

The full moon cast an eerie glow over the weathered tombstones of Oakwood Cemetery in Little Rock, Arkansas. Sam and Dean Winchester, armed with salt-loaded shotguns and silver knives, crept between the graves, their eyes scanning for any sign of movement. Bobby Singer followed close behind, a worn leather-bound tome clutched in one hand and a flask of holy water in the other.

"I'm telling you, boys," Bobby whispered gruffly, "these ain't your run-of-the-mill zombies. The demons are using some kind of ancient Sumerian ritual to raise 'em."

Dean smirked. "Doesn't matter what flavor of ugly they are, Bobby. We'll send 'em back to—"

A thunderous explosion rocked the far end of the cemetery, cutting Dean off mid-quip. The night sky lit up with muzzle flashes and the staccato rhythm of automatic weapons fire.

"What in the name of John Moses Browning?" Bobby exclaimed.

The trio sprinted toward the commotion, weaving through tombstones and ducking under low-hanging branches. As they approached, they caught sight of three figures engaged in a fierce firefight with a horde of zombies and what appeared to be a pair of demons.

A mountain of a man wielding a massive shotgun – no, a massive Shotgun – stood at the center, blasting zombies into chunks with each booming report. To his left, a lithe woman with long, brunette hair that had come loose during the fight danced between headstones, dual pistols spitting lead with deadly accuracy. On the right flank, a wiry man with glasses lobbed grenades into the undead masses, cackling with glee as body parts rained down around them.

Sam, Dean, and Bobby burst onto the scene, adding their firepower to the fray. Dean's shotgun roared as he took down a charging zombie, while Sam began an exorcism chant, causing the demons to writhe in agony.

"Well, ain't this a fine howdy-do!" the big man bellowed, grinning wildly as he reloaded his shotgun. "Name's Owen Pitt. The lady's Julie, and the pyromaniac is Trip. You boys with the MCB?"

"Nah," Dean shouted back, decapitating a zombie with a well-placed machete strike. "We're the Winchesters. This here's Bobby Singer. We're hunters."

Julie's eyes widened in recognition. "Singer? As in Rufus Turner's old hunting buddy?"

Bobby nodded, tossing a vial of holy water at one of the demons. "The same. Now let's finish this shindig and swap stories after, shall we?"

The two groups worked in perfect sync, combining their unique skills and firepower to devastating effect. Sam and Bobby focused on the demons, their Latin incantations growing stronger as Owen and Dean provided cover fire. Julie's marksmanship rivaled Dean's own, while Trip's creative use of explosives kept the zombies at bay.

With a final, ear-splitting screech, the demons were banished back to Hell, and the last of the zombies crumpled to the ground. The cemetery fell silent, save for the heavy breathing of the victorious hunters.

As they caught their breath, Bobby turned to Julie with a knowing look. "You wouldn't happen to be related to Earl Harbinger, would you?"

Julie's eyebrows shot up. "My grandfather. How'd you know that?"

Bobby chuckled. "My granddaddy served with Earl in the War. Said he was the orneriest, toughest son of a gun he ever met. He painted such a picture that it never left me. Hadn't thought of it in years... until just now. Figure'd you'd be kin."

"That sounds like Grandpa Earl, alright," Julie laughed.

As they swapped war stories, Julie explained the concept of PUFF bounties to the wide-eyed Winchester brothers.

"You mean to tell me we can get paid for this gig?" Dean asked incredulously. "Legally?"

Trip grinned, pushing his glasses up his nose. "Sure can. Though the paperwork's a real bear."

Sam elbowed his brother. "Hear that, Dean? No more credit card scams."

Dean groaned. "I think I'd rather face another demon."

The two groups exchanged contact information and well-wishes, promising to keep in touch for future hunts. As they prepared to leave, the distant wail of sirens caught their attention.

"That'll be Agent Franks and the MCB," Owen said. "We'd better scram before they start asking questions none of us want to answer."

With a final nod of camaraderie, the hunters melted into the shadows of Oakwood Cemetery, leaving behind a scene of chaos for the bewildered MCB agents to untangle.