

## **Chapter 1**

Running. That was what I was doing. I was running. Away from the people who hurt me. Away from the hunters.

I was only 15 years old when they trapped me and started torturing me. All the hunters had a leader named Alex Kingcate. He was the one who trapped and ripped me away from everything I have ever loved. My pack and my brother Varga, the alpha. This wasn't the first time Kingcate had hurt my family only two years ago, he shot and killed my parents right in front of me and my brother.

I had been trapped for a long time. I don't even know how long other than five full moons. I knew that since I had to shift during the full moon.

I had been running for what seemed like hours when I finally got to a house. It had a lot of broken cars standing out in the front and could hear that there were people in there.

I ran up to the house, nearly passing out from tiredness and blood loss. Healing isn't too quickly after months of deep cuts and torture. I pounded on the door, fighting my eyes that were about to close.

"I ain't buying what you're selling." A loud voice shouted from the inside. I pounded again, this time I could hear footsteps approaching the door. "I said-."

"Please help me." I cut in and then everything went black.

## **Winchesters' POV**

Sam and Dean were at Bobby's for a little while. They were looking for a way to save Dean after he sold his soul.

"Boys come over here. Quick!" Bobby shouted for them suddenly. They ran over and saw a young girl laying in front of the door.

"Who is that?" Dean asked while Sam picked up the girl and carried her to the couch.

"Do I look like I know ya idjit?" Bobby answered. Dean held his hands up in surrender.

"Bobby, can you get the first aid kit? She has a lot of cuts. Some deep." Sam asked concerned. Bobby nodded and got the first aid kit. Sam immediately started cleaning the cuts. "I think I will have to stitch this one up." Sam refereed to a giant deep cut all the way up her thigh.

"Do you think something got her?" Dean asked as Sam prepared the needle.

"I don't know. She would probably not be alive if a monster got her." Bobby said.

"I am not so sure about that. Who knows? Maybe demons got her?" Sam suggested whilst finishing up stitching the cut up.

"Well that may be true. They are definitely cuts by a kn-" Bobby was stopped as he noticed the girl's necklace. It was a wolf where the eye was a small green gem.

"What is it Bobby?" Dean asked curiously.

"I have seen this necklace before." He let go of the necklace and started looking in his books.

"Where?" Dean moved towards him.

"If I knew where, would I be looking in a book right now?" Bobby sighed.

"Someone is grumpy." Dean mumbled under his breath.

"Holy crap." Sam said surprised and almost guilty.

"What is it?" Dean looked over at his younger brother.

"Someone really went for it with this one." Sam lifted up her shirt slightly so you could see a giant burn on her back. He started cleaning the burn making the girl hiss in her unconscious state.

"Who would do that to a kid?" Dean said, infuriated. "If I find them, I will rip their lungs out!"

"Dean, calm down. I want to find them too, but she has to wake up first." Sam finished cleaning the wound, when he saw something strange. "Guys her cuts are healing up."

"Yeah that's kinda what the body does." Dean stated unimpressed.

"No Dean. Look at some of the smaller cuts. They are healing up." Dean walked over and sure enough some of the smaller ones were healing up to the point where you couldn't even see them any longer.

"What the-" Dean was dumbfounded.

"Boys, I might know why." Bobby said and walked into his kitchen. The boys followed close behind.

"What is it Bobby?" Dean asked.

"Her necklace. It is a Dawnas necklace." The boys looked at each other confused. "It is one of the most sacred wolfblood objects."

"Wolfbloods?" Sam asked curiously.

"Think of them as the cousin of werewolves. They have many of the same abilities, but also some different ones such as fast healing and complete transformation into a wolf at will." Bobby explained.

"How is it that we haven't heard of them?" Dean asked.

"They are very secretive and usually keep to themself-" Bobby was cut off by the sound of the door opening. They all looked at the couch and saw that the girl was gone.

"Son of a bitch!" Dean exclaimed as they ran after her.

### **Leona's POV**

My eyes fluttered open as I saw three men, one of which had the one to answer the door, standing in another room. I could hear them talking.

"Wolfbloods?" I heard the tallest one ask.

"Think of them as the cousin of werewolves. They have many of the same abilities such as fast healing and complete transformation into a wolf at will." I heard the door guy say. Crap, they know what I am.

"How is it that we haven't heard of them?" The last one said.

I need to get out of here. Argh my thigh. That can't matter right now. They are hunters and I don't want to be right back, where I came from.

I try my best to stand as I hear the oldest one say; "They are very secretive and usually keep-" I ran as fast as I could out of the door. Pain was cursing my body, but I couldn't care so I just ran.

I hear someone yell; "Son of a bitch!" In the distance.

I ran between the cars and tried to get away. I could hear them closing in on me, but I just kept running but it didn't work. I ran towards a wall and as I turned to run away, I saw that the tallest one was standing in my way.

### **Chapter 2**

I was panting from running and could barely stand from the pain in my leg and my back bothered me now as well.

"Listen to me, I won't hurt you." The tall one said. I growled in response in a pathetic attempt to seem threatening.

"Get away from me!" I growled as he started walking closer. I made my eyes glow and my veins became black.

"Don't worry. I am gonna put the gun down now." He did as he said. "My name is Sam. What's yours?"

"Just let me go please." I begged as I trembled from the pain. "I know what you are but I am begging you. Let me go. I haven't hurt anyone."

The two others arrived at the scene. "This is Bobby and my brother Dean." Sam gestured towards them. He must have seen the terror in my eyes. "Guys put your guns down."

"What Sammy? Are you nuts?" Dean said, angry.

"Just do it!" Sam ordered and they finally did. I relaxed a little more as they did. My eyes and veins faded. I started hyperventilating from the pain and fell down.

"Wow, easy there." Sam caught me before I hit the ground. He picked me up bridal style. "Let's get her back to the house."

I could feel how I wanted to go to sleep. Hunter or not, Sam is good at carrying people comfortably. Before I knew it, I was placed back on the couch.

They pulled over a couple of chairs, so they could sit and probably keep an eye on me as well.

Sam gave me a glass of water and a couple of small pills. I sniffed the pills to be sure they weren't dangerous. "Don't worry. It's for the pain." Sam chuckled and I took them and chugged the water.

"So," Sam started, "I told you our names, what is yours?"

I kept my mouth shut. No matter what they had done, they were hunters. They kill my kind, and they killed my parents.

"Hey kid. Speak up." Dean said. I just tried to make myself even smaller than I was.

"Dean quit it. You're scaring her." Sam said, angry.

"She is a monster! I don't care about scaring her!" Dean exclaimed. I was almost tearing up at this point. My worst fear was people seeing me as a monster.

"That's enough boy! You were the one who wanted to rip the lungs out of the people who hurt her!" Bobby yelled even louder. That seemed to shut him up.

"Okay let's start with something else. How old are you?" Sam turned to me and looked at me with his puppy eyes.

"Fifteen." I whispered.

"Fifteen, that's a little young for being alone. What happened?" Bobby asked.

I whimpered not exactly wanting to remember what happened to me.

"Sorry if I hit a nerve." Bobby said. "Look, there is a bathroom right around the corner. You can take a shower." He smiled at me. I gave him a small smile back.

"Thanks." I said and walked to the bathroom.

I turned on the shower and let the water heat up while I took my clothes off. Despite me being a wild wolfblood, I knew how some things worked. My dad would sometimes take me to the human world because I was so fascinated by it.

My thigh had loads of bandaids on it and it still hurt a lot. The same with my back.

I stepped into the warm water and started scrubbing all of the dirt and blood off of me. When you are captured and tortured for five months, there is a lot. I washed my hair with soap and I could see my blonde hair again.

When I was done, I took the towel that was in the bathroom and started drying myself off. That was when I heard a knock on my door.

"Yes?" I said with a weak voice.

"It is Sam. I have some new clothes for you. Bobby found that one of our friends, Jo, had left." Sam said through the door.

I put the towel around me and cracked the door open. "Thanks." Sam handed me the clothes and I closed the door again.

It was a pair of jeans, a big t-shirt, which was probably one of the boys', and a dark green flannel. The shirts were giant on me but the jeans fit nicely.

At that moment, I spotted a hairbrush. I don't usually brush my hair but it was so knotted that I figured it wouldn't hurt.

Poor choice of words. It did hurt. A lot. Damn tangles.

I walked out into the living room. I saw Bobby sitting at the table in the kitchen. He quickly took notice of me.

"How are you feeling kid?" He asked, a little tired.

"A little better. Thanks for the shower and clothes." I said with my weak voice. Even though they had been kind to me, I was still wary around them.

"Come over and sit here." Bobby gestured towards a chair and I did as he said. "Are you hungry?" My stomach grumbled before I could answer. "I will take that as a yes." Bobby chuckled slightly.

He went and opened the fridge. At least, I think that's what they are called. He pulled out a burger, I believe, and placed it in front of me. He also filled a big glass with water and sat that in front of me as well.

"This was leftover from yesterday. I figured you wanted something fast." He sat down in his chair again.

"Thank you." I started practically inhaling the burger. I couldn't remember the last time I ate.

"I guess you were hungry." A smirk had appeared on Bobby's lips. I gave him a small smile in return.

After a minute, I asked the question that had been on my mind, since I was brought back to the house after my little escape attempt.

"Why are you doing this?"

"What?" Bobby asked, surprised.

"Treating me well. You are hunters and I am a monster. Are you just waiting to kill like some sick game?" I was terrified and didn't trust them but would you if you had been tortured for five months by other hunters? I don't think so.

"Kid. I have seen a lot of monsters in my life. You are not one of them." Bobby gave me a kind smile and I gave one back. "Also, you are 15 years old and I don't hurt kids." Bobby inhaled. "Besides I know that wolfbloods usually don't hurt humans."

"Dean doesn't seem to share that mindset." I said sadly.

"He has been through a lot, but don't worry he will warm up to you." Bobby reassured me.

"Leona," I said after a moment of silence.

"What?" Bobby looked up confused.

"My name. It is Leona." I said with a small smile.

### **Chapter 3**

"My name. It is Leona." I said with a small smile.

"Nice one."

"Where are Sam and Dean by the way?" I asked, looking around.

"Dean is out tinkering with his car and Sam is-" Bobby was interrupted by the door swinging open revealing Sam. "Right there." Bobby chuckled.

"Hey, how are you doing?" Sam asked as he saw me.

"Better." I smiled and drank some water.

"She even gave me her name." Bobby said with an ounce of pride. "Leona."

Sam looked at me with a smile and I smiled back. He sat down on a chair as well right beside me.

"Where are you from?" Sam asked. I guess when you answer one question, you have to answer all of them.

"California." I answered. "I believe that's what it is called but I live in a forest." As soon as I said that I put my hand over my mouth. They didn't need to know I was wild.

"You are far from home then." Sam said and then realization dawned on him. "Wait the forest? What do you mean by that?"

Before I could answer, Bobby spoke. "You are a wild wolfblood?" I carefully nodded, terrified once more.

"Wild how?" Sam asked intrigued.

"You live in the forest in a pack with not a whole lotta human contact. You actually try to stay away from humans." Bobby said.

I nodded. "Except my dad always believed we should have more human contact. I was so fascinated by it, when I was younger." I smiled slightly at the happy memory. "He would take me there to observe. He always said that we couldn't demand humans understand and respect us, if we don't do the same."

"Your father sounds like a smart man." Sam smiled at me and I just nodded. If I had talked too much more, I was afraid I would cry.

Bobby looked at me puzzled and I felt uncomfortable. "Your old man. Is his name Alrik by any chance?"

I froze. How did Bobby know my father? Did he know Alex Kingcate? Was he just waiting for Kingcate to arrive, so he could hand me over?

Somehow I found the courage to speak. "How did you know?"

"I met him many years ago." I was scared by that. "I was on a werewolf hunt and I tracked your pack. I thought they had something to do with the killings, so I investigated it.

Your dad must have known I was coming. But the crazy thing was, he didn't attack. He met me alone in the middle of the woods. He wanted to explain. He didn't want bloodshed, if he could avoid it. He told me that he tried to find the werewolves too. It drew unwanted attention to your pack. From what I understood wolfbloods don't like werewolves either."

I shook my head. Wolfbloods hate werewolves. They give us a bad reputation. In the corner of my eye, I saw Sam listening closely to Bobby's story.

"Anyway, halfway through, a little kid came running. Couldn't have been more than 2 or 3 years old. She was happy, and she ran to Alrik and sat on his shoulders. She looked at me. Not with fear or hate but curiosity. That was, when I realized that you didn't have anything to do with it. Also, I realized, I wouldn't want to kill kids. Innocent kids. So I let them go. Didn't tell a soul." Bobby finished.

"Thank you Bobby." It was the only thing I could say but it was genuine.

"Well don't thank me. Thank yourself." I looked at him with a questioning look. Sam did too.

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled.

"You are 15 and the little girl was 2 or 3. It was over a decade ago. I ain't stupid." Bobby answered. "That little girl was probably you."



I was dumbfounded for a little. "I am sorry but I don't remember it."

"I don't blame ya. You were not exactly old."

"Wow Bobby, I never took you for being sentimental." We heard Dean say from the door. I shrunk in my seat. He still scared me.

"Dean quit it." Sam said very annoyed once more. Dean looked at me with eyes full of doubt.

"Leona, you are probably tired." Bobby said. "You can sleep in the empty bedroom upstairs. It's the first door on the left."

"Thanks." I impeded my way to the stairs, when I realized something. "Can one of you maybe help me?" I said with slight embarrassment. "You don't have to if you don't want to, cause you have already done enough."

"Don't worry." Sam said and got up. "I will help you."

Or by help, he meant carry me, but hey. Not complaining over here.

He opened the door and sat me on the bed.

"Here you go." Then he suddenly remembered something. He left and went into his room and came back with a giant shirt and a pair of shorts. "I figured you would want something to sleep in."

"Thanks." I said and took it.

"Do you want me to check the wounds before you go to bed?" He asked, feeling very genuine.

"If it isn't too much." I smiled.

"No, of course not." He turned around so I could change. It never bothered me when someone did that. I would know if he sneaked a peak. Perks of being a werewolf, I guess.

"Okay you can turn around now." I said and sat on the bed.

Sam removed the bandages from my leg. He then let them get a little air as he got some clean bandages and something to disinfect them with.

"This is probably gonna sting." He said as he wetted a cloth to clean with.

I hissed in pain as he touched the wounds. "Sorry." He said.

"It's fine."

"Well the good news is the cut on your leg is healing up nicely and quickly. It probably won't be long before I can remove the stitches." He said as he finished my leg.

"Healing is just one of my most used abilities." I chuckled.

"Really?" He chuckled.

"Yeah. When you live in the forest and look after the cubs, you end up getting hurt a lot." I laughed. Sam then proceeded to clean the burn. I bit my tongue, so I would hiss too much.

"You took care of the cubs in your pack?" Sam asked, trying to divert my attention from the pain.

"Yeah." I answered. "You know, teaching them about our abilities. And probably most importantly control."

"Sounds like a difficult task."

"In the beginning, it was, but not as much anymore. It's actually kinda fun." I smiled. "Except for when they decide to gang up on you." I laughed. "Imagine, five or six cubs all ganging up on you. It is not easy to keep standing."

"I can imagine." Sam laughed back. "Here you go."

"Thank you." I said and later down on the bed, careful as to not lay on the burn.

"You're welcome." Sam smiled as he walked towards the door. "You know Leona, you don't have to fear us. We won't hurt you, not Dean either." He sighed. "And you don't have to tell us what happened before you are ready."

"Thank you Sam. Goodnight." I said with a smile.

"Goodnight, Leona." Sam proceeded to close the door leaving me with the darkness of my room.

I couldn't stop thinking about how kind they have been. Hunters shouldn't be like that.

Maybe they weren't so bad after all.

## **Chapter 4**

*Smiling. That was the first thing I saw. Kingcate's manic smile before he sliced into me. Before he burned me. Of course he knew the slicing would heal relatively fast but the burning. It healed at the same rate as a human.*

*Why do you think they burned my kind as witches?*

*The scene then changed. I saw my pack. Varga, Aaron, Carrie, Gwen and Gadwick to name a few.*

*All of them in a giant cell. I saw Kingcate torture them. I saw him burn the kids. I tried to help them as they screamed but I was held back by some unseeable force. I had to watch him torture them.*

*Sam, Dean and Bobby were there too. Slicing into me and burning me. Digging into old wounds and making new ones. Calling me a monster. An abomination.*

*Then I saw my parents. They looked at me with hate in their eyes. "You are a monster. Look what you've done."*

*Then I saw it. Bodies were littering the floor. Blood dripping from my claws. The metallic taste in my mouth.*

*Just then all of them stabbed me. Varga, Aaron, Carrie, Gwen, Gadwick, Kingcate, Sam, Dean, Bobby, Mom And Dad.*

I jolted up and screamed as I awoke.

Sam, Dean and Bobby came running in with their guns.

Then Sam noticed I was hyperventilating.

"Hey Leona." He hugged me. "Calm down, okay listen to my breath. In and out. In and out. In and out."

I repeated that a couple of times to calm myself.

"What happened?" Sam asked, letting go of me.

"I had a nightmare. A really bad one." I said as I snuggled into Sam's chest, making him hug me once more.

I always used to do this, when I got nightmares after mom and dad died, except it was Varga and not Sam.

"Sam..." Dean started.

"I think I got this. Just go back to bed." I heard Sam say. Shortly after the door closed announcing that Dean and Bobby had left.

"I'm sorry, I woke you." I whispered into Sam's chest. It, for some reason, gave me some comfort even though I had literally just met him.

"It's fine, Leona. It happens." Sam said as he stroked my arm.

"I know this is weird." I sighed, causing Sam to look me in the eyes. "I have just met you and now you are comforting me. Especially since you are a hunter and I am a werewolf." inhaled deeply. "You just remind me of my older brother, Varga. He always comforted me, if I had a nightmare. He is tall as hell too and has long hair. He is probably about your age too." I could feel tears pressing in my eyes. I missed him so badly. He was the only family, I had left and I hadn't seen him in months.

"Don't think about it, Leona." Sam said as he stroked my hair. "Although I don't know what you have gone through, it probably wasn't easy." He sighed. "And as for the whole me being a hunter and you being a werewolf, I don't care. You aren't the first friendly supernatural creature we've met."

"Thanks for giving me the benefit of the doubt." I yawned.

I felt myself falling asleep in Sam's arms. I would have said something normally but I was way too tired to do anything about it.

### **Next Morning**

I woke up, laying with my head on my pillow with the blanket over me. Sam must have put me down, once I was sleeping.

I practically ran out of bed as I heard a bacon packet being opened in the kitchen.

As I got to the kitchen, I saw it was Dean cooking the bacon. Immediately feeling very awkward, I tried to retreat to my room, but Dean noticed me, before I got so far.

"Morning." He shrugged, concentrating on the bacon.

"Morning." I sat down at the table, hoping that it would make this situation less awkward.

*Spoiler alert, it didn't.*

"I am sorry for waking you last night." I said, looking to the ground.

"It's okay. Just be careful or else it could end with me accidentally shooting you." He said with little to no emotion.

After moments of awkward silence only perpetuated by the sizzling of the bacon, I broke the silence. "Look, I know you don't like me because of what I am, but please try to at least tolerate me?" I sighed. "I didn't choose to be born like this and I haven't killed anyone. The worst I have done is injuring another wolfblood in a battle, they asked for it, and they are fine now." I looked up and his piercing green eyes met my ocean blue ones. "I am trying not to be afraid of you. To accept that all hunters aren't bad, which isn't easy, especially for me, so would you please give it a try?"

There was silence for a little, before Dean sighed. "Okay, I am sorry but this whole 'supernatural creatures can be good' thing is new thinking for me." I looked down. "But I will give you a try but if you do anything evil, I won't give you many chances."

I looked up once more to meet his eyes. "I know. Thank you for at least trying it." I smiled.

"Yeah but house rule, no chick flick moments." He said with a pointed finger.

I furrowed my brows. "What's a chick flick?"

"Believe me. You are better off not knowing." Dean chuckled and I did too.

And no it was not a typo. Dean actually chuckled. One step at a time.

Dean gave me some of the bacon on a plate, whilst sitting down in the chair opposite me. "So if I am gonna trust you, you should tell me something about yourself." Dean looked me in the eyes.

"What do you wanna know?" I hesitantly asked.

"Well you got any siblings?" He asked, trying to start the conversation.

"I do. I have an older brother. Varga. He is 24 years old." I started eating a piece of bacon. "He taught me a lot of what I know. He always climbed trees with me, even when he was way too old he would still play with me."

"That makes sense." Dean ate a piece of bacon.

"What does?" I looked confused.

"Your attitude. It screams youngest sibling." Dean chuckled.

"Hey! I am offended!" I threw a piece of bacon at his face.

"Thanks for that." Dean said and ate the bacon. "So I heard about your pack." I looked up at him and took another piece and ate it. "Can you tell me about it?"

I hesitated before I answered. "There are about 40 in my pack. My brother is the alpha of the pack." Dean looked up at me again. "Yes I know. That's just my bloodline. We have been alphas in that pack for a long time. Since forever basically." For a moment I stopped to think. Was this the best idea? Could I really trust them?

"He took over after my parents died two years ago." Dean looked up at me with sympathetic eyes.

That was when I saw Bobby and Sam sitting in the living room listening. All the sympathy was getting too much to handle.

"A hunter killed them. The same one who kidnapped and tortured me for months. They hadn't done anything." I stood up and walked outside. I couldn't take it any longer.

Tears that had been held in for far too long were flowing freely. Everything was coming at me all at once. Losing my parents, not seeing Varga and the pack for months.

That was when I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up and saw Dean sitting down next to me. I hugged him and sobbed into his chest.

I just couldn't help it. I broke down.

## **Chapter 5**

After a while of crying and using Dean as human tissue, I could relax a bit more.

"Sorry." I choked out.

"It's alright." Dean said, comforting.

"Is this helping in the whole tolerating me mission?" I chuckled out through the tears.

"A little I guess but don't tell anyone." Dean ruffed my hair.

"I won't." I smiled at him and wiped my tears. "It's weird." Dean looked at me confused. "I have been here for a day and I have already been comforted by both you and Sam." I shrugged. "I thought I was stronger than that."

"Hey look at me." The green eyes pierced mine. "You are not weak for being sad. Everyone would be the same, hell I have been the same."

What he meant by that I didn't know.

"Also I am sorry." I looked at Dean confused.

"What for?" I asked.

"I called you a monster." I looked down. "You are not."

"It's okay. It's just-" I sighed. "It's just that wolfbloods aren't monsters. We don't need to kill people like werewolves." I growled just by mentioning those sons of bitches. "We just want to be left alone and blend in."

"I will try to remember that." Dean said and hugged me once more. "Are you ready to go back inside?" I nodded. "Okay." He mumbled under his breath.

We walked inside to find Sam and Bobby sitting at the table.

"Hey kid, how are you doing?" Bobby asked.

"A little better." I weakly said and sat down on the couch.

"Sorry about what happened." Sam looked at me with sympathetic eyes. I gave him a weak smile. "Do you want me to check your wounds again? Just to see how you are healing up."

"Yeah sure." I was still wearing my pajamas so it made it easier. Sam peeled off the bandages.

"Well good news is I can already remove the stitches." Sam started prepping to remove them. "Bad news. It's gonna hurt."

"It's okay. Just do it." I took a deep breath and prepared. It didn't hurt as much as I thought it would.

"I will check the burn on your back too." I nodded. Sam looked puzzled as he saw the burn.

"Burns heal slower with wolfbloods. Don't they?" Bobby responded to Sam's puzzled look.

"They heal at the same rate, as they do humans. That's why we fear fire." I said whilst clenching my teeth from the stinging from Sam cleaning the wound. I hissed from the pain.

"Sorry." Sam said and put on some clean bandages. I just closed my eyes.

"Well I am sorry to interrupt but we need to get you back home." Bobby said.

"How Bobby?" Dean asked.

"Well we can't exactly put you on a plane or a bus." Bobby argued.

"Why not?" I asked.

"One you are a wild wolfblood and even though you know more than most, I don't think being on your own is a good idea."

"Fair point." I mumbled

"Besides, If you are on your own, the hunter, who kidnapped you, could easily find you again." I could definitely see the point in that one.

"Who is it anyway? And what does he want with you?" Sam asked quietly. Like he was afraid of breaking me. I kept my mouth shut. "Please Leona. It might help us."

I sighed. "His name is Alex Kingcate."

"Wait, Kingcate, I think I have heard of him." Dean said.

"His family has hated my family for a while. Unfortunately, they haven't put that away yet, which has resulted in my parents getting killed and me getting kidnapped and tortured. Apparently, his great grandmother was murdered by a wolfblood. My great great grandmother, Eleonora, was the alpha in the pack at the time." I sighed. "The pack was living close to where she was found and they just naturally assumed that someone from our pack did it."

"Did they?" Dean asked.

"Unfortunately, yes. Eleonora's brother." I looked at them. "He was a psychopath, who killed left and right, humans and other wolfbloods. He was put down by his sister, when she tracked him down."

"So some wolfbloods can be killers?" Dean started sounding a little mad and I was starting to get pissed.

"Yes the same way humans can!" I yelled back at him. "Some humans kill too! That doesn't mean, all humans are killers." I growled and ended up showing him my glowing yellow eyes

"Hey back off you two!" Bobby yelled. "A couple of minutes ago, you were comforting her and now you are biting at each other's throats!"

Dean and I looked guilty at each other. We made an agreement through our eyes, and I turned my eyes back to normal.



"Thank you." Bobby sighed. "Look I think it would be for the best, if you boys took her home."

"What? You want us to drive her to California?" Dean yelled angrily. "Bobby if you haven't noticed, we are kinda on a time schedule here! We don't have time to be babysitters!"

I looked at Dean with confusion and guilt.

"Don't use that tone with me boy!" Bobby yelled back.

"As much as I like Leona, Dean is right. We don't have time for this." Sam sighed.

I felt very out of place in this whole conversation. I didn't want to be that much trouble for them.

"Well it's not like we are finding anything currently. I will stay and research but you said it yourself Dean. You want to work cases. Then take the damn cases that come on the way." Bobby said more calmly.

That seemed to shut Dean up.

"You don't have to if you don't want to." I finally said. "I don't want to cause you that much trouble. Especially when you are busy."

"No it's fine." Dean looked at Sam and sighed. "I guess we better pack up. And you." He pointed towards me. "You are going to go and get dressed."

"I will. Thanks Dean." I started going up the stairs. My leg still hurts a little bit as I move but I kept myself in check.

I started getting dressed in the things I wore yesterday. I ran my fingers through my hair just to make it less bird's nest and more hair-like. I, then, took my pajamas with me downstairs given that it was the only stuff I had.

I then made my way downstairs again to find Bobby and the boys already all done and ready to go.

"You are fast." I chuckled slightly.

"We are used to it." Sam said as Dean went out to get the car.

"Thank you Bobby. For everything." I said and gave him a hug.

"You're welcome kid." He ruffled my hair and chuckled. "Keep the boys outta troubles, will ya?"

Sam chuckled at that.

"I will do my best." I laughed.

I heard the car pulling up outside.

"We'll have to go Bobby but see you and thanks." Sam said and walked outside with me.

"You can sit in the backseat." Dean said from the driver's seat. I nodded and got in.

I saw Sam getting in as well.

Dean started the car and drove away from Bobby's. His music was really loud and it hurt my sensitive hearing, but I decided not to complain.

## **Chapter 6**

It was silent in the car except for the music blaring in the background.

"So I was thinking." Sam started. "Maybe we should go and get you some clothes." I looked up at him. "It is a long way to California in those clothes. Especially when we might have to stop for a job."

"But I don't have any money." I almost whispered.

"No but we do." Sam looked back at me with a smile.

"I can't possibly take that from you." I put my hands up. "You are already doing so much for me."

"It's fine really." Sam smiled. "We hustled them in Poker. They aren't exactly hard to get." He chuckled.

"I agree." Dean smiled. "If you don't get some new clothes, you are going to end up stinking."

"Funny you are so worried about that." I chuckled. "I am the one with a crazy sense of smell."

"Well then I guess I will be doing us all a favor." We all chuckled after Dean said that.

Dean drove towards the store and found a parking spot. We went inside and I had never seen anything like this before.

"Wow this is big." I said, astounded.

"Yeah it is." Dean chuckled. "Now lets go and get you some clothes."

We walked over to the woman's section and looked around. I found some sports bras, I believe they are called that, since that is much more comfortable than a bra. Sam helped me look through the jeans, finding some high waisted ones, since those are what I like the most.

"Hey look what I found." Dean announced as he showed me the pile of flannels in his arms. I just chuckled a bit. "You gotta look the part right?"

"Right." I said

"Oh and these." Dean held up a pair of black biker boots.

"Awesome." I said as I took the boots in my hands.

"You are already taking from Dean." Sam chuckled.

"Is that a bad thing?" Dean and I said in sync. Sam just laughed.

I went to the dressing rooms to try the stuff on.

After I was done, I took all the things outside and was met with Sam and Dean being incredibly bored. I cleared my throat.

"Finally." Dean bolted up from his seat. "Got everything you need?"

"Yes except-" I took some socks and underwear. Sam and Dean looked away. "What? Come on, it's not like you haven't seen it before." I chuckled and walked towards the checkout.

We came out of the store and got into the car, putting the bags in the trunk.

"While you were in there, I found us a case. A woman drowned in the shower." Sam explained. "Sounds like our kind of thing."

"Sounds like a good plan. How far away is it?" Dean asked.

"It is in Massachusetts." Sam answered.

"Nice." Then he looked back at me. "I would get some sleep, if I were you."

"Sounds good." I said and layed down on the backseat. I was apparently more tired than I thought since I fell asleep almost instantly.

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"Hey kid, wake up." Sam shook me gently. I groaned awake. "We are stopping for some food. You want anything?"

I nodded and we walked into the shop. Dean was already in there. "Hey, what do you want?" He asked.

"Just something to drink and something with meat." I said.

Sam walked with me to get something to drink while Dean got the food.

"So what do you want?" Sam asked as I looked overwhelmed by all the different drinks that I could get.

"I don't know. I have only ever had water." I whispered.

"Oh yeah I forgot." He gave me a small chuckle. "Well we can get some water and then a coke for you."

"Thanks." I said and helped Sam carry the bottles to the cashier.

After we checked out we got into the car and Dean gave me a burger.

"Yes, thanks." I smiled and dived in.

"Dean, you are being a bad influence again." Sam smirked and we laughed.

"Hey she asked for something with meat, and everyone loves burgers." Dean defended and started eating.

"Besides you are the one eating rabbit's food." I chuckled.

"And that comes from the girl who lives in a forest." Sam shot back.

"Hey I am the one eating the rabbits." I laughed. "And occasionally berries and stuff like that but that's besides the point."

"But apparently, Sammy is a little unhealthy." He picked up the coke. "Here you go."

"Oh no, that's not for me." Sam handed it to me. "It's for her."

"Really? Didn't take you for the soda kinda person." Dean chuckled.

"It was Sam's idea." I took the coke and opened it. "Besides I have never had one before."

Dean looked back at me shocked. "You have never had a coke before?"

"Hello, I am Leona." I stuck out my hand. "I have lived in a forest my whole life."

"Smart ass." Dean mumbled under his breath.

I sniffed the drink before putting the bottle up to my lips. I tasted a bit of it. It was so sweet and yet so good.

"You like it?" Dean asked.

"Yeah. Way better than water." I giggled and drank some more.

"That doesn't mean, you don't have to drink water still." Sam stated.

"Yes, Mr. Grown Up." I chuckled and ate some more of my burger.

When I was done eating and drank some more coke, I decided to go back to sleep.

When I awoke again, we were outside an abandoned house.

"Rise and shine, Cub." Dean yelled.

"Is that my nickname from you?" I chuckled.

"Yeah fits pretty well. Doesn't it?" Dean chuckled.

"I guess. Are we already there?"

"Yeah you slept all the way from the gas station." Dean looked at me with sympathy. "You had a nightmare?"

"Yeah I did." Then realization dawned on me. "I didn't scream again. Did I?"

"No you just kept turning, growling and whimpering. To tell you the truth I was afraid you were going to scratch up the seats." He said as he exited the car.

I got out too and went to the trunk to help carry the things inside which is what Sam has been doing all along.

"I am sorry about it. I can't control them." I grabbed a couple of bags to carry.

"It's fine." Dean said as we walked towards the house.

"Although it wouldn't have been fine, if you actually clawed them up."

I felt a chill down my spine. Not that I was that afraid of Dean any longer, but I did not want to come between him and his car.

As I got settled, the boys started changing.

"Okay Leona, we are going to go talk to the woman's aunt. She was the one who found the body. Now you stay here." Sam threw something at me and I caught it. I looked at him with a confused face. "It's my cellphone. If anything happens, you call Dean."

"How does it work?" I asked turning it around to investigate it.

Sam looked at me with an empathic face. "You click this button right here and then you press this one. Then press this until you see Dean's name and then click this little green button right here." Sam looked me in the eyes. "You got it?" I nodded. "Good, see you later."

"See ya Cub." Dean yelled as they walked out the door.

"See ya boys." I yelled back.

## **Chapter 7**

While the boys were gone, I decided to try to contact Varga. We have this special bond, so I can talk to him through my mind. I have never tried it, where we were this far apart.

I went outside in the backyard. It was overgrown with trees and plants.

I put my hand down on the ground. I could feel the grass for the first time in a long time. I concentrated on the earth below me and the air around me just like my dad told me when he taught me.

I focused on Varga. On his scent and his face. God, I hadn't seen that face in a long time.

Then I felt it. The connection.

"Varga." I tried. No response. "Varga."

I waited and then I heard it.

"Leona." It was him. Varga.

"Varga, you can hear me?" I said, overcome by happiness.

"Leona. Are you okay? Where are you?" Varga asked, sounding both relieved and stressed at the end.

"I am okay. I am in Massachusetts with some guys. Sam and Dean Winchester." I said.

"Winchester? They are hunters. Leona, get away from them now!" Varga yelled.

"Relax Varga. They haven't hurt me. They have helped me. They gave me clothes and food and treated my wounds. They are driving me home." I explained.

"How do you know they aren't just going to give you to Kingcate?" Varga asked, upset. "And wounds? What happened?"

"I can just feel it. Carrie always told me, 'I have a good intuition, when it comes to people.'" I could hear Varga sigh at the other end. "And wounds." I inhaled deeply. "Kingcate got me. Tortured me for months. I found a weak moment and got out. I ran and I stumbled upon the Winchesters and one of their friends." Then I remembered what Bobby told me. "Do you remember dad talking with a hunter years back? You would have been around 11 or 12?"

"Yeah I remember him. Those werewolves right?" Varga said after a pause. Probably taking it all in.

"Yeah, his name is Bobby Singer. It was his house, I ended up at. He helped me and now the Winchesters are helping me." I was getting tired. It's difficult to keep a connection for that long over that far of a distance.

"Okay I will trust you on this. Just-" he sighed. "Just get home as soon as you can."

"Of course. Sam and Dean will probably be taking some hunts on the way." I could hear Varga beginning to speak. "No, these are not wolfblood cases. Right now it is a drowning thing. That was a condition for them. Don't worry though I will be home as soon as I can."

"Good. I have missed you Leona. A lot." He answered.

"Me too. I have to go. It's taking a lot of my energy to make this connection." I said.

"Yeah mine too." He sighed. "I guess I will see you then."

"You will." Then I remembered. "Can you tell the pack, I am okay? Especially Gwen and Gadwick?"

"Of course, I will." I could practically hear the smile in his voice. "They have missed you too."

"Yeah me too. Love those little ones." I smiled. "I will have to go. See you Varga. Love you."

"See you Leona. Love you more." He said back and we went off the connection. It was great to talk to him again. I haven't really had the chance before.

Grabbing a book, I decided to read some of the books. Reading isn't my forte. I mean I can do it, I am just not very fast. After a while and a lot of very difficult words, I heard the impala coming in the distance. A couple of moments later, Dean bursted through the door with Sam coming from behind.

"I am gonna kill that bitch!" Dean yelled with a gun in his hand.

"Dean put the gun down. Please." Sam begged and took the gun from Dean.

"What happened?" I asked.

"That bitch got my car towed!" Dean yelled, making me back up a bit. "Someone else touched my Baby!" Dean then proceeded to kick a chair.

"Okay what happened?" I asked Sam.

"We found out that Sheila, the dead woman, saw a ship before she died. A very old one and she was terrified." Sam explained sitting down in the chair next to me, handing me a burger.

"Then who is the bitch Dean keeps going on about?" I asked curiously whilst taking a bite.

"Bela Talbot. We met her on a hunt a little while back, and she shot me." I looked at him surprised. "Yeah I know. Turns out she is here too and to piss Dean off she got the car towed. We got the car back and now Dean wants to shoot her."

"Makes sense I guess." I then sniffed the air and sniffed Sam.

"What are you doing?" Sam backed off

"Were you with someone who had a crush on you?" I asked, confused.

"Sheila's aunt, Miss Case, was quite friendly." I nodded and laughed. Sam chuckled as well. "How did you know anyway?"

"You reek of lust. Just not yours." I chuckled.

"You can smell emotions?" Sam asked, astonished.

"Yeah. It's a little thing I picked up over the years." I smiled. "It comes in handy."



"I bet." Sam took a small pause. "What did you do, while we were gone?"

"Not much." I shrugged. "After reading some of your books, I contacted Varga. You know? The usual." I couldn't help but hope he hadn't noticed the last thing. I would rather not explain my powers.

"Wait, you contacted Varga?" Sam asked, puzzled. "How? I don't take it that he has a phone."

"We have this special connection with each other. We can communicate through our minds. Carrie, the pack healer, always said it was a sibling thing and because of our bloodline." I explained.

"You told him about us then?" He asked.

"Yeah I did. He was upset at first. Didn't trust you, but then I explained to him and he saw it." I sighed. "He isn't exactly the biggest fan of hunters either."

"Understandable." Sam answered. "Well it's getting late. Maybe we should call it a night." I yawned almost as a response. "I guess your body agrees."

"I guess. I just don't know. I haven't really been doing much today." I said.

"Well you did contact Varga right?" I nodded. "Well it's long distance. Probably ran you dry."

"Probably. Yeah." I responded. "I'm gonna go change and then I will hit the floor." I was met with a weird look from both of the Winchesters. "What?"

"I will take the floor." Dean said.

"Nope I will. I am used to sleeping on the ground with my pack. Plus I will just sleep as a wolf otherwise." I said.

"Are you sure?" Dean and Sam asked in sync.

"Yes I am." I said and walked to the bathroom.

"Hey." Dean yelled after me. "Catch." He threw a toothbrush at me. "Picked it up for you on the way."

"Thanks." I said and turned around.

"Hey." I looked back at Dean. "Remember the canines too." He smirked.

"Ha ha very funny." I smirked back and walked to the bathroom. I changed my clothes to my pajamas, aka what Sam gave me yesterday, which I had grabbed on the way.

I came out again and laid a blanket on the floor. "Oh." They looked at me. "If you wake up tomorrow and I am a wolf, please don't shoot me."

They nodded and I went to sleep.

## **Chapter 8**

I woke up to the smell of breakfast.

"Morning Cub." I heard Dean say. "Got you breakfast." He threw folded bread at me. I sniffed it. Dean noticed. "It's a breakfast burrito." Given my confused expression, he elaborated; "There is meat, eggs and something else in it."

"Thanks." I said as I started eating.

"So you were up researching late last night?" I directed the question to them both, since Sam had just emerged from the bathroom.

"There is a ton of lore on ships. Most of the time was just sorting through it all." Sam answered.

"So how did that go?" I took another bite.

"Fine I guess, although not a whole lot on how you waste them or the spirits attached." Dean answered.

"Shame." I kept eating.

"Sorry if we kept you awake." Sam said as he took a gulp of his coffee.

"No you didn't. I just woke up to transform." I ate the last of the burrito. "Oh and thanks for not shooting me."

"It was kinda weird waking up to a wolf sleeping on the floor but you're welcome." Dean chuckled.

I smirked and grabbed some clothes and walked to the bathroom to change. I wore some of the new clothes including a dark blue flannel, a t-shirt and a pair of black high waisted ripped jeans. As well as my black boots. My hair was just finger combed again.

When I came back out, Dean got a call on his phone. "Yeah what is it? Yeah we will be there in a moment. Yeah. Thank you." He then hung up.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Another drowning, come on Sam, let's go." Dean said and grabbed his jacket.

"Can I come?" I asked.

"No." Dean said sternly.

"Come on. I could be helpful." I whined.

"No. Besides, what would they think if a teenager was following two FBI agents to a crime scene?" Dean pointed out.

"Just drop me off and then I can walk over there." I pointed out. Dean just walked out without saying anything.

"Sorry maybe next time." Sam sent me a sympathetic look before closing the door.

"Great." I mumbled. "Just me and the books then."

I slumped down on the conspicuously stained couch and started reading.

About two hours later, the boys returned again.

"So did this victim see the ship too?" I asked.

"How did you know?" Dean asked, confused.

"While you were going on about the bitch, who got your car towed, Sam filled me in on the case."

"Language." Sam and Dean said in sync.

"What? You say it all the time." I complained.

"Yes and you don't want to do everything, we do." Dean said. I just rolled my eyes.

"So what did you find out?" I asked.

"Warren saw the ship and he drowned in the bathtub. That's not the biggest problem though." Dean explained.

"What is it then?" I leaned forward.

"Warren's brother saw the ship too." Sam started.

"And he isn't dead yet." Dean continued.

"So we should keep an eye on him and make sure he doesn't die." I finished.

"Yes." And then Sam realized something. "Wait? We?"

"You aren't coming." Dean said sternly.

"Listen, I know. You don't want me out there but I have been taught how to fight, since I could walk." I pointed out. Dean was about to protest but I was far from done. "And I have extra strong senses. It helps quite a bit on a stakeout."

I could see them having a conversation with their eyes, before Dean announced: "Fine but I won't hear any complaining about how it is boring."

"I have been here all day." I gave them a look. "I need to get out."

"Fair, let's grab some food first." Dean said as we walked out the door. I grabbed my sherbet denim jacket, we had gotten earlier as well, too.

We drove to a diner and sat down in one of the booths.

"Um, What is all of this?" I asked and showed them the menu.

"Well you want something with meat?" Dean asked.

"Yeah but probably not a burger. I don't wanna get tired of them." I said. Dean looked at me offended. "What?"

"You can't get tired of burgers." Dean stated.

"Well I will just be on the safe side." I looked at Sam who was checking out the menu. "What could I get?"

"They have nachos." I looked at him weirdly. "It's chips with cheese and meat on top."

"Sounds good." I said just as a waitress came over.

"Welcome to Bob's diner. What can I get you?"

"A double cheeseburger with a beer." Dean said first.

"A Greek salad and a diet coke." Sam continued.

"And what about you sweetie?" The waitress asked me.

"Um nachos and a coke please." I said, being careful about how I said it.

"Chicken or beef?" She asked.

"Chicken please."

"Okay coming right up." She smiled.

"I thought you wanted meat." Dean said as she walked away.

"Chicken is meat." I said. "Plus we don't get chicken very often unless we would take them from the farmers, which we wouldn't, cuz that draws attention." I shrugged. "That has happened before and my dad had a hard time explaining it."

"Who did that?" Sam chuckled.

"You want to hear the story?" I asked unconvinced.

"Yeah we would love to hear some fun stories." Dean said enthusiastically. I knew he was overdoing it but I didn't feel like talking about it right now.

"Well it was actually Varga. Him and one of his friends, Aaron. They were like 15 or 16, which is where boys cause trouble. They snuck out one evening and hunted some of the chickens from a nearby farm." I chuckled. "My dad was pissed and went to the farmer to talk to him and convinced him that it was wild dogs who took them."

"Here are your drinks." The waitress came back and placed our drinks in front of us.

"Thanks." Dean said. "Go on Leona."

"My mom and Aaron's mom gave them a verbal whooping of a lifetime." I took a sip from my coke. "I wasn't very old but I clearly remember my mom dragging Varga, and Aaron's mom dragging him. Both by the ear." I laughed.

Sam and Dean did too.

"So I guess they never did that again?" Dean asked and drank some of his beer.

"Nope. Never." I chuckled.

Then our food arrived shortly after, and we just sat there. They shared some of their funny stories from growing up. Anything from pranks to Dean's many failed attempts at scoring chicks.

If I didn't know better, I would say, it felt like we were a pack. A family, almost.

## **Chapter 9**

"This is so boring!" I moaned as I laid back down on the backseat.

"I said no complaining." Dean shot me a glare.

"Sorry." I sat back up. "It is jus-" I heard something.

"What is it?" Sam asked.

"He is coming." I said and looked at the door. "I can hear him. He is coming out the front door right..." I held it for a moment. "Now."

At that moment, Warren came out of the front door.

"Told you so." mumbled as he moved towards our car. We all stepped out of the car.

"Who are you?-" he began.

"Mr. Warren, we can explain." Sam tried.

"No, get the hell away from me!" Mr. Warren yelled at us. He made his way to his car and started driving. He quickly stopped though.

"That can't be good." I said and ran with Sam to the car.

I saw Sam shoot something, while Mr. Warren was coughing up an ocean. We all tried to do what we could but we couldn't. He shortly died from drowning.

"Oh crap." Dean said and we decided to go back to the car and to the house.

As soon as we got there, we got back, I took a gulp from the water bottle. Yes, I know. Drinking water right after someone drowned. But hey, when you are thirsty, you are thirsty.

"Are you okay, Leona?" Sam asked.

"Yeah, not the worst I have seen." I just replied.

"What do you mean?" He asked, but before I could reply, there was a knock at the door.

Dean went to answer the door and looked back at us before opening. "Look, what the cat dragged in."

"Hello sweetie. I have some leads on your ghost ship." The woman said in a weird voice. Then she locked eyes with me. "Oh, you, I haven't had the pleasure to meet yet." She walked over to me and stuck her hand out. "Bela Talbot."

I shook her hand. "Leona."

"So whose are you?" She asked. "Let me guess Dean's."

"What?" I asked confused, looking back and forth.

"You know. Who's your daddy?" She said in a teasing voice.

"She is not-" Dean started.

"I am not-" I said at the same time.

"Oh my mistake." She chuckled. "Wouldn't surprise me though."

"We are just helping her get home." Sam clarified. "So you had some leads?"

"Yeah the ship, you are looking for, was called 'Espirito Santo'. It sank a while back, but the thing is. A crew member was hanged for treason." She put a picture of the crew member down on the table.

"That's him." Sam said. "That's the ghost."

"So we find the remains and burn them." Dean said.

"Not exactly. He was cremated." She told us.

"Great, I hate when that happens." Dean mumbled.

"Well it's your lucky day Dean. They cut off his right hand and it is one of the items in the exhibition at the Maritime museum."

"Why did they cut that off?" Dean asked.

"The right hand of a hanged man is a very powerful occult object." The others turned to look at me. "What? I am a supernatural creature. I know some stuff."

Dean shook his head. "Okay, so we go in and take it. Easy enough."

"Not exactly." Bela started. "There is a charity ball there tonight and I happen to know someone with an invitation."

"Perfect." I said.

"Wait. What's the catch?" Dean asked untrusting of Bela.

"Gert or Miss Case is one of the people with an invitation, and she would love a date." Bela looked straight at Sam. "She liked you. didn't she, Sam?" She teased.

I cracked up laughing. "Have fun with that Sam."

Sam gave me an evil look. "But isn't there anyone else?"

"I happen to have one too, but I can only get a partner and a child with me." She said and looked at me.

"No. Absolutely not." Dean protested. "She is not coming."

"Dean, come on. It's a charity ball. Doesn't exactly scream danger." I shot back.

"She is right." Bela smiled. "Besides who knows? Having a wolfblood on hand might turn out to be rather favorable."

"How did you know?" I asked.

"I sell magic amulets and other occult items. That necklace." She pointed at my necklace. "It's very rare and only wolfbloods can wear them. Wasn't too hard."

"You aren't getting it." I said and put a hand to it.

"I would pay you good money for it." She smirked.

"I said no." I stated sternly.

"So Dean, Leona and you are going together, and then I will go with Miss Case." Sam interrupted sensing the tension no doubt.

"Indeed, but you will have to change." Bela answered.



"Well Sam and I have our suits, but you don't exactly have any fancy dresses." Dean said and looked at me.

"Good thing, I brought an extra one." Bela said and went out to her car.

"Wait?" I said. "I didn't agree to wearing a dress."

"You sorta did when you said you wanted to come." Sam chuckled.

"Shut up, Sam." I said as Bela went back inside with two bags in her hands.

"Here it is." She said and handed me one of the bags. "And Sam, I called Gert and you are gonna pick her up in half an hour."

"Wonderful." Sam mumbled. "I gotta get dressed then." He went to the closet and took out his suit and went into the bathroom.

"You should too, Dean." Bela ordered.

"And leave her here with you?" Dean scuffed. "Not gonna happen."

"We have to change and I will help her get ready, so." Bela motioned for him to go upstairs.

Dean took his suit from the closet. "If she does anything, you have my permission to claw her up." He smirked. I chuckled in response, as he went upstairs.

"Well then it's just the two of us." Bela said and took out her dress out of the bag.

"Sam!" I shouted. "Yell before you walk out. We are changing." I did the same and started changing.

"Will do!" He shouted back, as I could practically hear the smirk in his voice.

The dress Bela had for me was a deep red one that fits closely around the chest with one wide strap and flared out at the bottom. It went to my knees and got a little longer in the back. If I didn't hate dresses by principle, I would think it was pretty. Would have loved it to be green though, so it matched my necklace.

"Can you zip me up?" She asked and I nodded. Bela's dress was a simple black one that clung to her body. It made her look really pretty.

"Will you zip me too?" I asked and she did the same.

"I am coming out!" Sam yelled from inside the bathroom.

"All clear!" I yelled back, and I heard the door open. Sam's eyes met us and just stared at us for a bit.

"Careful." Bela said, teasing. "You might catch flies." I chuckled at how Sam suddenly regained his posture. "Here." Bela said and threw him some keys. He caught them and looked puzzled. "Wreck it and you pay for it." He seemed to get the message.

"I'll see you there." Sam said and walked out the door.

"You should start brushing your hair." Bela said and went over to a mirror to do her hair.

I went into the bathroom to steal Sam's hairbrush. We forgot to get one for me and since I don't brush my hair very often, I haven't brought it up. I could feel how my hair was knotted from not brushing it for a couple of days, but nothing too bad. I could see my natural waves in the blonde hair, bouncing as I went through them with the brush.

When I came back out, Bela was already done with her hair. Must have done it before.

"Come over here, and I will do your hair." She said and motioned towards a chair. I hesitantly walked over and sat down. She started sectioning off the top part of my hair. "So how did you meet Sam and Dean?"

"Through Bobby." I answered simply. "They are helping me get home to my pack."

"Hunters helping creatures?" She smirked. "That's new."

"You dont say." I mumbled under my breath. "I heard you shot Sam in the shoulder last time you met."

"Well, purely business." She stated. "They had something of mine and wanted it back."

"Sam told me, it was actually a rabbit's foot that you stole from them to begin with." I shot back.

"My kind of business is not always exactly clean." She said as she put the finishing touches on my hair. "There you go."

I could see it was a bun on the top of my head with my natural curls in the rest of my hair. "Thanks."

She walked over to the bags once more and pulled out some flat shoes. "Here." She tossed them at me and I caught them in the air. "They should fit. Lucky for you, I always bring a pair of flats with me." I nodded and put them on. Bela put on some jewelry to finish off her look.

"Dean!" I shouted up the stairs. "Are you done?" There was no answer.

"Come on!" Bela yelled too. "Sam is probably already there with his date."

"Alright!" Dean shouted and walked down the stairs in his suit. Instead of the usual tie, as I believe it's called, he was wearing a bow thingie. "I look ridiculous."

"Not the word I would use." Bela stared at Dean. Her lust came through my nostrils. "When this is over, we should totally have angry sex."

"Young ears." Dean pointed at me. "Don't objectify me."

I chuckled at the pity in Dean's voice, and we all walked out to Baby.

## **Chapter 10**

We arrived at the ball a little after. Bela gave her an invitation at the door.

"She's your daughter?" The guard asked and looked at me.

"Stepdaughter actually." Bela clarified and we were granted access.

I walked beside Dean, when Bela looked angrily at him.

"Are you chewing gum?" She asked. He just shrugged. "Try and act like you have been here before."

He walked over to a water thingy in the middle of the room and placed it under there.

"This is gonna be a long evening." I muttered to myself and exhaled deeply.

As soon as we walked into the other room, we went up to get some drinks. I took a glass too, when Dean stopped me.

"You are not drinking champagne." He took the glass from me and put it back. "Can she have a glass of water please?" He asked the waiter, who went out to fetch me some.

"Why did you do that?" I groaned.

"Because you are 15, and it is illegal for you to drink." He answered sternly.

"Whatever." I muttered and took my glass, as it arrived.

That was when I made eye contact with Sam. He looked at me with a pleading look in his eyes. I couldn't help my laugh cause his date was an old lady. He said something to her, and they started walking over to me.

"Hi, Sam," I said, still chuckling slightly. He just gave me a death stare.

"Hello." Sam's date said kindly and put her hand forward. "What's your name, young lady?"

"Leona." I shook her hand. "And you?"

"Gert Case." She smiled. "So how do you know Sam here?"

"He is my uncle." I quickly said, earning a shocked glare from Sam. That was, when Dean and Bela came over.

"Hi, Gert." Bela smiled and Dean gave her a nod.

"Would you excuse us for a moment?" Sam said and motioned for Dean and I to follow.

"Uncle, really?" Sam sighed.

"Well we told the guard at the front that Bela was my stepmom, so Dean being my dad it made sense." I said defensively.

"You do realize that usually Sam and I don't pose as brothers right?" Dean stated.

"Sorry I panicked." I threw my hands up in defense. "Besides it's only Gert who knows."

"Anyway, did you find out where the hand is?" Sam asked.

"We think it's upstairs, but it's guarded." Dean answered.

"I am not staying with Miss Case for much longer." Sam stated angrily.

"Come on, you looked adorable together." I chuckled, earning a bitch face.

"Sam, you can get back to your date, and we will handle it." Dean said as Bela approached.

"Come on, and don't be too touchy." He chuckled with another bitch face from Sam.

"Okay, so how do we get by them?" I asked as I looked at the guards.

"Well sneaking by is not gonna work." Dean answered. "Look at the way they are standing. Military."

"Faint." Bela whispered.

"What?!" I whisper-shouted.

"Pretend to faint. Now!" I did as she said.

"Wow, Dean!" She caught me.

"Crap." Dean went over and took me from Bela. "Leona, wake up!" He shook me and I blinked one eye at him. He seemed to get what I meant.

"Excuse me, sir." Bela said to a waiter.

"Is everything okay?" He asked.

"My stepdaughter's got a terrible shell allergy." She started. "Is there somewhere, we can lay her until she gets better?"

"Yeah, follow me." He said and walked up the stairs and into a room. "You can lay her down here."

"Thank you." Dean led the waiter to the door. "Oh and?" He took some of the small food the waiter had on the plate. "Thanks." He closed the door.

"You just had to eat?" I gave him my best bitch face.

"I was hungry, and why did you not tell me about the plan?" He shot back.

"Not my plan." I said and looked over at Bela.

"It was not like you came up with a plan." Bela smirked.

"I was thinking." He defended

"Well you shouldn't get overheated." Bela said, and I laughed.

"Let's just get that hand." Dean stated.

I started to get up to follow but Dean stopped me. "No, stay."

I growled. "I am not a dog!"

"Close enough." He responded. I was about to protest, but he beat me. "You were the one who 'fainted' so you stay here, if they come to check. And-" he pointed at Bela. "I don't trust you."

Before either of us could protest, he went out to get it.

"He's an asshole." I muttered under my breath.

"Yeah but a hot one." She said as she walked around the room. I sighed.

Footsteps came down the hallway. "Someone is coming."

"Lay down, and I will deal with it." She commanded. So I did.

"Hello." The waiter knocked at the door. "Are you done with the room?"

"Hello, I am sorry, she just woke, but I think we will need the room just a little longer." Bela said as she opened the door.

"Do you need me to call an ambulance to have her checked out?" He asked.

"No, that won't be necessary." She quickly answered. "We will just wait until she's not as dizzy and then we will be on our way."

"If you need assistance, just come and get one of us." He said.

"Thanks." She then closed the door. "Close one."

"True." I answered. "Dean is coming now."

As if on cue, Dean entered the room. "I got the hand. Let's go."

We all went downstairs to get Sam. I found him first with Gert slow dancing. I bursted out laughing.

"What?" Dean asked. I simply pointed at Sam. He bursted out laughing too.

We then decided to come and save Sam from his torment.

"I'm sorry, but we have to go now." Dean said politely. Yeah not two words, I would think of in the same sentence either. Unless there was a not in between.

"It was nice meeting you, Miss Case." I shook her hand goodbye.

"And you too Leona." She smiled and turned to Sam. "Thank you for a lovely evening." I could see her give Sam a slap on the ass. Barely containing my laughter, we walked outside to the impala.

"So you got the hand?" Sam asked as Dean turned on the car.

"Yes right in-" He stopped mid sentence, while he took out a cloth. "Here?" Removing the cloth revealed a small ship in a glass flask and not the hand.

"Wild guess, Bela?" I sighed.

"She is probably already long gone." Sam sighed too. "Let's just go back."

And so we went.

"I can't believe that bitch tricked us again!" Dean shouted as he trashed the door open.

"Tricked you." Sam stated.

"What?" Dean asked angrily.

"She tricked you." Sam answered. "Not me."

"Is that really important right now?" Dean and I yelled in sync.

"I guess not." Sam quietly said.

"I am gonna change." I said and grabbed some sweatpants and one of Dean's t-shirts.

"So get this." I could hear Sam say from the room. "I think I might have found a link between the victims."

"What is it?" Dean asked.

"Miss Case told me that Sheila had killed her cousin in a car accident, and the Warren brothers' dad died very suddenly." Sam explained as I reentered the room. "Making them inherit all of his money and his company."

"So you think they killed their father?" I asked curiously.

"It would make sense." He answered.

"So all of them spilled family blood." Dean started. "How does that tie into our ghost?"

"I am not sure yet." Sam sighed.

"One thing is for sure. I am gonna get out of this thing now." Dean took some clothes and walked into the bathroom.

"Me too." Sam rose from his seat and went to grab some clothes.

"You can just change here." I said. "I will just look away."

"Are you sure?" He asked surprised and not exactly convinced.

"Of course." I smiled. I spun around on the chair. "So why do you think the ghost is targeting these ones? I mean it's oddly specific, it almost has to have something to do with it."

"We'll have to look into it." Sam said.

Bursting out laughing was how Dean was, when he came out of the bathroom. "That was not what I expected."

"Dude seriously?" I could almost hear his bitch face. Dean just kept on laughing.

"It's not like I am looking or anything." I was so done with Dean right now.

"You can turn around now." I did as Sam said.

"I am going outside for a moment." I started walking towards the door.

"You're okay?" Dean asked, slightly concerned.

"Yeah, I just need some nature." I walked outside and laid down on the grass. It was a little damp, but I didn't mind.

Lying there and just feeling the connection to the earth was something I had definitely missed.

I closed my eyes to relax even more and just focus on nature.

## **Chapter 11**

"Cub!" Dean yelled from the door.

I pushed myself up with my elbows and I looked at him. "Bela is here." I just simply stated.

"How did you know?" He asked.

"I can smell her from miles away, and that perfume doesn't make it any harder." I chuckled.



"That's where we can agree." He chuckled as well and motioned for me to follow him inside.

"So you have returned, after you tricked us?" I crossed my arms.

"Look, I am sorry about it, but I need your help." She reeked of terror and anxiety, making me calmer. "I saw the ship."

"And when I thought you couldn't sink deeper." Dean sighed and made a finger gun at her head.

"What do you mean?" She asked terrified.

"We found a connection between the vics. The guy who was executed on the ship?" Sam started and pulled out a photo. "This is the captain who ordered it." Looking at the photo, you could see how similar they looked. "His own brother."

"And what does it have to do with me?" Bela asked.

"Sheila killed her cousin in a car accident and the Warren brothers killed their dad to collect inheritance." Sam started explaining.

"So basically all of the victims spilled family blood." I finished. Bela looked at us shocked. Probably more that her secret was out then anything.

"So who was it Bela?" Dean talked in his scary low voice. "What? You killed daddy dearest or something."

"You wouldn't understand." She said with determination. "No one did."

"Well no matter what we need the hand so it can be burnt." I stated.

"I sold it." She simply stated.

"Then get it back." I said.

"I can't." She looked up at me. "It is halfway across the world by now. I could never get it back in time."

"You do realize you just sold the only thing that can save right?" Dean coldly stated.

"Yes I do." She said sadly. "But isn't there anything else you can do?"

"The hand is what is holding him here." I said. "Without that we can't do anything."

"Wait?" Dean said and looked at me. "You know how to gank a ghost?"

"I have been reading some of the books, while you were gone." I answered. "And humans aren't the only ones with ghost problems every once in a while."

"Well." Bela broke the conversation and stood from her chair. "If you won't help me, I will just deal with it myself. That is after all how I do it."

I couldn't help but feel bad for her. Sure, she was an asshole, but she didn't deserve to die.

"Wait." Sam said. "Maybe there is something we could try."

Before I knew it, I was standing in a graveyard next to Sam, while Dean was preparing a ritual of some sorts.

Still in my sweatpants, might I add.

"Are you sure this will work?" I asked.

"Positive." Sam answered quickly.

"That's still not a yes." I pointed out.

"Well that answers it, doesn't it?" He smirked. I just sighed. I knew it was a bad idea. Hell, we all did, but it was the only way to maybe save Bela.

All of a sudden it started raining buckets, which obviously is awesome when you are wearing sweatpants.

"Sam, I think you better start the ritual now!" Dean shouted over the sound of the hard rain.

Sam then started chanting something in a language I didn't understand.

That was, when the ghost appeared. Making his way towards Bela, I made a quick choice.

"Bela, look out!" I yelled and ran over to her, only to be flung through the air into a gravestone. Left breathless from the air being forced out of my lungs, I groaned the best I could from the pain.

"Leona!" I could faintly hear Dean yell before being flung through the air himself.

The ghost got to Bela and touched her, making her cough up a lot of water.

I made a run towards Dean and Bela despite the pain from my back.

Turns out being flung into a gravestone, when you still have a burn on your back, hurts like hell.

I sat with Dean and Bela, while Sam finished the ritual. Then I saw it. They had summoned the captain.

"I am sorry brother, but what you did was treason." The captain said with genuine sadness present.

"I was your brother!" The ghost shouted angrily. "And you killed me!"

"I'm sorry." The captain said just as the ghost threw himself at him, effectively destroying them both in the process.

I could hear Bela still coughing but soon stopped.

"It's over." Sam said.

As the adrenaline wore off, I felt the full pain of the impact earlier. Sam seemed to take notice of this, given that Dean was making sure Bela was okay.

"Are you okay?" He sat down beside me.

"I will live." I said and he helped me up on my feet again.

We then made our way back to the house to pack up our stuff, while Bela went god knows where.

"You want me to clean your burn?" Sam asked as we entered. "You took a pretty hard hit."

"Yes, please." I said taking the t-shirt off, leaving me in a sports bra.

I laid myself down on the couch and got ready for cleaning. He slowly started and I hissed out in pain as he touched it.

"Sorry." He quickly apologized.

"It's fine." I smiled even though he probably couldn't tell. "The bruises will probably be gone relatively quickly."

"Lucky for you." He chuckled ever so slightly. Something on my right shoulder then caught his eye. "When did you get this?"

I followed his eyes and immediately knew what he was referring to. The big scar from a burn.

"When I was 10." I sighed. "The forest we were in caught on fire and when we thought everyone was out, I heard Gwen and Gadwick. I didn't think so. I just ran right in there. I had to carry both of them, and as I was picking up Gwen, a burning piece of wood fell on me. I couldn't remove it immediately, cause I would have dropped Gwen, so it left this pretty little thing."

"It was very brave." Sam gave me a sincere smile.

"Almost like when I carried you out Sammy." Dean looked over at us.

That was when I smelled it. "Dean." I said, catching his attention. "Bela is coming."

He walked over to the door and surely, just as she was about to knock, there stood Bela.

"How did you know?" She walked in the door.

"Cub, over there." Dean said and pointed at me.

"Well here." She said and threw bundles of money to Sam, Dean and I. "I don't like being in debt to anyone."

"So it is easier for you to come up with 10 grand than to say 'thank you'?" Dean huffed.

"We all have our ways." She smirked. "How did you know the ghost wanted his brother?"

"Many ghosts are vengeful." Sam explained as he put some bandage on me. "He wanted revenge so badly, he didn't care if he killed himself in the process."

"Well, I will be on my way then." Bela smiled and took the dress and shoes I had borrowed. "See you." She walked out the door slamming it behind her.

"Hopefully not too soon." He mumbled, still being very pissed.

"Lets just pack up here and get back on the road." Sam stood up and started packing.

I helped as well and soon we were on our way home. Or to the next case. Whichever comes first.

## **Chapter 12**

We were driving in the impala on our way to a vampire case, when Dean pulled up at a gas station.

"I gotta take a leak." He exited the car. "You two can go get some snacks." He started walking to the bathroom, when he yelled back; "See if they got any pie." We just gave him a thumbs up.

I was looking amongst the snacks, when I came to think of a question that had been buried in my mind for some time. "Hey Sam?"

"Yeah?" He looked at me with a question.

"Can I ask you something?" I hesitantly asked.

"Of course, what's up?" Sam said and looked at me.

"This is going to sound really weird but why don't you have a lot of time?" Sam's face turned into seriousness. "It's not to make you uncomfortable. You just mentioned it at Bobby's place, and I just wanted to know what you meant by that." I took a can of Pringles and some gummy bears for Dean, and went with Sam to get some drinks.

"It's okay." He sighed. "I guess, we should have told you." He took a break before continuing. "Back in May a lot of bad stuff happened. The short version is "I was killed." I looked at him with empathy. "Dean couldn't live with me dead, so he made a deal with a demon. My life for his soul."

"I am sorry. I shouldn't have asked." I looked to the ground. Guilt overcoming me.

"No, it's fine. He got one year from the day before..." I could see that Sam couldn't bring himself to say it.

"It's okay." I hugged him. "It's hard, but if anyone can get through it, you can."

"Thanks for that." Sam said as we broke up the hug.

"Hey I owed you." I gave him a small punch on the arm. "You comforted me. Now it's my turn."

Sam paid for our stuff and we went out to the car to find that Dean was already there.

"You got the pie?" He asked with anticipation. I handed him a box. "Yes, thank you."

"And we got you some gummy bears too." I said and held up the bag. "Sam said, you liked them."

"Oh you are treating me right now." He said and ruffled my hair. "Thanks, Cub."

We got into the car and I layed down on the seat. Right before I dozed off I heard Sam say; "I told her Dean. She asked about your deal, and I felt like she deserved to know as well. Sorry, I didn't ask you about it first."

I could hear Dean take a deep breath. "It's fine, Sam. I just didn't want to pour it all on a little kid, but you are right. She deserves to know."

Sleep overcame me at that point.

"Rise and shine!" Dean yelled into my ear.

"Seriously Dean?" I mumbled as I covered my ears. I could feel how tired I still was. Damn new moon.

"Are you okay? You look a little pale." Sam asked as he put his hand on my forehead. I looked up, confused. "You feel a little warm too."

"It's just the new moon." I sighed, as I scratched my eyes.

"New moon?" Dean asked.

"Yeah. The day without a moon. My mom always told me how it was the other animals in the forest, who took the moon to annoy the wolfbloods." I looked up at him. "Basically my connection to the moon is at its weakest, which means I am more tired and weaker than normal."

"Well, come here then." Dean said and carried me bridal style inside. Sam chuckled. "Don't say a word." He laid me down on an old couch. We were at a motel this time, but that didn't mean that the couch wasn't old or dusty.

"Thanks." mumbled under my tired breath.

"You're welcome, Cub." Dean smiled in return and sat with Sam at the old wooden table in the middle of the room.

"So get this, there has been many murders and disappearances in the town." Sam started. "Victims drained of blood. Looks like a vamp."

"Yeah, and probably freshly turned." Dean added. "Usually vamps are better at covering their tracks, but these are rookie mistakes."

I groaned in the background. My body always felt like I had a fever or something but no. Just the new moon.

Dean sighed and walked over to me. "Okay so if you go to the morgue and the station to get some info then I will stay here with Cub."

"Okay, I will bring some lunch back." Sam said and went into the bathroom to change.

"You don't have to stay here." I groaned. "I can take care of myself"

"Yeah well, you look like crap," Dean chuckled. "and I promised Bobby I would keep you safe, so that's what I am gonna do." He sat down beside me and stroked my hair.

"Thank you Dean for everything." I smiled and yawned.

"You're welcome, Cub." He smiled as Sam exited the bathroom.

"Take care." He yelled and took the keys to the impala.

"You too." Dean yelled back as the door closed.

"You're really letting Sam drive the impala?" I chuckled.

"It wouldn't be the first time." Dean said with a seriousness. "And if he trashes it, he knows he is gonna pay."

I chuckled slightly at that before I saw how dead serious he was.

"I heard Sam told you about the deal." He broke the silence that had fallen upon us.

"Yeah," I said with an awkwardness to it. "I hope it was okay."

"You were gonna find out one way or another." He tried to joke, but I could see how scared he was.

I hugged him. He was unsure at first but then hugged me back.

"Sam is gonna find a way." I reassured him. "And if not Sam, then Bobby will. I will even try as well, even though I have quite limited knowledge."

"I know." He said and let go. "And what did I say about chick flick moments?" He laughed.

"Not to have them." I laughed too.

"I will let you sleep, if you want." He said.

"Thank you." I closed my eyes.

"Sleep tight, Cub." He said and gave me a small kiss on the forehead, as he thought I was asleep.

I can tell you one thing is for sure. I fell asleep with a smile on my face and a warm feeling in my body.

## **Chapter 13**

I awoke to the smell of meat. I quickly sat up and saw Sam putting a bag of food on the table.

"You're feeling better?" He asked as he noticed me. "Still tired but a bit better, yeah." I smiled.

"Catch." Dean threw a wrapped up burger, which I caught with ease. "I guess your reflexes are still working."

"It's not like I am not working." I took a bite from my burger. "I still have my powers. I am just not as strong as usual." I took another bite. "So what did you find?"

"Well two girls have gone missing, and three men have turned up dead." Sam stated.

"So the guys were food, and the girls have probably been turned." I got two surprised looks. "Vampires MO is very similar to werewolves." I clarified. "They turn a couple of people to build up their pack, or in this case a nest, and then they take some victims as food."

"How many werewolves have you dealt with?" Dean asked, confused.

"Too many." I sighed. "Not just on our territory, we have also helped out other packs."

"But how do you know about so many other supernatural creatures?" Sam chimed in too.

"Our pack healer, Carrie, told me all about them, when I was younger." I could feel how I missed her. She became my mother figure, after my mom died. "I was a very curious kid, so she taught me quite a lot."

"She did?" Sam asked curiously.

"Yeah." I nodded. "A lot about what you can use different plants for, and how you can use nature to navigate, even if the sun is not out." I chuckled slightly. "I was always more interested in it, then Varga was. I guess Carrie also sorta expected me to become the pack healer after her, since her son, Brynn, ran away to find his own way." I shrugged. "I guess, you could call it wolfblood school." I quickly ate the rest of my burger still feeling drowsy.

"Wolfbloods have schools too?" Dean asked, surprised.

"It is fairly common, yeah." I yawned. "Learning basic skills on how to survive in the wilderness, and how to find your way, if you are lost. We even learned some history, but since my father was



the alpha and my brother is now, I had to have more lessons than normal. learn things that the rest of the pack didn't have to care about."

"That's how you know how to read." Sam realized.

"Yes and no." I answered. "The others in my pack didn't have to, but it would be useful that a potential alpha could read. However, it was also that my mother wanted me to learn, so I could read books and such."

"Wait." Dean looked like he was processing something. "You said potential alpha. I thought your brother was already the alpha?"

"He is, but he were to die before having kids, I would take over. Even if he got married and didn't have kids, the post would go to me. That is, how we have kept it within the same bloodline for so long." I explained. "And if he had kids, but they were too young to take over, I would still have to do it, until they were old enough. Family means a lot to wolfbloods."

"Well, no matter what we found a vampire." Dean started rising from his seat.

"I am coming with you." I said but even as I tried to stand up, I almost fell down again because of tiredness.

"Oh no, you aren't." Dean said and shoved me back on the couch. "Sam and I are going to handle this, while you relax."

"Come on, De-" I tried to protest.

"That's my final call." He started harshly and gestured for Sam to follow him to the car.

I laid down on the couch with a moan. I hated feeling useless, while they were putting themselves out there in dangerous situations, but once again my mind was overcome by my exhaustion. Damn new moon!

I woke up to the sound of the front door opening, followed by arguing, which came to a sudden hold as the Winchesters saw that I was awake. Although, a clear 'we are not done talking about this' look came from Sam to Dean.

"Did you find anything?" I asked hoping to ease the tension.

"Apparently, this guy, Dixon, is walking around turning people." Dean started. "He claims the blood is a new drug, and thereby tricks people into turning them."

"Great." I sighed. "Although I must give him that, that's a new one. Did you find the vampire?"

"Yes we found her, tied her up and chopped her head off, plain and simple." Sam gave Dean a hard look at those words, although it didn't seem to faze Dean. "Luckily the guy she attacked survived."

"Wait, you just chopped her head off?" I felt a slight ping of anger and pain in my chest. "It wasn't her fault, she got turned."

"No, but unlike you, vampires can't control themselves." Dean argued.

"Some can." I fired back.

"Look, I don't wanna have this discussion with you right now." Dean sighed.

I inhaled sharply, as I could almost feel myself lose control. I even could see my veins turn black for a moment before I regained control. I know vampires aren't necessarily good, but some survive on bagged or cattle blood instead of feeding from humans.

"So we need to find this guy and stop him." Sam said, cutting the tension.

Sam and Dean decided to go out and do some research. I stayed back cause in their minds, I was still weakened. I could smell the anger as the impala pulled up and the door was flung open.

"Where is Dean?" I asked as I only saw Sam entering the room.

"Risking his own life to lead Gordon away." He answered angrily.

"Who is Gordon?" I said, confused.

"He is a vampire hunter, who has gotten this insane idea that I am the antichrist, and that he has to stop me." Sam sighed. "We just barely escaped the guy before."

"A hunter?" Dean opened the door as I was asking that question and began to get scared.

"There you are." Sam directed his anger towards his brother.

"Sorry, I stopped for a slice." He chuckled and slapped his stupid ass as he laid on the bed.

"Nice move you pulled there, Dean running right at the weapons." Sam yelled angrily.

"So Gordon is a hunter?" I cut the tension earning a glare from Dean. "Sam just told me a little about him."

"Yeah, and he doesn't care what you have done or who you are. Only what you are." Dean said. "He killed his own sister because she got turned."

I could feel the fear rising inside me along with my heartbeat. "I am gonna go in that room." I mumbled out and walked into a different room.

I felt physically sick, when I sat down on the small bed. A crazy hunter. Just what I need. That was, when I heard footsteps approaching the door.

"Hey, Cub?" Dean knocked at the door. "Can I come in?"

Without a word, I went over and opened the door, just to sit right back down on the bed again, clutching my head in my hands.

"Are you okay, Cub?" Dean asked as he entered.

"I don't know." I took a deep breath. "It's just the whole hunter that is insane and doesn't care about what you have done, but only what you are, it brings out some bad memories."

"Anything you wanna talk about?" He moved closer to comfort me.

"I-I-" I groaned in annoyance. "It's not even about the time I was captured. Though it was horrible, I don't think I have fully understood it yet. But..." I thought for a moment. Was I ready to talk about this with him?

"But what?" He asked curiously, but also carefully. Almost as if he thought I would break like glass.

"When my parents died. We were out. Away from the pack for a bit. We had a lot of fun. Climbing trees, fighting for fun, hunting, eating and just genuinely being a family." I smiled a little at the slight happiness before the inevitable darkness.

"But the dark came. Not anything out of the ordinary, until we heard a gunshot in the distance. Mere seconds later, I felt a burning pain in my leg. A bullet had hit me." I sighed. "To begin with, we thought it was a hunter, you know an ordinary one, who had a wrong shot, but when we saw a man in the distance with a long coat on and biker boots, we quickly got on to other thoughts. My mom and dad told Varga and I to hide behind some bushes. We couldn't get back to the pack, before he saw us, so to not bring the pack in harm's way, we hid."

"And then he came. The man in the distance. My parents tried to talk with him, but they were gunned down right in front of us." Tears were rolling down my cheeks at this point, and Dean laid a hand on my back for comfort.

"Out of pure instinct and stupidity, I screamed no! Obviously, the man saw us and came towards us. He pointed the gun at us, before he said; 'Tonight, you won't die, for your suffering has just begun.' And then he took off" I took a deep shaking breath. "Looking back, we should have followed him, but in the state of shock we were in, we decided to take care of our parents. Varga carried me over, and miraculously they weren't dead yet. So we got to say goodbye to them before they..." I broke down in tears and sobbed into Dean's chest as he embraced me.

"Easy, Cub." He whispered as he stroked my hair and kissed the top of my head. "It's gonna be okay."

I just kept on crying, but I managed to sob out: "I learned later, that the man's name was Alex Kingcate." I inhaled sharply to try and hold back tears. "And then when you said that about the vampire girl today, it just brought some of it back, and I know, it shouldn't, but-"

"I am so sorry, Cub." Dean just kept on holding me tight, while I soaked his shirt. He still gave me the occasional peck on top of my head.

The sadness and pain now combined with the pure hatred, I felt for that man, Alex Kingcate. If I ever found him, he would have to pay. He had taken everything from us. From me. I wanted to hurt him. No. Not just hurt him.

I wanted to kill him.

## **Chapter 14**

I walked out after my little breakdown to see Sam and Dean sitting on the couch and sharpening their machetes.

"Hey, are you okay?" Sam asked, referring no doubt to my tearstained face.

"I'm fine." I quickly said, wiping my face. I had heard Dean tell Sam the whole story. Of course, he had asked me first, if it was okay, and not wanting to tell it again, I gave him permission.

"Good, cause we have one stubborn ass vampire hunter to gank." Dean said with a hidden seriousness to it. "Or are you against that, Sammy?"

"No, I am with you." Sam said, surprising me.

"Really just like that?" Dean asked, surprised. "I thought you would be like, no we can't, he is human." Only finding the last part slightly offensive.

"He is not gonna stop before we are dead, or he is."

"That bitch." Suddenly, Dean realized something and picked up his phone.

"Bela?" He started angrily.

I chose to tune out the conversation and instead focus on sharpening my machete. I didn't care what Dean said. I wanted to do this hunt, and he sure as hell could keep me from doing so. The anger and guilt from my parents' death had resurfaced after telling Dean the story, and I had to deal with it the only way I knew how to.

"Bela, if we make it out of here, I swear I will kill you." I heard Dean say.

A small pause was there before he answered with: "Listen to my voice and tell me if I am serious."

We continued sharpening our machetes and getting ready as Dean hung up the phone. That was before his phone rang once more.

"What?" Dean yelled with a rage that didn't leave room for confusion as to the fact that he was talking to Bela.

I didn't want to listen to Bela not after she sold us out like that.

"You are a hundred miles away, how did yo-" He was cut off.

"And?" - "thanks." He looked puzzled at his phone as the call ended.

"The spirits of the people, Gordon killed, have a message for us." Dean said, catching my attention once again. "Leave town, run like hell, and whatever you do, don't go after Gordon."

"Comforting but we gotta put that sucker down." I said and tested if the machete was sharp enough.

"You aren't going." Dean stated sternly.

"Yes, I am, and you are not stopping me." I stated clearly leaving no room for discussion.

"Okay, so we should probably find Dixon first, since Gordon would have gone after him." Sam sighed.

"So, find the alpha and then the nest." I said coldly.

"Bela said, he was at a warehouse in town, so let's go and find it." Dean grabbed the keys and his machete. He knew, he couldn't talk me out of it.

We drove for a little while, before we found the warehouse, Bela or the spirits had talked about. Right as I got out of the car, I could smell the foul smell of blood.

"There is definitely blood here." I whispered as we made our way to the entrance. We snuck inside the building to find a vampire cradled on the floor next to two female bodies with their heads chopped off.

"He is the vampire." I assured them. "I can smell him."

"And I, you." He said in a sad voice and looked at me. "Hunting your own kind. What a hypocrite."

"I can live with being called that, when it comes from a guy who tricks innocent girls into becoming killers." I growled with an unmistakable coldness. "Besides, you are not my kind."

"Then go ahead, do it." You could hear the sadness in his voice. "Kill me."

"What happened here?" Sam asked, cutting the tension and actually getting an answer from the guy.

"Gordon Walker. I never should have brought a hunter here. Never, I just..." He rose to his feet and faced us with tears streaming from his eyes. "I just wanted some kind of revenge. They were my family, and he killed them." The guy cried.

"Oh yeah, cause you are such a family man." Dean snarked.

"You don't understand." Dixon looked at Dean.

"We don't wanna understand." I growled back. "I was desperate. You ever felt desperate?" I felt a pang in my chest. "I have lost everyone I ever loved. I am staring down eternity alone. Can you think of a worse hell?"

"Well, there is hell." Dean shot back hiding the pain in his voice.

"I wasn't thinking. I just..." He paused. "I didn't care anymore. Do you know what that's like?" He moved closer to us, especially me. "When you just don't give a damn? It's like being dead already. So just go ahead. Do it."

"Dean, Leona," Sam called from where the bodies were hanging. "Their heads weren't cut off. They were ripped off. With someone's bare hands." Sam looked over at him. "Dixon? What did you do to Gordon?"

"You turned him, didn't you?" I stated.

"I wanted him to become the thing he hated the most." The leader said.

"So now we don't only have to track down Gordon, a very skilled hunter, but also a supercharged vampire?" Dean sighed in defeat. "Wonderful."

"Well, then let's get to it then." I said clearly with a double meaning. I started to draw my machete back, but Dean beat me to it, chopping the guy's head off.

"We will talk about that later." Dean mouthed giving me a stern look, as we got out to the car once again on our way to find Gordon.

"You are not going after Gordon alone!" Sam yelled at his brother's outrageous idea.

"Sam, I don't need you to sign a permission slip. Okay?" Dean took a gun. "He is after you, not me and he is turbocharged. I want you to stay out of harm's way, you included Leona. I will take care of it."

"Dean, you are not going by yourself." I started.

"You're gonna get yourself killed." Sam finished.

"Just another day at the office." Dean shrugged. "A massively dangerous day at the office."

"So what, you are the guy with nothing to lose now huh?" Sam got more upset with every word. "Oh wait, let me guess. Because you are already dead?"

"If the shoe fits." Dean brushed it off.

"Dude, I am sick and tired of your stupid kamikaze trip." Sam raged.

"Woah kamikaze?" Dean chuckled slightly. "It's more like a ninja."

"It's not funny." I interjected.

"It's a little funny." Dean corrected me.

"No it's not." Sam and I said in sync.

"What do you want me to do Sam, huh?" Dean rose from his seat. "Sit around all day, writing sad poems about how I'm gonna die?" He walked over to Sam. "You know what? I got one. See, what rhymes with 'shut up, Sam'?"

"Dude." Sam threw a paper out of Dean's hand. "Drop the attitude. Quit turning everything into a punchline. And you know something else? Stop trying to act like you are not afraid."

"I am not." He sternly replied.

"You are lying and you might as well drop it cause I can see right through you." Sam shot back.

"I don't know what you are talking about." Dean dismissed.

"Leona." Sam said trying to contain the frustration, he was about to unleash on his brother. "Can you go wait outside? I need to talk with my brother. Alone."

Clearly, understanding the seriousness in his voice, I nodded, took my jacket and went outside the motel room. I didn't want to listen in on the conversation. Especially not after I heard; "I have been looking up to you, since I was 4, Dean. Studying you, trying to be just like my big brother, so yeah I know you. Better than anyone else in the entire world." It wasn't my place to listen in on.

"Leona, he wants to talk to you." Sam said as he came outside with glassy eyes. We swapped places. I knew exactly what Dean wanted to talk about and quite frankly, I didn't feel like talking about it with anyone.

"You wanted to talk?" I closed the door behind me.

"Yeah, sit down." He gestured to a chair at the table. I sat down, and Dean sat down in the chair from across. "What the hell?"

"What do you mean?" I frowned.

"Cut the crap," Dean eyed me seriously. "You know exactly what I mean. You are a kid, not a coldblooded killer."

"I know that." I chimed in.

"Do you?" Dean frowned at me. "Cause the Leona, I have gotten to know, the Leona we found bleeding at Bobby's, would not have been prepared to chop that guy's head off. And yet, you were."

I looked down in slight shame. This wasn't me, and I knew it, but it was just too much. It was all too much.

"So would you like to tell me, what is going on?" Dean demanded more than asked. I hesitated and Dean saw it. "Does it have anything to do with what you told me earlier?"

I nodded slightly, fighting back tears. I had cried enough in front of those two, and I rarely cried usually, but everything that had happened over the last few months. It got to me.



"Leona." He took my hand and looked me in the eyes, with a brotherly kindness. No doubt, one he had used many times on Sam. "Talk to me."

"It just- I have just always pushed my feelings away." I sighed. "What happened to my parents, what happened to me. I push them away, and they bottle up inside, and I-" I hesitated. "It just feels good to let that anger out on something else. Someone else."

"I know how you feel." Dean exhaled deeply. "But you can't do that. It's not healthy. Trust me, I have tried being angry at everyone and everything, but that anger. It is gonna eat you up inside."

I stayed quiet, processing what he had just told me. "I know, but that's easier said than done."

"And I know that." Dean agreed kindly. "But right now you have to find out what works for you. And that might take some time, but you are gonna find it. Okay?"

I nodded and gave Dean a quick hug.

"Now should we get Sam and wait the night out here?" Dean chuckled.

"Most definitely." I chuckled in response, and Dean went outside to get Sam.

## **Chapter 15**

Dean and I blocked the door with bed frames, while Sam did some hoodoo to cover our scent.

You could feel the tension as we waited around for the night with our machetes ready.

Dean's new phone then rang and it startled all of us.

"You have had that phone for like two hours." Sam asked, puzzled. "Who did you give the number to?"

"No one." He picked up the phone. "Hello?"

"Dean." The voice on the other end sent shivers down my spine.

"How did you get this number?"

"Your scent was all over the cell phone store." The voice, presumably Gordon, answered. "Of course, I can't smell you or your rabid dog now." I growled quietly in offense. "Where are you?"

"I guess you will have to find us yourself, won't you?" Dean replied.

"No, I would rather you come to me."

"What's the matter, Gordo? You are not afraid of us, are you? We are just sitting here, bring it on."

"I don't think so." That was when I heard crying at the other end of the line.

"Guys, he has a hostage." I whispered.

"Very good for a monster." Gordon answered, making my eyes shift. "The factory on Riverside off the turn plate. Be here in 20 minutes or the girl dies."

"Gordon, let the girl go." Dean tried to no avail.

"Bring the dog." Gordon said at last. "Bye, Dean."

"Gordon! Don't do this!" Dean yelled. "You don't kill innocent people. You are still a hunter." I couldn't help but cringe at that statement.

"No." He stated in his eerily calm voice. "I am a monster." He then hung up the phone.

"Damnit." He cursed.

"Well let's get going then." I said and went to grab my jacket.

"No." Dean looked at me very seriously. "We are not bringing you."

"Dean, that girl may die if you don't. Gordon sounded pretty strict." I reasoned. "And besides I can take care of myself no matter what you believe." I held on to my machete and walked out to the car.

"She is a stubborn one." Dean sighed.

"Wonder who she takes after?" Sam teased and followed me out to the car.

We had gotten to Gordon's location.

"What is it with creepy guys and old buildings?" I mumbled over my breath.

We looked around as we entered the factory. I could hear the footsteps but too far away to pinpoint.

As well as the smell. The blood. I hated that smell.

"Guys." I whispered. "He is definitely here. I can hear him."

"Can you find him?" Dean asked back.

I was about to answer, when I was interrupted. "Working with not only one, but two monsters?" The sound of Gordon's wicked laugh echoed throughout the whole building. "That's a whole new low. Even for you, Dean."

"Who are you calling a monster?" I yelled back with anger consuming me. I wasn't a monster. Was I? "I didn't kill all those people. Hell, I haven't even killed anyone."

"Language." Dean mumbled.

"Seriously? Now?" Unbelievable, Dean Winchester. Unbelievable.

"So what?" Gordon yelled back. "You will." I could feel my heart beating faster, and my claws came out to hold the machete. "They always will."

I picked up the scent of the hostage. "Dean," he looked at me. "The hostage is that way." We started moving towards the direction, I pointed. "But be careful. Something doesn't seem right."

We walked slowly towards the girl with Dean in front. As soon as he got a look of her, he sprinted to her us following close behind.

"Hey, are you okay?" I asked as Sam and Dean freed her.

"Watch your head." Sam said as Dean supported and eventually carried the girl.

All of the sudden, a door fell down cutting Sam and I off from Dean and the girl.

"Dean!" I yelled pounding at the door, as I reached it, but it didn't budge.

"Damn it." He yelled kicking at the door on his side with Sam doing the same on our side.

"Sam, Leona, be careful." Dean yelled from his side. Suddenly, all of the lights went out.

"Stay close, Leona." Sam whispered, and I did as told.

"Gordon, you got us." Sam yelled into the darkness. "Might as well come out and fight."

Our machetes were held up in defense, while I desperately tried to pick up his scent.

"That won't work." Gordon almost sang. "You see, I have hunted your kind before. I know some of the tricks." Sam and I turned around quickly responding to where the sound came from. "What's the matter, Sammy?"

"So this is really how you wanna do it huh?" Sam yelled.

"You can bet, I do." Gordon responded. I tried to track him by sound, but there was way too much of an echo. "You have no idea what I have faced to get here. I lost everything. My life."

"And why are we supposed to have sympathy for you?" I yelled, getting tired of this whole game.

"But it's worth it. Cause I am finally gonna kill the most dangerous thing I have ever hunted. And his little pet." He chuckled. "You are not human, Sam, and neither is she."

Sam protectively put his arm in front of me. "Look who's talking?"

"Oh I don't think so." I could hear him getting closer. "I am a bloodthirsty killer."

"You have a choice." I spoke up.

"No I don't."

"Yes, you do, Gordon." Sam added. "You didn't kill that girl."

"No I didn't." I could hear a punch coming. "I did something much much worse."

"You turned her!" I yelled. "The girl. You sicko!"

A gunshot rang in the distance, after some commotion that probably I only heard.

"I gotta hand it to you, Sam. You got a lot of people fooled." His voice was closer by the second. "But see, I know the truth. I know what it is like. We are the same, you know. You, me and that freak." I felt the anger rise as high as the anxiety had been for a while. "I know what it feels like, walking around with something evil inside you."

"I think you had that way before you became a vampire." I argued.

"Too bad the two of you won't do the right thing and kill yourselves. I am gonna do it." He came even closer. "As soon as I am done with you. Two last good deeds: killing you and killing myself."

"Sam," I whispered. "He is close." We were pushed into a corner, while I heard a growl close by.

"Sam, look out!" I pushed him out of the way, making Gordon land on top of me instead.

"Oh hello." He looked at me like a maniac. A complete utter maniac.

"Argh!" I cried out in pain as he stabbed me. Luckily, I managed to get him off of me, so he missed any vital parts.

"Leona!" I heard Sam as Gordon threw both of them through a wall.

Then all hell broke loose. A fight between Sam and Gordon. Sam had lost his machete, and I could barely keep myself conscious.

But I had to. Just until my healing set in.

"Cub!" I heard a familiar voice yell, but before Dean could reach me and kill him, Gordon pinned him to a wall and started feeding off of him.

"No!" Sam and I yelled out in unison and got Gordon's attention.

Gordon ran over to Sam to finish him off, but before he could do so, Sam wrapped a barbed wire around his neck and started pulling. I could feel the struggle and the pain from doing so, until I no longer heard Gordon choking on his own blood. Instead, I just heard the sound of a head hitting the ground, followed by the body.

I sat up gaining more of my strength. I knew it would take a little longer to heal, given that the new moon still had some of its effects.

Sam went over to Dean to check on him, while I tried to process the pain from my wound.

"Are you okay?" I heard Sam ask Dean.

"Yeah." He groaned like it was just another day on the job, cause honestly it probably was.

"What about you?"

"My hands hurt but other than that, I am fine." Sam answered.

"Still bleeding over here." I groaned sarcastically and shot my hand up.

"And you, Cub?" He looked over worryingly.

"I will be fine." I groaned as I tried to stand. "But I will probably have to get some stitches and bandages, when we get back."

Sam helped me out of the building, since Dean was good enough to stand on his own.

"You just charged a super vamped out Gordon with no weapon." Dean said. "A little reckless, don't you think?"

Not much was being said during the car ride back to the motel.

"I think I will do the stitches this time." Dean said as we arrived. Sam had stayed outside probably thinking.

I was scared at first, but quickly realized it was probably for the best. I nodded and took my shirt off, revealing one of numerous sports bras.

"Argh!" I hissed as he cleaned the wound.

"Sorry." He said and continued to find the thread and needle. "This is gonna hurt like a bitch, but it will hurt less and be over sooner, if you lay still." I nodded and prepared for the worst.

"What kind of a gun was that?" I groaned through the pain.

"What gun?" He asked, as he kept his glare focused on the wound.

"The one, you used to kill the other vamp." I clarified. "I saw her on the way out. She had a gunshot wound in the head, and I heard a gunshot, before you arrived.

"Oh, that gun." He sighed. "It's called the Colt. It can kill pretty much anything."

"Anything?" Even through the pain I was still scared.

"Anything, we have ever encountered." He sensed my worry. "Of course, we won't use it on you."

"I didn't think so." I groaned. "Just always a little careful."

I clenched my teeth together to try and distance myself from the pain. It hurts so much, but I figured if I just got through it, it would be so much easier.

"And..." Dean said tying a knot and cutting the thread. "We are done."

"Finally." I breathed out.

"You are tough, I will give you that." He ruffled my hair and put the first aid kit away and walked to the door. "I think I need to go out and clean up Baby." I looked up with a guilty expression.

"Will you be alright in here?"

I nodded and he went outside. After a little, Sam reentered the house. I think he needed to clear his head, after the rather macabre way, he killed Gordon earlier tonight.

A silence fell upon us, until I decided to break it. Something had been on my mind. "Do you think I am a monster?"

Sam looked at me surprised and confused. "No, of course not." He sat down next to me. "Why would you think that?"

I didn't answer. A sad look was enough.

"Is it because of what Gordon said?" I nodded. "Don't let him get to you." He hugged me. "He called me a monster too, if it makes you feel better."

I could feel tears pressing on. I hate when people call me a monster, as I said. "But you have saved so many people."

"We also didn't prevent the opening of the gates of hell." He said clearly with some regret and guilt.

"You tried your best." I gave a sad smile. "I haven't exactly done anything spectacular yet."

"Hey." He made me look up at him. "You have fought through everything, life has thrown at you." He smiled at me. "I would call that spectacular."

"Thanks, Sam." I hugged him again. "And for the record, I don't think you are a monster either."

"Thanks, Leona."

We had quickly packed our stuff and were driving down the road again. A rattling sound kept coming from the engine so we pulled over, so Dean could take a look at it.

I grabbed a soda, since the guys were having a beer. Dean taught Sam about how to fix the Impala. He handed him a tool, making both me & Sam look up in surprise.

"He is putting a lot of faith in you." I chuckled and went to watch the scene.

I knew why Dean was doing it but I didn't want it to ruin the sight in front of me.

It put a smile on my face, seeing the two brothers just do normal human stuff.

Dean sat down beside me and I rested my head on his shoulder, and he had his arm around me.

"Put your shoulder into it." Dean said rather loudly, making me chuckle.

## **Chapter 16**

We were on our way to interview a family, where the dad went missing.

"No, for the last time." Dean said.

"Come on." I pleaded. "I can transform into my wolf form, and you can just say, I am a police dog."

"It's not the worst idea, Dean." Sam interjected.

"Don't be on her side in this." Dean argued.

"Dean, please." I continued. "Who knows? Maybe I notice something that you don't."

"Fine." Dean sighed.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" I attacked him with hugs, while Sam laughed.

"Geez." Dean chuckled as I let him go. "If I knew, it was this easy to make you happy, I would have done it way sooner."

"What can I say?" I chuckled. "I am tired of waiting on you all the time."

"You haven't even done it that many times." Sam argued.

"Nope, but I get bored easily." I chuckled.

"Well, we are gonna be there in a minute, so I would transform now, if I were you." Dean let me know.

"One wolf coming right up." I said and transformed. It almost felt weird, given how long it had been since I was a wolf, not just for sleeping.

We arrived at the house, which was nice, but there were all of these weird things all over the place.

Dean knocked and a woman quickly answered the door. "Can I help you?"

"Agent Johnson, this is Agent Hanson." They flashed their badges. "This is our police dog, Leona." I looked up at the nice lady.



"My partner would like to ask some questions about your husband's disappearance, while I go through the house with Leona here." Dean said.

"Why is the FBI interested in a missing persons case?" She asked.

"We are looking into other cases with similarities and wanted to see if this was connected." Sam answered.

"Of course, you can just look around." The lady said and Sam and I walked inside.

"Okay Leona, you look around for anything out of the ordinary, while I check for EMF and sulfur." I gave a quick nod in return.

As I looked around the house, I couldn't see anything out of the ordinary. Except for the giant tree in the living room and all of the weird small statues of men all over the place. Although I did see this thing with all sorts of herbs in it. It looked like vervain and meadowsweet to me along with some other ones.

After a little while, Sam called to me, "Come Leona, we will get going." We walked outside to the lady and Dean. "Thank you for letting us have a look."

"We will let you know, if we find something." Dean said and we walked to the impala.

"Agents?" The lady caught our attention. "The police said that my husband might have been kidnapped."

"It is a possibility." Dean answered, while Sam let me in.

"Then why haven't they called and demanded a ransom?" The lady looked really sad.

"We don't know." Sam said.

"It is almost Christmas." She stated. "What am I supposed to tell our son?"

"We're very sorry, ma'am." Dean finished and got in to drive off. As we were a little down the road, I transformed back to human.

Dean looked back in the mirror startled. "Could you warn me next time?"

"Well, where's the fun in that?" I teased.

"So get this," Sam famously started. "I found no EMF or sulfur in the house." He looked back at me. "Did you find anything unusual?"

"Other than the giant tree in the middle of the room, the round thing with herbs on it and all of the small statues of little men, no." The two Winchesters shared a look.

"You mean the Christmas tree, wreath and the elves?" Dean asked with confusion.

"If that's what it's called, then sure." I shrugged. Feeling the weird vibe in the car, I decided to settle my curiosity. "What are you two thinking about?"

"Have you never celebrated Christmas?" Dean asked, unconvinced.

"What is Christmas exactly?" I asked.

"You know when you eat a bunch of food, then you decorate the whole house and drag a tree inside too. Santa coming with the presents on Christmas morning?" Dean explained and I just shook my head. "Really, never?"

"It's not exactly a wolfblood tradition so no." I answered but was curious for more knowledge. "Who is Santa?"

"He is this legend that kids believe in of an old guy in a red suit, who makes presents for all of the kids. However, you only get them if you have been nice all year, cause if you have been naughty, you get coal instead." I looked puzzled at Dean.

"So, he basically stalks the kids all year and then breaks into their homes and leaves gifts or coal?" I summed it up.

"When you look at it like that..." Dean trailed off.

"Why do kids like him? He seems creepy." I leaned back in the seat.

"It is the magic and myth that surrounds him, I guess." Sam explained, chuckling slightly.

"Are we going to celebrate Christmas?" I asked, curious about this new phenomenon.

"I think it could be fun." Dean said cheerfully.

"We'll have to see." Sam had a tone of sadness in his voice.

"Why?" Dean asked, surprised.

"Because we have never really celebrated it before, so why should we start now?" Sam argued. Wasn't really a fan of the whole atmosphere in this car at that moment. "Because it is Leona's first Christmas." Oh please, Dean. Don't bring me into the argument.

Luckily, the motel came up, before anyone could say anymore. Dean parked the car and we all exited. I was excited that we actually were in a motel again and not an abandoned house. They gave me creeps. And yes I know, I have two of the best hunters with me. but that doesn't change that fact.

"I will go and get us a room." Dean said and walked into the building, leaving Sam and I in the awkward silence outside.

"I am sorry, if I did something." I said with my weak guilty voice. Yes, I might be a big bad wolf sometimes, but that doesn't mean I don't turn into an awkward teen every so often.

"It's not your fault." He sighed. "I just don't wanna celebrate Christmas, knowing that it will be the last one with Dean."

I looked up with a sympathetic look. "Maybe you should try and tell him that."

"Maybe." He sighed as we saw Dean approach the car with a key in his hand.

"Room 237." He announced, as he reached us. "Let's get to unpacking."

We did as told and took our stuff out and to the room, Dean had designated. When we entered, a weird smell hit me.

"Ough." My reflexes said for me.

"Yes, that's the smell of home." Dean chuckled as he and Sam entered as well.

"Still better than the abandoned house, where I found not 2, not 3 but 4 rats." I realized there were only two beds. "So who is gonna share a bed?"

"Me and Sam." Dean quickly said, making me scrunch up my nose.

"So giant 1 and 2 in one bed and then little me in another?" I questioned.

"If it gets too much, one of us can always take the couch." Sam put down his bag.

"No." I shook my head. "I can share a bed with one of you." They both looked at me with a weird look.

"I am gonna ignore how wrong that sounded." Dean muttered.

"Oh come on, that only makes sense." I argued. "You pay for every meal-"

"With our money, including yours, from Bela." Dean interrupted. "And you pay for gas and the places we stay." I continued. "I won't let either one of you sleep on a couch, when we have enough space. Besides, I shared a bed with my brother my whole life. It won't be that different to share with you." I sat down on one of the beds. "So who wants to share?"

The boys have a whole conversation with their eyes in their own weird Winchester way, until one of them finally talks.

"Okay, you can share with me." Dean said. "Sam does tend to take up the most space between the two of us."

"I am completely fine with that." I smiled.

## **Chapter 17**

We ended up doing research on what could drag a full grown man up the chimney. Even though my idea of Santa gone rogue, and exposing his true self, had been shot down fairly early on. Don't look at me all weird, he is already a creep.

"Okay, my head hurts." I proclaimed.

"Yeah, mine too." Dean chimed in.

"Well, then it is good that I found something." Sam said.

"What is it?" I walked up and stood behind him.

"Santa's evil brother." Sam stated.

"You're not serious, are you?" Dean asked.

"Dead serious." Sam started, before I interrupted.

"Hey, that means my theory of rogue Santa is not that far off" I lifted my arms in triumph. "I am awesome."

"Well..." Sam started trying to ignore whatever I just did. "Not entirely. You see every religion out there has a version of evil Santa. Krampus, Black Peter, the list goes on, but they all have one thing in common."

"They drag people up the chimney?" Dean questioned.

"Pretty much." Sam looked down at his screen. "Instead of leaving coal for the naughty kids, they and I quote; 'drag the kids out and feed on them'."

"That sounds pleasant." Dean shrugged.

"So what? He is expanding the meal to something with more proteins?" I looked down at Sam, who was still sitting in his chair.

"Could seem like it." Sam closed his laptop, as I had been told, it was called.

"Where do you find them?" Dean asked.

"That's the fun part." Sam chuckled.

In the next moment, we were in a run down Christmas market as Sam and Dean called it.

"So evil Santa is here?" I asked tugging my jacket closer to me, trying to shield myself from the cold. I was used to having fur, so when you can't have that, it gets cold easily.

"It could seem like it." Sam explained. "They live in filth, have a limp and smell like candy."

"Candy?" I looked up at him. "Really?"

"Yeah." Sam chuckled. "You smell anything?"

"Well, there are some smells from all over the place, since that is apparently Christmas." I shrugged. "But it seems to be more concentrated over there." I pointed towards a creepy looking old dude.

As we started walking, Dean started chuckling. "You know this whole place reminds me of our Christmases."

"With dad passed out on the couch?" Sam shot back.

"No, with the crappy trees and decorations." Dean chuckled again. "All those hideous trees, dad brought home. We should have one this year."

"I don't really know Dean." Sam shrugged.

"Since when did you become the Grinch?" Dean muttered.

"Who?" I asked, confused.

"I will explain later." He answered.

"We have two very different versions of Christmas, when we were kids." Sam sighed.

"Come on, it wasn't that bad." Dean argued.

Before it could go any further, I decided to break in. "Here we are." I announced.

I mouthed out a "tell him" to Sam, referring to what he told me earlier. He shook his head as if to say 'not right now'

In front of us, were the creepy versions of Santa. He had a kid on his lap and then came out with this nightmarish laughter.

"He is definitely the one smelling the most like candy of the people here." I confirmed. "Even more than the kids."

"Are you sure, it is him?" Dean asked.

"Well, maybe." I shrugged. "The scent of candy overpowers me."

That was when a girl in a green costume came by. "Welcome to the North Pole. Can I escort your child to Santa?"

"We don't have a kid but he-" Dean patted Sam on the shoulder. "Has always wanted to do it." That statement earned him one of the famous Sam Winchester bitch faces.

"No thanks, we just want to watch." I giggled, when I realized what Sam had just said. "No not like that I mean-"

"Creep." The girl walked away before Sam could explain.

"Well done." I patted his back in the fit of laughter, I shared with Dean.

That was when something peaked our attention. The santa got up, and he was limping.

"Are you seeing what I am seeing?" Dean was surprised to say the least.

"I guess, we might have our guy." Sam pointed out.

---

We decided to go to the diner in town to get some dinner, before we were going on lookout. We had some extra time, so we drove back to the motel.

"I am gonna go for a walk." I announced.

"Okay, just be back in an hour." Dean yelled from the bathroom.

"Be safe, Leona." Sam smiled.

"I will." I turned to walk out the door, before I remembered something. "Tell him, while I am gone. He will understand."

"We'll see." He sighed in return. "See you."

"See you." I said and walked outside.

I had put my mind to the fact that I wanted to get them some Christmas presents. Regardless of whether or not we were gonna celebrate, they deserved it.

I arrived at the big store in town to try and find something for them. I looked around, still slightly overwhelmed, given it was only my second time in a store like this. I quickly started looking around, well knowing I didn't have a lot of time.

I decided the books were probably where I would find something for Sam. I looked around thinking of which he would like, when I came across this one book. The Wizard Of Oz. Sam had mentioned it on one of the long car rides. I took one of the books and moved on to Dean's present.

"What would Dean want?" I mumbled to myself. I looked and looked, when I realized I had to find something soon, but that was when I found it. A Bon Jovi shirt. That was one of the bands Dean always listened to in the car, since I had eventually asked him.

I went up to the cashier to pay. I had saved some of the money from Bela in case I needed it. Seemed like this was just the right time.

I went back to the motel, whilst hiding the presents under my jacket.

"It's me." I yelled, as I knocked on the door.

Dean, then came to let me in. "Just in time."

"You know, I can be responsible sometimes." I sneaked the presents into my backpack.

"No I didn't know that." He teased.

"Hey!" I said and threw an empty can from the nightstand at him. It hit him in the forehead.

"Did you really have to do that?" He joked.

"Yeah I did." I giggled.

He threw the can back, and I dodged it, making it hit Sam square in the chest.

"Oops." I chuckled.

"Are you ready to go spy on Santa?" Sam asked with a prominent bitch face on.

## **Chapter 18**

"Are stakeouts always this boring?" Insert dramatically slamming myself on the backseat here.

"Yep." They said in unison.

"It's so weird, when you do that." I yawned. It was getting pretty late, and honestly I just wanted to sleep.

"Yeah whatever." Dean said. "Can you pass me the coffee?" I gave him the coffee. "Thanks." He unscrewed the lid revealing no coffee left. "How much coffee have you two been drinking?"

"Hey, don't look at me." I threw my hands up in defense. "I don't even like it. It tastes like crap, if you ask me."

We both looked at Sam. "What? I haven't had that much."

Dean just sighed. That was, when I saw the Santa guy begin to act weird. He was looking out the window, almost like he wanted to be sure no one was there. Then I heard a woman screaming.

"Guys." I pointed to his trailer. "I am gonna transform real quick."

"Alright, let's go." Dean commanded, when I was done.

We sneaked over to the trailer, when Sam snickered.

"What?" Dean asked.

"It's just..." He chuckled. "For all the love for Christmas, you might have to shoot Santa."

"Whatever." Dean started counting down on his fingers. "Three, two, one." Dean kicked the door in, and that was when we saw the Santa guy sitting on a filthy couch with the tv going in the background.



"Who the hell are you?" The santa faced us and looked angry. Understandably, we did just burst into his trailer.

The boys looked at each other before Dean started singing. Sam quickly followed too. I snickered as a wolf over just how embarrassing that must have been for them.

"Get out!" The Santa guy yelled.

"Yes sir." Dean mumbled and we hurried out to get to the car.

As soon as we were a little further down the road, I transformed back and immediately started laughing. I mean, crying of laughter.

"It's not that fun." Sam said embarrassed.

"Oh, but it is." managed to get out between the laughs. "Beautiful voices, I must admit."

"Shut up." They sternly said in sync.

"Sorry." I ended the laugh as well as I could. "So he clearly wasn't our guy, although he was a creep. So..."

"We still need to find out who and what it could be." Sam finished.

"Yes, but not anymore tonight." Dean pointed out. "I need my four hours and the same goes for the two of you."

"I agree." I yawned to prove my point.

We arrived back at the motel at around 3am. I went inside first and got my pajamas to change into. I decided to change in the bathroom, both so I could brush my teeth, while I was at it, and so they could just change out in the room.

"Goodnight." I said as I laid down.

"Goodnight." Sam said back.

I felt the bed dip and then I heard; "Night, Cub." from behind me.

---

Another person had gone missing, which meant more investigating for us to do. I was once again in my wolf form to be a police dog. Seriously, does no one know that wolves are quite a bit bigger than dogs? Apparently not.

Sam knocked on the door, and a woman opened it.

"Mrs. Caldwell?" Sam asked. "I am Agent Hanson, this is Agent Johnson and this is our police dog, Leona." They flashed their badges. "We are here to investigate your husband's disappearance."

"Of course." She said in a meek voice.

"Can my partner and Leona look around your home, while I talk to you about the details?" Dean asked.

"Yeah, come on in." She said and moved from the door to allow us passage.

"Okay, Leona, you know the drill. If you find anything out of the ordinary, tell me." Sam ordered and we started walking around the home. I looked around and nothing seemed too suspicious.

Until I saw another wreath. There were vervain and meadowsweet in this one too. The first one, I could see as a coincidence, but two? That's too weird. I ran over to Sam and looked around to make sure, no one was watching, as I transformed back to my human form.

"What is it, Leona?" Sam asked with curiosity.

"That wreath over there?" I pointed towards it. "There is meadowsweet and vervain in it."

"That is strange, but do you have anything else?"

"Yes." I sighed. "There was one just like it in the other house, where the husband went missing."

"That can't be a coincidence." He smiled at me. "Good job, Leona."

"Thanks." I said and transformed back into a wolf.

"Thank you for letting us have a look around." Sam said as we approached the door.

"Anything that can help you find my husband." She answered.

"May I ask you, where is that wreath from?" Both the woman and Dean looked up at Sam puzzled, but I knew exactly what he meant.

"Seriously, Sam?" Dean rambled on the way out to the car. "Why don't you ask her where the flower pots are from, while you are at?"

"That wreath had vervain and meadowsweet in it." Sam argued. "And Leona and I saw one just like it at the Walsh house."

"Vervain and meadowsweet have many uses in cases, but from what I know it is fairly rare too, and pagans apparently love it." I said as I had transformed back.

"Will you stop doing that?!" Dean yelled in shock, which did nothing but make me laugh. "And of course, I had seen that too."

"Of course, you had." I said knowing fully well that he hadn't.

---

"Turns out, Leona was right." Sam stated, looking from his laptop in the motel room. We had gone back to do some research on the wreath.

"Take that, Dean." I teased.

"Real mature, Cub." Dean sighed.

"Says the guy, who keeps calling me cub." I fired back, making Dean raise his hands in surrender.

"Anyway," Sam broke in, clearly tired of us. "Meadowsweet and vervain are very rare and very expensive, and they are linked with the pagans god of the Winter Solstice."

"Winter Solstice, but that's-" Dean is interrupted.

"Right around Christmas, yes. It says here, that back in the old days, where people would worship it, the sacrifices would wear wreaths of meadowsweet and vervain to indicate themselves as a sacrifice." Sam explained.

"So when they put the wreaths outside their homes, they are basically saying, 'free meals'?" Dean said.

"Yeah." Sam agreed.

"You said meadowsweet and vervain are very expensive, right?" I asked Sam.

"Yeah."

"Then why would someone make wreaths out of it, unless they are offering these people up as sacrifices?" I pointed out.

"That would make sense." Sam sighed.

"So we just need to find out who makes them and track them down." Dean planned.

"Pretty much, and I know where to start. Mrs. Caldwell mentioned the place she had bought hers." Sam said already getting up to take his jacket and I followed suit.

"Wow." Dean stopped me in my tracks. "I didn't say anything about you going?"

"Are we seriously having this discussion again?" I sighed. "I have been with you all the way through this, and now you are having thoughts on me going further?"

"Before, it was researching and investigating." Dean argued. "This could get dangerous."

"Oh, so nearly blowing Santa's brain out is research?" I spat back. "Besides, I am a werewolf. I can take care of myself."

"Fine." Dean said eventually as he saw this wasn't an argument, he was going to win.

"Thank you." I said in an overly sweet voice and went over to get my jacket.

## **Chapter 19**

We had just been at the store, which sold the wreaths. The man there told us that a Mr. and Mrs. Carrigan were the ones who had made them, and told him to sell them at his store.

So that was where we were heading right now.

As we pulled up, you could see the most overdecorated front lawn that I had ever seen. Granted, I hadn't seen that many front lawns, but the ones I had seen didn't even come close to this one.

"The center of evil." Dean said unconvinced that this was the place. "I always thought you would find it in the suburbs."

"Let's just go up there and talk to them." Sam said just wanting this to be over with.

We walked up the steps, and Dean rang on the door making it sing some strange melody, which I could only guess had something to do with Christmas. An elderly woman in a red sweater opened the door.

"What can I help you with?" She said in such a strange voice, but there was also something wrong about it. She sounded sickly sweet.

"Are you Mrs. Carrigan?" Dean asked.

"Well, yes I am." She smiled at us.

"Great." Dean snapped his fingers. "You see, we were over at the Caldwells here the other night, playing games, and we noticed this beautiful wreath. We tried to find some at the store but he said you made them and to see if you had some more."

"Who is it, honey?" An older man in a blue sweater came forward.

"Oh these boys and this lovely young lady were just asking about the wreaths I made." She replied, eyeing me in particular.

"Uh, care for some peanut brittle?" He said.

Dean tried taking some before Sam grabbed his arm. "We're good."

"Yeah, we just wanted to hear if there were any more of those wreaths." I chimed in wearing the sweetest smile I could.

"Oh, I'm sorry sweetie, but we have sold all the ones we had." Mrs. Carrigan said.

"Okay."

We were back at the motel, where Dean had called Bobby, while Sam did some more research. "I knew it." He started gaining our attention. "Something was way off with those two."

"What did you find, Sam?" I asked.

"The Carrigans lived in Seattle last year, where two abductions took place right around Christmas. They moved here in January. All that Christmas crap in their house, it wasn't bells of holly, it was, as Leona said, vervain, meadowsweet and mint."

"Pagan stuff?" Dean questioned.

"Serious pagan stuff." Sam answered eagerly.

"So what Ozzie Harriet is keeping a pagan hiding underneath the plastic covered couch?"

"I don't know, we gotta check them out." Sam said. "So what about Bobby? He is sure those stakes will kill this thing right?"

"Yes," Dean said as he had just gotten off the phone with Bobby. "Bobby says that the stakes of evergreen should kill them."

"So are we grabbing some sticks or do we already have them?" I asked.

"Evergreen, we can easily find, but we have to sharpen them into stakes." Sam concluded.

I helped sharpen the stakes as Dean had come back inside with them.

"Dean, you are hitting everywhere but the trash can." I gestured to the floor.

"Good thing, I don't have to clean up." He grinned and ruffled my hair.

"Are you nervous?" Sam asked.

"After Gordon, I think my tolerance has gone way up." I explained. I would never admit it to Sam and Dean, but I had nightmares about Gordon, where he killed them and everyone I loved. I guess, some of my bad memories have resurfaced.

"Understandable." Sam sighed. "Look, I just don't want you to turn out like us."

"What do you mean?" I frowned.

"Hunters, killers more accurately." Sam said, making me shoot him an empathic look. "You're young, you have a choice that we never had."

"I appreciate the concern, Sam, I really do." I smiled. "But I like helping people by getting rid of the bad guys." I sighed. "And maybe help give us a better rep."

"Really?" Sam asked.

"Yeah, by being a supernatural being hunting the bad ones, it might help solidify the fact that we are not all." I grinned. "That we dislike those you kill just as much as you do."

"I never thought of it like that." He admitted.

"I can be smart sometimes." I joked. "Come on, let's go kill us a suburban couple."

---

We walked up to the suburban house, making sure we were quiet.

"Seriously, they never turn it off?" I mumbled, referring to the santa doll that was still playing the same melody as when we were here earlier.

We got our stakes ready as Dean started to pick the lock. It didn't take more than 10 seconds, max to pick it.

"How is this even creepier on the inside?" I looked around with wide eyes, as I was trying to hear them or catch their scent.

"See, plastic." Dean pointed at the couch.

"Why?" I mumbled in confusion. From my understanding a couch is supposed to be comfortable. Covering it in plastic doesn't exactly scream comfort to me.

We split up and looked around the living room and hallway. Those freaky dolls were everywhere, and I frowned in disgust. Humans are seriously strange for thinking these are cute.

Sam and I found the kitchen decked out with food. "Why would they have so much out in the middle of the night?" I whispered to him, which he shrugged off.

"Hey, Dean." He called over as he shone his flashlight on a white door besides the fridge.

We quickly opened it and went down the wooden steps.

"Guys, there is a lot of blood and death down here." I gagged.

"You think?" Dean pointed to some bones and blood on the wood.

"Still hate this guy." I pointed at some bloody Santa boots along with a whole entire bloody outfit. I walked around by myself, when I heard something. "Sam! Dean!"

That was the last thing I remember before seeing black.

---

I woke to a pounding in my head, while being tied to a chair and my arms tied on the armrests. "Sam, Dean?"

"Right here, Cub." A familiar voice said to my left. I saw Dean sitting there with Sam on my right.

"Are you okay?" Sam asked.

"I think so." Dean answered first.

"Other than a pounding in my head, then yeah, just preachy." I groaned.

"So, I guess we are dealing with Mr. and Mrs. God?" Sam pointed out the obvious. "Nice to know."

"Would have been better to know before coming."

"Yeah." Dean sighed as the Carrigans reentered.

"Uh and we thought you three lazy boys were gonna sleep straight through all the fun." Mrs. Carrigan said in her still jolly voice.

"Girl." I covered with a cough.

"Miss all this?" Dean said in his usual sarcastic voice. "Nah, we are partiers."

"Isn't he a kick in the pants, honey?" Mr. Carrigan grinned. "You are hunters, that's what you are." He turned to look me straight in the eyes. "Or two hunters and one wolfblood."

"Great, you know, what I am." I hissed.

"Oh, yes we do." He raised my chin with his fingers. "And how delicious you taste." He forcefully let go of me.

"And you are pagan gods." Dean stated. "So why don't we just call it even and go our separate ways?" Nice try, Dean.

"What, so you can bring back more hunters and wolfblood and kill us?" Mr. Carrigan chuckled. "I don't think so."

"Maybe you should have thought about that before you went snacking on humans now?" Sam asked angrily.

"Oh don't get all wet." Mr. Carrigan shot back.

"Huh you used to take over a hundred tributes a year." Mrs. Carrigan chimed in. "And that's a fact. Now we take what two? three?" She went to Sam and Dean and laid clothes in their laps. "With partyboys and wolfie here make six." Mr. Carrigan pointed out.

"Now that's not so bad, is it?" She smiled with an evil grin.

"Well, when you say it like that you're like the Cunninghams." Dean, stop the references I don't know.

"You better show us a little respect." Mr. Carrigan ordered.



"Or what?" I challenged.

"You'll eat us?" Sam added.

"Not so fast." Mr. Carrigan said in a darker voice than before. "There are rituals to be followed."

"Oh and we're just stickers for rituals." Quit the evil smile, Carrigan.

"And you know what kicks off the whole shabang?" Mr. Carrigan said in an excited voice.

"Let me guess, meadowsweet?" Dean guessed, knowing the answer. "Oh shots, you are out of wreaths, I guess we just have to cancel the sacrifice?"

"Don't be so gloomy." Mrs. Carrigan placed a wreath around all our necks. "Don't they just look darling?"

"Good enough to eat." Mr. Carrigan said.

"Come a little closer, and I will show you how to eat." I groaned.

"Such a sweet puppy." Mrs. Carrigan scratched my head like I was a dog, which made me snap after her.

"Alright, step number two." I heard a knife being drawn by Mr. Carrigan as he made his way over to Sam.

"Sammy." Dean said protectively as he heard Sam's breathing pick up.

"No." Sam tried. "No, don't, argh!"

"Leave him alone, you son of bitch!" Dean screamed in anger.

"You hear how they talk to us?" Mr. Carrigan chuckled. "To gods? Listen pal, back in the day we were worshiped by millions."

"And my kind were rich!" I yelled. "Times have changed!"

"Huh tell me about it." Mr. Carrigan started angrily, while his wife made her way over to Dean.

"All of a sudden this Jesus character is the hot new thing in town. All of a sudden, our altars are being burnt down, and we are being hunted down like common monsters."

"But did we say peep?" Mrs. Carrigan interfered. "No, no we did not. Two millennia. We kept a low profile, we got jobs, we, what was that word?"

"We assimilated." Mr. Carrigan helped.

"Yeah, we assimilated." Mrs. Carrigan said. "Why do we play bridge on Tuesdays and Fridays? We are just like everyone else.

"You are not blending in as smoothly as you think, lady." Dean fired.

"This might pinch a bit, dear." Mrs. Carrigan said as she drove the knife over Dean's arm.

"Argh, bitch!" He yelled.

"Oh my goodness, someone owes a nickel to the swear jar" Mrs. Carrigan said in her overly motherly voice. "Oh do you know what I say when I feel like swearing? Fudge."

"I will try and remember that." Dean panted aggressively.

"Hello, dear." Mrs. Carrigan said as she stood in front of me. "I have to dig a little deeper with you."

"Argh." I screamed out as she dug the knife into my skin.

"You guys have no idea how lucky you are." Mr. Carrigan once again made his way over to Sam with a strange looking tool. "There was a time where kids came from miles around just to be sitting where you are."

"What are you doing with those?" Sam asked in fear.

"You fudging touch me again, I'll fudging kill ya." Dean hissed.

"Very good." Mrs. Carrigan applauded as she took more blood from both him and me.

"No, no don't." I heard Sam fight, before screaming in pain.

"Oh boy, we got a winner." Mr. Carrigan said triumphantly as he returned to the table.

"What else, dear?" Mrs. Carrigan asked.

"Well, let's see fingernails," I cringed as I understood what he had done to Sam. "Blood, huh sweet Peter on a popsicle stick, I forgot the tooth."

Mrs. Carrigan mumbled something as Dean said; "Merry Christmas, Sam and Cub."

Mr. Carrigan came over to me with another weird looking tool. "Open wide and say argh." He forced my mouth open and my canines out as he stocked the weird tool in my mouth, and just as he was about to pull, the doorbell rang.

"Sure, you don't wanna get that?" Dean asked for my safety, as the doorbell rang again. "You should get that."

Finally, they put the tool away, as they went to answer the door. I had been filing at the robe with my claws and could finally jump free, and free Sam and Dean.

"Where were we?" I heard Mrs. Carrigan ask, just as we made it out of the doors in the kitchen. I helped Sam keep his door shut, since he had the most injuries.

"What are we gonna do now?" Dean yelled as he came over to help us. "The stakes are in the basement!"

"We need more evergreen, Dean!" Sam replied as we held the door. "I think I just found some more."

We looked over at the Christmas tree with a knowing look.

"Go!" I yelled. "I'll hold them off!"

The boys ran over to the tree and tipped over the tree to get the branches at the bottom.

"Hurry!" I yelled since apparently pagan gods are stronger than you would think. I moved away as the boys came over and there were quiet at the doors before we heard Mr. Carrigan come charging at Dean.

"You little thing." Mrs. Carrigan said in a mischievous voice, while I tried to help Dean. "I loved that tree."

I saw Sam being thrown across the room and ran over to him, while Mrs. Carrigan came at us. I punched in the face with Sam's stake as I ran over to her on the ground. She tried to come at me, when I stabbed her in the stomach with the stake.

"Madge!" Mr. Carrigan yelled in despair giving Dean enough time to grab his stake and hit him across the face with it. Sam came over to me to help punch the stake in further. Dean stabbed Mr. Carrigan multiple times, while he screamed in agony.

In the end, they were both dead, and we were panting.

"Merry Christmas." Sam said to us.

## Chapter 20

"I am gonna go out and get some snacks." Dean walked out the door of the motel room.

"I have to go and talk to my brother." I started walking, before Sam stopped me.

"Are you sure it is a good idea?" He asked, concerned.

"Of course." I looked up at him with a questionable look. "Why wouldn't it be?"

"I mean, he is still far away and-" Sam trailed off. "I don't want you to get hurt like last time."

"Don't worry I won't. I only got tired last time." I smiled at the nice concern for once. "I appreciate the concern, but I think I will be fine."

"Okay." He smiled. "Have a nice talk then."

"Thanks." I grinned and walked out the door.

There was a forest close by, which I decided would be fitting for my purpose. I knelt down and put my hand on the ground.

"Varga?" I said, waiting for an answer.

"Leona." He came through on the other end. "Is something wrong? Are you hurt?" Oh yeah, the frantic overprotective brother mode. Welcome back to you. It has been a while.

"No, I am not." I chuckled. "I just wanted to check in and see how you are doing."

"It's not exactly difficult to hear, you have been around humans a lot." He snickered. "But I am doing good. The pack is doing good as well, although they miss you. Especially Gwen and Gadwick."

"I figured." My heart ached to see those two again. "You can keep tabs on them or what?"

"It has been a struggle, since no one knows their hiding spots quite like you." He chuckled.

"I can imagine." I snickered. Gwen and Gadwick loved playing Hide and Seek. It's really just to hide in general. Having looked after them for years though, I knew most of their hiding spots.

"How are you doing?" Varga asked in return.

"Honestly," I smiled knowing he couldn't see it. "Quite well. Sam and Dean are very nice and take good care of me."

"You are still hunting?" You could easily hear the disapproval in his voice.

"Yes, we are." I sighed. "We actually just finished up a hunt with two pagan gods."

"Really?" He chuckled.

"Yeah they kept eating people, so we had to stop them." I shickered. Even though there was nothing fun about people dying, it was always a little fun, when you have to deal with pagan gods.

"Yeah, I see why."

"Also I used some of all of the things Carrie taught us. You know, identifying herbs and such?" My voice was filled with pride but also a little tease. "You know the lessons you barely listened to?"

"I might vaguely remember those." He sounded a little guilty. "That helped you then?"

"Yeah, they were making these things with meadowsweet and vervain in them, and I noticed it." I smiled.

"Well done, sis." You could practically hear his smile.

"Thanks." Then I remembered what I wanted to ask him about. "Varga, could you do me a favor?"

"Depends." He answered. "What is it?"

"Could you ask Carrie if she knows anyway, you can free someone of their deal, if they have sold their soul?" I asked with caution.

"Leona, what have you done?" His voice was serious and dark all of the sudden.

"Nothing." I quickly defended myself. "It's Dean." I sighed. "Back in May, Sam died and Dean couldn't live with him dead, so he sold his soul, and now he only has until May, before he goes to hell."

"I can try, but it sounds like he has dug his own grave." Varga sighed.

"I know, but I have to try and help." I answered.

"Why?" His question took me by surprise. "Not that I have anything against the man at all, but you have only known him for a short time."

"Because, I know, if it was either of us in that situation, we would have made the same call." I answered knowing I was right. We would die for each other and maybe even more.

"You are right." He took a deep breath. "I will ask her, but no promises."

"Understood." I answered. "Thanks."

"Always, sis." He sounded like he wasn't done yet. "Do you know how long it will be before you get home?"

"Not really, unfortunately," I grew a little sad. I like Sam and Dean, but Varga was my brother. My home. "But I will promise, I will let you know, when I do."

"Okay." He sounded sad by that response. "Can't wait to see you again."

"I can't wait to see you either." I smiled. That was when I heard the Impala in the distance. "Dean is coming back now, so I have to go. I love you brother."

"Love you too sis." And with that we broke the connection.

I walked towards the motel with mixed emotions. On one side, it was nice to talk to Varga again, but it just made me miss him even more.

"Hey Dean." I said as I came close enough.

"Hey Cub." He looked at me weirdly. "What are you doing out here?"

"I had to talk to Varga." I quickly said. I didn't want to tell him what I asked Varga to find out. Risking getting his hopes up to then have them crushed, would be cruel.

"Okay, I guess." He mumbled. "Just get inside then."

As we opened the door, we saw Sam standing in the middle of the room. Decorations and a small tree were also to be spotted along with paper letters saying; "Merry Christmas".

"Hey, you get the beer?" Sam asked.

"What's all this?" Dean grinned.

"What do you think it is?" Sam asked. "It's Christmas." I sent him a smile knowing he was doing this for Dean.

"What made you change your mind?" Dean asked with a smile.

"Well, no matter what I love it." A smile was all over my face to light the mood. However, it was also sincere.

"Here, try the eggnog" Sam gave Dean a cup with a yellowish white liquid in it. "Let me know if it needs some extra kick."

Dean took a sip of it, coughing ever so slightly. "No, we're good."

"Yeah?" Sam smiled.

"Yeah." Dean muttered, even though I saw a quick look of disgust on his face.

"Good." he put the bottle away. "And here you go, Leona." Sam handed me another mug with a dark liquid in it. "Since you can't have the eggnog, I made you some hot chocolate."

"Thanks." I said and took a sip. The sweet taste was all over my tongue, making me smile. "Mhmm." I said loudly. "It's really good, Sam."

He gave me a smile in return. "Well, have a seat." Sam gestured to the couch. "Let's do some Christmas stuff or whatever."

"Alright first thing's first." Dean said as we sat down. "Merry Christmas, you two." Dean reached behind him and pulled out three presents. He handed two to Sam and one to me.

"Where did you get these?" Sam asked, chuckling.

"Someplace special." Dean said as he took off his jacket. "The gas mart down the street." He confessed, making us laugh. "Open them up."

"Well, great minds think alike, Dean." Sam reached behind him and pulled out four presents.

"Really?" Dean asked in wonder.

"Here, you go." Sam smiled.

"Open mine first." Dean said with excitement.

I smiled and started ripping the paper off. Before I was done, Sam had opened his.

"Yeah skin mags." He laughed. "And shaving cream. Thanks."

"You are not letting her near the skin mags." Dean pointed at me and got a chuckling shake from Sam.

"A knife!" I screeched in excitement, when I opened my gift. "Thanks, Dean." I hugged him.

"You're welcome." He hugged me back. "It's pure iron too. Works well on ghosts." I smiled even more. "You like them?"

"I love it!" I giggled.

"Yeah." Sam said and handed us each two presents. "Well, here you go with my gifts." Sam said and handed us each two presents.

"Look at this." Dean said being way faster with opening them. "Fuel for me and fuel for my baby." He looked down with a smile. "These are awesome. Thanks."

I opened mine and saw it was a notebook and a bunch of colorful pencils, I couldn't help but giggle.

"For the long car drives." Sam clarified. "And then you can make a journal, if you want."

"This is so great." I hugged him too. "Thank you, Sam."

"You're welcome." He hugged me back too, when I remembered something.

"Wait here." I rose and walked over to my backpack and grabbed their two gifts. "From me to you." I handed them.

"Aw, you shouldn't have, Cub." Dean started.

"You have helped me a lot." I smiled back. "I just wanted to show my gratitude. Now, open them." I squealed with anticipation.

"Bon Jovi." Dean laughed and held up the shirt. "Cool. How did you know?"

"You talked about how it rocks on occasion." I answered. "I hoped this was one of those occasions."

"It is." He hugged me. "Thanks, Cub."

"You're welcome." I hugged back and waited for Sam's response.

"The Wizard Of Oz." He looked down at the book with a happiness I hadn't seen before.

"You mentioned how you read it a lot as a child, and then lost the book." I looked him in the eyes with a smile. "I figured, you could use a new one."



"This is amazing." He hugged me as well. "Thanks, Leona."

"You're welcome." I returned the hug and sat back down on the couch.

"Merry Christmas, bro." Dean said to Sam as he offered a toast and turned to me. "Merry Christmas, Cub."

"Yeah." Sam fumbled to get his drink, while I had already picked up mine. "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas." I said as we clanged the cups together.

"Hey, Dean." Sam started, which made me kinda worried about what he was gonna say next. "You two wanna watch the game?" Sam asked.

"Absolutely." Dean answered while I just nodded, and Sam went to turn on the Tv. As he came back, I laid my head in Sam's lap.

While the game was playing, Sam and Dean were trying to explain the rules to me, and Dean said that if we had time on a hunt, we could go to a park and try it.

"Look, it's snowing." I laughed as I looked out the window. I hadn't seen snow before since I lived in California.

My smile was as wide as my face, if not wider. It sucked being away from the pack, but Sam and Dean are amazing extra brothers.

## **Chapter 21**

We arrived at the motel, where Sam and Dean left me, since they were going to pose as CDC investigators. Not that I knew what it was just from the name, but apparently it meant that I was not allowed.

I didn't mind that much however, since the motel we were at this time was much nicer and better than the last. There was way less of a weird smell and not as many unexplainable stains.

I sat on one of the two beds and watched Scooby Doo, since Dean seemed hyped about it, when he turned on the tv, cause otherwise I probably wouldn't have been able to figure it out. Human technology was still quite a mystery to me.

I heard the Impala approaching, which made me happy cause that meant food, and it would have been Dean, who had picked it out. No offense to Sam but I am a meat eater, not a plant eater.

"Hey, Cub." Dean yelled as Sam and him walked inside the motel room with two paper bags in their hands. "Catch." He threw one of the bags at me. I opened it and was instantly hit with the nice smell of pulled pork burger and fries.

"Yes!" I quickly unwrapped the burger and took a bite. "Thanks, Dean." Dean gave me a satisfied smile.

"What?" Sam mocked, in offense. "No thanks to me?"

"Sam, I think we both perfectly well know that Dean picked this out and not you." I giggled and took another bite.

"Fair enough." He took out his rabbit food and started eating along with Dean.

"So what did you find out?" I asked with anticipation.

"We think this is probably a witch case." Sam started. "The vic's teeth had all fallen out, and she was spitting blood."

"Gross." I scrunched up my face.

"Agree with you on that one." Dean said. "I hate witches, always spewing their bodily fluids all over the place."

"That description didn't make it much better." I added.

"It's also old-school, black magic, so whoever is doing this, is powerful." Sam clarified.

"Which means it's gonna be even more difficult to find out who." I sighed.

"Well, we know it was someone in Janet Dutton's life, who wanted revenge. So find the motive-"

"Find the killer." I ended Sam's sentence.

I went outside to use my eolas. Eolas is the ability to see and hear things that are even far away, however you need to be careful where you use it. Because it makes every sound much higher, you don't want to use it under an electrical mast. I hadn't used it in a while, and it was itching to get used again. Luckily, I did, cause I saw a normal person in a car eating a sandwich, but unbeknownst to him maggots were in the sandwich.

"We need to go!" I yelled as I ran back inside. "Someone is dying!"

---

We reached the man on the side of the road, and he was coughing a lot.

"Check the car." Dean quickly said to us, and immediately we searched the car for the hex bag.  
"Sam? Cub?"

"Got it." Sam yelled from the front seat as he took the hex bag outside and burned it, which soon enough made the man, who I found out to be Mr. Dutton, stop coughing.

"You okay?" Dean asked.

"What the hell is happening to me?" Mr. Dutton asked.

"Someone murdered your wife, and now they are trying to kill you, and if it hadn't been for her," He pointed at me. "They would have."

"That's impossible." Mr. Dutton said in confusion.

"It's really not." I stated.

"If she hadn't seen you, you would be a doornail by now." Dean explained. "Now who wants you dead?"

"I... I..." Mr. Dutton struggled to answer.

"Come on, think." Dean said.

"There's- there's a woman." Mr. Dutton stammered.

"Okay, a woman?" Dean was clearly fishing for more.

"An affair?" Mr. Dutton admitted. "A mistake. She was blackmailing me, and I put an end to it a week ago."

"What's her name?" Sam asked coldly.

"What could she have to do with-?" Mr. Dutton exclaimed, confused.

"What is her name?" I repeated.

---

We went to this Amanda Burns' house to find her. Once again, Dean picked the lock to the front door, and we went inside. The boys had their guns raised, and I was prepared with my claws.

"I smell blood." I told them.

"Where from?" Sam asked.

"Up there." I pointed up the stairs, and we started making our way up there. I opened the door from where the smell was strongest and found the body of a young woman. "Guys," I said, gaining their attention. "You think that's Amanda?"

Dean turned on the lights, as we moved further inside the room. "That's a curveball."

"Yeah." Sam agreed.

I started looking around more, when an oddly familiar smell hit my nose. "Rabbit?"

"What?" Sam frowned.

"It smells like dead rabbit in here." I explained.

"And it has nothing to do with bunny there?" Dean gestured to the corpse with a sick smile on his face.

"Dean, ew." Sam said in disgust.

"What?" Dean mocked, offense.

"I am not even gonna ask." I sighed.

"Good." Sam muttered, as Dean moved closer to the body. I noticed along with Dean, three deep marks on her forearms.

"Three per wrist." Dean informed Sam. "Vertical. She wasn't fooling around."

Sam looked down to see a rotten meal of some sort, which made me gag. Again, sometimes super smelling is a great ability, other times not so much.

"Yeah, looks like she was working some heavyweight evil here." Sam told us.

"Yeah." Dean responded as he let out a yelp. "I think I found your rabbit, Cub."

"How did I miss that?" I frowned.

"Maybe the rotten food and maggots has something to do with it." Sam reasoned.

"Freaking witches." Dean yelled angrily. "Seriously man, come on!"

"Guess we know where she got the rabbit's teeth from." Sam remarked.

"Well, Paul sure knows how to pick them." Dean commented. "It's like Fatal Attraction all over again."

"Still, don't get the references." I said.

"Why is a rabbit always the one that gets screwed in the deal?" Dean said with anger. "Poor little guy."

"You know, I am probably gonna catch a couple on full moon." I shrugged.

"Don't you dare bring them back to us." Dean pointed at me.

"Of course not." I raised my hands in defense.

"You know what I don't get, guys?" Sam interjected. "If she was so bent on revenge, why do this?"

"Well," Dean muttered. "She got Janet Dutton, she thought, she finished off Paul. Just decided to cap herself and make it spur of lovers hat trick?"

"Maybe." Sam said not totally convinced.

"I mean this doesn't exactly look like a tv room of a bright and stable person, you know?"

"No." Sam agreed partially. "But then," He pulled out a hex bag from under the table. "there is this." He threw it at Dean, so we both could take a look at it.

"Another hex bag?" Dean sounded very done with this whole case. "Come on." He opened the hexbag, and threw it back on the table. "I guess we got a hit, huh?"

"Witch versus witch?" I finished.

"I guess." Sam said.

"I would like to report a dead body on Mayfair Circle 309." Dean talked into his phone. "My name? Yeah sure, my name is..." He hung up the phone. "Why are witches ganking each other?"

"I don't know." Sam answered.

"Maybe a witch coven?" I suggested. "It looks like it."

---

We arrived the next day to talk to Amanda's neighbors and since they were pretending to be police officers this time, I could join them in my wolf form.

"You must have green thumbs." Sam said as we approached a young woman in her front yard.

"Excuse me?" The woman asked.

"Getting these herbs to grow outta season like this. It's quite impressive." Sam then fetched his badge. "I am sorry, I should have introduced myself. I am Detective Backman," He gestured to Dean. "This is Detective Turner and our police dog, Leona."

"Heya." Dean smirked as he fished his badge.

"We are following up on Amanda Burns' death, going around the neighborhood talking to her neighbors and stuff like that." Sam explained.

"But didn't she...?" The lady hesitated. "I mean she killed herself right?"

"Maybe." Sam stated.

"We heard you were friends with the deceased, is that right?" Dean asked.

"Yes, I guess, I was." The woman stumbled over the words a bit.

"Did you have any idea about her practices?" Way to be subtle, Dean.

"I'm sorry, what kind of practices?" The lady asked.

"Well, you see her house was littered with satanic objects." Sam explained.

"A regular Black Sabbath." Dean and his references.

"No, she," The woman hesitated. "She was an Episcopalian."

"Well," Dean was not convinced. "Then we are pretty sure she was using the wrong bible."

The lady couldn't answer, before we heard an; "Elizabeth," from behind. We turned our heads to see two women, one with longer blonde hair and the other with short dark brown hair, approaching.

"Are you alright?" The blonde asked.

"I'm fine." Elizabeth lied. I could hear her heartbeat from across the street if I wanted, which would actually be her heartbeat throughout the whole conversation. "Renee, these are detectives. They say Amanda was..." She hesitated as Renee put her hand on her shoulder. "They say, she was practicing-"

"I'm sorry, detectives." Renee interfered. "You can tell that Elizabeth is a little upset."

Of course, Miss..." Dean said fishing for her whole name.

"Mrs. Renee Van Allen." She answered in a tone with more attitude than any teenager I have ever heard. "Would you like me to spell it for you?"

"I'll be fine." Dean smirked. "Thanks."

"This Amanda business has been hard for Liz, for all of us." Renee said in her annoying voice.

"Yeah, I mean, you think you know a person..." The other woman added.

"Well, I guess, we have secrets, don't we?" Ya think, Dean?

"Well thanks." Sam said after a moment of awkward silence. "We'll be in touch."

"Have a nice day." Dean sarcastically remarked.

"Bye." The other woman said.

---

We were driving in the car, and I was back to human form again, when Dean said; "I'm already sold on that Elizabeth chick."

"Me too." I added. "Did you see that garden of hers? Belladonna, wolfsbane, mandrake. Besides she lied during the whole conversation, I heard her heartbeat."

"Well, she has definitely had a good run lately." Sam said as he was reading a newspaper. "Gone up a few tax brackets, won almost too many raffles. Kinda things, a little black magic always helps with."

"Yeah." Dean muttered.

"I don't think she is alone either." Sam added. "Looks, Mrs. Renee Van Allen--"

"Aka bitch." I mumbled.

"Has won almost every craft contest she has been in, in the past three months." Sam finished.

"A regular Martha Steward, huh?" Dean remarked. "Except for the devil worship. I am thinking that was the coven, we met back there minus one member."

"Amanda had clearly gone off the reservation." Sam commented. "What do you think, they killed her to keep up appearances?"

"Seems like the appearance kinda crown, doesn't it?" Dean pointed out.

"Yeah." Sam sighed.

"Well, they killed a nut job." Dean started. "Should we thank them or not?"

"They are working black magic too, Dean." Sam pointed out. "They need to be stopped."

"Stopped, like stopped?" Dean asked, surprised. Sam just shrugged. "They are human, Sam."

"They are murderers." Sam shot back.

"I'm with Sam on this one." I spoke up. "If that had been a werewolf, you would kill it, wouldn't you?"

Dean looked at us both in surprise. "Burn witch, burn."

## **Chapter 22**

The impala started stopping. "The hell?" Dean mumbled.

My eyes widened, when I recognized a smell. Rotten eggs. I know what it is.

"Guys!" I tried to control my panic. "A demon!" I pointed at the blonde standing on the road.

We stepped out of the car as Dean held the Colt tight.

"Ruby?" Sam questioned.

"Sam, listen to me." Ruby started. "There is no time."

"Why?" Sam frowned in confusion. "What are you talking about?"

"You need to get outta town." Ruby said.



"So this is Ruby, huh?" Dean asked slightly angry as he raised the Colt. "I never had the pleasure."

"Dean?" Sam exclaimed.

"I was hoping you would show up again." Dean said in an almost cheerful voice.

"Point that thing somewhere else." She demanded.

"Haha, right." Dean faked laughed as he still held the gun up.

"Sam, please, go." She looked to Sam. "Get in the car and don't look back."

"Why? I don't understand." Sam questioned.

"Hey, hot stuff." Dean yelled. "I think we can handle a few kitchen witches."

"I am not talking about witches, jackass." She yelled. "Witches are whores. I am talking about, who they serve."

"Demons." Sam said as he realized something. "They get their power from demons."

"Yeah and there is one here. Now." She reasoned.

"Okay, who are you exactly, and why should we trust you?" I asked sternly, demanding an answer. "You're a demon."

"Ruby, nice to meet you." She answered as she looked straight at me. "I can see you got another companion. Let me guess." She walked over to me, and I held up my knife. My fingertips were itching to summon my claws. I had to use all my control not to fly straight at her. "Dean's?"

"Why does everyone keep thinking I'm your daughter?" I sighed and looked annoyed at Dean, who just shrugged.

"Ruby." Sam intruded. "Her name is Leona. We are helping her."

"Uh babysitters, are we now?" She asked in a sarcastic voice. "Just great."

That was it. I lost my temper and flew straight at her, pinned her to the ground. Growling like a wild animal with my claws out, eyes shining like fireflies and veins as black as the night sky, I managed to claw her on the arm.

"Leona!" Dean reluctantly pulled me off of her, while Sam helped her up.

I kept struggling in Dean's grasp and growling like a wild animal. The full moon was definitely getting to me.

"A wolfblood?" She asked in amusement. "I haven't seen one of you guys in a while, and a wild one." I growled deeply at her. "I thought you wild ones didn't exist anymore."

"Wow, calm down." Dean hushed me as I tried to fly at her again. "I am taking you outside." He practically dragged me past Sam and Ruby, while I growled even more profusely. He dragged me to the field beside the road. "What has gotten into you? I don't exactly like her either, but you don't have to fly at her like that."

"You nearly shot her." I growled. "Let me through."

"Not until, you tell me, what the hell is going on?"

I took a deep breath to try and regain control. My claws retracted, but my eyes were still shining a bright yellow and my veins were still black.

"It's the full moon." I groaned. "I have a hard enough time keeping my temper, and then a demon comes and argh!" I violently kicked a log of wood, which flew a far distance.

"Hey, easy." Dean walked over to me and laid a hand on my shoulder. "Listen, we are gonna get through this, but I need you to stay in control. Can you do that for me?"

"Until the moon rises." I sighed. "After that I am transformed, and that makes it all the more difficult."

"I just need you to do that, okay?" He looked me straight in the eyes.

"Okay." I muttered as my eyes went back to normal along with my veins. "But what am I gonna do, when the moon rises?"

"What do you normally do?" He asked.

"Run." I simply answered. "I run wild in the forest."

"Okay, then do that." He said as if it was that simple.

"Dean, I don't know, if this is someone else's territory, or if there are hunters out here, normal hunters." I ranted.

"You just have to get through tonight, and if there is another full moon with us, we will cross that bridge, when we get to it."

"Okay." I sighed. "There is a forest nearby. I can transform there, and be back when the sun rises."

"Good." Dean responded. "Now, are you ready to go back there?"

I nodded sternly. As we got back, I shot a look of disgust at Ruby, before saying: "I will wait in the car." I climbed into the backseat and put on some music to calm me. I didn't exactly need to listen to them yelling at each other.

Then I heard a gunshot, and Ruby had disappeared, leaving Sam holding Dean's arm up in the air.

---

The tension in the car had been thick, and not a word had been uttered, when we pulled up at the motel. We all wordlessly entered the room.

"The hell were you thinking?" Dean questioned angrily as Sam closed the door.

"What?" Sam exclaimed in shock "What the hell was I thinking?"

"She is a demon, Sam. Period alright?" Dean yelled. "They want us dead, we want them dead."

"Oh that's funny, I remember that demon chick in Ohio. Casey." Oh, crap here we go. "You didn't want her dead."

"Yeah, well she wasn't stringing me along like a fish on a hook." Dean argued.

"No one's stringing me along." Sam angrily stated. "Look, I know, it's dangerous, that she is dangerous. But like it or not, she is useful."

"No, we kill her, before she kills us." Dean stated.

"Kill her with what?" Sam asked his brother. "The gun she fixed for us?"

*Wow, I am getting a lot of details, I didn't know.*

"Whatever works." Dean said.

"Dean, if she wants us dead, all she has to do, is stop saving our lives." Sam argued making Dean sigh. "Look we have to start looking at the big picture, Dean. Start thinking of ways to win and moves ahead." They had taken their conflict to the kitchen now, when I heard Dean turn on the sink. "It's not so simple. We are not just hunting anymore. We are at war."

"Are you feeling okay?" Dean asked like Sam was crazy.

"Argh, why are you always asking me that?" Sam sat down on the other bed.

"Because you are taking advice from demons, for starters." Dean pointed out. "And by the way, you seem less and less worried about offing people, you know, it used to eat you up inside?"

"Yeah, well what has that gotten me?" Sam asked actually wanting an answer.

"Nothing, but that's just what you are supposed to do, okay?" Dean argued. "We are supposed to drive in the freaking car, and we can argue about this stuff? You know, you go on about sanctity of life, and all that kinda crap."

"What, so you are mad at me, because I am starting to agree with you?" Sam asked with a frown.

I could feel the moon drawing me in. I could feel my fangs and claws. "Guys?" No response.

"I am not mad, I'm..." Dean sat down. "I am worried, Sam. I am worried because you are not acting like yourself."

"Guys." I groaned.

"Yeah, you are right." Sam answered. "I'm not. I don't have a choice."

"Guys!" I yelled, not being able to hold back any longer. "Full moon." I transformed in the room.

"Wow, Leona, calm down." I growled at Dean, as I moved closer to him.

"Leona, here." Sam yelled as he had opened a door. I ran full speed out of that door and into the woods.

## **Chapter 23**

I ran and ran and hunted some rabbits, and I just couldn't control my instincts. There was so much to hear and see and smell.

Suddenly, I had this feeling. That someone was in need. I used my eolas to see Ruby pouring something into Dean's mouth, while Sam was in another house holding a gun at the witches. I didn't know who to help, so I kept watching, and when I looked as if Dean was alright again, I decided to go for Sam. Only problem being with all my senses overwhelmed from the full moon, I had to just try and remember the route from earlier.

I finally found the right house, and I jumped through the window to see that other woman, who I think might be called Tammi, was lifting Sam and Dean up the wall. I jumped at her, forcing her to let them go for a moment, and I clawed as much as I could.

"Leona!" Sam yelled.

"Bad wolf!" She said as she flung me into a wall and had Sam and Dean in her control again along with me.

"Wait!" I heard a voice say. Ruby. "Please, I just came to talk."

"You made it out of the gate." 'Tammi' said in surprise. "Impressive. Bitch of a fight wasn't it?"

"The doors of Hell are only open for so long." Ruby said, coldly.

"What do you want, Ruby?" 'Tammi' demanded.

"I have been so lost without you." She started. "Take me back. That's why I let the Winchesters here, and as a bonus, a werewolf whose bloodline goes all the way back." How did she know that?

Dean looked at Sam with the most 'I-told-you-so' face ever. He even mouthed it.

"They are for you." Ruby continued. "As a gift."

"Really?" 'Tammi' asked, not convinced.

"Let me serve you again." Ruby pleaded. "I have wanted it. I have wanted you for so long." Okay, how exactly did she 'serve' her?

"You were one of my best." The demon smiled, just as Ruby tried to stab her with the knife. "But once again you always were a lying whore."

The demon threw the knife from Ruby's hand, but Ruby kept fighting with hand to hand combat, before the demon got the upper hand. She threw Ruby into the tv and a shelf.

"You are really telling me, you threw in your chips with Abbott and Costello here?" The demon chuckled before punching Ruby across the face with the fire poker she had taken earlier.

"Come on, get up." When Ruby didn't, the demon got mad. "I said get up!" She moved down and picked her up by her jacket. "We have been here before, haven't we?" The demon looked at Sam's surprised face. "She didn't tell you? Pretty mortifying, I guess. She was one of mine. I turned her out a long, long time ago. Ruby here was a witch. Of course that was, when you were human." We all shared a shocked look with each other.

"Didn't want your friends to know that all those centuries back, you sold yourself to me?" The demon said in a sickly sweet tone. "Embarrassing, I guess, but don't worry, love. No secrets where you are heading, remember?"

The demon started exorcising Ruby, which caught us all by surprise. A demon could really exorcise another.

But she stopped, and instead she started coughing. I looked over to see Elizabeth doing a spell. She was helping us. The spell made us all fall to the ground in pain. Unfortunately, the demon strangled Elizabeth, but at least she helped us in the end. While the demon was busy, Dean had snuck up behind her and stabbed her in the back. Multiple times, might I add, which ultimately killed her.

I ran over to Sam to see if he was alright.

"I'm okay." He answered as I stroked him with my nose. "Don't worry, Leona." He quickly looked me over to see, I only had some minor cuts, and some bruising that would probably show, when I transformed back.

"Go." Ruby ordered, as Dean and I were supporting Sam. "I will clean up this mess."

"Hurry." Dean said under his breath as we looked back at Ruby.

"Go." She said with black eyes. We walked out to the impala, and I ran back to the motel, while Sam and Dean drove.

---

While I was in the woods near the motel, I saw the lights begin to flicker, and soon enough, Ruby appeared beside Dean in the parking lot. I knew I should listen in on their conversation, but I couldn't help myself.

"So the devil may care after all?" Of course, that's how Dean starts. "Is that what I am supposed to believe?"

"I don't believe in the devil." What now, Ruby?

"Wacky night." Dean walked closer to Ruby. "So let me get this straight. You were human once, you died, went to hell and became a..."

"Yeah." Ruby confirmed.

"How long ago?" Dean asked as Ruby started walking away.

"Back when the Plague was big." She answered.

"So all of them, every damn demon... They were all human once?" He asked.

"Everyone I have ever met." She said as she turned around.

"They sure don't act like it." Dean smirked.

"Most of them have forgotten what it means." She said in pity almost. "Or even that they were. That's what happens when you go to Hell, Dean. That's what Hell is. Forgetting what you are."

"Philosophy lesson from a demon." Dean shrugged. "I think I'll pass, thanks."

"It's not philosophy, it's not a metaphor." She said, "There is a real fire in the pit, agony you can't even imagine."

"Na, I saw 'Hellraiser'" Dean, stop doing that. "I get the gesture."

"Actually, they got that pretty close." Unexpectedly. "Except for all the custom leather." There was a short moment of silence, where you could see Dean wanted to ask something. "The answer is yes, by the way."

"Sorry?" He pretended like he didn't know what she was talking about.

"Yes, the same thing will happen to you." I felt a shiver down my spine at the thought of Dean as a demon. "It might take centuries, but sooner or later Hell will burn away your humanity. Every hellbound soul, everyone turns into something else. They turn into us. So yeah, yeah, you can count on it."

"There is no way to save me from the pit, is there?" Dean asked.

"No." She simply stated.

"Why did you tell Sam, you could?" He asked with an accusing tone.

"So, he would talk to me." She answered truthfully. "You Winchesters can be pretty pigheaded. I needed something to get him past the-"

"Demon-thing?" Dean finished. "It's pretty hard to get past."

"Look at you." She chuckled. "Trying to be all stoic. My god, it's heartbreaking."

"Why are you telling me all this?" Good question, I would like to know too.

"I need your help." She sighed.

"Help with what?"

"With Sam." She stated clearly. "The way you struck that demon tonight? That was pretty tough. Sam's almost there but not quite. You need to help me get him ready, for life without you, to fight this war on his own."

She started walking away once again, before Dean called; "Ruby?" She stopped. "Why do you want us to win?"

"Isn't it obvious?" She said in a tone like everyone knew. "I'm not like them. I don't know why. I... I wish I was, but I'm not. I remember what it is like."

"What, what's like?" He questioned.

"Being human." She admitted, and then she was gone.

---

I sighed with the conversation ending as I felt myself turn back into my human form.

"Haven't you learned not to eavesdrop?" I heard from behind.

"I have." I turned to face Ruby. "I just didn't listen. What fun is it, when you have excellent hearing?"

"I know you heard it all." She revealed.

"Nothing can save Dean, can it?" I sighed.

"Not that I know of." She looked with sadness in her eyes.

"Well, maybe my people know something, you don't." I suggested, probably more to convince myself than her.

"Your people might be knowledgeable, but I don't think you know anything about this." Ruby answered.

"You speak like you know them." I exhaled. "My people."

"I do." I frowned at her before remembering something.



"That's how you knew about my bloodline."

"Your necklace doesn't exactly make it difficult." She pointed out.

"For wolfbloods and people who sell occult objects, no." I confirmed. "But you are neither, so how did you know?"

"Because I met one of your ancestors, who wore the same necklace." I frowned. "Her name was Eleonora, but she went by Leona too." She walked closer to me. "I bet that is who you are named after."

"How?" I asked. "How did you know her?"

"I was a witch in the Dark Ages, and she was the wolfblood alpha that reigned over, where I came from." She revealed. "She came to me for help before a battle. Irony, meeting her many times great-granddaughter centuries later. You look just like her."

And with that she disappeared.

"Nice talk." I mumbled. "Wouldn't mind if you stayed behind longer next time."

## **Chapter 24**

We were sitting in a diner to get ourselves some food. We looked through the menu, and after a little a waitress came over.

"Welcome to Biggerson's." The waitress asked in their sickly sweet voice. "What can I get you?"

"I would like the double bacon cheeseburger and a beer." Dean started.

"I will have the Cobb salad and water." Sam said.

"Boring." Dean whispered to me and I chuckled slightly.

"I take the pulled pork sandwich with a Dr. Pepper." I smiled and gave her my menu along with Sam and Dean's.

"Okay." She took the menus. "I will bring you the drink soon."

After she walked away Dean looked over at me. "You have never had Dr. Pepper before."

"Well, no." I shrugged. "But I wanna try as many different things as I can before going back."

Sam and Dean looked at each other and shrugged too.

"Here you go." The waitress had just gotten back with our drinks and handed them out.

"Thanks." I smiled.

"I hope it is okay, I ask, but how is it?" She asked and we looked confused before she clarified. "Adopting."

"Oh." Dean started. "She is not-"

"No daddy-o." I giggled and nudged him with my elbow. "Don't be modest. Tell the young lady about how great I am."

"It is awesome." Dean smiled. "She is a sweetheart." He nudged me quite hard too.

"Sounds amazing." She smiled. "My girlfriend and I have thought about it."

"I can only recommend it." Sam chuckled, and the waitress went over to some other guests at the entrance.

"What was that about?" He looked back at me.

"What?" I giggled. "Everyone already thinks I am Dean's daughter. I might as well have some fun with it." I took a sip from my drink.

---

Sam had gone to a bar, and Dean being Dean had followed, all while I decided to stay at the motel and read some books. Or well one book. I really wanted to read John's journal, since I had seen it on multiple occasions, and Sam and Dean were very secretive about their dad. Also I really wanted to know what such an intense hunter thought about supernatural creatures.

I expected them to be intense, but not downright cruel. I mean, this journal basically said to kill every supernatural creature you encounter. All because it could turn out to be a killer and better be safe than sorry.

So going by John's train of thought, I should have been killed, when I was born because I could turn out bad.

I threw the journal on the table and groaned in frustration over the words written. Just then the door opened and I saw two tired looking boys.

"How much did you get?" I joked. "You do know I can't drive."

"Not right now, Cub." Dean sighed as he walked to the bathroom.

"What was that about?" I tried to ask Sam.

"I'm just tired of his attitude." Sam sighed as he threw himself on one of the beds. "It's almost like he doesn't wanna be saved. I mean I tried to save him, I did, but I can't."

"Sam," I let out a sigh too. "You are doing everything, you can, so am I, and you can't do anymore. You know Dean better than anyone else, right?"

"Probably." He mumbled.

"So how does Dean act, when he is scared?" I asked. "From what I have seen, it is by pretending not to care, I guess to hope it won't hurt as much."

"I know." He sighed. "I just want him to care."

"I understand." I shrugged.

"How do you know so much about this?" Sam frowned.

"Because Varga does the exact same thing." I chuckled slightly at the memory of my brother. "I guess that is just something us youngest ones always know."

"Yeah, you're probably." Sam chuckled as well.

"I am always right." I joked.

"Don't get cocky." He warned in a playful tone. "Wait, what did you mean by 'so am I'?"

"What?" I frowned, chuckling.

"You said that I was doing everything I can to save Dean, and you said, so were you," Oh crap, I did not think that one through, "What did you mean by that?"

"I didn't want to say anything, in case it turned out to be bull," Yeah no turning back now, Leona. "But I asked Varga to ask Carrie, our packhealer in case you forgot, to see, if she, or anyone she knew, had any information on how to save Dean."

"When did you do that?" He asked, confused.

"At Christmas." I explained. "You know, when I went to talk with Varga, while you decorated the room, and Dean got beer and soda."

"You know, you could have told us." He sighed.

"If you heard the first part, I said, I didn't want to get your hopes up, if they didn't find anything." I exhaled. "Please, don't tell Dean anything yet. It would be cruel to give him that hope, and then it turns out to be crushing."

"I won't." Sam smiled.

"Pinky promise?" I held up my pinky.

"You have pinky promises?" He chuckled.

"No, but I do pick up something with all the time I spent here." I giggled. "So pinky promise?"

"Pinky promise." He grinned as he took my pinky.

---

The call Dean had gotten while they were at the bar, was from a hospital saying that Bobby was in a coma and not waking up. Although it was the complete opposite direction of where we were going, we all needed to see Bobby, especially if he was injured.

We arrived the next morning to find Bobby unconscious on a hospital bed. I moved over to him and took his hand, and yes, I haven't known him for long, where I could remember him that is, but he was like the weird uncle, who you loved no matter how irritable he could be. I didn't want to lose him yet.

"So what's the diagnosis?" Sam asked.

"We have tested everything, we can think to test." The doctor explained. "He seems perfectly healthy." I'm not so sure about that part, but not my area of expertise.

"Except that he is comatosed." Dean added.

"Mr. Sniderson," Always nice to know our fake name, Dean. Thank you for telling me in advance. "You're his emergency contact. Anything we should know? Any illnesses?"

"He never gets sick, I mean he doesn't even catch a cold." Dean answered, with a sadness, he tried very hard to hide.

"Doctor, is there anything you can do?" Sam asked, with a more professional tone.

"Look, I am sorry, but we don't know what's causing it, so we don't know how to treat it." The doctor looked up at Sam. "He just went to sleep and didn't wake up."

---

We went to the motel Bobby had been staying at to see if there were any clues.

"So, what was Bobby doing in Pittsburgh?" Sam asked, in slight confusion.

"Unless he is taking an extremely lame vacation."

"He must have been working a job, right?" Sam argued.

"Honestly, I didn't know he still did that." I said which caused the Winchesters to stare at me.

"He just seems more like the guy, who does all the research. You know, the smart one behind everything?"

"Well, you would think there would be some sort of sign or something, you know?" Dean shrugged off my comment, as we all started to look around the room. "Research, news clippings? A freaking pizza box or a beer can?"

I could smell a very strange smell coming from the closet, and not like the 'you-really-need-to-wash-your-clothes' type of smell, more like a papery smell. I opened it to find it with clothes hanging and something on the wall behind it.

"I think I found something." I called as I turned on the light in the closet and moved the clothes.

"Good old Bobby, always covering up his tracks." Dean chuckled at the sight. "Well done, Cub."

"You make heads or tails in any of this?" Sam asked.

"I think I have seen that plant before." I pointed to a picture. "But I am not completely sure where."

"Silene Capensis, which of course means absolutely nothing to me." Dean commented as he took the picture of the wall.

"Here, an obit." Sam took a small clipping with a picture of a man on it.

"A what now?" I frowned.

"When someone dies, you sometimes write an obituary and put it in the newspaper, so everyone can remember what the person had done in their lives." Sam explained to me.

"Argh." I nodded in understanding.

"Doctor Walter Gregg, 64, university neurologist." Sam said.

"How did he bite it?" Dean asked.

"Uhm actually they don't know," Sam read in surprise. "They say, he just went to sleep and didn't wake up."

"Like Bobby." I remarked.

"Alright, so let's say Bobby was looking into the doc's death." Sam hypothesized. "You know hunting after something-"

"That started hunting him." Dean finished.

"Yeah." Sam agreed.

"Now, you two stay here and see if you can make heads and tails in this." Dean ordered.

"What are you gonna do?" I questioned.

"Looking at the good doctor myself" He answered and walked out the door.

"So we get stuck with the research, while he is having fun?" I sighed. "Doesn't seem fair if you ask me."

## **Chapter 25**

Sam and I decided to make our way over to the hospital after having researched for hours, but as it turns out, Dean had the same idea. He was sitting and watching over Bobby, when he turned around to face us.

"How is he?" Sam sighed as we made our way over to the table.

"No change." Dean answered with clear worry in his voice. "What ya got?"

"Considering what you told us about the doc's experiments, Bobby's wall is starting to make a hell of a lot more sense." Sam started.

"How so?"

"Silene Capensis, also known as African Dreamroot, has been used by shamans and medicine men for centuries." I added.

"Let me guess, they dose up, bust out the didgeridoos and start kicking around the hackey?" Dean said, making absolutely no sense.

"Not quite." I started again. "If you believe the legends, it's used for dreamwalking."

"Entering another person's dreams," Sam added. "Picking around their heads."

"That's assuming that we believe the legends." Dean said in doubt.

"When don't we?" Sam argued. "Look, dream walking is just the tip of the iceberg."

"What do you mean?"

"Dream Root is some serious mojo, you take enough of it and with enough practice, you can become a regular Freddy Krueger. You can control anything. You can turn bad dreams good, good dreams bad," I added, gaining some very confused looks. "What?"

"You know Freddy Krueger?" Dean frowned.

"You don't think that I watch Scooby-Doo all the time, do you?" I commented.

"So, killing people in their sleep." Dean shrugged.

"For example." Sam answered. "So lets say this doc was testing this stuff on his patients-"

"Someone gets pissed at him," Dean finished. "Deciding to pay a little visit, he goes nighty night."

"What about Bobby?" Sam questioned. "I mean, if the killer came after him, how come he is still alive?"

"I don't know." Dean sighed.

"Can I try something?" I asked, coming up with an idea in my mind.

"What do you wanna try?" Sam asked, puzzled.

"Some wild wolfbloods have an extra ability called Anshion." I explained. "It's kinda like Eolas, but stronger and you can see into people's past with it." I sighed. "I thought maybe combining Eolas and Anshion, I could maybe see Bobby or figure something out, we don't know."

"Will it hurt him?" Dean asked in a serious manner, that made me frown.

"No, of course not." I stated. "I wouldn't do anything that could hurt him."

"Fine then." Dean hesitantly said.

I laid my fingers on Bobby's forehead whilst concentrating on reading his thoughts. I could feel how I was being shut out, but I kept trying, before I fell to the floor with the feeling of a thousand crows in my head.

"Leona!" Sam yelled as they helped me back on my legs. "Are you okay?"

"Headache, but other than that, yes." I panted.

"What happened?" Dean asked frantically. "Did you find anything?"

"No, I'm sorry, but I didn't." I took my head. "It was like I was being shut out."

---

"So how do we find a homicidal Sandman?" Dean asked as we walked down the corridors of the hospital.

"It could be anyone." Sam started.

"Yeah, anyone who knew the doctor, had access to his dream shrooms." Dean added.

"Maybe one of his test subjects or something?" Sam wondered.

"Possible." Dean argued. "But his research is pretty sketchy, and I don't know how many subjects he had, or who all of them were."

"Just great." I mumbled.

"What?" Dean questioned as he saw the look on Sam's face.

"In any other case, we would be calling Bobby and asking him for help right now." Sam sighed.

"Know what, you're right." I looked at Dean like he was a mad man.

"What?" I frowned.

"Let's go talk to him." Dean said as if it was that simple.

"Sure, I think we might find the conversation a bit one-sided." Sam looked at his brother puzzled.



"Not if we're tripping on some dream root." I shared a look with Sam as we finally understood him.

"What?" Sam still asked.

"You heard me." Dean simply stated.

"You wanna go dream walking inside Bobby's head?" Even though I understood what he meant, it still sounded weird.

"Why not, maybe it can help." Dean argued.

"We have no idea what's crawling around in there." Sam said back.

"How bad can it be?" Dean asked.

"Bad!" Sam and I said in sync.

"Guys, it's Bobby." Dean argued.

No one said anything for a moment, before Sam said;

"Yeah, you're right."

"Where are you gonna get the African Dream Root?" I asked. "I mean, I know you have a lot of things in the trunk, but given that you didn't know about it until today, I don't think you have any."

"Exactly, we don't." Sam agreed. "Unless you have someone who can score it."

"Crap." Dean said as he clearly got an idea.

"What?" Sam questioned his brother.

"Bela." Dean cleared.

"Bela?" Sam was confused for a moment.

"Crap." We said in sync.

"You actually suggest that we ask her for a favor?" Sam asked.

"Last time you talked with her, you were ready to kill her." I pointed out.

"It makes me feel dirty just thinking about it, but yeah." Dean argued as he walked away.

Sam and I just looked at each other and sighed, before following Dean.

---

"What is he doing?" I looked up from my notebook and whispered to Dean, as I heard Sam moaning in his sleep.

"Oh, this is too good." Dean laughed. "Wonder who he is dreaming about."

"Maybe Bela?" I joked, making us both laugh.

"I should probably wake him." Dean said as his laughter died down. "Sam, Sam, Sam wake up!" Finally, Sam shut up from his desk, wiping the drool away. "Dude, you were out." We both chuckled. "You were making some serious happy noises. Who were you dreaming about?"

"What? No one! Nothing!" Okay, I didn't need my special abilities to know he was lying, which just made me giggle even more.

"Come on, you can tell me." Dean tried. "Angelina Jolie?"

"No!" Sam quickly defended.

"Brad Pitt?" Dean suggested making me burst out laughing.

"No! No. It doesn't matter." Sam looked over at me. "Quit it, Leona."

"Like I would." I giggled.

"Alright, I called Bela." I saw Sam tense up at those words. Wait, did I actually guess the right thing?

"Bela? Yeah?" Oh, it was definitely her. "What'd she... You know, say? She's gonna help us?"

"Shockingly no." Dean revealed.

"Which puts us right back to square one." I added.

"I am trying to decipher the doctor's notes." Dean said. "Unfortunately, he has worse handwriting than you." Sam moved around awkwardly. "You wanna come help me with this stuff?"

"Why aren't you helping?" He tried to put the attention on me.

"Because I can just read with seminormal handwriting." I argued. "If Dean can't read it, I don't think I will be of much help."

"Sure." Sam got up. "Yeah, yeah just give me a sec."

Then we heard a knock on the door. We all turned to look as Dean opened the door. He looked back in a hard to read face, but it surely wasn't a happy one. "Bela, as I live and breathe."

"You called me, remember?" Bela asked while she walked in the room.

"I remember, you turned me down." Dean argued.

"Well, I'm just full of surprises." She said.

"Hey Bela, what's going on?" Sam said very rushed, barely looking up at her.

"Hey Bela." I greeted from my bed.

"Hey," She greeted me back. "I brought your African Dream Root." She handed Dean a jar. "Nasty stuff and not easy to come by."

"Why the sudden change of heart?" Dean asked, suspicious.

What? I can't do you a favor every now and again?" She asked as she took off her coat, making Sam look after her longingly. I had to bite my lip to not crack up laughing.

"No, you can't." Dean stated sternly. "Come on, I wanna know what the strings are before you attach them."

"You said this was for Bobby Singer, right?" She asked, making Dean nod. "Well, I am doing it for him, not you."

"Bobby? Why?" Dean questioned.

"He saved my life once. In Flagstaff." She bit her lip. Dean looked to Sam, who shrugged. "I screwed up, and he saved me. Are you satisfied?"

Dean looked over at me to confirm. "Her heartbeat didn't change, so it seems like she is telling the truth."

"So when do we go on this little magical mystery tour?" She asked in anticipation.

"Oh, you are not going anywhere." Dean answered as he walked over to the safe, with the Colt in, to keep the Dream Root safe. "I don't trust you enough to let you in my car, much less Bobby's head. No offense."

"Technically, she has been in your car." I muttered, earning a glare from Dean.

"None taken." She said, clearly pissed. "It's 2 am, where am I supposed to go?"

"Get a room." Dean suggested. "They got the magic fingers. A little Casa Erotica on pay-per-view, you'll love it."

"You..." She hissed and quickly took her bag and coat.

"Nice seeing you-" Sam tried but the door closed before he could finish. "Bela."

Sam prepared the drink and came over to the beds with it, when I noticed something. "Why are there only two cups?"

"Because you are not going." Dean said as he took his cup.

"Come on!" I yelled. "Are we still at this?"

"Leona, it's not that, I don't trust you." Dean started explaining. "When we have downed this, you lock the door and run over to the hospital. When Bobby wakes up, you call us, okay?"

"Fine." I sighed. I still wasn't a fan, but at least I was a part of the plan.

"Should we dim the lights and sync up 'Wizard Of Oz' & 'Dark Side Of The Moon'?" Dean jokes.

"Why?" Sam chuckled, confused.

"What did you do during college?" Dean asked in doubt.

"What's college?" I asked.

"I'll tell you later." Sam told me, as Dean almost started to drink the concoction. "Wait, wait, wait. We can't forget this." Sam pulled out a small paper bag from his pocket. "Here." He took something out of the bag and gave it to Dean.

"What the hell is that?" Dean frowned.

"That's Bobby's hair." Sam revealed.

"We have to drink Bobby's hair?" Dean looked disgusted.

"That's how you control whose dream you are entering." I started explaining. "You drink some of their uhm body."

"Okay, how do you know that and then not know what college is?" Dean questioned me.

"Because I did research with Sam on this." I smirked.

"I guess hair is better than other parts of their body." Dean shrugged, as they threw in the hair. "Bottoms up." They cheered before downing the whole thing, immediately falling asleep.

I checked that they were fully asleep, before I took one of the keys to the room and my jacket and sprinted over to the hospital. I snuck past the front desk, since to be honest I couldn't remember Bobby's fake name. There are so damn many to keep track of.

I sat by his bed and waited for him to wake up, when suddenly he did.

"Bobby?" I rushed to his side. "Are you okay?"

"What are you doing here, kiddo?" He croaked out.

"Well, Sam and Dean haven't exactly gotten me home yet." I chuckled. "It's good to have you back." I gave him a hug.

"It's good to be back." He hugged me back. "Now, what did I say about chick-flick moments?"

"I thought that was Dean's thing." I giggled as I let go. Dean. Sam. Calling. I found the burner phone the boys had given me and quickly found their numbers, which wasn't exactly difficult, since there were literally three numbers. Sam, Dean and Bobby. "Hey, Dean. It worked. He is awake."

## **Chapter 26**

The boys had arrived at the hospital, and they had brought Bobby's work along to see if he could help us get to the bottom of this.

"Hey, Bobby." Dean asked while Sam was out of the room. That uhm... That stuff, you know all the stuff with your wife? Did that actually happen?"

"Everybody get into huntin' somehow." He answered, with a sad expression.

"I'm sorry." Dean said.

"Me too." I quickly chimed in.

"Don't be sorry." Bobby said sadly. Clearly it still hurts a lot. "If it weren't for you, I would still be lost in there. Or dead. Thank you."

We shared a brief moment of silence, before Sam came back into the room. "So stoner boy wasn't in his dorm. My guess is he is long gone by now."

"He ain't much of a stoner." Bobby told us.

"No?" Dean asked.

"His name is Jeremy Frost." Bobby started explaining. "Full on genius, 160 IQ. Which is saying something, considering his dad took a baseball bat to his head."

"How can someone do that to their own child?" I asked, in disgust.

"Here is father of the year." Bobby handed Dean and I a picture, and I could feel my anger start to rise. "Calm down, kiddo." I took a deep breath. "He died before Jeremy was 10."

"Looks like a real sweetheart." Sam remarked.

"The injury gave him Charcot-Wilbrand, he hasn't dreamt since." Bobby said.

"Until he started dozing the dream drug." Dean tried.

"Yep." Bobby agreed.

"How did he know how to dig up your worst nightmare and throw it at you?" Dean asked, puzzled.

"Hey, he was rooting around my skull, God knows what he saw in there." Bobby explained.

"How did he get in there in the first place?" I asked.

"Yeah, isn't he supposed to have your hair, your DNA or something?" Sam questioned.

"Yeah." Dean and I agreed.

Yeah." Bobby started. "Before I knew it was him, he offered me a beer. I drank it. It was the dumbest freaking thing."

"Well, I don't know, it wasn't that dumb." Dean said, chuckling slightly.

"Dean, you didn't?" I sighed.

"I was thirsty." Dean tried to reason.

"That's great." Sam exclaimed. "Now, he can come after either one of you."

"We just have to find him first." Dean reasoned.

"We better work fast." Bobby commented. "And coffee up cause if there is one thing we can't do, it's fall asleep."

---

It was two days later, and Sam, Dean and I were driving around in the Impala. We hadn't gotten any closer to finding Jeremy, and everyone was getting on edge from being up for so long without sleep.

"This Jeremy guy is not a freaking ghost, where the hell could he be?" Dean yelled irritably.

"Dean, you're sure, you don't want me to drive, you seem a little..." Sam started. "Caffeinated."

"Well thanks for the newsflash, Edison." Dean yelled back, as the phone rang and Dean took it. "Tell me you got something."

"The strip club was a bust, huh?" I heard Bobby ask. Don't worry, I had waited outside, while they were in there.

"Yeah." Dean groaned irritably.

"That was our last lead." Bobby said.

"What the hell Bobby?!" Dean exclaimed, startling me.

"Don't yell at me, boy." Bobby shot back. "I'm working my ass off here."

"Sorry, I'm sorry." Dean apologized. "I'm just... I'm tired."

"Well, who aint?" Bobby fired back.

"What has Bela got?" Dean asked.

"What do you got, Bela?" I heard Bobby ask.

"Sorry, sometimes the spirit world is in a chatty mood, and sometimes it isn't." Bela said the background.

"She got nothing." Bobby delivered the message.

"Great!" Dean yelled. "Well, I am just gonna go blow my brains out now!" As he put the phone down, he kicked Baby.

We drove a little bit further, before Dean parked the car on a grassy noel, and looked as if he was trying to go to sleep.

"Alright, that's it." Dean turned off the car and laid back in the seat. "I'm done."

"What are you doing?" I frowned.

"Taking myself a long overdue nap." He responded with closed eyes.

"What?" Sam asked in doubt of what he just heard. "Dean, Jeremy can come after you."

"That's the idea." Dean answered.

"Excuse me?" Sam and I said in sync.

"Come on, guys." Dean argued. "We can't find him so let him come to me."

"On his own turf?" I asked in disbelief.

"Where he is basically God?" Sam continued.

"I can handle it." Dean responded.

"Not alone, you can't." Sam said as we both plucked some hair from Dean's head.

"What are you doing?" He asked in anger.

"Coming in with you." Sam said as he looked at the hair.

"Oh, no you are not."

"Why not?" Sam argued. "At least then it will be two against one."

"Three against one." I added.

"Oh no-" Dean tried.

"Don't even dare try to stop me." I stated sternly. "I sat out last time, I am not gonna do it again."



"Do you know how inappropriate my head is for a 15 year old?" Dean tried to reason.

"I guess I will have to find out then." I said as I downed the drink.

---

When I opened my eyes again, I was laying on the floor of a hospital.

"What the-?" I muttered. "Sam! Dean!" No response. Okay I guess we are doing this the wolfblood way. I tried to use my Eolas.

Bad idea. A loud ringing noise made me fall to the ground holding my ears tight.

"Okay, I could probably have told myself that." I muttered as I stood back up.

"Who are you, freak?" I heard a stern demanding voice from behind me.

I turned around to see a middle aged man with dark brown hair and a beard. He was wearing a jacket that was identical to the one Dean wore all the time.

"Who are you?" I mumbled.

"I believe, I asked first." He pointed a gun at me. "Now, who are you and how do you know my boys?"

"Your boys?" I asked with wide eyes. "Oh crap, you're John Winchester."

"Damn straight, they told you about me?" He asked, with a mad expression.

"I read some of that journal of yours." I answered calculatedly, as I tried to study the terrifying man, who I never thought, or rather hoped, I would meet, that was standing right in front of me.

"So you are a thief and a monster." He loaded the gun.

"Wow wow wait." I put my hands up in surrender. From what I had read in his journal and from the things in there, he didn't seem like the understanding type. "I know Sam and Dean because they are helping me get back home."

"Yeah right, like they would ever help a monster." He mocked.

"No, no it's true." I said, my eyes wide in fear. "I met them at Bobby's and they are helping me get home, and I help them with the hunts we find in between."

"So you don't just want to believe, they are helping a monster, but that you are also hunting your own kind?" He shot me in the arm, making me scream in pain. "Did you actually think I was gonna believe that?"

"One can hope, right?" I gritted my teeth, as he walked up to me and punched me in the face.

"You see, the only reason why I haven't killed yet," He threw another punch, "is because I don't know what you are yet." I fell backwards and lifted my good arm to see blood running from my lips. "But I guess we'll just have to try them all then."

I sprinted away with gunshots echoing in the hallway behind me. I had to keep running until I had gotten the bullet out of my arm, so when I saw my chance, I took it. I dug my claws into the wound while biting down on my belt to prevent myself from screaming.

"Come on, boys." I hissed in a low volume. "Hurry."

I heard John approaching faster, so I climbed up in the ceiling and jumped down on him as he was right under me. I had my claws and fangs out, and I bit and clawed him as much as I could, before he threw me off.

"You really believe they care about you?" He chuckled, in a menacing manner. "They are just waiting and itching to kill you, for you to lead them straight to your pack and kill them all."

"No." I growled, as I could feel my eyes glow and my veins turn black. "They would never-"

"They are hunters." He stated coldly. "That is what I trained them to be, and the fact that you fell for that," He chuckled, mockingly, "It's pathetic."

"No," I growled, itching to jump straight at him.

"They are my boys and you have known them for a month." He pointed out with no emotion present in his voice. "Who do you think knows them best?"

"NO!" I flew right at him and then, just before I hit my target, darkness.

---

All three of us shot up from our slumber, panting.

"So, he is gone?" I asked to be sure.

"Yeah." Sam breathed out. "He is gone."

I had stayed behind in the car, whilst trying to process what I saw in Dean's head. Should I tell them? I mean, it was their father, but then not at the same time. I had managed to hide the gunshot wound from them until now.

"Did something happen?" I asked as they got into the car with sour expressions on their faces.

"Bela stole the Colt." Sam said angrily.

"She what?" I asked in shock. What did she need the Colt for?

"We will get it back." Sam assured me.

"Sam." Dean said in a completely different tone.

"Yeah?" Sam answered.

"I have been doing some thinking and..." Dean hesitated. "Well the thing is... I don't wanna die. I don't wanna go to hell." I hugged Dean from behind.

"Alright." Sam's voice was close to breaking point. "Yeah. We will find a way to save you."

"Okay, good." Dean answered in a broken voice too. "What about you, Leona?"

"What about me?" I frowned as I loosened the hug.

"What did you see inside my head?" He asked the dreaded question. "You weren't with Sam or with me, and you took the root too, so what happened?"

"I'm not sure, you wanna know." I muttered making them both look back at me in concern.

"Leona, what happened?" Sam asked with an extremely empathetic and worried voice.

"I was in a hospital, and I saw..." I hesitated. "I saw your dad."

"What?" They asked in sync.

"He was there, and he kept on calling me a monster, and saying that you just waited for me to lead you to my pack, so you could kill all of us, cause that was how he raised you." I explained. "He's a scary man."

"Did he hurt you?" Sam asked while Dean processed the information.

"He shot me in the arm and punched me in the face, but my face has already healed, and I got the bullet out." I answered.

"Listen to me." Dean looked me straight in the eyes as I sat with my arms around my knees.  
"You are not a monster, and we will not kill you or your pack, you have our word on that, okay?"

"Okay." I croaked out while nodding.

## **Chapter 27**

I was staying back at our motel, while Sam and Dean went to get the Colt from Bela. The new moon was rising tonight, so being a part of a robbery didn't seem like the most compelling thing I could do.

I was watching tv and kept glancing at the clock, wondering why they hadn't returned yet. It had been hours since they left.

"Two of the most wanted men in all of America have just been captured in the town of Monument, Colorado." My eyes widened in surprise, as I sat up straight in my bed, when I saw pictures of Sam and Dean. Oh crap.

"They never told me, they were wanted by the cops." I mumbled to myself.

"One of the Winchester brothers, Dean, was declared dead and buried two years ago in St. Louis, Missouri, but was later seen doing a heist in a bank in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The brothers managed to escape capture and broke out of a prison last year." The reporter continued.

"Dean has been dead?" I frowned before turning the tv off. "So I should probably go get them out."

I went over and packed my backpack with the different guns and bullets we had in the room. Some spray paint and holy water just to be safe, and then I brought some of the different knives as well, including my own. I locked up the door and started going after their scent.

I had been running for a bit, when I smelled something else. Rotten eggs. "Crap, demons." I hissed as I snuck closer to the station. I could see a helicopter in flames and bodies scattered around it.

I scrunched up my face in pain as a headache and fatigue struck me. Damn, new moons.

Finally, I spotted my way in. An airway that leads inside the building. A bit small, I thought to myself as I ripped the gate off, but it had to make do for now.

Crawling through the tight ventilation system that's basically a labyrinth whilst pushing a backpack in front of you is not fun nor easy. Luckily, I had my senses to guide me, and since I

heard voices on one end, and I couldn't smell or see anyone else in the other rooms, I crawled that direction hoping to find an exit.

And boy, did I find one.

"Argh." All of the air was kicked out as I landed on the floor. Apparently, the vent couldn't bear my weight.

"What was that?" I perked up and hid behind some of the desks, as I heard footsteps approaching fast.

I thought I could smell Sam and Dean, but they would be in the cells right?.

"Who's there?" Wrong, that was definitely Dean.

"Leona." I declared as I rose with my hands over my head. I saw Sam, Dean and three other unknown people. One of them, a girl not much older than me, looked terrified.

"Cub."

"Leona." Sam and Dean frowned simultaneously, as they spotted me.

"You know her?" The black man asked as he still pointed his gun at me along with the other white man. "Who is she?"

"Leona." Sam sighed. "She is a friend of ours."

"Hey." I waved awkwardly, and the girl actually waved me back.

"Leona, Henrikson," Sam gestured to the aforementioned black man, "Amici," he pointed at the other white man. "And Nancy."

"You're a little late, Cub." Dean complained.

"Sorry, I had to find out where you were from the news." I defended. "Why aren't you two in a cell? I mean, I know I am new to all of this, but I'm pretty sure prisoners are kept in a cell."

"We were, but it seems that demons are taking over the station." Dean explained.

"And surrounding areas." I added. "When I ran from the motel, the smell of rotten eggs was strong even miles away from here."

"Wait, a damn minute. I am not following." Henrikson interrupted and looked at me. "What did you mean by new in all of this and smelling from miles away? And the motel in town is over 10 miles away."

"You wanna tell him or should I?" I looked to Sam and Dean with my arms crossed over my chest.

"Go ahead." Dean answered and gestured to the three others.

"I am a werewolf." I started. "Basically, half human, half wolf!" I saw Nancy creep behind Amici ever so slightly. "My senses, speed and strength are all much stronger than humans, along with my healing. Besides, I can also transform into a wolf, but that comes with the whole thing."

"So you're a werewolf?" Amici furrowed his brows.

"Don't ever compare me to those heart eating monsters." I said with a cold and almost angry voice. "I am a werewolf. Kind of like their cousin, but my kind is much more in control than they are."

"So now that everyone knows each other, we need to start figuring out how to get out of here." Sam said and looked at me. "Leona, how did you get in here?"

"The vents." I pointed up. "But I could just barely fit there, Nancy could fit too, but you four," I gestured to the men, "are not exactly small enough."

"Okay, so how do we survive?" Henrikson asked.

We had quickly all scattered around the station to prepare ourselves. Sam and I drew Devils traps in front of all the entry and exit points, and Henrikson and Amici had gone to fetch the weapons. Dean got his shoulder fixed by Nancy, since he had apparently been shot.

Sam had brought me up to speed on the events that had occurred before I arrived, which did explain the smell of blood, death and gunpowder that had filled the station. For me at least.

"That's nice, but it's not gonna do much good." I heard Dean say as I entered the main part of the station, having already finished the drawings.

"We got an arsenal here." Amici reasoned.

"You don't poke a bear with a BB-gun." Dean tried to explain in his own Dean-way. "It's just gonna make it mad."

"What do you need?" Henrikson asked as he loosened his tie, probably from the reality that had slowly shown itself.

"Salt." Dean started.

"And loads of it." I added.

"Salt?" Amici asked in disbelief.

"Is there an echo in here?" Dean shot back.

"Listen to him." I sat down the spray can on a table along with myself. "He has done this for longer than I have lived."

"And exactly how old are you?" Henrikson asked with a frown.

"Fifteen." I simply answered.

"There is road salt in the storeroom." Nancy informed us.

"Perfect, perfect." Dean almost cheered before going back into leader mode. "We need salt at every window and every door." Henrikson and Amici went to the storeroom, and Dean noticed, I didn't follow but instead laid on the table with a hand over my eyes. "You okay there, Cub?"

"Headache, New moon." I sighed. "I just need a bit of rest before the grand showdown."

"You're sure, you can do this?" He asked in his overly-protective brother voice.

"Yeah." I forced a chuckle. "Last time I handled Gordon, right?"

"Right." He muttered.

"New moon?" Nancy asked, nervous.

"When the moon is at the lowest, my connection to the moon is the same." I quickly explained. "Which means headaches, tiredness and essentially the feeling of having the flu, yay."

"Should you be fighting, if you feel like that?" She asked carefully.

"Nope." Dean quickly said.

"I'll be fine." I shot Dean a death glare. "Tomorrow, it will be better." I gave her a short reassuring smile. "If you have any questions, don't be afraid to ask." Nancy gave me a smile before returning to Dean's shoulder.

"How are you holding up, Nancy?" Dean asked her.

"Okay." She flashed a brief not-so-convincing smile before shaking her head. "When I was little, I would come home from church and talk about the devil. My parents were telling me to stop being so literal. I guess I showed them, huh?" I smiled at her. "That should hold."

"Thank you." Dean smiled.

"Sure." Nancy said quietly.

"Cub, what kind of bullets did you get?" He asked me.

"A little bit of everything, but not enough salt rounds for all of us." I answered with Amici walking to us with two bags of road salt.

"Hey, where is my car?" Of course, Dean.

"Impounded out back." Amici answered before turning around to get more salt.

"Okay." Dean took his jacket to put it on.

"Wait." Amici turned to face Dean. "You are not going out there?"

"Yeah, I gotta get something out in my trunk." Dean answered.

"I'll help." I sat up, only to be pushed back down by Dean.

"Oh no, you stay put." Dean ordered.

"Dean-"

"Leona, I'm serious." Oh crap, he used my actual name. He really was serious.

"Okay." I sighed, being too tired to argue anymore.

I waited anxiously for Dean to return, as Sam had once again joined us in the main area.

"Can you hear that?" I asked.

"Hear what, Leona?" Sam questioned with a slight frown. "The electricity?" Of course, they couldn't hear that. "It's being messed with."

"The demons." Sam and I shared a look, as he said that.

"Dean is still out there." I widened my eyes in panic. "We have to get him."



"No, Leona." Sam caught me as I tried running past him.

"What do you mean 'no'?" I yelled, surprised and confused by that statement. "Your brother is out there, and you will just leave him!"

"Of course not, Leona, but we need to keep people safe here." He put his hands on my shoulders. "I have watched Dean since I was four. If anyone can do it, it's him."

"Okay." I said, calming myself down at the words. He was right. If anyone could survive that, it's Dean.

## **Chapter 28**

We all went back to salting the doors and windows and making even more Devils traps just to be sure. I then heard a door open and close fast and a very out-of-breath Dean yelling; "They're coming!"

Pausing for a moment, we all saw the cloud of smoke approaching us fast from the outside. I heard Nancy scream, followed by Dean shouting: "Hurry!" I finished the Devils trap as fast as I could, while still getting all of the sigils right.

Then as soon as it was done, I sprinted towards the others in the main area. I quickly picked up one of the guns from my backpack and a salt round, reading myself for the possible attack.

As the cloud of smoke incased the entire building, it went completely dark. No lamps, no streetlights, nothing and so did we. We all fell quiet.

You could hear it struggling to get in, even tiny bits of debris falling from the ceiling, but getting stopped by the salt. Imagine being a demon and a condiment is what stands in the way of victory. I would hate it.

And just as quick as the cloud had arrived, it realized its defeat, for now at least, and disappeared to plan its next attack.

"Everybody okay?" Sam spoke up first.

A murmur of agreement sounded throughout the room, as Dean started digging through his duffle bag.

"All right, everyone needs to put these on." He handed out the small charms to everyone. "It will keep you from being possessed."

"So what about you and Sam?" Nancy asked, when she had put hers on.

Sam and Dean pulled down their shirts at the collars slightly to show a tattoo of an anti-possession symbol.

"Smart." Henrikson commented. "How long have you had those?"

"Not long enough." Sam answered, before I handed back the necklace to Dean.

"What are you doing?" Dean questioned and furrowed his brows.

"I don't need it." I stated, being slightly confused by their reaction. "I have my own."

"What?" Sam and Dean asked in sync.

"My necklace." I answered slowly and lifted it up. "It fights off demon possession."

"Why didn't you tell us?" Sam asked, confused.

"I did." I said, even more confused. "On that witch case."

"No, you didn't." Sam argued.

"I didn't?" I frowned.

"No." They said once again in sync.

"Sorry, I thought I had." Then I realized something. "Wait, so when we were on that case, you didn't think to give me a protection charm?"

They shared a look that basically said; 'oh shit'.

"We didn't know it was a demon until after Ruby and then we-" Sam tried to defend.

"You two had a fight." I crossed my arms with a smirk on my face. "Again."

"It was your first full moon with us." Dean tried. "Bear with us."

"Of course, I just like to annoy you." I chuckled.

With Dean and Henrikson preparing rounds, I walked with Nancy to inspect the salt lines.

"Hey, that's Jenna Rubner." Nancy suddenly said. I looked up and saw what looked to be some of the citizens of Monument.

"That's not Jenna anymore." I concluded after seeing her black eyes.

"That's where all that black demon smoke went?" She questioned.

"Looks like it." I mumbled.

"How can you be so calm about this?" She then asked, taking me slightly by surprise. "I mean, you're fifteen, and you talk like this is everyday for you."

"Because it has become that." I sighed as we walked to another window.

"What do you mean?"

"I've been with Sam and Dean for some months now." I almost chuckled at how the next part was going to sound. "Trust me, you get used to it."

"Where do you know Sam and Dean from?" She asked and then quickly backpedaled real quick, when I shot her a confused glare. "If it's not too personal."

"No, it's fine." I smiled to confirm it. "I met them some months ago, after I escaped from capture by other hunters." I saw the look of sympathy in her eyes. "It took a little to trust them and get me to trust them, but we did, and now they are getting me back home to my pack in California."

"Your pack?" She asked almost in awe.

"Yeah, my pack." I smiled. "I live in a big forest with other wolfbloods like me. My brother, Varga, is the alpha, and all of my friends are there. I even have two younger siblings. Or well they aren't technically blood related but they have been with us since they were two." I thought back to Sam and Dean. "Well, all of my friends except for those idjits out there."

"What are their names?"

"Gwen and Gadwick." I chuckled. "They are ten and waiting for me to get home."

Then we heard the sound of a window breaking and I ran to the room it came from, only to see a familiar face.

"Hey, puppy." A sickly sweet voice sounded.

"Hey, Ruby." I greeted sarcastically right when Sam, Dean and Henrikson came rushing in.

"How do we kill her?" Henrikson asked.

"We don't." Sam quickly stepped forward.

"She is a demon." Henrikson said, in slight puzzlement, when Sam lowered his gun.

"She is here to help us." Sam said as he walked to her.

"Are you kidding?" I heard Amici say, assuming him and Nancy had arrived.

"I wish he was." I mumbled low enough for me to hear it only. By the sigh, Dean let out from behind me, he thought the same thing.

"You're gonna let me out?" She asked more out of breath than before. Sam crouched down and scraped some of the painting off with his knife.

"And they say, chivalry is dead." Ruby said before exiting the trap. "Has someone got a breath mint? Some gut splattered in my mouth, when I was killing my way in here."

She walked right out, when Dean and I gave Sam an equally frustrated look, before going after her.

"How many are out there?" Dean asked as we reached the main room.

"Thirty at least." She leaned against a table. "That's so far."

"Oh good." Dean snarked sarcastically. "Thirty. Thirty hitmen were all gunning for us. Who sent 'em?" He asked as the others rejoined us.

"You didn't tell Dean?" Ruby looked to Sam. "Or the pup? Huh, I'm surprised."

"Tell me what?" Dean and I demanded.

"There is a big new up and comer." Ruby answered, only looking at Sam. "A real pied piper."

"Who is he?" Dean asked.

"Not he." Ruby turned towards us. "Her. Her name is Lillith."

"Lilith?" Dean said, with me following right after.

"And she really, really wants Sam's intestines on a stake." Ruby said in her usual 'I-don't-care' tone. "I guess she sees him as competition."

"You knew about this?" Dean asked Sam, properly already knowing the answer. I sighed and rolled my eyes. I don't care, he didn't tell me, but Dean? Dean is his brother, who deserved to know. "Well, geez, is there anything else I should know?"

"How about the two of you talk about this later?" Ruby suggested. "We'll need the Colt."

"Oh oh." I couldn't help myself, which along with Sam and Dean's reactions seemed to tell Ruby something.

"Where is the Colt?" She asked with an almost desperate voice.

"It got stolen." Sam admitted.

"I'm sorry, I must have blood in my ear." She swiftly replied. "I thought, I just heard you say that you were stupid enough to let the Colt get grabbed out of your thick, clumsy, idiotic hands."

Sam and Dean looked almost like two kids getting scolded for breaking something.

"Fantastic." Ruby hissed. "This is just peachy."

"Ruby-"

"Shut up." She quickly shot Sam down. "Fine. Since I don't see that there is any other option, there is one other way, I know to get you out of here alive."

"What's that?" Dean questioned.

"I know a spell." She answered.

"Oh from your witchy days?" I sighed.

She shot me a death glare, before continuing. "It will erase every demon in a one mile radius. Myself included. So, you let the Colt outta your sight, and now I have to die."

"You're saying it, like it's a bad thing." I couldn't help but smirk. "Watch out, Wolfie or I might take you out of the rescue plan." She sneered.

"Good luck with that." I replied.

"So next time be more careful. How's that for a dying wish?" She changed the subject instead.

A silence fell upon us all in the room. I honestly still didn't mind the thought that Ruby died. The weepy story, she told Dean, doesn't work on me. I can feel there is something off about her, I just can't quite put my finger on it.

"Okay." Dean said, breaking the silence. "What do we need to do?"

"Urh. You can't do anything." She smirked. "The spell is very specific. It calls for a person of virtue."

"I got virtue." He argued.

"Dean, she means a virgin." I cleared, as Dean just started laughing slightly.

"Nobody is a virgin." Dean said.

"Dean?" I shook my head at the sheer stupidity. "I'm fifteen."

Before Dean could say anything to me, the others started looking at Nancy, who started to squirm under the attention.

"No. No way." Dean said in awe as he realized what they meant. "You're kidding me. You-"

"What?" Nancy argued. "It's a choice, okay?"

"Wait, so you've never...?" Dean couldn't fathom it. "Not even once? I mean not even? Wow."

"You see, Dean? Not everyone lives your lifestyle." I smirked. "So you got not just one, but two virgins here."

"The spell." Nancy continued. "What can I do?"

"You can hold still, while I cut your heart out of your chest." Ruby revealed.

"What?" Nancy and I said in sync.

"Wow, are you crazy?" Dean asked.

"I'm offering a solution." Ruby argued.

"You're offering to kill somebody." He fired back.

"And what do you think is gonna happen to this girl when the demons get in?" She yelled.

"We are gonna protect her, that's what we are gonna do?" Henrikson chimed in.

"Very noble." She snarked.

"Excuse me?" Nancy tried in the background.

"You're all gonna die." Ruby argued. "Look, this is the only way."

"Yeah, there is no way, that you can-"

"Will everybody please shut up?" Nancy interrupted Dean, which made me glance at her. I didn't know she had it in her. "All the people out there? Will it save them?"

"It will blow the demons out of their bodies, so if their bodies are okay, yeah." Ruby answered.

"I'll do it." Nancy said.

"No, Nancy." I went over to her. "I will do it."

"Leona, what are you doing?" Dean hissed.

"I'm a virgin too." I looked at Ruby. "Take my heart and do the ritual."

"No. No, you are not gonna do this." Dean looked at us. "Either of you."

"Hell no." Henrikson even said.

"All my friends are out there." Nancy argued and looked at me with a smile. "Besides, you have someone waiting for you."

"No, Nancy." I tried. "You just got into all of this. I can't let you do this."

"Leona, please." She begged.

"We don't sacrifice people." Henrikson argued. "We do that, we are no better than them."

"We don't have a choice." Ruby said.

"Yeah, well your choice is not a choice." Dean shot back.

"Sam." Ruby turned to the unusually quiet Sam. "You know I am right."

"Sam?" Dean let out a laugh at the fact that Sam didn't immediately deny. "The hell is going on? Sam, tell her."

"It's my decision." Nancy cleared. I kept looking at her with pleading eyes, but she would botch.

"Damn straight, cherriepie." Ruby smirked.

"Stop!" Dean yelled. "Stop! Nobody kills any virgins. Sam, I need to talk to you."

---

They walked out into the hallway and being the curious person I am, I listened to their conversation.

"Please tell me, you are not actually considering this." I heard Dean start. "We are talking about holding down a girl and cutting out her heart."

"And we are also talking about thirty people out there, Dean." It hurt me to hear him say that, but I knew where he came from. "Innocent people, who are all gonna die along with everyone in here."

"It doesn't mean, we throw away the rulebook and stop acting like humans." Dean argued. "I'm not gonna let that demon kill some nice, sweet, innocent girl, who hasn't even been laid. Look, if that's how you win wars, then I don't want to win."

"Then what?" Sam argued. "What do we do, Dean?"

"I got a plan." Dean said. "I'm not saying, it's a good one, I am not even saying it's gonna work, but it sure as hell beats killing a virgin."

"Okay, so what's the plan?" Sam gave in.

"Open the door, let them all in." Dean, are you nuts? "And then we fight." He had a brief pause. "Sam, I need to know."

"What do you need to know?" Sam sounded rather confused.

"If Leona had been the only virgin in that room, would you have sacrificed her?" My breath was caught in my throat.

But what shattered my heart completely was that Sam didn't answer. I knew what that meant.

He would have killed me.

I know I offered myself up, but it hurt knowing that someone you see as a brother would actually do it.

## **Chapter 29**

We went over the plan as they came back inside, and let me tell you, Ruby wasn't happy about it. The others had gone to their designated spots, while Ruby, Sam, Dean and I still took up the main room.



"Get the equipment to work?" Dean asked as Sam reentered.

"Yeah." Sam answered.

"So?" Dean asked.

"So this is insane." Sam argued.

"You win understatement of the year." Ruby snarked.

"Look, I get it. You think-"

"I don't think. I know." Ruby interrupted.

"No you don't actually." I spoke up. "Have you ever been in this situation before?" I didn't even give her time to answer. "Well, you certainly haven't been with the Winchesters. If anyone can turn a half-baked plan into a success, it's them."

I walked off to my designated spot with my shotgun and extra rounds, feeling very tired and annoyed with Ruby. If she didn't believe we could win, then fine. Luckily, that is not her choice.

---

I cleared my area by opening the door, breaking the line of salt and scraping off the devils traps.

"All set?" I heard Dean yell.

"Yeah." came from Sam.

"Ready." Henrikson yelled.

I howled to let them know I was ready.

"Let's do this." Dean yelled.

Opening the doors we still had to wait for a few seconds, and then all hell broke loose.

I was fighting and shooting demons left and right, suddenly becoming very fond of the lessons Dean had given me once in a blue moon.

"Argh, not now." I growled as I could feel my headache return and did my best to ignore it. It must have been all the noises and the disgusting smell of rotten eggs that triggered it.

Seriously, could demons not smell like that, please?

I felt a demon kick me in the kneecap making me fall to the ground, as more demons piled on to me. I felt like dead meat already.

I growled as I found all the strength, I had left and clawed left and right, eventually making it, so I could stand again. I got shoved into a glass window as I threw holy water on my assailant.

"Come on, Nancy." I hissed. "Come on."

And then it came.

The exorcism started over the loudspeakers, and I knew we won as soon as I saw the demons fighting to get out, before all coming together forming a massive dark cloud and going straight back to hell.

"Are you okay?" I ran over to where I could hear Sam and Dean groaning from, and saw them on the ground by the wall.

"What do you think, Cub?" Dean replied.

"Yeah." Sam sighed and smiled. "Are you?"

"Except for some cuts and bruises, yeah." I answered. "How about you, Henrikson?"

"I think I can taste some blood, but I'm good." He let out a chuckle.

The power then came back and all of the surviving victims of the demon possession woke up.

---

We had helped clean up and treat what we could, when we had started collecting our weapons.

"I better call it in." Henrikson stated. "I have a story, I won't be telling."

"So what are you gonna tell them?" Sam asked.

"The least ridiculous lie I can come up with in the next five minutes." He smirked.

"Good luck with that." Dean said. "Not to press you or anything but what are you going to do about us?"

"I'm gonna kill you." We all sent him a weird look. "Sam and Dean Winchester were in the chopper, when it caught on fire. Nothing's left. They can't even identify you in the dental records. Rest in peace, guys."

"What about me?" I asked.

"You, young lady, won't be mentioned anywhere." Henrikson answered. "For all I know, there never existed a girl named Leona, who can turn into a wolf"

"Yeah, you might wanna keep quiet about that." I chuckled.

"Will do."

"Thanks."

We all shook his hand. "Now get out of here."

"Yeah." Sam exhaled, and then we walked out to the car and drove back to the motel.

---

We were all relaxing a bit, when someone knocked on the door, making me sigh, cause I already knew who.

"Ruby." I sighed and walked over to let her in.

"Turn on the news." She demanded.

"Well, hello to you too." I muttered.

"Turn on the news." She demanded once more and this time Sam took the remote and turned it on.

"The community is still reeling from the tragedy that happened just a few hours ago." I perked up my head. "Authorities believe a gas rupture caused the massive explosion that ripped apart the Police station and claimed the lives of everyone inside. Among the deceased is at least six police officers and staff members, including Sheriff Melvin Dodd, Deputy Phil Amici, Secretary Nancy Fitzgerald," tears started welling up in my eyes, as Nancy's photo was shown on the screen, "as well as three FBI-agents identified as Steven Groves, Calvin Reidy and Victor Henrikson. Two fugitives in custody were also killed. We will continue the story here at scene, but for now back to you, Jim." Ruby turned off the television.

"It must have happened right after we left." Sam said.

"Considering the size of the blast, my money's on Lilith." Ruby threw a hexbag to each one of us.

"What's in these?" Dean asked.

"Something that will protect you." She explained. "Throw Lillith off your trail. For the time being at least."

"Thanks." Sam said.

"Don't thank me." She answered sharply. "Lillith killed everyone. She slaughtered your precious little virgin and half a dozen other people. So after your big speech about humanity in war, it turns out your plan was the one with the body count." We shared looks of sadness between us. "Do you know how to fight a battle? Not even a little Alpha wolf over here?" I sent her a death stare. "You strike fast and you don't leave any survivors, so no one can go running to tell the boss. So next time, we go with my plan." And with that Ruby left.

We all just sat and looked at each other in sorrow.

"I need to get some air." Dean mumbled and went outside.

I was fighting the tears, denying them access to fall. This whole thing brought up the memories from when I was captured, and when they played, I couldn't help my tears.

"Hey, Leona." Sam noticed. "Are you okay?"

"No." I shook my head, as more tears fell.

"It's not your fault." He whispered into my ear, as he had made his way over to me and embraced me. I felt like a small child in my dad's arms. "It's not your fault."

"It's not just that." I managed to say between the sobs.

"Then what is it?" He asked as I held on to his shirt for dear life.

"Everything comes back." I continued to cry. "All the memories from when I was captured. About how they would slice and burn and shoot and electrocute me." More tears streamed down my cheeks. "I never want to go back."

"You won't." Sam pecked the top of my head, as I could hear the sadness in his voice too. This was the first time I had actually said anything about my time in capture. "I promise, you won't."

"But I'm scared." I admitted. "I'm scared that he won't ever stop chasing me and torturing me in whatever ways he can."

"Shh, Leona." He tried to comfort me. "I'll be here for you."

"But you didn't answer."

"What do you mean?" He asked, puzzled.

"I heard when you and Dean were talking in the hallway." I sniffed. "When he asked, if you would have done the sacrifice with me, you didn't answer."

"Leona." he said with sadness in his voice as he lifted my chin to meet my gaze. "I would never sacrifice you."

"Then why didn't you say that?" I sobbed as I once again buried myself in his arms.

"I was surprised that Dean would even think to ask that, and then he walked away before I could answer." He explained with glassy eyes. "Leona, you are like a little sister to me. I would never do something like that."

And with that I almost just sobbed even more, all from the fear, relief, grief and the thousand other emotions, I was feeling.

Eventually, I fell asleep right there crying into Sam's shirt after everything.

### **Chapter 30**

We were all still quite down after the incident in Monument, Colorado, but we were on our way to California, and recently we had stopped at a motel. It felt so weird to be so close to home.

On one hand I wanted to get back home, but I honestly enjoyed being with Sam and Dean and I knew, when they left, it would probably be the last time I would ever see Dean.

"Hey, Cub. You wanna go get some food with me?" Dean broke me from my train of thought.

"Sure." I shrugged and got my jacket. "Are you gonna join us, Sam?"

"Nah, I will be fine." Sam responded. "Just as long as you get me a salad."

"Yeah, we'll get your rabbit food." Dean said in mock as we walked outside. "Looks like you are driving shotgun."

"Finally." I cheered and got inside the car which blasted 'We Will Rock You'.

"Oh no, my ears." I whined.

"Driver picks the music, shotgun shuts her cakehole." Dean replied. "Those are the house rules, Cub."

"Seriously?" I chuckled.

"Come on, I know you wanna do it." Dean flashed a cocky smile at me before starting to sing.

*"Buddy, you're a young man, hard man. Shouting in the street, gonna take on the world someday.*

*You got blood on your face, you big disgrace. Waving your banner all over the place. We will, we will rock you, sing it."*

"We will, we will rock you, yeah." I joined in. I had heard this song quite a lot of times from driving with the boys.

"Just like that, Cub." He grinned along with me. *"Buddy, you're an old man, poor man, Pleading with your eyes, gonna get you some peace someday."*

*"You got mud on your face, big disgrace, Somebody better put you back into your place, do it!"* I sang along.

*"We will, we will rock you, yeah, yeah, come on  
We will, we will rock you, alright, louder!  
We will, we will rock you, one more time  
We will, we will rock you yeah."* We yelled in sync.

"I bet you don't have music like that in your pack." Dean laughed.

"Not exactly." I grinned along. "We have more old, old songs."

"Well, then let's have one more." He turned up the volume even more as Bon Jovi's 'It's My Life' played.

*"This ain't a song for the broken-hearted  
No silent prayer for the faith-departed  
ain't gonna be just a face in the crowd  
You're gonna hear my voice  
When I shout it out loud"* Dean started again.

*"It's my life  
It's now or never  
I ain't gonna live forever  
I just want to live while I'm alive  
(It's my life)  
My heart is like an open highway  
Like Frankie said,*

*"I did it my way."  
I just wanna live while I'm alive  
It's my life"  
We sang as loud as we could.*

*"This is for the ones who stood their ground  
For Tommy and Gina who never backed down  
Tomorrow's getting harder make no mistake  
Luck ain't even lucky  
Got to make your own breaks" I sang solo.*

*"It's my life  
And it's now or never  
I ain't gonna live forever  
I just want to live while I'm alive  
(It's my life)  
My heart is like an open highway  
Like Frankie said,  
"I did it my way."  
I just want to live while I'm alive  
'Cause it's my life*

*Better stand tall when they're calling you out  
Don't bend, don't break, baby, don't back down*

*It's my life  
And it's now or never  
'Cause I ain't gonna live forever  
I just want to live while I'm alive  
(It's my life)  
My heart is like an open highway  
Like Frankie said,  
"I did it my way."  
I just want to live while I'm alive*

*It's my life  
And it's now or never  
'Cause I ain't gonna live forever  
I just want to live while I'm alive  
(It's my life)  
My heart is like an open highway  
Like Frankie said,  
"I did it my way."  
I just want to live while I'm alive*

*'Cause it's my life!"*

We sang together again, as we left giggling after the song ended.

"You should have worn the shirt I gave you for Christmas." I joked.

"In my defense, I didn't know we were going to have an awesome singing session." He defended. "Thanks for that, Cub."

"For what?" I frowned.

"For wanting to do all of these small things with me." He looked over at me, making me slightly nervous that we were gonna drive into another car. "Sam is not the biggest fan of jam out sessions."

"Then it's good that we have each other." I smiled. "I like this too."

"I'm happy, I met you before..."

"Don't even mention it." I interrupted. "We will figure it out."

"Will we?" Dean asked.

"There is nothing you and Sam can't do, when you work together." I gave a reassuring smile.

## **Chapter 31**

The Morton house. The Grand Canyon Hunters, and Dean had insisted that we go there, since it was the 29th of February and the ghost will only be active on this one day for the next 4 years.

"What was the name of the ghost again?" I asked as we drove towards the house.

"We don't know yet." Sam answered. "No one has lived to tell the tale."

"Comforting." I muttered, sighing.

"Come on Cub, you're not scared of a little ghost, are ya?" Dean taunted.

"When they can kill me, yeah." I answered with sarcasm dripping through every last word.

"They are going to have a tough time killing you." Dean fired back, chuckling.

"You do realize, I am not immortal, right?" I scrunch up my face. "I can actually die."

"Doesn't seem like it." Dean chuckled and Sam with.



"What was that?" I shot up as I heard a sound, since we were near the house.

"What?" Sam asked.

"There was a sound near the fence over there." I pointed in that direction as Dean slowed down and Sam used his flashlight. I could swear, I could smell people around, but at the same time, this was a forest which held a haunted house. Many stupid humans would camp out here, trying to get themselves killed, it would seem.

"I can't see anything, can you?" Sam looked at us and we both shook our heads.

"Probably just some local kids." I muttered, as we drove off again.

I smelled another presence in the house, as we had entered it. Or rather many other people. "Guys," I said to gain their attention. "We got company."

"Police?" Sam questioned.

"Police." Dean confirmed. Knowing what that meant, I transformed into my wolf form, and followed the boys.

"Stop, police officers." Dean yelled as we went towards the small group of two young men, while I growled for the added effect. "Don't move."

"Oh no." The younger one of the two trembled and closed his eyes.

"Alright, take it easy." Sam came through with his much calmer voice. "Let us see some ID."

"Come on." Dean hurried them up.

"Let's see some ID." Sam said once more.

"Are we under arrest?" The same as before croaked out while handing Dean his ID.

"We are unarmed." The other one said.

"Oh God." The first one sighed.

"You wanna explain that weirdo outfit, mr. Corbett?" Dean asked as he examined the ID.

"Woah." The other said in what sounded like realization, as Corbett had trouble getting the right words out. "I know you."

Wait what?

"Yeah sure, you do." Dean said, not buying it. "Give us some ID, come on."

"Woah, woah hold on a second." He continued. "I know both of you guys, yeah."

"What?" Corbett was puzzled as well as me.

"Yeah." He continued.

"Holy shit." Sam exclaimed, prompting both Dean and I to frown at him.

"What?" Dean asked.

"Uhm West Texas, the tulpa we had to take out." Sam started explaining. "Those two goofballs that almost got us killed? Hellhounds or something?"

"Fuck me." Dean said as it dawned on him.

"We are not hellhounds anymore, okay?" The one spoke in a very annoying tone. "It didn't work out."

"What's going on?" Corbett asked, confused.

"These are not cops, buddy." He kept going.

"Leona, you can turn back now." Sam sighed. I frowned slightly, but ultimately did as he said.

"ARGH!" The people yelled and started to try and run away from me.

"Am I that scary?" I mumbled and found that they had been stopped by a locked door.

"Get away from us, evil spirit!" One of the men, apparently named Ed, yelled.

"Please don't eat us." Corbett pleaded.

"Woah, woah I'm not gonna eat you." I clarified.

"You're not?" Corbett asked with a mixture of relief and doubt.

"No, she is with us." Sam told him.

"Are you a werewolf?" Corbett asked with fear very present on his face.

"Oh, don't compare me to those monsters." I quickly stated. "I'm a werewolf and short story; better senses, faster, stronger and I can transform into a wolf."

"Now that we have that in order," Dean took over. "Ed, you had a partner too, didn't you? A different guy?"

"Oh yeah." He confirmed.

"Is he around here somewhere?"

"Yeah, he is running around chasing ghosts." Ed said cocky.

"More like trying to get himself killed." I groaned.

"Okay, well listen. You and Rambo need to find your girlfriends and get out of here." Dean ordered.

"Alright." Ed chuckled with an arrogance that really got under my nerves. "Listen here, chisel chest. We were here first, we have already set up basecamp. We beat you."

"They were here first." Dean turned around to us.

"Seriously, how old are you guys?" I groaned as Dean grabbed Ed's collar.

"Oh God." came from Ed as he was pushed against a wall

"Ed"

"Yeah?"

"Where is your partner?"

---

We walked back to their so-called 'base camp' as I turned to Sam.

"Why have I never heard of these guys?"

"Because we hoped, we would be rid of them." Sam sighed.

"I get what you mean." I sighed as well. "Having spent two minutes with Ed, I already want to rip his throat out. With my teeth."

"Looks like we have a long night ahead of us." Sam commented.

"What are you doing here at the Morton house, Ed huh?" Dean broke our conversation as we reached base camp. "On leap year? What are you thinking?"

"And there's Dean scolding a toddler." I mumbled, earning a slight chuckle from Sam.

"We are here to spend the night, okay?" Ed defended. Obviously doing a poor job of it. "It's for our tv show."

"So people like to watch others do stupid shit?" I frowned.

"What? Great, perfect." Sam said.

"Yeah, nobody has ever spent the night before." Corbett added.

"Uhh actually yeah, they have." Dean clarified.

"Uhm, we have never heard of them." Ed commented.

"You know why?" I started. "Because those who have, never breathed a word about it. In fact, they never breathed ever again."

"Hey, you shouldn't be talking like that to me. I am older than you." Ed shot back.

"And I can claw you up right now." I fired back, effectively shutting him up.

"Look, if you want proof" Sam walked to us, taking his bag. "Missing persons reports going back almost a half-century." He took out a bunch of the posters we had looked at before arriving.

"John Graham, stayed on a dare, gone. Julie Wilkerson, gone. There are tons more. All of them came to just stay the night through, always on a leap year. The only body they ever found was the last owner, Freeman Daggett."

"These look legit." Ed commented as he went through them.

"They are legit." Sam said. "And look, we ain't got much time here, buddy. Starting at midnight, your friends are going to die."

"Oh god." Shouts and yelling from a group of three more people came as they ran down the stairs. "Oh my god! Oh god! Guys! Oh my god! We got one! Corbett, we saw one!"

"What?"

"It was a full apparition!" A dark haired guy yelled from apparent excitement. Why would anyone be excited by a ghost, instead of getting the hell outta there? "It was like a class 4 specter."

"It was amazing." The only other girl added, before a silence fell upon us as they eyed the Winchesters and I.

"Hey, aren't those the fuckers from Texas?" The dark haired guy yelled.

"Yes." Ed confirmed.

"Alright, let's have this reunion across the street." Dean tried to order them. "Guys, come on. We will get you ice cream, our treat. What do you say?"

"Like that would work." I chuckled to Dean as the murmur from the group was deafening.

"We honestly got proof, alright?" The girl said, catching mine and the guys' attention.

"Are you kidding me?" Ed asked as a video with a man in a hat and trench coat came on.

"Not kidding." Dark hair confirmed.

"Ghosts." Someone else murmured.

"And what kind of reading did we get?" Ed asked.

"It was 10,9." Dark hair answered.

"10,9?" Ed asked as if he couldn't believe it.

"Yeah, it was almost 11." He confirmed. "We came out and I was like 'what's going on?' and I was like..."

"Wait, wait." The girl interrupted. "Watch this part."

The video showed what appeared to be the man getting shot and then the 'ghost' disappearing.

"He got shot."

"Blasted."

"Crazy."

"My god."

"Leona, come here." Sam motioned for me to follow him and Dean, which I happily did. "Think we were off on this? That was just a death echo."

"But that doesn't explain all of the disappearances throughout the years." I pointed out.

"Yeah, and what's a death echo doing here?" Dean joined in. "Did anybody get shot here?"

"Not that I could find." Sam answered.

"What's a death echo?" The cameraman from the group asked, which I of course ignored.

"If we got a problem here, that ghost aint it." Sam simply said.

"What's a death echo?" Cameraman just repeated.

"Seriously, these guys." I groaned.

"Echoes are trapped in a loop." Dean explained. "They keep replaying how they died over and over and over again, and it is usually in the place where they were ganked. It's about as dangerous as a scary movie."

"So maybe the echo's not dangerous, but something else is"

"You're right." I agreed.

"Alright, we need to get out of here, guys." Dean commanded, which quickly turned into a mumble of us trying to get them out and their lame protests about leaving their equipment behind and stupid things like that.

"Wait, wait, wait." Dark hair yelled, gaining our attention.

"Where is Corbett?" Ed asked.

"Oh you gotta be kidding me." I mumbled. "Okay, do any of you have anything with his scent on it, huh? Like clothes or a camera or something?"

"Why?" Dark hair asked.

"What are you gonna do?" The girl asked.

"Here." Dean handed me Corbett's ID to try and locate him with. I started my process of smelling and trying to catch his scent, while Sam explained what I was doing.

"Leona is a wolfblood, and it means, amongst many other things, she has an incredible sense of smell."

"I think I got him." I called as I started running towards where the smell was coming from with the others right behind. "Corbett!" I yelled as I got closer only to hear his frightened screams back, only prompting me to run faster than before.

"Let me go!" I heard him scream. "Guys!"

I ran around as the screams faded and I was once again with the group.

"I wasn't fast enough." I sighed.

"Okay, he is not here." Sam took over. "Let's go, let's go, let's go."

"That was Corbett, didn't you hear him?" Dark hair asked as we shoved them along.

"Sam, Cub, get them outta here!" Dean yelled over the protests.

## **Chapter 32**

We were all located in the base camp as the doors and windows had been sealed, and let me just tell you, Sam was not happy about that.

"Sam, calm down." I tried.

"Calm down?" He furrowed his brows. "We are stuck inside this house for the rest of the night without any means of escaping with a crazy ghost or whatever it is on the loose, and these idjits to take care of."

"And just a little while back, we were locked in a police station surrounded by demons, but we made it, didn't we?" I shot back, feeling a slight pang of guilt thinking of Nancy.

"It's 12:04, Dean, you're happy?" Sam said aggravated, not answering my comment.

"Yeah, I am happy." Dean said with anger in his voice.

"Let's go hunt the Morton house, " you say. " It's our Grand Canyon." Sam recited the exact lines Dean had used when pitching the idea.

"Sam, I don't wanna hear it." Dean fired back.

"You got two months left, Dean." Sam picked up a discarded chair. "Instead we are gonna die tonight." He slammed the chair into the door trying to get it to budge, but it didn't.

"Woah, woah." Dark hair or as I now knew him to be Harry.

"The hell is going on, guys?" Spruce, cameraman, asked. It was much easier now that I knew their names.

"I'll tell you what's going on." Sam said with his aggression still very much present. "Every door, every window, I'm guessing every exit outta this house, they are all sealed."

"Why are they sealed?" Maggie asked.

"A supernatural lockdown, okay?" Dean explained.

"Whatever took Corbett doesn't want us to leave, and it's no death echo, this is a mother, and it wants us scared."

"Or it just wants us." Maggie proposed.

"Probably." I groaned.

"Uhm, guys?" Spruce said. "The camera's glitching again."

"Guys?" Ed added. "The EMF's starting to spike. This is a big one."

"Ed." Maggie said quietly.

"Everybody, stay close, there is something coming." Sam said with much of his aggression.

"Guys..." Maggie whispered, as I clutched my knife.

"Okay, let's... let's just stay..." Harry tried before Spruce interrupted.

"Woah." He said as what looked to be another echo appeared.

"Is this the same echo that you guys saw earlier?" Dean asked, making me frown.

"No, it's a different guy." Spruce answered.

"Multiple echoes?" Dean turned to us. "What the hell's going on?"

"Beats me." Sam said.

"Okay, alright, alright." Dean said as he walked up to the echo and started yelling at it. "Hey, you're dead."

"What is he doing?"



"It's rare but sometimes you can shock an echo out of its loop, if you can talk to the part of the ghost, that's still human." Sam explained.

"But normally, you have to have a connection with the echo." I added.

"Come on! Wake up! Be dead!" Dean kept on yelling.

"Real creative one right there, Dean." I couldn't help but chuckle slightly. "Do you hear that?" I frowned.

"Hear what?" Sam asked.

"It sounds like a..." I didn't get to finish my sentence before the echo was flung backwards fast, and then disappeared. "Train."

"Where did it go?" Harry asked. To Disneyland. Where do you think it is?

"What the heck is going on in this house?" I asked as we walked around in the house.

"Yeah, there are no records of any of this here." Dean added. "No one got shot here, and obviously no one got run over by a freaking train."

"Did echoes take Corbett?" Maggie asked.

"No." I said at the same time as Dean said "Yes."

"I mean, no." Dean quickly corrected himself. "I don't know, we don't know what's happening here. That's what we are trying to figure out."

"Stay close." Sam once again reminded them. "Okay look, death echoes are ghosts."

"Who normally haunts the places, they either lived or died." I added.

"Except they didn't live or die here." Dean finished.

"Right." Sam agreed.

"So what are they doing here?" Maggie asked.

"Hey, get the lady a cigar." Dean mocked. "Seriously, does looking at this nightmare through that camera make you feel better or something? I mean..."

"Uhm, I..." Maggie put down the camera before raising it up again. "Yeah, I think so." Dean and I shared a look as we kept going.

"Wicked." I muttered, when we entered the next room with hunting trophies hanging on the walls. We started going through some of the stuff to see if we could get any clues, when Sam spoke up.

"Hey, Freeman Daggett, the house's last owner." He held up a broken glass frame with a faded document in it. "Officially commended for 20 years of fine service at Gamble General Hospital."

"Was he a doctor?" Dean asked.

"Janitor."

"This looks like his den." Dean commented. "When did you say he died, '64?"

"Yeah, heart attack, right?" I answered, receiving a nod from Sam.

What are these? C-rations?" Maggie said as she looked at some boxes, which had been stored away.

"Yeah, army issued, three squares." Dean concluded.

"There is enough here to last a lifetime." I commented.

"Is that all he ate?" Maggie asked.

"He probably didn't want to shop." I picked up a can to examine it further.

"Hello, locked." Dean called from over by a small cabinet.

And then Ed went on about how this wasn't going to help Corbett, but honestly, I didn't really listen.

"Huh, survival under atomic attack." Sam picked up a folder and showed me. "An optimist."

"Oh yeah, the Cold War." I remembered when Sam had told me about it one evening, when I got curious about World History for humans. "Another time where humans nearly ruined the planet."

My focus was quickly drawn to the cabinet, Dean had started to bash in. He took out a box, while Ed continuously pointed his EMF reader at it.

"How hasn't he gotten killed yet?" I mumbled as I looked through the box with Dean.

"Crap, crap, taxidermy okay." Dean commented as he dug deeper into the box. "You said, Daggett was a hospital janitor?"

"Yeah." Sam answered.

"Ew, I got three toe tags here." He held up three small pieces of paper with a string attached.  
"One death by a gunshot, train accident and a suicide."

"Ew." Sam and I said as we shared a look of realization.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Well, that explains why all of the death echoes are here." Sam stated the obvious, which they apparently weren't catching up on.

"They are here, cause their bodies are here." I clarified. "Somewhere in the house, which explains the awful smell."

"What?" Seriously, they still weren't catching on?

"Daggett brought home the remains from the morgue to play." Dean said.

"Ew." They finally understood what we meant.

"That's nasty, dude." Spruce said.

"Wait a second." I noticed we were missing someone. "I'll get her."

---

"Corbett?" A shaky voice asked from within the dark. I could hear her heartbeat briefly picking up speed so she must have gotten spooked. "Okay, Maggie."

"Hey." I said, as she hyperventilated upon seeing me. "You know, you really should stay with the two hunters, who do this for a living and the girl, who can turn into a wolf."

"Maggie?" I heard from behind.

"She's fine." I said as the other arrived.

"Harry, I got an 8,6 & climbing." Ed called out. "Something huge is coming, look. Something big is coming."

"It's past 11, you guys." Harry added.

"What's happening?" Spruce asked.

"Nobody move." Dean ordered.

"Stay quiet." I told them.

It went completely dark for a moment before the light returned, only for us to find Sam nowhere in sight.

"Sam?" Dean called.

"Sam?" I called too and tried to pick up some smell.

"Where did he go?" What do you think, we are trying to figure out, Spruce?

"Sam!" Dean yelled as he found his flashlight.

"Sammy!" Dean yelled.

"Sam!" I yelled.

"Corbett! Corbett!" It was a madhouse of just yelling.

"Sammy!" Dean yelled again, desperate to find his baby brother.

"Sam!" I went with Dean to try and find Sam and apparently in the meantime, a whole love drama had broken out between Maggie, Harry and Ed. Great, just what we needed.

"Hey! Hey! Hey!" Dean yelled as we broke up the small fight between Ed and Harry. Or well, fight might be a strong word. From where I was standing it mostly looked like they were hugging.

"The fuck are you doing?" Dean asked, when we separated them.

"Cut it out!" I yelled.

"We are down by two people!" Dean pointed out. "Sam!" And with that we went back to searching.

"Dean, I can try my Eolas." I suggested.

"Are you sure?" He looked at me with his signature older brotherly overprotectiveness.

"It might be our best shot." I argued.

He thought for a moment before nodding. "Okay."

"Alright, everyone turn your equipment off." I said as I knelt down.

"Why?"

"Just turn it off." I ordered. "All clear?"

"All clear." Dean nodded.

I took a deep breath and tapped into my Eolas, looking all around the house and area to find Sam and Corbett.

"Argh!" I clutched my ears in pain from the electricity flowing through the air, screeching through my ears like a thousand crows at once.

"What is going on?" Maggie asked.

"Is she okay?"

"Is she dying?" Okay, dramatic much.

"Equipment... off..." I croaked out through the pain.

"Okay, anyone have anything turned on, huh?" Dean started looking across the table and in their pockets, before he finally found the source and turned it off. "Are you okay?" He asked as he saw, I had removed my hands.

"Yeah, I am good." I assured him before looking at the group. "Next time, I say turn it off, you freaking turn it off." I panted while scowling at them.

"Did you see anything?"

"Darkness, humidity and it felt cold." I answered. "But also weird, like it isn't used for the intended purpose."

"What exactly is that supposed to mean?" Ed asked.

"I don't know." I sighed. "I am just telling you, what I felt."

"Wait, cold and humid?" Dean asked to which I nodded. "I think I know where we might find some answers."

## **Chapter 33**

"Dean, what are you doing?" Harry yelled as we all followed Dean into another room.

"Daggett was a Cold War nut, okay?" Dean started. "He was an amateur taxidermist, he liked to slow dance with cadavers and all he ate was sea rations, so what the hell are we looking for?"

"A horrible little life." Maggie commented.

"A lonely life." I added as realization dawned on me, and Dean too apparently.

"A Cold War life." We said in sync. "He was scared."

"Scared of what?"

"Dean, Leona, where are you going?" Harry yelled as we started running.

"Wait Dean, Leona." Ed called.

We reached a lower level with the others in tow.

"What are you doing?" Maggie asked.

"Guys like Daggett, the ones who were really scared of the ruskies." Dean started.

"They built bomb shelters." I added.

"I'm guessing, he's got one." Dean finished as he tried to open a door. "And I bet you, it's in the basement."

"And it would make sense with the coldness and humidity, I felt." I pointed out, as Dean, Spruce and I went through the now open door, before it closed back up.

"Woah." I heard from the outside.

"That is not funny." Ed said. "Can you..."

"Uhm, who closed the door?" Spruce asked.

"My money's on Daggett." I said through my struggle with trying to open the door. "He wants to separate us."

"Ed, listen to me." Dean yelled from our side of the door. "There is some salt in my duffle. Make a circle and get inside."

"Inside your duffle bag?" Ed asked for a brief pause.

"Inside the salt, you idiot!" Dean and I yelled in sync.

Shortly after, we heard shuffling, and we decided to keep going.

"You still got the knife, I gave you?" Dean asked.

"Right here." I showed it to him briefly. "Don't go anywhere without it."

"Good, you might need it." He muttered.

"You don't say."

"Hey, can I ask you something?" Spruce asked as Dean and I searched the basement for a way inside the bomb shelter.

"What?" Dean asked.

"Earlier, you two and Sam." Spruce started. "He said you had two months left?"

"Oh believe me, that's not something, you wanna know." I added, continuing to look.

"It's complicated. A while ago, Sam..." Dean answered before stopping himself. "No, no, no, I'm not going to whine about my fucking problems to some fucking reality show. I am gonna do my fucking job."

"And you wonder, where I learned my swear words." I mumbled.

"Is it cancer?" Spruce asked.

"Shut up." Dean yelled.

"You hear that?" I said.

"What?"

"It sounds like birthday songs and someone is talking." I looked towards a bookcase, which I lifted away to reveal a secret door.

"Well done, Cub." Dean chuckled.

"Wow, you're strong." Spruce said, making me roll my eyes.

We struggled to get the door open, but when it finally gave away, it wasn't a moment too late. We saw Freeman Daggett about to stab Sam in the neck with a metal spike. Dean quickly shot Daggett, while I ran over to cut him loose.

"Oh god." I heard Spruce mutter. "Oh no, Corbett." It made me look up and see the dead body of Corbett.

"So what's this Daggett guy's problem?" Spruce asked as we helped Sam back, where we came from.

"Loneliness." Sam answered.

"Has he never heard of a real doll?" Dean snarked, making me frown.

"No, Daggett was Norman Bates stuff your mother kinda lonely." Sam clarified. "That's why he lifted these bodies from the morgue. He threw himself a birthday party, except they were the only ones who would come. Anyways, so at midnight he sealed them in the bomb shelter and went upstairs and OD'd on horse tranqs."

"How do you know all of this?" I asked.

"Cause he told me."

"Oh, that's new." I muttered.

"Yeah." Sam agreed.

"Okay, so now that he's dead, same song, different verse?" Dean said. "Trying to get people to come to his party?"

"Pretty much, yeah." Sam answered. And they have to stay forever."

"Are those real bullets?" Spruce asked as Dean reloaded his shotgun. Honestly, I wouldn't have noticed, if he hadn't commented. I guess that is how used to it I have become.

"It's rock salt." Dean said.

Later on we reached the door, which had slammed shut before, and Dean was currently trying to use a metal rod of some sorts to break it down.

"Seriously?" I heard from Sam. "You're still shooting?"

"Just ignore it." I muttered to him, as I tried to kick the door down along with Dean's insistent hammering on the door.



"It makes him feel better, don't ask." Dean added to my explanation.

"Woah, guys?" I heard from Spruce. "Getting a ghost real thing. Something's coming. Oh my god!"

I turned around to see Daggett attack Spruce. "Hey, idjit." I yelled running towards him with my knife out. He let go of Spruce and focused on dodging my blade instead. I caught him with it, making him disappear temporarily.

When he reappeared, I readied myself for battle once more. He was relentless and threw me into a wall and did the same with Sam and Dean.

"This is bad." I vaguely heard Spruce say. "Very bad."

All of the sudden. Corbett's ghost appeared and attacked Daggett. Their energies canceled each other out, making them both disappear.

"You're alright, guys?" Spruce asked whilst still filming us.

"Yeah, we are good." I answered.

---

Morning finally arrived after an exhausting night of death, chaos and a weird drama thingy.

I couldn't wait to get away from this house and get myself some sleep and food. Especially meat. Lots and lots of meat.

Sam and Dean gave the Ghostfacers their phone numbers, so they could contact them instead of going hunting on their own, and off we were.

Or at least, we thought we were.

Low and behold, we were sitting in their lair and watching the episode they had recorded. Sam, Dean and I all shared a look of disgust and confusion of the episode.

The Ghostfacers were all sitting around us, waiting for our reaction.

"So guys?" Ed asked. "What do you think?"

Dean wiped away a fake tear, while Harry asked him if he was alright.

"You know what, I think it was actually half awesome." Dean smirked.

"Half awesome?" Maggie was ecstatic from the review. "That's full on good, right."

"Yeah, and it is bizarre, how y'all are able to honor Corbett's memory, while grossly exploiting the matter of his death, well done." Sam commented.

"Yeah, that's a real tightrope, you guys are walking." Dean added.

"But you are at least holding your balance. Most of the time at least." I grinned.

"Alright, guys." Sam said as we all rose from our seats.

"Nah, that's reality, man." Ed said. "Corbett gave his life searching for the truth, and it is our job over here to share it with the world."

"Right, well our experience." Sam commented. "You know what you get when you show the world the truth?"

"A straightjacket or a punch in the face." Dean answered. "Sometimes both."

"Or a trigger-happy guy coming for you." I added.

"Oh come on, guys, don't be haters because we happen to have the footage of a century." Harry cockily replied.

"Oh yeah." Ed added.

We looked at one another.

"You got us there." Dean said.

"Yeah." Sam added.

"Well, see you guys around." I said with the sarcasm dripping thick from my voice.

"Yeah." We heard from Harry.

"Peace out." Spruce added.

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As soon as we got out the door, we ran to the impala.

"You think we're clean?" Sam asked as we reached the impala.

A collective 'no' and following commotion sounded from the house.

"I think we are." I laughed as we popped into the car.

"Electromagnet." Dean said as we had gotten seated. "Wiped out every tape and hard drive they had."

"The world just isn't ready for the Ghostfacers." Sam said.

"That's too bad." Dean smiled. "I kinda liked the show."

"It had its moment." Sam chuckled.

"I must say, I did like some of the more professional characters." I giggled.

"Let's get you home, Cub." Dean sent me a smile through the rearview mirror.

### **Chapter 34**

We got out of the car in the Californian forest, and I could feel and smell it. Home.

"Come on," I smiled at the brothers, "this way."

We walked into the woods, and I couldn't help the smile on my face, when I heard two childlike voices calling out to me.

"Leona!" I turned around to see Gwen and Gadwick come running towards me. "Leona!"

"Gwen! Gadwick!" I laughed as I picked them up in my arms. "I missed you two so much."

"You're back!" Gwen had the widest smile I had ever seen on her face.

"Finally!" Gadwick gave me an even bigger hug.

"Let me have a look at you." I grinned as I put them down. "You have grown so much. Have you been nice to the pack, while I have been gone?"

"Yes." They said in sync.

"Varga took us out hunting with him, and we caught a deer." Gwen squealed in excitement.

"You two cubs caught a deer all by yourself?" I asked in wonder, while they nodded. "You have gotten better."

"Who are they?" Gwen carefully pointed to the brothers behind me.

"Are they dangerous?" Gadwick continued.

"Not to us." I calmed them and gestured for Sam and Dean to come over. "Gwen, Gadwick, meet Sam and Dean Winchester. They were the ones who got me home."

"Hi." The boys awkwardly waved.

"You're giant!" Gadwick said with his eyes wide in surprise as he looked up to Sam. "Will you carry me on your shoulders?"

"You don't have to." I quickly assured Sam.

"No, it's fine." Sam smiled. "Come here, buddy." He picked up Gadwick and placed him on his shoulders.

"Wow, I can see all over the forest from up here." Gadwick said in amazement.

"Can I...uhm..." Gwen tried to ask Dean.

"Come here, girl." Dean smiled and placed Gwen on his shoulders as well.

"Wow, have you ever seen it from up here, Leona?" Gwen smiled.

"No, I'm not as small as you." I giggled fondly and couldn't help but think of the irony of the situation. Two men, who had been trained since birth to be hunters, and a set of twins, who despite being born something that could be seen as monsters by hunters, were now riding their shoulders.

"So these are the Winchesters, I have heard so much about." I could recognize that voice anywhere.

"Varga!" I sprinted to him and jumped up into the arms of my older brother.

"Leona." He whispered as he buried his head in my shoulders, and I did the same. I had missed him so unbelievably much. "You're finally back home."

"I am Varga." I smiled. "With some help."

Varga walked over to the Winchester brothers, and for a moment I was sure he would be pissed, but instead he reached forward his hand. "Thank you for bringing Eleonora back to us."

"Thanks for that, Varga." I called out after hearing my full name.

"Wait, Eleonora?" Dean asked, barely keeping his laughter in.

"That's Leona's real name." Gwen started.

"But she doesn't like it very much, so we just call her Leona." Gadwick continued.

"Just like everyone else." Gwen finished.

"Thanks for the explanation, you two." I shot them a mockingly mad glare, before looking back to the brothers. "Yes, that is my real name, but only Varga uses it and only to annoy me." He earned a hard elbow to his rib cage.

"Hey, Carrie does too." Varga quickly defended.

"She is old school." I shot back. "What's your excuse?"

"I'm your older brother." He fired back.

"I hate when you do that." I muttered.

"Sorry, but you two don't look very much alike." Dean said, earning a fist on his arm from Sam. "What? They don't."

"Don't worry, you are not the first to say that." I chuckled. "I take after our mother, and Varga takes after our father."

"Yeah, we have never looked alike." Varga grinned. "When Leona was born, I thought she wasn't my sister at first."

"And you certainly acted that way."

"Did not."

"Oh yes, you did." I shot back. "At least if you ask Carrie, Aaron, Mom, Dad, Beck, Horus..."

"Alright, I get it." Varga raised his hands in surrender. "Speaking of which, the pack can't wait to see you again. You are welcome to join us."

"Are you sure?" Sam questioned.

"We are hunters after all." Dean added.

"You are, but you are also the hunters, who brought home my sister and our Potentia." Varga smiled. "They would love to meet you."

"It's only if you want to." I added. "Of course."

"I'm down, if you are." Dean looked to his brother.

"We would love to come." Sam smiled.

"Wonderful." Varga smiled.

"Also what does Potentia mean?" Dean asked me.

"It's Anspeak for strength or might." I explained. "Our ancient language."

"It sounds almost Latin." Sam commented.

"That's probably because Anspeak is a mixture between the Old Norse languages and Latin, but it is written in runes." I smiled. "Not the easiest one to learn."

"I bet you, Sam would love to learn it." Dean grinned and patted his brother's back.

"Shut up." He muttered.

---

We walked to the camp, just for me to be overrun by the other cubs. "Who missed me?" I giggled.

"Leona!" They all yelled, as they tackled me to the ground.

"Hey, everyone." I laughed. "Nice to see you too."

"Okay, come on, cubs." Varga chuckled. "Let her breathe."

"Oops. Sorry, Varga." They murmured.

"You sure know how to handle them." I grinned as he gave me a hand. "You don't even need me anymore."

"Don't even dare saying that." He laughed. "I am completely exhausted from looking after them. I have no clue how you do it."

"A lot of patience, brother." I joked and moved on. "A lot of patience."

"Eleonora." I heard Carrie from behind and gave her a hug. "It's good to have you back."

"It's good to be back." I giggled.

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't find anything on getting out of the deal with a crossroads demon." Carrie said as we settled down.

"It's okay." I gave a small smile. "You did your best." She nodded and went to sit with her son and husband.

"What was that all about?" Dean asked, taking me by surprise.

"Oh, just Carrie saying welcome back." I tried to cover it up.

"Really?" Dean raised a brow at me. "Cause I might not know much about your culture, but I'm pretty sure getting out of a demonic deal is not a part of it."

"Oh." I scratched my neck. "You heard that?"

"What do ya think, Cub?" He sighed. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want to get your hopes up, just to crush them, if I couldn't find anything." I gave him a sad look. "Sorry, I just wanted to help you."

"It's alright, Cub." He gave me a side hug. "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"I guess this is goodbye then." I sighed, when the three of us reached the impala.

"More like a 'see you later'." Sam smiled.

"Come here you two." I opened my arms and engulfed them in a giant hug, while I could feel the tears pressing on. "Thank you. For everything."

"You're welcome." Sam smiled.

"And thank you." Dean said.

"What for?" I questioned.

"Making these past months better."

"You're welcome." Streaks of tears made their appearance known. "Take care, boys."

"You too, Cub." Dean smiled as they got inside the car.

"I love you." I stated right when the engine started roaring.

"We love you too." Sam said and they both offered a smile, and with that the impala sped off.

"I'm gonna miss them." I whispered through the tears, when Varga approached me from behind and gave me a hug.

"It's gonna be okay." He whispered into my hair, as I sobbed. "You're gonna be okay."

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Two months later, I was with the cubs in the outskirts of the forest, when I heard a familiar sound of an engine and the homey scent that I spent months with.

"Sam?" I called as I walked towards the tall figure, only to see the tears trickling down his cheeks from glassy eyes. "No..." I knew what this meant. "Please, tell me, it's not true."

"I'm sorry." Sam mumbled, before we embraced one another and cried in each others' arms. I couldn't wrap my head around. He couldn't be, but he was.

Dean was dead.