Being a Vampire Sucks... Literally

by JuniperLemon

Summary

Sam gets turned into a hybrid vampire but thanks to Castiel, Sam can continue living a relatively normal life with a few extra challenges.
"Sammy, stop squirming already." Dean mumbled into his pillow as his brother shuffled around under his thick winter blanket.

"Sorry." His words held a slight lisp as his tongue collided with his descended fangs. Sam stilled his muscles and prepared for a long, still wait until morning.

Life for the Winchesters had grown difficult, but not impossible, since Sam had been bitten by a hybrid type of vampire. Thanks to Castiel's angel mojo, Sam could usually go unnoticed amongst the civilians on a day to day basis. Unfortunately, there were some side effects: Sam could no longer sleep, he didn't need food or water and his senses as well as physical strength was stronger. That's without mentioning the obvious, like blood drinking and freezing cold skin.

The bed further away from the door started to rock again as the vampire continued to roll around. Despite being a vampire, of sorts, for over 2 months now, he still hadn't fully accepted that he simply didn't need to sleep anymore. He'd twist and turn all night just praying for sleep to come; it never did.

"Sam!" Dean barked sharply, "Please!"

Sam froze, refusing to make the bed squeak any more. He wasn't tired yet his mind was asking why he wasn't asleep. He missed the sweet embrace of unconsciousness. Sam found himself obsessing over the natural event. He'd watch Dean sleep for hours on end and had spent days researching sleep and vampire lore in the hope of finding some help.

The darkness didn't effect Sam too much anymore. His eyes were more sensitive meaning that it was easier to make things out in the dark. He glanced around the motel room and sighed. What was the point in lying here if he couldn't even sleep?

The vampire pulled himself up and sat on the edge of his bed for a moment watching Dean breathe. Sam didn't really need to breathe but he did so anyway to try and feel human.

"Take a picture, it lasts longer." Dean mumbled in Sam's direction.

Without replying, Sam pulled on his shirt and jeans before heading in the direction of the motel door. The older bother merely rolled his eyes as he watched his brother go.

Sleeping while a vampire really sucks.
Photosensitivity

Chapter Summary

Sam really isn't into sunlight.

"No, Dean. I'm not doing it." Sam said firmly as he pulled the jacket over his face.

The older brother was leaning against the outside of the passenger door with his head poked through the open window. He groaned and rolled his eyes dramatically.

"Come on, Sam." Exasperation filled his tone, "You cannot live in cars and dank motel rooms your whole life."

"Oh yeah?" The tall vampire crossed his arms in a sign of defiance, "Just watch me."

Wrenching the door open, Sam nearly fell onto the Tarmac but he balanced himself just in time. Sensing an opportunity, the older man grabbed the jacket and with an almighty tug, he removed it from his brother.

"Dean!" Sam cried whilst trying to shield his eyes from the bright sunshine.

"Stop being a baby. You're more sensitive to sunlight but it doesn't actually harm you. We've discussed this already." Dean moaned as he pulled on the fabric of Sam's shirt.

"It hurts my eyes!" The vampire whined as he hauled his large frame out of the Impala.

The sun was high in the sky and there wasn't a single cloud in the entire void of blue. It was a glorious day but for Sam it was officially hell on earth.

Dean took a deep breath of fresh air with an annoyingly cheerful smile, "Isn't it a beautiful day, Sammy?"

Giving Dean a withering look, the vampire droned, "I will not hesitate to kill you."

Dean merely laughed before throwing a pair of sunglasses to his brother. Instantly, Sam slipped them over his sore eyes and enjoyed the reprieve. His photosensitivity never grew less sensitive but after a few weeks he had pretty much grown used to the assault he received each time he stepped from the door.

Being a vampire really sucks.
"Oh God." Dean ground out between his grit teeth, "It hurts, Sam."

Sam rolled his eyes as he silently continued stitching up the stab wound on Dean's side. He merely slid the bottle of whisky closer to his brother in a successful attempt to shut him up.

Sam's hand touched the warm flesh of his brother's stomach and Dean jumped, knocking the glass bottle into his teeth. He groaned.

"Sam, you're so freakin cold." He whined.

"Well... Sorry but do you want to be stitched up or not?" He growled while creating another neat stitch in the flesh. The wound was nearly completely sealed up and the vampire was particularly pleased with his work. Although, there was always that burning desire in the back of his mind when he smelt the blood.

Collecting a glob of antiseptic cream on his fingers, Sam began to gently rub it over the swollen area. Only to receive gasps from the older man.

"Stop with the ice hands, man!" Dean scolded him.

The older Winchester began to rub the cream in himself leaving Sam sat on the edge of the bed utterly useless. All he could do was point out cuts and scrapes that the hunter had missed while applying the cream.

He felt worse than useless and not needed. Although, his head perked up when Dean said something interesting.

"Oh, man! This bruise is swelling up!"

For the next hour, Sam and Dean lay on the same bed watching the crappy TV while Sam rested his freezing cold hand against Dean's eye to stop the swelling. It was bizarre but at least it gave Sam something to actually do.
"Saaammmyyyyy!" Dean sang from across the bar, "Here he is! My main man!"

Sam groaned as his brother swayed whenever his grip left the polished bar. The slur to his words and the way his green eyes couldn't focus on anything told Sam that the other man was in fact drunk again.

"Sam, you're no fun, you know that." Dean grumbled drunkenly, "You never come drinking with me anymore!"

Sam internally groaned while hooking Dean's arm around his shoulder, "You know I can't get drunk anymore. It's pointless for me to come with you." He hissed.

"No! You're just a spoilsport." Dean replied distantly as he peered down at the floor. The intoxicated hunter watched his feet as they moved. He was practically enthralled by the movement.

Sam did miss being able to get drunk with his brother every now and again. The sensation of relaxation that accompanied the alcohol was Sam's favorite part especially after a tiring hunt. He studied Dean's open manner and cheerful mumbling and felt a pang of loss inside his chest. That was ridiculous though, right?

"Come on, old man." Sam chuckled, "Let's get you home."

"Hey! Who you callin' old?!!" He pushed a finger into the taller man's broad and muscular chest.

Shaking his head, Sam led his brother back through the empty streets until they reached their motel room. There, he dumped Dean onto one of the beds, manoeuvred him into the recovery position and left a bucket beside him before sitting at the table to keep watch; it wasn't like he slept anyway.

Dean was just lucky that he had a vampire for a brother to collect his drunken ass from the bar and ensure that he didn't die during the night.
Ultra-hearing

Chapter Summary

There are downsides to having awesome hearing.

Sam grumbled from where he was sat at his laptop, a deep frown upon his features. The older hunter glanced up from where he was lying on his bed, watching the terrible TV, and over to his brother.

The taller man continued typing away furiously so Dean simply ignored his angry murmuring to instead turn his attention back to the old fashioned detective show.

It was only a short time later that Sam was once again ranting under his breath and shaking his head in disbelief. His lips moved silently but rapidly as he breathed out words. His fingers hit down in the laptop keys with increasing intensity as he seemed to boil.

"What is it?" Dean finally asked when the curiosity had grown too much.

The younger stared at him as though he couldn't believe his brother's idiocy, "They're being so loud!" He ranted.

Dean glanced around the room in confusion, "Who?"

"The people a few doors down!" His hands flew around as he gestured toward the pale wall, "Can't you hear them??"

Sparing a moment to silence the TV show and focus, Dean strained to listen for any noise. He shook his head but kept green eyes on the other man, "No?"

"My God, man..." Sam ranted as he turned back to the laptop screen, "If they could screw any louder... I swear, it's like a porno over there." Then he darted his gaze at the elder man, "Stupid human hearing..."

Dean grinned and grabbed the TV remote from the bed beside him. Turning up the volume to full, he pretended to struggle to hear the words. The vampire cried out and covered his ears against the assault of sound. Being a hybrid, his hearing was superior to even a normal vampire let alone a human.

"Dean!" He cried.

"Sorry, Sam!" He shouted over the volume, "I couldn't hear what they were saying due to my stupid human hearing!"

Sam then threw a balled up pair of socks at his brother in an attempt to get him to behave. Rolling his eyes he shouted, "Dean, we have neighbors!"

"They won't mind!" He laughed, "They're too busy having sex!"
Chapter Summary

Sam and garlic really don't mix.

They were making good distance that day as the road was empty and the Impala was rumbling beneath them healthily. They were both enjoying the companionable silence as they watched the road disappear under the car when Dean's stomach grumbled loudly.

The vampire peered over at him with a raised eyebrow.

"What?" Dean asked in defiance, "Not all of us are freaks like you, we need actual food." He chuckled at himself, ignoring Sam's scowl. He knew his brother was joking but deep down, he also knew that he really was a freak.

Crossing his arms, Sam faced the window to watch as they drove toward the horizon. Freak hurt but knowing it was true hurt even more.

"I'll just stop at the next town and pick something up, okay?" Dean asked in an apologetic tone. Sam merely nodded in response.

It was only a few miles later that Dean caught a glimpse of a sign for a small town not too far off the main road. A smile settled on his lips and his stomach grumbled in anticipation. Sam sat in a strop with his gaze cast away from his brother.

Minutes later, they were pulling up outside a small diner. Even from inside the Impala, the stench of grease plagued Sam's superior senses. Dean parked up on the curb and opened the door before turning to talk briefly.

"I'll only be a couple of minutes." He promised as he hauled himself from the seat.

Sam merely shrugged noncommittally.

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As promised, the older hunter was back within minutes so Sam hadn't yet grown too bored. As soon as Dean jumped back into the car the vampire's nose screwed up and his hazel eyes watered painfully.

"Oh my god, Dean?! What is that?!" The smell of garlic assaulted his senses, making him feel sick and in pain.

"I dunno, some pasta thing, I think. Why?" He peered over at his brother.

"It has some strong God dammed garlic in it! That's why!" Sam cried.

"Oh..." Dean muttered before opening the pasta and eating it anyway.

The rest of the journey was completed with Sam's head stuck out of the open window to ensure that he always had a fresh supply of non-contaminated air.
Unforeseen Circumstances

Chapter Summary

Sam has to deal with an unforeseen circumstance at the worst of times.

Sam was trying to focus on the witness' words but there was an unforeseen issue; the witness happened to be a butcher. Sam's eyes darted around the shop, taking in the rich meats stained with the bloody scent. Who went to a butcher these days anyway?

A slight pinch in his gums caused Sam to flinch. He inwardly groaned as he could feel his fangs descending further into his mouth. This timing really couldn't be any worse.

He was so absorbed in himself that he didn't notice when Dean called his name. His brother had to knock his arm to bring him back to reality.

"What d'you think, Agent Farhurst?" Dean pressed again.

Sam blinked, unprepared.

"I definitely have to agree with you." Sam wanted to wince in embarrassment as he could hear the lisp in his voice as the fangs disrupted his speech.

Dean frowned at him in confusion but took control again. He knew that something was obviously wrong with the other man as he never acted so bizarrely before. Maybe it was a vampire thing?

Sam was pulling a face. It wasn't noticeable enough for the witness but when you spend everyday with a person you tend to remember what their face looked like. Dean tried to catch Sam's attention to get him to cut out the fake lisp and face but Sam seemed to absorbed in himself. It appeared as though he wasn't even listening. Dean began to fume silently.

The older hunter managed to get them dismissed shortly after with a slap close of his notebook and a polite, "I think we got everything we need. Thank you, Mr Kewenski."

Dean practically tugged his brother from the room as the other man wasn't even paying enough attention to notice when the interview had drawn to a close. He pulled him straight into the impala where he hit him over the head and began scolding him instantly.

"What were you thinking?!!" He raged, "You were acting like a complete idiot!"

"Dean!" Sam shrieked, making the hunter stop his assault.

Innocently, Sam pulled back his sealed lips to reveal the fangs hanging in his mouth. Desperation twisted his facial expression. Dean's eyes bulged.

"What the hell, Sam? Can't you control it?!"

"Of course I can't control it, Dean! Otherwise, I wouldn't have descended my fangs halfway through a god damned interview!"
Dean took a breath to steady himself, it really wasn't Sam's fault that he'd become a freak with no self control.

"Fine but try to stop it next time." Dean groaned.

Sam cringed, it sounded more like they were talking about a surprise erection rather than a real vampire issue.
"This place is disgusting." Sam mumbled.

He could hear the sound of food churning in the eater's mouths and the constant sloppy swallowing of mush. The sound of the frier in the kitchen really didn't help matters as Sam could hear it bubbling and spitting everywhere. His increased eyesight could pick up the congealing fat that was forming in the skin of the burger. Sam swallowed to avoid puking blood all over the table.

"What's wrong, Sam? You feeling okay?" Dean asked in concern while ramming the burger further into his awaiting mouth.

"This place is disgusting." Sam repeated more firmly. While gritting his teeth.

Dean peered around them at the seemingly clean and fresh diner, "What's wrong with it?"

"Ergh," Sam supplied dramatically, "You wouldn't understand."

He could hear a fly but he couldn't locate it. Perhaps it was in the kitchen buzzing around the food about to be served. Sam shivered, appalled. This place was a breeding ground for disease and all sorts of nasty bacteria. He couldn't even believe that he'd been happy enough to eat in places like this before.
"Go on, Sam! You know you want to!" Dean teased as they both peered down at the menus inside the diner.

The laminated plastic was sticky but Sam barely noticed it as his attention was absorbed by the picture of a pancake stack with maple syrup drizzled over the top. His old breakfast favorite was right in front of his eyes but he was hesitant about ordering it.

"I know I want to but I can't!" The vampire hissed sinisterly. The frustration was getting the better of him. "I haven't had a single morsel of food past my lips in over six months. They will NOT taste good and it'll ruin the memory." He groaned.

"Fine, suit yourself." The older man shrugged as he summoned the waitress over with a gesture. Once she made her way over, he began to order, "Can we have two Stacks and can one have bacon on the side?"

She scribbled down their orders before hurrying off to the kitchen to pass on the request. The hunter watched his younger brother in amusement as clear excitement shone in his hazel eyes. The vampire hadn't been this excited since he'd been turned over eight months ago.

"Looking forward to it?" Dean asked casually over the edge of his newspaper.

Sam waved off the question with a dismissive hand, "Nah, I'm fine."

It was only a few minutes later that the waitress placed their food down into their small table. She left with a quick, "Enjoy."

Sam seemed hesitant but he fiddled with the knife and fork for a moment until Dean was also ready to eat. He probably didn't want to look overly keen.

The vampire stabbed a piece of pancake before slowly lifting it to his mouth with a small grin on his lips. The food touched his tongue and he closed his eyes to savor it, like in the adverts. Sam's face screwed up and the pancake was being spat out of his mouth as he threw himself out of his chair and ran to the bathroom. He didn't seem to try and conceal his vampiric speed but the diner was nearly empty so nobody noticed.

Frowning, Dean took a small piece of Sam's breakfast onto his fork and tentatively placed it into his mouth. He was surprised when the normal sweet taste settled on his taste buds. Sam was such a drama queen.

Not long after, Sam returned looking thinner and paler than ever before. Dean had eaten both sets of pancakes, much to Sam's relief, and was waiting for his brother. The taller man was barely seated again before the waitress returned looking concerned.

"Were they not good?" She asked with a frown.
"No," Dean chuckled, "He's just recently had a change in taste."
Unstoppable

Chapter Summary

Sam is practically unstoppable.

The stand off was particularly stereotypical. A witch was standing with one gun aimed towards Dean and another aimed at Sam. She threatened to shoot if either stepped even a tiny bit forward. Sure, Sam didn't care for himself but Dean was also at risk.

Sam edged forward making the witch turn to him with both guns, which was obviously a massive mistake on her part.

"Stop!" She screamed in panic. It's surprising how a serial killer can become so vulnerable when the tables were turned.

Steeling himself, Sam pressed forward with a look of determination upon his face. As he did so, Dean backed away slightly. The elder man knew that Sam wouldn't get himself shot, he wasn't that reckless. He clearly had a plan.

Unfortunately for Sam, he really didn't have a plan. He continued storming towards the witch with cold, dead eyes.

BANG.

The witch pulled the trigger sending a bullet straight into Sam's shoulder. He flinched but kept coming closer. In fear, she pulled the trigger again making a bullet bury itself into Sam's side.

BANG

The gun had to more bullets so she kept sending them towards the oncoming man, bewildered to why he wasn't collapsing or crying out in pain.

The vampire didn't stop and once he was close enough, he dealt with her. It was painless and quick, unlike the deaths she allowed her victims.

"Sam?!!" Dean cried, seeing his brother groaning a bit at the multiple bullet wounds.

Sam turned to face the other hunter, "Ouch, it's starting to sting a little."

Dean's jaw dropped and he shook his head in disbelief.
Chapter Summary

Side effects of being a hybrid vampire.

The sun had only just broken over the horizon so it was still bitterly cold in Galena, Illinois as winter had settled.

The older Winchester stood rubbing his hands together, creating warmth. It wasn't until he could hear Sam talking that Dean realised that his brother was behind him. His vampire stealthiness had gotten the better of Dean more than once and the hunter was beginning to curse it.

"So, I'm ready. When we going?" Sam had a gentle lisp which he desperately tried to hide. Dean had never seen his brother after the vampire had hunted for food but he should have guessed that his fangs would still be descended.

After folding the map back up on the roof of the Impala, Dean turned around.

"Sam!" He cried.

"What?!!" The younger man asked in shock.

"Your eyes!" He hissed to ensure that nobody came out of their motel rooms to check out the fuss. "They're red!"

Sam sighed and rolled his eyes. The red covered the whole eye almost as though he'd been possessed but instead of being a solid red, the color moved like liquid. It took Dean a moment to realise that it really was blood inside of Sam's eyes. The liquid moved whenever Sam shifted his eyes. It moved independently from the actual material of the eye which acted like some sort of plastic covering.

"Crap," He groaned. "I forgot they did that."

"You knew about this?!!" Dean demanded as he folded his arms. Normal vampires definitely didn't do this.

"Of course I did. I just didn't want to freak you out so I didn't tell you." The vampire peered around the parking lot and area outside of the motel to check if anyone was around. "It'll be fine in half an hour."

"Oh my God." He let out a long suffering groan like a mother when school lets out for summer, "Just get in the Goddamn car! Now!" He began pushing the compliant vampire towards the passenger door hastily.

"Fine, fine." Sam mumbled as he ducked into the car to hide himself.
The motel is eerily silent when Dean comes in.

The room was dark and completely silent when Dean opened the door. Not a single sound broke from the dump of a motel room they’d been staying in. Suspicion tingled in the hunter's gut; it shouldn’t be this silent. Sam should be in.

His eyes scanned the darkness until his gaze found the outline of a body flopped over one of the beds, completely still.

"Sammy!" The hunter cried as he dropped his food and ran over to his brothers stock-still form. Grabbing at the man, he pulled him up into a sitting position and began shaking him viciously.

"DEAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!!" The vampire shouted over Dean's frantic noises.

Frightfully pale, Dean peered up in shock, "Sam?! You're alive? You weren't breathing!"

Rolling his eyes slightly, Sam gazed down at the floor in shame, "I don't have to anymore..."

Dean blinked for a moment before laughing, "Guess that could come in use sometime."
Reflection

Chapter Summary

Dean reverses the car but has to stop when he hears a thump...

The Impala's engine was rumbling as Dean tapped his fingers against the wheel in impatience. He'd told his brother they were leaving over an hour ago so what was he playing at?

He craned his neck around in search of the younger man but eventually sighed and peered into the mirror to begin reversing. There was a loud thump and Dean hit the brakes to prevent any more damage to the Impala... And whatever he'd hit.

The hunter jumped out the car and swiftly sprinted to the rear of his beloved vehicle. Lying on the floor was a large Sasquatch, shocked but clearly not damaged. Dean scowled at his brother, sprawled out on the Tarmac.

"What are you doing?" Dean crossed his arms. His eyebrow rose.

Sam pouted, "You hit me with the car!" He cried in defence. "I was right behind the trunk but you hit me! Why weren't you looking where you were going?!" He remained on the floor as though to make a point.

"Get up, Sam. I didn't see you in the mirror."

"Why'd you use the mirror?! You know you can't see me!" Even the most novice of hunters know that you can't see a vampire in a mirror. Civilians peered over in curiosity at the two grown men shouting at each other in the street. It only made it stranger that one was lying on the floor and the other had his arms crossed and a hip leaning out.

"You'd better not have dented her!" He threatened as he leant down to check the condition of his baby. "SAM WINCHESTER!!" The small bump was barely noticeable but Dean had spotted it.

Sam was up and running before his brother had even gotten another word out.
Chapter Summary

Sam needs to get inside.

Dean marched into their new motel room with his bag slung over his shoulder. It wasn't a fancy place but they'd stayed in much worse for much longer.

The hunter dumped his duffle onto his bed then had began to search through it before he noticed the room was distinctly quiet. Usually, it was impossible to get Sam to stop talking so the sudden silence had Dean suspicious. He glanced around the room but it was empty.

He peered over at the door where it was hanging open. Sam stood on the doorstep, looking decidedly conflicted. A deep crease decorated his brows.

"Sam? What are you doing?" His brother had always been bizarre but this was downright weird.

Sam seemed to push forward as though he was leaning against an invisible force. He took a step back and tried again.

"Not again..." Sam mumbled while fighting to enter their new room.

"Again?" Dean asked, bewildered.

"This has happened exactly twice before," He sighed, looking down at the dull carpet just out of his reach, "I have to be invited in..."

"Like the myth?"

Sam nodded but also shrugged to show he also thought it was absolutely crazy.

"Why hasn't this happened before with the motel room?" Dean struggled to wrap his head around it. Sam hadn't gotten stuck at the front door before.

The tall man sighed, his shoulder slumped, "It happened once but you called 'Get your ass in here' before you noticed. After that, I made sure it was always me that got the key for the room. That way it kinda belonged to me so I could pass over the threshold freely." Sam pressed against the force, "Please let me in." He begged.

Dean took a step away to ensure he could watch as Sam came in.

"Come in." He spoke and then Sam easily walked inside like normal.

Embarrassed, Sam headed straight over to dump his bag on the chair, "Next time just let me get the key." He mumbled.
Dead man's blood.

Chapter Summary

Do they really need the Dead man's blood?

"Stop being a baby." Dean mocked his brother.

"You have no idea how much that hurts." Sam whined back, hiding his arms behind his back. He took a large step away from his brother when the man came closer.

The older man flicked the syringe with his finger, tapping the bubbles out of the Crimson liquid. The sight would have seemed sinister to anyone let alone a vampire that could sense the pain in that blood.

"It's just a little bit. We've got to find out if it is really dead man's blood or fake." He really didn't trust the hunter that gave it to them.

"If you come any closer, we'll be able to use your blood!" Sam hissed, "Stop waving that thing at me or I will kill you." His eyes were fixed to the glass syringe with fear.

"Sam, stop. Come here. Stop it." There was a moment of struggle before Dean raised his hands in defeat and took a small step back, "Fine, fine, okay. I won't do it."

Sam's shoulders relaxed at the news. Suddenly, Dean lunged for his unprepared brother. Holding the needle out in from of him, it was the first thing to come in contact with the vampire's flesh. It pierced straight through the skin of Sam's left bicep.

The vampire cried out in pain as a few drops of dead man's blood leaked from the syringe, "Dean!"

Legs suddenly weak, Sam grabbed onto his brother to prevent himself tumbling to the ground. The blood sickness began to weaken Sam despite the dosage being so low.

"Easy, Sammy. You're fine." He eased his brother onto the motel bed beside them. Holding his brother, he looked deep into the pained eyes of the vampire, "At least we know it's the real thing." He smirked before jumping up to put more dead man's blood into syringes. Sam shivered in disgust.
Dean was drunk. The hunter was reclined back on his bed with yet another beer dangling from his fingers. He sipped at the amber liquid frequently. Sam sat at the table with his hand propping up his chin. The old tome was spread out in front of him but his brother was being far more entertaining then any research could ever be.

"Dean, what are you even talking about?" He tried to act serious and hide the laughter threatening to burst out.

The drunk smiled, knowing that Sam really was paying attention, "Literally though, Sammy. Think about it."

The older Winchester placed the glass bottle on the bed side table clumsily. He leant forward to capture the vampire's gaze. His tongue darted out as he tried to focus himself on the words he was preparing to say.

"But Sam, wouldn't you literally die if-"

Sam interrupted, "I am dead."

There was a tense silence as the two men stared at each other. Neither of them could figure of if this should end it a serious conversation, tears or laughter. The atmosphere was still as they both assessed.

Dean was the first to go, pushed over the edge by the alcohol pumping through his bloodstream. He burst into laughter that came from deep in his chest. The muscles in his stomach strained as the hunter fell back, turning crimson from exertion.

Within seconds, Sam also had tears of laughter streaming down his cheeks. It really did feel good to laugh again.
Heliophobia

Chapter Summary

Sam isn't scared of sunlight, right?

The tall man hissed as they stepped out of the tree line which had acted as shade from the glaring sun. It was mid-summer and they'd been hunting for any signs of werewolves in the local woods all night. Sam really wasn't expecting the brutal sun when he stepped onto the Tarmac parking lot which is what made it partially worse.

"Argh!" He shielded his face from the sun with his hands but had to jump back into the shade when even his hands started to hurt too.

"Whats wrong with you?!" Dean cried, frustrated. He continued out to the Impala parted a few metres away.

"The sun, it's too strong. It feels like in actively getting sun burn by just stepping into the light." He explained across the distance between them. Trying not to shout but wanting to be clear.

Dean frowned, unimpressed that his brother's condition was limiting him once again. Sam becoming a vampire has been nothing but a pain for them since it happened, "Fine."

Seconds later, a bottle of sun lotion landed on the dirt at the vampires feet followed quickly by an umbrella. Huffing, Sam began applying the lotion in copious amounts before popping open the umbrella.

It must have been bizarre to see a grown man, white as snow from sunscreen, cowering under an umbrella as he hurried to a car. This really was Heliophobia to the next level!
Side effects of fangs

Chapter Summary

Fangs aren't always ideal

There was a cry of pain from Sam and by the time his brother glanced up, blood was dribbling down his chin. The vampire looked horrified at what had just happened to him.

Dean jumped up from where he was browsing the web on Sam's laptop and rushed over to his injured brother. Sam was lying back on the bed, going cross eyed from trying to see the blood on his face. He looked pretty stupid, Dean thought suddenly.

"Sam, what happened?"

The man poked the tip of his tongue through his lips and peered down at it. Blood was pooling at a small cut or gash in the muscle. Dean frowned, confused but remained attentive anyway. He decided to ask Sam a question in the hope he'd actually answer this time.

"How did you do that?!"

Without a word, Sam pulled his lips back a little more to reveal his fangs hanging down from his jaw. His hazel eyes gravitated up to his brother's face.

"You bit your tongue... With your Goddamned fangs descended?!!" He raved.

Sam nodded but didn't speak in an effort to keep the pooling blood out of his mouth. He wasn't sure how it worked but he didn't want a sudden craving for blood as a result for just biting his own tongue. That really wouldn't be ideal and he only fed a few days ago.

"I thought you couldn't get hurt?" Dean asked his temporarily mute brother, he shrugged, "Maybe it has to be vampire stuff to hurt you... Who knows though. I've never even heard of a vamp like you."

He strolled back to his browsing online and left Sam to deal with it himself.
Sacred Grounds

Chapter Summary

God forbid Sam walks on sacred ground.

"Just act natural." Dean whispered to his younger brother as they strode up to a small church on the hill in the town, "Just let me take the lead." He instructed.

Sam felt unusually uncomfortable in their disguise today. The priest white collar felt tight and restrictive against his neck, making it hard to breath and swallow. It seemed to constrict further with each second longer his sinful existence tainted the holy uniform. He tried to loosen the boa constrictor but his fingers had no effect.

Dean knocked on the wooden doors before opening up upon hearing the priest inside moving around. He stepped in and strode over to the man confidently, taking his hand with a smile.

"It's so wonderful to finally meet you! I'm father Giddens and this is father Hyde." Dean's tone was strong to produce the illusion that he'd spoken the greeting thousands of times before.

"Father Hyde?" The small man asked, leaning his head slightly.

"Yes, just here." He gestured to his left before realising he was alone. Nobody had entered the church with him. A moment of panic overtook him, "Father Hyde?" He called.

"Out here!" Sam called from outside the thick wooden doors.

"Come in, Father." Dean hissed.

Sam pushed open the door but appeared physically pained as he moved further and further in. He grew paler with each step. Dean instantly guessed what was wrong.

"Why don't you wait in the fresh air? You don't look so good."

Sam agreed, practically running to the door.

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"Dude, this is so inconvenient." Dean mumbled when he finally stepped out the church to see his brother.

"I guess I can go in sacred places anymore... I'm a sinner." He shrugged, already accepting it.

Dean's face was a mix of shock and confusion as Sam marched off towards the car.
Sam needs blood and fast. Unfortunately, there is only one person available.

Sam could feel his cool blood flowing out of him like water from a stream. He blinked and peered down at the growing red patch on his shirt. The Crimson blossomed across the material like a developing thunder cloud. His cold fingers poked at it harshly and brought the blood on the end of the digits to his lips.

He gagged as he tasted it. This blood would never work.

Dean was speaking to him but his couldn't hear; almost like he was underwater. He peered up at Dean with a crease in between his eyebrows.

"How did it happen?" Sam felt backwards for the wall and collapsed against it. He slid down until he hit the floor. Blood was running down his stomach and across his jeans.

"It doesn't matter how they did it," Dean growled, "All that matters is that we stop the blood flow and get some new blood into you!" He pushed against the wound to slow the blood flow. Dean glanced over his shoulder at the hunter lying dead on the ground, "Would he work?"

Sam, losing focus, had to squint at his brother's face, "No, the blood has lost its life."

Dean swore before he pulled his knife from his belt, "This is the only time, Sammy." He pulled the knife against the flesh of his forearm until he had formed a long gash, "Quick!"

He held his arm to Sam who, as his body was becoming more desperate, accepted instantly. He fed off Dean's blood and could feel it bringing each of his cells back to life.

Dean wasn't happy about it but he knew he had just saved his brother's life so wouldn't dwell.
Dean stretched and blinked as he opened his eyes. The sun was filtering through the curtains onto Sam where he was sat at the small table gazing down at his fingers thoughtfully.

"What are you doing?" Dean asked in confusion.

Sam peered up at him with a gentle smile, "I've been waiting for you to wake up."

"Why?" He asked, confused. Before he went to sleep 7 hours ago, Sam had been working on the laptop with plans to continue all today. He didn't understand what had changed overnight.

"Because I've finished. We just have to go and hunt it down now." Sam shrugged.

"Wait? You figured it out? This normally would have taken us days, Sam!" Dean cried with a massive grin.

Sam shrugged again, "I guess there are some benefits to not being able to sleep." He stood up and walked toward the door. "Are you going to get ready? I've been waiting for two hours."

Dean scrambled out of bed and began to hastily dress.
The older hunter cursed as he pushed against the thick wooden door again. They needed to get into the haunted house before they could deal with the haunting. However, it had been abandoned for years and the previous owners had decided on a massive and heavy ornate door.

"We won't be getting in at this rate." Dean huffed, pushing, once again, against the door but it wouldn't budge.

Sam coughed, "Could I try?"

The older brother raised a challenging eyebrow, "Be my guest."

The vampire stepped around him and placed both his hands firmly on the wood. He closed his eyes and with a sight grunt, he gave a powerful push with sent the door flying off its hinges in a shower of splinters and chips.

"Okay..." Sam murmured.

"I didn't know you could do that." Dean had his jaw hanging open with his eyes glued to his supernatural brother.

"It wasn't needed until now..." He spoke carefully, not wanting to reveal that he didn't want to be seen as more of a freak then he already was.

"Jeez, you should have told me! Next time I need a jack to lift Baby you can bet you'll be put to good use." He chuckled before stepping over the threshold casually
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Sam does something bad and they have to run.

"Dean, we've got to go." These words reached into Dean's unconsciousness and pulled him awake. His eyes shot open into darkness with his heart beating fast.

He sat up in his bed, rubbing at his eyes, "Sam? What's going on?"

It was still dark in the room but the older hunter could just about see Sam quickly gathering their things and throwing them into the duffle bags. He was lumbering around in a uncoordinated panic. Before Dean had even gotten out of bed, Sam had already piled all their stuff on and in the bags in a mess.

"They're coming for me!" He cried, throwing Dean's clothes onto the bed in encouragement for him to get dressed.

"Wait! Who is?" He began to pull on his clothes.

"The cops! I drained someone but it was an accident, I swear." His eyes implored his brother to believe him and show his trust. His chest rose and fell as he panted. His hazel eyes were dilated and fangs were still descended.

Dean swallowed, eyes on the large man. Contemplating the option. His mind flicked to the wooden stake buried deep in his bag but within a moment he had dismissed it.

"Get in the car." He spoke at last, "We're leaving."
The Final Curse

Chapter Summary

The worst part of being cursed to live forever.

Some people often wish to be immortal. The appeal of forever roaming the earth without death's shadow just a couple of steps behind you could be tempting. Sam used to understand it when he was young and untainted by grief and loss.

His hand was cold but that was irrelevant now as Dean's hand had now also cooled until it no longer radiated an alive warmth. The body was slack, rigour mortis was yet to set it, with the man's head resting back against his pillow as if asleep. An eternal sleep forever just out of Sam's reach.

The vampire allowed his eyes to roam over his brother's aged face: wrinkles around the eyes and mouth marred him as a colony of white hairs had spread from his temples until they dominated his whole head. He looked old, nothing like the memory of the 25 year old man Sam held so dear in his distant memories. The hands were scarred from countless battles and his skin was loose like he was borrowing it from a stranger.

Sam's icy fingers ghosted over the back of his brother's hand. Tears formed and trailed down his cheeks to drop onto the edge of the motel bed. Nothing could ever describe the darkest of pits in his soul, or what was left of it, which had spawned the moment Dean had gasped his last breath.

Their lifestyle wasn't meant for human beings. It wore the life out of you one punch, stab, claw, spell or jinx at a time. Sam was the unlucky one; death wouldn't be coming for him. His body was as pristine as the day he had been converted to the undead 35 years ago. There was no escaping for him.

And if to make it worse, he no longer had a weary companion to share the journey.

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