to you gives me a power boost, I can technically syphon energy from you now but in your condition that would be counterproductive. We can also share dreams now." Sam explained and Dean stared at him. "That's why you're feeling so much better. You were going to die Dean; I didn't want that to happen."

"So I get to live and turn into a giant cat." Dean spat and Sam thought about it.

"Maybe not. I don't spend a lot of time with other vampires, at least not to talk. So I don't know if it has a chance of working or not." Sam warned him and Dean stared at him. "All Four Marks, before the next full moon might be able to halt the virus. I don't know though." Sam told him and Dean thought it over.

"What would the other two mean?"

"The third Mark would involve me drinking your blood. It would give us a more direct mental connection, increase your healing and immunity to poison. I'd be able to taste food through you. The Fourth Mark would bind our life forces completely and involves you drinking my blood. If one of us died the other would follow although very strong vampires have been known to survive the death of their Servant. After the Fourth Mark you'd stop aging but you'd still be human, able to wear a cross, all of the things I can't do. I don't know if it would stop you from shifting Dean but it's the only chance you have if infected since there's no cure." Sam explained as gently and thoroughly as he could.

"But you don't know if it'll work and if it doesn't you own me." Dean stated and Sam shook his head.

"The title's old fashioned Dean and yes you'd feel a certain level of need to fulfil my wishes but I would never force you to do anything. And it's possible with your exposure to the virus that it wouldn't affect you. You'd be immune to my powers and most other vampires. We're already half way there; I'm not sure what affect leaving the Marks half-done will have on either of us. If you do shift then I'll be able to help you since Leopards are my animal to call."

"You got any powers I should know about?" Dean asked nervously and Sam shifted him in his arms.

"Nothing that'd affect you as a human or leopard." Sam promised.

"So how long have I got to decide?"

"The sooner the better, the virus will just keep getting stronger the longer we wait."

"How sure are we I am infected?" Dean asked nervously and Sam shrugged.

"Honestly I don't know Dean. You're healing too fast but I don't know how much of that is the Marks and how much might be lycanthropy." Sam admitted.

"You really want to get stuck with me for life?" Dean asked and Sam slowly leant in, giving Dean every chance to pull away until their lips brushed softly.

"I like you Dean, I can't say I love you but I would like to see if that's possible." Sam admitted quietly. It was true, he really liked Dean, he got along better with him than he did even Ruby and he'd known her for close to one hundred and fifty years.

TBC...

Sam watched Dean as he slept, curious about every twitch. Sure he spent a lot of time with humans but not usually watching them sleep and it was rather fascinating. Sam wanted Dean to stay with him, he'd never even thought about taking a Human Servant before but now....was it the two Marks influencing him? No, he hadn't wanted to leave Dean before. If Dean chose to let the virus do its work without trying to stop it Sam would help him adjust but then what? Would Dean go off and find a Pard willing to take him in? Or would he be willing to stay with Sam?

"Thinking too loud." Dean mumbled, cracking an eye open and Sam would have blushed if he could.

"Sorry. Go back to sleep." Sam whispered, moving to gently run his fingers through Dean's hair. Dean sighed and Sam smiled when Dean leant into his touch.

"Not a cat, not yet." He mumbled and Sam chuckled, helping Dean get more comfortable, smiling again when Dean actually moved to lie against him. Sam kept gently touching him and Dean relaxed, dozing lightly. Sam was happy that Dean was no longer tensing at his touch and seemed to actually want it and yeah Sam knew a lot of that was probably the Marks but it was still nice.

"I need to get up Dean, sun's rising soon." Sam whispered and Dean grumbled.

"Comfy." He mumbled and Sam sighed.

"You still going to feel that way when you wake up with a corpse?" Sam asked quietly and Dean looked up at him, finally opening his eyes. Dean blinked sleepily and then nodded, one hand gripping Sam's shirt. "Dean...I don't want you to see..."

"Shh. It's okay, know what you are. Too comfy to care." Dean told him, drifting back off to sleep and Sam bit his lip but got them more comfortable, feeling the sun rise as he died for the day.

Dean woke several hours later to find a lax arm around his waist. He yawned and looked up to find Sam still holding him close, even while dead. He hissed in pain but shifted around to hesitantly touch Sam's face, shuddering slightly as he touched the cold skin. Seeing Sam like this.....it made it really obvious what Sam was, more than touching his fangs and feeling his lack of pulse had. Part of him screamed to go find the nearest stake or sharp object but....he couldn't. This was Sam, not just a vampire. Sam had saved him, kept him from being locked up just because he'd been attacked by a shifter. And...Dean groaned, he liked Sam a lot, maybe.....maybe even loved him a bit. Dean sighed and grabbed the arm around his waist, pulling it closer. He laid his head back on Sam's unmoving chest and let himself drift back to sleep. He hated sleeping all the time but he knew he needed it to heal.

Sam woke a few hours before sunset and looked down at the weight on his chest, smiling when he found Dean had moved to fully curl up on top of him, good hand clutching Sam's

shirt tightly. He lifted a hand to gently rub Dean's back and Dean shifted, trying to curl closer despite his injuries. "Hey sleepyhead." Sam whispered, not wanting to startle him and Dean whined but his eyes fluttered open. Sam waited to see what he'd do, surprised when Dean just smiled at him.

"You're the one that was out all day." Dean grumbled and Sam had to laugh at that.

"Are....are you okay with that?" Sam asked and Dean just laid his head back down on Sam's chest.

"Didn't move did I?" Dean grumbled and Sam relaxed in relief. "Been thinking and sleeping."

"And?" Sam asked, feeling nervous.

"I don't know Sam, either option...." Dean admitted and Sam kissed the top of his head. "I want to go home, talk to my Mom." He whispered.

Sam gently stroked his hair. "The trip would be incredibly painful Dean; your ribs seem mostly healed but your arm..."

"I know but....I need to see her Sam."

"Okay so where are we going?" Sam asked and Dean blinked in surprise.

"We?"

"Dean you're not well enough to travel alone plus it won't be an easy visit and strong emotion can trigger an early shift. Travelling with me means you won't have to deal with any shifter territories we pass through." Sam explained. "And....I want to go with you Dean." Sam admitted and Dean nodded. "So where are we going?"

"Sumter, South Carolina." Dean answered and Sam nodded.

"So we'll need to spend the day somewhere, it's too far to make in a night."

"When can we leave?" Dean asked hopefully and Sam stroked his cheek gently.

"Tomorrow night." Sam answered and Dean smiled, leaning up to slowly kiss Sam. Sam kissed him briefly and then pulled back. "I need to feed; I'll bring you back some warm food." Sam promised, getting up and gently settled Dean down alone. Dean grabbed his wrist and Sam paused. "It's alright Dean, you're safe here." Sam soothed and Dean rolled his eyes.

"Can I have chocolate?" Dean asked and Sam laughed.

"I'll see what I can do." Sam promised.

Sam helped Dean back into the car, Dean fighting the urge to cry out in pain. Sam hated causing him pain but Dean was desperate to see his mother and frankly Sam didn't feel safe staying at the motel another day, the place was sleazy but had been the only option that morning. "Okay?" Sam asked gently and Dean nodded. Sam offered him some pain pills and Dean opened his mouth, swallowing them with some water. "We'll be there in about five hours, try to sleep." Sam helped Dean lie out on the backseat, covering him with a blanket and then got in to drive, glancing back at Dean every few minutes. It didn't take long for the pain pills to help Dean drift off to sleep, Sam knew Dean had stayed up all day guarding him and it had taken its toll on the mortal. Dean thankfully slept the whole trip and Sam pulled into the hotel Dean had mentioned, it was a nice place. He walked around to Dean's door and opened it, gently waking him and sleepy green eyes slowly focused on him. "We're there. I'm going to go get us a room okay?" Sam whispered and Dean nodded, trying to sit up so Sam helped him.

Dean looked around, still a bit dazed from sleeping and the pills but then smiled. He was home, in a few hours he'd see his Mom again, even if it might be for the last time if she freaked over the attack. He winced but leant back against the seat, smiling at the concerned look on Sam's face. Sam brushed his hand against Dean's face and Dean caught his hand, kissing his fingers, making Sam smile. Dean closed his eyes, he'd need more pain killers soon but it was worth it to see his Mom. There was a tap on the window and Dean opened his eyes to find Sam was back. With him were a valet and a wheelchair. Dean rolled his eyes but let them help him into it. The valet took the keys while Sam got the bags. "Don't scratch my baby." Dean warned sleepily and the valet nodded.

"Of course sir." The man smiled and went to park the Impala.

Sam shook his head and wheeled Dean to their room. He lifted Dean easily from the chair since they were alone and helped him to the bathroom, sponging him down as well before settling him in bed with more pain pills. Sam secured the room and put the do not disturb sign on the door before getting into bed with Dean who painfully shifted closer until Sam gently shifted him into his arms, kissing his temple. Dean smiled at him even as he drifted back to sleep. Sam held Dean close until the sun rose and death took him away for the day.

TBC...

Sam parked the Impala in the driveway of a well kept two story house, feeling bad for taking Dean from his nice life but reminded himself it wasn't his fault. He hadn't been the one to give out misinformation after all. He looked at the passenger seat to find Dean's hands balled into pained fists and he placed a hand over them, squeezing gently. Dean looked at him and managed a shaky smile so Sam got out and walked around to Dean's door, gently helping him out and up the path to the front door. Dean could have unlocked the door but instead he knocked, unsure of their welcome once his Mother realised. They heard the door unlock and then Mary Winchester was there.

"Dean?" Mary smiled and then she got a good look at her son and gasped. "What happened?" She demanded stepping back.

"Come in Sam." Dean whispered tiredly and Sam was able to step inside. Mary gasped and lunged, grabbing a blade from its hiding place.

"What have you done to my son vampire?"

"Mom no, Sam didn't do this." Dean hissed in pain as he tried to get between them. Since Mary knew what he was Sam gently picked Dean up, cradling him close.

"Dean needs to rest; the trip was hard on his injuries." Sam told her, not even trying to make eye contact in an effort to help her calm down.

Mary stared at the vampire holding her son and finally nodded, leading him into the lounge room, watching the gentle way he treated Dean, as if he were more precious than gold. Once Dean was comfortable it stepped away and Mary went to her son, lifting his shirt away to look at the wounds. "Oh Dean." She whispered as she saw the bruising and healing wounds.

"Mom I....." Dean trailed off; tears in his eyes and Mary hugged him gently.

"Why aren't you in hospital?" She asked softly. "I'll drive you."

"No Mom, I can't.....they'll see and know...." Dean choked and Mary frowned.

"Know what baby?" Mary asked in dread and watched her son look at the vampire who slowly moved to Dean and pulled his shirt away from the neck, showing a rather distinctive wound. Mary gasped and reached out to trace the healing bite, pulling back when Dean flinched. "What....what bit you?"

"Wereleopard." Dean whispered, not looking at her and she knew why.

"Are you infected?" She asked despite knowing that for him to be so well healed....Dean looked at the vampire and held out a hand to it. The vampire took his hand tenderly and smiled at him and Mary stared. Was it possible the vampire actually cared for Dean?

"We think so Ma'am." The vampire answered, he had a gentle voice and despite being even taller than Dean there was something non-threatening about him. "Dean's healing too fast even with the help I gave him."

"Help?" Mary asked suspiciously.

"Mom it's okay, please." Dean whispered, eyes pleading and she put the knife down finally. Mary reached out and brushed Dean's hair back from his face. Dean leant into her touch; obviously relieved she was still willing to touch him after hearing he was probably infected.

Mary didn't know what to do. Dean was her son and she loved him but if he was infected... she knew what her parents would have said, what they would have done. A silver bullet through the heart, quick and clean to spare him pain. But she couldn't do it. He was her son! Her life. John...what they had wasn't really a marriage, not anymore. Dean was her only reason for living these days.

"Mom?" Dean whispered and she smiled at him. Dean shuddered, a few tears gathering in his eyes as he realised he wasn't being kicked out or shot.

"So one week left till the full moon...." She trailed off as the vampire nodded. "What are the chances Dean will change?"

"Even before I helped Dean he was healing but I went out to feed and came back to find him...well if I hadn't interfered Dean would have died. So..."

"So there's no way to know if he's really infected." Mary finished. "Dean how did this happen?" She asked and Dean looked away.

"I was at a bar, got drunk, was walking back to my motel then there was pain."

"I found him in an alley with the leopard on him, a minute later and Dean would have been dead. I've been looking after him since then, I knew if I took him to a hospital they would send him to one of those new halfway houses and that'd be it."

"You....you're the guy Dean was with in New York." Mary whispered and Sam nodded.

"We met at a club, danced together and Dean agreed to leave with me, I did not coerce him in any way."

"It's true Mom, I chose to go with him. Didn't know he was a vampire at that point but I wanted it." Dean added and then winced and Mary watched as the vampire removed a pill bottle from his pocket. Dean sighed but swallowed two.

"I did roll Dean's mind later but just enough that he wouldn't realise what I was. When I left I undid it."

Mary looked between them, she believed Dean but the vampire? Could she believe it hadn't forced her son? She glanced at the hazel eyes and then down, not willing to risk being caught by its powers. "Why?" She asked.

"Because I care about Dean, a lot. I was in New York to deal with some rogue shifters...but I was misinformed about their numbers, if I hadn't been then Dean never would have been attacked. I promised Dean that I'll help him until he can control his beast so that he doesn't hurt anyone. There might be away to stop the change but Dean hasn't decided yet, he wanted to come home before making the decision." Sam explained.

"There's a cure?" Mary demanded and Dean yawned, the drugs kicking in. Sam slowly sat beside him and Dean shifted so his head was on Sam's lap, cuddling into him as he began to doze. She saw the vampire smile softly and run his fingers through Dean's hair, soothing him.

"I don't know if it will work Mrs. Winchester. I don't exactly mix with my own kind so I don't know if it's been tried before."

"You're going to try and turn him?" She challenged and Sam shook his head.

"No, I know that wouldn't work and....I wasn't exactly willing myself, I've never turned anyone and I don't plan to."

"How old are you?" Mary asked, unable to help being curious and he smiled at her.

"A lot older than I look." He teased. "Guess I haven't introduced myself. Samuel Colt." His introduction made her gasp. "Yes, that Samuel Colt although I have no idea where the gun is these days."

"You were a hunter?" She asked and Sam shrugged.

"I'd already been a vampire for a while when I made the gun Mrs. Winchester. I made it for a friend who was human and a hunter." He explained.

"Incredible.....so this cure?"

"It might not work, it's already been three weeks, if he's infected the virus has spread through him and started the changes. And I'm not sure this will stop it." Sam told her and then stared as she laughed.

"Sorry, just never imagined a vampire babbling before." She told him and Sam ducked his head shyly. "You're not...you really do care about Dean." She whispered and he nodded. "So this possible cure?"

"It isn't just...it would tie Dean and I together for life. Dean will be immune to disease, poison.....old age." Sam hesitated on that one but she was Dean's mother and hadn't reacted badly to the fact her son could soon turn into a cat.

"So what? All the perks of being a vampire without any of the downsides?" She asked sceptically, it sounded too good to be true.

"He'll still be able go to church, wear a cross, all those things." Sam assured him. "But if I die he will follow. I may be able to survive his death."

"May....you've already....." Mary accused and Sam sighed.

"He was dying so yes I started the process, it's halfway done. It was that or watch him die and I couldn't do it. Dean...it's been a long time since I've known someone like him."

"You'll keep him safe?" Mary asked and Sam gently stroked Dean's face as he slept due to the painkillers.

"As safe as I can." Sam promised her. Mary nodded and then froze as they heard a truck.

"Mrs. Winchester?"

"It's John. He can't find you here." Mary answered and Sam nodded, scooping Dean up gently. Dean mumbled in protest. "Shh baby, Sam's going to take you some where safe." She whispered and drug glazed eyes fluttered open briefly.

"Mom?" Dean asked and she smiled.

"You call me later okay?" She asked but Dean was already asleep again so Sam nodded and then they were gone, too fast for her to see.

TBC...

Dean woke up, groggy from the pain meds Sam had gotten him and it took a few seconds to realise he was back in the hotel and it must be daytime since Sam was utterly still beside him. He slowly sat up and found a tray of food beside the bed as well as a note saying Sam had promised he'd call his Mom. Dean stretched gingerly and then picked his phone up and rang.

"Hello?"

"Hey Mom." Dean answered, making himself comfortable among the pillows.

"Hey baby, how're you feeling?"

"Groggy and sore." Dean admitted, knowing better than to lie to her.

"And...Sam?" She asked and Dean smiled.

"Out for the day beside me." He answered, reaching over to stroke the soft hair.

"Beside you?" She asked and Dean sighed.

"Yeah Mum, we're sharing a bed, not like he kicks in his sleep." Dean grinned and Mary sighed.

"Are...are you going to finish what he started?"

"Mom I....."

"It's okay Dean, whatever you decide you're my son." She whispered and Dean closed his eyes.

"You don't...I know what Dad would say." Dean choked.

"Well I'm not John." Mary assured him softly. "No matter what Dean, you're my son and I love you."

Sam lay beside Dean, faking still being 'asleep' as he listened to them talk. Since giving Dean the second Mark he's been waking earlier than he ever had before. He was happy that Dean wasn't losing his Mother because of either the attack or because of being partially bound to Sam. He didn't move until Dean had hung up and then he sat up and wrapped his arms around Dean who started. "Sorry, didn't mean to startle you." Sam whispered and Dean leant against him.

"How long have you been awake?" Dean asked.

"A few minutes. How're you feeling?"

"Okay, then again I haven't tried moving much yet." Dean admitted and Sam chuckled.

"Well you probably need the bathroom to do all those mortal things and I should shower before heading out." Sam got up and helped Dean off the bed, staying at his side as Dean moved slowly towards the bathroom. Dean let Sam help him with the shower; they'd spent days together before Dean had learnt the truth so Sam had seen him naked plenty of times. They'd barely kissed since Dean had been attacked, Dean had been too badly hurt and out of it and then dealing with a lot of new information. Plus Sam wasn't sure if Dean wanted to be with him long term. So when Dean tugged his head down to kiss him Sam smiled but kissed back gently, being careful of his fangs.

Dean smiled. "Know they're there Sam, its okay." He assured him, tugging him back in. Dean gently mapped Sam's mouth, tongue teasing his fangs and Sam moaned, gently pulling Dean closer, feeling he was hard even if Sam wasn't. "You're not...you don't..." Dean asked and Sam hushed him.

"Dean trust me on this I want to be with you. I haven't fed yet, without blood...." Sam trailed off and Dean blushed as he got it. "We need blood for more than just being warm. Besides you're still to sore for anything more than this." Sam whispered as he gently washed Dean down and Dean nodded, leaning against him. Once they were out and dried Sam ordered room service for Dean.

"I've made my decision." Dean said after he'd eaten and Sam looked at him.

"And?" Sam asked, not sure what to hope for.

"I want to finish what you started, I know it may not keep me from shifting but it's the best chance I've got and....being tied to you for life isn't that bad." Dean explained and Sam nodded, smiling wide enough to briefly flash his fangs. "So...how do we?"

"I drink your blood and then you drink mine, not a lot." Sam assured him. "Do you want to do this now or wait a while?"

"Better to do it now right? Before the virus gets any further?" Dean asked and Sam nodded. "So let's do this."

"I'm not sure how this will affect you while we're doing it." He warned and Dean nodded. "I need to feed first." Sam kissed his forehead and got up to dress.

Dean watched him go, staying in bed to wait and think. He'd made his decision; he would finish the Marks with Sam. What he was dreading was the Full Moon and learning if it worked or not. That scared him, he didn't want to be a lycanthrope and not just because of how his Dad might react. The thought of becoming an animal, of hunting, possibly hurting someone....he may not be a Hunter like his Dad or even his Mom used to be but he had still been raised with the beliefs of one. He nearly jumped when warm arms wrapped around him, he'd been so lost in thought that eh hadn't even heard Sam coming back. He looked up at Sam, seeing he wasn't quite as pale and smiled. Sam smiled back and gently stroked his back, Dean relaxing into his arms.

"Ready?" Sam asked softly and Dean nodded, tipping his head to the side. Sam kissed him and then his throat before gently biting and Dean gasped in pain, clinging to Sam. He knew

he was immune to Sam's powers now so he couldn't be rolled by him anymore but he hadn't expected it to hurt so much! He felt Sam's hand rubbing his back soothingly and then it was over, Sam's lips sealing over the wound to drink a few mouthfuls. Dean gasped as memories that weren't his seemed to flow through his mind and he realised they were Sam's memories. "Sorry." Sam whispered once he was down, kissing him softly. "We can wait a few hours if you want." Sam offered. Dean relaxed and cuddled against him, one hand still clinging to Sam. "You okay?"

"That was.....intense. I saw...."

"Yeah." Sam agreed. "Do you want to wait?"

"No, I'm okay, let's do this."

"You sound very eager." Sam commented, hiding a smile and Dean winced.

"Sorry but the idea of drinking anyone's blood....." Dean shuddered and Sam nodded. He helped Dean recline in his arms and then pulled out a small knife and cut into his arm, making Dean wince in sympathy. Dean looked up at Sam who smiled and then he grasped Sam's arm and parted his lips, sealing them over the cut and forcing himself to swallow.

"Blood of my blood, flesh of my flesh, two minds with but one body, two souls wedded as one." Sam stated as Dean drank. Sam felt the power as it tied them together for life and Dean gasped. Dean pulled off the cut and clung to Sam who gently stroked his hair and back until he calmed. "You okay?" He asked and Dean nodded as his breathing calmed. "It's done."

"I know, I....I can feel you." Dean admitted.

Dean was hugging himself, standing naked in the clearing with Sam standing nearby. The moon was slowly rising and Dean could feel it, feel it pulling at something inside him and he was terrified. His temperature had shot up over the last few days and he felt....caged. He could feel Sam watching him in concern and he wanted to go to the vampire, his vampire but he was a Winchester! He'd broken down so many times since the attack that he had to be strong now.

"Dean." Sam whispered and Dean turned to him, seeing the pain in his eyes at being unable to save him from what was coming.

"It's okay." Dean managed before he was overwhelmed by pain.

TBC...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sam watched as Dean changed, wincing at the sounds of his pained screams. When it was done he found himself staring into the eyes of a leopard. Dean was crouched, obviously disorientated, his tail lashing as he scented the air. He took a step towards the cat but then stopped when Dean hissed at him. "It's alright Dean." Sam whispered, reaching out to him with his powers to calm him. Dean snarled but slowly began to calm, his beast reacting instinctively to Sam. "That's it, come here." Sam called softly and Dean got to all fours, prowling over to him. Sam knelt down and gently rubbed his head, smiling sadly when Dean began to purr. Looking into his eyes he knew the animal was in complete control, completely normal since it was Dean's first shift. He was a magnificent cat, larger than a normal leopard would be. Sam ran his hands through Dean's coat, counting his spots for the fun of it till Dean growled, obviously needing to hunt. Sam led him deeper into the forest, guiding his hunt to ensure he didn't go for any humans. Dean ate his fill and then spent the rest of the night exploring until the moon began to set, crying out in pain and then collapsing unconscious to the ground.

Sam lifted him gently and found a cave; it was too close to sunrise to make it back to the hotel. Sam put him down and then took off the backpack he was carrying, removing Dean's clothes from it so he could re-dress him before unrolling the sleeping bag and getting into it with Dean. He smiled when Dean shifted slightly, moving closer to him and wrapped his arms tighter around him. "It's okay Dean, I've got you." He whispered and Dean went slack against him, obviously hearing him or at least knowing he was there. Sam dug out Dean's phone and dialled, he didn't have long till sunrise.

"Dean?"

"It's Sam Mrs. Winchester, Dean's unconscious." Sam answered, free hand moving to run through Dean's short hair.

"Unconscious? Then...he shifted?" She asked quietly and Sam nodded.

"Yes. I don't have long till sunrise. Dean will sleep most of the day if not all of it. We're well hidden. He didn't...he didn't hurt anyone. Took down a few deer and explored." Sam explained to her.

"Was it.....was he in pain?" She whispered and Sam closed his eyes.

"I'm sorry, shifting is violent....there is always some level of pain." He admitted softly.

"Will you come tonight? John's left on another hunt."

"Alright." Sam blinked, feeling the dawn coming. "I have to go now."

"Sleep well." She replied before hanging up. Sam did the same and curled tighter around Dean even as the sun rose and he died for the day.

Dean woke slowly, he ached all over and he was starving. He tried to move and groaned in pain, giving up to instead open his eyes. It was dark but he could make out a face next to his....Sam, he could feel the vampires' presence even if he hadn't been able to see his face in the dark. He forced his arm to move, shaking fingers touching Sam's face and the vampire's eyes opened.

"Dean? You okay?" Sam asked as he moved to lean up on an elbow.

"Sore." Dean answered and then Sam was gently pulling him into his arms, gently massaging protesting muscles, helping Dean relax. "I....I changed, didn't I?" He whispered and Sam nodded, kissing the side of his head.

"It went better than we could have hoped Dean; you were very responsive to me and let me guide you in hunting. I called your Mother this morning; she would like to see you tonight." Sam told him and Dean froze. "She knows you shifted and that it went well."

"I...."

"Dean she's your mother and she loves you." Sam whispered and Dean cuddled closer to him, Sam gently ran his fingers through Dean's hair, helping him relax. "I love you too." He whispered and Dean's head shot up, eyes wide as he stared at Sam. Sure they were tied together for life and he knew Sam cared but love?

"You mean it?" he asked and Sam nodded, smiling widely enough to show his fangs.

"I love you Dean Winchester." Sam stated and then kissed him. Dean kissed him back, not caring when he nicked his tongue on a fang. Sam moaned at the taste of blood so when they parted Dean tilted his head in offering. Sam stared at him in surprise before kissing his throat and then biting down as gently as he could. Dean still hissed in pain but held still, letting Sam drink his fill. Sam helped take his mind off the bite by gently touching him, letting his hands move over Dean's body. Dean moaned but not in pain, his body reacting to Sam's touch.

Dean used his key this time, unlocking the front door and moving inside, Sam following him. "Mom?" He called nervously and then she was coming down the stairs.

"Dean." Mary smiled, seeing Dean standing unaided, looking healthy again. She opened her arms to her son and Dean moved into them, hugging her tightly. "You look so much better now." She whispered when she pulled back. She touched his neck and shoulder, finding the bite scarred over. But she also found a fresh bite and raised an eyebrow. Dean shrugged and

looked at Sam who smiled at him. "I'm not asking just be careful you two." She warned and Sam ducked his head, feeling embarrassed.

Dean nodded. "Yes Mom." He was just happy she wasn't kicking him out or shooting him with silver. Mary sat down and they followed her lead.

"So what now?"

"Well it will take Dean several months to begin remembering what happens when he shifts and to start getting control of his leopard form. It would help him to be in a settled Pard environment and there are a few cities whose Master's would probably be willing to allow us entry." Sam answered and Dean flinched slightly at the thought of causing so much trouble. "It's not trouble." Sam whispered to him and Dean blushed slightly but nodded.

"What about working?" Mary asked and Dean looked at Sam. Could he still work?

"As long as he isn't outed there shouldn't be a problem, once his control is good enough." Sam answered and Dean grinned, thankful all those years of school wouldn't be going to waste.

Jean-Claude stared at the letter that arrived earlier that day. He had to admit he was surprised and intrigued by its contents. Allowing such a powerful master vampire into his territory was risky but the possible rewards were also great. Great enough to take the risk though?

TBC.....

Chapter End Notes

Any suggestion what AB book they should arrive during?

Sam blinked awake and then smiled as he felt the warmth of Dean's body pressed against him. He glanced down to find his head resting over his unbeating heart and lifted a hand to run through the short dirty blonde hair. Dean stirred and then settled again and Sam's smile widened enough to reveal his fangs. He was far happier and more content than he had ever been, as a human or a vampire. His hand moved from Dean's hair to his neck and back, gently stroking the bare skin and Dean shifted before incredible green eyes opened sleepily. "Good evening." Sam whispered and Dean smiled.

"Evening." Dean rubbed his head against Sam's chest and Sam smiled at the gesture, gently tugging Dean up to kiss him. Dean pulled back for air and grinned at him before grabbing something from the nightstand. "This was at reception when I went down for lunch." He handed Sam the envelope and the vampire smiled at the address.

"Jean-Claude replied." He stated and Dean nodded, suddenly nervous. So far it had just been the two of them, other than visits to his Mom. How would things change around other vampires and in a city with other leopards? He didn't want things to change between them. Sam sensed Dean's turmoil and pulled him close, kissing him gently. "Nothing can come between us Dean, you are mine for eternity." He promised, stroking Dean's cheek gently. "And I am yours." He smiled as he felt some of Dean's fear fade as he cuddled in. Yes Dean Winchester was cuddling but it didn't feel wrong, was it the cat inside him? Or the fact that he loved Sam? Sam held Dean close, gently rubbing his back, he understood Dean's fear all too well. After all Dean would be joining a Pard hopefully, there were things he had to learn that only other leopards could teach him after all. Would Dean want to leave him for another of his own kind? They were bound for life but that didn't mean they had to be lovers, he wasn't of Belle Morte's line after all where everything was rooted in sex.

"Love you." Dean whispered and if Sam hadn't been a vampire he would never have heard him. Hazel eyes went wide and he gently tugged until Dean lifted his head. He smiled at Dean and then kissed him.

"I love you Dean." Sam told him for only the second time. And how long had it been before that since he'd said he loved someone? Not since his mother had died. Dean blinked and then grinned, kissing him hard. Sam laughed and they rolled on the bed playfully. "I better read the letter before we go getting worried or excited." Sam opened the envelope, admiring the other vampires' handwriting.

"Well?"

"We have an open invitation to St. Louis." Sam told him and Dean nodded.

"When do we leave?"

Sam shrugged. "We should get there before the next full moon but there's no rush." Sam knew he wanted as much time with his mother as possible and it was understandable, once they left there was no telling when they would be able to come back and see her.

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Dean went red as his Mom showed Sam his baby photos. It was so embarrassing! Did Sam really need to see pictures of him running around stark naked and covered in paint from when he'd gotten in the way of his parents painting the living room in Lawrence? Sam looked at him and grinned, sensing his discomfort. He felt a wave of amusement and longing from Sam and realised that being so old he had no pictures of his family, only his memories of them. Dean shifted closer, leaning against Sam's arm as they sat on the floor among the albums.

Mary hid a smile at the sight of the two of them. She'd never imagined having a vampire as a son-in-law, especially a Master Vampire, but looking at them she couldn't imagine Dean with anyone else. So much for grandchildren. She hated the fact that they were going to be living so far away but Dean needed to be around other shifters and honestly them staying just wasn't safe with John coming and going. One day he would work it out and go after them if they stayed. She might not love him the way she had once but he was still her husband and Dean's father. The thought of him killing Dean or of Dean killing him in self defence made her feel sick. But if it came to a choice of Dean or John, she knew which she would choose.

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Mary hugged Dean tightly and then shocked Sam by hugging him as well. "Look after him for me." She whispered and Sam hugged her back.

"Forever." He promised.

"Mom!" Dean grumbled and Mary smiled, hugging him again.

"I'm going to miss you so much, both of you. You better remember to call at least once a week and let me know when you want your things sent on."

"I will." Dean smiled sadly and then glanced nervously at the waiting jet. Apparently Jean-Claude had sent it to make the trip short and easier but Dean would really prefer to drive. Instead his baby would be shipped with the rest of his possessions when they got a place to live.

"Just be yourself Dean, I'm sure the other leopards will love you." She told him and Dean rolled his eyes but nodded. "Have a safe flight." She told them as a man told them they were ready. Dean and Sam walked towards the plane, Dean glancing back every so often. Mary stayed where she was and waved goodbye once they were at the top of the stairs. The boys waved and then the door shut and the engines started. She stayed until the jet was out of sight and then left the airfield, heading back to an empty house. For a fortnight it had been a proper home again but now it was just her again.

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Jason shifted nervously as the jet stopped moving and then engines began to shut down. Why did he have to be the one to meet some scary Master Vampire and his Servant? He stared in shock as the door opened and a guy bolted down the stairs, practically kissing the ground in relief. Hearing laughter he looked back at the plane to see what had to be the vampire shaking his head in amusement. "The turbulence wasn't that bad Dean."

“Never again Sam! For now on we drive everywhere.” The blonde answered. Jason blinked; maybe this wouldn’t be so bad a job after all. The vampire walked down the stairs and gave Dean a hand up and Jason looked away when he gently soothed the human. Jason got a sniff and frowned, or not human. He smelled like a leopard, that could be awkward. The two men walked towards him and Jason swallowed, dropping his eyes. He could feel the power flowing between them and it was incredible.

Sam frowned and then his eyes widened and he increased his shielding, gently helping Dean to shield too. “Sorry, Dean’s still learning how to shield.” Sam told the young wolf that was obviously there to meet them.

Jason hesitantly raised his head to find them standing nearby but not close enough to crowd him and sure enough the feeling of power had diminished a lot. He found the leopard staring at him curiously, almost studying him and shifted nervously. “Um....what are you?” He asked and Jason blinked, how new was this guy?

“Werewolf.” He answered and Dean nodded, memorising the scent. “Jean-Claude sent me to drive you to him.”

“Thank you.” Sam told him as they moved towards the limousine and Dean’s eyes widened.

“Wow.” He whispered and Sam smiled, wrapping an arm around him.

“Most Masters love their luxuries.” He told him and Dean nodded nervously. The Winchesters weren’t poor but they weren’t rich either. He figured his family was firmly middle class so all this.....it was more than a bit overwhelming and he felt almost as nervous as he had when he’d seen Sam’s hotel in New York and realised he didn’t fit in. Sam slowed and Jason glanced at them before moving to the car. Sam pulled Dean into his arms and kissed him gently. “What is it?”

“Nothing.” Dean tried to shrug it off but Sam just stared at him and he looked down.

“Just....not used to all this....”

“Dean I slept in a cave with you, you really think this matters to me? Money is handy as a way to keep us both safe but if you want a little house in the suburbs with second hand cars then we’ll do that. I spent my last human years on a farm remember?” Sam whispered and Dean nodded. “I think we’re making our chauffeur nervous.”

“Right, better not keep him waiting.” Dean took a deep breath and then tangled his fingers with Sam’s, getting a brilliant smile from the vampire as they started walking again.

Jason hadn’t been able to hear them but he had also been watching from the corner of his eye and wasn’t sure what to think of them. He knew Samuel was a Master Vampire but he didn’t act like any Master Jason had met. Not even Jean-Claude was that open and affectionate with Anita in public. He straightened as they approached and opened the door for them, the vampire nudging his companion in first before sliding in. Jason closed the door and got in to drive, the privacy screen up but he could still hear the soft murmurs of them talking as he drove towards the Circus. He really hoped Jean-Claude knew the man was a leopard and had made arrangement cause Jason really didn’t think him meeting Gabriel would end well at all.

The current alpha was nowhere near as powerful and would definitely see him as a threat to him. Things were going to get complicated.

TBC....

Disclaimer: Not mine.

Chapter 12

Anita watched Jean-Claude move about the room, making sure everything was perfect. “So usually when meeting with a Master Vampire you make me dress like an extra from one of Raina’s little films. Why so casual this time?”

“Samuel is not your usual Master.” Jean-Claude answered. “I have only met him once and have he did not have a Human Servant back then. It was only a year or so before we met that he was here. Samuel is what you might call a...problem solver. When there is a problem that the Master of the City cannot deal with.” He lounged on the couch and Anita leant against the table.

“What sorts of problems?”

“Rogue vampires and shifters, demons, black magic users.” Jean-Claude gave one of those elegant shrugs and Anita’s eyes widened a bit at the mention of demons. “He is the only Childe the Traveller has ever Sired on American soil although he told me he was actually born in England. He is powerful but has never even attempted to claim territory of his own.”

“And now suddenly he wants to live here?” She asked sceptically.

“I would guess it is due to his Human Servant, we shall soon see.” Jean-Claude straightened and Anita moved closer to present a united front. Jason slipped into the room, shooting her a grin and then two new males entered, both tall but one pale and one tanned. It was obvious that the taller, pale male was Samuel and he wasn’t what she expected. The man next to him was shorter but still quite tall with short blonde hair and green eyes and.....and the feel of a new shifter. This was his Human Servant? More like his animal to call.

Samuel inclined his head to the other Master, able to feel Dean’s nervousness as the leopard shifted in place. “Hello Jean-Claude, it’s good to see you again.”

“Samuel, it is good to see you well. Congratulations on taking a Human Servant.”

“To you as well.” Sam smiled at him and nodded at Anita. “Dean this is Jean-Claude and Anita Blake. This is Dean Winchester, my Human Servant.” Sam introduced them and Dean gave an awkward smile and nod, not really sure what to do. Sure Sam had been telling him about his new world but it was a lot to take in and remember.

“You sure about the human bit?” Anita asked, seeing Dean flinch slightly and then blinked when Samuel gently took his hand, squeezing it gently. She’d never seen a vampire, let alone a Master, show that much affection with strangers. Meeting once did not make him and Jean-Claude friends after all.

Sam saw her surprise and tugged at Dean who willingly moved into his arms. He knew Jean-Claude and Jason could smell Dean's nervousness. He ignored them in favour of calming and comforting Dean. Despite not being a hunter Dean had been raised as one and he knew it made Dean's change even harder for him to deal with. Dean closed his eyes and relaxed into Sam's cool body as the vampire kissed his throat gently.

Jean-Claude kept his face blank only because of centuries of practice. This definitely explained Samuel looking for a city to settle in, although why he didn't just claim his own was still a mystery. He had seen even that one time that the other vampire was lonely. A Human Servant and one he obviously cared deeply for would do him a lot of good. He caught Anita almost gaping at them and nudged her gently through the Marks. A glance at Jason showed him watching them more covertly but with awe and....envy.

Feeling Dean relax Sam looked up at the others. "Dean was attacked in New York nearly two months ago. He shifted for the first time last full moon. I thought it would be best if we were somewhere stable until he adjusts." He admitted softly.

"How long have you been Samuel's Human Servant?" Anita asked and Dean opened his eyes to look at her.

"The same amount of time, we met in New York at a club." He answered with a small grin.

"There is a suite of rooms prepared for you here." Jean-Claude addressed Samuel who nodded in thanks. "Obviously you have feeding rights, many of the shifters who live here are quite happy to oblige if you do not wish to go out and search for a willing donor."

That statement had Dean stiffening slightly and Sam stroked his arm softly. He knew he couldn't always feed Sam but the thought of him hunting people for food was awkward and made some trained instincts rise up in alarm. "You know I don't kill Dean, even before we were legalised. And for the other....you're all I want or need." Sam murmured to him very softly. Dean relaxed again, feeling ashamed for his instinctive reaction.

Jean-Claude realised there was something about what he had said that was causing issues and nodded at Jason. "Jason will show you to your rooms. Dean you have free use of the kitchen whenever you wish. Feel free to enjoy the show upstairs as well."

"Thank you." Sam told him and then they followed Jason from the meeting room.

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Sam curled around Dean on the massive bed they'd been given, quite happy to soak up the heat from Dean's body. Dean was half asleep, worn out from the stressful day, one hand tangled with Sam's. Sam kissed his cheek and Dean shifted, mumbling sleepily, one eye opening slightly. "Go to sleep Dean." Sam murmured and Dean closed his eyes again. Sam just smiled and ran his fingers through Dean's hair, happy to watch over Dean as he slept. This was a big change for both of them but he knew they needed the stability of living in one place, at least for a few years. Dean had a lot to learn after all. And Sam knew he could do with learning more about the Marks and what they meant for them.

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Dean sat at the table, eating toast and looking around curiously. Thankfully he'd remembered the directions Jason had given him since Sam was asleep for the day. He was jumpy and he knew it but he'd never been around so many vampires and shifters before, even if most were asleep at the moment. He looked up as someone entered the room to see another man, well-tanned and with longish brown hair. Dean bit his lip as he felt something from him.....like what he'd felt from Jason but more powerful. The man looked over, feeling his gaze, and stared back before snarling. Instinct had Dean moving luckily as the other shifter hit the chair he'd been sitting in seconds earlier. "What the hell?" Dean scrambled away, easily falling into a defensive stance. He'd defend himself but he didn't want to fight a complete stranger and possible piss off their host. Getting kicked out on their first day would not be good.

"Leopard." The man sneered and Dean blinked.

"Uh....yeah?" Dean stared at him in confusion and then heard running footsteps.

"Richard don't!" A familiar voice yelled. Jason skidded into the room, holding his hands up. He looked at Dean and winced. "I am so sorry, he doesn't know. Please don't tell your Master."

"Would someone please tell me what's going on?" Dean demanded, feeling his temper starting to snap. He took a deep calming breath, so far he hadn't shifted due to emotion and he'd like to keep it that way.

"Richard Zeeman meet Dean Winchester, Human Servant to the new Master Vampire in town, Samuel." He introduced the two more powerful were's cautiously.

"You're not part of the Pard?" Richard demanded and Dean shook his head.

"Just arrived last night. So it's not leopards in general you have a problem with, just the locals?" Dean snapped, still angry at being attacked.

"Considering what those bastards are used for we all hate them!" Richard snapped at him. Jason whined softly at the anger of the two alpha's. As young as he was it was obvious Dean was an alpha and would only get more powerful with time.

Dean winced at the whine and moved to Jason's side. "Easy, it's okay." He soothed and Jason relaxed, slumping against him much to Dean's surprise. Richard froze as he saw the other male sooth his pack mate, treating him like an equal or something. Jason relaxed into Dean, revelling in the feeling of safety the other man radiated. Why couldn't the Pack be made of alpha's like him? He whined softly, unable to help it and then sagged further as he felt a gentle hand in his hair. "You're okay Jason; no one's going to hurt you." Dean might not know a lot about weres yet but he couldn't just leave the other male in distress, even if it did break some inter-species rules. Jason was relieved that Dean wasn't shoving him away but doing what an alpha should. "You like scaring people half to death?" Dean asked Richard who looked slightly ashamed and joined him next to Jason.

"I'm sorry Jason." Richard whispered and the blonde wolf slowly looked up. Richard put a hand on his shoulder and Jason nodded. Dean pulled back and they all looked at each other

before Dean's stomach growled. Richard glanced at what had been the other man's breakfast and winced slightly. "Sorry."

Dean just shrugged. "No harm done." He went to get more food.

TBC....

Not really happy with this chapter but rewritten several times so this is it. Yeah the first meeting with Richard was bad but this is back when the pard are used to help punish wolves so he does have a reason.

Disclaimer: Not mine

Chapter 13

Sam smiled as he woke, feeling Dean curled against him. He moved his hand to gently run his fingers through short hair and Dean opened his eyes, smiling at him. "Good afternoon." Sam murmured.

"Missed you." Dean answered, kissing Sam gently.

"You okay?" Sam asked and Dean shrugged.

"This place is....."

"We'll only be here until we find a place of our own Dean." He promised and Dean nodded, relaxing. Sam could smell the scent of two wolves lingering around Dean and was curious but he wouldn't push Dean to talk. He nuzzled at Dean's neck and Dean chuckled but bared his throat so Sam licked at the warm skin, pulling Dean closer. Dean ran his hands over Sam's currently cold skin, enjoying the contact. He hissed softly as sharp fangs punctured his skin and then Sam was sucking at his blood hungrily. Dean could feel Sam's body come alive as he fed, his skin becoming warmer even as his heart began to beat and his body react to their closeness.

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Dean looked around the house and smiled, it was perfect. It was small but they didn't need anything big. It backed onto the woods which was good for both of them, especially him on the full moon. Dean looked at the real estate agent and nodded, she smiled and they left the house to go fill out paperwork. Dean didn't like having to rely on Sam's money for this but since he didn't have a job there wasn't any option.

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Anita looked over at the couch where Samuel lounged, Dean resting against him in contentment. Considering how long they'd been together it was amazing how comfortable they were with each other. Dean looked over and caught her staring but she refused to look away and he grinned before frowning in thought.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Go ahead." Anita answered, curious what he wanted to know.

"Why do the wolves have issues with the local leopards?" He asked and Anita winced even as Sam sat up.

"Dean?" He asked in alarm and Dean shrugged.

“Its fine Sam, Jason got him calmed down and explained who I was besides I’m pretty good at dodging. Just didn’t want to start a fight first day here.” Dean shrugged it off and Sam nodded, accepting his explanation.

“It’s a complicated situation. Raina, the wolves Lupa and Gabrielle the leader of the Pard are in business together.”

“What sort of business?” Sam asked suspiciously and Anita sighed.

“Porn.” She admitted. “The pair of them are sick. Marcus does nothing to rein her in. in fact he...gives them wolves he believes need punishing.”

Dean blanched at that but it did explain why Richard had attacked him that day. “And no one has stopped them?” He demanded.

“Few people would get involved in Pard or Pack politics.” Sam answered for her.

“There aren’t many wolves strong enough to challenge Marcus. Richard is moving into position but it’s not easy. As for the leopards...none of them are real alphas. Most would never even dream of challenging Gabriel.” Anita explained and Dean shook his head.

“It’s not right.” He snarled and Anita shifted, feeling lycanthropic power rising. Sam gently pulled him close, stroking his arm to calm him and the power settled, leaving Dean blinking in shock.

“And Gabriel will expect Dean to join the Pard and submit to him.”

“No way will that happen.” Dean glared and Sam nodded.

“How powerful is Gabriel?” Sam asked Anita who shrugged.

“I’m honestly not sure. I’ve never seen or even heard of him fighting. His relationship with Raina protects him to a certain extent. I can ask around though.” Could Dean take the other leopard? “Can you fight?”

“Been trained to since I was a kid. My dad was a marine and...he’s been a hunter most of my life. He insisted on training me even though I never wanted in on that life.” He admitted and Anita winced slightly. With a father for a hunter she was betting the man didn’t know of his son’s new life. Hopefully that wouldn’t come back to bite him at some point.

“That would make you the new leader though Dean.”

“I may be new to this leopard thing but there is no way I could do worse than that bastard seems to be.”

Anita laughed at that. “I think I might get to like you Dean.” She admitted and he grinned. Sam just smiled, glad Dean seemed to be making some sort of friends.

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Sam watched as Dean moved, going through motions he obviously knew by heart. He’d

never seen Dean do this before but then again his taking on another shifter hadn't been brought up until a few days ago. Now Dean was making sure he was in fighting shape. Sam didn't relish the idea of Dean fighting but he knew Dean better than to think he'd back in when so many people were being treated badly. Anita had come through with word from the Rodere about Gabriel, the man fought dirty if he had to fight but wasn't very powerful. He wasn't a trained fighter like Dean and Dean had the Marks to fall back on in a pinch. Jean-Claude and Anita had begun working with them on learning to use the Marks and it was rather interesting.

Dean finished and moved to the kitchen to grab some water before looking over at Sam. "Do you think I can beat him?"

"As long as you can keep control of your animal instincts yes. But Dean, this won't be a simple fight. A challenge like this won't end until one of you is dead."

"And I've never killed before." Dean admitted. Sam pulled him into a hug and then a soft kiss.

"That isn't a bad thing Dean. I wish I had never had to kill. But killing to defend yourself or others is nothing to be ashamed off." Sam smiled at him and Dean managed a small smile in return. "Now let's see what you can do." Sam grinned and backed off and Dean laughed but moved closer to attack.

TBC...

ch14

Disclaimer: Don't own them

Chapter 14

Dean stepped into the circle confidently, he knew better than to let anyone know exactly what he was feeling. He wouldn't let the bastard he was set to fight know how nervous he was. The amount of people watching didn't help. Since the Pard didn't have a place of power the Lupanar had been offered by Marcus and Gabrielle had accepted. It meant that his partner in crime Raina was watching and Dean didn't trust her not to stab him in the back. He figured Richard and Jason might help if that happened and he knew Sam would kill any that tried to hurt him. Since Gabrielle had chosen the location he got to choose how they fought thankfully. He had not had enough time to learn to fight as a leopard, he couldn't even remember the time he spent as an animal yet. So they would fight as humans, hopefully giving him the advantage due to a lifetime of training. Spotting a familiar figure pushing her way closer he managed a small smile for Anita.

Then Gabrielle entered the circle and Dean took a deep breath, it was time. The older leopard yanked his shirt off, obviously trying to impress but Dean rolled his eyes and then removed his own. The difference between them was obvious, Dean was stockier, his body well-muscled, tanned and with several scars due to training and the few hunts he'd been dragged on. Gabrielle was skinnier and pale compared to Dean, the only obvious scar a bite mark on his side that was probably from when he was infected. Dean could feel people staring at him and could smell lust coming off several of them. He smirked slightly and Gabrielle snarled.

This was the first time the two leopards had met, the challenge had been sent using Jean-Claude as a courier, something the Master Vampire had been happy to do. He had to wonder if Gabrielle would have accepted so eagerly if they had met before. But Sam had been quite vocal over not letting Dean near the older leopard until the fight was organised, he would not expose his lover to such a person unless utterly necessary.

Sam watched from the sidelines as the two leopards sized each other up. In a fair fight he had no doubt Dean could win without really trying but he doubted Gabrielle would fight fair when the loser would die. He couldn't lose Dean, even if he might survive the Marks being destroyed he couldn't imagine life without him. He gave Sam a reason to go on and actually live when he'd just been existing before. But he could not directly interfere in the fight or Dean would lose automatically. He could however ensure none of the other watchers interfered either. He caught the way the Lupa stared at his Dean and felt his bloodlust rise, she stared at Dean like he was a piece of meat. He hands curled into fists as the fight really began, opening the Marks as wide as he could so that Dean could use his power and even his senses to help himself. He smirked when Dean landed the first blows and easily evaded the return attacks. He only hoped that Dean could deliver the killing blow when given the chance.

Anita kept one eye on the fight and the other on the crowd. The leopards were deathly silent as they watched the fight that would determine their fates. She knew that with Dean they would have a chance to become something but if Gabrielle won he would continue to drag them down until eventually they went too far and were wiped out. She liked what she had seen so far of the leopard and his vampire and didn't want them to die. If Dean died she would try and help keep Samuel 'alive', after all technically vampires were dead even though she had never tried using her powers on one. His presence in St Louis was an advantage and Jean-Claude had admitted that in the month he had been in the city, challenges from outsiders for the territory had dropped. Anything that made their city safer was good in her view. Her hand twitched towards her gun as Dean hit the dirt but he quickly rolled to his feet and lashed out at Gabrielle. Even she heard the crack of bone breaking and she winced, broken ribs were never good and would hopefully slow him down.

Gabrielle gasped in pain and then snarled at the young leopard. He'd come into this expecting an easy fight with a new shifter but this one knew how to fight. One look in his eyes and he knew this one would die before breaking and submitting to him. He was quite happy to kill him but he was beginning to wonder if he could. His gaze flickered to the tall vampire standing nearby and he knew it was his fault this one was so controlled and strong. He'd heard quickly about the new vampire in town and his animal to call. He would never bow to the vampire and give him the Pard, they were his to do as he pleased with. He liked the business he and Raina had going and was not going to let them ruin all his hard work.

Dean backed off a bit to catch his breath. Gabrielle may not be a fighter but he was fast and that made things more even. The smell of blood was distracting but thanks to Sam he was keeping control, if he shifted he would automatically lose the fight and he couldn't do that. He would not be the reason Sam died. He watched the other leopard warily, noticing which injuries he was favouring. He needed to end the fight soon and that broken rib might be his opening. He lunged as if going for that spot again and Gabrielle instantly moved to protect it, leaving himself open to a different attack. Seconds later he was sprawled on the ground and Dean straddled him, pinning him down. He took a deep breath and put a hand on either side of his head, glad that he was on his stomach so he didn't have to look him in the eye. He looked up and met Sam's calm gaze, taking strength from it. He hesitated but then twisted quickly, hearing the spine snap. It was a quick, clean death which was more than he deserved but all Dean could give him. He stood up and stared around at the watchers. Every leopard there instantly dropped to their news, offering their throats in submission to their new Alpha.

"You did so well." Sam praised softly even as he ran his hands down Dean's body, searching for injuries. Dean smiled and leant in to kiss him before turning to face the wolves Ulfric and Lupa, seeing the rage in her eyes. He would have to watch his back now, joy.

"You won't use the Pard anymore. No more porn or punishments, nothing." Dean stated firmly.

"Without our protection the Pard won't last a month, you don't have the strength." Marcus responded.

"I will keep them safe." Dean answered, holding his hand out and one of his new Pard members crawled forward to rub against his hand and Dean smiled softly at her.

“I get the feeling we should have bought a bigger house.” Sam muttered and Dean laughed, he was probably right.

“We’re leaving now.” He glanced at Richard and nodded at him and then Anita before moving away, the leopards quickly following him and Sam from the forest.

“Wait up!” He paused and Anita quickly joined them. “I don’t want to wear out my welcome with Marcus. You better watch your backs, Raina at least isn’t going to let this go.” She warned and Dean nodded.

“I know, I saw her rage.”

“But if she tries anything she has to face me as well, this won’t be a dominance fight after all.” Sam grinned and Anita nodded, she had the feeling Raina would regret going after Dean.

TBC.....

ch15

Disclaimer: not mine

Sorry for the very long wait. I am trying to get back into Anita Blake enough to finish my stories. Haven't read the books in years. Trying to find a way to get cheap epub's versions of at least up to burnt offerings.

Chapter 15

Dean collapsed on the couch as soon as they were inside the house, hands shaking slightly and Sam was instantly there to hold him, offering comfort. Sensing his distress the leopards dropped to the floor, some crawling to press against his legs.

“It’s okay Dean, you didn’t have a choice,” Sam murmured as he held his lover close.

Dean swallowed and slowly nodded. he glanced down to see a woman and a teenager pressed against his legs and he reached out a hand to gently rest on an auburn head. The teen looked up and Dean was surprised by lilac eyes and the fact the teen was male, he had assumed female with his hair. The boy dropped his eyes quickly and pressed into his touch. “Hello, I’m Dean Winchester and this is Samuel Colt,” Dean offered and the Pard all looked up at them.

One of the women stood, anger and pain in her eyes. “Elizabeth, mate of Gabriel.

Dean stood up and stared her down, she fought to keep eye contact but finally her gaze dropped. “I’m sorry for your loss,” he offered, and he meant it. He may hate what he’d heard of Gabriel, but this woman had obviously loved him. “If you want to leave and find a new Pard then you can. If you stay then I expect you to accept I am now in charge.”

She glanced up at him, surprised by the offer, but nodded and lowered her eyes before dropping to her knees and rubbing against his leg. She loved Gabriel and hated that he was dead, killed by someone who had been a leopard for bare months, but she could feel his

power and knew she would never survive challenging him. She didn't want to leave St. Louis and her job either.

Sam sat back and smiled as Dean handled the situation. He would help if asked but Dean needed to learn how to lead the Pard on his own. Dean walked back to the couch and sat down, leaning into his side and Sam wrapped an arm around his shoulders. The young leopard at Dean's feet glanced up, curious, before quickly dropping his gaze. "What is it little one?" Sam asked gently and the boy glanced up again.

"Why do you feel safe?" the teen whispered, and Sam smiled.

"My animal to call is the leopard," Sam answered.

"Sam saved my life when I was attacked, and I became his Human Servant. I've only been a wereleopard for two and a half months," Dean admitted. "We came here because Sam knew the Master of the City and he wanted me to be able to join a Pard, taking one over was not the plan."

"Then why?" a tall, skinny man asked, and Dean glimpsed kitty fangs, a sign of spending too much time in animal form.

"Because the way you were being used was wrong. Shifter or not, you are still people and being forced into porn and being used to punish the wolves is not right. If you like doing porn then that's your choice, as long as you're safe. Now, how about telling me who you all are?" Dean suggested, glancing down at the teenager who rubbed against his leg. "What's your name kiddo?"

"Nathaniel Graison," he answered shyly.

Dean smiled softly, "Nice to meet you Nathaniel." He glanced at the young woman leaning against his other leg.

“Vivian,” she whispered.

Dean glanced out at the others, who began giving their names. The guy with kitty fangs was Zane, Gabriel's second in command. Then there was Cherry and Gregory. It was a small Pard and Dean could feel Sam's concern, so he opened the Marks further. "*Sam?*"

“No true alpha’s among them, they’re all submissive except Elizabeth and Zane and even they aren’t really alpha’s, just more dominant. What was Gabriel thinking? This is not a healthy Pard.”

“So we help them get stronger,” Dean answered, and Sam smiled, proud of Dean, especially since he was so new and hadn’t been looking to take over the Pard.

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Dean stretched out on the bed, watching as Sam redressed to return to the Circus. Until the work in the basement was done, Sam was safer spending the day in the underground rooms of Jean-Claude's 'lair'. The Circus creeped him out, so Sam had told him to stay in the house during the day. Today would be different since the Pard were spread through the house, all wanting to stay and bond with their new leader. Sam leant over and kissed him, and Dean kissed back. "Sleep well," Dean whispered when Sam pulled back.

“Have fun with your Pard,” Sam answered before leaving.

Dean lay in bed, not wanting to get up yet, it was still dark after all. After a while he heard a hesitant knock on the door and sat up, pulling the sheet up. “Come in,” he called quietly, and the door opened to reveal Nathaniel. “Hey kiddo, did you need something?” he asked gently.

Nathaniel shuffled over to the bed, eyes on the ground. Dean shifted to the edge of the bed and reached out, gently tipping his head up to look at his face. Nathaniel gulped, waiting to be hit or told off but it didn't happen. He bit his lip nervously, trembling and then his new alpha was gently tugging him down to hug him, and Nathaniel found himself clinging to him.

“It’s okay Nathaniel, I’ve got you,” he whispered, reaching cautiously for his beast, letting it come closer to the surface, feeling Nathaniel’s react and uncurl. Nathaniel relaxed, practically purring as he rubbed his head against Dean’s bare chest. “Did you want to sleep in here?” he asked, and Nathaniel shyly nodded. “Okay,” Dean hadn’t slept with someone he wasn’t sleeping with since he was a kid, but he knew this was all part of being a shifter. He let go of Nathaniel, nudging him onto the bed and then grabbed his sleep shorts from the floor to pull on under the sheet. Pard or not, Nathaniel was a kid and there was no way he was sleeping naked with him. He got comfortable and Nathaniel curled up against him. He ran his fingers through soft auburn hair, soothing the other leopard to sleep. He was almost asleep himself when he sensed someone and looked up to see Vivian, Gregory and Cherry so he nodded, and they crawled into bed as well. Dean’s last thought before sleep claimed him was that it was a good thing he’d bought the really big bed.

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Sam nodded at the guard as he entered the back area of the Circus, moving down the stairs. He was heading for his room when Jean-Claude stepped into view.

“I assume Dean won?”

“Yes, the Pard is with him at the house, getting to know each other. Have you dealt much with them?”

“Non, outside of Gabriel and then usually only with Raina as well,” Jean-Claude admitted as Sam opened the door to his room, following him inside and sitting on a chair. “You are concerned?”

“There are no alpha’s within the Pard and many of them are far too submissive. Also, Raina may be an issue from the way she looked at Dean when he won the fight.”

Jean-Claude nodded. “It would be better for all if Richard were ready to challenge Marcus for his position,” he admitted. “Do you think your Dean is up to the challenge of healing the Pard?”

“Yes, he trained as a physical therapist to help people, this is just another way of helping.” Sam smiled, proud of his lover.

“Will he be looking to add to the Pard?”

Sam blinked in surprise at the question. “Dean would never infect someone, maybe under extreme circumstances to save someone who understood and accepted it. I could see him accepting new members who move to St. Louis as long as they would be a good addition and not a danger to the Pard.”

“It seems the two of you are very well suited,” Jean-Claude smiled, remembering Samuel’s vehement denial when asked about creating his own Children. “I assume his taking over the Pard means that you will be staying permanently.”

“As long as you allow it.”

Jean-Claude nodded. inviting such a powerful vampire to live within his city was risky but he had kept an eye on Samuel since they had met and nothing he had done suggested he wished to claim a territory for himself, despite being more than powerful enough to do so. It was why he had agreed to their coming to St. Louis in the first place. “I will not ask you to take a blood oath, I doubt any Master in America would be powerful enough to actually bind you to one,” he admitted and smiled as Samuel stilled, watching him carefully. “The position of Témoin is open to you if you wish it.”

“I am honoured,” Sam managed to say, carefully keeping the shock from his voice and body language.

“Please, consider it.”

“Of course. I plan to move into the house with Dean once a room is secured for my use. Shouldn’t your second live here?”

“Perhaps, but it may also be safer to live separately.”

“No attack during the day taking both out,” Sam nodded.

“I shall leave you to consider it, sleep well.” Jean-Claude left to prepare for his rest for the day.

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Sam let himself into the house and smiled when he saw the cat pile on the floor, the Pard watching a movie while Dean and Nathaniel worked in the kitchen. After two weeks their lives were becoming settled with the Pard. Tonight was different though, he would not be leaving for the Circus, from now on he would be living here. Of the Pard, only Nathaniel lived permanently with them, the others had their own places, Gregory lived with his werewolf twin brother which they were watching carefully due to the animosity the Pack's Lupa held towards Dean and Sam. It was all very domestic, and Sam found he loved it, after all these centuries he finally had a place to call home and a family of his own, even if it was very different to the one his parents had wanted him to have.

Dean grinned when Sam walked into the kitchen, kissing him in greeting before plating up the meal. “Mom called,” he told the vampire.

“How is she?”

“Good, she wants to come visit.”

Sam grinned. "I look forward to seeing her again. Is it safe?"

“Yeah, he’s in California. I think...maybe she’s thinking about divorce,” Dean admitted.

“Sounds like it’s been a long time coming,” Sam offered even as he reached out to ruffle Nathaniel’s hair, getting a shy smile in return.

The youngest leopard was slowly relaxing and coming out of his shell. Dean had put a firm stop to him being pimped out and was working to help him gain confidence and self-worth

beyond being used for sex. Dean had agreed to vet any potential partners for Nathaniel since the kid couldn't say no, it wasn't something he was comfortable with, but he would not let Nathaniel be endangered by the wrong partner. He was a teenager and they were working to teach him how to be one. Dean had even worked to get legal custody of him, to protect him, and Jean-Claude had helped by providing a lawyer. They had even managed to not reveal Dean's status and he had begun working in a private clinic, giving him a steady income which the court had liked. Nathaniel liked pain, liked certain things in sex that made Dean very uncomfortable but Sam had admitted that would likely be very hard to change and so they were mainly working to help him say no, to voice his own opinions. Dean had even taken him to the gun range and begun teaching him to shoot, to give him a way of defending himself.

Elizabeth was holding herself at a distance and they weren't sure if she'd stay long term, but Dean was leaving that up to her. The others were coming to understand that Dean would defend them but that he also wanted them to live their own lives, to be happy and safe. Vivian and Gregory spent a lot of time at the house and they had agreed that Stephen could come over as well, not wanting to separate the twins more than being different types of shifters already did. Sam was proud of Dean, how he was settling into the role of Pard leader and alpha. Their first full moon as a Pard was in three days and Sam was going to be there as well. They would be using the land behind the house and Sam would help ensure they didn't wander too far. He was still considering Jean-Claude's offer but was leaning towards accepting it.

There had been a few visits from Anita Blake as she came to check up on the leopards and how they were adjusting. She and Dean would talk about the Marks and what it was like being tied to a vampire, although it was different for both of them since Dean was a shifter and she was actually part of a triumvirate. Dean was also willing to help her fine tune her fighting skills against shifters since it also helped him get a better grip on his body had changed. They had swapped stories and Dean had told her about beings she had never run into before, Sam adding to them on occasion as he had seen more than either of them. Dean had even explained to her about his Father, so she knew to be on the lookout should John Winchester ever come to town.

Dean and Richard were wary around each other but there had been no more fights like when they first met. Dean had even begun working to teach Richard to really fight, training him for eventually facing his Ulfric. Everyone knew it would happen eventually, Richard would not sit back and watch as the Pack was used and abused the way Marcus and Raina did. He even gave Richard advice on getting along with Jean-Claude better since he had a better grasp on vampire quirks thanks to Sam, not that Sam was a typical vampire.

Both Dean and Sam were waiting, life was peaceful, and both knew that it was then that trouble always happened. Maybe it was pessimistic, but both knew the supernatural too well. Sam had also been talking with Mary about Dean's baby brother and the demon that had nearly killed her and he worried that sooner or later, it would come for the Winchester's again. He had begun sending out feelers to a few hunters, searching for the Colt, just to be safe. If the baby had been the target then there was a chance it would never attack again, then again with John's crusade it may come after Dean to get to his Father. He would not lose Dean to a demon. He had begun teaching the leopards how to ward their homes and what to do if a demon attacked. Dean hated that it was necessary, but he also knew that as the son of a hunter and a grandson of the Campbell's he was a very tempting target and so had joined in giving the lessons.

TBC...

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