Legal Stalker

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Characters:	Dean Winchester, Sam Winchester, Castiel (Supernatural), Agent Beyonce (Supernatural)
Additional Tags:	improper use of leaves, explosive diarrhea, Slow Burn, Enemies to Lovers, mind games, i forgot the other tags i put here ill add them once ao3 is back up, Satire, Shitfic, Handcuffed Dean Winchester, Handcuffed Sam Winchester, Arrested Dean Winchester, Arrested Sam Winchester, do not post my work into ai unless you want me to fuck ur dad and give him a child worth having, Modified Canon
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Legal Stalker

by swanflora

Summary

Criminal.

According to Merriam-webster a criminal is “one who has committed a crime” or “a person who has been convicted of a crime” (Merriam-webster).

According to FBI Agent Jettie Catstars, a criminal’s quintessential epitome are the notorious Winchesters.

Notes

btw i will rewrite this, lmk if u guys fw first person or no (and want third person or something) or want an oc or no (i can make it a reader insert)

edit: omg i just got an idea to make it into an au where bela is an FBI agent

Chapter 1: cuffing dadalicious dean and sammy

“An FBI agent can’t even buy her mensural products in peace.” I murmur to myself as I practically sprint out of the CVS. “Don’t arrest them!” I hiss into my phone, “We need more evidence of their crimes.”

My butt smashes the driver's seat of my sweet ride as I quickly put Lieutenant Sparkle on the speaker.

“Okay, Suspects on Blackstone Boulevard. I am tailing them,” her voice booms through the whole interior of my car.

I smirk. I knew coming to Providence, Rhode Island was a genius move. My horseless carriage roars to life as I violate the speed limits of Hope Street. “I am on Hope Street, just about to turn on Rochambeau Avenue,” I swiftly respond, taking a harsh left causing my tires to squeal in excitement.

“It seems they are going into Swan Point Cemetery."

My face crumbles in disgust, “Lord, these sick mooks, I turned onto Blackstone Boulevard. I am behind you.”

I tail behind Sparkle’s sparkly new police car. However, she forces me to kick the brakes. 100 goddamn miles from the cemetery she parallel parks her car. My eyebrows furrowed, I park behind her. She exits the car with some twig boy as she gasps for air. She bends down clutching her knees as if the boy will ram his di-

“Catstars, we gotta stop here, I cannot stand cemeteries. They make me violently throw up,” she gags clutching onto her spineless stomach.

I huff and, unfortunately, do not puff away her phobia of cemeteries, “Are you going to make me pull up my big girl pants to arrest these pairs of dildos myself?”

“Not necessarily, you can take Jake,” she points to the bacon haired twink, “He is an apprentice!"

I give him a pissed off stoic look, not daring to blink as if it was some cringe staring competition.

He loses the competition as his pimple lathered mouth barfs out some stupidity, “I-I know how to fire a gun and to arrest someone”

I sigh. I will bet my perky tits that I am going to arrest these people, why not let a weakling learn the ways. “Follow me, uneducated youngling” I valiantly cross the street walking towards the entrance of the cemetery.

Thank the holy gods I can see them. Their eyes intently read every single name of every single gravestone.

“Their robust list of crimes includes grave desecration,” I whisper to the kid, who I swear glued orangutan fur to his head, “I can bet the children locked in my basement that they are going to do commit this crime without miraculously feeling the heebie-jeebies”

“Why?” The kid queries to me ever so nicely, informing confidential information that took me 6 7 years to acquire.

We seek refuge from the dangerous eyes, crouching behind the tall grave of Henry Becker born August 13, 1853 yada yada yada.

“Haven’t you heard curiosity kills the cat?” I spit back, making sure the rats reincarnated as humans cannot see us as they do their arm work out of stabbing, lifting and throwing dirt.

“Why didn’t you arrest them already?” he bloody badgers me.

“Oi, I don’t know mate,” I randomly turn British, “maybe I am curious?”

“So are we going to wait here until they dig up the grave?” God’s annoying creation of curiosity questions one more time.

“No, we are going to my flat to eat a bag of crisps.” I look at him with my eyes sizzling with fury at his goddamn stupidity.

“Why are you British now?” The ‘golden child’ queries, yet again!

“To bang your mum,” I bit my tongue in regret as soon as I said it. I may love laws more than my own mother, but the law that prohibits me from saying life altering rot is my enemy. “Sorry, I get nervous during this moment so I became weird,” I fib. I do not want another meeting with humorless HR.

“Uh, it’s ok?” His voice slowly dies down. Even his non question sentence sounds like a damn question.

The cocksucking brothers pull out salt and sprinkle it on the grave.

“Why are they sprinkling salt on the graves?” He questions, yet again!

“Gee, I have no clue.” I turn to him, plastering a saccharine smile as if he is the cure to cancer, “Maybe they are bone eating cannibalists who prefer their bones to be a little salty?” I remark, miraculously patiently waiting for the exact moment to arrest these doofuses.

“A lot salty!” The kid finally says something that elicits a mere giggle from me. Thank god for the parent that gave him the once in a bluemoon funny gene.

The short one fingers his pocket, furrowing his eyebrows with a slightly pouted frown.

“Hey man, gimme a match.”

The gloomy hunk of tree bark touches himself, in hunt for a match.

“Action time!” I giddy whisper.

“May I say it?” the ugly dimwitted redheaded stepchild ever so stupidly proposes.

“Fuck no, I have waited too long for this” I respond as we stand up.

“You have the right to remain silent!” My voice booms, making our presence more known than the bacon head being in the closet. Unfortunately, they don’t bow to my ethereal feet, whimpering and begging me to immediately arrest them, in awe of my lethal sirenic beauty. So, I was forced to continue gifting them the opportunity to hear my melodious voice, “Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.” We advance to the suckers, stunned as if their balls were electrocuted. “You have the right to an attorney.” As I take out the hand cuffs I cutely smile, another criminal to lay my hands on, “If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you”.

My cuffing victim is the one who is short, yet, unfortunately makes me look like a tripping hazard. The ugly fat rat has the bloody audacity to smirk at me. He is probably hiding his pain knowing these are not the breakable pink fluffy cuffs that he is probably acquainted with, with his master numerous times on a daily basis. I mimic his soon to be depressed face, as my icy hold slime around his warm wrists. I finger the cuffs for the cuffs to finger his wrists. Just like his wrists in bed, we all know the wrists will jerk and shake with the useless hope of being free from the unbuldging cuffs.

Bacon hair finishes fingering the cloud sniffer by hindering his wrists wiggle movement with the harsh metal cuffs. I smile with glee, these roaches are not going anywhere.

“So, what are your names?” The piglet's long lost brother asks the two hunks, without my imperative permission.

The bigger stands there like a goddamn NPC. But, I shall do him the honors of promoting him to a KFC (Kentucky fried human).

The one I arrested yet again smirks, practically batting his long eyelashes like a horny slut, “I go by Delcan Bornkamp.”

“Definitely an omega…” I whisper to the fire crotch as I let out a snort. He chuckles as the shorty raises his eyebrows in amusement.

The pointless giant musters up a smile, probably copying the aura his ‘Declan Bornkamp’ has, “I-I’m Moe…”

“Lester?” I question, as ‘Declan’ and ginger giggles.

“N-no!” his eyes widen as if he is a molester, “I am Moe Brown.”

I nod my head pouting my lips, “Such a pity that you Winchesters are showing early signs of dementia!”

Their face dies down knowing the jig is up. I smile showcasing my pearly teeth because the two men in front of me have no reason to.

The pathetic worthless carrot top gained too much confidence around me as he says, “Maybe it is Dysnomia?”

“Can it, twink” I hiss at him, staring him in the eye like a mother discipling their naughty kid.

I lift my chin up, as I grab Dean’s bicep. My hand fails to even wrap halfway around his humongous bicep. He would be a good stripper. The twink grabs the 67 foot virgin.

“We are taking the two victims of a botched plastic surgery to my car” I demand as we walk out of the cemetery.

As we walk to my car, Dean is taken back by what his eyes are laid upon. He widens his eyes, staring at me as if I make his one night stand gay.

“Oh come on, Dean,” I say in my sugary sweet voice with a mawkish smile as I ever so nicely open the backseat door for him, “You are nowhere near special to be the only one who drives an Impala 67.”

“My mother says I am special” he jokes with that god damn cheeky smile, his puke green eyes gazing at me through his thick eyelashes. The over confidence in him is practically oozing out of him, begging me to give this man a reality check.

It is right on my tongue, the mean thing that can kill his smile, and I tilt my head with fake pity and say it. “Such a shame your mother said lies during your limited time with her.”

I am the most talented predictor on earth, as that smile dies down, to a frown. A man who has sacrificed the safety of citizens for his petty crimes does not deserve to smile. He deserves to rot in a cell ugly fat and lonely.

“Hey,” the tall one chirps towards me, “I know you are arresting us, but you can at least be polite about it.”

“No.” Icy and cold, it runs out of my mouth.

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