What To Do
by Mandancie

Summary

John decided that Sam can stay in one school for the entire year. Everything should be fine and peaceful. But when is anything peaceful when the Winchesters are involved. Teenchesters! Sam/16; Dean/20

Notes

Warning: Contains Physical and Verbal abuse in later chapters. Please read and review!
What was Sam going to do? If he told Dean what was happening, he was sure his brother wouldn't believe him. It was his fault. He had told Sam if he told his brother he would take him away from Dean. Sam was so scared of losing his brother over this. So he just let it happen. As long as Dean didn't find out, he would be fine. Sam loved his brother and he didn't want anything to happen to him. Dean has done so much and sacrificed so much so that Sam could have the stability of a real life, and he didn't want to jeopardize that. He knew how much Dean missed hunting. He knew Dean missed the thrill behind the chase. And Sam didn't want his brother to blame him for taking that away. What was Sam going to do?

Six Months Earlier

A day like any other. The boys got up and prepared for another day. They knew that with the end of this hunt that they would be moving again. John was just coming home- which is another motel- from a quick salt and burn. When John stepped inside the motel room he saw his sons already eating breakfast.

"Hey dad," Dean mumbled, putting a spoonful of cereal in his mouth.

"Hey," John said sitting down on one end of the couch.

"How did it go?" Dean asked curiously.

"It's finished. You boys finish up and pack your things. We're leaving in a couple of hours." John said before standing up and walking towards the bathroom.

Sam looked at Dean as if he was expecting Dean to say something. Dean and Sam always had a way of talking to each other without saying a word. John came out of the bathroom and saw his sons looking at each other. It always amazed him that the two of them could do that. He knew there was something going on since they were still sitting at the table and neither of them had finished their cereal.

"Okay," John said slowly, walking towards the table, startling both Sam and Dean a little, and sat down. "What's going on?"

"Dad," Dean started, his voice cautious.
"Can't we stay? Please," Sam blurted out. Dean looked at Sam like I told you I would tell him. And Sam returned the look I'm sorry. Sam put his head down.

"Dad," Dean continued, "Sam's starting Junior year of high school wants to stay in the same school. This year is really important for Sam. We can stay. I'll look after him. I can find a job. You can still hunt, we will be fine here."

John sat back in the chair. He looked over at Sam, who had his head down, waiting for his answer. Dean was 20 and John knew that he was more than capable of taking care of Sam. He knew that deep down that Sam always hated having to change schools so much. As much as it pained John to know that his sons really didn't need him around that much, he knew they were growing into wonderful men. So he thought why not, what could possibly go wrong?

"Well," John started to say. He could see Sam tensing up knowing what the answer was going to be. "That sounds fine to me."

Sam's head ducked down a little but then when he realized what his Dad had said, his head popped up and looked at his father with a surprised look on his face. Dean smiled.

"Really," Sam said. "You're serious. We can stay?"

"Yes, you boys can stay," John said. "But I have a few rules that you must follow. If I find out there is a problem or if my rules get broken I'll be back and we will be moving around again. Understand. If your going to be staying in one school, I do not want your grades dropping. If I find out your grades are slipping, the deal is off. You're back with me."

"Yes, sir," Sam said. He could hardly contain his excitement. Dean shook his head laughing at his baby brother.

"If you're going to be staying in town," John started. "Then it would be best if you boys get an apartment, rather than stay here at the motel. I'll pay for the first couple of months, but Dean you'll have to find a job to keep it up, okay."

"Yes, sir," Dean answered.

"I don't want you drawing attention to yourselves. Keep the doors and windows locked and salted. If there is a problem, you call me. I'll let Bobby and Jim know that you'll be staying here, so if you can't for some reason get me I want you to call them. If there is any problem, any at all, Dean, I want you to pack up and head for either Jim or Bobby's place. You understand me?"

"Yes sir."

"Thank you Dad," Sam said getting up from the table.

John waited for Sam to leave before he finished telling Dean the rules.

"Dean, I know how much this means to Sammy, but you know I am not really comfortable with this. I want you to watch out for him."

"You know I will."

"I know, I know. But if there is something that goes down here, and there is a hunt, I don't want you going after it. Call me or Bobby and we will take care of it. You're just going to be a regular 9-5 while you're here."
"Yes, sir" Dean said smiling.

"If anything goes wrong, call me."

"I will dad," Dean said getting up. "Don't worry. I can take care of the runt."

"I know you can," John said. "I'm just not entirely comfortable with leaving you boys here."

"We'll be fine, dad," Dean said. "I got it."

John watched Dean walk out of kitchen and headed for the back room where Sam was. John shook his head. He knew his rules were not needed, but being a father, he still had to say them. He knew Dean could handle anything that would come up with no problem. It still didn't make it any easier that he was leaving his boys for the good part of a year. He knew that he still could come back and check on them when he was between a hunt. Why not? They needed to have a stable home for once. John sat back and smiled.

Dean walked into the shared room and saw Sam was sitting on the bed looking through the school registration forms. Dean could see his brother beaming with joy. Dean shook his head.

"Hey, kiddo," Dean said sitting across from Sam on his own bed.

"He said yes," Sam said looking at Dean.

"Yeah," Dean said nodding his head. "I told you. Just present him with a winning argument and he'll listen."

"Thanks, Dean," Sam said. "I know how much you love hunting. You're giving that up."

"Hey," Dean said. "Don't even think on it. We're going to have fun, okay."

"Right."

"Give me those papers so I can fill them out and get Dad to sign them before we get started."

Sam handed over the papers and watched as Dean walked over to the door.

"Hey, go pack up your stuff. After we get you registered in a school we have to find a place to stay."

Sam got up and started packing.

The day continued as uneventfully as a day could with a boy being utterly excited that he would actually be staying at one school for an entire year. Sam was registered and while he and Dean were having lunch, John went and got them an apartment. John found an already furnished place just a few miles from the school. He paid for the first three month's rent. He went to the power company to get power in the place and again paid for the first and second's month. It would be enough time for Dean to be able to find a job and some money saved. Before John met up with the boys at the diner, he decided to go grocery shopping so that they would already have food and wouldn't go hungry. He knew they would be fine but he just couldn't leave knowing that they didn't have food or shelter. When John finally showed up at the diner Sam and Dean were just lounging at the table- they had already finished eating- but stayed where they were so they would be able to meet their Dad as soon as he came home.

"Hey dad," Dean said. "What took so long?"
"Oh I had to make sure everything was okay, didn't I."

Dean knew what he meant and smiled.

"Dad, we are going to be fine."

"I know. You boys ready to go?"

"Yeah," Sam said getting up from the booth.

They arrived the apartment and looked at it. It was really nice. It had two bedrooms, which meant each boy could have his own room. Sam liked that. They've never had their own room before. Sam was just on cloud nine the whole day. He didn't have to move away again. He got to spend the rest of the semester at one school. And now he had his own room. Sam was beaming. Dean smiled at him. He always loved to see his brother happy.

The next day, early in the morning, John came into Dean's room and woke him up.

"Dean," John said shaking his shoulder. "Dean, wake up."

"Dad," Dean groggy said. "What's wrong?"

"There's a case, I got a call from Bobby. He's going to meet me." Dean got up from the bed out of pure habit. "No, I just came in to tell you I was leaving."

"Dad," Dean asked. "You sure? School doesn't start for another two weeks."

"No," John smiled. "Remember what I said. Take care of your brother. I'll be back in a few months." John walked over to Dean and hugged him. Before Dean could say anything else John walked out of the room and closed the door with Dean still standing there.

John then walked over to Sam's room and opened the door. Sam was asleep. He didn't have the heart to wake him up. He walked over to his sleeping son and sat on the bed next to him. John moved the hair out of Sam's eyes and put his hand on his forehead. Sam didn't wake up, but leaned into the touch. John got up and walked towards the door. "Take care, son."

"Love you dad," Sam said not even opening his eyes.

"Love you too, son. Go back to sleep."

Sam's breathing evened back out and was asleep in no time. John looked at his son again and then closed the door.

John heading towards the front door and saw Dean sitting on the couch.

"Dad," Dean said.

"One more thing, Dean."

"Dad, we'll be fine. I'll call if there is a problem." Dean didn't say it, but he was starting to get annoyed with his Dad repeating his instructions over and over; as though he thought his words were just going in one ear and out the other.

"I know you will. I know this place is close to the school but I don't want Sammy walking to school, alright?"
"Okay."

John looked at his son. He knew deep down Dean could handle anything. He would take care of Sam with no problem. It was just so hard for John to let go. It was different from just going on a hunt. He would always be coming back. This time he knew it would be a long time before he would be in this part of the country. Even though it was time that Dean was on his own, it still hurt like hell to leave his sons behind. John walked out of the apartment and went to his truck. A tear fell from his eyes as he drove away from his children.

The next morning Sam woke up to find Dean in the kitchen making breakfast.

"Wow, where did all this come from?" Sam asked sitting down at the table.

"Dad," Dean said putting the eggs he just made on the plate. "He went shopping for food before he came to the diner yesterday." Dean put the plate in front of Sam.

"Cool," Sam said started eating his breakfast.

"Listen, when you get finished, get cleaned up. We got some things to do today. I want to get this over with."

"Oh okay," Sam said with a mouthful of eggs. "Where are we going?"

"Well, we need to get you some supplies for school and need to get you a few new clothes."

"Really?" Sam said swallowing the eggs. "I'm getting new clothes."

"Yeah," Dean said leaning against the counter. "I can't have you going to school in old hand-me-downs."

"Christo," Sam whispered, putting his fork down.

"Shut up, it's me."

"I'm not sure. I'm getting a lot of things."

"Don't be a bitch. I just thought you might want some new clothes."

"I do. It's just usually I don't get this much of a fuss over."

"Yes you do. Stop that. Finish your breakfast."

Sam finished his eggs and left and got cleaned up and dressed. Dean was waiting for Sam in the living room.

"You ready," Dean said looking at him.

"Yeah," Sam said.

"Good. Let's go." Dean said getting up from the couch heading for the door.

They spent the day getting new clothes for Sam. He got his supplies for school. They even went to see a movie. They had a good time just spending the day with each other. Dean also found himself a job at the local mechanic shop working on cars and small engines. Dean had charmed his way into
only working during the day. He told the owner that he had to be home in time for his brother to get home from school. They assumed that his brother was in elementary school when he said that, and Dean didn't correct them. Besides with the fact that Sam was still short for his age just made the owner's assumption more viable. Sam was annoyed by it, but also didn't complain, because he too, didn't want to come home from school to an empty apartment. Dean got what he wanted. He got a job that would let him work the times Sam was in school and he would be home with him at night so that Sam didn't have to be home alone.

The day was going wonderfully. That evening they decided to rent some movies and get some take-out and enjoy the rest of the night. Dean would start his job the next day. While Dean was at work, Sam stayed in town with him. He would mostly go to the library or just hung around the shop with Dean while he worked. The owner didn't care as long as Sam didn't get into any trouble. But Sam was a good kid and Dean knew if he was told to stay put he usually did. Unless he wanted to help Dean out.

The next fortnight went by so fast. Sam was so excited about his first day at school. He got up early and was dressed by the time Dean came downstairs.

"Getting ready a little early, aren't we?" Dean asked.

"Hey, I can't help it. It's the first day of school and I know that I am going to be at this school for the whole school year." Sam beamed.

Dean shook his head at his geeky little brother.

"You're such a nerd," Dean said.

"Whatever," Sam retorted.

Dean dropped Sam off at the front door of the school.

"I'll be here when you get out okay," Dean said.

"Okay," Sam said getting out of the car. "See you later."

Most of the kids were looking in awe at the vintage Chevy that Sam walked out of. Sam always loved the looks that he received when he got to school. So many 'Cool car' and 'who's car is that'. Sam walked into the school with a small smile on his face. Today was starting out to be a wonderful day. Sam looked down at his registration paper to see where his homeroom was. English 2210, which meant that he would have to go across to the other side of the school. He walked in the room and found a seat at the back of the class. Keeping a low profile, a habit that had been engrained in him by his Dad and brother so often that it had become second nature.

Dean drove off when he saw Sam walk in the school. On his way to work, his phone rang.

Can't be Sam already, Dean thought, school's only just started. He flipped open his cell and answered.

"Hello? Hey Dad... yeah, I just dropped him off... I did... He's fine... I'm about to head to work...There's an old mechanic shop in town not far from the school that I am working at... yeah that place... Don't worry... Fine... Don't worry... I get off when Sam gets out of school...Because I got it like that... Dad, it's fine... We'll be fine... Yes, sir... I know... I will... I always do." Dean hung up, shaking his head in exasperation and headed into work. Dean walked through the doorway just as the owner, Gus, was coming out of the back room. They both nodded their good mornings and Dean made a beeline into the back to finish up on the car he had been working on for the past couple of days. Keeping a low profile; some things just never change for either of the boys.
TBC

A/N: Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story. Please review! I would love to know what you think! :)

Much love

Mandanice
First Day of School

Disclaimer: As much as I want to I still do not own Supernatural. It belongs to Eric Kripke

A special thanks to AlElizabeth for beta'ing my story

Chapter Two: First Day of School

Sam walked into homeroom. He sat down at the desk in the back of the class. He watched as the other kids streamed in and sat down.

"Hi," a boy sitting next to Sam said.

"Hey," Sam said looking over at him.

"My name is Josh."

"Sam. Nice to meet you," Sam said.

"You too. You new around here?"

"Yeah, my brother and I just moved here."

"He the one in the car?"

"Yeah," Sam said with a smile. "That's him."

"Wow, that's so cool."

"Thanks."

When the final bell rang, the teacher walked in. A man, who didn't look much older than Dean, strolled to the front of the class to calm the kids down so he could begin his lessons.

"Okay everybody, quiet down now. My name is Mr. Baxter. This is your homeroom class. This is the class that determines if you get detention or not. Do not be late for my class. Do not miss my class. If you miss this class or are late, you will be considered absent for the entire day and you will spend the day in in-school suspension when you do come in. Is that understood?"

The day went uneventful, Sam and Josh found out they had most of their classes together. They both became fast friends. At lunch they sat in the far corner of the cafeteria and just talked about anything and everything. At the end of the day, when students were returning to their homeroom classes, a school announcement came on over the ancient PA system. The principal reminded the students about upholding the school rules, etc. etc. Then the Homecoming dance was brought up. Another teacher, a Mrs. Brewster, was having a meeting for people who wanted to be on the committee. Josh and Sam were in the back of the class talking quietly so that their teacher wouldn't be able to hear them. When the end-of-day bell rang, Sam and Josh began walking out with the rest of their class.

"Mr. Winchester," Mr. Baxter said, startling the boy, "I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir," Sam said, his heart beating nervously. Great, it was his first day at a new school and he had already done something to screw up!

"I'll wait for you," Josh promised and squeezed out the door between a couple of girls giggling over
the BackStreet Boys.

"Mr. Winchester, I know you are new here but you will not talk while announcements are on. Do you understand me?" Mr. Baxter asked.

"Yes sir," Sam said. "Sorry, sir."

"I don't want to have this conversation, again. Understand."

"Yes sir," Sam said with his head down.

"Go. I'll see you tomorrow." Mr. Baxter said. "Get out of here."

Sam trudged out of the room. He'd never been held after class. It was a weird feeling. Josh was standing by Sam's locker.

"Hey, is everything okay," Josh asked, concern for his new friend clear on his face.

"Yeah," Sam said. "Everything is fine. You ready to go?"

"'Yeah," Josh said and hitched his backpack up on his shoulders.

Josh and Sam walked side-by-side out of the school. They were back to talking about anything and everything. Sam saw the Impala parked in the same place as it had been that morning, as though Dean had never left. Sam said his goodbyes to Josh and walked towards the Impala when he felt a push from behind. He fell hard onto his hands and knees. He heard the familiar creak of the classic Chevy's door and Dean stepped out of the vehicle

"See you next fall, runt," Dustin- a bully in Sam's own grade- sneered, looking proud of himself.

Sam looked up and saw that Dean was already making his way towards him. He quickly stood up and brushed his hands together, wincing slightly at his scraped palms.

"HEY!" Dean yelled, glaring at the bully. Dustin looked up and saw an angry guy staring at him. He was definitely not in high school. He was clearly the new kid's older brother. The look on Dean's face scared Dustin and everyone who was in a ten foot radius. "Is there a problem here?"

Dean walked over to Sam. Josh helped Sam gather his backpack and books that had fallen on the ground. Sam saw the look on Dean's face, knew what it meant, and positioned himself in front of his brother.

"Dean," Sam said almost desperately, "It's fine."

"No," Dustin answered somewhat nervously, "No problem." Dustin realized that his actions towards Sam would be a wrong idea when his brother showed up. Dustin walked off with his friends. Dean still upset with the boy that had the audacity to put his hands on his brother.

"Get in the car," Dean said tersely. It was harsh but it wasn't directed towards Sam. Sam got his things from Josh, said his goodbyes and walked to the car and got in the passenger seat.

Dean looked at Josh and asked if he needed a ride. Josh declined telling him that he could walk home. Dean nodded and turned his attention to his priority: Sam.

Dean got in the car and looked at his brother.

"Are you okay?" Dean said sitting with his back to the door, facing Sam. His voice is a lot calmer
than it was a few seconds ago, now that the threat was gone.

"I'm fine, Dean." Sam repeated. He just wanted Dean to drop it. He didn't need his big brother coming to the rescue after every playground scuffle; he wasn't a little kid.

"Is there anything I need to know?" Dean pressed.

Sam knew that seeing him get pushed to the ground had sent Dean's big brother's senses into overdrive, so he decided to let his nerves down easy.

"Dustin was just being a jerk," Sam said, smiling, trying to ease the tension that was in the car. "I have a class with him and he was bothering Josh earlier and I stood up to him. That's all."

Dean looked at Sam. "That's all?"

"Yeah," Sam answered. "It's fine. It's nothing to worry about. Can we go now?"

Dean straightened up in the seat, turned the ignition and drove off.

Mr. Baxter was standing in the window looking out to the front of the school. He saw the entire incident with Sam, Josh and Dustin. I guess we have a discipline problem that he would have to deal with, Mr. Baxter thought. He walked back to his classroom.

Dean drove to the apartment and parked the Impala.

"Hey, Dean?" Sam said not moving from his seat.

"Yeah," Dean asked, pausing in with his hand on the door handle.

"Are you going to tell Dad about this?"

"Why?" Dean asked. "Why should I tell Dad? Nothing happened, right? There's nothing I should know, right."

"No, there's nothing."

"Then there is nothing to tell Dad." Dean got out of the car. Sam followed Dean out of the car and they both walked into the apartment. Even though they had an eventful afternoon, the evening went off without a hitch. Sam did his homework and Dean made dinner. After dinner they watched a movie and Sam went to bed.

The phone rang.

"Hello... Hey Dad... yeah everything's fine... No, no problems... everything went fine... sounds good... How did your hunt go?... Good... No, it's alright... Just fixing cars... Well I had plenty of practice on the Impala... Nothing I can't handle..."

Sam was sitting on the top of the steps. He knew Dean was talking to their Dad. He could hear Dean asking about the hunt he was on. He knew that Dean really wanted to go, but couldn't because he was here with him.

"Yeah... Don't worry Dad... I got it under control... Alright... Good night," Dean hung up the phone. He got up and walked over to the steps and saw Sam sitting at the top.
"What's wrong?" Dean asked walking up the steps.

"I'm sorry," Sam apologized.

"What?" Dean asked, stopping in mid-step. "What are you talking about?"

"I know how much you love hunting, and I am taking you away from it."

"Sammy, shut up." Dean said. Sam's brow creased in confusion. "Sam, you're not making me do anything that I don't want to do. I'm doing what I do best. Which is...?" Dean stopped expecting Sam to finish his statement.

"Looking out for you pain in the ass little brother."

"Right, so why would you be taking me from that? Go to bed. I'll talk to you in the morning."

Sam smiled and got up and walked back into his room.

"Goodnight, Dean."

"Goodnight, Sammy."

TBC

Much love

Mandancie
Chapter 3: Parent Teacher Conference

The next morning, everything went off with no real excitement. Dean got up, fixed Sam's breakfast, made them both a sack lunch, drove Sam to school and went to work. As soon as Dean arrived at the auto shop he found Gus waiting for him.

"Dean," Gus said with absolutely no enthusiasm in his voice.

"Yeah?" Dean answered slowly; was he in trouble for something?

"You did such a good job with Mrs. Anderson's car; I want you to take a look at this car for me."

"Okay," Dean said walking towards the backroom. "What is it?"

Gus pulled the tarp off the vintage car and Dean's jaw went slack. He couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"Is that what I think it is," Dean asked smiling.

"Yes, son it is," Gus said with a smirk on his face. He didn't seem like the man that smiled a lot. "You didn't think you had the only vintage Impala in the world, did you?"

"I—No," Dean stammered. "I've just it's not very often you see them on the streets anymore."

"True, but the problem is that it isn't on the road."

"Sir?" Dean asked, one eyebrow raised curiously.

"It doesn't start. It's really in a bad way. And seeing you with your Impala, you're the only one I think I can trust with this one."

"Really?" Dean said. "You want me to restore this car?"

"Yeah," Gus said. "You said you have experience with fixing older cars. I want you to make this car able to drive like it just came off the showroom floor. You think you could do that?"

Dean slid his hand over the hood of the Impala in front of him. "Yeah, I can do it. Definitely."

"Good," Gus said and walked out of the room. Dean just stood there admiring the car. Didn't even notice that Gus left and his co-worker, Jacob, came in. Jacob was a thorn in Dean's side. Jacob didn't like Dean much, and the fact that Dean could work on cars better and faster than Jacob could didn't help much either. Dean could run circles around Jacob. Jacob didn't like that. Jacob wanted to restore the Impala. It should be his job, not given to some kid Gus picked up off the street.

"So I see you kissed ass to get the Impala job," Jacob said, leaning in the doorway with his arms crossed over his chest.

Dean turned and looked at Jacob. "What's wrong? Jealous? I can't help it if my work speaks for
"Listen, you little punk, I've been working on cars since you've been in diapers," Jacob fumed out.

"Well," Dean said shrugging his shoulders. "I wouldn't go around telling people that. If you've been working on cars that long and you still can do a simple thing and change and rebuild a carburetor, that's not saying much. I shouldn't be better than you in working here. I've only been here three weeks and guess what? I'm working on the beloved Impala. Probably because I have one. And I know what I'm doing, unlike many folks. But hey, there is one thing that you have over on me; you're an ass."

Dean smiled and walked off. Jacob, fuming got the big wrench that was lying forgotten on the bench and came after Dean. The young man turned and took the wrench out of his hand and had Jacob pinned against the Impala within seconds. It was so fast Jacob didn't even realize what happened until he had the wrench pressed up against his throat. Dean still smiling, but not a smile that would show that he was joking, something that said: Don't fuck with me.

"I'm glad we had this conversation," Dean said not moving from in front of Jacob. "I hope we won't have to have it again."

Dean backed up and let the wrench fall to the floor and walked out of the backroom. Jacob stood there stunned from what just happened. He couldn't believe he just got his ass handed to him by a kid that couldn't be over twenty-one.

Sam and Josh were heading towards their third period class when they were stopped by Mr. Baxter.

"Boys," Mr. Baxter said. "Come in here."

Sam and Josh looked at each other than walked into the room.

"Sit down," he said to the boys as he sat on the end of his desk. The two boys did what they were told.

"Now, what was that all about yesterday?" The teacher asked, rather vaguely and stared at the boys as though he expected them to know what he was talking about.

Sam looked confused, trying to remember what he had done yesterday that would get him pulled with the teacher again.

"We were talking during announcements?" Sam answered.

"NO!," Mr. Baxter slammed his hand on the desk surprising both boys causing them to jump in their seats. He walked over to Sam and grabbed his arm hard and yanked him out of the chair. Sam hissed in pain. Mr. Baxter was almost twisting his arm as he asked again about yesterday.

Josh got up and went over to them and tried to get Sam away from Mr. Baxter. With his free hand the teacher hit Josh and pushed him on the floor, then turned his attention back on to Sam.

"Now, I will not allow bullying in this school. Do you understand me?" Mr. Baxter said in a low voice.

Searing pain was shooting up Sam's arm, "Yes...yes sir," Sam forced out trying not to let the tears in his eyes fall.
"I don't want any more trouble out of the two of you."

"But," Josh started to say. "We didn't-"

Josh was cut off by Mr. Baxter letting go of Sam's arm and rushing over to where he was and pushed him violently against the desk. Josh crumpled against the desk when his back made a sickening crunch when he collided with the table part and plopped on the floor with a thud. Sam ran over to Josh to see if he was alright. Mr. Baxter walked over towards them and knelt down next to them.

"If I have to have this conversation with either of you again, you will not like it. Understand me?"

"Yes, sir," Sam said first.

"Yeah, yes sir," Josh said right after Sam.

Mr. Baxter stood up, walked over to the desk and wrote Sam and Josh a note for being late for class.

"If you're late again you'll be spending detention with me all day, is that understood."

Sam and Josh got up off the floor, got the excuse from the teacher and hurried out of the room.

The rest of the day Sam and Josh tried to stay away from Mr. Baxter until they knew they were going to have to see him again at the end of the day for the final announcements.

The announcement came on, and Sam made sure not to say a word, to not to give Mr. Baxter the impression that he was even thinking about talking. The announcements droned on to silence: The Homecoming committee still needed volunteers to help plan, set up and clean after the dance. The final announcement was that the first Parent Teacher Conference would be next week. Students needed to have their parents set up an appointment with their homeroom teacher to meet with them. After hearing this, Sam got an uneasy feeling in his stomach. He didn't know what Mr. Baxter would tell Dean. Sam has never been threatened with detention. He began to worry that his dream of staying in one school for the entire year was about to go up in smoke.

"Winchester," Mr. Baxter called bringing Sam out of his thoughts.

"Yes, sir," Sam said

"I want to see you after the bell."

Josh and Sam looked at each other. The bell rang.

"Do you want me to stay?" Josh asked concernedly and swung his book bag on his shoulder.

"No, it's okay." Sam answered. "If you see my brother tell him I'll be out in a minute."

"Okay, see you tomorrow."

Josh walked out of the room. The rest of the students were already shoving one another playfully in their mad rush to get home. After a few minutes only Sam and Mr. Baxter remained. Mr. Baxter walked over to the door and closed it. Sam was getting more and more worried. He'd never had to stay after school before.

"Mr. Winchester," Mr. Baxter said when he walked back to the desk. "Come here."

Sam got up and walked over to the desk.
"Now, Winchester, what am I going to do with you?"

"Sir?" Sam said shakily, trying to keep his breathing under control. He hadn't done anything! What was Mr. Baxter's problem? Why did he seem to have it in for Sam?

Josh walked out of the school and saw the vintage Chevy sitting in the same place it had been the day before. He walked over to the car and knocked on the window. Dean, who was reading a magazine waiting on Sam, got out of the car to see what Sam's friend wanted.

"Hey," Dean said. "You're Sammy's friend, yeah?"

"Yeah, I'm Josh. Sam wanted me to tell you he was going to be late coming out. Mr. Baxter wanted him to stay after the bell."

"Mr. Baxter?"

"He's our homeroom teacher," Josh explained.

"So Sammy had to stay after class," Dean smirked. "Okay, thanks Josh."

Josh turned and walked towards the bus. Dean shook his head. His little brother had to stay after class. Oh the jokes and jibes that Dean was going to give his brother when he got out. His straight-as-an-arrow little brother has now become a bad boy. Dean was so proud. He got back in the car and waited for Sam, returning once to his magazine.

Sam opened up the classroom door. Mr. Baxter walked over to Sam and put his hand on the back of Sam's neck and squeezed. Sam tensed up.

"Now, Mr. Winchester, I expect to see your brother here during Parent Teacher Conference. I have some things that I must discuss with him. I don't want to have this conversation again."

"Yes, sir," Sam said wincing when he put his book bag on his shoulder.

Sam walked to his locker. He looked at his watch and saw that he had been with Mr. Baxter for twenty minutes. Dean was going to be pissed. Sam hurried as best he could, trying to move fast despite the pain and trudged down the hall.

Once out the door, he saw Dean was leaning on the car waiting for him.

"Hey Sam," Dean said.

"Hey, Dean," Sam said walking towards him.

Dean smiled at Sam and put a hand on his shoulder. Sam breath hitched and Dean frowned.

"Sammy, what's wrong?" Sam refused to look at his brother or answer him. "Damn it, Sammy," Dean stood directly in front of his brother. "What happened? What's wrong?"

"We were horsing around in gym today, and I hurt my shoulder." Sam said looking up at Dean. "It's no big deal." Sam walked passed Dean and opened up the passenger's side door. "You ready to go?"

Dean didn't say anything, just watched Sam get in the car. He walked on the other side and got in the
driver's side and drove off. They didn't say a word until they got to the apartment.

"Hey, Dean," Sam said before opening the car door. "The school, uh… is having a Parent Teacher Conference next week."

"Okay. So? What does that have to do with us?"

"Willyougo?" Sam mumbled out.

"What?"

"Will you go? Meet my homeroom teacher."

Dean sighed. "Fine. When is it?" Sam smirked just a little. "Next week." Sam repeated.

"I'll see what I can do, alright."

"Thanks Dean."

"Yeah, whatever." Dean said getting out of the car. Sam followed Dean out of the car and into the apartment.

"When will this conference be?"

"I don't know that yet. I guess I'll find out next week."

"What do you want for dinner," Dean asked walking into the kitchen.

"I'm not really hungry," Sam said walking up to his room.

"Sammy," Dean said. Sam stopped at the top of the stairs. "What's wrong? Did something happen that I need to know about?"

Sam looked at Dean. "No, everything's fine. Just a little sore from gym." Sam turned and walked in his room and closed the door. He went to the bed and pulled his shirt off of his back and looked at his back in the mirror. His back and side covered in reddish-purple bruises. Feeling his ribs making sure nothing is broken.

Dean started to climb the stairs when the phone rang. He looked at Sam's closed door and wondered should he try to pry the information out of Sam, but the phone interrupted. Concerned it might be his father- who would surely worry if his call was answered immediately- Dean decided he'd try and talk to his brother later.

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**The Following Week:**

Dean was sitting in the kitchen, drinking his coffee, when Sam walked in and makes himself a bowl of cereal.

"Hey, Dean the conference is tomorrow. You still coming, right?" Sam asked, trying to sound casual and disguise the nervousness in his voice.

"Yeah, I'll be there. I already know what's going to be said. My geek brother is just a delight to be around." Dean got up and ruffled Sam's hair. Sam smiled.
Dean dropped Sam off at school and drove to work. He wanted to talk to Gus before he got back started on the Impala. When he got to the garage, he found Gus in the back office doing paperwork. Dean knocked on the door.

"Morning, Gus," Dean said.

Gus looked up from his desk. "Oh hey, kid. What can I do for you?"

"My kid brother is having a Parent Teacher thing at school, and I have to go. Can I leave a little early tomorrow."

"Yeah, sure." Gus said. "You've been pulling your weight here. I think I can let you get the afternoon off."

"Thanks Gus."

"No problem."

Dean left the office and went back to work on the classic Chevy.

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The Next Day

Sam and Josh were leaving their final class when something caused both Sam and Josh to fall on the floor. Everything they were holding went sliding down the hall. Sam turned to see what made them trip. There was a small wire that was caught on Josh's pant leg. Dustin walked up and stood over Sam and Josh.

"I see your brother's not here to save you," Dustin sneered, grabbing Sam by his shirt and pulling him up. He pulled his beefy fist back and punched Sam in the jaw. Dustin released him and Sam staggered back a little putting his hand on his newly split lip. He had just enough of Dustin, he's tried to act normal and not fight anyone, but Dustin's been picking on him and Josh since the first day of school and it's finally gotten on Sam's last nerve. He stalked over to Dustin. Dustin, being at least five inches taller than Sam and twice his size, didn't seem to care. But what Dustin didn't know was that thanks to all the training Sam had done with his Dad and brother size didn't matter. Dustin was about to learn that just because someone is smaller than you doesn't give the right to pick on them. Sam punched Dustin in the jaw. The bigger boy stumbled back and did a double take, shocked that a pipsqueak like Sam Winchester could get the jump on him. Before Dustin could get his bearings back, Sam hit him in the sternum, and then swept his feet across the floor tripping, Dustin making him fall. Josh was in shock at what he was seeing. He had been in school with Dustin for a long time and for as long as he could remember no one has ever did that to him. Sam was kicking his ass, Josh thought.

Sam was getting up off the floor, when he felt someone grab him from behind and drag him into the nearest room. Sam was shoved roughly through the doorway. He slipped and landed on the side of the teacher's desk.

"What the hell do you think you were doing?" Mr. Baxter yelled.

Sam trying to get his feet under him, turned and faced Mr. Baxter.

"He started it. He-" Sam started to say when he was yanked up by the throat and slammed into the old chalkboard on the wall. His back hitting the beam that stuck out where the chalk would be.
"Who do you think you are?" Mr. Baxter screamed in his face. "You do not fight in this school! It will not be tolerated! I will be telling your brother about this."

Sheer fear came across Sam's face. He tried to pry the teacher's hands from around his neck, but when he was told that Dean was going to be told about the fight, he knew he would never hear the end of it, since he was suppose to keep a low profile and not get in trouble.

"Don't tell Dean," gasped Sam.

Mr. Baxter pulled Sam closer towards him then slammed him back into the wall again. Sam's back was really hurting now. Having fallen earlier, and now being pushed into the wall up against the beam hard twice, he was in real pain. It was almost difficult to take a deep breath. Mr. Baxter pulled him away from the wall again. Sam braced himself to be slammed back into the wall, but that doesn't happen. Instead the teacher hit Sam in the solar plexus, hard. Sam doubles over and collapsed on the floor, gasping for breath.

"Now your brother is due to be here in a little bit. Get yourself together. I don't want him to see what you've been doing. Go on, get out of here. But you better be fixed up and sitting like a church mouse when he comes."

With great effort, Sam got up and walked out of the room and headed to the boys' bathroom. His head hurt, his back was killing him and he felt like he was going to be sick. When Sam got in the bathroom he walked over to the sink and vomited into the basin. When he finished he looked at himself in the mirror and saw that with everything that happened the only thing that was showing on his face was the cut that Dustin gave him in the hall. Mr. Baxter was careful enough so that there would be no bruises on his face and arms so not to raise suspicion. It's only been a week of school and he didn't know how much more he could take. It seemed like every day something would go wrong and he would have to spend time with Mr. Baxter. But he knew that he couldn't tell Dean. He didn't want Dean upset with him because he couldn't take care of himself. No, he would deal with it. He would just try to stay out of Mr. Baxter's way.

Sam cleaned his face and fixed his clothes up and headed back to the classroom, because he knew that Dean was on his way. When he walked into the classroom he saw that Dean hadn't showed up yet, so Sam took the opportunity to sit at his desk and do some of his homework.

About ten minutes later, Dean walked in the room. Sam, heart beating a mile a minute lowered his head, his hair falling in front of his face, so Dean would not see him. Dean noticed that he didn't look up, but chalked it off as he was probably trying to finish his work, since Dean had promised that after the conference was over they would go out to eat at the diner near their apartment.

"You must be Dean," Mr. Baxter stood up from his desk, holding out his hand.

Dean shook his hand. "Yeah. You're Mr. Baxter?"

"Steven, please. Have a seat."

"Thanks."

Dean sat down in the chair that was across from Steven's desk.

"So," Dean started. "How is my geeky brother doing?"

Sam, head still down, smirked at what his brother said. No matter what his brother could always make him smile.
"Well, from what the other teachers have told me as far as his grades he's doing okay. But he's bullying people."

That last statement that Steven made had Dean doing a double take.

"Excuse me?" Dean said. "Bullying?"

"Yes," Steven insisted.

"That's bullshit!," Dean said. Sam's head shot up. He knew his brother would not turn and look at him; Dean was starting to get irate from what he was just told.

"Mr. Winchester, please calm down. Your brother has been seen picking on one of the other kids. It's not uncommon during this age but we have a zero tolerance policy at this school. You're brother has been told this but he seems to be ignoring me. As a matter of fact I had to pull him off a boy just today."

Dean turned and looked at Sam. Sam saw the disappointment in Dean's face and lowered his head. Dean looked at Sam and saw something right before he lowered his head again.

"Sam!," Dean yelled. "Head up, now!"

Sam reluctantly raised his head, and Dean now saw what Sam was trying to hide. Dean turned back to Steven.

"Well tell me this, Steven," Dean said. "If he's bullying people, what happened to his lip? Who did that?"

"Mr. Winchester, just know that bullying will not be tolerated and if it happens again he will have to go into in-school suspension."

"Sammy," Dean said not taking his eyes off of Steven. "Pack your things. It's time to go. We're done here."

Sam obediently did what his brother just told him to do and walked to the door. He wanted to get out before Dean grabbed his shoulder. But that didn't go to well. The minute Sam was in arm's length; Dean grabbed hold of his shoulder. Luckily, Sam hadn't gotten hurt on the shoulder so he had no problem with the iron grip Dean had on Sam's shoulder. Dean took Sam's book bag off his shoulder and put the bag on his own. They started to walk out of the door when Steven called out again.

"Listen Dean, if you don't get your brother in control then I am going to have to call your father. There were explicit instructions that were to be followed. One of them being, if Sam gets into any trouble than I am to call him."

Dean didn't say anything, he just continued out of the door with his hand on Sam's shoulder. When they got to the car, before Sam could even get into the car, there was a small squeeze on his neck that told him, wait on getting in the car. Sam turned and faced Dean. Dean cupped Sam's face with one hand and looked closely at his lip where it was cut.

"Are you okay," Dean asked.

Sam nodded his head, he didn't trust his voice right now, because he was so upset that Mr. Baxter had just lied to Dean, and then threatened to call their Dad. And he was getting another wave of nausea. Sam just wanted to get in the car. He moved his head from Dean's grip and he got in the car. Dean just stood there and watched his brother get in the car.
This was so not what Dean envisioned when he knew he had to go to this conference. He didn’t know what to think. He had never known Sam to get that kind of report like that from a teacher. Usually the teachers would be glowing over Sam. It was usually Dean that would get those kinds of remarks from teachers. Never Sammy. What was he going to do?

Dean got into the driver’s seat and they drove back to the apartment in silence.

TBC

>much love to you all

Mandancie
Two Months Later:

Two months have passed since the Parent Teacher Conference. Sam has changed so much. He doesn't talk much anymore; when he comes home, he just goes straight to his room and stays there all night. Dean has tried to lift his spirits but nothing seems to work. Sam hardly even smiles anymore. Dean knows he has to put a stop to this. He misses his pain in the ass little brother.

Dean had the day off from work, so he decided to do something sweet for Sam when school let out. Dean grabbed his keys and walked to the car so he could meet his brother at the school.

When Dean arrived, he parked in the same spot as always, waiting for the final bell to ring.

Sam was sitting with his head down in his seat while the announcements were played. Josh noticed Sam was becoming so weird, so different. He wouldn't talk much. He would sit by himself. After the announcement finished the final bell rang. Everyone started to get their things together, but Sam stayed where he was with his head down.

"Sam," Josh called to his friend, "The bell rang. You coming?"

"Mr. Winchester," Steven said. "I want you to stay for a minute."

"No," Sam mumbled, finally looking at Josh. "Will you tell my brother that I will be out soon?"

"Yeah," Josh promised. "I'll tell him." Josh looked at Sam. He knew something was going on, but didn't know what. Sam seemed to be kept after school for more than any other student. Josh didn't know why, Sam hadn't done anything wrong as far as he could tell. Josh got his things and left the room. He didn't want Mr. Baxter to get him in trouble too.

"Mr. Winchester," Steven said. "Come here."

Sam got up from his seat and walked over to Mr. Baxter's desk.

"Sam, what am I going to do with you? You don't seem to be learning. Your grades are slipping."

"I'm sorry, sir," Sam said with his head down.

"Look at me."

Sam lifted his head and looked at Mr. Baxter.

"I will not tolerate bad grades. You will learn to do and complete your work."

"Yes, sir."
Josh walked out of the school and saw the familiar Chevy parked in the same place. He walked over to the car. Dean was sitting in the driver's side with the window down.

"Hey, Dean." Josh said walking up to the car.

"Hey, Josh, where's Sam? We need to go."

"He's still in the school. Mr. Baxter wanted him to stay after. I can go get him if you want."

"Yeah," Dean said. "Go get him and tell him to hurry up." Dean was trying not to worry.

Josh walked back in the school and walked down the main hallway. When he reached his homeroom, he peered through the tiny window in the door and couldn't believe what he was seeing. Mr. Baxter had Sam pinned against the wall beside the chalkboard, the teacher had his hand fisted in the collar of his friend's shirt. Josh saw the pure fear in Sam's face. Josh flung open the door in terror.

"Hey!" Josh shouted, startling the teacher. Mr. Baxter stepped away from Sam and the young man fell to the floor. Josh couldn't seem to move. All he could do was stand in the doorway and stare at his teacher, frozen with fear because he too had had those conversations with that man. He just didn't know that Sam was having them as well. Mr. Baxter pushed past Josh and out into the hallway. Josh found his bearings again and ran to Sam's side.

"Dude," Josh cried, tugging on his friend's arm nervously.

"Don't!" Sam snapped. "Leave it. I'm fine." Sam picked himself up from the floor and walked ever slowly over to his desk to get his things.

"Are you going to tell your brother? You have to!" Josh asked his friend.

"NO!" Sam yelled and Josh backed up. "I'm sorry. I don't...I can't tell Dean."

"Sam," Josh started but didn't complete that sentence.

Sam shoved his belongings into his backpack and slowly slid the strap over his shoulder. He walked out of the room leaving, Josh standing there. Sam walked out of the school to the car waiting on him. He decided to plaster a nonchalant look as to not raise suspicion to Dean. Sam got in the car, making sure not to look his brother in the eye. He knew his eyes would betray him and show Dean the things he didn't want Dean to know.

"Hey," Dean said when Sam opened the car door.

"Hey," Sam said putting his book bag on the floor of the car and getting in. "Sorry I'm late."

"Don't worry about it," Dean started the car and drove off.

They went to the diner for dinner. After a few basic questions, not much was spoken between the two of them. Dean did notice that something was off with Sam with the fact that he was playing around with his food more than he was eating it. They had never really talked after the parent teacher conference. Sam really never defended himself from the accusation of being a bully. But Dean knew that the last person in the world who would be a bully was his baby brother.

"Sammy," Dean began in his rare 'we-need-to-talk' tone and moved his empty plate to one side.

"Yeah," Sam making a point not to look at Dean, mashing his French fries into potato paste with his fork.
"I know we haven't really talked for a while but I have to know how things turned out with your homeroom teacher."

Sam's heart started pounding in his chest. He knew that whatever Dean was going to ask, the answer he would give would raise more questions.

"Why would Steven say you were bullying people?"

Sam finally looked up at Dean. Dean almost thought he saw a little relief in Sam's face, but shook that feeling off.

"You remember Dustin from the first day of school?"

"Oh, that asshole? I still want to feed him his own lungs for beating up on you."

Sam couldn't help but smirk at that statement.

"Yeah him," Sam answered. "Josh and I were walking to our lockers when Dustin tripped us with a wire. Our things went everywhere."

"Okay, so what happened next?"

"He came up and was talking crap about you not being around to save me and I got mad."

Dean feeling a little bit of pride swell up in him. Trying to contain his enthusiasm over the fact that he knew his baby brother fought back he had to ask. "So what did you do?"

"I know we aren't to draw attention to ourselves but I couldn't help it. I hit him."

"That's my boy," Dean said smiling.

Sam shook his head. Only Dean would condone Sam's reaction when it involved kicking someone's ass.

"He hit me first. I didn't start it. But when Mr. Baxter came out of the room he only saw me and that's why he told you what he did. I don't bully people Dean. I don't..."

"I know. You don't have to convince me. I didn't believe him when he told me," Dean said stopping Sam.

"You didn't?" Sam asked.

"Sammy, who knows you better than I do? I know everything about you, little brother. You may be a pain in my ass, but you're no bully. And Steven is lucky I didn't punch him for saying that."

Sam couldn't help but laugh at that. He could just see Dean kicking Mr. Baxter's butt. Sam actually started to have a good time just imagining that fight. It helped relieve some of the stress of always being called to stay after class, if only a little. But Sam could not, would not tell Dean what was happening, no matter how sincere Dean had been in his promise to kick his teacher's ass. The rest of the evening was spent in the apartment, watching movies on TV.

The phone rang in the middle of a particularly exciting fight scene and Dean grudgingly answered it.

"Hello?" Dean said half laughing at the jibe he just gave Sam."Oh, hey Dad... Yeah, everything's fine...Nothing just sitting around watching a movie...Yeah he's right here. Sammy," Dean said handing him the phone. Dean ruffled Sam's hair and Sam punched him in the arm.
"Bitch," Dean muttered, laughing

"Jerk," Sam replied. "Hi Dad...no everything fine Dean's just being a jerk..."

"Whatever," Dean called from the kitchen.

"How are things going at school? I saw I got a message from them," John said and Sam's face went ashen. "Sammy, you still there?"

"Yes, sir." Sammy said. His voice got quiet. Dean noticed the sound change and walked back into the living room. The look on Sam started to worry Dean.

"Why would your teacher be calling me, Sam?"

"I don't know, Dad. I have to go. I've got homework. Here's Dean." Sam got up and handed Dean the phone and went upstairs.

"Dad, what did you say?" Dean asked.

"I just asked about school. What's going on?"

"Oh Sammy's upset because a teacher told me that he was bullying another student."

"What?!" John said. "Sammy? Bullying?"

"That's why he's upset. He thinks he may have to leave. I told him that I didn't believe the teacher and the teacher was lucky I didn't hit him."

Sam walked upstairs to his room after he gave Dean the phone, tears pricking the back of his eyes. He just knew that his Dad was going to tell them to pack up and they would have to leave. Sam so wanted to stay the year, but because of a douchebag teacher he was going forced to leave.

"Yeah, Dad I got it. No problem. See you in a few weeks." Dean hung up the phone and walked upstairs to Sam's room.

Dean knocked on the door and let himself in before Sam could say anything. Sam was sitting on the end of the bed. Dean could clearly see he'd been crying.

"So when is Dad coming?" Sam asked.

"In a few weeks," Dean said sitting on the bed next to Sam. "He's finishing up on a job he's doing with Bobby and Caleb and then he's going to head back here and stay a few days."

Sam lifted up his head and looked at Dean so confused.

"Weeks?"

"Yeah, weeks. Why? When did you think he was coming?"

"Now. In a few days so we could move."

"We're not going anywhere. I told him what happened on Conference night. He doesn't believe it either. I told you don't worry about it."

Sam sighed with relief, like a burden had been lifted from him. He just knew that Dad was going to
say they had to go, because the school had called him.

"Is that why you're up here? Because you thought Dad was going to tell us we had to go? Have a little faith in him, Sam. He didn't answer the call nor did he call the school back. He knows you're a good kid, a good student. Stop worrying." Dean got up and walked out of the room.

**The Next Day**

Sam and Josh were walking toward the cafeteria when they both got stopped by two girls from their homeroom class; Jasmine and Stephanie.

"Josh. Sam," Jasmine said.

They both turned and faced her.

"Hey, Jasmine," Sam said. "What's up?"

"W wanted to know if you two were coming to the Homecoming dance? Me and Stephanie are on the committee and just wanted to know if you were coming. It would be a blast if you did."

"Uh, yeah, sure," Sam said. "Let me get back with you for sure, but yeah. I'll try."

"What about you, Josh?" Stephanie asked.

"Sure, why not," Josh said and shrugged like it wasn't a big deal but no one missed the grin tugging at the corners of his mouth.

A big smile came across Jasmine's face. "Great. Remember its next Friday night. It will be in the gym, alright?"

"Oh okay," Sam said.

"Good. Bye." Jasmine said and she grabbed Stephanie's arm and they walked off down the corridor.

Josh and Sam watched the two girls walk down the hall.

"I guess we're going to the dance," Josh said.

"Yeah, I guess we are," Sam answered smiling.

For the rest of the day, Sam had the biggest grin on his face. He didn't think he was going to be going to the dance. Now he was and with one of the prettiest girls in the class at that. The day was looking up. At the end of it, Sam was so lost in his own thoughts he walked out of the school with the class and didn't notice the Dean was waiting on the stoop instead of the car.

"Sammy!" Dean called out.

Sam lifted his head and noticed that no one was in the driver's seat of the Impala, and turned to see where the call came from. Then there was a clap on his shoulder. He looked up and saw Dean standing next to him.

"Oh, hey Dean," Sam said.

"Boy, what is on your mind? Wait. Don't tell me," Dean said standing in front of him. "Is my baby brother growing up?"
"What are you talking about," Sam asked with a grin on his face.

"It's a girl. What's her name?"

"Jasmine."

"Have I seen her?" Dean asked looking over Sam's head to see if he could spot her. "Where is she?"

"Dean."

"No, there is a girl that my brother likes, I have to see her."

"But, Dean."

"We are not leaving here until you show her to me."

"Fine," Sam said. He looked around till he saw her sitting on the bench over by the school buses. "You see the girl with the braids and the black jacket."

"Yeah, is that her?"

"That's her."

Dean patted Sam on the back. "Way to go." Dean put his arm around Sam's shoulders and they walked to the car. "So when are you going to ask her out?"

"What?"

"You've got to ask her out," Dean said when they got to the car.

"Well, I may already have date, sort of."

"What does that mean?" Dean asked getting in the driver's side. Sam got in the car.

"The Homecoming dance."

"Yeah, what about it? Oh wait a minute, you asked her to the dance?"

"Well, she sorta asked me."

Dean laughed, "Aww Sammy, okay. But listen, I'm driving. We'll go pick her up and..."

"That won't be necessary. She's on one of the committees so she will already be here. You just have to drop me off."

"Okay. Fine."

Dean put the car in gear and drove off. The rest of the week went smoothly. Dean was fixing up the vintage car with minimal problems. Sam was keeping his distance from Mr. Baxter. Things were going good. They knew their Dad was going to be home by the end of the week, and they both were excited about it. They haven't seen their father since he left two and a half months ago. Things were looking good.

**Homecoming Friday**

The day started out wonderfully. Dean dropped Sam off at school. Sam met up with Josh, Jasmine and Stephanie who were standing at the front door waiting on him. They all walked in together. The
morning went along smoothly. At lunch, Sam and Jasmine sat together and talked.

"So who is the guy that always brings you to school," Jasmine asked, sipping on her drink.

"My older brother, Dean."

"Cool. And it's just you and him?"

"My Dad too, but he's away on business right now."

"Oh, well what about your Mom?"

Sam didn't say anything. He just put his head down.

"Oh Sam, I am really sorry, I didn't mean to pry. I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Sam said lifting his head. "My mom died when I was a baby. You didn't know."

They were silent the rest of the lunch period. After the final class, it was time to go back to homeroom class for the final announcement. Josh, Sam, Jasmine, and Stephanie all walked into the classroom laughing and talking. Steven watched them come into the room.

"Excuse me," Steven said. "Can you please find your seats?"

All four of them sat in their respective seats and quiet down before the announcement came on.

"Mr. Winchester, I want to see you before you leave today."

Josh looked over at Sam.

"Yes, sir," Sam said. He lowered his head to his desk.

The announcements came on reminding everyone that the Homecoming dance would be tonight in the gym, that everyone was to be on their best behavior and that the doors opened at 7:30 and everyone needs to find a way home by 9:30. The committees were thanked for all the hard work they had done. Finally all the students were wished a happy and safe weekend. The final bell rang for the day and everybody rushed out of the class. Jasmine walked over to Sam, whose head was still down.

"Sam," Jasmine said. "You coming?"

"I'll be out in a little bit. Mr. Baxter wants to talk." Sam shuddered a little because he knew there wasn't going to be too much talking. "Josh."

"Don't worry, I'll tell him," Josh said grabbing Jasmine's arm and they both walking out of the room.

"What's going on?" Jasmine asked Josh as they walked out of the room. "Sam seemed so scared just to have to speak to Mr. Baxter."

"Nothing," Josh said looking back at Sam. "Don't worry about it."

Steven closed the door and stood in front of the desk.

"Come here, Mr. Winchester," Steven said.

Sam got up and walked over to him. Steven grabbed Sam by the collar of his jacket with one hand and with the other, hit him twice in the solar plexus. Sam's knees collapsed under him gasping for air.
The only reason he was up right was because Steven had his collar.

"What am I going to do with you? How many times are we going to have these conversations?"

Two more blows caught Sam in the ribs. Tears started streaming from his eyes. He didn't get to catch his breath from the first two blows before the other ones came. Steven was pretty much holding Sam up. Sam's legs were completely limp.

"Now, I've called your father. I guess luckily for you, all I got was his answering machine. If we have to have these conversations again, trust me, I will continue to call him until I get him." Steven hit Sam again in the ribs. "Do you understand me?"

Sam was gasping for air and could barely speak.

"Y-yes...sir," Sam gasped trying his best to get his feet under him.

"Good," Steven said letting go of Sam's collar. "Now go into the restroom and get yourself cleaned up."

Sam staggered out of the room. Gripping the desks and leaning on the walls to try and hold himself up. He really felt sick. His side was burning with pain. He was so nauseous. He really hoped he made it to the bathroom in time. When he gets to the restroom, he made it as far as the basin before he began to vomit. This time it took a little longer for him to recover from puking. When he was done, he looked into the basin and startled when he saw traces of blood. He really got scared then. He didn't know what to do. He knew he couldn't tell Dean or his Dad. He turned on the faucet and let the water run the evidence down the drain. He cleaned himself up, plastered a fake smile on his face, and went back to the classroom to get his things. Thank God Steven was not in the room. He went outside to the Impala. He didn't want Dean to find out because he still wanted to go to the dance that night. Slowly, but careful not to arouse suspicion, Sam walked to the car.

"You okay," Dean said when Sam got in the car.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Sam said with a smirk.

"Okay, when does the dance start tonight?" Dean asked putting the car in gear.

"7:30."

"Okay, oh, by the way, I'm staying."

"What?" Sam said.

"I'm not going to leave when I drop you off. I'm staying. So when the dance is over, I'll already be here to pick you up. Dad called while you were in there, he said he'll be home on Sunday."

"Oh, okay. Great." Sam was holding on to his side but trying not to cause alarm in Dean. Luckily it was his right side so it was turned toward the car door and Dean wouldn't be able to see. He knew that if Dean had any indication that something was wrong he would not be able to see Jasmine tonight. So he kept his mouth shut.

When they got back home, Dean made dinner and Sam went upstairs to get cleaned up and change for the dance. He tried to get out of his shirt. When his arms went over his head, he almost passed out from the pain he was in. After ten minutes of trying, he finally got his clothes off and got in the shower. He let the hot water run over his body. The heat from the water actually helped. It soothed his sore side and chest. Glancing down, Sam winched at the fresh purple and blue bruises. After
about twenty minutes, Sam got out of the shower and got dressed. Dean had finished dinner and was sitting in the kitchen waiting on Sam. After they ate, which wasn't a lot that Sam ate because he was still nauseous, they watched a little television until it was time to go. They left the house around 7 p.m. Dean drove to the school and parked where he normally parked. Sam got out of the car.

"Remember, I'll be right here when you get out."

"Okay," Sam said closing the door.

Dean watched his brother walk in the school. He didn't like how slow Sam was walking. He hadn't been walking that slowly yesterday. Dean wanted so badly to get out of the car and demand that Sam tell him what was going on, but he didn't want to embarrass his brother in front of his friends. So Dean decided he was going to talk to him tomorrow after he made breakfast.

The dance was going along nicely. Everybody was standing around talking. Some were dancing. Others were leaning on the walls, talking. It seemed as if everyone was having a wonderful time. Sam and Josh were standing by the table when Jasmine and Stephanie walked over to them.

"I'm glad you made it," Jasmine said.

"Yeah, me too." Sam said.

"What happened with Mr. Baxter," Jasmine asked. Josh looked over at Sam.

"Nothing, don't worry about it. It's all good. You want to dance?"

"Yeah, sure," Jasmine said with a smile.

Sam and Jasmine walked to the middle of the floor and he put his hands on her waist. She put her hands on his shoulders and they danced. Sam was really enjoying himself. This was his first dance, and he was having a good time.

Forty-five minutes into the dance, Jasmine notice that Sam was really sweating. He didn't seem like he was getting sick but still it worried her.

"Sam," Jasmine asked. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Sam slurred out. "I think I'm going to go to the restroom to throw some water on my face."

"Okay," Jasmine said.

Josh and Stephanie walked over to Jasmine.

"Hey," Stephanie asked. "Where's Sam going?"

"To the restroom. I think he's getting sick."

Josh decided to go after Sam. He was glad he did. When he stepped out of the gym, he saw that Dustin and a few of his friends had Sam surrounded.

"HEY!" Josh yelled. It wasn't loud enough to alarm the teachers but Stephanie and Jasmine heard it and decided to go see what he was yelling about.

When they made it to the door, they say that Dustin's friends were holding Sam's arms and Dustin was hitting Sam in the stomach. Josh ran over to Jasmine and Stephanie.
"Go!" Josh yelled. "Outside there is a guy in a long black car sitting right at the front door. Go get him! Now!"

Jasmine turned and ran out of the school. She knew exactly what car he was talking about. Truth be told, everyone knew about that car.

She ran to the driver's side and banged on the window. Dean, startled a little, lowered the window.

"What?" Dean said. "What's wrong?"

"You got to come," Jasmine cried. "It's Sam."

The last word that came out of her mouth made Dean's heart jump in his chest. He opened the door and they both ran into the school. When they got to where Sam was, the sight that met Dean didn't go over too well. Sam was on the floor trying to gasp for air. Dustin was standing over him and Josh was being held back so he couldn't help Sam.

"What. The. Hell!" Dean yelled.

Dustin turned and faced Dean. So scared, because he didn't know his brother was here. Dustin nearly crapped his pants. Dean walked over to Dustin and in one single movement had Dustin pinned to the wall.

"What the hell did you do to my brother?" It was just loud enough for everyone to hear him, but quiet and sinister enough to make Dustin pee his pants.

"D'n," Sam gasped.

That was enough for Dean to put his total attention on Sam. Dean went to Sam's side.

"Sammy, what happen?"

"Can't..breathe..." Sam said and then collapsed in Dean's arms.

"SAMMY!"

TBC

A/N: I want to thank you all for everyone who have favored, followed and alerted my story! It means so much to me that you are enjoying my story!

Please be kind and review! They are the reason I check my emails! :)

Much love to you all

Mandancie
Dad Comes Home

Disclaimer: I still don't own Supernatural. It belongs to Eric Kripke

A special thanks to AlElizabeth for beta'ing my story

A/N: Here is chapter 5.

Chapter 5: Dad Comes Home

John walks in the motel from a routine salt and burn. It's been a little over two months since he has seen his boys. As far as he knows, Dean can handle any situation; but he still feels he has to take care of them. He calls almost every day. He can hear the annoyance in Dean's voice when he calls, but he can't help it. He misses his boys. That's it. John gets in the shower to clean the dirt and cement off, and decides to go to his sons for a couple of day. He had called Dean earlier and told him he was coming home. If he leaves in the morning he will make it back there by Sunday afternoon or night. He is actually getting excited about going home to his boys. Surprised that he could lay down he got himself some rest. He fell into a deep sleep.

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Dean carried Sam out of the school and to the car. He placed him in the passenger seat, climbed in through that side and slid over Sam to the driver's side. Putting the car in gear, the wheels of the Impala squealed as he drove out of the school's parking lot.

Half way to the hospital, Sam began to stir.

"D'n," Sam mumbled. "Dean"

"Hang on Sammy," Dean said. "We're almost at the hospital."

"No," Sam said. "Please, Dean no hospital."

"Sam, you said you couldn't breathe and you passed out."

"I'm fine," Sam said trying to sit up, but Dean put his hand on his shoulder preventing him from getting up. "Please Dean. No hospital."

"Sammy-"

"Please Dean," Sam begged. Dean knew how Sam felt about hospitals. He didn't like them. He's always had a big fear of hospitals. "I just want to lay down."

"Fine, but you're sleeping on the couch."

"What? Why?"

"I want to be able to keep an eye on you. It's the couch or the hospital. You pick."

"Fine, I'll stay on the couch."

Sam closed his eyes. Dean glanced down at Sam. He was fuming. That bastard. The only reason that other kid was still breathing was because their Dad gave them an order to keep a low profile and people wouldn't look too kindly on a twenty year old putting a high school kid in the hospital. He
was going to get that boy back for hurting his baby brother. This was not over. Not by a long shot.

Dean parked the car, lightly shook Sam's shoulder to wake him up and got out of the car. Sam got out of the car and noticed that Dean was already at the passenger door waiting on him. He knew it would probably be best if he let Dean fuss over him, since he practically begged not to go to the hospital. He wouldn't fight or sly away from Dean's help because he knew if he did, it would raise suspicion in Dean. Sam did not want that.

Sam also knew that he really did need to go to the hospital, but that would also open up a whole new can of worms. Dean can't know. Keep a low profile. Don't raise suspicions. All this was rattling around in Sam's head. Dean can't know.

They entered the apartment and Sam went into the bathroom off the kitchen while Dean went to Sam's room to get his sleep clothes. Dean knocked on the bathroom door before going in and saw Sam is sitting on the edge of the tub trying to catch his breath again. Dean shook his head because he knew this wasn't good, but he respected Sam not wanting to go to the hospital. He put Sam's clothes on the counter beside the sink and crouched down beside his brother.

"I'm...okay," Sam wheezed out. Dean didn't say anything just looked at him. Once Sam began to catch his breath Dean finally spoke.

"Do you want me to help you change your shirt?"

"No, thanks. I think I got it," Sam slurred. Dean left the bathroom and closed the door. Sam got up and grabbed his clothes and began to change. Again it took him a while to get out of his clothes, from all the pain he was in, but he was determined not to let Dean find out.

Sam came out of the bathroom and saw that Dean was at the couch. He had fixed up the couch for him to lie on. Dean got up and walked over to Sam and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Let me see," Dean said grabbing Sam's shirt.

"Dean, leave it. It's fine.

"I want to know what that son of a bitch did to you," Dean was getting louder but Sam knew those harsh words were not directed to him.

Sam knew there were new bruises that Dustin had inflicted but he just didn't want Dean to see the old bruises that Mr. Baxter had given him earlier that day. Sam lay down on the couch. He didn't realize how tired he was until his head hit the pillow that Dean had brought down from his room. Dean was sitting on the coffee table across from the couch. Sam eyes started to droop when Dean stood up.

"D'n," Sam mumbled. Dean crouched down on the floor next to Sam.

"Yeah, Sammy?"

"Don't leave," Sam slurred falling asleep.

"I'm not going anywhere." Dean sat back on the coffee table and watched his brother sleep. Dean ran his hand down his face. How was he going to explain this to their Dad? John was not going to be happy about this, Dean thought. He knew how much Sam was enjoying school. He had friends. Hell, he even had a girlfriend. Dean knows what's coming. He just didn't want to have to deal with it right now. He knew that their Dad was coming home soon and he would just cross that bridge when he got there.
John got up early Saturday so that he could get everything packed so he could get on the road. He couldn't believe how excited he was that he was going to see his boys. It's been a long two months, but he was going to see his boys. He was willing to put hunting aside just to spend quality time with them, something he hasn't done in so long. Actually he doesn't ever remember spending time with Sam and Dean just acting like a family. When he was there, it was always about training and research. Well this time away let him know that there are other things more important than revenge.

John packed up the truck, checked out of the motel and headed down the interstate. He was in such a hurry to get on the road that he didn't have breakfast. That oversight was now growling over the engine of the truck. Not wanting to stop to get something to eat, John decides to go through drive-thru of a fast-food place and get something and eat while he drives.

Back on the road, his phone rings. He reaches down and answers it.

"Yeah...yeah Bobby...no... I'm doing something I should have been doing a while ago...Send Caleb, he needs the practice...no...I'm going to see the boys...I will." John closes the phone and puts it on the seat next to him.

After a couple of hours of peaceful driving, John's phone rings again.

"Yeah Bobby," John says with an irritated sigh.

"Is this John Winchester," asked the other end.

"Who is this?"

"My name is Steven Baxter. I am Sam's homeroom teacher."

"I know who you are. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I thought I would talk to you about your son."

"What about him?"

"Well, it's about him bullying people and his grades."

"I've talked with my son when you told him about the bullying. That is not my son."

"Well sir, forgive me, but you don't know your son. I am the one that is with him during the day while you're away."

"I beg your pardon," John's voice got louder. "What did you just say to me?"

"I don't mean any disrespect."

"Bullshit!"

"Mr. Winchester, I didn't call to upset you."

"You could have fooled me."

"I wanted to talk to you about your son's grades. He's not doing well."

"I am headed back, so we can discuss this when I get there." John hung up the phone.
He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Dean told him that everything was going good. Why would he lie? Sam. It never failed that if there is something that Sam wants then he knows that Dean would bend over backwards to get it for him.

"Damn it, Dean!" John said hitting his hand on the steering wheel dialing Dean's cell.

"Hello," Dean said.

"What the hell, Dean?" John growled.

"Dad, what is it?"

"I thought you could handle this. Why did I get a call from Sam's homeroom teacher saying that his grades are failing?"

"Dad, can we talk about this later?"

"No right now, I thought you could handle this! You told me to trust you! Why didn't you tell me that his grades were slipping?!"

"Dad please can we talk about this later?" Dean pleaded.

"Where's Sam?"

"Dad, please, not now."

"Where. Is. He?!"

"He's asleep. Dad, I know you're pissed, but I'm begging you, not now."

"Fine, Dean," John conceded. "I'll be home by tonight. You better have a good reason why Sam's grades are down. And why you failed." John closed the phone up and tossed it on the seat.

"Alright, John," he told himself. "Do not jump to any conclusions, just talk to Dean when you get to the apartment."

John continued to drive back to his boys.

Sam woke up in pain. His breath hitched when he tried to sit up. He was stiff and sore and couldn't even try to stretch to get the kinks out of his side. Dean came in from the kitchen holding a tray walking towards Sam. When he got to him, Dean put the tray down on the coffee table and went to Sam's side and helped him sit up. Sam held his breath while Dean sat him up. He couldn't believe how much his side was hurting. Dean couldn't take him being in pain like this and he not wanting him to check him out.

"Alright," Dean said. "That's it. Scoot up some."

"What?" Sam strained out. "Why?"

"I'm going to see what the deal with your side is."

Dean slowly lifted up Sam's right arm holding it slightly above his head. The pain was almost too much for Sam. Dean saw the hurt in Sam's eyes and knew whatever he was going to do; he needed to do it quick. Dean ran his hand across Sam's ribs to check and see if he had any broken or cracked
ribs. He didn't feel any but he knew that Sam was swollen really bad. He lowered Sam's arm and walked out of the room and to the kitchen. Still thinking about the call from his father, Dean gathered up ice and water to bring to Sam. He walked back into the living room where he found that Sam laid back down.

"Come on, Sammy," Dean said sitting everything on the coffee table. "I know you're hurting but I have to check you out. Sit back up."

"Dean, just leave it," Sam begged, blinking those endearing puppy dog eyes.

"Fine," Dean concedes. "But at least let me put some ice on it to get the swelling down."

Dean didn't want to upset Sam about the call, but he knew he couldn't keep it from him. While wrapping the ice in a towel, Dean decided to tell Sam about the phone call.

"Are your grades slipping?" Dean asked.

"My grades are fine," Sam lied.

"Now is so not the time to lie to me, Sammy," Dean said sitting on the coffee table. "Dad's pissed. And you know what the deal was."

"Dean, look, I failed a test, okay. One test! That isn't going to affect my grades. It's one damn test!"

"Well, your asshole homeroom teacher, Steven, told Dad that you grades were dropping and he's livid. He's mad at me for not being on top of things here. Like I'm letting you get away with things."

"Dean, I swear, it is just one freakin' test. Mr. Baxter found out about it and..." Sam stopped talking because he didn't want to let slip out what had happened to him after that class.

Sam couldn't believe this was happening. He tried so hard to do what Mr. Baxter wanted and he still called his father. Now, he's got Dean mad at him. Sam laid on the couch and put his arm over his eyes. He wanted so much just to let the tears fall but he didn't want to cry in front of his brother.

"Sammy..." Dean said.

"Please, just leave me alone."

Dean got up and walked out of the living room. Sam could hear Dean's footsteps recede out of the room. How could he have let things get so out of hand? he thought. His brother didn't believe him. His dad was angry and most likely going to pull him away from his friends and Jasmine. He really liked Jasmine. What excuse could he come up with for why he would have to leave? Everything he wanted and hoped for was crumbling down around him. And it was all his fault. He just hoped that his Dad would understand enough to let him at least stay the rest of the semester, if not the whole year.

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The familiar sound of their Dad's' truck parking outside got Dean out of his thoughts. Sam was asleep on the couch and he was sitting on the chair next to him trying to understand what was going on with his brother. Why is Sam keeping things from him? He knew once their Dad came in there was going to be a screaming match between them. He knew that would wake Sam up so he decided to meet their father outside the apartment. When Dean stepped into the hallway, he saw John walking towards the door. He could almost literally see the anger swelling off the man.
"Where the hell is Sam?" John said getting closer to Dean.

"Inside," Dean said holding his hands up to his father to keep him outside. "Dad, listen-"

"What the hell do you have to say to me?! You lied to me! You said you could handle it!" John yelled now in Dean's face.

"And I can!" Dean said coming back with the same intensity.

"Watch your mouth, boy," John warned.

"Dad, look, Sam's hurt. Some kid is bullying him. They had the homecoming dance last night and about four kids jumped him." Dean finally got out. The crease in John's brow lessened when he heard that.

"What do you mean he got jumped?

"When I got there he was already on the ground," Dean said in a much calmer voice.

"What? Where were you this whole time?"

"I was in the car. I stayed after I dropped Sammy off. His girlfriend came banging on the window..."

"His girlfriend? God, I've been away too long."

Dean nodded, but continued. "When I got to them, some other kids were holding his friend, Josh back so he couldn't help and this punk Dustin was standing over Sam."

"Where's Sammy?" John said in a much calmer voice than what he started out with.

"He's asleep on the couch," Dean finally answered clearly.

John walked passed Dean and shook his head a little. As much as he knew Dean would not disobey a direct order from him, he also knew that when it came to Sam that was a whole different thing. When John walked in the apartment and saw Sam sleeping on the couch he knew then that Dean wasn't going to let him in that room until he was calm. Boy, did he really miss his sons.

John walked over to the couch. Dean was still standing in the doorway watching his Dad.

John knelt down by the couch and looked down at his sleeping youngest. He looked so peaceful and helpless laying there with his eyes closed. He really missed his boys. John, moving the hair out of Sam's eyes, was debating on even waking him up. But that didn't last long when Sam began to stir under his hand.

"D'n," Sam slurred out.

"Sammy, wake up," John said.

Sam recognized the voice and a worried look came across his face. Dean walked over to the couch, and sat on the arm of the couch and put his hand on Sam's forehead.

"It's okay, Sammy," Dean said.

John looked up at Dean and then back at his youngest. It never ceased to amazing John how much they need each other. How much they depended on each other. John also knew that Sam was probably worried about him coming home with everything he had just learned and didn't want to
face John just yet and that it took the comfort of his brother for Sam to face him.

Sam opened his eyes and all John saw in them was fear and hurt.

"Sammy, you want to tell me what happened yesterday?" John asked once Sam was looking at him.

"Everything was going good and I was going to the restroom to..." Sam started and then just stopped. He didn't want to tell either of them the reason he was going to the restroom so he stop talking.

"Go on," John said. "What happened when you went to the restroom?"

"Dustin and his friends surrounded me. I couldn't stop it. I tried Dad, I really did."

"It's okay, son," John said getting up off the floor and sitting on the coffee table behind him. "Look..."

"I'm sorry Dad," Sam blurted out cutting John off. "Please don't take me out of school. I know you said try to keep a low profile, but I just couldn't help this. Dad-" Sam pleaded trying to sit up but Dean hand his hand on his shoulder keeping him laying down.

"Whoa. Stop." John said. Sam stopped talking. "You know we had a deal right."

"Yes, sir. But this wasn't my fault."

"What was the deal?"

"Dad please," Sam begged.

"What was the deal, Sam?"

"If there were any problems that you would come and get us and it would be back to the way it was. But-"

"And what did I say about your grades?" John asked, interrupting Sam.

Sam bit his lip looked up at Dean and then back at his dad who was expecting an answer.

"That I had to keep my grades up, but Dad report cards didn't even come out, yet."

"Then tell me, why your homeroom teacher is calling me telling me that your grades are slipping?"

"Dad," Sam began, trying to figure what he was going to say.

"Don't lie to me," John said.

"It was nothing. It was just one test."

"One test? Really. Is this really all about how much you love this school or your girlfriend?"

Sam couldn't believe what he was getting accused of. His brow creased.

"Dad," Dean began but his father cut him off.

"Shut up, Dean." John said not looking at Dean.

"Jasmine didn't have anything to do with this," Sam said almost yelling it out.
"Dad stop," Dean said again.

"Dean, stay out of this," John said looking at Dean then back to Sam. "So, Jasmine is her name. I thought you wanted to stay here so you could work on your grades, not try and hook up. You're becoming more and more like your brother."

"Dad. Stop!" Dean finally yelled. John looked at Dean. Sam wanted to get up and leave the room, but he knew he was stuck on the couch. "He just met Jasmine last week. She has nothing to do with this. It was one test. Leave Sammy alone."

Sam looked up at Dean who was now standing in front of the couch in between him and their father. He couldn't believe that Dean was talking to their Dad like that. Not Dean. He was the perfect little soldier. It was usually Sam and John that had the screaming match. Sam may not have known why Dean was yelling at his Dad, but John surely did. The one rule that John had drilled into Dean's head was that he was to watch out for Sam. No matter what. His job was to protect Sam. Even if that meant on occasion protect Sam from his own father. John stood up and he and Dean were face to face. He knew his son would not back down from this. The damned Winchester pride. John sidestepped from the coffee table and walked into the kitchen. He could hear the conversation of his two sons when he got in the kitchen.

"Sammy, you okay," Dean asked.

"Dad's mad at me."

"No he's not. I'll talk to him. Everything's going to be okay. I'll get him to understand that the grade was a one time thing."

"Thanks Dean."

Dean ruffled his hair and went to the kitchen. John was standing at the counter with his back to the doorway.

"He okay?" John said.

"He'll be fine," Dean answered. "Dad what's going on? When we talked yesterday, you sounded like you were excited to come and then this morning you were yelling at me."

"Right before I called you, I got a phone call from Mr. Steven Baxter."

"Oh," Dean lowered his head.

"What," John asked.

"He threatened to call you after the parent-teacher thing," Dean said looking at their dad. "I didn't think he would keep calling you."

"Is he giving Sammy a hard time?"

"I don't know. All I know is he keeps him after school, sometimes. I don't like him, though."

"Has Sam said anything?"

Dean shook his head. "Nothing."

"Look Dean, I—I'm sorry. I shouldn't have come here like this. I really was excited about coming, but when I got that call and then you couldn't answer my questions I got angry. I didn't mean to jump
to conclusions."

"Are you going to take us out of here?" Dean asked.

John looked at his son for a minute before deciding if he was or not. "No," John finally answered. Dean nodded.

"But, if there are any more problems, or I get another phone call; deals off. Understand."

"Yes, sir," Dean said smiling. "Are you going to tell Sammy?"

"You go tell him," John said turning back around. Sometimes it really hurt him that his youngest son depended more on Dean than him. But what was he to do? This was the life he chose. It didn't mean he didn't like it. He just knew he couldn't take it out on his sons.

TBC

A/N: I want to thank everyone that Favored, Followed, and Alerted my story. Please review! They are much appreciated! :)

Much love to you all

Mandancie
The rest of the evening went smoothly. All three Winchesters sat around and talked and watched movies. It turned out okay. John was with both of his sons and having a wonderful time. Dean helped Sam to his room and the two of them went to bed while John sat up on the couch. He couldn't believe he was finally home with his sons. He sat there for a minute wondering if driving across the country really worth it, and then he thought about Mary. His lovely wife. Pinned to the ceiling, bleeding, gasping for breath, and catching fire. Yeah, John answered his own question. It was worth it. If he wanted to have more days like this where he was home with his sons, and the worst thing they argued about was schooling, he knew he need to find that bastard and kill it so that he could get that normal life back with his sons. And to do that he would have to sacrifice his time with them now, so he could get it with his boys later.

John stayed with Dean and Sam for a month. They had their ups and downs but they were a family. They really enjoyed the time that they had together. Even though Sam was hiding what was happening in school, he really loved the "normal" family time they were having. There were actually no arguing between him and their Dad. Dean would go to work like normal. Sam would go to school. John would even go and help out at the garage with Dean and help with the vintage car. Gus didn't mind. He was actually honored to meet Dean's father.

"Your son is on helluva mechanic," Gus said shaking John's hand.

John smiled at him, so proud of his son. He couldn't be happier for Dean.

But like anything, their time together wasn't permanent. John still had a job of his own that he had to do. So while staying with his sons he got a call from Bobby that there was a job in the neighboring state. As he had done hundreds of times before, John packed up his things and left before Sam got up for school. That didn't mean that he didn't go into his son's room and let him know that he was leaving. John sat at the side of his bed, watching Sam sleep. John moved Sam's hair away from his eyes and the boy stirred a little, leaning into his father's touch.

"Dad?" Sam asked sleepily.

"Hey kiddo," John said. "I'm about to leave."

"Okay," Sam said not opening his eyes.

"I want you to keep up with your work, okay."

"Yessir," Sam slurried out.

Sam turned on his side away from John, taking the covers with him. His shirt was hiked up in the back so when he turned something caught John's attention.

"Sammy," John said shaking his shoulder. "Sam, what happened to your back?"
Sam's eyes popped open, but he didn't move. He didn't want to turn and face his Dad because he knew if his Dad looked into his face whatever he said to cover up the bruises that he had John would know that he was lying.

"Answer me, son," John demanded.

"Dad, it's okay," Sam lied. "It's just..."

"Dean," John called out. Dean walked into Sam's room turning on the light.

He saw John sitting on the side of Sam's bed and Sam facing away from him.

"What's going on?"

"Have you seen these," John asked referring to the bruise on Sam's back.

Dean walked further into the bedroom to get a better look at what he was looking at.

"Is this what he did?!" Dean almost yelled out, "I'm gonna rip that kid's lungs out!"

As much as Sam didn't want to face his father and brother, he turned and looked at them.

"It's okay."

"How is this okay!?" Dean shouted, but John put his hand on Dean's arm to try to calm him down.

"How is any of this okay?"

"They're old," Sam lied. Even though Dustin hadn't came anywhere near him since that night, he still had bruises that he so hoped his family wouldn't see. "Nothing has happened since Homecoming. I think you really scared the crap out of him, literally." Sam tried to lighten the mood in his room because the looks he was getting from his Dad and brother could scare anyone into submission. His heart was pounding out his chest hoping that they would continue to believe that Dustin was the reason for the bruises. Finally Sam was able to sigh in relief.

"Okay," John said. "But if he gives you any more problems I want you to tell Dean. You hear me?"

"Yes sir," Sam said with the feeling of a ton of weight being lifted off of him. He was able to divert their attention.

"Dean," John said. "I don't have to tell you..."

"Watch out for Sam," Dean said still fuming from actually seeing the bruises.

"No," John said. "If this happens again, don't kill him."

"What the hell do you mean don't kill him!" Dean yelled.

John knew that he wasn't angry with him, that he was being a big brother, but he couldn't stand for that.

"Calm down!" John yelled. "I know you're upset. I know you will handle this the right way. Remember you two still live here. So unless you want to start back moving around, which I don't think Sam wants, I don't want you to kill the boy. But take care of your brother."

"Yes sir," Dean said curtly.
"Now, I have to go. I need to be on the road now," John said getting up and walking towards the door. "You boys take care of each other. Dean remember what I said. I'll call you when I get a chance."

John turned and walked out of the room before either one could say anything.

They heard the front door close and Dean looked down at Sam, who was still lying down in the bed. He wanted so much to take off his shirt and really look at his brother's back, but against his better judgment he decided against it. He knew if he really looked at the bruises that where on his back all it would do was to fuel the fire that was already in his belly that he wanted to do bodily harm to this punk. Dean walks out of the room and heads to the kitchen. Sam can hear that he was going to make himself some coffee. Sam gets up and walks into the kitchen. He finds Dean standing by the sink with his back to the doorway.

"Dean," Sam said.

"Sammy," Dean said still with his back to Sam. "You...you can't lie to me."

"I'm sorry, Dean."

Dean finally turns and faces Sam. "I can't protect you if you don't tell me what's going on. If someone is bothering you, beating on you than you need to tell me. Don't wait until dad accidentally sees it."

"I'm sorry."

"Yeah, you said," Dean said. "If you want to make it up, then don't lie to me. If I ask you if something is the matter, then you tell me the truth. Understand!"

"Yeah," Sam said tugging at the hem of his shirt.

"Good," Dean said. "What do you want for breakfast?"

"It's five in the morning."

"How can you not be hungry?"

"How can you always be hungry?"

Dean smiled at Sam. Sam could definitely see the tension lines smooth on his brother's brow. He knew that Dean was still upset but since they had an understanding then he didn't see any reason for the rest of the day to be spoiled.

Today was going to be a special day. It was Saturday and Dean promised Sam that he would take him into work with him so he could help with the Impala. They both have been excited about working together all week. They would have the entire garage to themselves since Gus didn't open his doors on Saturday. Which was really strange for a mechanic but Dean didn't question it. He wanted to finish up on the restoration of the Impala before Sam was out for Christmas break, so he asked Gus if it was alright to come in on today. Gus reluctantly said yes but told him just to stay in the part of the garage that the Impala was in.

Dean and Sam got ready to go to the garage around about ten that morning. When they got there, everything seemed fine. Nothing out of place. They both walked straight towards the Impala and Dean got to work. He had already replaced the engine. Rebuilt the carburetor. Tuned the car up and topped off the fluids. Now he had to work on the brakes and the accelerator. Both of the peddles had
to be replaced. Sam helped Dean with that. After having to do that with their car once before while on the road both Dean and Sam were familiar with getting it done and fast. That was one of the reasons he wanted to wait to do this particular job when he could bring Sam with him. Sam didn't really like having to work on the car much, but what he did love was the time that they spent together fixing the car. Since most of the time, it was Dean that was fixing the car and Sam was just standing on the side handing Dean the tools that he needed. Which to Sam was an important job. You had to know what each tool was that Dean asked for. Dean was very patient with Sam when it came to handling tools because he was still learning, but when Dad was fixing the car and Sam wanted to do the same thing John would lose his patience with Sam if he got the wrong thing.

It only took them a couple of hours to replace the peddles in the car. Next they had to put in a new brake line. For this Sam stood to the sidelines and watched Dean work. Dean slid out from under car.

"Dammit," Dean sighed.

"What's wrong?" Sam asked.

"Go to the back storeroom and get me the double flaring kit, so I can get started on the brake line."

Sam left the back garage and headed to the storeroom. He heard Dean yell from the garage that he could find it in Jacob's tool chest. Sam went over to the tall tool chests that sat at the back of the room and found the one that was marked 'Jacob'. He went through the drawers and found what he thought what Dean needed. He came back in the garage and gave Dean the kit.

"Oh Sammy, this is the wrong one," Dean said. "I need one that will fit this." Dean showed Sam the end piece. "Here take this with you. It looks like this but it has to fit this piece, okay?"

"Oh okay."

Sam walked back into the storeroom and searched for the piece. When he walked past the long workbench, he felt something cold on the back of his neck. He turned to see what that was, but didn't see anything so he dismissed the thought and went to the tool chest.

Dean was sitting by the Impala when there was a crash and then a scream coming from the storeroom.

"DEAN!" Sam yelled.

"Sammy!" Dean got up running towards the store.

"Dean! Help me!

"Where are you?" Dean said walking into the room and seeing it in disarray. "Sammy. Sammy!"

"Over here." Sam tried to move his arm but it was caught between the tool chest and the wall.

Dean moved the tool chest and saw Sam lying on the floor in a heap. Dean bent down and picked Sam up and moved him from under the tool chest.

"Are you alright?" Dean said cupping Sam's face. Sam was bleeding from a cut at his hairline above his left eye.

"Yeah," Sam said trying to get from Dean's grip. "I'm fine." Dean's grip was firm and Sam couldn't move. "Dean, come on. I'm fine."
Sam finally got away from Dean and sidestepped passed him. "What the hell happened?" Dean asked.

"I don't know. I was in here looking for that kit you wanted and the tool chest just fell on me," Sam said wiping his forehead with his hand. He didn't realize he was bleeding until he looked at his hand.

Dean pulled his bandana out of his back pocket and walked over to Sam and gave it to him, so he could put it on his head.

"Are you sure you're alright?" Dean asked looking at him worried.

"It's alright, Dean. I've had worse. It's just this was a little weird."

"What do you mean weird?"

"It almost felt like something pushed past me before it happened."

"What?"

"I felt something push past me. I was looking for that kit and something shoved right by me and I felt weird. Then the tool chest came down. If I didn't know any better, I would say that it was a spirit."

"You mean like an actual ghost?" Dean said almost perking up.

"Yeah," Sam said. He could see the light behind Dean's eyes. He knew that Dean was missing a hunt and that he was sacrificing so much staying here in this town.

The rest of the day went off with no other problems from the alleged ghost. Sam's head stopped bleeding. When Dean looked at it, he determined that it was just a scratch and he didn't need stitches. But being so excited that there may be an actual case here, he really didn't give Sam's cut much more thought. He just kept rambling on and on about why Gus was so adamant about not having the garage open on the weekends. Why, when he was working on a customer's car, tools would move. Why only he would feel cold spots in the garage when he was alone.

Dean was getting more and more excited. Sam saw this. He knew that they shouldn't but, Sam didn't have the heart to say anything to Dean.

Dean picked Sam up from school on Monday and when they got home Sam went into the kitchen and saw a slew of books and newspaper clippings.

"What's all this?" Sam asked putting his book bag down.

"Well, it turns out," Dean began taking off his coat and sitting in the chair, to Sam, like he's been there all day. "There was an accident at the garage."

"Did you even go into work today?" Sam asked sitting down across from Dean.

"What? No," Dean said quickly. "I called in sick. Anyway, a little girl was playing around in the storeroom and she died there."

"What?" Sam took the newspaper clipping that Dean was reading from him. "But I thought Gus didn't like kids playing around the garage." Sam started reading the article.

"Yeah, well, I think this is why. It was his granddaughter, Tamika," Dean took the article back. "That's why he didn't want anyone playing around in there. She was playing and was climbing on the tool chest and it tipped over."
"If it was an accident," Sam started. "Then why is she still around? Ghost usually only stay around if there is unfinished business. If it is her, then why is she still here?"

"I have a theory on that as well," Dean said picking up a copy of her autopsy report. "It says that she was assaulted before she died. There were unexplained bruises she had that didn't match what should have come from the tool chest falling on her. I don't think it was an accident. I think someone killed her."

Sam looked down at the newspaper clipping again. He didn't want to bring this up knowing how much Dean was actually enjoying the research behind the hunt, but he had to ask. "Are you going to call dad?"

"What? Why?" Dean asked looking up at Sam from the autopsy report. "There is nothing to call Dad for."

"Dean, this is a case."

"Yeah, so?" Dean put the paper down and looked directly at Sam. "I think we can handle a little 'salt and burn' by ourselves."

"I think we can as well, but we can't leave afterward. You still have to work there."

"What is it you're trying to say?" Dean said getting angry.

"Dean," Sam started. "All I'm saying..."

"What? Spit it out."

"Dad will make us move..."

"Wait. Are you telling me that the only reason you don't want to work on this is because you want to stay at the school?!" Dean was fuming. "You know what; you really are a selfish bastard."

Dean's words cut into Sam like a knife. "You only care about staying in this one school. Never mind that people could get hurt. What if you weren't paying attention enough to get in that position when the tool chest fell. You would have gotten a whole lot worse damage than just a cut on your forehead. What if it was someone else had been attacked and they were seriously injured or killed?"

Dean stood up, grabbed his coat and stood in the kitchen doorway.

"Never mind that, people could get hurt or probably die. Just as long as Samuel Winchester gets to stay in school for a whole year," Dean's tone was sarcastic and angry. His brother ducked his head a little, feeling ashamed.

"Dean," Sam said. His heart breaking- Dean shouldn't be angry with him- he watched as Dean turns and walks out of the kitchen and heads to the door.

"Where are you going?" Sam asked.

"Why do you care?" Dean yelled out. Leaving, slamming the door behind him.

Sam, turning back around at the table, looked at everything that Dean had collected and knew why his brother was so angry. He wanted so much to hunt and all Sam did was keep him from it. How could this one thing go so wrong? He seemed to not be able to do anything right at school and now when he thought he might have a safe haven at home, he doesn't. Dean is mad at him. Dean blames
him for not being able to go hunting. Sam sat at the table, not moving from that spot. How could he
hurt his brother like that? All Dean ever did was sacrifice for him and he couldn't do the same for
him. Why did he have to bring up their Dad? He could see Dean getting excited about having
something other than pretend that he was a regular person, that he could do what he really was best
at. Hunting. Sam just felt that he couldn't do anything right.

Two hours later, Dean strolled back into the apartment. He felt so guilty for yelling at Sam. He just
drove around for a while and then parked across the street from the apartment. Even though he left
Sam alone, he couldn't just desert him. He still had to do what came natural, which was watch over
Sam. Even if it is across the street.

When Dean got in the apartment, his heart broke more with guilt. He saw that Sam never left the
table where he was sitting before he left. Dean walked over to the doorway of the kitchen.

"Sammy," Dean said quietly.

Sam lifted his head but didn't turn and look at him.

"Sammy, I am sorry. I shouldn't have yelled."

"It's okay, Dean," Sam said still not looking at him. Dean walked in the kitchen and sat down next to
Sam. Sam was looking over all the paperwork that was on the table.

"Sammy," Dean started.

"Hey Dean," Sam said cutting Dean off. "I think I may have found something." Sam looked at
Dean. He could see the hurt and guilt in Dean's eyes. As much as those words hurt, Sam knew that
Dean didn't mean them. He just wanted to have a sense of normalcy, well as much normal as a
Winchester could have. Hunting, saving people; the family business.

Sam was not going to take that from his brother. He would help Dean with this and let Dean have
some fun. Sam smiled at Dean. That one little gesture let Dean know that what he said was forgiven.
Now could he forgive himself for saying what he had? Maybe, but not now. Dean ruffled Sam’s hair
got up and walked over to the chair he was sitting at before, across from Sam.

"So," Sam said. "I was looking through the witness testimony and there was only one person there
when Tamika had her accident."

"Yeah," Dean said. "Who was that?"

"Your bestest buddy in the world," Sam said sarcastically, "Jacob."

"Jacob," Dean's brow creased. "Why would Jacob..."

"I don't think Tamika is an angry spirit," Sam said. " I think she's trying to get someone to listen to
her."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you've told me about how things move around in there, right."

"Yeah, so."

"I think she was trying to get someone's attention. But when no one would listen to her, she took
drastic measures."
"The tool chest."

"Right. The way it fell and where I was standing; it should have killed me. But all I did was get scratched. She didn't want to hurt me. Just show me what happened."

"And you think it was Jacob that killed her?"

"Yeah, I do. He sticks out like a sore thumb. He was the last one to see her alive. And his theory on what happened, it doesn't make sense. He said that she was playing and she climbed up on the tool chest, right."

Dean nodded.

"Well, Dean, you've seen that tool chest. Do you really think that a fifteen year old girl is going to climb up on a tool chest and be playing? There was something else as well."

Dean couldn't help but smile a little at his little geek brother. In two hours time, Sam has looked over all this paperwork and may have solved what was going on at Gus's garage. "What is it?" Dean said, his heart feeling up with pride at his little brother.

"You notice that the only chest that fell was Jacob's. The way it fell, it should have knocked yours or Gus's down as well, but it didn't. The only one that was damaged was Jacob's."

Sam noticed the smile on Dean's face and knew it might be a good idea to shut up now.

"Well," Dean said.

"Well what?"

"Is that all you've got?"

"Well, it's just a theory. You may still have to talk to Gus and Jacob to find out more."

Sam started gathering up the papers.

"Sam," Dean said. "You want to get out of here for the night?"

Sam knew that Dean asking that was his way of apologizing for yelling, and as much as he wanted to go and just hang out with his brother. He knew that to keep Mr. Baxter off his back he had to keep up his grades in school.

"I would love to, but I have a ton of homework to do. Can we hang out at the end of the week? It's the last day before Christmas break."

"Sure. Gone get your homework done and I'll start dinner."

TBC

A/N: I want to thank everyone that has favored, followed, and alerted my story! :) Please take the time and leave a review! :) I would love to know what you thought about this chapter. How you think the story is going.

Much love to you all

Mandancie :)
Chapter 7: Christmas Break

Dean dropped Sam off at school. Sam went to his homeroom class and sat in his seat. Josh came in a few minutes later and sat next to Sam. Sam hadn't seen Josh in about two weeks. It was like he just up and disappeared. Sam watched Josh sit down.

"Where have you been?" Sam asked Josh. Josh put his head down and didn't answer. "Josh, come on. What's wrong?"

"Just leave me alone," snapped Josh.

Sam jumped a little at the harshness of Josh's tone. He didn't know what he did to upset Josh so much. It wasn't like Sam had seen him in two weeks. Sam sat back in his chair and put his head down. This was going to be a long day. Usually, Josh would make the day bearable when it came to Mr. Baxter, but now Josh isn't talking to him so that meant he would have to deal with the homeroom teacher on his own.

As Sam thought, the day went by eerily quiet. He and Josh didn't talk. It didn't mean that Sam wasn't worried about his friend. It wasn't like Sam had seen him in two weeks. Sam sat back in his chair and put his head down. This was going to be a long day. Usually, Josh would make the day bearable when it came to Mr. Baxter, but now Josh isn't talking to him so that meant he would have to deal with the homeroom teacher on his own.

Like always, when the announcements came on, he didn't speak. He didn't even look up. Then he heard the dreaded sound.

"Mr. Winchester," Steven said. "I want you to stay for a few minutes after the bell rings."

Sam's heart sank to his stomach. He couldn't keep hiding bruises from Dean. He got away with it one time. He doesn't think that he would next time. He knows in the back of Dean's mind that something was fishy about the explanation that he gave both his father and brother. Sam didn't want to press his luck with another lie.

"Did you hear me, Samuel?" Steven said.

"Yes sir," Sam said. "Sorry sir."

Sam looked over at Josh, hoping that he would look over at him. Josh didn't move one muscle. He didn't even acknowledge that Sam was looking at him. Sam put his head back down and waited for the inevitable ringing of the bell that to some signaled freedom, but to him it signaled dread and pain.

"Riiing!" Everyone got up and gathered their things. Sam didn't even move. Josh left without even saying anything. Sam's stomach was turning flips on him. He was scared out of his mind, wondering what he did the warrant him staying after class. Again. For the entire time that their Dad had been home, Sam didn't have to stay. During that time he actually had a fun time in homeroom. Now it's back to the way it was.
"Mr. Winchester," Steven said pulling Sam out of his thoughts. "Come here, please."

Dean was sitting in the Impala waiting on Sam- the windows rolled down and classic rock blasting from the speakers- when he saw Josh walking out of the school. Dean got out of the car.

"Josh," Dean called out. Josh looked up and then back down and headed for the buses. Dean's brow creased. He didn't just see him do that. Josh just completely ignored him as if he didn't say anything.

"Josh!" Dean said louder. Josh knew he could keep the act up any longer, stopped and faced Dean. Dean was walking over to him.

"What's wrong?" Dean asked.

"Nothing," Josh answered. "Sam's still in the school. Go talk to him. He needs to tell you something important."

"What?"

"Go to our homeroom class," Josh said. "If you hurry, you just might catch him." Josh turned and headed back to the buses. Dean looked at him and then headed into the school. Something in him told him to rush. Run. Dean turned the corner that lead to Sam's homeroom class and almost ran into Mr. Baxter.

"Oh excuse...Mr. Winchester," Steven said. "What are you doing here?"

"Where's Sam?"

"In the classroom," Steven shrugged. Dean walked past Steven and headed towards the class room. He didn't acknowledge or even hear Steven's question of why he was in the school as the homeroom teacher knew he usually waited outside. Dean got to the class room, not expecting to find Sam as he did. He opened the door and saw Sam was sitting in his chair in the far corner of the room, writing.

"Sammy," Dean said.

Sam's stomach dropped. He didn't want to lift his head and look at his brother. He so wished that Dean wasn't standing there at that moment. How was he going to explain? Dean could tell Sam was hiding something.

"Sam," Dean said in a much sterner voice. "Look at me."

Reluctantly, Sam lifted his head. Dean walked over to his desk and looked at Sam. There was nothing on his face that would cause him to keep his head down. He didn't know why Sam felt the need to hide his face.

"Sammy," Dean said turning the chair in front of Sam's desk around so he could sit across from him. "What's going on? Josh pretty much tells me to run in here; you look like you've seen a ghost. Is everything alright?"

"Yeah, everything's fine," Sam lied. "I have to finish this before I can go."

Dean looked down at the papers. "What is this?" Taking the paper Sam was writing on and read it. "What is this? Lines? Why are your writing lines, Sam?"

Sam put his head back down.

"I will not cheat on my test. What the hell, Sam? Really. Cheating. This is not like you. Do you want
me to call Dad?"

"What," Sam said softly. "And tell him you found a hunt?"

"Seriously, dude?! Screw the hunt!" Dean was fuming now. "What if Steven calls Dad again. I won't be able to keep Dad from taking you out of here. Which right now, doesn't seem like a bad idea."

Sam looked up at Dean with real hurt in his eyes. Dean knew that something was bothering him and it wasn't the lines he had to write. He just didn't know how to get Sam to talk.

"I wish you would talk to me, Sammy." Dean put the paper back in front of Sam and stood up.

"Dean," Sam said. "Can we go home?"

Now, Dean really knew that something was wrong. Whenever Sam would sound like a small child wanting to go home he knew something was bothering him and Sam just didn't know how to tell him.

"Yeah, Squirt. Get your things."

Sam got up and packed his book bag, Dean took his bag and they walked towards the door. Steven walked in.

"Where do you think you're going, Mr. Winchester?"

"I'm taking my brother home. Problem?" Dean asked. He had his hand on the back of Sam's neck steering him out of the room. As if he needed permission to take his baby brother anywhere! Dean could feel Sam shaking. They walked out of the school. Dean practically pushing Sam towards the car in a hurry because he knew that when Sam said he wanted to go home, he didn't mean the apartment. Sam got in the passenger side of the Impala, closed the door and curled up against the door. Dean put Sam's bag in the back seat and got behind the steering wheel and turned the key to bring the Impala to life.

"Hold on, baby brother," Dean said. "We're moving." Dean put the car in drive and drove out of the school parking lot.

Dean headed to the apartment.

"Stay here," Dean said getting out of the car. Sam didn't move from the passenger's seat. When Dean came back to the car, he had his duffel bag on his shoulder. Dean looked at Sam through the car window and saw that Sam was asleep. Dean put the duffel in the trunk and got back in the driver's seat.

Dean decided that they needed some Winchester normalcy. Dean stopped at a gas station, filled up the tank, got some snack foods and drove. They just drove and drove. Dean didn't have a plan of where they were headed. He just knew that Sam needed to have the comforts of home that he was use to. Riding in the Impala, with his brother right next to him listening to him sing to the Classic Rock from his tape deck. Dean drove for about four hours. They could really care less where they were. Sam was asleep. To be it all honest, Sam was asleep before they even left the city limits. Dean knew he couldn't keep driving forever. So he decided to stop at the nearest motel, Sam still asleep. Dean checked in, pulled the car to the motel room door. He grabbed his sleeping brother and carried him through the room to the bed furthest from the door. They stayed the night. The next morning, Dean went and got breakfast the next morning. When he got back, Sam began to wake up.
"D'n," Sam slurred.

"Hey, Squirt. I see you finally woke up."

"Where are we?"

"Nowhere in particular. I just drove after we left the school. You were out like a light. You slept the whole way here. So I got to thinking." Dean tossed Sam a breakfast biscuit. "How would you like to go to Bobby's for Christmas break?"

Sam smiled.

"Yeah," Sam said beaming. "When are we going?"

"Now," Dean said.

"What about your job," Sam asked. "You just can't leave."

"Well, while you were sleep, I talked with Gus and he said that it would be alright if I had a couple of weeks off, since they aren't that busy during this time of year. You can stand to have a small reprieve from school. Break starts in three days, and you looked like you needed some time away from there. Eat."

Sam took a bite from his biscuit. He realized that all this time he wanted to be normal and this was normal. Driving around from state to state. Going to different schools. Eating on the road. Not having to be tied down to anything. He thought that going to one school was what he wanted, but now he's not so sure. He loves it. It's something that he needed for if he wanted to go to college someday, but with everything he's been through he wasn't so sure now. He looked up at his brother. Dean sitting in the other bed eating his breakfast surfing the channels on the television. He loved his brother. He appreciates everything that Dean sacrificed for him, not that he would tell him since he knows Dean's theory on chick-flick moments. Sam smiled at himself and ate his biscuit.

Dean got up and called Bobby.

"Hey Bobby," Dean said.

"Dean," Bobby said. "How is everything going? How is Sam liking staying in one school?"

"Oh fine. Listen, I'm calling because, Sam's on Christmas break and I have a couple weeks off. Could we come by for a couple of days?"

"Sure, boy," Bobby said. "Dean, is everything alright?"

"Yeah, everything's fine."

"Okay. When are you coming?"

"We should be there maybe tonight if not tomorrow morning."

"Alright. I'll have your room ready."

"Thanks Bobby." Dean hung up the phone. "You ready to go?" He asked to Sam.

"Yeah, sure."

Sam got up and gathered up his few things and left the motel room and got in the car. Dean did a
once over on the room to make sure they didn't leave anything and he closed up the room and headed for the car. He checked out and they headed for Bobby's.

They got there that night. Everything was going like usual. Sam and Dean had their room that they shared whenever they stayed at Bobby's. They were there a couple of days when a familiar truck came up the driveway. John pulled into the driveway and saw the Impala parked and instantly got worried. He slammed the gear into park and didn't even get the car off before jumping out of the car. He just knew something was wrong. One of his rules was that if anything should happen and he couldn't get in touch with him that he should head to Bobby's. Now coming over for a supply run, and seeing the car in the driveway, so many things rushed into John's head. What's wrong with his sons? Is it Sam? Is it Dean? John ran up the back door and almost broke it down trying to get in. He got a sigh of relief when he walked into the house and saw Sam was standing in the kitchen washing his dishes. He walked over to Sam and grabbed him up and gave him the biggest hug. He didn't care that Sam just spilled soapy water all over the floor from the dish he was cleaning.

"Dad," Sam managed to get out.

"Are you okay?" John asked finally putting Sam down.

"Yeah, I'm fine. We're fine." Sam said putting the dish back down in the sink. "What's wrong?"

Dean walked into the kitchen. John looked at Dean and walked over and gave him a hug. Pure shock was on Dean's face, as still on Sam's.

"Dad," Dean said. "Dad, you're scaring us. What's wrong?"

John let go of Dean and stepped back. "I'm scaring you. Imagine how I felt when I saw the Impala in the driveway and I know I left you two about a week ago."

"Sorry, Dad," Dean said. "We didn't mean to worry you. Sam's on Christmas break, and I thought we could take a drive. I asked Bobby if it was okay if we came for a couple of days."

Sam was so happy his brother didn't tell their Dad the real reason they were there.

"So everything is okay?" John asked.

"Yeah, everything's fine."

John raked his shaky hand down his face trying to calm down his nerves. Seeing the Impala and knowing that his sons were alone without him, he just knew he had to calm down.

"Dad, are you okay?" Sam asked.

"Just give me a minute," John said and walked out of the house. Sam and Dean looked at each other. They have never seen their father like that. He was genuinely scared. The great John Winchester. Growing up they have know him to be the hard-ass of the family. Nothing could crack John. But today both sons realized there was one weakness that John had. It was them.

The next few days were just wonderful. They all had a good time. There were no arguments, no bickering. Christmas was great. They all sat together and had dinner. They watched old movies and just enjoyed their time together. While they were there, John put his phone on the charger and left it in the kitchen.

"Dean, here take these to the kitchen," John said, handing him some glasses from the kitchen cupboard. "Sam, go help him."
Dean and Sam got up and gather their glasses and any other dishes that were in the living room and headed to the kitchen.

"Dean, check my phone for me," John yelled from the other room.

Sam put the glasses in the sink and headed back to the living room. When Dean checked John's phone, it rang. Dean answered it.

"Hello."

"Mr. Winchester, this is Steven Baxter."

"What do you want?" Dean said getting angry.

"I need to talk to you about your son."

"What about Sammy?"

"I want to let you know that Sam has skipped school the last three days before break and that he will have to stay after school once a week for detention to make up the time he missed."

"That's not happening," Dean said. "When I come to pick him up, I am always there on time at 3:30. Now he has until 3:45 to be at my car, or I am coming to get him. I don't like you Steven. I don't like whatever you're doing to my brother."

"Dean?"

"Yeah, Dean. This staying after classes are going to stop. I'm tired of waiting on him because of you."

"Now, see here, Dean," Steven tried to say.

"Another thing, if you call my Dad's phone one more time trying to get Sammy in trouble, you'll have me to deal with. If I find I out that there is more going on between you and Sammy, I promise you, I will kill you. Good bye Steven." Dean hung up the phone. He turned and saw Sam standing behind him. He was white as a sheet.

"What did you do?" Sam asked with sound barely coming from him.

"What are you talking about?" Dean's brow creased. "I'm tired of waiting for you to come out of school. I don't trust that Steven." Dean lowered his voice so that their Dad and Bobby couldn't hear them. "I don't want you staying after class. If he tells you to stay, get up and leave anyway. I'll deal with it. You wanted to stay in a school for the whole year, and I am going to try to make that happen. But it's going to be without all the stress that you've been coming home with."

Dean walked out of the kitchen and left Sam standing there. Sam really didn't know what to do. His heart was screaming TELL DEAN, but his head kept saying HE'S NOT GOING TO BELIEVE YOU. HE'S GOING TO BE MAD. Now Dean has made Mr. Baxter mad. What was going to happen now?

Sam left the kitchen and went upstairs. With everything that he was feeling, if he sat in the room with the three of them one of them would know that something was wrong and if asked they would know he was lying.

As much as they wanted to stay, Dean got a call from Gus asking him when he was coming back. A
lady came in and wanted to have engine work done, but she only wanted Dean to work on the car because she got the referral from another customer. So they started packing to head back to their apartment. Dean packed up the car and Sam was sitting in the passenger's seat. This time John was watching his boys leave.

"Drive carefully," John said.

"We will. See you later, Dad," Dean said getting in the car.

Dean put the car in gear and backed out of the driveway. It took a day and a half to get back to the apartment. When they arrived, Sam grabbed the duffel and Dean called their Dad to let him know that they had got home safely. Dean came in and sat on the couch. He decided he would give Gus a call and let him know that he was back in town and would start work tomorrow. Sam went to his room and put his things up and just lay down on the end of his bed.

The rest of Christmas break went without a hitch. Dean went to work and kept a low profile. But he kept his hunter eye sharp for anything out of the ordinary. He hadn't spoken to Gus yet about his granddaughter. He didn't want to come off as insensitive since Gus has never talked about his family at the job. As of right now, no one was getting hurt, and they haven't so far, so he thought it would be such a bad idea if he waits till he gets more proof.

School started back again and Dean dropped Sam off like he always did in the same spot.

"Sammy," Dean said before Sam opened the door.

"Yeah," Sam said looking at him.

"Remember what I said. When the bell rings, I don't care what he says, you come to this car."

"Okay." Sam opened the door.

"That's an order, Sam." Dean voice was very stern. It meant that he meant business. Sam nodded and got out of the car.

Sam walked into the school. After the cold shoulder he received from Josh and Jasmine he didn't expect any different. He walked into his homeroom class and sat in his usual seat in the back corner. Josh and Jasmine came in, they were talking and laughing. Sam watched them take their seats. He noticed that Josh, this time, sat over with Jasmine. Sam put his head down. He had never felt more alone than he did at that moment. Just like the last day he was here, he knew that it was going to be a long day. The bell rang for the day to start. Mr. Baxter came in to the room. There was no 'Good Morning,' no 'I hope you all had a wonderful vacation.' It was just...

"Mr. Winchester," Mr. Baxter said. "When the bell rings for first period, you better not move."

Sam stomach was doing killer flips. Now what was he going to do? He knew when he found out what Dean said it was going to be bad. Josh and Jasmine looked over at Sam, who had his head down. The bell rang. Everyone gathered up their belongings and left the room. Sam didn't move. He was in the same position he was when he sat down. When everyone left and the room was quiet, Mr. Baxter walked over to Sam's desk.

"Well," Steven said. "Mr. Winchester, did you have fun skipping school?"

Sam didn't say anything. He didn't move his head. It stayed lowered. Steven slammed his hands on Sam's desk causing him to jump in his seat. Steven grabs hold of Sam's collar and yanked him out from behind his desk and slammed him into the wall closest to them.
"Well, Mr. Winchester, you have in-school suspension. You're with me all day. For the next two weeks."

Sam couldn't believe it. Not only would it be a long day. Sam now knew it was going to be a long and PAINFUL day!

TBC

A/N: I want to thank everyone who have reviewed, alerted, favored, and followed my story. I hope you enjoyed this chapter. Please leave a review. I always love reading what you think about my story! :)

Many hugs and kisses to you all

Thank you

Mandancie
Dean drove to work and parked the Impala behind the garage. When he got out of the car, he heard a loud crash coming from inside the shop. He ran in to see what was going on. When he got in, the sight he saw would have been totally unbelievable if he wasn't already used to such things. It seemed Tamika's ghost was causing havoc all around the shop, Dean thought. Tools were being flung everywhere. The tool chest marked 'Jacob' was the only one tossed over. Papers were being tossed everywhere. Dean knew that something had obviously upset her to make her now a vengeful spirit. As much as Dean didn't want to he knew he was going to have to talk to Gus. The hunter in him loved this, but he also was preparing himself for the fact that maybe he just might not have a job the next day.

Dean walked into Gus's office and closed the door. Gus was sitting at his desk with his head in his hand.

"Gus," Dean started. "I think we need to have a talk." Gus looked up at Dean. Dean could see the hurt in his eyes. "Gus."

"I just don't know what to do anymore," Gus sighed. "I don't know how to make this stop."

"I do," Dean said with conviction. "But there are a few questions that I have to ask and it may be hard for you to answer, but I am going to have to have the truth if I'm going to fix this."

"What can you possibly do?" Gus wondered. His brow creased on his forehead.

"What I was trained for. I know my job and I think I know what's going on, but you have to trust me on this, okay." Dean said.

Gus sighed. "Alright, what do you want to know?"

"I know this is hard, and I am really sorry to ask but what happened to your granddaughter?"

"How do you know about Tamika?"

"Like I said, I know how to do my job. Please. What happened to Tamika?"

"I-I really don't know. She wanted to come to the shop one day. I was really busy that day, but she came anyway. We had three cars on the lift and five more people waiting for us to even get to them. We were so busy." Gus shook his head. "She came and asked if there was something that she could do to help. She was so sweet like that. She knew we were so busy and she wanted to help. She was so beautiful and had a wonderful spirit. She could just melt your heart with those big puppy dog eyes she had."

Dean nodded his head. He knew what he meant by that. Sam was the same way. Sam has a big heart and a look that you could just tell what he was feeling by the way he looked at you. And who could ever resist those puppy dog eyes that he had. Yes, Dean knew exactly what Gus meant.
"I just so wish I told her to go home. Or go to the library. Anything but let her stay here. She wouldn't have gotten bored and was fooling around by the lifts."

"Lifts?" Dean said cutting Gus off. "What do you mean, lifts? I thought the tool chest collapsed on her."

"No, I found her by the lifts. She was bloody and bruised. She died in my arms. There was blood everywhere."

"How did you know where she was?"

"Like I said, I found her. I was coming in to start back working on one of the cars on the lift and I heard her crying in the corner. I ran to her side and picked her up in my arms. It looked like she wanted to tell me something but it wouldn't come out. She died in my arms." tears now free flowing from Gus's eyes.

Dean got up and walked over to the lifts. With everything still going on, it was hard for him to even search around the lifts. But then just when he was about to go back to Gus's office something caught his eye.Dean bent down and picked it up. He looked at the cloth in his hand and balled his hand up. He then walked over to the tool chests and started looking through the drawers of Jacob's overturned chest. When Dean got to the last drawer, his suspicions now had validity. He now had the proof he needed. Dean got back to the office and walked in. Gus was still sitting in the same spot when he left.

"Gus," Dean said sitting across from Gus. "I know this is really hard for you, but I have to ask this question."

"What is it, son?" Gus said emotionally drained from reliving that horrendous day again.

"How well do you trust Jacob?"

"What are you talking about?" Gus asked getting a little defensive.

"Listen, I know you two have been friends for a while, but I have to ask how much do you trust Jacob."

"Jacob and I have been friends forever. He was the best man at my wedding. He was there for me when my wife passed away ten years ago. We have seen each other through some tough times."

"How did the rest of the family like Jacob? Namely Tamika."

"Tamika loved him. He was her god-father. He was the one that took her mom to the hospital when she went into labor with Tamika."

"Do you think Jacob would hurt Tamika?"

"No. No. He wouldn't do that. He loved her. No, you're crazy. Why would you say that?"

"I think the reason all this is happening is because she's been trying to tell you what happened to her and you just haven't been listening. So now she's mad because you won't listen to her."

Dean looked at Gus's desk and saw a picture of a young girl with sun-golden hair that reached to her shoulders. Fair skinned. Then something caught Dean's eye.

"Gus, what's that?"
"What?" Gus looked up at the photo.

"That around her neck."

"Oh that. That is...was her locket. My wife gave her that locket when she turned 16. She didn't have it when I found her. I guess it got lost when she fell off the lift."

"Who told you that she fell off the lift?"

"Jacob."

"Then why would he tell the police that she fell off the tool chest?"

"What?"

"In the police report he said that she fell off the tool chest. I found this in the bottom of his drawer." Dean puts the item in his hand and put it on the desk in front of Gus.

Gus looked at the item and it couldn't be real. It couldn't be true. He was her god-father. Gus picked up the locket that was placed on the desk. "Get out." Gus said his voice very low. "Dean, you're a good kid, but I want you out. Don't come back today."

Dean was dumbfounded. He didn't know what just happened. He put the cloth that he had in his hand on the desk and walked out. Gus looked at the cloth and then back at his granddaughter's picture.

Dean was headed to his car.

"So, not as good as you thought, huh?"

Dean stopped where he was and turned and faced Jacob. Jacob had a smirk on his face.

"I know what you did," Dean said. "You won't get away with it."

Jacob walked over to Dean quickly in long strides and gripped Dean by his jacket collar. "You don't know what you're talking about, boy."

"I know what you did to Tamika," Dean said not even flinching from Jacob's grasp. "Gus may not care, but I do. And you will pay for it."

Jacob looked at Dean. He didn't look scared, or even worried. Dean knew something. Jacob's grasp loosen and Dean backed up turned and headed for the car. Dean drove off leaving Jacob standing in the same spot. Dean wanted to get Sam, but he knew that it was too early. Dean looked at his watch. 10:30. Dammit. He couldn't just take Sam out of class. He would have to wait till the afternoon to go get him.

**Earlier the same day**

"You think you can do whatever you want," Steven spat in Sam's face.

Sam trying to get out of Steven's grip but he couldn't move. Steven had Sam pinned against the wall. Steven was so close to Sam. Sam could almost smell, what he thought, was the slight hint of alcohol on his breath.

"Your brother," Steven said hitting Sam in his ribs. Sam gasping for air. "Your brother thinks he can control this. And you absentee father; well don't get me started on him. But being your teacher I can
tell you I have the power to take you from your so-called family."

The threat of losing his family hurt worse than any blows that Steven could administer.

"I could have your brother arrested."

Finding his voice, "You leave Dean alone. I'm gonna tell him...," Sam cried out.

Steven hit Sam in the solar plexus twice before Sam could finish and let him go. Sam doubled over from the blows and fell to the floor. Gasping for the much needed air that his body sorely needed.

"Your brother will be arrested if you even think about telling him about me. I will tell the cops that all those bruises came from your precious brother. I was just a concern teacher. They will take your precious Dean away from you faster than you could possibly think."

Tears forming behind Sam's eyes. Knowing that he struck a nerve with Sam, Steven asked in a calming voice. "Now, are you going to tell Dean about our conversations?"

Sam felt like he was going to be sick. The simple thought of losing Dean made him physically sick. As much of a jerk his brother could be, he loved him. And he knew he couldn't exist without him. Dean had done so much for him. Sacrificed so much for him. More than anybody ever done. He couldn't see Dean arrested because of him. Sam had to learn to take whatever Steven Baxter would do to him with no complaints. He had to do it for Dean.

Getting tired of waiting for a response, Steven bent down picked up Sam and doubled him over the desk. Steven leaned down to where his mouth was next to Sam's ear.

"Now, I am going to ask you one more time. Are you going to tell your brother about our conversations?"

Sam shook his head against the desk. Trying to breathe with Steven on his sore back.

"I can't hear you."

"N-no...s-sir. I...w-won't t-tell...D'n," tears flowing from his eyes landing on the desk.

"Good boy," Steven said standing up patting Sam on the shoulder.

Sam, shaking, stood up and immediately felt sick. He ran to the restroom as fast as his wobbly legs could take. He made it to the restroom just in time to vomit in the sink basin. What was he going to do? He didn't want to lie to Dean anymore, but he didn't want anything to happen to him either. Sam tried to compose himself and walked out of the restroom and with much dread walked back into his homeroom classroom where he would be spending the next two weeks. He looked at the clock and saw it was only 10:30. Great, he thought, this was going to be a VERY LONG day.

Josh walked out of the restroom after Sam walked out. He was in one of the stalls when Sam stumbled in. He didn't come out when he heard Sam vomit in the sink. He knew what was happening to him. The same thing happened to him when he had to spend two weeks with Mr. Baxter. He watched Sam stumble out of the restroom and into the classroom and knew this was not going to be good. He wished there was something he could do for his friend. It wasn't Sam's fault he was going through this. He knew he had to figure out something to make it up to Sam for the way he was acting towards him.

The very long day for both Winchesters finally ended. Dean was sitting in the car right outside the school. Sam was sitting in his homeroom class in the far end of the class with his head down when
all the kids came clamoring in. Josh saw Sam and walked over to him.

"Sam," Josh said.

Sam looked up and saw Josh standing by his desk. Sam looked tired. Tired and hurt.

"Hey Josh," Sam said quietly. "How are you doing?"

"Sam, you've got to tell Dean."

Sam shook his head. "No. Can't. Can't lose him."

"You can't take two weeks of this. It's going to break you."

Sam looked up at Josh with hurt and anger in his eyes. "I can't lose Dean. Just let it go." Sam put his head back down on the desk. Josh looked at him and then sat down in his seat before the last bell rang before the announcements came on.

When the bell rang, everyone including Sam got their things together and all left the classroom. Sam walked out of the school and saw the most important thing that he knew, no matter what he had going on, being in that car would take it all away. Dean was sitting in the driver's seat waiting for Sam to get in. He didn't know how he would break it to him that he would have to leave his school earlier than expected. Sam got in the car and looked at his brother. He could tell that something was wrong.

"Dean," Sam asked. "What's wrong?"

"I may have just lost my job. Gus sent me home this morning."

"What?!"

"Yeah, sorry Sammy. Looks like you're going to be going to a different school after all. We can't stay here if I don't have a job."

A small fraction of relief was on Sam's face. "It's okay, Dean. I don't care anymore."

Dean shook his head. "Well, come on then, little brother. I got a few things I have to get from the garage before we leave. Once we do that, what do you say we call Dad and tell him we will be at Bobby's until his hunt finishes."

"Sounds good," Sam said with a smile crossing his lips. The small thought that they would be leaving. That Mr. Baxter couldn't hurt him or threaten Dean any more made that all worth it. And Dean will ever know. Sam began to relax in the seat as Dean drove to the garage. The first time all day Sam actually was truly relax.

Dean drove to the garage.

"Why are we here?" Sam asked looking out the passenger's window.

"I need to get some things. Do you want to wait for me or come with?" Dean said putting the car in park.

"I'll wait here." Sam said.

"Alright, I won't be long." Dean got out the car and headed in the garage when he got to the door he heard the car door open and close. He turned and saw Sam getting out of the car and sat down on the
hood. It being January, it was cold but the hood of the car was warm, so it felt good to Sam. Dean shook his head and went inside.

Dean was packing up his tools when Gus walked in.

"What are you doing here?" Gus asked walking towards Dean.

"Gus, hey. I'll be out of here in a little bit. I'm just getting my things."

Gus looked down at his watch. "Where's your brother?"

"Outside. What's going on? You want me gone."

**OUTSIDE**

"What you doing out here in the cold?"

Sam looked up and saw Jacob standing by the car.

"Minding my own business," Sam said tightening his coat around him.

Jacob smacked Sam across the back of his head.

**INSIDE**

"I told you don't come back. I wasn't firing you."

"What's going on," Dean asked putting his tools down and facing Gus.

"I didn't want you to bring your brother here," Gus said.

"What?"

**OUTSIDE**

Sam rubbed the back of his head. "What was that..." Sam started to say but was cut off from Jacob grabbing his coat and yanking him off the hood of the Impala.

"DEAN!"

**INSIDE**

"Look, I know what happened with Tamika. But the reason why I didn't want kids around here..." Gus said.

"Jacob," Dean said.

"Yeah, I didn't want you to bring your brother here. During the summer, Sam pretty much stayed in your back pocket so it was fine. And the reason I said it was okay that Saturday was because we were closed.

"DEAN!"

Dean dropped what was in his hand and ran outside. Gus right behind him. When they got outside, Dean was seeing red. Jacob had Sam pinned against the Impala hood.
"Let. Him. Go." Dean yelled running towards them.

Jacob put Sam in between him and Dean and put his arm around Sam's neck. Dean stopped in his tracks.

"No, I don't think so. If you want your baby brother then you need to back up."

"Let him go." Dean said. "You're okay, Sammy."

Sam fighting dizziness, grasped at Jacob's arms. Dean can see Sam mostly had his eyes closed, so he knew that something was hurting him.

"One last chance, Jacob. Let my brother go," Dean said fuming.

Sam tried to pry Jacob's arm off of him, but to no avail. Then out of the corner of Dean's eyes he sees something. Something flickers towards Sam and Jacob. Then whatever it is pushes Jacob and Sam into the Impala with enough force to knock Jacob out and free Sam. Sam's coughing and gasping for air. Dean is by Sam's side and helps him to his feet.

"Look at me," Dean said cupping Sam's face. "Look at me."

Sam looks up at Dean. "I'm fine Dean." Sam's voice is rough and raspy.

"Yeah," Dean said moving Sam's head back just enough to look at his neck. "You sound perfectly normal. Let's go home."

They got into the car and drove off. Dean parked in front of the apartment. "Are you sure you're okay?"

Sam chuckled a little. "I'm fine, Dean. Promise. I'm just a little sore."

Sam gets out of the car and heads in the apartment. Dean follows. Sam goes upstairs to his room. He's in more pain than he's letting on, with being tossed around and with Mr. Baxter this morning. Sam was more than just a little sore. He was hurting and hurting bad. All Sam wanted to do was to get behind closed doors so he could really look at himself and see what was done without Dean.

Sam got to his room and closed the door. He being in such determination to get in the room away from Dean, he didn't notice that Dean was a few steps behind him.

Sam pulled off his shirt real slowly as not to hurt his side more than it already did.

Dean stood on the other side of the door. He knew that Sam was hiding something and the only way Dean was going to find out was to say "screw it" on Sam's privacy and just went into the room.

Dean opened the door just in time to see Sam take off his shirt. And he saw it. Everything. All that Sam was hiding was now out for Dean to see. He couldn't believe it.


TBC

A/N: I would like to thank everyone that has favored, followed, and alerted me and my stories! You don't know how much I appreciate all of your support!

Please leave a review! I treasure what you think! :)
Many hugs and kisses to you all

Mandancie :)

The Truth Comes Out

Disclaimer: I know I say it in all my chapters, but I still don't own Supernatural.

A special thanks to AlElizabeth for beta'ing my story. Awesome as ever.

A/N: Here is the chapter that I've been waiting for. :) I hope I did it justice! :) Please let me know what you think of it. :) Alright here is Chapter 9

Chapter 9: The Truth Comes Out

Dean opened the door just in time to see Sam take off his shirt. And he saw it. Everything. All that Sam was hiding was now out for Dean to see. He couldn't believe it.


Sam turned around in surprise. He couldn't believe that he didn't hear the door open. Now Dean had seen everything. All that Sam had tried so hard for him not to see, there was no more hiding it. Sam couldn't even look his brother in the eye. How was he going to explain this?

Dean looked at his brother in pure horror. It was bad enough when he saw his back, but when Sam turned and faced him, he couldn't believe it. Sam's chest looked worse than his back. There was an array of purplish-red bruises all over his abdomen. It was astonishing that Sam could even stand much less take the blow that he endured at the hand of Jacob. Sam wasn't looking at Dean. Dean knew he was trying to figure a way to brush the injuries off, make it seem like they weren't a big deal. There was nothing Sam could say that wouldn't keep Dean from killing whoever had put their hands on his baby brother.

"Sam, what the hell happened to you?" fumed Dean, moving further into the room.

"Dean..." Sam said in a low voice. Not looking up, scared that Dean would see through his facade.

"Sammy," Dean cutting Sam off. "Don't lie to me again."

Sam finally looked up at Dean. He could see the disappointment and hurt in Dean's face. He hated being the reason behind that look. But he knew if he wanted to keep Dean safe he couldn't tell him the truth.

"Dean, I can't." Sam whispered, shaking.

"You can't what?" Dean started walking towards Sam.

Sam absentmindedly backed away from Dean. He noticed his little brother backing away from him. This wasn't right. Sam has never shied away from Dean. As a matter of fact, Dean would always be the one that Sam would come to. Now that Sam was backing away from him, Dean couldn't help but feel hurt. He couldn't understand why Sam was suddenly afraid of him.

Sam didn't mean to shy away from Dean, but he knew if Dean got any closer to him he would spill his guts. He didn't want to. Even though every part of his body wanted to tell Dean everything, he just couldn't. He didn't want Dean to get arrested. He didn't want Dean to get in trouble. Sam didn't know how he could get his older brother to understand that he just wanted to protect him just like he's done so many times for Sam.
"Dean, please," Sam pleaded. "I can't tell you. You weren't supposed to see me." Tears pricked the back of his eyes as he spoke and he was afraid he'd start crying for real.

"How can I protect you if you won't let me in?"

"Dean, please drop it. I'm fine."

"Fine?!!" Dean yelled. "Fine?! You call this fine. Have you looked at yourself?"

"Dean, drop it!" Sam yelled back, surprising both himself and Dean. "I can take care of myself!"

Dean stepped back. That last statement made Dean feel as though someone had sucker punched him in the gut. Sam instantly regretted lashing out at his brother. He could see he wasn't making things any better. Dean turned to walk out the room.

"Dean," Sam said in a much calmer.

"No," Dean was eerily quiet. "You can take care of yourself. I'll leave you to it." Dean walked out of the room and closed the door, leaving Sam standing there in his room utterly alone. In trying to protect his brother from what could be Steven's wrath, he just hurt his brother in the most unimaginable way. Now Dean was mad at him. Sam slumped down on the bed. He didn't care the pain the movement caused. He felt that whatever pain he felt he now truly deserved. As much as he didn't want them to, tears streamed down his face. He never thought asking to stay in one school would turn out like this. With a teacher hell-bent on making his life miserable, beating him senseless, a guy that pretended to be his friend one minute and shunned him the next and now he big brother. Now his big brother hated him. Now he wished he never asked if he could stay in one school. He wished he was still moving around with his brother and Dad. Where his dad would hunt thing and his brother would take care of him. And he could just be Sam Winchester. Now he was somebody he didn't even recognize anymore. He hated his life.

Dean walked out of the room and closed the door. He leaned up against the door and put his hand over his eyes. He couldn't believe what he just witnessed. For the first time Sam has shied away from him. At first, he had a feeling of being rejected. All his life it has always been his one and only job of taking care of Sammy. Now Sammy doesn't want him around. But that feeling passed quickly. He knew his brother. He knew something was wrong. Now it was his job to find out what it was. Sam would never act like this if something wasn't bothering him. Now that Dean wasn't going back to the garage, he knew that he had a new case to work on; find out what or who was hurting Sammy. Dean walked away from the door and went downstairs to the kitchen.

The next day the apartment was filled with tension. Sam wanted so much to talk to Dean, but Dean made it a point not to be in the same room with Sam. Dean still made his breakfast, but when Sam came downstairs Dean put the plate in front of him and walked out of the kitchen. Sam's heart broke in pieces. He so hated himself right now. How could he hurt his brother like that? Sam could hardly eat his food from all the guilt he was feeling.

It was now 7:30. Dean had to take Sam to school.

"You coming?" Dean said uninterestedly.

Sam got up from the table, grabbed his backpack from his room and met his brother at the car. Dean followed and they rode in silence to the school. Sam already knew that he was going to get it when he got to school. It just hurt more than anything that Dean wasn't talking to him. When they got to the school, Dean stopped the car where he usually did and waited for Sam to get out. About five minutes passed and Sam didn't move.
"Are you going to get out?" Asked Dean not looking at Sam.

"Dean," Sam voice shaky.

"Get! Out! Of! My! Car!" Dean cut off Sam. "If you are not out here by 3:45 consider yourself walking home."

Tears pricked the back of Sam's eyes. Dejected, Sam got out of the car and headed for what he knew to be a day full of beatings. But today was going to be different. How? He wasn't going to fight Mr. Baxter anymore. Whatever he does to Sam, Sam will have deserve whatever Mr. Baxter does to him for hurting his brother. Sam slowly got out of the car. Not a second after he closed the door did the car moved away from Sam. Man, he so wished he never asked Dean if he thought Dad would let them stay in one town for a whole year. This was turning out to be one disaster after another.

Dean drove out of the school parking lot. He didn't get as far as the gas station at the light and he had to pull over. Scrambling to get out of the car before what little breakfast he had this morning came back up. After emptying his stomach, he sat down on the ground by the Impala. Tears in his eyes, he hated seeing his baby brother like that. He knew he was being harsh on him, but he knew he had to find out what was happening. And this was the only way he could get Sam to come clean about who was beating him. The thought of someone putting their hands on Sam made him even sicker than what he was doing now. But if this was going to work he had to stand firm. Even if it was putting Sammy out for slaughter.

Sam walked into the school. He couldn't feel any lower than he did at that moment. Dean hated him. Nothing else mattered. Not Mr. Baxter. Not Josh. Not this school. Nothing. All Sam knew was that in the six months of staying in one spot, his brother has given up what he loved to do the most for him and all he did to repay him was hurt his brother in the most painful way. He could never forgive himself for hurting Dean. Sam made it to his homeroom class and sat in his chair all the way in the back of the room. Even after sitting longer in the car this morning, he actually got to the classroom before everyone. Sam put his head down on the desk. He didn't realize how long he was like that until he felt someone slam their hands on the desk. It surprised Sam that his head shot up. He saw Mr. Baxter standing in front of his desk. He looked at Mr. Baxter, not really caring what he was saying. He was yelling about something. But Sam just sat there. He didn't move. Not until he was yanked out of the seat and slammed against the wall. Again he didn't fight. He didn't struggle. He let Mr. Baxter do whatever he wanted. When Steven saw that he wasn't getting through to Sam, Sam wasn't speaking much less looking at him. Steven threw Sam across the classroom. The only sounds that Sam made were the grunts and yelps as he hit the desks, but other than that no sound left his mouth. Sam was getting dizzy now. He didn't know how much more he could take of being flung around the room. Every time he landed somewhere, Steven would go to him pick him up, say something and then throw him again. This last time, Steven threw too hard and Sam hit the classroom door. He fell limp after his head hit the doorknob. Sam was unconscious.

The bell rang for the next period. Josh walked out of his math class. He decided that he couldn't take it anymore. He walked over to his homeroom class so that he could check on Sam. When he got there, he couldn't believe what he saw. Sam was unconscious on the floor with blood coming from his mouth. The classroom was a wreck. And there was no sign of Mr. Baxter. Josh ran over to Sam's side and tried to wake him, but he wouldn't get his friend to open his eyes. Josh knew that Sam had a cell phone. He ran to his bag and dug around until he found it. Josh went through the contacts and saw there were only three people in his contact list. He went to the one that had the letter D, hoping this was the right one, pressed call.

Dean was still sitting on the ground at the gas station when his cell rang. He looked at the caller ID and saw that it was his brother. He didn't have the heart to ignore it so he hit the green call button and
"What?" Dean said.

"Dean?" Josh said.

Dean's heart skipped a beat when he heard Josh's voice and not Sam's.

"Josh, what are you doing with Sam's..."

"Sam's hurt. Bad." Josh said cutting Dean off. "Get back to the school now!"

Dean hung up the phone, picked himself up and got behind the wheel and drove back to the school. He slammed on the brakes and jumped out of the car. He was in a full run when he got to the school door. He rushed in and headed to the only place he knew. Sam's homeroom class. Maybe he could ask Steven what classroom he was in next. When he got to the homeroom class he saw there was a crowd of kids around something. When he got closer, he saw what everyone was looking at and pushed his way towards the laid out form on the floor.

He saw his baby brother on the floor, unconscious. He got to Sam's side and turned him over on his back and he saw more bruises on his face and neck. His mouth was split. It looked like Sam was about to be sporting a black eye. Dean scooped his baby brother in his arms and walked out of the school. Josh was right behind him with Sam's things. There were students and teachers coming around asking all kinds of questions. Dean could hear them, but only was focused on getting Sam out of there and to a hospital: What happened? Who is that carrying Sam? What happen to Sam? Just a swarm of questions that Dean could care less about answering. Dean made it out to the car and put his baby brother in the back seat. He turned to Josh, who had all his things, took them and got in the car and drove off.

Dean was sitting in the waiting room. He was beside himself. He couldn't believe he let things get so far out of hand. They had to basically pry Sam out of Dean's grasp when he got to the emergency room. It took five orderlies, two nurses and the doctor on call to get Dean to calm down enough to stay in the waiting room while they worked on Sam.

A nurse walked over to Dean.

"Family of Samuel Winchester?" she asked, glancing at the form Dean had filled out earlier.

Dean looked up at her and stood up. "How is he? Can I see him, now?"

"He's resting, come with me."

The nurse escorted Dean through the double doors and to the exam room that Sam was in. Sam was asleep on the bed. He looked so small. Why couldn't he do a better job of protecting his little brother? Dean wondered. He walked over to the side of the bed and put his hand on Sam's and squeezed it. Not hard, but just enough to let Sam know he wasn't alone.

"The doctor will be in shortly to talk with you," the nurse said pulling Dean out of his thoughts.

"Okay," Dean replied not taking his eyes off of Sam. Dean moved Sam's bangs out of his eyes. Sam stirred a little but didn't wake. About ten minutes later, the doctor walked in.

"Mr. Winchester," the doctor said. "I'm Dr. Jane Stetson." Dean looked at her in acknowledgment and then his eyes went back to his brother.
"What happened to my brother, doc?" Dean asked carding Sam's hair.

"That's what I wanted to ask you," she said. "That boy's been used as a human punching bag." Dean looked at her, and she could see the worry and concern in his eyes. She walked over to the other side of the bed. "Your brother is a lot stronger than he appears." Dean smiled at that. "He had a few cracked ribs. But from what I can see on his x-rays he has no broken bones." Dean sighed. He was happy to hear that he didn't have any broken bones. He couldn't say the same for whoever was beating him.

"I have to ask you," she said. "Do you have any idea who did this too him?"

"No," Dean said looking at the doctor. "But when I do, they'll be sorry they even thought about laying a hand on my brother. How long does he have to stay here?"

"I would like to keep him a couple of days. I want to keep an eye on him for a while." Jane walked out of the room.

Dean looked back down at his brother.

"Come on, Sammy," Dean said. "I need you to wake up."

Sam didn't move. The whole night Sam didn't move. And neither did Dean. He stayed by Sam's side the whole night.

The next morning, the next shift of nurses was coming in. The nurse, Jessica, that was with them last night came for a final check of Sam's vitals, gave Dean a supporting smile and walked out of the room. Dean liked her. The whole night, she was really gentle with Sam. She carefully moved his arm when she had to take his blood pressure and check his pulse. She had a calming presence about her. Now that they were changing shifts he didn't know who Sam's nurse was going to be. When the door opened, he certainly didn't expect the doctor to come in.

"Has he woken up?" Jane asked.

"No," Dean answered.

Jane sighed. She looked at Dean and could tell he was really worried that his brother hadn't woken up.

"Come on," Jane said. "Let me buy you a coffee."

Dean smiled. "Thanks but no, I can't leave."

"Sam's going to be fine. I know you've been sitting here all night. Come on. It'll be fine. I'll have them page me if he wakes up."

Dean looked at his brother, then back at the doctor. "Okay." Dean got up and walked over to Jane and they left the room.

About ten minutes later, Dean and Jane were walking back to the room. Dean had his coffee in his hand when they heard it.

"DEAN! DEAN, PLEASE!"

Dean almost dropped his coffee before putting it on the counter and running towards Sam's room, Jane right behind him. When they got to the room, Sam was sitting up in the bed with tears streaming
down his face. Dean was in the room and sitting on the end of the bed in moments, reaching out to his little brother. Sam lunged forward and pretty much jumped into Dean's arms. Dean surprised, took a second before his arms encircled Sam. Sam's face was buried in Dean's shoulder. He was shaking, crying hysterically. He was saying something but it was mumbled in Dean's shirt.

"Sammy," Dean said trying to calm himself as much as Sam. "Come on buddy, I need you to calm down."

"D'n, I'm sorry. It's all my fault," mumbled Sam in Dean's shirt.

"Come on little brother, I need you to calm down." Dean rubbing circles in Sam's back.

Dean tries to get Sam's arms off of his neck, but the more he tries the tighter Sam's grip gets.

"Sammy, it's okay. Please. Let me go so we can talk." Sam shakes his head in Dean's shirt, still crying. "Calm down, baby brother."

Dean concedes that Sam wasn't letting go, so he adjusts his self on the bed and slides Sam in his lap. Dean didn't even notice that Jane was still in the room. She was standing in the sidelines just in case she needed to give Sam a sedative.

After a few minutes, Sam's grip began to loosen from around Dean's neck. Dean tried to pry Sam's arms from around his neck. This time Sam let him pull away. Dean looked at Sam. Sam looked miserable. Dean put Sam back on the bed and stood up.

"Are you ready to talk?" Dean asked.

Sam looked up at Dean and nodded. They looked at each other as if they were the only two people in the room. Jane watched them with pure amazement. The two brothers seemed to be having an entire conversation by just looking at each other. No words were said but there was a sense of calming in the room. She put the sedative back in her pocket. She knew whatever Dean was doing, it was calming Sam right down. She would argue that if she wasn't here to witness it, she wouldn't have believed it.

The non-verbal communication between the brothers seemed to go on for a few more minutes until the older one broke the silence in the room.

"Sammy, I want the truth." Sam nodded; tears still flowing. "Who did this to you?"

Sam finally broke the eye contact that they had and put his head down. "He said he would have you arrested if I told."

"What," Dean said. "Who said that?"

Sam didn't answer he just continued on. "He said he could call the police and they would take me from you and Dad. And they would believe him since he..." Sam stopped.

Dean was seething now. Someone had threatened his brother. Trying to remain calm, "Who's he?" Sam just shook his head. "Come on Sammy. Look at me." Sam still shaking his head. Dean cupped Sam's head and made him look up at him. "Look at me, Sammy." Sam looked at him. When Dean knew he had his full attention, he asked again. "Who is he?"

Sam was literally shaking in Dean's hands. Then after six months of abuse he finally said it. "Mr. Baxter."
Now Dean was shaking. The anger and rage that was feeling him was beginning to take over his whole body. He always knew there was something about Steven that he didn't like. He just couldn't put his finger on it. Now he had every reason to kill him.

"How long?" Dean asked not letting go of Sam. Sam closed his eyes. "How long, Sammy?"

Tears forming again in Sam's eyes, "Since the Parent-teacher conference."

Dean felt his body go cold. He let Sam go and stepped back. He knew his temper. And he didn't want to hurt Sam. He had the urge to punch something. Anything. But the only thing he could see was his brother. So he did the only thing he could. He walked back to Sam, wrapped his arms around his little brother and picked him up off the bed and just hugged his brother. They stayed like that, this time until Dean had calmed down. By then Jane was already gone. Not that the brothers noticed. Dean finally calmed down, well enough that he wouldn't damage the hospital room. Dean held on to Sam until he fell back asleep. He put Sam back down and pulled out his cell phone. He went through the contact and found who he was looking for. He pressed send and put the phone to his ear.

Still shaking, Dean waited for the phone to answer.

"Hello."

"Dad," Dean said trying to stay as calm as humanly possible. "Get home now."

"Dean,"

"If you don't get home, I'm going to kill him."

TBC

A/N: HE FINALLY KNOWS! YAY! I hope you've enjoyed this chapter. Please make my day and leave a review. They so make my day! :)

Thank you to all who have Favored, Followed, and Reviewed my story. The response I've have received on this story is nothing short of amazing! :)

Many Hugs and Kisses to you all

Mandancie :)
Chapter 10: Dean's Reasons

John and Bobby were in the truck, on their way back to Sioux Falls. They had just finished up a routine job and John was dropping Bobby off at the salvage yard. The cab of the truck was quiet until the phone rang. John dug around in the pocket of his coat in an attempt to grab the device and snagged it by the third ring.

"Hello."

"Dad," Dean said, not bothering with a formal greeting. "Get home now."

"Dean?"

"If you don't get home, I'm going to kill him."

"Son, what's going on?" John asked, completely confused. Bobby looking at him, worried.

"He beat Sammy. I'm gonna kill 'im."

"Dean, I need you to calm down." John could tell by his son's tone that it was taking a great deal of effort on Dean's part to talk to him instead of shout into the receiver.

"He hurt Sammy."

"Yes, and Sammy needs you. Where are you?"

"At the hospital."

"I want you to stay there. Don't sign Sam out AMA. I'm on my way back to you. Do. Not. Leave. That. Hospital."

"But dad..."

"Dean, that's an order. I want you to sit with your brother. Don't leave him. Understand." John knew the only way to keep Dean with his brother and not go and do anything stupid was to give that order.

"Yes sir."

John hung up the phone.

"Sorry, Bobby. I'm going to need you on this."

"What's going on?" Bobby asked, worried now about the Winchester's youngest.
"Someone's hurt Sam, badly. If I don't get there, Dean just might kill whoever did it."

John turned off at the next exit, so he could turn and head back to his sons. Don't kill him, son, John thought. Not until I get there. John was basically white-knuckling the steering wheel heading back to his boys.

Dean sat back down in the chair next to Sam's bed. Sam was still sleep. How could he not have seen this? Not one time did he think to go into the school to see why Sam was always late. How could he just let this happen to his baby brother? It was his job to protect him. Sammy was supposed to have fun this year. Not worry about anything. Not hunting or training. Just going to school. All he wanted was to have a small piece of normal. Was that too much to ask?

Dean got up and walked over to the side of the bed and held Sam's hand. "I'm so sorry, Sammy."

"Get! Out! Of! My! Car!"Tears start flowing from Sam's eyes, "I'm sorry Dean."

"You can take care of yourself. I'll leave you to it."Sam was trying to catch up with Dean, "Please Dean, don't leave."

"Get! Out! Of! My! Car!""I'm sorry Dean, please don't leave," Sam, now fully sobbing. How could he possibly fix this? Dean is angry with him. Please don't be angry with me Dean. I was—I just wanted to...I don't know. Please Dean.

Sam starts moaning in his sleep. Dean looks at him and notices tears forming beneath his brother's closed eyelids.

"Sammy," Dean says quietly. "Come on, Sammy, wake up."

Sam keeps sounding like he wants to talk but it only comes out in moans. The tears start flowing. Dean squeezes his hand to let Sam knows he's near and puts his other hand on the crook of Sam's neck and squeezes gently. He leans over the bed till his mouth is near to Sam's ear so he can give Sam an anchor to come back from the nightmare that he's in. "Wake up, Sammy."

"Please, Dean, don't leave. I'm sorry. I thought I was doing the right thing. He was going to take me from you. He was going to have you arrested. I'm sorry! Please Dean! Please! Come back." Sam collapses on the floor, wrapping his arms around himself, crying. "I'm sorry, Dean. It's all my fault."

Sam sits up in a jolt, almost hits Dean on the way up, and starts screaming Dean's name. "DEAN! PLEASE, DEAN!!" The jolt from Sam startled Dean so that he jumps back a little, letting go of Sam.

"DEAN!" Sam cried, his eyes glazed over like he's not really awake.

Dean is at his side in an instant, and sits on the side of the bed. Jessica, the night nurse on duty, comes running in after hearing Sam's screams. She finds Sam crying hysterically in his brother's arms, but it's like Sam is not even noticing that his brother is holding him. She walks over to the boys with a syringe and vial and starts filling the syringe with a sedative. Dean sees her out of the corner of his eye.

"Don't," Dean says. "Leave it. Jessica, don't."

Jessica looks at Dean stopping just before she puts the needle in the vial.

"Dean," Jessica trying to sound soothing. "It will calm him down."

"I can calm him down," Dean said. "No needles."
Jessica hesitated. She knew her job, but she didn't want to upset Dean when it came to his brother. She heard from the doctor how he calmed his brother down before. "Okay." She put the needle and vial down on the rolling table and turned and walked out of the room.

Dean's focus went back to his sobbing brother. "Come on, Sammy. Wake up." Dean placed one hand on his brother's back and the other one squeezed the back of Sam's neck.

Sam slowly starts to calm down. His full sobbing turns to just short gasps and hiccups, but still he doesn't fully wake. His head is in the crook of Dean's neck. Dean just holds him and keeps saying his name quietly in his ear, calming Sam down. After a few minutes, Sam's breathing evens out and he falls back asleep in Dean's arms. He holds him for a few more minutes and then puts him back down on the bed and covers him up. Dean sighs looking down at his sleeping brother.

"I'm so sorry, Sammy." Dean says.

Jessica walks by Sam's room and notices that it's quiet again. She pokes her head in the room and sees Sam laying in the bed and Dean standing over him.

The next morning, Dean is asleep sitting in the chair next to Sam's bed, and Sam's awake looking at Dean when Jessica comes in for her final rounds before she leaves for the morning.

"Morning Sam," Jessica says. Sam just looks over at her, smiles and then turns back to looking at his brother sleeping in the chair. "Sam."

"Yeah," Sam says not looking at her.

"Sam, look at me." Sam turns his head and looks at Jessica. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Sam says with no feeling, good or bad, behind it. Then he turns his head back towards his brother.

Jessica looks at him and then walks out of the room. Not that Sam noticed or cared. To him as long as his brother was in his line of sight, everything was going to be okay. He didn't like it when Dean was angry with him and those things that were said just feel like a stab in the gut. He just couldn't take it if Dean was angry with him. He wanted to wake Dean up, but he was too scared to. He wanted so much to explain to Dean why he didn't tell him about Mr. Baxter. Why he lied to him. He wanted Dean to understand. He didn't want his brother angry with him.

"Dean," Sam said. "Dean."

Dean began to stir. He stretched his aching muscles from sitting in that chair most of the night. He opens his eyes to see Sam looking at him.

"Hey kiddo," Dean said yawning. "How you feeling?" Dean stands up and stands by the side of the bed. Sam doesn't say anything. Dean looks at him and sees the worry and angst in his brother's face. "Sammy, what's wrong?"

"I'm sorry, Dean."

"Sammy..."

"I know I lied about Mr. Baxter..."

"Sammy, leave it. We'll talk about this when you get out of here." Dean turns to get his jacket when a hand grabs hold of his sleeve and grips it tightly almost taking his skin with it. Dean turns back
towards Sam.

"Please," Sam has tears in his eyes. "Please don't leave."

Dean's brow creases. He pries Sam's hand off of him. "Sammy, I'm not going anywhere." Dean drapes his jacket over Sam. He looks down at the jacket and then back up at Dean.

"Dean."

"Stop it, Sam," Dean sits back down in the chair. "It's fine, Sam. Get some rest." Dean puts his head back and closes his eyes.

"I don't want you mad at me," Sam said with tears in his eyes. Dean lifts his head and looks at Sam. "Dean, this isn't like before, please. I don't want you mad at me."

*Flashback: 1993*

Sam is sitting on the bed of a motel room, alone. Tears streaming down his face, looking at the broken handle of his brother's favorite knife in his hands. He didn't know what to do. There was really no place he could hide it. He couldn't hide it in the duffel bag because they shared it. Sam knew how much Dean valued that knife. It was Mom's knife, he kept saying. On so many occasions, Dean had told Sam not to mess with the knife because the handle was old and worn, and he wanted to try to fix the handle before he would let Sam hold it. But Sam had other plans. He wanted to make his brother a new strap for the amulet that he had given him for Christmas. Everything was working out good until he thought he heard Dean or their Dad coming and he tried to rush and get the knife back where Dean had it. But he fell. The angle in which he had the blade, trying not to cut himself, it broke.

Sam knew that Dean would be home soon, and he had to hide that knife. So he wrapped it in one of his old shirts and put it all the way in the bottom of the shared duffel. He knew he didn't wear the shirt anymore so there would be no need to move it once it was in the bag. After hiding the evidence, he went to the bathroom and washed his face to clean away the traces of tears that were on his face. Once that was done, and he was walking out of the bathroom, the motel door opened and Dean walked in. Sam's heart leapt in his chest but trying his best to hide it from his brother.

"Hey, kiddo," Dean said walking in the room. "Everything okay?"

"Yeah," Sam said quickly going back to the table to clean up what he was working on.

Dean thought he saw something in Sam. It was almost like he was hiding something. Dean had pretty much been raising Sam since he was a year old. He knew when something was 'not right.'

"Sammy," Dean said. "Look at me."

Sam raised his head and looked at his brother in his best nonchalant face. Dean really couldn't see what was really bothering his brother at first, but when Sam was about to turn back to what he was doing, Dean saw it. His face didn't show traces of it, but his eyes were red looking like he had been crying. Dean walked over to Sam and cupped his face and made him look at him.

"Dean," Sam said. "What are you doing?"

"What's going on?" Dean said fully suspicious that someone was messing with him at school. "Is everything going okay at school?"

"Dean," Sam said getting annoyed. He moved from Dean's grip. "Stop, okay? Everything is fine."
Dean eyed him. And watched his brother walk away from him. He knew that Sam was hiding something from him and he knew he was going to have to find out.

Sam tried to put his best act of the annoyed brother, so he wouldn't arouse Dean's suspicions.

Two weeks later. Sam was pretty much a nervous wreck. Dean knew something was wrong, but Sam kept saying he was fine. Dean knew that Sam wasn't going to be able to keep this up longer so he had to take things into his own hands. He would have to do something that would break his heart just as much as Sam. He had to hurt Sam's feelings. Knowing his brother as well as he did, Dean knew that making him think he was upset, Sam would want to make it right. And whatever was bothering him he would spill. Dean didn't like doing that because it would hurt Sam so badly.

So the next day Dean implemented his plan to hurt Sam. When Sam woke up, he knew he was supposed to get cleaned up, get dressed and be sitting at the table for breakfast. When Sam got to the table, he saw that there was only one breakfast biscuit on the table. Sam looked up and saw Dean was getting ready.

"Uh, Dean, where is my breakfast?" Sam feebly asked. Dean didn't say anything he just walked over to the table, picked up the biscuit that was already on the table and slammed it in front of Sam. He walked off without saying anything to Sam. The slamming of the biscuit made Sam jump a little. He didn't know why Dean was upset, but he knew he was mad. Sam turned and watched his brother get his clothes together.

"Dean," Sam almost whispered out. "You okay?"

Dean looked up at Sam for a second and then turned and walked into the bathroom so that he could get dressed. Now with that, Sam knew that his brother was upset and it was pretty clear that he was angry with him. Sam was literally shaking in the chair trying his best not to cry. So many things were going through his mind, but the one thing that stood out in his mind is maybe he found the knife. Sam's heart dropped in his stomach. Oh no, I hope he didn't find the knife. Please I hope he didn't find that knife, Sam thought. He got up from the table and walked over to the bag.

Dean grabbed his clothes and went into the bathroom. His heart broke in half. He hated being mean to Sam, but he knew that it was the only way he could get him to spill what he was so afraid to tell him. It didn't take Dean long to get dress, but he waited on going out of the bathroom because he heard Sam scurrying around in the room. He could tell that he was going to the bag. He waited a few minutes and then he walked out. When he opened the door, he saw Sam digging through the duffel bag feverishly looking for something.

"What are you doing?" Dean said. Sam almost jumped out of his skin. He turned and looked at Dean. Dean walked over to him and grabbed the duffel. He could see that Sam was visibly shaking. So that meant to Dean that whatever it was it had to do something with the bag. He put the bag back down on the bed and faced Sam. Sam was looking at the amulet around Dean's neck. He didn't want to look at Dean and it seemed the safest place to look and not have his expressions betray him.

"N-nothing," Sam said.

Dean picked the duffel back up and walked into the bathroom, closed and locked the door. Sam tried to run after Dean but Dean was still faster than he was and made it to the bathroom first. Sam was pounding on the door as hard as his little fists could hit.

"DEAN, PLEASE," Sam crying hysterically. "DEAN!"

After he locked the door, he turned and leaned his back up against the door, tears flowing from his
eyes. He so hated hurting Sam like this, but he had to do this. What broke his heart more was Sam's constant screaming for him. Dean took a deep breath, swallowed, wiped his face with his sleeve and sat down on the bathroom floor. He began thoroughly going through the bag ignoring his brother's cries and screams.

Dean was in the bathroom for about five minutes going through the bag. Sam's tirade, though softer, could still be heard from the other side of the door. Dean went through almost everything in the duffel. He was about to stop when he hand hit something at the very bottom of it. Dean reached in and pulled out the item. It was one of Sam's old t-shirts. He was about to put it down when he felt something hard in the shirt. He opened it and the broken knife fell to the floor with a loud clang. It was loud enough for the banging on the door to stop for a second and then begin again with more gusto. Dean looked down at the broken knife, his favorite knife. His mother's knife. The one he had sneaked back into the house and grabbed after the fire while his Dad, holding a baby Sam, was talking with the fireman. Dean reached over and picked up the broken knife. This is what Sam was shaking about. Dean stood up and unlocked the bathroom door and opened it to a tear-stained face of a baby brother. Dean held out the broken pieces in his hand and just looked at his brother.

"I...I...am...s-sorry...D'n..." cried Sam. Dean dropped the broken knife in front of them and walked away from Sam and went to sit on the bed. He said nothing to Sam. Sam began to cry harder.

"P-please...D'n..." Sam cried turning and facing Dean. Still Dean said nothing. Dean's heart was just breaking. Not because of the knife, but because of his brother. He didn't like it, but he had to teach Sam that he shouldn't need to hide anything from him. That for Dean nothing was more important than his baby brother. Dean looked at his sobbing brother and just opened his arms. Sam looked at his brother, ran and fell into his arms, crying.

"Sammy," Dean said holding his crying brother. "There is nothing that you can't tell me, okay." Sam nodded in the crook of Dean's neck. "Don't keep anything from me, okay. I don't care what it is. There is nothing that is more important to me, then you." The grip around Dean's neck got tighter.

"I'm sorry, D'n" Sam cried in Dean's neck.

"I know, kiddo." Dean said. "No more secrets, okay."

Sam nodded.

Present Time: 2000

"I don't want you mad at me," Sam said with tears in his eyes. Dean lifts his head and looks at Sam. "Dean, this isn't like before, please. I don't want you mad at me."

"Sammy," Dean said getting back up and standing by the bed. "I'm not mad at you. You know why I had to do this. I can't protect you much less take care of you if you're lying to me. You can't hide things from me. I told you before that you are the most important person I care about."

"But Dean..."Sam said.

"No," Dean said cutting Sam off. "You should have told me about Steven from the beginning."

"I just was trying to protect you."

"Okay, Sammy, listen," Dean said sitting on the side of the bed. "My job is to protect you. Your job is to go to school and fill the geek brain with so much knowledge that you put your teachers to shame." Sam couldn't help but to smile at that. "You wanted a full year at a school. I wanted to make sure that happened. But you didn't have to go through what you went through just to get that year."
"But Dad said if there was a problem he would move us around again," Sam said.

"That didn't mean that you take whatever happens at this school. And anyway what Dad was talking about was that we didn't start anything. You didn't start anything. That asshole did. And if you had come to me and Dad in the beginning you wouldn't be here now."

Sam turned away from Dean. Dean reached out for his chin and turned his head so that he was looking at him.

"Now is not the time to be embarrassed," Dean said. "Just next time, don't hide this from me. The next time someone puts their hands on you, you let me know. Now, are we good?" Sam looked at Dean and then nodded. "Good, now will you drop this and get some rest."

Dean turned and sat back down in the chair.

"Jerk," Sam said, smiling.

Dean put his head back and closed his eyes. "Yeah, whatever, bitch. Go to sleep."

TBC

A/N: I can not express how much I appreciate the overwhelming response I received from the last chapter. I was on cloud nine from the reception that I got. THANK YOU so much! :) Please continue on with your support.

For all who have favorited, followed and alerted my story, thank you! :)

Please leave a review. Let me know how I am doing.

Many hugs and Kisses

Mandancie
Disclaimer: Yeah, still don't own them. Just borrowed them. :)

As always, thanks for the amazing beta, AlElizabeth.

Chapter 11: All Hell Breaks Loose I

John pulled into the hospital parking lot. The drive there was eerily quiet. Neither man had said anything after John got the call from Dean. John drove around the lot until he spied what he was looking for and let out a breath he hadn't known he'd been holding. He parked next to the Impala and he and Bobby exited the truck. They forced themselves to go at a moderate pace and not run as they entered the hospital. Bobby went to the reception desk and asked what room Samuel Winchester was in. He got the information and both men headed to the room. For John, all he wanted was to close the distance between him and his boys. Bobby was actually struggling to keep up with John as he moved faster and faster, as though he was afraid the boys wouldn't be there when they arrived. John opened the door to Sam's room. Bobby decided he would wait outside the room to give John some privacy. At first the father thought both his sons were asleep. Sam definitely was asleep on the bed but for Dean, who had his eyes closed, rest was the furthest thing from his mind. Dean was angry. John knew it. Dean wanted to get Steven Baxter, but he also knew that John had given him an order to stay put. So to squash the rage (for right now) Dean took care of his brother. Sam needed to recover and Dean knew the only way Sam would be able to was if Dean was with him. John walked over to the bed and put his hand on Sam's forehead.

"Dean," John said quietly, not wanting to wake his youngest.

"Hey Dad," Dean replied without opening his eyes.

"How's he doing?" John asked. He was slightly surprised to see no outward signs of abuse on Sam but then he realized that was how the bastard had gotten away with it for so long; he'd made sure the bruises wouldn't show up.

Dean opened his eyes and looked at his father. "I had to force him to tell me the truth."

"I'm sorry, son." John said. Dean closed his eyes and laid his head back on the chair. "I know you hate doing that."

"He pushed me away. I know he was scared."

"Dean," John said looking at Sam. "Who did this?"

Dean opened his eyes back up and sat up in the chair. "Steven Baxter. His homeroom teacher," Dean almost growled as pure rage come from him in waves. John looked at Dean then back down to his son and brushed Sam's long bangs away from his brow.

Sam began to stir. He turned his head to his father's touch. Dean got up from the chair and stood by the bed. He grabbed hold of Sam's hand and squeezed. Sam began to wake up.

"D'n," Sam mumbled.

"Sam," John answered.

Sam opened up his eyes and turned towards his father's voice.
"Dad," Sam said

"Hey, kiddo," John answered.

"I'm so sorry, Dad," Sam apologized and began to cry.

Shushing Sam, Dean bent over the bed close to Sam's ear, whispering assurances to him.

"There is nothing for you to be sorry about, Sammy. Tell Dad what happened."

"He said he was going to take me away from you and Dean."

"Sam," John started. "Why did your teacher think I would ever allow that to happen?"

Why would any parent allow their child to be taken from them? John wondered, what was wrong with this man?

Tears formed in Sam's eyes. "He said that you were an absentee father; that you didn't love us. It was my fault that you were gone. But if I told you or Dean, he would call the police, and they would believe him because he was a concerned teacher."

"That wasn't going to happen," Dean demanded, seething and wanting to punch something (or someone).

"Dean," John warned before turning his attention back to his youngest. "Sam, what did he do to you?"

Sam looked at his father then over to his brother. This time Sam was squeezing Dean's hand.

"It's okay, Sammy," Dean said. "Just show Dad."

Sam moved his hand from Dean's and slowly raised his hospital gown and showed his father the bruises that he received from Steven. He was about to lower the gown back down when John gripped the hem Sam and kept it up. John was literally shaking with anger, staring in shock at all the old and new bruises that covered his son's chest.

Sam knew his Dad was angry and started shaking. Dean reached over and grabbed his father's hand to get him to release the gown. John looked at his older son and could see the same rage in Dean's eyes but also saw that he was scaring his youngest. John lowered the gown and stepped away from the bed.

"Dad," Sam said.

"Sammy, I have to ask," John said with his back to them. "Did he do anything else to you?"

"Dad," Dean gasped, taken aback by what his father was implying. "Don't you think this is enough?!"

Dean didn't want to even think about that possibility. It was bad enough that Steven had been beating Sam senseless, Dean wasn't sure he wouldn't run to the Impala and find the son of a bitch's house right then and there if his little brother had been abused in that way.

"Dean, stop," John warned again. He knew how hard this was for Dean, hell, it was hard for him to even consider but he had to ask. "Sammy, did he ever touch you?" Dean looked at their father and then down at Sam. Sam had a look of sheer fear in his eyes as his father asked his question. When he didn't answer right away John turned back and walked over to the bed.
"Sammy," Dean whispered. Silence wasn't good. Silence meant more secrets. If that fucker had done something to Sam, Dean was going to make his death as painful and slow as possible.

"Answer me, son," John demanded, his mouth dry with fright. "Did he touch you?"

"No dad," Sam said. "He would just hit me." Sam saw the look on Dean's face. "I promise, he didn't touch me like that." John and Dean looked at each other; no more secrets. Dean, closed his eyes, put his head down and then backed up. "I SWEAR!"

Dean was back at his side, instantly. "I'm sorry, Sammy. Everything's fine." Sam gripped Dean's shirt through the slots of the rails on the side of the bed.

"I'll be back," John said walking out of the room. Bobby was standing right outside the door.

"How is he?" Bobby asked, his expression concerned.

"It's amazing, that boy... I need some air." John stopped and walked off. Bobby could feel the anger just coming off of John in waves. He walked into the room and saw Dean standing by the bed.

"Boys."

A small smile crossed Sam's face at the sight of the older hunter. He didn't know Bobby was here but he was glad to see him nonetheless. "Hey, Bobby."

Bobby walked over to the bed. The first thing he noticed when he approached was that Sam was lying down while Dean was stood beside it. But what made him make special note of it was that Sam had seemed to have shifted to one side so he could be closer to his brother. He was all the way at the edge of the bed. If the side railing wasn't there, he would probably fall off the bed. Bobby shook his head as he walked over to them.

"I didn't know you were here," Dean exclaimed happily.

"I was in the truck when you called."

"How you feeling, sport?" Bobby asked Sam.

"I'm okay," Sam answered and then fiddled with the bedclothes nervously for a moment.

"How you doing?" Bobby asked Dean. He didn't answer. He just glared at Bobby with a look that could kill anybody in a ten mile radius.

"Dean, come with me," Bobby said. Sam's facial expressions didn't change but the grip on Dean's shirt tightened.

"I can't," Dean said. "Later." Dean put his hand on Sam's. Sam's grip loosened but he didn't let go.

Later the afternoon, John decided to get some air and walked around the hospital. Sam had fallen asleep again, curled up towards the edge of the bed. Dean walked over to Bobby who was standing by the window.

"Bobby," Dean said.

"How you doing?" Bobby asked Dean again.

Dean shook his head. "Steven is supposed to be dead. He hurt Sammy." He quickly looked back over to the bed to see if Sam was still asleep.
"So, who is this guy?" Bobby asked.

Dean took a breath trying to calm down. "He's Sammy's homeroom teacher. You remember I told you over Christmas break that he accused Sammy of being a bully." Dean looked back at Sam and shook his head. A bully, that still had Dean stumped.

"Sam's been holding this in for six months, Bobby. That bastard had him so scared that he had to keep this from me for six months. I couldn't let that go on. I failed him. I have to make this right."

"What? How did you fail this boy?" Bobby asked.

"I didn't see sooner."

"So what were you suppose to see? You know your brother. If there was something he didn't want you to know, he wasn't going to say."

Dean looked at Bobby and then back as Sam. "Yeah, I know, that's why I had to force him to tell me what happened."

"What? What do you mean you...you didn't?"

"I found out Sammy was hiding something, so I had to force him to tell me. I don't like it, but he wouldn't have told me if I didn't." Bobby just looked at him, his brow creased.

"How exactly did you do that?" Bobby was now angry with Dean. Dean looked at him. "Boy, tell me you didn't do that again."

"Bobby, I didn't have a choice."

"Idjit," Bobby fumed.

Bobby slapped Dean across the back of the head. "Dammit, Bobby," Dean said rubbing his head.

"I told you last time not to do that to your brother!" Bobby yelled. "You know what that does to him!"

"Shhh," Dean looked over at Sam stir but didn't wake. "Don't you think I know that? I didn't want to do it, but he forced my hand. He wouldn't talk to me."

"You said that he had a run in with that teacher, that's why we're here."

"Yeah," Dean said.

"Did you ever think that what you did may just be the reason that we are here now?" Bobby's suggestion hit Dean like a ton of bricks. "Did you ever think that Sam just took it this last time because you rejected him?"

Tears formed behind Dean's eyes. "Don't you think I know that?! But I had to find out. Did you think I wanted to do this? I hate every minute of this. But it was the only way to get Sammy to see that he didn't have to be scared to come to me. Baxter took that from him. I had to get it back."

"Okay," Bobby said. John walked back into the room.

"Well," Bobby asked. "What made you do this? What started it?"

"There was a case at work."
"A case?!" John said.

Dean looked at his father. "Dad."

"Dammit Dean, what did I tell you?"

"Dad, nothing happened."

"Oh, nothing happened? Did Sammy get hurt?" John was fuming now.

"Dad, it wasn't like that."

"Did. Sammy. Get. Hurt?"

"Yeah, but..."

"Dammit Dean," John was in Dean's face now. "This is why I said don't hunt. I told you to call me. But no, he had to do this yourself. And with it, Sammy got hurt."

"Dad," Dean pleaded. Sam was now awake but didn't make a noise. He just watched from the bed.

"This is your fault," John shot out. Dean's heart broke. He put his head down. "You said you could handle this."

"John," Bobby tried to interrupt but was ignored.

"Obviously, you can't."

"John!"

"Now, Sammy has cracked ribs because you couldn't take care of him."

Dean was shaking. Tears were streaming down his face, but he didn't move. He took everything that his father was saying because deep down Dean was already feeling that guilt that it was his fault.

"John! Shut up! Dammit!" Bobby yelled. Bobby faced Dean. "Dean," he said in a calmer voice. "You okay?"

Dean didn't say anything he just hurried out of the room.

"DEAN!" Sam cried.

"Balls!" Bobby exclaimed. "Great, John." He said sarcastically. "Anything else you want to add to royally screw up today?"

John scrubbed his hand down his face. He didn't mean to take out his frustration on Dean. He knew Dean could handle it but seeing those bruises on his son and then finding out there was a case in town and Dean tried to take it on just sent everything over the edge.

"Go find your son," Bobby said. "I'll stay with Sam. John, fix this."

John turned and walked out of the hospital room. Bobby went to Sam's side and started to calm him down.

John walked out of the hospital and went to the cars. When he got there, he saw that the Impala was gone. John shook his head. "Dammit, Dean." He looked down at his watch and saw that it was
almost 4 in the afternoon. There was only one place that John could think of to where Dean would be. He climbed into his truck and headed for the school.

Dean parked the Impala where he always parked it for the past five months. He got out of the car and saw that the majority of students were already gone for the day. There were a few kids hanging around still talking with their friends but they weren't a problem. Dean walked up to the school and headed for Sam's homeroom class. The closer Dean got to the room the angrier he got. His blood was literally boiling. One could argue that there was steam coming out of Dean's collar. When he got to Sam's homeroom class and opened the door, if there was a way to get even angrier than he was right now, the sight that greeted him did the trick. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Steven had a kid pinned up against the wall. All Dean could see was that bastard doing the exact same thing to his baby brother. He saw red. Before he could even decide what to do, Dean was moving across the classroom and towards the teacher. He grabbed Steven in a headlock. The kid he had pinned fell to the floor.

"Kid, you alright," Dean said struggling holding Steven in the hold. The kid looked up and when Dean saw his face he was even more shocked. Josh looked up at him. Steven struggled to get out of Dean's grasp but couldn't.

"Josh...my...car...go" Dean said keeping Steven in the hold. "NOW!"

Josh got up and wobbled out of the room. Steven finally got out of the hold and turned and faced Dean.

"Dean," Steven said rubbing his neck. "What are you doing here?"

"I've come to kill you." Dean said without hesitation. "Is that what you did to my brother? You had him pinned up against the wall. A few gut blows." Dean steadily walked towards Steven while the older man backed away from him. "You cracked his ribs."

"Now see here Winchester," Steven said with authority. "You can't come into-"

Dean was in Steven's face in an instant and just as fast punched him in the mouth before he could finish his statement.

"I'm sorry, you were saying something," Dean snarled sarcastically. Dean grabbed Steven's collar, punched him twice in his side, and began pulling him towards the wall. "Now, how many times did you slam my baby brother into the wall? Once? Three times? Ten? HOW MANY?!" Dean asked as he shoved the man headlong into the wall. The only sounds coming from Steven were grunts and groans of pain from his back constantly hitting the wall.

"Dean Eric Winchester! Let. Him. Go."

TBC

A/N: I want to give a special thanks to everyone that has stuck with me through this amazing ride. As much as it pains me the story is coming to an end. There is one maybe two chapters left.

Thank you to all who have favored and followed this story. The overwhelming response that I have received has been nothing short of amazing. Thank You! You have made me the happiest woman.

Many hugs and kisses to you all
All Hell Breaks Loose II

Disclaimer: Still don't own Supernatural. It belongs to Eric Kripke.

A special thanks to AlElizabeth for beta'ing my story

Chapter 12: All Hell Breaks Loose II

"Dean Eric Winchester! Let. Him. Go."

Dean, still gripping Steven's collar, closed his eyes and lowered his head.

"Oh, thank you sir," Steven simpered as Dean let go of his shirt.

"Back away from him, Dean." Dean didn't move. "Now, Dean."

Dean stepped away from Steven. Steven side-stepped Dean and headed towards the gentleman who had saved him from this hoodlum. Dean, fuming, watched Steven walk away him, but didn't make a move to stop him. He turned and faced the man who somehow still had a teaching license and the man who had just arrived.

"Thank you, sir," Steven said again as he came to a stop next to the gentleman. Steven pulled his handkerchief from his back pocket and began wiping his bloody nose and mouth where Dean had hit him.

"Thank you for getting in here and helping me." Steven pointed his finger at Dean. "I will be pressing charges for assault."

John could see Dean's jaws clenching, and he hands balled up in fists at his side. He was so proud of the fact that his son that he could restrain himself once an order was given; even if that order was hard on him.

"Dean is this him?" asked John.

Dean looked up at his father. "Yes sir." he said curtly.

"May I ask your name, sir," Steven asked holding out his hand so that it could be shook.


In a matter of seconds Steven's face went from the bright red of exertion- a result of his fight with Dean- to the pale, sickly white of shock as soon as he had time to register the name of his savior.

"Win...Winchester?" Steven said hoarsely. He tried to remove his hand from John's grip but couldn't.

Not letting go of Steven's hand, John instructed Dean to go back to his brother. He would deal with this Steven Baxter himself.

Dean, shaking with rage, just stood there. He didn't move. He refused to move. It was his fault that he'd let Sam get hurt and there was no way he wasn't going to make the son of a bitch pay now that he had him alone.

"Dean," John said calmly. "Dean, son, it's okay. Go to your brother. He needs you now." Dean
looked at John. "You did your job, now let me do mine." Dean looked like he was going to say something but changed his mind. He walked towards John and Steven, who was still trying to get his hand away from John. When Dean got close enough, John used his free hand to stop Dean and cupped the side of Dean's face. There was nothing but love for his son on his face and that actually calmed Dean down even if he was so close to Steven that he wanted to kill him.

"You did good, son." John said. "Go back to Sam. This time don't leave Sam's side. Stay with him until I get back. Tell Bobby, I'll be there later."

Dean looked back at Steven one last time and then walked out of the room. John's focus went to the cowardly man who was unable to flee him. He finally let go of Steven's hand and the teacher retreated from John. John still had an eerie calm about him. He walked over to the door and closed it. He took off his coat, laid it on the desk and pulled out a chair and sat down. With his legs crossed, John settled down in front of the door, blocking the only exit.

"Now," John had a sinister smile across his face. "Let's start from the beginning." Steven was visibly shaking.

"Now see here, Mr. Winchester," Steven trying to get some control, but it didn't come out that way.

"Oh, please, call me John," John said smiling. "You said that I wasn't around enough to know what my boys were doing." Steven gulped. "Now, I don't know who you think you are. I don't really care what kind of authority that you think you have. The one thing I will not stand for is someone telling me how I raise my boys. I was actually going to let that one slide, but I find out you've been putting your hands on my son. That I can't have. No one touches my boy. No. One." John got up from the chair. "Now, I think you should be thanking God that I'm here and that I stopped Dean. See Dean," John walked over to Steven who was paralyzed with fear, "Dean has this thing. He believes that Sam is his. No one, not even me, can do anything to Sammy without having to deal with Dean. I guess you can blame me for that. See, I've always told him to watch out for Sam. He even made it his little rule of life. And now that you put your hands on Sam, he wants you dead. Now, me on the other hand, I may not kill you, but I will definitely make you wish you were dead." John grabbed Steven by the collar. "For six months you beat on my boy. I guarantee you when I am done with you, you will never touch another child again."

Dean walked out of the school and saw Josh leaning on the Impala. With everything that was happening, he forgot that he told Josh to wait for him by the car. He walked over to the car and checked Josh out.

"Are you okay," Dean asked.

"Yeah," Josh said. "Thank you."

Dean shook his head. "No, don't thank me. Come on, let me take you home."

Josh got in the car and Dean walked over to the driver side, brought the car to life, he looked back at the school and then drove off. He dropped Josh at his house, and talked with his mom letting her know what was going on, then headed back to the hospital.

Sam was almost in hysterics when Dean walked out of the room. Bobby tried as he could to calm him down but it wound up taking the nurse to come in and give him a sedative. After about another fifteen minutes of screaming for Dean, Sam finally fell asleep.

"Dammit, Dean," Bobby said to himself. "Why did you have to do this?" Bobby looked down at Sam who was now trying to fight the sedative a nurse had given him, trying to stay awake until
Dean's return. But the drug won out and Sam was unconscious. Bobby walked out of the room and raked his hand down his face, when he saw Dean walking towards the room.

"You idjit," Bobby said when Dean got close to him. "Where were you?"

Dean didn't say anything. He just looked at Bobby.

"Did you kill him?" Bobby asked. Dean shook his head. "Well, get in there. They had to give Sam a sedative. He's still waiting for you. Where is your father?"

"The school." Dean said.

"Where is the school?"

"Down pass Claven Street. You can't miss it. It's the only building on the street."

"Give me your keys," Bobby said holding out his hand. Dean put his keys in Bobby hands and walked passed Bobby. In the faintest voice he could muster, "I'm sorry, Bobby."

Bobby turned and faced Dean as he walked into the room. Bobby left the hospital and headed to the school to try and stop John from doing anything stupid.

Dean walked in the room and saw that Sam was asleep in the bed, but he could see from the crease in his brow that Sam was trying to fight the pull of unconsciousness. Dean walked over to the bed and carded Sam's hair. Moving it from his eyes.

"Sammy," Dean said. "I'm right here."

"D'n," Sam slurred out. "You left."

"Yeah, I did. I'm sorry, Sammy." Dean said. "I'm here now. And I will be here when you fully awake."

"You promise," Sam sleepily looked up at Dean.

"I promise, squirt." Sam closed his eyes and fell asleep.

"I'm sorry, Sammy," Dean whispered. Sam visibly calmed down. "I'm here. I'll be here when you wake up. Get some sleep, kiddo."

Dean noticed that Sam's face became more relaxed. Dean turned and got into the seat he'd been in since they got there and kept and visual on Sam while he slept.

Bobby pulled up to the school. He knew that John was still inside because the truck was still in the parking lot. Bobby got out of the car and headed towards the school. When he got inside, he figured that he would just walk around until he heard the tell-tale sounds of someone getting their asses handed to them. Bobby walked around for a few minutes. When he got to the English hall, that's when he heard it. There was a slight crashing of desks in the far room. Bobby walked up to the classroom and opened the door. What he saw told him that John wanted to take his time. John was sitting on the desk at the front of the class, and Steven was sitting in the desk across from him. There was blood everywhere. Steven was sitting at the desk with his mauled hands flat on the desk literally shaking. Bobby looked at John again and saw that he had a carpenter's hammer on the desk next to him.

"Johnny," Bobby said walking closer to John.
"Bobby," John said with no anger in his voice. "What are you doing here? I thought I told Dean to tell you I'll be back later"

"I never gave Dean a chance to tell me," Bobby said walking closer to John. "You could have come back to the hospital with me."

"No," John said. "I'm fine right here. Steven here still has a few more lessons to learn."

Bobby looked at Steven and saw that he was shaking so bad that he was actually moving the chair.

"I think he's learned his lesson," Bobby standing next to John. "I don't think that he's ever going to put his hands on anyone else."

Steven, with tears coming down his blood soaked face, began nodding when Bobby asked John to stop.

"Oh, you want me to stop!" yelled John jumping off the desk and grabbing the hammer. "How many times did Sammy ask you to stop?! HOW MANY?!” John swung the tool.

"JOHN!"

There was a sickening crack as the hammer hit its mark. Steven whimpered pitifully at the desk. John had the hammer land between Steven's bruised, battered hands. Steven was full on sobbing now. John leaned down to where his mouth was by his ear.

"Next time," John whispered. "If you so much as think about harming another child again, I promise I'll be back and I won't go easy on you. You better pray that you never see me again."

John straightened up, looked at Bobby, and then walked passed him and headed out of the classroom. Bobby watched John leave and then turned and faced Steven. Bobby took his ball cap off and raked his hand in his hair and then down his face. He looked back down at Steven.

"It might be best for all parties that you do not mention that you had visitors today. You better chalk this up to a very bad day. If I find out that you have the law after them, either of them, they won't be able to find your body. You caused a lot of problems with this family."

Bobby turned and walked out of the classroom.

At the hospital, Sam was still asleep. Dean was getting restless, he got up from the chair and stood back in the spot next to the bed. How could he have let things get so out of hand? He looked down at his sleeping brother. All he could see was that he failed his brother. All he wanted was to stay in one school for a year. How could he let this happen? Dean wiped the tear that streaked down his face.

"I am so sorry, Sammy," Dean said moving Sam's hair from his eyes. "Dad's right, it's all my fault."

"No," John said standing at the door. "No son, it's not."

Dean, surprised that his Dad was standing there, watched his father walk over to him.

"Son, I should have never blamed you for what happened."

"But Dad," Dean interrupted. "It was my fault. I was supposed to protect Sammy. He got hurt."

"You did protect him."
John wrapped his arms around his eldest boy hugging him tight. "No, son. This is not your fault. And I am so sorry that I made you believe that it was." Slowly Dean raised his arms around his father. All the anger, rage, and hurt that Dean had pinned up just came out in a flood when he dad embraced him. Dean had gripped the back of his father's jacket so tightly as if it was keeping him grounded. He began sobbing in his Dad's arms.

"Dad, I am so sorry," Dean sobbed.

"Dean," John said rubbing soothingly on his son's back trying to calm him down. "This is not your fault. You protect this family. And you watch out for your brother. I've put so much on you. I'm sorry for that. You've done an amazing job with Sammy. If no one ever tells you, I will. You did something that I should have done. You raised your brother. You've been there for him when I couldn't be. And what I saw today at the school, you showed restraint. Something not even your old man could do. I am so proud of you. Don't ever let anyone take that from you."

John held his oldest son until he calmed down. It has been such a long time since Dean was able to even let his wall down. He always had to be at the top of his game when it came to his family. He always had to be strong for Sam. But today for just a brief moment he was able to let it all out.

Sam was released from the hospital two days later. He had to take it easy but other than being sore, he was fine. John and Bobby both stayed at the apartment with Sam and Dean for a couple of days. They were actually getting things back to normal. Dean had started back working at the garage when Gus gave him a call and said that he wanted him back. John decided that since the threat of his homeroom teacher was gone that Sam could continue to stay at the school for the rest of the year since it was only about three months left in the school year.

On this day, John actually dropped Sam off at the front door of the school. Sam got out and walked in. Everything was back to normal again. Sam was at his locker when Josh walked up to him.

"Hey, Sam," Josh said.

"Hey Josh," Sam said looking up at him from the floor. "How's it going?" Sam stood up and closed his locker.

"Listen, Sam," Josh said. "I am really sorry about, you know, everything."

"Thanks," Sam said. "Come on, don't want to be late."

Josh half smiled at his friend and they walked to their homeroom class to see a substitute teacher writing her name on the chalkboard and explaining that Mr. Baxter would be gone for the remainder of the year on 'stress-leave'. The rest of the day went like it should. No real excitement, just kids being kids. Talking. Laughing. And not having to worry about a teacher getting on them for no reason. That afternoon, Dean was there to pick Sam up from school. Sam told Dean all of what happened that day as Dean drove back to the apartment. They both got out of the car and were walking to the apartment. Dean had Sam's book bag on his shoulder. Even though Sam's ribs have healed, Dean didn't take any chances of him being hurt so he carried his bag. As they walked to the door, someone was waiting at the door. Dean stopped and instinctively moved Sam behind him. When he saw who it was, Dean knew it was going to be a problem.

"Jacob," Dean said still having his hand on Sam's arm behind him. "What do you want? Why are you here?"
Jacob looked up at Dean and pulled his gun out and walked towards Dean and Sam in a rush. He grabbed Dean by the collar and held the gun under his chin.

"Dean!" Sam cried, gripping Dean's sleeve.

"It's fine, Sammy." Dean grunted, not taking his eyes off of Jacob. Then a smirk came across Dean's face.

"What the hell do you think is so funny?" Jacob growled.

There was a gun cocking behind Jacob's head.

"I told you," Dean said. "I didn't want to have this conversation again."

"I think it would be in your best interest to take that gun off of my son."

Jacob face paled. He didn't know what was behind him. He just knew this was going to be a bad idea if he continued on this path he chose. Jacob lowered the gun.

"Now," John said. "Turn around, nice and slow."

Jacob did as he was told and turned and faced John. John leaned in close to Jacob's ear and whispered something to him. Sam and Dean couldn't hear what was being said but Sam noticed Jacob practically peeing himself with fear as their father spoke. When John stepped back, Jacob took off running as fast as he could. Sam and Dean watched as Jacob stumbled away, tripping over a loose piece of concrete. They couldn't help and smile as he tried to get up, wet pants and all, trying to run away. Dean looked back at his Dad.

"Dad, what did you say?" Dean asked, smirking.

John looked innocent, "Nothing really. Come on, let's get you two settled and we can go get dinner."

They all walked into the apartment and finished up their evening.

TBC

A/N: Well, it is coming to the end of the story. Just one chapter left! :) Thank you so much to you all for your support in my story! You have made this become such a joy to write. All of your reviews and comments made me want to do more. From the bottom of my heart, I thank you! :)

Many Hugs and Kisses

Mandancie! :)
Epilogue

Disclaimer: I do not own Supernatural. It belongs to Eric Kripke.

A special thanks to AlElizabeth for beta'ing my story!

A/N: Well here it is. The final chapter to What to Do. I want to thank you all again for your support. Here is the epilogue.

Epilogue:

He did it. Sam made it through the end of the school year. It was the last day of school. Sam walked to his locker to make sure he didn't leave anything behind. Josh came up to him and hit his shoulder and stood next to Sam leaning on the locker.

"Well, so what do you have planned for the summer?" Josh asked, a care-free smile on his face.

"Road trip with my brother," Sam said closing his locker for the last time.

"Now you know next year's going to be really fun. Senior year. The last year in school," Josh said with enthusiasm.

"I'm not going to be here next year," Sam said. "When we leave, we're not coming back."

"What?! Really? Well, where are you going?"

"Don't know yet, but I will probably be with my Uncle. It's been wonderful knowing you." Sam held out his hand and he and Josh shook. "I'll miss you."

"Yeah," Josh said. "You've made this year eventful."

"Well, I have to go. Dean's waiting on me."

Sam walked off and left Josh standing there. Sam walked in to the principal's office and went to the Guidance Counselor's office. He walked in, grabbed his last report card, transcript, and one other piece of paper and walked out of the school.

He saw Dean leaning up against the car waiting on him. He walked over to his brother.

"So," Dean asked. "Did you get it?"

Sam smiled. "Yeah, I got it."

"Good," Dean said moving to the driver side of the car. "I would've hated if we went through all this that happened this year and you didn't even get it." Dean got into the car.

"Well, it was well worth it," Sam said getting into the passenger's side. "Here," Sam handed the sealed envelope to Dean.

Dean took the envelope and looked at it thinking back to what had started it all.

August 1999

"Dean, I want to go to college." Sam said sitting on the couch.
"Okay, what do you want me to do about it," Dean answered sarcastically, looking up from the paper he was reading.

"This is an important year. This year is the year that colleges look at to see how good your grades are. This year's grades show what colleges will be willing to do for you." Sam looked at Dean and saw he was not happy. "Dean, I'm not walking out on the family."

"No, you just want to leave. Look, I know you're not crazy about hunting, but it's not all bad. But if college is what you want, then I'll help you. What do you want from me?"

"I have to stay in one school. I don't want to jeopardize my chances of getting into a good school. If I'm in one school then all my grades will come from one school. I just don't think it will sit right with the school administrative if I have grades from six different schools."

"Okay, I hear you, but what do you want?"

"Talk to Dad."

"Talk to Dad?! Why can't you talk to him? Just give him that little speech you just gave me and tell him yourself."

"Dean, you know as well as I do, that is not going to work. He's not going to listen to me."

"Yes he will."

Sam looked at his brother and brought out his secret weapon.

"Oh hell, Sammy. Stop. I'll ask him. Just stop with the puppy-dog eyes, okay."

Sam smiled and got up.

"Hey listen, no matter what gets said, let me do the talking. Don't say anything, alright."

"Okay," Sam said walking towards the kitchenette area. John was due back that evening or the next morning.

**Present time**

"So this is the letter?" Dean asked.

"Yeah," Sam smiled. "Getting straight A's gets you a letter of recommendation to whatever school I send off to. So yeah, it was well worth it."

Dean handed the envelope back to Sam and brought the Impala to life.

"So are you ready to leave this town?"

Sam looked back at the school. Even though he had some really rough times in there, getting that letter and making friends made it all worth it. Sam turned and looked at his brother.

"Yeah, let's get out of here."

Dean drove out of the parking lot of the school and headed back to their "normal" lives of living on the road and their home being the '67 Impala that they rode in.

**THE END**
A/N: Thank you for taking the time to read my story. Please leave a review. If ever you have suggestions on what you would like me to write, feel free to PM me and let me know. :) 

May you all be blessed! :) 

Much Love

Mandancie! :)

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